

Everyone Has Their Own Demons

By

Insert Name Here

FADE IN:

EXT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Smoke fills the air as the world goes to shit, JOHN early 30's and slightly overweight stands in front of a small community center.

A sign on the door reads "AA Meeting Cancelled Due To The Fucking Apocalypse".

He tries to open the door but it's locked.

JOHN

Shit!

Shaking the door violently this time but it still doesn't open.

JOHN

(Under his Breath)

Fuck. That's my day ruined.

John slowly reaches into his pocket and pulls out a one year sobriety token.

He admires it for a few seconds then squeezes it tightly in his fist before walking off into the smoke.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The main street of a small town is completely deserted, all the shops have been looted and some burnt to the ground.

John notices a sports bar called "The Four Horsemen" standing completely unharmed at the end of the street.

JOHN

Just typical the only thing left
after the apocalypse is a fucking
sports bar.

He approaches the bar then stops dead in tracks at the door.

Opening his hand, he looks down at his sobriety token.

JOHN

(Under His Breath)

You're better than this John, Don't
do it.

Footsteps and loud screams are heard coming towards him.

In a panic he quickly enters the bar.

INT. THE FOUR HORSEMEN - DAY

In the dimly lit sports bar, John fumbles around with the door until he is able to get it locked.

He slowly turns around to see that the bar isn't empty.

A THUG with his STRIPPER girlfriend standing beside him and a baseball bat crossed in his arms.

A BUSINESS WOMAN sits at the bar in a designer suit sipping wine out of the bottle.

Sprawled out in a corner booth with his guitar is a POP STAR with tears in his eyes.

THUG

Who the fuck are you? And what are you doing here.

JOHN

(Timidly)

I'm John and I'm trying to hide from whatever the hell is out there.

THUG

Well big man you can't stay here because I don't like the look of you.

The Pop Star sits up in his booth.

POP STAR

Come on dude, Just let him stay. Maybe he wants my autograph.

The Business Woman shouts from the end of the bar.

BUSINESS WOMAN

The more the fucking merrier on the one way train to Shitsville!

The Business Woman gets off of her bar stool and staggers towards John with the bottle of wine in her hand.

BUSINESS WOMAN

Does your poor ass wanna drink?

Before she can make her way over, the Stripper grabs her and sits her back at the bar.

STRIPPER

Hold on love. I think you need a seat.

The Thug uses his baseball bat to point at the corner booth.

THUG

Go sit with pretty boy over there.
He can tell about being famous.

John sits down across from The Pop Star in the corner booth.

INT. THE FOUR HORSEMEN - CORNER BOOTH - DAY

John sits anxiously staring at the liquor on the back self of the bar while fiddling with his one year token.

The Pop Star signs his autograph all over the table top with a black marker like a man possessed.

POP STAR

Hey dude, You want my autograph?

JOHN

No... I think I'm OK.

POP STAR

Why not dude? I have two hit records in Japan. I'm fucking Japan famous.

John is still fixated with the liquor.

POP STAR

Are you even listening to me dude. I'm all over YouTube, Instagram and Twitter. I've got like one million followers.

The Pop Star reaches over the table and grabs John.

POP STAR

Just take my fucking autograph!

He pushes the Pop Star off him and leaves the table.

POP STAR

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Maybe later then.

The Pop Star goes back to signing his name on the table.

INT. THE FOUR HORSEMEN - BAR - DAY

The Business Woman sits with her head resting on the bar top beside an empty wine bottle tipped on its side.

John sits down in the stool beside her.

BUSINESS WOMAN

What do you want? I'm buying.

JOHN

Don't worry about it, I don't want anything.

She lift her head off the bar top and looks at John.

BUSINESS WOMAN

I hate people like you. You have nothing and want nothing. You fucking make me sick.

The Business Woman pretends to throw up by sticking her finger down her throat.

BUSINESS WOMAN

I had enough money to buy this whole fucking town and all the poor little people in it.

John's attention goes back to the liquor behind the bar.

She lays her head back on the bar top.

BUSINESS WOMAN

(Crying)

I miss my big house, my fancy car and all my pretty little diamonds.

Getting off the bar stool John makes his way behind the bar.

INT. THE FOUR HORSEMEN - BEHIND THE BAR - DAY

John stands in a trance behind the bar staring up at the shelf full of liquor.

A loud noise comes from the floor hatch under John's feet.

Startled he jumps back.

JOHN

Shit!

The Thug with baseball bat in hand rushes over.

THUG
What the fuck did you do?

JOHN
Nothing, I think there's something
down there.

The Stripper, Pop Star and Business Woman stand on the other
side of the bar.

THUG
You open it and I'll kill whatever
comes out.

JOHN
No thank you.

The Thug grabs John by the shoulder and shoves him towards
the hatch.

THUG
Just fucking do it. Now!

He opens the hatch with one quick pull.

A cloud of smoke escapes from the open hatch.

LUKE (O.S)
Why hello there.

