

AFTER OIL  
PILOT  
by  
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A small girl, SALLY DUNLAP (10), in a camo jacket kneels before a carrot patch, leaning over a bed of soil. Beside her kneels an older African-American girl in a battered olive winter parka and red flannel, BRIAR DUNLAP (19). She pushes her curly hair out of her face.

SALLY  
Which ones?

BRIAR  
When it's ready to come up, it'll start poking its head up outta the ground. See that one?

SALLY  
Yeah.

BRIAR  
Grab it.

Briar takes her sister's hand and guides it forward. Sally wraps her hand around the stalk of a carrot poking out of the dirt. Briar wraps her hand around her sister's. Briar wears a toy plastic ring with half a heart on it, on her ring finger.

SALLY  
Pull?

BRIAR  
Hard.

Sally yanks at the carrot, grunting with the effort. Briar watches. The carrot comes up, and Sally falls back, panting and smiling, carrot in hand. Briar smiles.

BRIAR (CONT'D)  
Good.

Briar stops smiling.

BRIAR (CONT'D)  
Same with the rest of 'em. Beets too.

The smile fades from Sally's face. She nods.

The carrot is tossed into a metal bowl with a clatter.

CUT TO:

Briar kneels over a patch of dirt at a trough, a garden fork in hand. She stabs the ground, breaking up the dirt, putting her all into it.

The sound of a car engine off-screen breaks the near-silence.

SALLY (O.S.)  
Briar! Briar, look!

Briar turns. Sally stands by one of the windows, pointing out. Out by the road, a police car can be seen crawling along, going past their driveway.

Briar turns away, shaking her head.

BRIAR  
It's just a cop car, Sally.

SALLY  
But it drives!

Sally watches the police car drive-off down the road, her face pressed to the fogged tarp. After a beat, she steps away, frowning.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Briar...?

Briar turns to look. A woman is walking up to the outside of the greenhouse, her image obscured by the fogged tarp walls.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Who's that?

BRIAR  
Go wash yourself off with the hose.

SALLY  
Bri...

Briar gives Sally a sharp look. Sally slinks off.

2

EXT. DUNLAP HOME - DAY

2

Briar steps out of the greenhouse. JOSIE GANNON, 45, a sturdy, bare-faced woman, comes storming up to the greenhouse, smoking a cigarette. Briar walks forward, and Josie steps in front of her.

BRIAR  
What can I do for you, Mrs. Gannon?

JOSIE  
You seen my boy, Dunlap?

BRIAR  
Earl? Can't say that I have. Why?

JOSIE  
Was wondering if he weren't out on another one of your damn food runs. He's missing.

BRIAR  
That was Tuesday. Missing?

JOSIE  
He ain't turned in for two nights. Says he's goin' out on an errand for you. Never came home.

BRIAR  
Well, I ain't seen him.

Josie tosses the remains of her cigarette to the ground and stomps it out. She takes another step towards Briar.

JOSIE  
You know, he's always coming in past town curfew these days, clambering through the back window. When I ask him where he's been, says he's been out on one of your runs -

BRIAR  
(incredulous)  
I don't send my Riders out past curfew, Mrs. Gannon. If Earl's been telling you I been keeping him out late, I think you oughta ask him what he's really up to.

Josie scoffs at Briar, shaking her head. She stuffs her hands into her pockets and pulls out a wad of folded up paper. Briar watches her unfold it and extend it to her.

JOSIE  
Make yourself useful.

It's a crumpled stack of homemade missing posters, filled with large, handwritten letters: "HAVE YOU SEEN EARL GANNON?" Some of the flyers have been garnered with small crayon drawings of a stick figure boy who is presumably Earl.

JOSIE (CONT'D)  
 Have your "Pahoee Riders" post  
 these around town, would you?

Briar takes the stack from her.

BRIAR  
 Why not have the police do it?

JOSIE  
 (laughing sharply)  
 You think they'll waste any gas on  
 one of my kids?

Josie turns away, walking towards the drive. She picks up her rusted bike by the road and walks off with it. Briar watches her go. The door to the greenhouse opens and Sally pokes her head out.

SALLY  
 Who was it?

Briar passes the stack of flyers down to Sally, saving half for herself.

