

MIAMI IS SINKING

PILOT

"QUIZAS, QUIZAS, QUIZAS"

Written by
Tom Valls

INT. SEDANO'S SUPERMARKET - DAY

ON a pair of worn-down combat boots walking on grease-stained linoleum, reflecting the cool red light of outside sun.

EVA MARTINEZ, Female, Cuban-American, 27, carrying a tattered satchel and a wooden bat wrapped with barbed wire, scans the empty, looted shelves. An ounce of hope...

...a stash of Goya black beans. She tosses her bat aside, opens one of the cans, chugging the beans, as she stashes the remaining cans into her satchel.

THEN: METAL CLINKING. She freezes, turns to see an OLDER MAN at the end of the aisle, dirtied, bleeding, HEAVING, UNBUCKLING his belt. Before the light he looks rabid, unkept, alien. His pants drop to the floor.

Her bat's too far, so Eva grips the beans.

The man charges at Eva, his bare footsteps accelerating, he reaches for her -- but she ducks, he lurches around for another go, but yo: Eva UNDERCUTS him with a can of beans, his nose cartilage CRACKING. He falls, WAILS --

MAN

Por favor... por favor...

-- As Eva gets on her knees, wipes sweat off her chin --

-- FINAL UNSEEN K.O. through his eye sockets --

THEN: Eva paces, her breath HEAVING a little bit -- it's catching up on her, all of it.

THEN: She looks back at the bloodied body, can't do it.

Does it though. Checks the dead man's chest, SNAGS OFF a necklace.

It's a DOGTAG OF SORTS -- we can't see. She tucks it away.

EXT. SEDANO'S SUPERMARKET - MOMENTS LATER

The rotted exterior of the fallen supermarket. Gulls CLACK AWAY. Rusted, eroded car doors SQUEAK in the breeze. EVA emerges from the ruin, shoving through a busted sliding door--

She's calmer. Collected. She doesn't mind the destruction, the lost personal items, pieces of furniture stacked into mountainous shields. It's empty, except for the gulls, who have turned this city into their empire.

There is no one here. Eva slings the satchel over her back and climbs onto a MOTORCYCLE -- retrofitted over the years.

EVA (V.O.)
When the oceans rose and flooded
Miami, many said it because of
Greenhouse Gases.

She climbs on and starts the ENGINE. She slowly rolls out of the parking lot, then onto a main street, where we see the MIAMI SKYLINE: NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE. Fallen buildings. Giant smoke stacks. Completely dead. But not empty.

EVA (O.S.)
I think it's something greater.

She SWITCHES GEARS and SPEEDS OFF before us --

EXT. THE BARRICADES - LATER

Eva stands before a barbed fence, twenty feet high, stretching as far as the eye can see. MILITARY PERSONNEL protect this border as DOZENS OF ONLOOKERS on the other side look on from their parked RVs, peering with binoculars as they sip on cans of beer.

EVA (V.O.)
By our time, Miami had already
become the Dubai of the United
States-- just for show, you know?

Others hold up giant posters with photos of loved ones gone missing.

EVA (V.O.)
The Government quarantined the
city, keeping everybody who didn't
evacuate in time trapped inside.
Something about the water they
said. That's still their reason.

BOOM! ON EVA, spotting a giant explosion from somewhere near, she goes to hide as onlookers come to their feet and watch.

She kneels behind a giant block of concrete, as:

EVA'S POV: TWO WOMEN, bleeding in busted Quinceañeras dresses, run from something behind them. One's running quicker than the other and jumps onto the fence but BAM!