

THE LAST MAN ON EARTH

"ALIVE IN TUCSON"

Written by
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Directed by
Phil Lord & Christopher Miller

#1AYB01

AS BROADCAST SCRIPT - 03/01/15

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COLD OPEN

EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY - ARIZONA/UTAH BORDER - DAY - DAY 1

CHYRON: THE YEAR 2020 (ONE YEAR AFTER THE VIRUS)

A sign on the side of the highway: "YOU ARE NOW LEAVING ARIZONA."

After a few beats of complete silence, a bus with a speaker mounted to the top drives through.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - DAY 1

Absolutely no signs of life. Just a bus driving through the empty streets. All stores have "closed" signs on them. Some shops are boarded up.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(through speaker)
Hello?... Hello?... Anyone out there?

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT - NIGHT 1

The bus drives down a lifeless street.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(through speaker)
Hello?... Hola?...

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY - DAY 2

The bus drives in an empty shopping mall. No signs of life.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Bonjour?... Chinese hello?

EXT. HIGHWAY - UTAH/ARIZONA BORDER - DAY - DAY 2

A sign on the highway: "YOU ARE NOW LEAVING UTAH." The bus enters frame and comes to a stop by the sign -- it doesn't pull over, but stops right in the middle of the highway.

INT. BUS - DAY - DAY 2

CLOSE UP: a map of Utah. A hand enters frame and puts a big thick black X through the state with a Sharpie.

Pull back to reveal that this is a map of the entire country. Every single state has a big black X through it.

We see the driver of the bus for the first time: PHIL MILLER (40's, beard).

Phil looks off as it dawns on him that he is almost certainly the last living being on the face of the Earth.

EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY 2

From outside the bus, we hear Phil let out his pent-up emotions.

PHIL (O.S.)
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhh!

EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY - DAY - DAY 2

CLOSE UP: Phil spray-painting on a sign.

INT. BUS - DAY - DAY 2

Phil gets into the driver's seat, puts the key in the ignition and fires it up.

EXT. DESERTED HIGHWAY - DAY - DAY 2

As the sun sets, the bus starts down the empty highway. We see Phil has spray-painted "ALIVE IN TUCSON" across the sign. As the bus drives off:

TITLE CARD: **THE LAST MAN ON EARTH**

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. BUS / EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT - NIGHT 2

It is pitch black. Phil's face is illuminated by the bus's instrument panel. Through the windshield, we see a sign: "TUCSON -- 80 MILES."

EXT. TUCSON APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING - DAY 3

Phil's bus is parked haphazardly outside the apartment building. It has plowed into a USPS mail box. Phil walks upstairs to his apartment.

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - MORNING - DAY 3

Phil enters his tiny studio apartment. Dust is everywhere. He opens his blinds to let in light.

PHIL
Home sweet home.

He stops and looks over the apartment, disgusted.

EXT. BONITA ESTATES GUARD HOUSE - MORNING - DAY 3

A fancy sign that says, "BONITA ESTATES: TUCSON'S PREMIUM GATED COMMUNITY." The bus speeds through the gate, breaking it.

EXT. BONITA ESTATES - MORNING - DAY 3

The bus stops in front of a fancy house.

INT. FANCY HOUSE - MORNING - DAY 3

Phil pries open the front door and looks around. He is carrying a duffel bag. The house is amazing! Phil smiles -- now, this is a house!

EXT. FANCY HOUSE - BACKYARD - MORNING - DAY 3

Phil takes in the beautiful view.

INT. FANCY HOUSE - DAY - DAY 3

Phil begins carrying in all of the things he's collected on the road.

INT. FANCY HOUSE - DAY - DAY 3

Phil hammers a nail into the wall and hangs up Grant Wood's "American Gothic." Reveal many other priceless paintings on the wall: Dali's "The Persistence of Memory," Van Gogh's "The Starry Night," Seurat's "A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte," Monet's "Water Lilies (1919)." Iconic knick knacks adorn the room: Heisman Trophies, the Stanley Cup, etc. Phil nods, happy.

