



# ALONE

written by M.LATHROM

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Matt Lathrom

OVER BLACK:

The sound of a gunshot. The thud of a body hitting the ground. Desperate, painful moans.

**EXT. CITY STREET - SATURDAY - DAY**

A single car comes to a halt in the empty street. MILTON (36), short with a humble demeanor, runs out to the wounded boy, WILLIAM (17) on the sidewalk. He kneels down and assess the situation.

William wears grungy clothes, clutches his bleeding stomach in pain.

Milton whips out his phone, dials. William peers up at him.

WILLIAM

My ma. You gotta call my ma.

Milton nods, lifts the phone to his ear.

MILTON

Excuse me. Yes, there's been a shooting. A boy is shot. The corner of Butler and forty-fifth. Okay.

He hangs up.

WILLIAM

Please, call my...

William's eyes flutter. His gaze wavers.

A puddle of blood forms beneath him. Milton pulls off his dress shirt. Balls it up, presses it on the stomach wound.

The pain awakens William a bit. He reaches out his hand. Milton grabs hold of it.

MILTON

What's your name, son?

WILLIAM

(through moans)

Wi... William. Listen, You gotta call my ma--

MILTON

Do you know God?

Milton bows his head.

MILTON

Lord, please be with Michael in  
this time of need.

William gasps for air. Milton tightens his grip on  
William's hand.

MILTON

Please come into his heart so that  
he might know your love. Deliver  
him so that he may be with you.

William looks up at Milton.

WILLIAM'S POV

Milton's head bowed, eyes closed, he's in his own world of  
prayer, barely present.

The view shifts to open sky. The prayer becomes muffled. The  
sound of a gentle breeze fills the air.

BACK TO SCENE

WILLIAM

Ma. Ma...

MILTON

In your name, I pray--

William's hand goes limp.

Milton opens his eyes, snaps out of his trance. William lays  
motionless in Milton's arms, staring up at the sky.

A look of shock and sadness comes over Milton.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Milton sits at the edge of the bed next to his wife, JAN  
(35). Her face buried in a book. She sits straight and  
perfect in modest nightwear. Her blonde hair pulled back in  
a ponytail.

Milton stares off, silent.

Jan notices. Sets the book aside. She crawls over, wraps her  
arms around him.

JAN

You're okay.

MILTON

Tomorrow's just a communion. What do you think about skipping it?

JAN

You need it. It'll be good for you.

Milton nods, defeated.

Jan rolls over, flips off her light. Settles into bed.

Milton scratches his leg. He looks down, notices a spot of dried blood. He rubs it off vigorously with his palm.

**INT. CHAPEL - DAY**

Full pews in the traditional catholic chapel. Milton sits between his wife and two children. A little boy and girl, KORBEN (5) and SUSIE (7).

PASTOR JAKE (57), a round man with a fluffy white pompadour.

PASTOR JAKE

For whoever eats of my flesh.

The people in the pews eat their bread ceremoniously.

PASTOR JAKE

And drinks of my blood...

They sip their cranberry juice.

PASTOR JAKE

... has eternal life.

Milton hands the bread to Korben, then the juice to Susie. Jan side-eyes him, straightens. An old woman behind Milton shoots him a glare.

**EXT. CHAPEL - DAY**

Churchgoers file out the door. Some head to cars while others gather into clicks. Milton and his kids walk toward the lot without Jan.

Milton kneels down to his kids.

MILTON

What do you guys want for lunch.  
Pick anything? It's a special  
lunch.

Susie wears a blue dress.

SUSIE  
Umm. I want wine.

MILTON  
Okay, try something legal--  
Korben's clip-on tie is tilted to the side.

KORBEN  
I want more flesh bread.

MILTON  
Guys, I was thinking like pizza or something.

SUSIE  
Yeah, I want blood pizza.

KORBEN  
Zombie pizza!

MILTON  
Pizza it is.

JAN (O.S.)  
Honey?

Jan trots over with the Pastor Jake behind her.  
Milton stands.

PASTOR JAKE  
Milt. Jan here tells me you've had a hard weekend. Glad you made it in today.

Pastor does grips Milton's arm.  
Milton eyes Jan with a look of irritation.

MILTON  
Yeah, I'm fine...

