

THE DAY AFTER THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW:

FIRST TEN PAGES

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EXT. THE NORTH POLE THEME PARK - COLORADO SPRINGS - MORNING

NICHOLE and RICK are asleep in a DeLorean. NICHOLE lies partially on top of/to the side of RICK in the passenger seat. Most of their clothes are off, hair messy, and the passenger side door is open. A llama chews NICHOLE's hair, waking her up.

NICHOLE

What? What. WHAT?! Rick! Rick get up!

RICK

Is it heaven?
(to llama)
Are you God?

RICK and NICHOLE look at the llama.

NICHOLE

God?

The llama spits. The two look around. They are at The North Pole, a Christmas-themed amusement park at the base of Pike's Peak in Colorado. The DeLorean has crashed into a Rudolph cut-out. Rudolph's head dangles. RICK turns on the car radio.

RADIO HOST V.O.

Hey hey all you morning commuters, or well, I guess you're probably not commuters anymore cause we all quit our jobs! I bet we all regret telling our bosses to fuck off huh?! Except for me. I straight up murdered my boss! Just kidding, or am I?!

(plays stabbing sound effect from "Psycho")

If you're just waking up you're probably aware by now that the world didn't end like they said it would. Scientists are explaining that apparently it was just a su-su-su-series of st-st-st-storms
(blows wah wah horn)

The RADIO HOST plays an interview with a scientist.

SCIENTIST V.O.

We want to apologize profusely for the mistake.

REPORTER V.O.

And what exactly was the mistake,
Mr. Scientist?

SCIENTIST V.O.

Someone, I'm not gonna name names,
but someone forgot to carry a one.

OTHER SCIENTIST V.O.

Oh thanks a lot Harold. You sold me
out!

What sounds like a fight breaks out over the radio waves and
the RADIO HOST takes control of the air once again.

RADIO HOST V.O.

What a coincidence all those storms
came at once, though, huh?!
Anyways! Let's play another hit
from the Seven-Teens! This is their
newest one called "I owe you an I
love you..."

Terrible pop music begins to play and NICHOLE immediately
turns off the radio.

NICHOLE

So the world didn't end.

RICK

Guess not. It was just a bunch of
storms.

NICHOLE

Felt like the world was ending.

RICK

It really did, didn't it?
Sooo...what we did last night...

CUT TO:

INT. DELOREAN - SIDE OF PIKE'S PEAK HIGHWAY

Rain and hail torrent down onto the car while NICHOLE
furiously rides RICK as the two of them smoke cigarettes and
cry/scream.

NICHOLE

I've always loved you!

RICK

I don't know why we were trying to
just be friends.

NICHOLE

We were meant to be together!

RICK

We're soulmates!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE NORTH POLE THEME PARK - PRESENT

NICHOLE

We don't need to talk about that
right now.

RICK

I mean, it was just cause we
thought...

NICHOLE

The world was ending.

RICK

It was over.

NICHOLE

I wouldn't have otherwise.

RICK

God no! Me neither!

(NICHOLE is slightly
offended)

I mean, I just, we were such good
friends before.

NICHOLE

And still! There's no reason we
can't still be...is there?!

RICK

No! Just cause I've seen your...

NICHOLE

And I've seen...

The two pause before they say anything they'll regret.

RICK

We should go...

NICHOLE finds her shirt on the floor of the car and begins putting it on as she steps out.

NICHOLE

So, what, we go back to Chicago?

RICK moves fully back over to the driver's side of the car.

RICK

I guess. I mean, we'll head back there and at least see what's left, right?

NICHOLE looks around. RICK remains seated as he opens his door, looking around at a deserted theme park, but for the llama.

NICHOLE

I wonder if any of these rides work.

RICK

I wonder if *our* ride works.

RICK attempts to start the car, to no avail.

NICHOLE

I need a cigarette.

RICK

I knew taking up smoking was a bad idea.

NICHOLE

The world was ending. *Everything* was a bad idea.

CUT TO:

INT. DOLOREAN - SIDE OF PIKE'S PEAK HIGHWAY - MOMENTS AFTER SEX

NICHOLE lays on top of RICK after their crying sex has finished. Both of them still cry a little.

NICHOLE

I wonder if we can find some heroine.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE NORTH POLE THEME PARK - PRESENT

NICHOLE

Anyway, like that *car* was such a great idea?

RICK

It looks so fast. I thought it could get us anywhere.

NICHOLE

Fast?! Come on Rick! We all saw "Back to the Future," we know how hard it is just to get one of those things up to 88!

A giant motorized sleigh comes barreling up the hill, approaching the DeLorean. RICK gets out of the car moving to the passenger side, standing guard in front of NICHOLE. A dishevelled Santa brings the sleigh to a screeching halt, gets out, and stumbles to the ground. He holds a bottle in one hand and a needle is coming out of his arm.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

I knew we could've gotten some.

RICK looks at NICHOLE disappointedly.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

Just to try!

SHITTY SANTA

(scruffy voiced, slurring)
Well hello there fellow survivors!

RICK

Hey...Santa?

SHITTY SANTA

Actually it's Ed.

NICHOLE

Ed! And, you're...a heroine addict...that the theme park got to play Santa?

SHITTY SANTA

Noooo! I'm an unemployed accountant. I took this job a couple months ago to make ends meet.

