## **APOCALYPTIC**

Original Screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

CU OF GLASS VIALS

each filled with a liquefied crystals. In the background, we can see a scientist clothed in a fall protective suit chipping away at a chunk of crystal with a high performance tool.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Scientist's across the globe, all joined together in the embracing of evidential fact of life from another world. Know as a magnetic compound from earth, FE304 is common enough on our planet. It is present for example in house hold items such as cassettes. But only certain types of terrestrial bacteria, which can assemble the crystals atom by atom, produce magnetic structures that are chemically pure and free from defects.

A scientist comes along and picks up a tray of stray crystal crumbs and pieces.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This crystal was located on mars, and on that note; it would be only logical for bacteria such as FE304 to have been behind the whole process.

The scientist sawing away at the crystal slips, tripping and forcing the sharp edged tool into the co-worker carrying the tray of crystals. The two drop to the floor, leaving a trail of blood.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But, such as scientists have found, that there is more then one form of bacteria that can create. And with the power to create, came a whole new science.

They crystals crackle, and begin to sizzle into liquid. On their on, they then begin traveling along the floor, and up into the open wound of the injured scientist.

SCIENTIST (filtered)

Oh shit!

The crystals seep into the flesh wound, in which it has instant effect. The active scientist tries to hold tight his co-worker, but as the crystal liquid takes control he is fought back by a wild lash out.

He runs, hitting a red emergency button; setting of an alarm, and having gas pour from each of the walls.

In the background we watch as the scientist is mutated. Vines rip out from his ribs, and green liquid pours from his body like a fountain. A glow rivets like a lava lamp, and soon the active scientist turns to his demise.

A VINE,

slams him head first into the wall. The scientist falls dead, trailing a face mark of blood and brains.

The mutated creature begins grabbing objects within the room; chairs, tables, vials, ect. Each being launched into the two way reflection glass by the mass count of vines.

TRAIL OFF.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION -- DAY

A express train bursts past frame. A long length of carriages racket behind, leaving the; clunk, clunk. Clunk, clunk. Sound in its wake.

At the station are few businessman. But those that do stand, walk to and fro the platform. Checking the time, dates, arrivals and departures. A whole line of information.

At the opposite end of the track, a train is pulling in. Old and beaten, from a more derelict part of town. Only one person gets of the train.

KEVIN SMITH,

a young high school student. Dressed in a formal school uniform; blazer, white shirt, black trouser. The works.

He exit's the platform, and walks down into town. He rushes, as if moving with a purpose.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOME STREET -- DAY

Kevin breaks a sweat, as he fights up the final stretch of a up hill street.

He crosses over his hedge, and to his front door. He quickly pulls out his keys attached to a long line of string and unlocks his front door.

The door slams shut.

SMASHCUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY -- DAY

Kevin slides of his shoes, and throws aside his bag. He pushes through into the main room of his house; turning on lights and switches as he passes.

His answer phone flashes red; he clicks it.

ANSWER PHONE

You have one new message. Sent today at, three, twenty two, pm.

A long beep signals the message.

MUM (A.P.)

Hi its mum. I' sorry, but I've got to work late. I know. I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you.

(beat)

I've got some microwave foods ready, so you know what to do. I'll ring you in the morning to let you know what's going on. Love you.

Another long beep signals the turn off.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Kevin opens his fridge, letting a light loom upon the dark and gloomy day.

He pulls out a cartoon of milk, and takes a few gulps before rubbing his mouth dry and shoving it back in its place.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- DAY

Kevin enters his room, instantly throwing down his blazer and tie. He then drops down on his bed.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

Kevin rolls over. His weight setting loose the spring in the bed; guiding a giant creek.

He rubs his eyes, before sitting up and checking the time. An early morning at; 06:27.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM -- MORNING

In the background we hear the blistering shower. The water comes

down with the echoing racket, whilst we PAN ALONG a bedrooms side. Examining different awards, pictures, and family heirlooms.

CU OF CLOCK

The time is now; 06:38.