INT. FANCY HOUSE - DAY - DAY 3

Phil pauses to look at some pictures of a middle-aged couple on the wall. Then Phil takes down the pictures, reaches into his duffel bag, and hangs up his own family picture.

INT. FANCY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - NIGHT 3

There is a huge painting over Phil's bed. Phil kneels down by his bed in a praying position and looks up to God. He wears silky pajamas.

PHIL

Hello God. First of all, apologies for all of the recent masturbation. But I gotta say, that's kinda on you.

(then)

So I just got back from traveling around the country looking for anyone who might have survived the virus. I put up a bunch of signs all over the place saying that I'm here in Tucson so uh... who knows. It's not all bad. In the old world I could never live in a place like this. And these are Hugh Hefner's actual pajamas. I washed them. There are some drawbacks. I know you know that. The whole women situation is the craps. If you could send some my way... or one my way.

(then)

Oh, one more thing.

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

If you can please send a special thank you to the previous owner of my new house. Just let him know I'm gonna take real good care of this place.

INT. FANCY HOUSE - ENTRY - MORNING - DAY 4

Phil plays racquetball in the entry of the house. He smacks the ball and it ricochets around the curved walls. He's wearing a headband and sports goggles, really getting into it.

INT. FANCY HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY - DAY 4

Phil tries the water tap -- nothing comes out. He gives the toilet handle a twist -- no flush. He walks out of the bathroom and comes back with water jugs.

PHIL

Fixin' the toilet, fixin' the toilet, fixin' the toilet...

He takes the lid off the reservoir and pours some water into the toilet reservoir tank. He flushes the toilet, it works. He smiles, takes down his pants, and sits on the toilet to do his "business." He cracks a beer, takes a sip, and starts pouring it in the tank.

INT. FANCY HOUSE - LOBBY - DAY - DAY 4

Phil sees a set of car keys in a bowl. He grabs them and presses "unlock" on the fob. We hear the chirp of the vehicle.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY - DAY 4

Phil gets out of his new Silverado. He walks to the front of the store, pulls out a gun, and nonchalantly SHOTS out the window panes on the storefront door.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY - DAY 4

No lights, dust everywhere. Phil grabs a shopping cart and walks by a neatly stacked display of canned corn. He does what everyone wants to do in this situation -- he smashes them with his cart. Cans go everywhere. He continues down the aisles haphazardly sweeping stuff into the cart.

He wheels past a magazine rack. Something catches his eyes: PORN MAGS. After a beat, Phil dumps the food out of his car and replaces it with as much porn as fits.

INT. PHIL'S TRUCK / EXT. STREET - DAY - DAY 4

As Phil drives home, he sees something in another storefront window: **A MANNEQUIN**. Phil looks longingly at the mannequin. Her face. Her breast. Her crotch. Her hand.

INT. FANCY HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT - NIGHT 4

Phil sits in Rocky's robe, lit by five flashlights that have been duct taped to a chandelier. He eats SpaghettiOs off of fancy China and has a very fancy bottle of red wine. He raises a glass to God.

PHIL
(up to God, happy)
Salud! This is a \$10,000 bottle of wine by the way. Goes great with the SpaghettiOs.

Phil takes a big sip of the wine.

PHIL (CONT'D)
That was like a four hundred dollar sip.

He chases his next sip with a squirt of cheese whiz. Then he sprays the cheese whiz into the glass of wine. Tries it.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Not as good.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - PARKING LOT - DAY - DAY 5

Phil has set up bowling pins in the parking lot, 50 yards away. He bowls the ball -- **SMASH!**

He bowls again. This time hitting lamps. **SMASH!**

ANGLE ON: the flatbed of the truck filled to the brim with bowling balls. Phil hits the gas, reverses about ten feet, and slams on the brakes -- the bowling balls fly out of the truck bed at a bunch of aquariums filled with water **SMASH!**

Phil smiles.

EXT. PARKING RAMP - DAY - DAY 5

CLOSE UP of a license plate: "THETUCK." There is a gas can on the front bumper with a lit road flare duct taped to it.