BRIAR  
 Do me a favor. If Tucker or Elsie  
 come by, tell them to pass these  
 flyers out.

Briar takes a padlock and a key out of her pocket and presses it into Sally's hand.

BRIAR (CONT'D)  
 And lock up the greenhouse before  
 you go.

SALLY  
 Is Earl okay?

BRIAR  
 He's fine.  
 (puts a hand on her head)  
 Just don't forget.

Sally nods. Briar ruffles her hair fondly, and walks away.

3 EXT. DUNLAP HOME - DAY

3

Briar steps out of a rusted mobile home, carrying a bike under one arm and a backpack on her back. She carries it down the steps. She attaches a wagon onto the back rack with a chain.

She throws a look over her shoulder. ROSEMARIE DUNLAP, 46, gaunt and withered, sits looking out the front window, her eyes empty. Briar shakes her head and rides away.

4 EXT. ROAD - DAY 4

Briar rides her bike down the empty road, peddling hard.

5 EXT. COLE'S FARM - DAY 5

Briar races up the farm road to Cole's farm.

CUT TO:

FARMHANDS are crowded inside the barn, busy milking the cows. More FARMHANDS are out in the fields, harvesting the autumn crop.

Briar's bicycle rests up against the side of an old shuttered barn, the wagon attached. Briar stands beside it, arms crossed, waiting. Barn cats sit around the steps to the barn, bathing in the sun. One brushes up against Briar's legs.

MARCUS COLE (65), steps out of the open barn, carrying a crate of boxes in his arms, filled with produce - ears of corn and heads of cabbage especially. Briar steps forward and takes it from him.

Briar drops the crate onto the wagon. As she straightens, she pulls a wad of cash out of her pocket, thumbing through it. She extends a handful to Cole. He shakes his head.

COLE  
Price's changed.

Briar shakes her head and counts out more bills.

BRIAR  
The more you charge, the steeper my  
delivery fees climb.

COLE  
Don't blame me. Blame the feds.  
Rations've doubled this month.

Briar hands over the money. Cole nods his thanks.

BRIAR  
Cole. You seen Earl Gannon?

COLE  
 Josie's youngest? That was  
 Tuesday.

BRIAR  
 Hasn't turned up, Josie says. If  
 you see him, lemme know?

Briar hands him one of Josie's flyers. Cole nods.

COLE  
 I'll put it up by the stand.

Briar nods her thanks and Cole walks inside the barn. Briar turns, preparing to hop on her bike. The sound of a bike approaching is heard off-screen, followed by the ring of a bell.

Briar looks up. SARAH HAMMOND (19) a butch girl with bleach blonde hair, in a flannel, band tee and ripped jeans, peddles up the dirt drive, a field hockey stick hanging in a sling over her shoulder. She comes to a stop in front of Briar, grinning as she hops off her bike.

SARAH  
 Sorry I'm late. Traffic's a bitch.

BRIAR  
 Very funny.

Briar and Sarah embrace and give each other a kiss. They hop on their bikes, and the two of them peddle up the road.

6

EXT. FARM ROAD - DAY

6

Briar and Sarah bike side by side.

BRIAR  
 You don't have to come with me  
 today, Sarah. I'm on an errand.

SARAH  
 What sort?

BRIAR  
 Earl's gone missing.

SARAH  
 (laughing)  
 Knowing that kid, he's probably  
 holed up somewhere with a bottle of  
 'shine.

BRIAR

All the same, I owe it to his mother to drag his ass home.

SARAH

And where you suppose his ass is?

BRIAR

Thought I'd check in with the Miller's. They were first on his route.

SARAH

Guess I'll tag along then.

BRIAR

You don't have to -

SARAH

(grinning)

Afraid of a lil' company? C'mon, I'll race ya!

Sarah speeds off down the road. Briar shakes her head and grins, racing after her.

7

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

7

ELSIE WINN, (11), a slight girl with short, wispy blonde hair and a young Hispanic boy, OSCAR PASCARELLA, both Pahokee Riders, bike down a deserted street.

Elsie rides up to a curb, pausing by a telephone pole. She steps off her bike and unfolds a missing poster from her back pocket.

Elsie pulls out a roll of duct tape and tears off a piece with her teeth. She sticks the poster onto the pole.