(points to needle)

(MORE)

SHITTY SANTA (CONT'D)

I just started this last week, ya know, cause the world was ending and what not. I thought, what the hell? All the kids talk about it, I've never tried it. I know it sounds crazy but it's always been kind of a dream of mine, so...

SHITTY SANTA throws up.

RICK

You okay?

SHITTY SANTA

(rights himself)

It's just about to kick in. I'll be fine, so long as I don't go back out there. Jesus Christ is it a mess out there!

RICK

Really? 'Cause we were just going to try to head back out there.

SHITTY SANTA

I would strongly advise against that. I was just in Colorado Springs this morning. It's pretty ugly. There's crap everywhere, just a whole bunch of crap. All over the streets. People are fighting over silly things like food and shelter. There's not even any power.

RICK

Plenty of heroine though.

SHITTY SANTA

Boy howdy! I'd offer ya some but, I'm not sure I've got enough to spare...

SHITTY SANTA grabs a giant Santa sack out of his sleigh, presumably filled with heroine.

NICHOLE

We're okay, thanks. Now that the world isn't ending, I'm not sure that's a wise choice.

SHITTY SANTA

So, where were ya thinkin' of heading anyhow?

NICHOLE and RICK look at one another as SHITTY SANTA picks his face.

NICHOLE

I don't know, I guess we'll head back to Chicago. That's where we came from.

SHITTY SANTA

Holy Christ what are you doing all the way out here from Chicago?!

RICK

Well, when the news put out a list of safe havens to bunker down at and try to wait out the storms, Norad was one of the places they mentioned that had a bunker. And Nichole's never been to Colorado before so...

NICHOLE

I guess we all have dreams.

SHITTY SANTA throws up a little more.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

We took a wrong turn somewhere on Pike's Peak highway and ended up here.

SHITTY SANTA

Oof. Well, you want my advice? Stay away from the cities. That's what I'm doing from now on. I'm gonna hunker down here, see it out. What with Peggy here providing me milk and sweaters I don't see why I'll need to leave for a long, long time.

NICHOLE

Milk? But, I think that's a boy llama.

RICK gives NICHOLE a "shh" face.

RICK

Well, I think we'll take our chances out there. I need to get back and see if I still have a job.

NICHOLE

And I miss my studio apartment. It had such a great closet. That's hard to find in Chicago.

RICK

No place like home, right?

SHITTY SANTA

Not for nothin' but you're home's not gonna be your home anymore. I can pretty much guarantee that. The world may not have ended but the world that we knew has. You know, people won't even take money now?! Most of 'em just want water or metal. Or blow jobs. That's how I got all this heroine!

SHITTY SANTA pulls another Santa bag out of the back of his sleigh and puts it on the ground.

RICK

You got all that for metal?

NICHOLE and SHITTY SANTA look at one another.

SHITTY SANTA

Sure.

RICK

I'm sure some people will still take money. I mean, it can't be that hard to put an economy back together right?!

Right.

NICHOLE

SHITTY SANTA
Right.

RICK (CONT'D)

Say, Santa, the North Pole doesn't happen to have a gas station, does it? I think we're empty.

SHITTY SANTA is starting to nod off. He begins to walk up to a tiny house that's part of a tiny Santa village. As he walks and nods he points to a bunch of gallons of gas inside the sleigh.

SHITTY SANTA

Oh sure. I just siphoned a bunch out of a tipped over 18 wheeler. Help yourselves to a tank or two.

(MORE)

SHITTY SANTA (CONT'D)

You can put it in your...
(examines DeLorean)
...trunk?

NICHOLE

Wow, thank you. You truly are a
saint!

SHITTY SANTA passes out onto the porch of the tiny house, his two giant Santa sacks in his hands. The llama approaches him and begins to chew on his hair.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

Should we help him?

RICK

Nah, he's living his dream. Come
on, help me fill up this tank and
let's get out of here.

NICHOLE and RICK grab gallons of gas out of the sleigh. RICK pours some into the car and NICHOLE piles as many as she can into the back.

RICK (CONT'D)

Alright! She's got a full tank.
Let's see if she fires up!

RICK starts the car and he and NICHOLE close their doors and drive off, leaving Santa and his village behind them in their dust.

EXT. PIKE'S PEAK HIGHWAY - LATER

RICK and NICHOLE are driving down Pike's Peak highway. All around is remanence of a big storm: downed trees, power lines and debris are everywhere.

NICHOLE

Wow.

RICK

Yeah. I wonder what the rest of the
world looks like.

NICHOLE

I know, it's like, what's left
after what we've all done? Are
there schools left? And if the
buildings are there, is the concept
of education going to be the same?
What about government buildings?!

(MORE)

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

What about gas stations that sell cigarettes?! We've only got two cartons left.

RICK

Those things really are addictive! Lemme have another one.

NICHOLE hands RICK a cigarette before lighting one up herself. She then looks around the car.

RICK (CONT'D)

What's up?

NICHOLE

Just looking for something to roll the window down. Is there a button, or...

RICK

I don't know that DeLoreans have windows that roll down, babe.

NICHOLE

Did you just call me babe?

RICK

I did.

(a beat)

That was weird, right?

NICHOLE

A little bit. I mean, just because of last night. You know I'm not your girlfriend now, right?

RICK

Right. Still just friends.

NICHOLE wafts smoke away from her face, coughing a little, before inhaling more of her cigarette.

NICHOLE

Ugh, well, we can't hotbox in here.

RICK

What do you suggest?

CUT TO: