

EXT. PARK - DAY (SEQ 010)

Scene starts overlooking a peaceful park filled with laughter and sunshine, only interrupted by a man shouting at people.

CONSPIRACY MAN

The end of the world is coming! The
end of the world is coming! Are you
prepared to save your family when
the time comes?

The man points to a mother and her child walking by, and they run off in a hurry.

CONSPIRACY MAN (CONT'D)

Don't procrastinate! Prepare! The
end is upon us!

In the background, CRICKET (raccoon wearing a tattered vest) is sitting in the garbage stares on, completely entranced, as garbage falls from his open mouth.

INT. TREEHOUSE - DAY (SEQ 020)

CRICKET races around the treehouse, frantically packing things into a small bag. Newspaper clippings line the wall behind him, the biggest of them being about the growing trash island in the ocean.

CRICKET

BEANS! We've got to go! We don't
have much time!

CRICKET shoves a bag into a sleeping BEANS (rat with an open can of beans sitting on her head) arms, startling her awake.

BEANS

W-Waah...? CRICKET what is it?

CRICKET

The world is ending. We have to
leave right away.

BEANS

NOOO! What caused it? Zombies,
Nuclear War, Economic Collapse?
BRAIN EATING BACTERIA??!

CRICKET

All of those. Wait, no. The last
one.

BEANS
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

EXT. PARK - DAY (SEQ 030)

CRICKET and BEANS walk along the park paths. CRICKET looking around and everyone suspiciously.

CRICKET
Society could collapse at any moment. Look at her, BEANS. She's definitely got a brain eating disease. And him! He's looking to rob us blind and leave us for dead. We need to get out of town.

They walk past regular people enjoying their regular lives.

BEANS
Oh no! Where will we go?

CRICKET
The ocean. There's a floating trash island that will be perfect to live out the apocalypse.

BEANS
Woah! But I can't swim.

CRICKET
BEANS. You literally have never even tried.

BEANS
Oh yeah.

The duo start darting across an intersection, the light is red.

BEANS (CONT'D)
Sooo... CRICKET... Since you're busy with navigating the end of the world and all, do you think that I could take care of Bear for a little bit?

BEANS reaches for the teddy in CRICKET's backpack, before it's yanked away. The light turns green.

CRICKET
(deadpan) No.

A car honks it's horn, swerving out of the way, narrowly missing CRICKET and BEANS on the road, running straight into a pole. Sparks fly and everything bursts into flames around them, people scream in terror.

CRICKET (CONT'D)
It has begun.

EXT. STORE - NIGHT (SEQ 040)

The two sit behind some bushes scoping out a grocery store. An old lady hobbles through the automatic doors.

CASHIER (O.S.)
Welcome to Mako-Mart.

INT. STORE - NIGHT (SEQ 050)

The automatic doors slide open with a ding, the cashier without looking up from their magazine calls out.

CASHIER
Welcome to Mako-Mart.

CRICKET and BEANS slide behind one of the shelves.

CRICKET
Alright here's the plan. We're going to need provisions to last us the *rest of our lives*. So food, clothes, weapons-- go!

CRICKET summersaults off screen.

BEANS
Ah- ah!

BEANS, looking panicked, runs in the opposite direction.

Following CRICKET, he sneaks around the shelves, popping up and grabbing cans of food, tools, and other various things of various sizes, throwing them into his Mary Poppins styled bag. He stops in front of a giant wall of guns and various weaponry with awe.

In the meantime, BEANS sneaks past the CASHIER at the front. The CASHIER is staring up blankly at the roof.

BEANS (CONT'D)
Brain eating bacteria...

Beans turns the corner into the dog toy aisle, grabbing a bunch of dog toys shaped like foods in her tiny little arms. Juggling all of the toys she's collected, BEANS passes by a teddy sitting on the shelf. Her eyes go wide. She tries to balance her hoard while reaching up for the teddy.

The OLD LADY rounds the corner with her shopping cart, stopping in a stare off with BEANS. BEANS accidentally inhales the pizza shaped dog toy in her mouth, letting out a long drawn out squeak.

OLD LADY
RAAAAAAATTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!!!

Across the store, the CASHIER sits up immediately alert and ready, flipping over to the aisle, brandishing a broom like a ninja.

CASHIER
Not in my store. Stand back ma'am.

The CASHIER swings at BEANS with the broom, making her fly into the air, landing in the OLD LADY's hair.

BEANS
AHHH!

OLD LADY
AHHH!

CRICKET, tugging at a gun on the wall, stops what he's doing to look behind him, wide eyed.

CRICKET
BEANS!

