

EL CAMINO INFIERNO(HELL)

written by

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EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Bright clear blue sky's. The Chicago Skyline is clearly visible in the distance. CHAD BAXTER (15) riding his bike down the street and up to a driveway.

EXT. BAXTER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CHAD
Hey Frankie!

FRANK BAXTER (21) Chads older brother is in the driveway unloading suitcases out of the truck of his car.

FRANK
Hey Chadwick!

Chad tosses his bike on the front yard.

CHAD
So you dropped Mom and Dad off at the airport?

FRANK
Yeah...and don't get any crazy ideas! I'm in charge of your ass all weekend, so no goofing around.

Chad help carries the luggage in through the garage passing a car that's covered with a thick RED moving blanket.

INT. BAXTER HOUSE - NIGHT

Chad is seated at the kitchen table doing homework while Frank has his feet up on the Lazy-Boy watching baseball on TV.

CHAD
What's the score?

FRANK
The score is...finish your damn homework.

Chad gives the back of Franks' head the middle finger.

INT. FRONT WINDOW - NIGHT

A bright FLASH lights up the outside. It startles Chad. Seconds later the thunder cracks...BOOM!

Then another FLASH, followed by another and another. BOOM...BOOM the sound shakes the house to its core. The sinister skies flashing like disco strobe lights.

CHAD
Jesus Christ!

ON SCREEN: THE LIVE TV BASEBALL GAME.

The stadium darkens. STATIC. The players all stop playing. STATIC. The crowd stands and start looking up in the sky. The TV camera pans up...STATIC.

INT. FRONT WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

BOOM! Deafening cracks of thunder rocks the house as it rattles violently. Pictures fall off the wall and glass shatters.

Then the POWER GOES OUT. The TV goes black.

FRANK
What the fuck!

CHAD
Frank, I'm scared!

FRANK
Just relax. It's just a storm, not like the power has ever went out before. Get the flashlight.

Chad rummages around in the kitchen. The only light is coming in from the LIGHTNING outside. Chad finds the flashlight. It doesn't work.

CHAD
Just great! I know Dad has another... Frank?

INT. FRONT DOOR

Frank is standing at the front door staring outward. Frozen. He's just a black figure bathed in the white light from outside.

CHAD
Frank!

Frank doesn't answer, he's glued to what's beyond. Chad walks over.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Frankie?

Chad goes under Franks' arm to see what he's looking at.

EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS

The skyscrapers off in the distance are all on fire. Hundreds of them engulfed in flames. Most toppling over. Dozens of lightning bolts hitting buildings.

The FLASHES of light brighten up the sky, as you make out huge dark discs hovering about the city. Each one the size of four football fields.

Chad looks up above his head. He makes out another large DISC being lit up by the occurring LIGHTNING bolts.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

LIGHTNING comes from the DISC above striking houses in the distance. BOOM! BOOM! Mushroom clouds billow up over the tree line. It's getting closer.

FRANK

We have to get out of here.

Frank scrambles to his car.

INT. FRANKS CAR - NIGHT

His hand shaking, he puts his keys in the ignition and cranks it. Nothing. The car is dead.

INT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

CHAD

(panic)

I'm calling Mom and Dad!

Chad looks down to his cell phone. The screen is black. It won't turn on.

CHAD (CONT'D)

My cell phone is dead!

FRANK

Dad's car!

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Frank rushes in the garage. Chad follows with a lite candle. Frank rips the blanket off the car.

ON SCREEN: 1967 Mint Burnt Orange El Camino.

BACK TO THE SCENE:

Frank pops the hood. The battery cables are not connected. Frank taps the red wire to the battery, and it SPARKS. He connections them and slams the hood shut. He hops in the car and turns the ignition. It starts up with a ROAR!

FRANK
Get the garage door.

Chad starts pressing the garage door button and nothing.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Hey, dumb ass! You need to open it manually!

Frank gets out and pops the garage door open.

ON SCREEN: Neighboring trees and houses are up in FLAMES.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

FRANK
We need supplies!

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Chad is in the kitchen throwing dry goods in trash bags. Frank come running down stairs with duffel bags and backpacks.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

They throw all the bags in the back of the El Camino. Chad grabs cases of water. Franks GRABS a 12-gauge shot-gun from on top of a cabinet and a bag from inside.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The El Camino SMOKES it out of the garage. Another FLASH of light. THUNDER cracks as LIGHTNING hits their house. The roof BLOWS UP.