They ride off down the road. The entire street is dotted with the flyers.

8

EXT. ROAD - DAY - LATER

8

Briar and Sarah ride down a deserted road.

9

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

9

Briar and Sarah walk their bikes down a bumpy dirt road. They come to a fork in the path and stop. Briar points down one path.

BRIAR  
Miller's are this way.

SARAH  
You mean the way with the skull  
nailed to the trespassing sign?

They exchange a sarcastic look before Briar walks on.

BRIAR  
Yup.

Sarah follows after, shaking her head. They pass the sign, which reads: "No Trespassing. Violators will be shot. Survivors will be shot again".

SARAH (O.S.)  
Who the fuck are these people?

10

EXT. MILLER'S HOME - DAY

10

Briar and Sarah stand at the door of a decrepit wooden cabin in a large, wooded area. Their bikes are parked on the gravel drive, leaned against an effigy with animal skulls nailed along it. A confederate flag flaps dully in the wind by the porch.

The two of them exchange a wary look. Briar knocks.

There is a pause. Sarah wanders off, peering through one of the cabin windows.

11

INT./EXT. MILLER'S HOME - DAY

11

The interior is a fire hazard waiting to happen, loaded up with small animal skulls, hunting knives, and rifles.

SARAH  
(to herself)  
Holy shit...

The sound of Briar knocking again is heard off-screen.

12

EXT. MILLER'S HOME - DAY

12

PAM MILLER (49) opens the front door a crack, leaving the chain on. Sarah returns to Briar's side.

BRIAR  
Mrs. Miller?

Pam gives her a shifty look and doesn't answer.

BRIAR (CONT'D)  
Mrs. Miller, a Rider of mine, Earl Gannon, was here this Tuesday with a delivery. You remember him?

Pam slams the door shut.

PAM (O.S.)  
Ryan!

There is silence for an uncomfortable beat. Briar and Sarah wait a moment while footsteps are heard approaching the door off-screen. The door jerks open and RYAN MILLER (55) fills up the gap in the threshold, a cigarette tucked behind his ear.

RYAN  
What do you want?

BRIAR  
Mr. Miller, a runner of mine was here this Tuesday -

RYAN  
You're two days late on deliverin', now you come 'round asking questions?

SARAH  
Late?

RYAN  
Did I fucking stutter?

BRIAR  
So Earl never came.

RYAN  
Listen here, I've half a mind to report you. First you're overcharging for this shit, now you ain't showing up?

Ryan lowers his hand from the door.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What's the use of you puffed up  
dykes and your "Pahokee Riders" if  
you ain't reliable?

Ryan reaches into his back pocket. Seeing the movement, Sarah reaches back and grabs the handle of her hockey stick threateningly, taking a step forward. Briar puts an arm out, stopping her.

SARAH

What you got there?

Ryan pulls out a cigarette lighter, eying them darkly.

RYAN

You best back the fuck off.

Stone-faced, Briar pulls Sarah back. Briar turns and walks back to her bike. She grabs a box out of the back of the wagon and walks back to the front door.

BRIAR

On the house.

Briar extends the box. Ryan glares at her before removing the chain. He reaches through and grabs the box out of her hands, looking down at it with dissatisfaction.

BRIAR (CONT'D)

So Mr. Miller, do you have any idea  
where - ?

Ryan slams the door in their face. Briar and Sarah exchange a look. Pam stands in the front window, looking out at them, and hurriedly closes the blinds.

CUT TO:

Briar and Sarah pick their bikes off the drive.

BRIAR (CONT'D)

Well. Now what?

SARAH

What time you reckon it is?

BRIAR

Dunno. 'Round two.

SARAH

School's just let out. I bet you  
one of Earl's friends'll know where  
he is.

13 EXT. SCHOOL BUILDING - DAY 13

Briar and Sarah ride their bikes up a drive towards Pahokee High School. A small group of kids sit outside on the steps. A YOUNG GIRL waves over at them. Sarah waves back.

14 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY 14

Briar and Sarah walk their bikes up a hill towards the playground.

A group of YOUNG TEENS in flannel and camo sit on a set of steps nearby. A TEACHER stands beside them, smoking a cigarette.