BEANS
CRICKET! (sobbing)

BEANS struggles with the OLD LADY, all tangled in her short curly hair, all the while, the CASHIER is waving the broom around in the air. BEANS gives a big tug to the OLD LADY's hair, and one of the OLD LADY's arms goes up. BEANS gives a second more experimental tug, and her other arm goes up. Ratatouille style battle between the OLD LADY and CASHIER goes down. Which ends when the CASHIER gets a lucky hit in, smacking BEANS to the ground with the broom.

CRICKET rounds the corner just as the broom is coming down again, grabbing BEANS and spilling his bag of stolen goods everywhere. BEANS reaches and grabs a bag of marshmallows.

CRICKET
Leave it!

CRICKET grabs BEANS and runs to the entrance of the store, stopped by a pair of feet stepping in front of them. The OLD LADY is blocking their path, caulking a gun.

OLD LADY

Demons!

EXT. STORE - NIGHT (SEQ 060)

Bullets spray out of the side of the building, the two tumble out of the entrance and down the side of the hill.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT (SEQ 070)

Smoke and embers from a fire curl up into the night sky. The sounds of quiet crying accompanied by the squeaking of a dog toy are soft in the distance. BEANS and CRICKET are sitting around a tiny trash fire in a small patch of woods. CRICKET pulls out the bag of marshmallows.

CRICKET

This is our only food. We're going to have to ration it very carefully.

CRICKET counts out the marshmallows in the bag.

CRICKET (CONT'D)

24...25...26... yeah. Yeah! We can make this work.

He pulls apart one marshmallow into two pieces.

CRICKET (CONT'D)

For the month.

BEANS nods seriously. The fire spirals to the sky. CRICKET reaches into the bag, only to find it empty save for two little marshmallows.

CRICKET (CONT'D)

Ah-- well. We start rationing tomorrow.

BEANS

Aw.

BEANS sighs sadly, a squeak from the squeaky toy following her breath. CRICKET looks over at BEANS, noticing she's sad.

CRICKET

It's wasn't our fault back there.
Clearly that old lady was trained
for the apocalypse.

BEANS shrugs, still upset. They sit in silence for a moment
before looking over at CRICKET hopefully.

BEANS

Can I have a turn with BEAR now?

CRICKET protectively hugs his bag.

CRICKET

It's dangerous for BEAR to breath
the toxic air. You know he has a
weak immune system.

BEANS huffs angrily with a squeak. The tree's rustle around
them, followed by a low growling noise. A FERAL DOG walk out
of the shadows, growling. BEANS sucks in a surprised breath,
holding it while they have a stare off with the FERAL DOG.
She holds it for as long as she can, before letting out a
long drawn out squeak. The dog lunges.

CRICKET (CONT'D)

RUN RUN RUN!

They get chased through the trees.

CRICKET (CONT'D)

Stop making that noise! You're
leading them right to us!

BEANS

I can't help it! My tummy won't
stop!

CRICKET

What did you eat anyways??

BEANS

Pizza!

CRICKET

You know dairy doesn't sit well
with you!

BEANS

I KNOW! IT'S DELICIOUS! I'LL NEVER
EAT IT AGAIN!

CRICKET

YOU SAY THAT EVERY TIME!

The dog gets closer, bouncing happily. The two tremble. The dog barks and wags it's tail, they hug each other. It comes up close, tongue hanging. They sob. The dog pounces, landing a paw on BEAN's stomach, shooting the pizza toy into the air. It wags its tail, mouth hanging open, and it falls directly into FERAL DOG's throat with a squeak. It wanders off, coughing and squeaking, and looking a little off kilter.

CRICKET (CONT'D)

Yes. That was exactly how I pl--

BEANS

CRICKET! WATCH OUT!

BEANS pulls CRICKET away from a vehicle that narrowly misses them. They fall over under a blinking sign that reads "GAS STATION". CRICKET grins over at BEANS.

CRICKET

See, BEANS. All according to my plans.

CRICKET runs over to a truck getting filled at the gas station.

CRICKET (CONT'D)

Speaking of plans, I have my next amazing idea. I think we found our way out of town.

CRICKET points a thumb up at the truck.

BEANS

How do we know which way the ocean is?

CRICKET

Ah, yes. You're asking the right questions! Very important to surviving the apocalypse.

CRICKET sniffs the air, licks his thumb, sticks it in the air, then tosses a stone onto the ground.

CRICKET (CONT'D)

That way.

CRICKET points towards the front of the truck.

BEANS

Woah! CRICKET, that's incredible. How did you know?

CRICKET jumps up and down trying to undo the latch at the back of the truck. He pauses to point at a car wash sign.

CRICKET
That sign says so.

BEANS
Oh wow.

CRICKET undoes the latch, and the two of them get into the truck, closing the door behind them and getting cast into complete darkness.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT (SEQ 090)

BEANS
Wow, it's dark! Let me grab the torch, CRICKET.

