

EXT. TWO-FAMILY HOME - MORNING

The street is flooded just outside the home. The pooled water is level with the curb. The lawn, a mini pond.

A canoe tied to a supporting pillar of the house sits on the shallow collected water. Several nearby homes in the area offer the same sight, but no visible signs of life.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Several huge water bubbles decorate the ceiling. Strategically placed buckets or pots dot much of the walkable surface of the floor. However, right in the middle sits an overturned metal basin with a framed picture resting on top.

DARRYL (40s), patient, and tired, stands on a step ladder with a piece of plywood in his hand. He holds it against the window, ready with a hammer and nail. He taps the nail gently and a water bubble right above his head pops, dousing him completely.

DARRYL

Come on man!

Darryl grabs his shirt off of the step ladder and dries himself with it. He climbs down from the ladder and walks gingerly between the buckets, some filled with water, others waiting to be filled. He looks up at the ceiling expecting another water bubble to pop. He runs his hand over markings on the wall.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

(to the framed picture)

You wouldn't believe how big he is now.

Darryl laughs to himself. MICHAEL, (9), tough guy and teddy bear, walks into the living room from the bedroom tossing a marble up in the air and catching it.

MICHAEL

Can we go to Mom's favorite spot today?

DARRYL

Hey, come here for a minute.

Michael makes his way over to Darryl, who holds out his hands ready to catch Michael if he falls.

Darryl positions Michael under the highest marking on the wall, removes a pocket knife and makes a scratch just above Michael's head.

MICHAEL

Dad?

DARRYL

I don't know yet. We'll see how the day turns out.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Functional, and bare, except for jugs of water just beside the toilet.

Darryl and Michael both stand at the sink brushing their teeth, and spit into their respective little cups. Darryl bumps Michael out of the way, and Michael bumps him back. They giggle. Darryl sniffs around Michael.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

I think you need to take another bath.

MICHAEL

No! I think you smelling yaself!

They play fight for a beat, Darryl only tapping out after seeing how strong Michael is. He regards Michael for a second.

DARRYL

Alright. We can go.

Michael can't contain his excitement, as big as he is he jumps on his father and they both fall to the ground.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Darryl pulls out a bunch of clothes from the closet. He and Michael each layer up, making sure to cover their heads and hands.

INT. FOYER - DAY

The walls are in need of a good paint job, not that it would add much. The floor tiles are chipped, and the gap under the baseboard is wide enough for unwanted guests to burrow right into.

Darryl opens the front door and immediately begins to cough. He can't stop and falls to his knees.

Michael grabs the doorknob to push it closed, but his glove gets hooked on it. As he tries to wriggle his glove free from the doorknob, the air hits his hands. Michael cries out as the back of his hand begins to burn.

Darryl gets Michael free from the doorknob and kicks the door closed. Still coughing, Darryl checks the burn forming on the back of Michael's hand.

MICHAEL

I'm okay.

Darryl checks his mask and realizes that there's a hole in it.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Michael sits on the edge of the tub holding his hand as Darryl searches through the stale Band-aids and dried out antiseptic wipes in the First Aid Kit. He opens a dark empty blue bottle and holds it to his nose. He hands the bottle to Michael and he inhales deeply.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It smells like her.

DARRYL

Too bad we're out of it. That thing could heal anything.

MICHAEL

I'm not worried about it.

Darryl watches Michael stare at his burns.

DARRYL

It'll be fine. For now we have water.

MICHAEL

Is that enough? I mean I don't care for real.

DARRYL

Enough or not, it's what we have.

Darryl wets an old but clean piece of cloth with water from the jug in the corner of the bathroom. He dabs gently at Michael's burns. Michael, the ever tough guy, unsuccessfully hides the pain on his face.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Michael cleans up rat droppings off the stove and countertop. When he is done Darryl reaches under the kitchen counter, grabs a slab of concrete and places it on the stove. He places a metal rack on top of that, and sits a can of Crisco on top. Darryl lights it.

He pulls a sealed Ziplocked bag of flour from the cabinet and spoons it into a mixing bowl.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A homemade HAPPY BIRTHDAY card is slid under the door and accompanied by a KNOCK. Michael opens the door to their neighbor across the hall, FRANCISCO (50s), gentle giant.

MICHAEL
Hey Francisco.

Michael and Francisco perform a dizzyingly complex handshake which ends with a hug. Darryl pops out of the kitchen and Michael shows him the birthday card.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Look what Francisco got mom.