On the overgrown field beside the playground, a group of TEEN BOYS kick around a tin can, miming soccer. A FOOLISH BOY is busy trying to climb the football goal posts, while his FOOLISH FRIENDS cheer him on.

At the swings, three kids sit, smoking cigarettes. EDDIE, a young Asian-American boy in a leather jacket sits in the middle of them, a Hispanic TEEN GIRL sitting on his lap. A TEEN BOY sits on the swings next to them.

Briar and Sarah march their bikes up to the group, who fall silent as they approach.

SARAH

Which one of you is Eddie?

All of the kids turn to look at Eddie. In the background, the FOOLISH TEEN succeeds in climbing the goal post, and all the FOOLISH FRIENDS cheer.

Eddie wraps his arm around the teen girl defensively.

EDDIE

Who wants to know?

Briar and Sarah give him a hard look.

BRIAR

Have you seen Earl Gannon since Tuesday?

EDDIE

Earl? Sure. We's was havin' ourself a bonfire. What's it to you?

BRIAR

Where?

15 INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

15

Briar toes over an empty jerry can.

BRIAR  
Where the hell did they get this  
shit?

A burned out fire pit is in the middle of the barren room.  
Sarah walks over, holding an empty vodka bottle.

SARAH  
Eddie said Earl brought it.

BRIAR  
From his house? Fat chance. Josie  
would've paddled his ass if she  
caught him stealing reserves.

SARAH  
(shrugs)  
He just said he had a stash.

BRIAR  
So that's where Earl was heading?  
To get more fuel for the fire?

SARAH  
That's all he said.

Briar picks up the jerry can and sloshes it around to see  
what's left.

BRIAR  
What a waste.

SARAH  
Where's his bike?

16 EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

16

Briar and Sarah step outside the open door of the gratified  
building. They find a collection of milk crates filled with  
rotten produce, like what Briar got from Cole's, stacked  
against the wall.

BRIAR  
Maybe he rode it home.

SARAH  
Without the delivery?

Briar stoops over the crates to examine its contents.

BRIAR  
 Maybe he needed the wagon empty.

SARAH  
 Just how far away was this "stash"  
 of his then?

Briar kneels down beside the crates. A bike track cuts through the wet ground.

BRIAR  
 Looks like he rode his bike through  
 the woods. Towards his mom's?

SARAH  
 Only one way to find out.

Briar stands and follows the trail. Sarah follows after.

17

EXT. WOODED GROVE - DAY

17

The sun is low in the sky. Briar and Sarah walk into a clearing, at the center of which an old kid's bike sits on its side, beside a tipped wagon.

Sarah approaches the bike and kneels down, examining the wheels.

SARAH  
 Shit. It ain't broke. Even if it  
 were, you don't just ditch a bike.

BRIAR  
 (agreeing)  
 It was the most valuable thing Earl  
 owned.

Briar stands at the edge of the clearing. A set of car tire tracks is sunk into the fresh mud. It leads away from the grove, up to the road. Briar leans down to touch them.

BRIAR (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
 Who would drive this far out into  
 the woods?

SARAH  
 What the fuck?

Briar stands and turns. Sarah crouches as she brushes leaves aside, revealing a pair of cellar doors. Briar approaches her.

SARAH (CONT'D)

What is it?

Briar kneels down and pulls on the door's padlock.

BRIAR

A cellar maybe?

SARAH

This ain't anyone's property.  
Wonder what it's doing out here?

Briar gives the padlock another sharp pull, trying to pry open the doors. She sits back on her haunches, looking around the area.

BRIAR

Sarah, I don't like this.

Sarah reaches out and puts a hand on the small of Briar's back. Briar stands.

SARAH

He's around here, Bri.

Briar nods solemnly. She reaches out and holds Sarah's hand for a moment, giving it a squeeze. Briar leans over and gives Sarah a small kiss before stepping away.

BRIAR

Maybe I can smash it open.

Briar stoops down and searches the ground around the lockbox for a sizeable rock. Sarah steps away, circling the clearing. Briar wraps her fist around a rock and reaches out for the padlock, preparing to strike it.

The sound of metal crunching echoes off-screen through the grove. Briar looks up towards Sarah, standing at the other side of the clearing.