Milton puts his hands in his pockets. Jingles his keys.  
There's an awkward silence between everyone.

PASTOR JAKE  
Well, I'd like to invite you all to lunch at my home. It'd be my honor to treat a crusader for Christ to a wholesome meal.

Milton looks down at his kids. Shrugs.

Korben imitates a zombie, moans. Susie giggles.

**INT. DINING ROOM - DAY**

Pastor Jake, his wife NANCY (56s), and his two daughters (teens) on one side of the dining table. Milton, Jan, Korben, and Susie on the other. A Midwest meal of steak and potatoes.

Milton zones out on his food. Oblivious to the muffled conversation.

His phone buzzes. He reaches into his pocket, pulls it out under the table.

CLOSE ON THE PHONE

No name, just a number. He clicks it off.

ANGLE ON NANCY

NANCY

And we were planning another Disneyland visit. Then I heard they're building that Harry Potter attraction--

KORBEN

Dad, can we go see Harry Potter?

PASTOR JAKE

You don't want to see that, young man. That's witchcraft. God doesn't like witchcraft.

SUSIE

(to Milton)

Does God like Zombies?

Nancy glares at Milton.

Milton's phone buzzes again, startles him. He silences it.

MILTON

Uh. Zombies aren't real, honey.

SARAH (15), Ted's daughter is about to take a bite, but lowers her fork.

SARAH

Mr. Reed. I heard what you did and I just want you to know that I think that was really brave.

Milton just looks at her, irritated. Anger brews in him.

MILTON  
It wasn't brave...

PASTOR JAKE  
Don't sell yourself short, Milt. It takes courage to share your faith. And you were there for that boy when he needed you most.

MILTON  
His name was William. And you weren't there. You didn't see his face. He was afraid. He wasn't comforted. He died afraid and alone.

Jan reaches for Milton's arm.

JAN  
You were with him.

Milton moves his arm.

MILTON  
I was next to him.

Milton's phone rings again. He picks it. Rises to his feet. Moves to the dining room entryway.

The table goes silent. All eyes on Milton.

MILTON  
Hello!

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Mr. Reed? Milton Reed? This is Misses Lowell.

MILTON  
(stuttering)  
Misses Lowell... uh... hello. I just--

MRS. LOWELL (V.O.)  
(through light sobs)  
I don't want to take up too much of your time. I just wanted to thank you for being there for William.

MILTON  
Oh, I was just--

MRS. LOWELL (V.O.)  
How are you doing, honey? Are you  
okay?

Tears well up in Milton's eyes.

MILTON  
Uh. I don't know. No one's really  
asked me. I guess I'm... I just  
wish I could have done more--

MRS. LOWELL (V.O.)  
Oh baby, you did what you could...  
Was he peaceful?

Milton struggles to speak through his sadness. Tears fall.

MILTON  
Uh... When I got there he was fading.  
Kind of still... So, uh, I held his  
hand... looked him in the eyes, and  
I told him it was going to be all  
right. That I wasn't going to leave  
him and... I told him that you'd be  
waiting at the hospital.

Milton grabs his mouth to suppress a sob.

Behind him, Jan tears up.

Pastor Jake stares down at his food.

MILTON  
And that made him smile.

Mrs. Lowell sobs a few times, then regains her composure.

MRS. LOWELL (V.O.)  
You're a good man, Mr. Reed. You  
sleep easy tonight, okay. Thank you  
for being there for my baby.

Milton nods.

MRS. LOWELL  
Goodnight, honey.

MILTON  
Good night.

Milton hangs up. Turns around. The family stare at him,  
speechless.

**INT. KID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Beds on either side of the room. Milton leans down to kiss Susie goodnight.

SUSIE

I think that some witches are nice witches and we should go to Harry Potter land.

MILTON

You think they'll have zombie pizza there?

KORBEN

Blooooood.

Susie giggles. Milton kisses her forehead.

He jumps over to Korben, pretends to bite his neck. Korben squirms. He kisses his forehead. Then heads out the door.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Jan's already asleep on her side of the bed.

Milton gets under the covers, lays on his back. His eyes get a bit glassy.

He rolls over on his side, his back to Jan. Alone.

Jan rolls over, puts her arm around him and grabs his hand. He squeezes it tight.

FADE OUT.

THE END