Phil stands at the top of the ramp. Next to Phil is a Camry. Phil releases the Camry's emergency brake and pushes it down the ramp, headed for the Mustang.

PHIL

Oo oo oo oo oo oo oooooooooo...

It looks like it's veering off. Phil contorts his body like you do when you're trying to magically affect a bowling ball.

PHIL (CONT'D)

No no no, hang on, left left left!

...but then it corrects and heads back toward the Mustang.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Straighten out! There you go!

SMASH! Phil celebrates wildly as the Mustang **EXPLODES.**

EXT./INT. FANCY HOUSE - NIGHT - NIGHT 5

We see a generator next to a gas can and an empty Home Depot-type box. We follow an extension cord from the running generator into the house where it's plugged into the TV/DVD player. Pan across a bunch of DVD's on the floor and land on "Castaway". Pan up to Phil on the couch, shaking his head.

PHIL

No way. No way. That would never happen. That is so stupid. I've got news for you, Tom Hanks. I would never ever talk to a volleyball. Not buying it. Balls aren't people, dude. Balls are for fun.

EXT. FANCY HOUSE - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY - DAY 6

Phil wears a suit of armor and stands across the basketball court from a tennis ball machine which shoots tennis balls at him. BAM! He gets hit. Beat. BAM! He gets hit. Beat. BAM!

INT. FANCY HOUSE - DAY - DAY 6

Phil walks in wearing the suit of armor. He lifts up the visor and looks at the calendar -- June 17. Phil reacts -- this date means something to him.

INT. BAR - NIGHT - NIGHT 6

The bar is lit only by moonlight until Phil ignites a lighter and lights a birthday candle in a Twinkie. He stares into the light of the candle.

INT. BAR - FLASHBACK - NIGHT - FB/NIGHT 1

Phil is surrounded by a GROUP OF FAMILY AND FRIENDS celebrating his birthday. The scene is full of warmth and love, toasting the guest of honor.

We see a montage of the party:

-- Phil's friends give him hugs and pats on the back.

-- They sing the "To you!" of "Happy Birthday."

-- Phil opens a present.

-- A toast is given and glasses are clinked.

-- Someone lovingly pushes a handful of cake into Phil's face.

-- A grateful Phil smiles, savoring the moment.

INT. BAR - BACK TO PRESENT - NIGHT - NIGHT 6

Phil thinks of his wish and blows out the candle, leaving him once again in the moonlit darkness. For the first time, his smile fades.

INT. FANCY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - NIGHT 6

Phil enters, dejected, then looks up to God.

PHIL

Hey! Okay! I get it! Nobody's coming. You're not giving me anybody. Well, guess what? I don't even care! I don't need people! Okay? I can make it work on my own! Watch me.

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

WATCH MEEEEEEEE! Hey Phil, what's up? Oh, I'm great Phil, how about you? Oh, I'm doing great. Thank you very much for asking. See! I'm already doing it! HA! I don't need people! I'm gonna be just fine!

INT. FANCY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MONTHS LATER - DAY - DAY 7

CHYRON: **FIVE MONTHS LATER**

Phil wakes up on the floor. His beard and hair are much longer. His boxer-briefs are filthy. Empty pill bottles, liquor bottles, and cans of food are everywhere. Phil is anything but "just fine."

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. FANCY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING - DAY 7

A disgusting Phil gets to his feet, staggers around, and searches for a beer. Takes a swig. Wipes his mouth with the Declaration of Independence.

INT. FANCY HOUSE - ENTRY - MORNING - DAY 7

Phil drunkenly stacks Jenga blocks as he swigs from a bottle of tequila.

EXT. FANCY HOUSE - BACKYARD - MORNING - DAY 7

Phil fills up a kiddie pool with tequila and margarita mix. The rim of the pool is covered in salt. He tosses the empty bottles in the actual pool next to it, which is now almost completely filled with garbage. He slides into his new "margarita pool" and lies there, dipping his head into the pool for an occasional slurp of margarita.

INT. FANCY HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY - DAY 7

Phil staggers to the entrance to the bathroom. It's an absolute mess. Empty water bottles are all over the place. Phil shakes his head and heads off.

