

"2" Season 1 – Episode 1

"WE ALL WAKE UP ALONE"

by

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(based on his original manuscript)

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**Season 1 – Episode 1: "We All Wake Up Alone"**

UNDER WHITE: A hawk SHRIEKS. Distant. Plaintive.

**FADE IN:**

EXT. DRY LAKE BED - DAY

White. And faded brown. The former lake bed bakes beneath a relentless sun. As it has for years. Desert scrub. Sand.

At the horizon, mountain crags in a shroud of white haze.

IN THE CENTER

of the bleached sand, is... something.

A MAN. Motionless on a rough canvas pallet, face to the sky. He is naked. Tanned. Toned. Probably not dead.

A burst of wind, dry and peeling. Low across the desert floor. Bits of sand. And history.

MUSIC blares. Without warning. Hard. Charging.

THE MAN'S EYES BLAST OPEN

Still his only motion. He is neither panicked nor relaxed. Not comfortable; but not... not. He is... blank.

Somewhere out of sight, the hawk. Another SCREECH.

MAN'S POV – Sky; empty, endless. A blue canvas. No hawk.

GRAYSON NEWMAN sits straight up. He is 30, or thereabouts. Currently unshaven. Scuffed. Smudged a bit. With a buff and a polish, he would likely be quite handsome.

Grayson makes a slow scan of his surroundings.

GREYSON'S POV – Lake bed stretches in every direction.

Grayson checks himself. For injury. All seems well.

The MUSIC. Grayson is aware of it for the first time.

He gets to his feet. First steps are unsteady, but he covers the twenty feet to the source.

ON THE GROUND

A mobile phone contently provides SOUNDTRACK to the desert.

Grayson presses the home button. A wake-up alarm had been set. Thus, the music. Grayson's finger swipes. QUIET.

Also on the ground, a stack of clothing: Chinos, shirt, socks, shoes. Folded and prepped. As if a butler had just left.

OFFSCREEN, a ROAR of engines.

Four-wheel ATVs careen into view. COLLEGE STUDENTS swerve and race. Drinks in hand, WHOOPING and HOLLERING.

The group spies Greyson. Naked, in the middle of desert nowhere. WHISTLES and CATCALLS in support.

One ATV peels off from the group, looping back toward Grayson.

A GIRL at the handlebars, GUY behind her, both unquestionably wasted. The ATV pulls up in front of Grayson.

The girl looks Greyson from head to toe. She nods. Approval.

She SHRIEKS wildly, ahead of ripping open her shirt, baring herself to Grayson. Then, she guns the engine and the ATV roars away.

Grayson's attention returns to the clothing.

He picks up the shirt. Plaid. Flannel. He lets it fall open. Two things are immediately apparent:

[1] The shirt looks big enough to swallow him whole, and

[2] A small hole and red splatter stain the shirt on one front tail.

Grayson pulls himself into the shirt. Yup. Too big. Cuffs extend to his fingertips. The collar touches him nowhere, and the tail hangs to mid-thigh.

Grayson examines the hole and red stain. Could be a few things. Probably just one thing.

He reaches for the chinos. He is not optimistic.

Held in his outstretched hands, the pants are neither new nor worn; just... 'broken in.' He does not recognize them.

Grayson pulls them on only to confirm... Three sizes (at least) too big and too long.

Grayson can't make sense of it. He clutches the chinos at the waist, and stares down at them -- as if some intensity of gaze might magically tailor them to his frame.

GRAYSON SITS

He rolls the shirt cuffs up and out of the way when something catches his eye:

On the inside of a wrist, a large '2'. Ink-stamp? Or tattoo?

Grayson rubs at it with a thumb. Smooth, no texture. He picks up a bit of sand. Grit. He rubs the stamp more vigorously. It still refuses to fade or wear away. A mystery.

#### IN THE DISTANCE

Heat waves radiate from the ground. The horizon view now distorted. Warped. Sunlight glimmers off jagged mountainsides. For an instant, an isolated reflection flares bright.