Everyone is startled by LUKE as he climbs out of the cellar.
His hair slicked back and dressed like a hipster.

John and the Thug quickly join the rest of the group on the
other side of the bar.

INT. THE FOUR HORSEMEN - MAIN BAR - DAY

Luke stands behind the bar with a grin from ear to ear.

The group huddle together not knowing what to make of him.

LUKE
Don't be scared my children. I'm
Luke your bartender for the
evening.

John raises his hand.

JOHN
Quick question... what were you
doing down there?

Luke snaps his fingers then the lights and music turn on.

LUKE

Just fixing the generator. So what
will it be? No wait let me guess.

He quickly makes up a few drinks as everyone stands in
silence.

Luke hands out the drinks.

LUKE

For the Pop Star a rum and coke, Mr
Thug a bottle of beer, Another
bottle of wine for the rich lady
and.... let me see what I have for
the stripper.

Reaching into his pocket Luke pulls out a bag of cocaine and
hands it to the stripper.

LUKE

And cocaine for you. I know it's
your favourite.

The Stripper smiles and runs off into the bathroom with the
Thug right behind her.

JOHN

I don't drink so don't worry about
me.

Luke reaches underneath the bar and pulls out a bottle of
Jack Daniels.

LUKE

Look! I found your old best
friend... The same friend you left
your wife and kids for.

He pours John a shot and leaves the bottle in front of him.

JOHN

No... I'm good

Johns hand begins to tremble as he reaches for the shot.

JOHN

Fuck!

He knocks over the shot and it spills over the bar top.

Luke's eyes begin to turn red.

LUKE

I think we need to have a little chat in private Mr quitter.

With another snap of his fingers The Pop Star's phone beeps in his pocket.

POP STAR

Oh shit, That's an Instagram notification.

The Pop Star pulls his phone out of his pocket and runs off into the corner taking selfies.

John points at the Business Woman who is passed out with her head on the bar.

JOHN

What about her?

LUKE

Don't worry about her... She's fucked in more ways than one.

Luke pours another shot and places it in front of John before leaning across the bar.

LUKE

(Whispering)

I'm not going to let you ruin my perfect night. So drink up pussy.

John slowly gets off his bar stool.

JOHN

What do you mean perfect night? The whole world has come to an end.

LUKE

Not for me it hasn't and I can't believe you haven't figured out who I am yet.

How with both hands in the air John slowly backs away from the bar.

JOHN

Your names not short of Lucas is it.

LUKE

No Lucifer! I'm the fucking devil bitch. Now come back here and sit the fuck down.

John not sure what to do takes his seat back at the bar.

He takes his sobriety token out of his pocket and holds it tightly in his hand.

JOHN

So what do you want with me.

LUKE

I'm going to let you in on a little secret. Everyone here tonight is one my seven deadly sins.

JOHN

Wrong! There is only five of us.

Luke beings to to looks around the Bar.

LUKE

First we have The Business Woman, who is greed.

He then points at The Pop star.

LUKE

Pride.

Snapping his finger Luke makes The Pop Star's phone beeps again.

POP STAR

Yes! Facebook is working again.

LUKE

Facebook is the everything about envy rolled into one.

John starts to get it now.

JOHN

Let me guess... The Thugs is wrath and the Stripper is lust.

LUKE

Ding ding ding. We have a winner. You get a free shot, so drink up.

Luke slides the shot closer to John.

JOHN

What about me?

LUKE

Good question. You sir will be
gluttony once I can get you to
start binge drinking again.

John squeezes the token in his fist even harder.

JOHN

No. I'm not drinking and you missed
out one... Sloth.

Just then The Thug and Stripper come out of the bathroom
ready to party and high on cocaine.

The Stripper holds a sloth in her arms.

STRIPPER

Fuck Ya. Look what we found in the
bathroom and I think he wants to
party.

John looks at Luke and shakes his head.

LUKE

What? It was short notice.

JOHN

No. I fought hard to stay sober.
Fuck you and fuck hell!

Luke snaps his fingers again, Everyone's eyes turn black as
they jump on John holding him to the ground.

LUKE

Hold him down. We are getting him
drunk once and for all.

Just as Luke stands over John with the bottle Jack Daniels
in his hand the front door is kicked in.

In walks a JOHN Jr a very fat man who takes a seat at one of
the tables.

JOHN JR

It's Wednesday and I'm here for the
all you can eat wings! And get me a
double Jack Daniels!

LUKE

Fuck me! I did it again.

Everyone lets go of John.

Luke helps John off the floor and brushes the dust off him.

LUKE

Sorry for the mix up. Enjoy the
rest of the apocalypse.

John looks around the room awkwardly then leaves the bar.

The door slams shut behind him.

EXT. THE FOUR HORSEMEN - DAY

John stands proudly in front of the bar, he holds his one
year token with two fingers and admires it.

JOHN

My lucky charm. Together we can get
through anything.

As he walks away from the bar he trips and drops the token
down the sewer grate.

JOHN

Shit!

A loud growl comes from the sewer.

FADE TO BLACK.