EXT. HOUSE NEXT DOOR - SWIMMING POOL - DAY - DAY 7

Phil SAWS a circular hole near the end of the diving board.

EXT. HOUSE NEXT DOOR - SWIMMING POOL - LATER - DAY 7

Phil sits at the edge of the diving board, boxer-briefs around his ankles, reading a magazine. Behind him on the board is a roll of toilet paper. He has essentially created a toilet pool.

He checks out an older lady in a magazine. Her face. Her breast. Her crotch. Her hand.

Phil looks up from the magazine. He misses women. He wads it up and throws it in the toilet pool.

INT. BAR - DAY - DAY 7

Phil walks into the bar.

PHIL

Hey. What's up? Just had to get out of the house. Rough day. I'm gonna have a whiskey. You want a whiskey? Gary? Whiskey?

ANGLE ON: Gary, a volleyball with a face drawn on it. Gary doesn't talk. Phil goes to get a bottle of whiskey.

PHIL (CONT'D)

You sure? How about you, Jimmy?

Reveal Jimmy, a basketball with a face on it.

PHIL (CONT'D)

No? Okay, well does anyone want a whiskey?

(to a football)

Greg?

(to a tennis ball)

Kevin?

(to a golf ball)

Antaaaaaaawn?

(to the room)

No? Really? Nobody?

(to a whiffle ball)

Trevor?

(to a softball)

Terrance?

(to a ping pong ball)

Trent?

(to a hacky sack)

Darby?

(to a soccer ball)

Brice?

(to a baseball)

Marshall?

(to another whiffle ball)

Peter?

(to more ping pong balls)

Thomas? Max?

(to a bowling ball)

Dashiel?

(to a shuttlecock)

Diego?

(to an orange ball)

Clementine?

Reveal the whole room is filled with various sports balls with faces drawn on them.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Nobody wants a whiskey? Okay, well
more for me. Jerry, now you look
like you've lost a little weight.

ANGLE ON: a semi-deflated football.

PHIL (CONT'D)
What are you exercising? Skipping
carbs? Well, whatever you're
doing, keep it up! All right,
cheersies!

Phil takes a huge swig of liquor.

INT. BAR - LATER - DAY 7

Phil is mid-conversation. He's lying on the pool table
looking up at the ceiling.

PHIL
God, I miss breakfast burritos.

Reveal all the balls gathered around Phil in a semi-circle.
Cut to their reactions at various points.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Getting mail. Skinny jeans on
dudes, just kidding -- skinny jeans
on dudes suck -- and people. And
women... Oh God, women... I would
give anything to see another woman
again. Just any woman. ANY woman.
I would never complain about
anything ever again if I just got
to see one more woman.

Long beat as he ponders. Then, Phil heads out. When he gets
to the door, he turns back.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Gary, you want to come hang at my
place tonight?
(as if chided by the other
balls)
Shut up, guys. That's really
homophobic Brice, even for you.

Gary sits there, motionless, speechless.

INT. PHIL'S TRUCK / EXT. STREET - NIGHT - NIGHT 7

Phil and Gary sit in the truck, looking at the mannequin from before.

PHIL

That's her.

(beat)

I don't know her name. I've never talked to her.

(beat)

No, Gary. C'mon, what would I say? I'm so bad in these situations.

(beat)

There's nothing you can say that would convince me to go talk to her, okay?

(beat)

That's a pretty convincing argument.

Phil turns Gary toward the mannequin and opens his door. He turns back to Gary.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(to Gary)

Don't. Honk. The. Horn.

Phil approaches the store window. When he gets close, he takes out his handgun and SHOOTS the window out.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(to mannequin)

Windows, right? My friend Gary dared me to come say hi -- he's in the truck. White fella.

Phil turns to the truck -- we see Gary on the dashboard.

PHIL (CONT'D)

So anyway... hello I guess. I actually saw you a long time ago and always wanted to come say hi, but I don't know, it never felt like the right time. I like your outfit. You make good style choices.