#### GRAYSON CONSIDERS HIS FEET

And the shoes. He sighs at the thought of their sizing.

First, he pulls a foot into a sock. A proper fit. Interesting.

He grabs a shoe. But something's wrong. The weight is off: too heavy. He tilts the shoe, toe to the sky.

Onto the lake bed floor tumble: A pocket knife. A roll of film. A single red die. A beer coaster.

Grayson stares blankly at the bounty. Unsure.

He reaches for the knife.

GRAYSON'S POV – The knife has seen some miles. Dinged and scratched, it has had a working life. Grayson opens the blade.

Inexplicably, the blade is shiny, pristine, sharp. A stark contrast to the knife's body, it looks new. Except for one thing: the last portion of the blade is missing; broken off, leaving a jagged forged edge where a pointed end should be.

Grayson closes the knife. He picks up the die.

The only face still possessing its white dots is the 'five.' Curious. Grayson holds the die by opposite corners with thumb and forefinger. He spins it; like a casino pit boss.

He gives it a shake and rolls it out on the sand. 'Five.'

The film roll. Still in the manufacturer canister: 35mm photography film, black and white. Shot but not developed.

The beer coaster. Round, pressed paper, used. A female server in peasant blouse with an enormous beer mug smiles invitingly.

Grayson looks at the items. They are familiar, but not. Like ghosted memories or recollections borrowed from another.

#### HOPING FOR THE BEST

Grayson shoves his foot inside the shoe. It fits. Mercifully.

Reaching for the other shoe, he notices some things twenty paces away.

Grayson ambles over, lopsided by one shoe, one stocking foot. He still has to hold the pants up with one hand.

He arrives to find two apples and two stainless steel bottles.

The apples. A large bite taken from one. The other uneaten.

The bottles are without label or markings, caps in place. Grayson opens one, and pours a bit of the contents – clear liquid – into the palm of his hand. He sniffs at it. Tastes. It's water. He splashes the remainder on his parched lips.

A corner of something peeks from behind the remaining bottle.

A wallet. Leather, worn but in good shape. He flips it open.

In the plastic ID window, a driver's license with Grayson's photo and name.

He touches at his face, unsure if the license image is him.

He checks the cash compartment: empty. Credit card slots: also empty. Well, empty of credit cards. In one slot, a tiny corner of a small piece of paper whips in the desert breeze.

Grayson removes the slip of paper. A faded Chinese fortune.

INSERT

'The first stranger we meet is the last we come to know:  
Ourselves.

Lucky numbers: 05 08 13 21 34 55'

Grayson returns the fortune to its leather home.

He pushes the wallet into a front pocket, grabs the uneaten apple and bottles. A pause. He grabs the other apple, too.

BACK AT THE SHOES

He kneels and lifts the remaining one. A knowing nod.

Turning the shoe upside down delivers a new set of artifacts: A bracelet. A folded slip of paper. A movie ticket.

Grayson runs through another examination:

The bracelet is simple. Thin, black braided cord tied off at eyelets on opposite ends on a small white, tile rectangle.

On the face of the tile: two groups of three numbers:

'36 12 59    115 19 60'

Grayson puts the bracelet with the other examined items.

The edges of the folded paper flutter in the wind. Grayson snatches it before it can be carried away.

A store receipt – the large variety with items written by hand. The letterhead is from an antiques store. The only item: A 'Hope Chest – Handcrafted' that had been accepted by the store on consignment.

At the bottom, a signature: J. Newman. 'Owner.'

The movie ticket. Unused. In tact. A theater name, film title, and a screening date and time, none of which means anything.

An idea. Grayson retrieves the phone. He presses it to life.

ON THE HOME SCREEN

The date. He compares it to the date on the ticket. The film screens in two weeks. What the—?

Grayson is about to pull on the shoe when he sees a last item: a Post-It note on the inside heel.

Handwritten is one word, 'Haversack', and an arrow pointing forward, toward the shoe's toe.

Grayson considers this for a moment.

He returns the shoe to where it had been sitting.