Sarah stands, holding a crumpled beer can, picking it out of the weeds. She shows it to Briar.

SARAH

Hey, look.

Briar stands. Sarah turns in a circle, before stopping and pointing.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Bri, I think I see a whole bunch.

Sarah heads off in the direction she pointed, throwing down the can. Briar starts after her, hesitating a moment. She sprints back to the lockbox. She lifts up her flannel, tearing the hem of it in her teeth, until she rips off a strip. She ties it around a nearby sapling.

SARAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Briar!

Briar runs off.

18 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

18

Sarah winds the crank on a rechargeable flashlight, and it flickers to life. She tosses it to Briar, and takes another one out of her pack.

Briar and Sarah walk through the woods, their flashlights combing the trees. The sound of crows cawing loudly is heard off-screen.

19 EXT. WOODS/EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT

19

Sarah shines her flashlight down at a pile of crumpled beer cans and fast food containers littered on the ground near the embankment of the swamp. She turns to Briar.

Briar shrugs. She walks past, stepping through the treeline onto the shore of the swamp.

20 EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT

20

Briar shines her flashlight across the swamp's surface. As she combs the swamp, the light scares off a pair of crows. She holds her light still. It reveals a figure lying face down in the water, its body draped across a rotten log. Briar leaps forward.

BRIAR

Sarah!

Briar runs down the embankment to the swamp, and Sarah follows, seeing the BODY.

Briar runs headlong into the swamp, algae and mud sluicing up around her. She wades in, panting, and grabs the floating body, turning it over.

BRIAR (CONT'D)

No, no, no!

Sarah comes running up behind her, stopping on the shore.

SARAH  
Is he...?

Briar struggles to wade back towards the embankment, slipping in the mud under the weight of the body.

BRIAR  
Help me!

Sarah jumps forward, wading into the shallows. When Briar approaches, the two heave the body up onto the shore. Briar collapses beside the body.

Briar claps a hand to the bloated face of a young boy, EARL GANNON, 12. His eyes are wide open and unseeing, his skin mottled and covered in algae. The side of his head is caved in.

BRIAR (CONT'D)  
Earl, no.

SARAH  
Shit.

Briar gives Earl's body a rough shake.

BRIAR  
Kid! C'mon!

Briar presses an ear to the kid's chest. Sarah watches expectantly. Briar sits up and looks over at Sarah, crying silently. Briar shakes her head.

Briar puts a hand to Earl's cheek.

BRIAR (CONT'D)  
(crying)  
You stupid fuck.

Briar wipes away the mud from his face. As she does, she uncovers a ring of purple bruises around Earl's throat like a necklace. Briar traces her fingers over them, frowning. Briar turns her face away from Earl, sobbing. Sarah kneels down beside her, wrapping an arm around her shoulders and pulling her close. They hang on to each other for a moment.

Sarah pulls away to look around their surroundings.

SARAH  
(urgently)  
Bri. We should go.

BRIAR  
 (shaking her head)  
 We can't just leave him.

SARAH  
 (beat)  
 Okay. I'm going to go get the wagon. Okay? You just... wait here.

Briar nods. Sarah pulls away and stands, hesitating before climbing back up the bank.

Alone, Briar takes a moment and leans down, pressing her lips to Earl's forehead.

21 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 21

Sarah rides her bike down an empty road. Briar rides behind her, the wagon trailing behind. Tears stream down her face.

Earl's body is laid across the wagon, his face covered by Briar's parka. His feet poke out over the rim.

As they ride, they pass a telephone pole with one of the Gannon's missing posters taped onto it.

22 EXT. GANNON'S HOME - NIGHT 22

Briar and Sarah stand in the Gannon's drive, holding onto their bikes. The floodlights come on and JERRY GANNON steps out.

He freezes, staring at the body in the wagon. Josie steps out past him, and before he can grab her, she sees the wagon. She falls to her knees on the porch, wailing. Her husband wraps an arm around her and holds her while she fights him and screams.

Briar and Sarah stand and watch. Sarah wraps an arm around her, pulling her close, giving her a kiss on the head. Briar watches Josie and Jerry in silent misery, overwhelmed with guilt.

23 INT. DUNLAP HOME - NIGHT 23

Briar steps inside her mobile home, her face still fresh with tears. The home is lit mostly with candles.

