

FOLLY

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FADE IN:

INT. WHITE SPACE - UNKNOWN

A pure, bright white space, and at its centre lies a BLUE DOT. There's a beat, before the silence is broken by...

GOD
(singing)
Hello, is it me you're looking for?
I can see it in your...

The blue dot, God, shrinks and expands as it talks.

GOD (CONT'D)
Yep, that's right, 'tis I, God. You look a bit surprised? I bet it's that little Jesus bastard, roaming around, telling everyone that I'm his dad.
(beat)
It's not that I don't have a kid, I am indeed a proud parent. Jeff? Get out here wee one.

A small blue dot, JEFF, rolls in from the side of the screen.

JEFF
(high pitch voice)
Hi y'all!

And as quick as he's arrived, Jeff rolls away again.

GOD
They grow up so fast. Anyway, some naughty little people wrote a lot things about myself, and my assumed opinions. They thought I was vengeful, that I punish more than I reward.

God shakes from side to side, and turns a shade of red for a moment, before relaxing and returning to blue.

GOD (CONT'D)
In truth, you lot were a bit of fun, something to keep me entertained. I occasionally popped down to say hello, no one ever seemed to notice.

EXT. BURNING CITY - DAY

A MAN, dressed in fur armour and holding a bow and arrow, sits proudly on a horse. A city burns around him.

SUPER: Genghis Kahn, Conqueror, 1215

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

A LEAD GUITARIST stands on a stage. He screams down a microphone as he hammers his guitar.

SUPER: Andrew "Falco" Falkous, Mclusky, 2002

INT. PUBLIC TOILET - DAY

An OLD WOMAN, dressed in cleaner's garb, stands in the middle of a filthy public toilet. She leans on a mop and smiles.

SUPER: Margaret Lee, Cleaner, 1934

INT. WHITE SPACE - UNKNOWN

GOD

Okay, okay. You might have spotted Genghis, but you never assumed it was me.

(beat)

I quite liked you guys, my little creation, you were fun! But for some reason I was always linked to the apocalypse and all sorts of other doom. There was even some shit about horsemen, fucking guys on horses? Yes I know, Genghis had a bloody horse, but he wasn't the apocalypse.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A leafy forest setting. A WOLVERINE slowly prowls the forest floor. Spotting a YOUNG CARIBOU up ahead, the wolverine stops in its tracks.

SUPER: Somewhere in Alaska, 2020

The wolverine lowers its back, and slowly prowls forward, the caribou looks on, completely unaware of the threat. As it nears its prey, the wolverine breaks into a sprint.

GOD (V.O.)

You, on the other hand, you didn't need me to bring the apocalypse. You were perfectly capable of that on your own.

The young caribou snaps out of its trance and spots the onrushing wolverine. It turns to run, but it's too late. The wolverine leaps forward, claws extended, but just as it's about to strike, it disappears into the ground.

The caribou falls to the forest floor, expecting the end. It thrashes its legs for a beat, before it stops and looks around, confused.

INT. NUCLEAR MISSILE SILO - DAY

An ENGINEER, clipboard in hand, walks around a huge NUCLEAR MISSILE, a control room with an open door lies in the background. With the main silo doors open overhead, natural sunlight floods into the dimly lit space.

The Engineer stops, ticks a box on the clipboard, and starts to walk towards the control room, when SMACK. From above, the wolverine lands squarely on top of the Engineer's head, rendering the man unconscious.

Dazed, the wolverine gets to its paws and has a sniff around the Engineer, before it turns and walks into the...

CONTROL ROOM

The wolverine, still dazed, enters the control room and is presented with some computer screens and dials.

It pads forward and jumps onto a control panel, activating a couple of switches in the process, before in a final act of self-destruction, it squats down and urinates on some dials.

Smoke fills the adjacent Silo, swiftly followed by a large explosion as jets of flame erupt from the base of the warhead. Breaking its restraints, the missile flies towards the surface, and incinerates the Engineer, control room, and wolverine in the process.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The young caribou, now back on its feet, looks scared as the ground around it starts to shake.

Suddenly, the huge missile flies out of the ground, and sets fire to the caribou and everything around it.

INT. RUSSIAN MILITARY BASE - DAY

A dark room with rows of monitors. A RUSSIAN SOLDIER lies back in his chair, asleep. From a nearby screen, we hear a BLEEP, swiftly followed by another, then another.