Phil caresses the mannequin's cheek. He leans in and starts to kiss it. After a moment, he pulls away.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Excuse me if I'm being so forward,
it's just that I've been through a
lot lately, and I just realized
that having other people around is
what really makes life worth
living. Where are my manners...
I'm Phil.

Phil reaches for her hand to shake it -- her arm pulls off.
Phil looks at the arm -- it suddenly dawns on him that he's
talking to an inanimate object and that he's possibly going
crazy. Phil slowly steps out of the window and sits on the
ground, looking up to God, defeated.

PHIL (CONT'D)

You win... you win.

EXT. FANCY HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY - DAY 8

Phil lies passed out in the margarita pool.

EXT. FANCY HOUSE - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY - DAY 8

Wearing his suit of armor, Phil lies in front of the tennis
ball machine -- his head inches away from the mouth of the
machine -- it serves balls directly into his helmet. BAM.
Beat. BAM. Beat. BAM.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY - DAY 8

There is a huge rock outcropping by the side of the road.
Phil's truck is parked next to it.

Phil finishes spray painting something onto the face of the
rock.

Reveal what he's painted: "R.I.P. Phil Miller -- June 17,
1980 - Novemberish, 2021."

Pull back to reveal that Phil has placed all of the balls
from the bar by the base of the rock.

PHIL

Well. In about two minutes we will
lay to rest, Phil Miller. I'm
sorry for giving up.

Phil starts to leave, then turns back.

PHIL (CONT'D)

And I just gotta say, huge apology
to Tom Hanks and the whole crew
that put together "Castaway."
'Cause they nailed it, they
frigging nailed it. You guys were
the best friends that I could ask
for. But you're not people.
You're not people.

Phil gets into the truck and drives off.

INT. PHIL'S TRUCK - DAY - DAY 8

Phil looks down the road at the rock face where his life will
end. Reveal he has painted a huge target on the face of the
rock. He is expressionless. This is what he has to do.

He unbuckles his seat belt, takes a deep breath, takes a swig
of whiskey, puts the truck in drive, and floors it.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS - DAY 8

The truck barrels down the dirt road toward the rocks.

INT. PHIL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS - DAY 8

Phil's face is emotionless.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS - DAY 8

The truck is now traveling incredibly fast. It is incredibly
unsafe -- but then again, that's the point.

INT. PHIL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS - DAY 8

Phil looks ahead at the rocks which are getting closer and
closer, and then something incredible catches his eye. He
slams on the brakes.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS - DAY 8

The truck slides to a stop, inches from the rock.

INT./EXT. PHIL'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS - DAY 8

Phil looks in disbelief at something off in the distance. Is he dreaming? He gets out of the truck and walks slowly to the front of it, never averting his gaze. He hops onto the hood to get a better look and we finally reveal what he sees:

A thin wisp of smoke in the distance.

Phil scrambles back into the truck and peels out in the direction of the smoke.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY - DAY 8

The truck slows as it comes to the entrance of a campsite from which the smoke is billowing. As Phil gets closer, we see the whole scene:

A still smoldering campfire. A car is parked nearby. There is nobody in sight, but the implications are clear: **Phil is not alone.**

Phil pulls the truck up to the campfire, gets out, and tentatively examines the area. The campfire is still going. There are s'mores ingredients and a roasting stick. There are a couple of empty Diet Coke cans and bags of potato chips.

Pan across a makeshift clothesline strung up between a couple of trees -- clothes are hanging from it, drying in the wind. A white T-shirt... jeans... socks... and then Phil sees something that about knocks him over... A BRA!

Phil's eyes widen. Is this for real? He gently yanks the bra off the line and caresses it in his hands. He lifts it to his nose and starts to sniff at the bra cup. As we are tight on Phil's mid-sniff face, we see the unfocused figure of a WOMAN step into the background.

WOMAN

Hi.

Phil's eyes widen.

The enormity of the situation registers on his face. He struggles to say something, his eyes flutter, and he passes out.

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY - DAY 8

Phil's POV: an incredibly beautiful woman, VICTORIA, cradles Phil in her arms. (NOTE: Victoria is dressed exactly like the mannequin.)