SALLY (O.S.)  
 Briar!

Sally comes running to the door. She stops short when she sees Briar, drenched and covered in mud.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Bri, what happened?

Briar shakes her head and kneels down, wrapping Sally in a hug. Sally makes a face, pulling away.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
Stop! You're getting me muddy.

Briar pulls back and smiles at her sister sadly.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
What's up? Did you find Earl?

BRIAR  
You cleaned those carrots yet?

SALLY  
Uh, no -

BRIAR  
I'll worry about that. Do me a favor, Sally, and go round back and turn on the generator.

Sally looks surprised.

SALLY  
I thought we were, uh...  
'conserving' gas.

BRIAR  
We got enough for the night. How 'bout you pop in a VHS and sit with Ma for a few?

SALLY  
You don't want my help?

Briar ruffles her sister's hair.

BRIAR  
You been a big help. How does a TV dinner sound?

Sally beams.

24 INT. LIVING AREA - NIGHT 24

Briar and Sally sit on the floor with bowls of soup in their laps. Rosemarie sits on the couch behind them, her gaze distant.

Briar and Sally stare at the TV, playing Curly Top in black and white. Sally rests her head against Briar's shoulder. Briar kisses the top of Sally's head, then rests her head against hers. She closes her eyes.

25 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT 25

ALAN DONAHUE, 28, a young but jaded police deputy, stands by the door with his hands in his pockets. He looks down on JOSIE GANNON, who is bent over the body of her son on the examiner's table, sobbing. JERRY GANNON stands beside her, patting her head, looking wan.

Alan backs out of the room, closing the door behind him.

26 INT. POLICE STATION HALL - NIGHT 26

Alan closes the door, and stares through the window a beat. He turns and walks down the hall, head high.

A DETAINED REFUGEE, a disheveled man, 35, sits chained in holdup at the other end of the hall. As Alan approaches, the refugee looks up, yelling after him as Alan draws near.

DETAINED REFUGEE

Hey man! I know you're a good guy,  
so just please... it was a  
misunderstanding. I didn't know it  
was nobody's... I'll return it, I  
swear!

Alan walks passed the refugee, staring straight ahead, not meeting his eye.

DETAINED REFUGEE (CONT'D)

HEY! You can't hold me here! I  
gotta wife!

Alan lowers his head as he steps away from the refugee, hiding his shame.

27 INT. DISPATCHER'S - NIGHT

27

Alan steps into the dispatchers office, the shouts of the refugee carrying off-screen. LORRAINE CARMONA, 29, sits at the desk, drinking black coffee.

LORRAINE  
(apathetic)  
Close the door, will you?

ALAN  
We're just...

Alan trails off as he looks up through the screening window on the dispatcher's office. VAL SIMPKINS, (32) a woman in a crisp business suit and a briefcase in hand, stands on the other side of the glass, in the middle of the waiting room.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
Yeah, uh, one sec, Lorraine...

Alan quickly ducks out of the dispatchers.

28 INT. STATION WAITING AREA - NIGHT

28

Alan steps into the waiting area, approaching Val. Alan reaches out a hand to shake Val's.

ALAN  
Mr. Simpkins -

VAL  
The boy was found?

Alan retracts his hand, trying to downplay the motion.

ALAN  
Yes.

Val throws an impassive look at Alan.

VAL  
And the reserves?

ALAN  
What about them?

Alan wilts under Val's intense gaze.

VAL  
Deputy, if I were you, I'd have  
some of your men moving those  
reserves stat.

ALAN  
(stubbornly)  
They weren't found. Only the body  
was -

VAL  
You're sure of that?

ALAN  
(stammering)  
Well...

Val turns away, throwing a look back at Alan over her  
shoulder.

VAL  
And while you're at it, Donahue,  
you could bring those girls in for  
questioning. It's a small preserve.  
Who knows what they might've seen  
out there.

Val walks to the door to exit the station. The lights in the  
station flicker as the generator lags, and then cuts.

LORRAINE (O.S.)  
Donahue, generator's crapped again!

Alan glances to the door, but Val has already disappeared  
from sight, leaving Alan standing in the waiting area alone.

FADE TO BLACK.