CU OF ANSWER MACHINE

It begins to ring. We still hear the shower in the background which overpowers the phone.

The ringing soon becomes a message.

MUM (A.P.)

(almost crying)
Son! You've got to answer. Please.
Answer. Get out. Go! Run!
(screams)
No!

The cassette within the answer machine rolls, and the red lights begins flashing.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

Kevin has one towel wrapped around his waste, and another in hand drying his hair. He rubs vigorously until, he finally drops the fluffy pink towel into the wash basket.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN ROOM -- MORNING

Kevin bursts in now fully dressed in a blue shirt and genes. He quickly moves into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

He pulls open the cupboards; but sees nothing worth the time, or appetite.

He grabs a dirty bowl, fills it with some cheap brand cornflakes, and finishes of with a heavy amount of milk.

He dips in a spoon, and stands; shoving mouthfuls of soggy cornflakes into his mouth.

After a moment of heavy eating his eyes drop, and the bowl lowers from chin height.

We PAN AROUND,

To see a vine curling from out the open window. Its rough texture, and dip coat color reflect in the morning light.

Kevin drops the bowl, which shatters on impact.

The vine smacks him in the face --

SMASHCUT TO:

BLACK

A TITLE CARD FADES IN one phrase at a time.

6 DAYS LATER...

FADE IN:

CU OF KEVIN'S FACE

shrieking in an unknown desperation. His eyes shimmer, and nose runs dry. Spit slowly foams from the mouth, and his hair dazes in some morning breeze.

In an instant, he thunders to life.

EXT. CENTRAL TOWN -- DAY

He jumps up, having a flock of birds take of. He dances around, in a unknown fit.

Giant buildings surround him, along with monuments, hedges, and empty cars.

He looks around; nothing. No one. Except for the birds that he scared off, he is alone.

KEVIN

Hello? Hello?!

He runs off the path, and looks down onto a main road; still nothing.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

He walks down an office street, surrounded by empty cars and abandoned buildings.

Papers and loose notes flutter in the wind. He doesn't stop to give these any time.

Instead, he pushes on forward.

EXT. TOWN -- DAY

He walks down an empty town. Past restaurants. Past the co-op. Past a small car exchange entitled "Wayside; cars of distinction"

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

He walks past a restaurant alley. The chalk deal menu has been rubbed clean. He looks down to see knocked over chairs, tables, and full plate meals.

EXT. SHOPPING ALLEY -- DAY

He walks past a holiday shop. A hallmark card shop. A cheap superstore. Still nothing. Just some loose shopping trolleys and more rubbish caught in the heavy gust.

KEVIN

Hello?!

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Kevin walks along the road side of a long two lane highway. We watch him edge closer to frame with each step.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD TURN -- DAY

Kevin stops, seeing a small turn in to an derelict old house. He leans over, giving this some attention.

EXT. DERELICT HOUSE -- DAY

He approaches it carefully. He stays weary, with his eyes shifting quickly.

KEVIN

Hello?

He walks forward, taking the three step entrance in one.

INT. DERELICT HOUSE -- DAY

He leans in. His nose perusing a foul stench that to him, seems almost addictive.

KEVIN

Hello?

We hear the cocking of some sort of firm arm.

BOY (O.S.)

Should have learned to keep your mouth shut.

Kevin freeze, letting his head float back just enough to see a boy

around about the same age as him standing with a shotgun to his face.

BOY

Say something?

KEVIN

(beat)

What's going on?

The boy lowers his shotgun.

BOY

Sorry about that. Their sneaky bastards. I just had to be sure.

Kevin stands daunted.

BOY

I had a moment of forlorn their. But I guess that's all gone now.

Kevin still stands the look of confusion.

BOY

I'm Links. No. Its not a nick name, but it's got a ring to it, don't you think?

KEVIN

Kevin.

LINKS

Kevin eh'. So what's the deal? Where you been?

KEVIN

I don't know.

LINKS

Its that like an expression? Metaphor for this whole catastrophe, or is that genuine?

Kevin shrugs.