VICTORIA
Hello? Hello? Are you okay?

PHIL
I think so. How'd you get here?
What's happening?

VICTORIA
I saw your billboards! I can't
believe you found me.

PHIL
I... I... I...

VICTORIA
Your voice is like music to my
ears.

PHIL
May I sing to you?

VICTORIA
Yeah, I'd love that.

PHIL
(singing)
*"When there's something strange, in
your neighborhood, who you gonna
call?"*

PHIL (CONT'D)
Ghostbusters!

VICTORIA
Ghostbusters!

PHIL (CONT'D)
*"Da, da, da, dum, I ain't afraid of
no ghost."*

VICTORIA
Is this a dream?

PHIL
(super confident)
No. This is very, very real.

Victoria leans in and kisses Phil. It gets very steamy.

Eyes closed, really into the kiss, Phil has never looked happier. Then he opens his eyes for a moment. WHAT THE FUCK?

Phil's POV: Victoria is not there. In her place is CAROL -- mid-30s, housewifey. She's doing CPR on him.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

CAROL

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

PHIL

What are you doing, what are you doing?!

CAROL

I was doing mouth-to-mouth.

PHIL

Why am I all wet?

CAROL

You passed out, you wet your underpants, I thought you were dying.

PHIL

I did not wet my underpants.
(feels his underpants)
They're wet, yes. Ew, super wet. But that was from something else before. I was swimming... on the front side.

CAROL

Okay, fine, I just thought that--

PHIL

Well, you thought wrong! They were wet before!

CAROL

I wasn't accusing you of--

PHIL

THEY WERE WET BEFORE!

Carol jumps back from him and pulls out a gun.

CAROL

Back up and put your hands where I
can see them!

PHIL

Whoa whoa whoa whoa!

CAROL

HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM!

PHIL

Okay okay okay okay.

Phil puts his hands up, which still tightly hold Carol's bra.

CAROL

Drop my bra.

PHIL

Okay okay okay.

Phil puts the bra between his legs and puts his hands back
up.

CAROL

No. DROP IT!

Hands still up, Phil opens his legs, the bra drops to the
ground.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Gross. Are you nice?

PHIL

What?

CAROL

ARE YOU A NICE PERSON?

PHIL

Yes! Yes! I'm really nice! I'm
really, really nice! I'm so nice,
seriously, I promise you. There's
nothing to be afraid of--

CAROL

Nothing of which to be afraid.

PHIL

I just said that.

CAROL

You can't end sentences with prepositions. "Nothing of which to be afraid" is the proper grammar.

PHIL

Fine, yes, okay. There's nothing of which -- huh? -- to be afraid. You can trust me. Seriously.

Carol thinks it over.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Honestly? I did wet my underpants. They were totally dry before, and I soaked them. I soaked 'em.

CAROL

Why did you lie to me?

PHIL

'Cause I'm an adult and I wet my underpants.

CAROL

Are you the one who put up all those "Alive in Tucson" signs?

PHIL

Yeah, that was me! That was me! I did that! Look, I am so sorry. I haven't seen another human being in like two years, and I was literally about to kill myself like five minutes ago -- I'm harmless. Why don't you put that gun away. What do you need that gun out for?

CAROL

Don't you mean, "out for what do you need that gun?"

PHIL

Okay, that can't be right.

CAROL

It is.

PHIL

C'mon--

Carol cocks her gun.

PHIL (CONT'D)

No no no no, you don't need to cock that thing! Fine. Out for what do you need that gun?

(pleading)

C'mon. I'm not gonna hurt you. So why don't you put that thing away?

Finally, Carol starts to lower the gun.

CAROL

I'm a quick draw. Watch yourself.

Carol finally puts the gun away in her pocketbook.

PHIL

Thank you. Thank you. So, can we start over?

CAROL

Yeah, okay.

Phil slowly approaches her, extending his hand.

PHIL

Phil Miller. Last man on Earth.

Carol accepts his hand. They shake.

CAROL

Carol Pilbasian. Last woman on Earth.

Phil shoots a quick glance up to God.

END OF SHOW