INT. EL CAMINO - CONTINUOUS

They both stare at their house going up in flames, then they snap back to reality.

CHAD
Go! Go! Go!

ON SCREEN: Franks foot SMASHING the gas pedal to the floor.

INT. EL CAMINO - TRAVELING

FRANK
What the fuck is going on.

Chad is looking out the rear window.

CHAD
Holy shit!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Hundreds of huge grey slimy pods the size of a pop-machine drop from the sky. They crash and break open as dozens of giant crab-like creatures come pouring out. The creatures start chasing them.

INT. EL CAMINO - TRAVELING

CHAD
Go! Frank...go!

Frank takes a hard right. At the same time, he looks in the driver side mirror.

ON SCREEN: Hundreds of creatures keeping up with the car.

INT. EL CAMINO - TRAVELING

The El Camino weaves in and out of stalled cars and trucks. Stranded bystanders are attacked by the crab-like creatures and taken down to the ground. Chad watches the people struggle until they are overwhelmed.

They turn down a few more streets and lose whatever was pursuing them, all clear. Franks finds an open patch of road and guns it.

EXT. EL CAMINO - TRAVELING - NIGHT

The car fly's to the next town up ahead. Behind looks like an out of control forest fire.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

They see a policeman waving them down. Officer Wilcox (38).

OFFICER WILCOX

Hey! Hey!

The boys stop and roll down the windows. The officer looks at both of them. They are pale as ghosts.

OFFICER WILCOX (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on out there? What happened to you two?

CHAD

(mumbling)

Aliens...I think they are aliens.

FRANK

(To Wilcox)

Our phones are dead, how about yours?

OFFICER WILCOX

Dead and my car radio is dead too, must of been an EMP...

Officer Wilcox looks at the boys. Then looks at the apocalyptic horizon. He grabs his binoculars from the dash of his squad. He aims them at the valley town below.

BINOCULARS POV: Crowds of people being herded into cylinder ships by the alien-crabs. Guards, humanoid like stand at the ships side. They are wearing blackish armor and about 12' tall.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

OFFICER WILCOX

I need you boys to take me to the police station...Now!

FRANK

Hop in back.

Officer Wilcox grabs his AR-15 and ammo bag from the truck.

EXT. EL CAMINO - TRAVELING

Wilcox riding in the bed. LIGHTNING getting closer. Wilcox can now see the enormous black discs in the sky approaching slowly. They hover without making a sound.

OFFICER WILCOX

(To Frank)

Hey speed it up there, Kid! I'm not going to give you a ticket.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The El Camino pulls up. The station is up in flames. All three stand outside watching the police station and other building burn down to the ground. Faint screams off in the distance.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Pods start crashing all around them. They are surrounded. The pods start THROBBING and PULSATING.

FRANK

(whispering)

Chad... get back in the car.

They both start tip-toeing back to the car. The pods start oozing green slime and cracking open with a bright light coming from inside.

Wilson grabs his AR-15 from the back of the car and OPENS FIRE! The PODS and creatures start EXPLODING by the bullet fire. But they outnumber the bullets and start pouring out by the hundreds.

EXT. EL CAMINO - NIGHT

The El Camino take off with the tires kicking up dirt and gravel. Wilson barely makes it back in the bed.

The car fishtails around the corner. Hundreds of the creatures begin chase. They fly pass a family stranded in there car waving for help. Chad watches as the creatures engulf there vehicle.

Wilson reloads his AR-15 and opens fire again. Screams of the creatures are ear shattering. Wilson tries to reload again, but DROPS the magazine. No time to it. They are starting to cover the El Camino as Wilson draws his service weapon and start shooting.

CHAD's POV: Looking out the rear window and watches Wilson getting covered by the creatures. BLOOD splatters all over the glass. Wilson is dead.

INT. EL CAMINO - TRAVELING

Chad is white as a ghost. He starts hyperventilating. You can hear the TIP TAPPING of the creatures outside on the car.

CHAD
Oh, Shit...Oh, Shit...We are going
to die Frankie.

FRANK
We are not going to die!

ON SCREEN: Tire Blows!

EXT. EL CAMINO - NIGHT

The car spins out of control and crashes into a ditch. The creatures besiege the vehicle.