LINKS

Lets go inside. Looks like you could use a drink...

INT. DERELICT HOUSE -- DAY

The two sit on the side counter of what was once a bar. The whole place is run down. Brown having been the new choice of color.

Marks are left on chalk boards, and paint has been drawn along the walls.

LINKS

-- I can't tell you much else. Just the rocks, and the effects. Pretty much all the warning anyone got. Then it hit.

(beat)

I can't explain why everyone left, and where they went.

KEVIN

What else?

LINKS

There is nothing else...

An awkward silence.

KEVIN

I still don't understand. Where is everyone...

Kevin lurches to his left.

KEVIN

Mum?

LINKS

Oh.

Kevin jumps down from the counter. He rushes to the door frame exit of the building. His eyes draw up into the wispy clouds.

KEVIN

Mum?!

LINKS (O.S.)

She could have got out. Loads of people got escorted to an underground base.

Links walks out from the shadow, and into the foreground.

KEVIN

Mum...

Kevin turns and looks at Links.

KEVIN

What base?

LINKS

We'll never get their on foot. Army

(more)

trucks came to pick people up after the E.M.P. was blown.

KEVIN

E.M.P.?

LINKS

Electric magnetic pulse. Blew out all power. Thousands were let off around the world.

Kevin stands stumped.

KEVIN

And what? Where'd you come from?

LINKS

I live and work at a church. I'm the son of an undertaker. Or at least I was.

KEVIN

But your only...

LINKS

A kid. I know. My dad give me the choice. Work or school. (beat)
I'm a son of god. I don't mind getting my hands dirty.

Kevin turns, almost captivated by his words. A story more interesting than his own.

LINKS

I know this whole epidemic sound insane. But behind every wall is something to be seen. At least that's what I believe.

KEVIN

You believe gods behind this?

LINKS

Of course. I don't know if it's a test of survival. Dedication to life, keeping best fit to life. But it has some purpose.

Links raises his shotgun to head high, running his finger down the rough barrel.

LINKS

When this ends. And everything is over. And the world comes to new order. God'll show his sign.

Kevin just keeps a straight stare.

LINKS

Come'on...

LINKS (Cont'd)

Wanna see your room?

Links shifts the barrel onto his shoulder and trails off. Kevin follows as we --

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Kevin snaps awake. He looks around. Except for the twin-sized metal framed bed and old rocking chair, the room is bare. A bulb swings left to right above him; burnt out and naked.

He lifts himself up, bringing a mist of dust that covers every corner of the room like moss.

INT. MAIN ROOM -- MORNING

Links sits on the frame taking a bite of a small sandwich. His grubby black hands leave their mark.

We see Kevin stepping into the main room through the door frame in the background. He rubs his eyes, and stands in a wake; groggy, and uncertain.

Links turns to his attention.

LINKS

Good sleep?

KEVIN

Alright.

LINKS

It's an old, dirty, grubby place. But it beats the streets, and here you've got some protection.

Kevin sits by Links. He notices a few pieces of sandwich wrapped in some tin foil.

LINKS

Here. Take a sandwich. Their old, but it doesn't show.

Kevin picks a ham sandwich, which he opens a checks first. Everything seems to be in place.

He eats the sandwich, small bite by small bite.

LINKS

So?

KEVIN

So?

LINKS

Got a girl? Had a girl?

KEVIN

(almost embarrassed)

No.

Links wraps the rest of the sandwich up, and tucks it under the shelf unit of the counter.

KEVIN

You?

LINKS

I did but...

Links takes a long clean breath.

LINKS

But she was more like an expensive appetizer. Good to look at, but not all to satisfying.

(beat)

You see I spent my days going to restaurants and running my finger down the price not the food. I live out an acquired life, which goes without says is much different to this one.

An silence.

LINKS

I understand the truth. This world is cruel, mean, horrific. Nothing glamorous. Thousands die every second, and to try and compensate they give the ratio to death and life. But to me it doesn't work.

KEVIN

What do you believe?