DARRYL
(to Francisco)
Thanks man. Why don't you stay for breakfast?

FRANCISCO
I would love to, but I gotta go get Lucy. She got out, last night I think.

DARRYL
Oh. Good luck.

FRANCISCO
No need for luck, I'll be right back.

Francisco jogs down the steps and Darryl closes the door behind him.

MICHAEL
Is Lucy gonna be okay?

DARRYL
Come hep me with this batter.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Michael's marble rolls into the bedroom from the living room and he retrieves it from under the bed.

MICHAEL

We need to reinforce the windows again, right dad?

Darryl turns up the radio.

RADIO ANCHOR

...you are advised to head to your nearest evacuation site, immediately. Flash flood warnings are expected.

MICHAEL

Dad, we can just stay here right?

DARRYL

Go work on your times tables.

Michael looks at his father in disbelief. Darryl pulls a sheet and pencil from a binder in his desk drawer, hands them to Michael and gently pushes him out of the door. He catches sight of Michael's hand, and taking Michael's hand in his own Darryl inspects it. The burns have healed considerably.

Michael's marble slips out of his hand and he chases it back into the living room. Darryl closes the door behind him.

Darryl removes a duffle bag from the back of the door and begins to stuff it with his and Michael's clothing from the closet. He weighs the bag in his hands and removes several pieces of clothing, then zips up the bag again. Darryl does this until the bag is almost empty. He throws the bag against the wall.

A LOUD BANGING on the front door startles Darryl to attention.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Darryl steps cautiously into the living room and waves for Michael to get behind him. The knocking is persistent and accompanied by crying.

Darryl looks through the peephole to see Francisco holding something covered in a piece of cloth. He barely opens the door.

DARRYL

Francisco..., what's going on?

FRANCISO
It's your fault! You killed her!

DARRYL
What are you talking about?

Francisco takes a step towards Darryl and pulls back the cloth to reveal a *badly burned* and *bloody* Lucy, his dog. At the sight of Lucy, Darryl recoils.

MICHAEL
Dad, can we help?

DARRYL
(to Michael)
Stay back.

FRANCISCO
You did this! You left the door open and she got out!

Francisco is crying hysterically. Darryl begins to cough from the smell of the outside clinging to Lucy's body. But he steps forward not allowing Francisco to get inside.

DARRYL
Francisco, we haven't been outside in two weeks! She just got out, that's it.

FRANCISCO
She was all I had!

Francisco charges towards Darryl but Darryl uses all his strength to push Francisco up against his own apartment door. He covers the cloth over Lucy's body and pushes Francisco inside his apartment. Darryl walks backwards into his apartment watching Francisco's door as if he'll run back out towards him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Darryl is shaking.

MICHAEL
Dad? What's going on?

DARRYL
We have to go. We can't stay here anymore.

MICHAEL
What? Why?

The sound of the wind kicking up draws Michael and Darryl's attention to the window.

DARRYL
Another storm is coming.

MICHAEL
But it probably won't be that bad.
Like the last one.

DARRYL
No. That one was bad, and this will
be worse. It's coming on too soon.
Trust me. This place, it's not safe
anymore. In more ways than one.

Michael runs into the bedroom and locks the door behind him.

EXT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Darryl tries the doorknob but it won't open.

DARRYL
Michael, please.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
I don't wanna go.

INTERCUT WITH

DARRYL
We have to.

MICHAEL
No we don't. I wanna stay here with
Mom.

DARRYL
No matter where we are, she'll be
there. She's always with us.

MICHAEL
(crying)
I don't wanna go.

DARRYL
I know this place is all you know,
but its not going to make it
through the storm. We need to go.
We'll make a new home somewhere
else, somewhere better. I promise.

MICHAEL
What about Mom?

Darryl walks over to the photo of he, Michael and Simone on the makeshift dining table and hands it to Michael.

DARRYL
We'll figure it out.

Beat. Michael unlocks the door and slowly opens it.

MICHAEL
Where are we gonna go?

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Rain drops begin to fall. Darryl and Michael untie the canoe from the house and wade through the flood water until they get to the street. They turn over the canoe and unstrap two oars.

EXT. CANARSIE BEACH - DAY

Darryl and Michael begin to walk into the water. Michael has the picture with he, Darryl and Simone secured in plastic and tucked just inside his shirt pocket. It occurs to him that the picture is sticking out and he buttons his shirt pocket to secure it.

Darryl removes his mask. He and Michael hold hands, getting deeper and deeper into the water. His coughing becomes less and less.