INT. EL CAMINO - CONTINUOUS

Chad's forehead is bleeding. Frank is shaken up. The windows are cover with the creatures. Their tiny needle teeth trying to eat the glass windows. Claws tapping.

FRANK
Are you OK?

Chad wakes up and notices the hundreds of teeth chomping on the glass trying to get in. He panics and tries to open the door. Frank stops him.

FRANK (CONT'D)
No! No!

CHAD
We're going to die!

FRANK
We'll die for sure if you open that
door.

The sounds of the creatures trying to get in are RABID. The windows are getting cover with the creatures saliva.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Just relax...they can't get in.

CHAD
But...but what if they do?

Frank opens the bag he took from the garage cabinet. He pulls out a Glock 9mm and hands it to Chad. Frank pulls out the shotgun from the back of the seat.

FRANK
Then we go out in a blaze of glory
little brother.

CHAD
Like John Fucking Wick!

INT. EL CAMINO - LATER

The brothers both sit and wait. The creatures are still trying to get in with each mouth still chewing and clawing at the windows.

ON CAMERA: Creature biting into the fuel line. Gas pouring out.

INT. EL CAMINO - MOMENTS LATER

CHAD
(perks up)
I smell something.

FRANK
It's gasoline. Little fuckers got
the fuel line.

CHAD
We're going to burn alive!

FRANK
Relax, we are not going to burn
alive.

CHAD
How long are we going to last in
here?

FRANK
Until we can make our move. Look
there's less and less of them.

ON SCREEN: THE FRONT WINDOW STARTS TO CRACK.

BACK TO THE SCENE:

CHAD
Shit!

FRANK
Calm down...

ON SCREEN: THE BLOODY REAR WINDOW STARTS TO CRACK.

BACK TO THE SCENE:

CHAD
Frank?

FRANK
Relax...just keep calm.

ON SCREEN: THE PASSENGER WINDOW START TO CRACK.

INT. EL CAMINO - CONTINUOUS

The passenger window start cracking more. Spider webs crackle across the window. The window is about to blow out.

CHAD
Frank it's not going to last.

FRANK
Move!

Frank switches seats with Chad. The passenger window BLOWS OUT. Frank pulls out the 9mm and takes out SIX of the creatures. He then covers the window with his backpack.

CHAD
That's not going to last!

Frank holds the backpack against the tiny passenger window. The creatures on the outside are putting up a fight. Claws coming through on the edges. One claw CUTS Franks hand.

FRANK
Reload the gun!

Chad grabs the gun. Hands shaking like mad. He puts in a new clip.

The backpack is starting to give out.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Now grab the floor mat!

Chad pulls up the hard thick plastic custom floor mat.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Now put it on my lap.

Chad lays it on his lap.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Now on the count of 3, I'm going to
drop the backpack, and you're going
to unload that clip out the window.
Do not fucking shoot me!

CHAD
Are you nuts?!

Frank is struggling with the backpack.

FRANK
(screams)
Just do it! Ok!

CHAD
Ok...Ok!

Chad points the gun at Frank.

FRANK
Ok....1...2...3!

Frank lets go of the backpack and ducks covering his ears.
Chad opens fire shooting at anything that's out the window.
Whaling screams from outside confirm his aim is true.

Chad grabs his ears. They are ringing like crazy. Frank
blocks the window with the floor mat, perfect fit.

INT. EL CAMINO - DAWN

The SUN starts shining through the greasy, slimy windows.
Less and less tapping and biting sounds. Until you hear
nothing.

CHAD
I think they're gone?

Frank can feel them coming off the other side of the floor
mat.

FRANK
I...I think so too.

Frank lowers the floor mat. Nothing besides the smoldering buildings.

Chad opens the driver's door.

EXT. EL CAMINO - DAY

The El Camino is trashed. Tires all blown out. Dents and bite marks all over.

Frank stands outside with the shotgun resting on his shoulder. Chads by his side.

ON SCREEN: TOWN BURNT DOWN. SMOKE BILLOWING UP IN THE AIR AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE. THE DISCS ARE GONE.

BACK TO THE SCENE:

CHAD
What are we going to do now
Frankie?

EXT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP - DAY

Frank walks over to the brick and metal roof shop. Chad follows. Frank kicks open the side door.

ON SCREEN: 1978 MINT MAT-BLACK FORD BRONCO 4X4.

EXT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP - DAY

Frank looks at Chad with a smile.

FRANK
We are going to survive.

THE END