LINKS

Basically, a few men sit in an office controlling the wealth of man. How is it a man is on TV and gets paid millions, while another man fighting (more)

fires gets laid off. Its obscene. That's why I believe in gods contribute to this disaster.

A VINE,

can be seen channeling outside the window. It takes a moment, but Links finally spots it.

He grabs Kevin, and pulls him down behind the counter.

LINKS

Get down!

The two just wait, as above them the vine slowly swivels in and circles the open area.

LINKS

God help us...

Links cocks a round into his shotgun, and holds it to his cheek. He then looks down at his holy cross, which he has tucked at his chest behind his collar neck shirt.

KEVIN

No.

LINKS

Quite.

Another vine slowly makes its way in from a window around back. Links spots it, and keeps note of both targets.

LINKS

Okay. What's going to happen is --

KEVIN

-- no.

Links gives Kevin a razor sharp look.

LINKS

Okay. What's going to happen is! I'm going to take fire, then you run to the back. Got that?

Kevin just gives a childish nod.

LINKS

Okay. On my count. Three.

(beat)

Two.

(beat)

One...

The barrel of the shotgun works against Links head, as he takes a moment of clarity.

LINKS

Zero!

Links shoves Kevin onto his feet, and thunders into position. Like a marine, he assumes firing position.

THE VINES,

instantly spot him. Both bolt forward like charging bulls, but with a quick cheap shot; Links manages to deny both with a shotgun round.

He turns as we see --

THE ABOMINATION OF THE WORLD,

entering through the front entrance. It stands with two feet, two arms and a head; that's all the similarities to a human. The rest is horrid gray/green skin. Thick grungy mutation. A giant eye that blinks every few seconds.

Enough said. The monster moves in. Its damaged vines retreat, moving back to its home.

Links backs off, keeping his shotgun raised.

LINKS

You are not welcome, here!

The monster pushes forward. It meets Links as if a warrior would in battle. They stop, motionless.

We double cut between them. Their eyes wind open, with the look of death and anger.

Links jumps with the first attack -- He shoots. The monster tugs to the left, turning. Again, he shoots.

 ${\tt BLAM}$ ,

An effective shot. The monster doubles over, lying face first on the ground.

BLAM,

A round in the back puts the monsters spine through its chest. Green blood spills everywhere.

CUT TO:

EXT. DERELICT HOUSE -- MORNING

Kevin is around back. He runs a few tens of yards back, before stopping. He hears the shotgun rounds, one after another.

CUT TO:

INT. DERELICT HOUSE -- MORNING

Links approaches the injured monster. He points his shotgun for a head shot  $\ensuremath{\text{--}}$ 

CLICK!,

Links quickly examines the gun; empty.

The vines quickly attack. Within an instant, Links is swarmed by tens of vines that grab him from every angle, and pin him down. He screams --

EXT. DERELICT HOUSE -- MORNING

Outside, Kevin hears the scream of desperation. He stands for a moment. Unsure.

INT. DERELICT HOUSE -- MORNING

Links meets a gruesome end. He is tangled and bound tight, as two spare vines begin spearing him from the chest upwards until his entire upper body is dismantled.

We PULL BACK on the shotgun. It lays covered in a thick layer of red blood.

The vines retreat.

INT. BACK ROOM -- MORNING

Kevin slowly enters. His eyes wonder the empty corridor.

INT. MAIN ROOM -- MORNING

The Monster has three or four tentacles shoot towards Kevin as he enters into what is now classed as; his territory.

Kevin has the vines wrap around his legs, and suddenly tug him down to the floor. He is then rapidly dragged along towards The Monster that instantly examines him.

KEVIN

Shit!\*

A single vine seeps from the chest of the monster. A red colored tentacle that flaps around Kevin's face. It lets of a sent of gas, which has Kevin gagging.

Kevin tries to turn his face away from the tentacle, but fails.

KEVIN

Get away from me...

Suddenly the tentacle retracts, and the monster steps up. It then turns, and begins walking away; leaving Kevin.

Kevin turns confused.

