

1 INT. MINI-VAN - AFTERNOON 1

Strapped into a child's seat in the back of a mini-van is MIKEY, 6, a bit dirty and disheveled as 6 year-olds are prone to be. At Mikey's side is a teddy bear. The door next to him is open.

Mikey stares out the window at a two story house in front of the van.

Nobody is in the front seat of the van. Mikey struggles but unbuckles himself from the child's seat. He pops out of the van and walks into the house, teddy bear in hand.

2 INT. BEDROOM - EVENING 2

Mikey crawls into a sleeping bag on the floor, holds his teddy bear tight.

A bed peaks into frame, the covers bunched up around what could be feet.

3 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 3

Mikey stands in the kitchen, staring up at boxes of cereal on the counter top, out of reach.

He jumps and tries to grab the box, but it's out of reach.

4 INT. KITCHEN - LATER 4

A broom handle awkwardly sweeps across the countertop, knocking a box of cereal on it's side but not any closer to Mikey.

5 INT. KITCHEN - LATER 5

The sound of a chair scooting across the floor.

Mikey pulls a chair from the kitchen table to the kitchen counter.

He climbs onto the chair and finally reaches the fallen box of cereal. He reaches further up and grabs a bowl from the shelf.

Mikey pours himself a big bowl of cereal, then jumps down off the chair, bowl in hand, and goes to the refrigerator.

The door opens, but the light does not come on inside. Mikey pulls out a carton of milk and shuts the refrigerator door.

Mikey sets the bowl and milk carton at the table, then scoots himself into a chair and sits for his meal.

He opens the carton and pours chunky spoiled milk into his bowl. Mikey scrunches his brow at the bowl with the weird milk, then closes the carton and dips his spoon in anyway.

Mikey lifts a large spoonful. He picks up teddy in one hand, the spoon in the other.

MIKEY

Hungry?

Mikey rams the spoonful into teddy's mouth, which just causes the teddy bear's mouth area to become damp.

Mikey cracks up, giggling at the mess.

Mikey smiles, then takes a spoonful for himself. He holds it in for a moment, then spits everything back out.

Mikey glares at the carton of milk.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Gross. Gross. Gross.

Mikey looks around the kitchen, working the bad taste out of his mouth.

Mikey spots a white bag on the counter.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Sugar.

Mikey jumps back up on the chair, pulls the white bag close, it's flour.

He works at the bag but can't open it. Mikey looks up at the knife block.

He reaches up towards the knife block where various blades and a pair of heavy duty scissors sit.

6 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

6

A scream from the kitchen.

MIKEY (O.S.)

Mom!

Mikey's footsteps sound through the house. Mikey runs into the bedroom holding his finger.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Ouwee ouwee ouwee.

Mikey runs to the side of a large bed. Under the covers, but faces showing, are Mikey's Parents. They look to have been dead for a week.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Ouwee ouwee ouwee.

Mike holds up his finger, a tiny cut swells with a little bit of blood. Mikey shows this to his dead mother.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Kiss it.

Mikey holds his finger up closer to his mother's face. He presses the finger on her lips then pulls it off quickly and stops crying, her mouth cold and stiff.

The smear of blood on his Mother's lips contrasts with her pale skin.

Mikey closes the door. A pink dress hangs on the outside of the door.

7

INT. HOUSE - LATER

7

Mikey runs around the house, imitating the noise of an airplane. This mixes in with a rash of giggling.

In and out of the living room and he runs.

Around his neck with his head poking through, Mikey wears a ripped newspaper, the bulk of which flutters behind him like a cape.

Mikey jumps on a chair, hands raised up. We catch a glimpse of the newspaper.

"SUPERFLU SPREADS, NEW YORK ISSUES MARSHALL LAW"

And below that...

"CASUALTIES HIT CATASTROPHIC HIGH"

Mikey jumps from the chair.

"KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK."

Mikey freezes.

He looks around the living room.

"KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK."

Mikey runs to a window. He peeks out.

At the door, in reflective sunglasses with a baseball cap stands WILL, 12. Confident, curious, the epitome of an American youth. A yellow bandana is tied around Will's arm.

Will chomps on gum, blows a bubble. He raises his hand to the door.

Mikey jumps down as...

"KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK."

WILL (O.S.)
Anyone in there?

Mikey's eyes go wide. He jumps back up to the window.

Will walks back to take in the whole house. He scans then locks in on Mikey in the window, smiles, and waves.

WILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey kid. I saw you bud. You hungry?
I got a candy bar with your name on
it.

Mikey takes a step to the door, unable to help himself. He peeks from the small window right next to the door.

Will sits in the grass, munching on a candy bar. He pulls out a soda from his bag.

8 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

8

The front door opens slowly. Mikey peeks out.

Will smiles at Mikey from his seat, twenty feet away. He holds out the candy bar he's eating.

Will's right hand is stained a shade of red.

WILL
You want a bite Superman?

Mikey takes a step towards Will, pauses and looks back at his cape. He grabs the candy bar from Will's hand then walks back to his house and sits on the step to eat it.

WILL (CONT'D)
 Heck yeah it's good right. A kid
 without a candy bar is a shame, a
 damn shame. That's what my dad
 always said. Damn shame.

Will laughs to himself.

Mikey eats the candy bar, walks back to the house.

WILL (CONT'D)
 You got anyone in there. Anyone
 alive I mean?

Mikey looks up at the house.

WILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I know. You got your parents in
 there I bet. Am I right? They went
 and died on you. Croaked.

9 INT. HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON 9

Mikey enters the house, waves at Will outside before walking
 into the living room.

WILL (V.O.)
 It's a damn shame. Like my dad
 said. Well, I know what it feels
 like to have your parents go ahead
 and die on you. Happened to me...

10 INT. HOUSE - LATER 10

Mikey sits and stares at the door into his parents bedroom
 under a Mikey-made house fort.

WILL (V.O.)
 You're scared I bet. I'd bet you my
 arm.

Mikey looks around his canopied area, the dirt pile looks
 sad.

Mikey works on a tube of nearly empty toothpaste, forces the
 last bit into his mouth and chews it like it's a meal.

WILL (V.O.)
 Makes sense. You should be scared.
 I'd be scared out here in the woods
 alone. Don't know who's out here.