There is some shuffling before the light of a keychain flashlight blinks on. CRICKET is sitting there holding BEAR just out of sight of BEANS.

BEANS (CONT'D)
Hey, wait... is that BEAR? CRICKET!

CRICKET
No it's not!

BEANS
BEAR doesn't have a weak immune system does he?

CRICKET
He clearly does! He's been coughing all week. (cough cough)

CRICKET makes the coughing sound out of the side of his mouth.

BEANS
It's my turn with BEAR!

CRICKET
No!

The two struggle over the teddy before being interrupted by the engine of the van being turned on. A light above them blinks on, revealing they are surrounded by all sorts of reptiles in cages. They were in an animal control van all along. They freeze.

CRICKET (CONT'D)

Don't make any sudden movements,
BEANS. We don't know if they're
infected.

BEANS

CRICKET, their skin is all green
and crusty.

CRICKET

Oh, definitely infected then. But
no worries BEANS! We're protected
by these here human metal houses.

He pats the closest cage confidently. The truck hits a bump,
the lights flicker, and the cages all pop open.

EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT (SEQ 100)

The animal control truck barrels down the highway, sounds of
a scuffle coming from within. The doors swing open, CRICKET
holding BEAR hanging off it, dangling over the road.

Inside the now open van, BEANS is sitting on top of some
cages, trying to bat away a curious lizard.

BEANS

CRICKET! HELP ME!

CRICKET

A LITTLE BUSY, BUDDY!

A turtle walks up to the door, reaching out slowly with his
snout, trying to take a bite out of CRICKET. The truck hits a
bump, and BEAR goes flying. In slow-motion BEAR ends up
taking a bite for CRICKET, flying out of the truck in the
process.

CRICKET & BEANS

BEAR!

They jump out after him.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT (SEQ 110)

CRICKET and BEANS tumble out onto the concrete. In the
distance, BEAR is slumped over, face down on the asphalt.
CRICKET and BEANS run on over to him.

CRICKET

BEAR! BEAR!

They kneel down next to BEAR, turning him over onto his back. His beady eyes stare back.

CRICKET (CONT'D)
He-He took that bite for me.

BEANS
Oh no. Poor BEAR. His brains are going to be infected!

CRICKET
This is all my fault.

They both bow their heads, kneeling over BEAR's body. BEANS turns and walks away, coming back with a huge rock, positioned over BEAR's head.

CRICKET (CONT'D)
WOAH! WOAH! WHAT ARE YOU DOING??

BEANS
I won't let my friend turn into one of them!! (sobbing)

CRICKET
WAIT! WAIT!

BEANS smashes the rock down on BEAR's head, once, twice, the third time it bounces off of BEAR's head with a plush sound, rolling off to the side. BEANS falls to her knee's sobbing.

CRICKET bends down, listening to BEAR's chest.

CRICKET (CONT'D)
I don't hear anything.

BEANS sobs louder.

CRICKET (CONT'D)
BEANS! No, I don't hear *anything*. I can't hear any brain-eating bacteria. He's going to be okay! He's going to be okay!

BEANS
W-(sob)W-What?

CRICKET
He's going to be okay. You knocked all the bacteria from his brain!

BEANS
R-Really?

CRICKET
Yeah, buddy.

BEAR looks up with his beady eyes. BEANS collapses into CRICKET's arms, they cry. After a moment, CRICKET puts BEAR away.

CRICKET (CONT'D)
There you go, BEAR.

BEANS
What do we do now, CRICKET?

CRICKET stands, brushing his hands on his vest.

CRICKET
I guess we hike it the rest of the--

BEANS
WATCH OUT!

BEANS pushes CRICKET out of the way of another speeding vehicle, the both of them tumbling off of the edge of the bridge, into the river below.

EXT. LAKEBED - MORNING (SEQ 120)

The water of the river laps at the edge of the lake. The Lake foams at the edges, a slick coating of oil covers the surface. CRICKET's toes are wet with each pulse of the water. He comes to with a cough, looking up and noticing BEANS a few yards away.

CRICKET
BEANS! BEANS! Are you alright?!

CRICKET runs over to BEANS, who has begun coughing really harshly, squeaking following every cough. CRICKET pats her on the back. She coughs up some water, flopping down weakly.

BEANS
I think it's over for me, CRICKET.
I can see the light. It's so bright.

CRICKET
Aw, BEANS. That's the sun.

BEANS
It's so cold.

CRICKET
You are laying on rocks.

BEANS
I can't feel my tail.

CRICKET
What? Oh, sorry.

CRICKET steps off of BEANS tail.

BEANS
Oh, well. I guess I'm alright then.

CRICKET laughs and hugs BEANS. They look out over the lake.