RATATATA!,

A sudden raw of machinegun as rifles.

Two men run in, and leap past Kevin. They stop, both crouching into army positions.

RATATATATA!,

The monster takes constant rounds, fighting against the bullets like swatting flies.

The monster takes a heavy amount, but still refuses to give in and die.

One of the two men drops aside his machinegun. He pull off another weapon strapped to his back; a flamethrower.

The monster, now over on knees virtually begging for life meets his end.

A RAW OF FLAMES,

Ignites, and sets the monster up like a Christmas tree. The monster falls aside, not dead, but close. It finally realizes its beaten. It just screams in silent pain.

RATATATA!,

The two soldiers finish off the monster.

CUT TO:

CU OF KEVIN

He sits in amazement. His eyes drawn to the mesmerizing flames, that burn before him.

He doesn't realize, but the two soldiers are standing trying to contribute an introduction --

SOLDIER 1#

Hey! Kid?

SOLDIER 2#

Kid!

SOLDIER 2#

You okay? What happened?

KEVIN

I...

The soldiers look at each other.

SOLDIER 1#

Cabin fever?

KEVIN

No! I'm fine.

SOLDIER 2#

So what happened?

Kevin goes silent.

SOLDIER 1#

We've got a platoon half a click south. Get up!

KEVIN

Half a click?

SOLDIER 2#

We haven't got time. We've got to get you back to the base.

KEVIN

What base?

The soldiers again, look at each other.

SOLDIER 1#

Just get up!

Together, they tug Kevin to his feet.

SOLDIER 1#

Lets go!

KEVIN

I'm not going anywhere, till I know where I'm going...

SOLDIER 2#

Should we leave

SOLDIER 1#

We're taking you to a safe house. The

(more)

transport is a ten minute run. We haven't got time. So move!

Soldier 2# begins jogging, whilst Soldier 1# motivates Kevin forward with some hard pushes.

EXT. DERELICT HOUSE -- MORNING

Suddenly, from O.S. a tentacle SMACKS Soldier 2# to his feet.

KEVIN

What the...

SOLDIER 1#

Shit! Look!

Soldier 2 turns to see a VINE swarming from the opening of Kevin's genes.

KEVIN

Wait! No. I'm normal!

Kevin puts his hands out to try and warn the Soldier 1# back, but sees his skin drying out to gray.

He falls back, faint. His whole stance changes, and tentacles begin ripping out from his spine.

SOLDIER 2#

Fire!

Soldier 2#, still on the floor opens fire. It starts a chain reaction of Soldier 1# to open fire with his rifle.

WIDE SHOT OF SCENARIO

All we can see is the giant flashes from the constant live fire of the weapons.

Kevin accepts each bullet, not fazed or even affected.

SOLDIER 1#

Die you son of a bitch! Die!

Kevin is no longer Kevin, but a giant monster such as the predecessor ablaze in the background.

Vines begin taking control, and the Soldiers are attacked and swarmed by a horde of self controlling whips.

Soldier 1# is lifted by the gut, and thrown a mile. His body comes crashing down leaving him dead.

Soldier 2# crawls back.

RATATATATA!

CLICK!

He runs out of ammunition, and on this note is ripped to pieces by oncoming vines.

SOLDIER 2#

No! No! No!

DEAD,

The now monster Kevin stands tall. His vines whip left right and center.

KEVIN

DEATH!

We begin to slowly PAN OUT.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As the world meets new science, of untold creatures, and myths, it is chosen as home to a new species. One which can hide within the skin; hide without the keeper ever known to learn.

(beat)

To learn of human activities, weaknesses, strengths. And as evolution begins, and aliens evolve, so must the human race.

The camera tilts up towards the sky.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Humans, as of fact where not the first life and certainly not to be the last. But as for our own existence, and as for reasoning it is up to our own level of intelligence to whether we will survive and live against a new host to our planet.

The sky begins to fade red, and run blood tinted against the thick black clouds.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

To a new world order.

FADE TO BLACK.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The world will have to adapt.

THE END