

INT. SECURE OFFICE BUILDING

JAMES, 50, a career policeman, and BRICK, his mid-30s partner sit exhausted in the lobby of one of the buildings that wasn't destroyed in the attack. Brick jumps up.

BRICK

No way... I'm not taking it.

JAMES

Yes. Yes, you are.

BRICK

We can share the breather, it has enough oxygen for us to go ten minutes away in any direction.

JAMES

I told you, my back is fucked up.

BRICK

We've been in here for five days and your back wasn't hurt when we walked in!

JAMES

You don't know what it's like to be fifty... you throw your back out getting out of bed or taking a dump.

BRICK

You hurt your back in the bathroom?

JAMES

No... just using that as a stupid example of... Brick, just go.

BRICK

Fuck that. Let's talk this through. We can both get outta here.

James sits up from his reclining position with a lot of pain.

JAMES

That's stupid. You saw those things tear Rodriguez apart. They've got six arms and the strength of ten men. I cannot run with my back fucked up.

BRICK

And you cannot live if you don't get some food soon.

They sit in thought.

JAMES

Wish we'd ducked into an Applebee's instead of a fucking law office... could use some Cheeseburger Egg Rolls right about now.

Brick smiles... laughs a bit.

BRICK

What the fuck is a Cheeseburger Egg Roll?

JAMES

Part of their happy hour... they're delicious.

BRICK

See... I can't leave you here. Who's gonna tell me what's on the menu at Applebee's and TGI Friday's? You're a random mother fucker.

They sit in silence... both smiling. James's smile fades.

JAMES

Random knowledge like that doesn't mean anything anymore. Hell, me giving up that breather to you doesn't mean much. You might make it to another safe place... might have food, might not. Even if it does, those things are here to end us all. You know that.

Brick slowly nods his head. He knows.

BRICK

You're right. But I still want you to go with me.

JAMES

Nope. Not happening.

They sit in silence.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Look at it this way, I just got divorced from my third wife, you haven't even gotten divorced from your first. I gotta let you experience that.

BRICK

I'm not getting divorced and you're not gonna sit in here and starve. I'm gonna find a truck full of... what was that you like?

JAMES

Rice Krispies Treats.

BRICK

Yeah... I'm gonna find a truck full of those and drive it back here and pick your ass up and go find an Applebee's. I'm not leaving you here to die, James. Not gonna do it.

JAMES

That I can live with. If you bring back food or help and I'm not dead yet, you'll be even more of a badass than you already are.

BRICK

You're the badass... glad to have been your partner for the last six years. LAPD as a thirty-year old rookie wasn't what I had planned, but I'm glad I got to do it with you.

JAMES

Me, too.

(he pauses)

Now go get me some Rice Krispies Treats.

Brick smiles and grabs the breather off the floor and puts it on.

BRICK

Be back soon.

He gives a casual salute. James returns it.

Brick exits.

James watches him go... then he stands up and walks normally; even cracks his back.

JAMES

Hope so... I hope so.

END.