BEANS (CONT'D)
C-CRICKET. Is that what I think it
is?

CRICKET is in awe of the lake, he walks up to the edge of it, dipping his finger in and tasting the oil infused water. He turns back to BEANS.

CRICKET
Salty.

BEANS grins widely. The two of them jump around in the water, splashing around.

CRICKET & BEANS
The ocean! The ocean! We made it!
Woo!!

The lake they're standing in has a biohazard sign warning people off of it, a large pipe at the edge is pumping a mystery liquid into the lake. In the distance, a factory pumps mystery gases into the air.

CRICKET
It's as beautiful as I could have
imagined.

BEANS
Where's the trash island?

CRICKET squints into the distance. The lake isn't that big. There's no trash island.

CRICKET
We'll have to get out there to find
it. Now, how to do that... aha!

EXT. DOCKS - DAY (SEQ 130)

A MAN is loading up his motor boat for fishing on the dock, placing his rod and tackle into the boat. He turns to grab the rest of the gear, but when he turns back, the boat is gone.

EXT. LAKE - DAY (SEQ 140)

CRICKET and BEATS skip across the water, laughing like maniacs. They circle the lake a couple times, each time getting less enthused. They slow down in the center of the lake.

BEANS

Where's the trash island?

CRICKET

I-It's got to be here somewhere.

BEANS

CRICKET, I don't see it.

CRICKET

We'll just have to keep looking.
It's here somewhere!

The boat comes to a stuttering stop in the center of the lake.

CRICKET (CONT'D)

What? No, no no! This can't be happening!

CRICKET runs to the motor, trying to get it to start again. BEANS looks out at the water, horrified.

BEANS

There isn't any trash island. We're stuck here.

CRICKET

Don't say that. Help me start this again!

BEANS

No! You led us all the way out here, and now we're stranded! With nothing but all this. Useless.
JUNK!

BEANS chucks the fishing gear into the lake, watching as it sinks, before sitting down with a huff in the boat, pouting, refusing to look at CRICKET. CRICKET refuses to look at BEANS. After a moment, BEANS angrily swipes the marshmallows from the top of CRICKET's bag, challenging CRICKET with an icy glare.

EXT. LAKE - AFTERNOON (SEQ 150)

Smoke and embers curl up into the sky. Using bits of a snapped up fishing rod as a roasting stick, CRICKET and BEANS roast up their last two marshmallows over a tiny fire they've lit in the center of their boat. They sit in icy silence. After a moment, CRICKET turns, and opens his mouth.

BEANS

I'm not talking to you.

CRICKET

(angrily) I didn't even say anything!

BEANS

You said enough, CRICKET! If trash island isn't real, how am I supposed to know if the world really ended, if unicorns are real! If the world is even round!?

CRICKET

That last one is absolutely real.

BEANS

CRICKET! You wouldn't even let me hold BEAR for one second!

CRICKET

I KNOW! ...I know. I'm sorry. I thought I could keep us safe. But I messed up, and hurt the both of you.

BEANS

CRICKET...

BEANS looks at CRICKET with wide eyes, her marshmallow sitting a little too close to their little fire, and bursting into flames.

CRICKET

BEANS!

BEANS

Ah- Ah!

BEANS hops around waving her flaming stick into the air. She looses her grip and it goes flying, plopping into the water.

After a beat, all of the water around them bursts into flames. The flames travel all the way over to the open pipe pouring mystery liquids, the mystery liquid catches on fire as well.

The fire travels up the side of the hill, leading up to the factory in the distance. The factory spewing gases explodes, rocking CRICKET and BEANS in their boat, and raining shrapnel down on top of the water. The two stare on, dumbfounded by the marshmallow chaos they've created.

The two look at each other, and nervously laugh, before -- CRASH! A giant piece of shrapnel lands behind them with a huge splash. The two turn around slowly.

CRICKET & BEANS

Trash island... (awe)

They scramble up onto their little island, jumping around, hugging each other.

CRICKET

It's real! It's really real!

BEANS

You were right all along! The world is round! Unicorns are real! Brain eating bacteria are real! ...Oh. Brain eating bacteria are real.

BEANS get yanked into a spin by CRICKET, and they spin and laugh until they get dizzy and fall down onto their trash island, looking up to the sky.

They twiddle their thumbs awkwardly.

CRICKET

You know BEANS, ...since I've been so busy and all. I was thinking you could take care of BEAR for a while, and maybe call the shots for a little bit.

BEANS

Woah? Really?

CRICKET bestows BEANS with TEDDY.

CRICKET
You deserve it.

BEANS takes TEDDY with awe, hugging him tightly, before giving CRICKET a flat look.

BEANS
You want to go home, don't you.

CRICKET
Mmm... Yeah.

BEANS
Okay, yeah. Let's go.

END.