His gaze tilts slowly upward, in the direction of the arrow.

NOTHING BUT WHITE SAND

Stretches out in the direction of the arrow's point. Open desert and scrub stretch endlessly to the mountains.

Placing his feet on each side of the shoe, Grayson activates the phone's camera, centers the view along the arrow's line and shoots an image. A reference.

He hurriedly puts on the shoe.

Grayson goes to the canvas pallet where he awoke. He is gathering it when he notices something in the sand:

TWO TRAILS OF FOOTPRINTS

walked from a distance, side-by-side up to the pallet.

Grayson pans in search until he finds...

Only one set of prints heads off solo.

Grayson rolls his foot to see his shoe tread. A match to one set of prints. The ones that arrived and stayed.

He walks to the other set for a closer look. Boots. Small.

EXT. MOUNTAIN LOOKOUT - DAY

The sun glints off the front lens of a pair of high-powered binoculars. A FIGURE stands on an outcropping, watching. In tan cap and khaki jacket, the watcher is camouflaged.

BINOCULAR POV - Grayson collects all the small items from the shoes and the phone, and shoves them in a pants pocket.

He fashions the canvas into a tote by collecting the corners, then fills it with the water bottles and apples.

Grayson starts in the direction of the arrow, the tote over a shoulder and holding up the ill-fitting pants with the other. An image both comic and tragic.

Not far into the walk, Grayson happens upon a bit of desert brush. He stops, then quickly looks around.

EXT. DRY LAKE BED - DAY

Tied to the brush is a length of small-gauge rope. Grayson looks at the ends. Clean cuts. Fresh.

He wraps the rope around his waist. Perfect length. Grayson threads the rope through the belt loops and ties it off.

He scans the area once more. No one is that fortunate.

Seeing nothing out of sorts, Grayson starts off again.

EXT. MOUNTAIN LOOKOUT - DAY

The watcher gives the subtlest of nods, then turns and leaves.

EXT. DRY LAKE BED - DAY

The tote is unwieldy, the gathering of the corners thick in Grayson's hand. His gaze is focussed on a distant reference point to keep his path true to the arrow.

He takes a first bite of the apple. He swallows it down, but a few steps later, he stops. Greyson bends at the waist and RETCHES. The apple was too much.

BUZZ. Greyson regroup. Another BUZZ.

He drops the tote and digs for the phone, yanking it free.

ON THE SCREEN, a text message. From 'Remény Fix-It & Repair'.

REMÉNY – TEXT

Are you okay?

Grayson hasn't a clue who this is. On reflex, he looks himself up and down. His eyes linger at the '2' on his wrist.

Thumbs work a response on the touchscreen.

GRAYSON – TEXT

Yes, I think so. Are you okay?

For an uncomfortable amount of time, no response. Then...

REMÉNY – TEXT

LOL. Yes, I am okay.

Grayson hesitates. A hundred questions. All needing to be asked at once. Instead, he cuts to the end.

GRAYSON – TEXT

Who is this?

This time, the pause is actually no reply. The cursor blinks maddeningly at Grayson. He pounds at the screen.

GRAYSON – TEXT (CONT'D)

Who is this???

Grayson nears breaking. His fingers bludgeon the phone.

GRAYSON – TEXT (CONT'D)

WHO IS THIS? WHO IS THIS? WHO IS THIS???

The cursor blinks. Now as if mocking him.

Taking a knee, he opens a water bottle, then takes a long pull. Wipes his mouth with a sleeve. Then...

BUZZ

REMÉNY – TEXT

Yes, drink plenty of water. The desert can kill you.

The text is punctuated with a 'smiley face' emoji.

Grayson slowly stands, turning a sweeping pan. First in one direction, then in the other. Faster. Faster still. Until he is whipping and spinning in tight, conflicted circles.



There is nothing to be seen but barren terrain. And a man, searching. But without knowing what for, or who. A man sure that he has never felt so alone.

**CUT TO BLACK**

**- END OF EPISODE 1 -**