SUPER: Pakhachi Military Base, Russia

Awoken by the noise, the Soldier rubs his eyes in disbelief as he looks at the monitor. On the screen, a small white dot moves rapidly towards the Russian mainland.

The Soldier, panic etched on his face, scrambles for a nearby phone.

SOLDIER

(In Russian, subtitled)

They launched a missile, there's a missile coming right for us!

INT. WAR ROOM - DAY

VLADIMIR PUTIN sits at a large wooden table, surrounded by a group of GENERALS.

GOD (V.O.)

Tick, tock. Note the lack of horsemen during this process.

A LARGE MONITOR, mounted to a wall, shows the missile heading towards the Russian Mainland.

All dialogue in Russian.

PUTIN

What's the target?

GENERAL 1

We can't be certain, it seems to be heading to Novosibirsk.

PUTIN
(shouting)
Well, I need some fucking
certainty!

The white dot on the monitor reaches the Russian mainland.

PUTIN (CONT'D)
Is this real?

GENERAL 2
Yes, this is not an exercise.

Putin stops, he strokes his chin and looks down at the table. After a beat, he raises his head to look at the Generals.

PUTIN
Get everyone we can into the
bunkers. Fire the warheads.

GENERAL 1
I'm sorry it had to be you, Sir.

PUTIN
As am I.

General 1 runs to the corner of the room and picks up a telephone.

GENERAL 1
(into telephone)
Order Snow Fox, I repeat, order
Snow Fox. Immediate launch.

General 1 slowly puts down the telephone, a rueful look on his face. Putin looks on at the monitor, tears run down his cheeks.

Suddenly, the white dot disappears.

PUTIN
It's gone?

General 2, on another telephone, turns to Putin.

GENERAL 2
We have reports of an earthquake in
the Neryunginsky District.
(beat)
Chulman, I repeat, Chulman has been
hit.

PUTIN
Chulman? Where the fuck is Chulman?

GENERAL 1
It was an accident, sir, wasn't it?

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

PRESIDENT DONALD TRUMP (that still hurts to say), dressed in traditional golf attire, lines up a simple 3 foot putt. A CADDY, dressed in white, holds the flag nearby.

SUPER: Trump National Golf Club, Jupiter, Florida

Donald pulls back his putter, and starts his downswing. Just as he's about to make contact with the ball, REX TILLERSON waddles over a bunker, sweating profusely.

REX
(screaming)
They've launched their nukes! We're under attack!

The shot misses the hole by a foot. Donald, with rage in his eyes, turns on his Secretary of State.

DONALD
(furious)
For the love of fuck! Rex, what the hell is wrong with you?

Rex reaches President Trump.

REX
We need to launch our warheads.
It's Russia, sir.

DONALD
Russia what?

REX
They've launched their nukes, we're under...

BOOM. There's a huge explosion and a darkening of the skies overhead. The three men turn in the direction of Miami, and are confronted by a massive billowing mushroom cloud.

REX (CONT'D)
Attack.

DONALD
Launch them, launch every single
last one of the fuckers.

Rex goes for his mobile phone, and starts to punch in some numbers.

REX
Air Force One is on its way. We
need to get you to safety.

DONALD
No, I'm an old man. If this ship is
going down then I'm going down with
it.

REX
O Captain! My Captain!

DONALD
Fuck off, Rex.

The Donald, putter in hand, walks over the green to his ball and lines up the next putt.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - UNKNOWN

A view of planet earth. We hear muffled explosions as flashes go off intermittently all over the globe.

GOD (V.O.)
New York, London, Moscow...Chulman.
All of these major global cities,
and so many more, gone, just like
that.

INT. STOCKMARKET TRADING FLOOR - DAY

TRADERS run around, screaming and shouting, paper and pencils in hand.

SUPER: BM&F BOVESPA, Sau Paulo

GOD (V.O.)
Not everyone got nuked. Strangely,
it only appeared to be the Northern
Hemisphere, apart from Hamilton in
New Zealand, we're not sure what
happened there.

Two TRADERS bump into each other. They square up and start to throw punches.

GOD (V.O.)

But society started to collapse under the weight of itself, and there was the trigger for your apocalypse.

INT. WHITE SPACE - UNKNOWN

In the pure white space, God and Jeff sit on a small brown couch. They watch highlights of the destruction of the planet on a small television set in front of them.

GOD

What did I tell you? No bloody horsemen. Just human beings, being human beings.

JEFF

It's sad, dad.

GOD

That it is, son, that it is.

God reaches for the television remote, and turns off the set.

GOD (CONT'D)

I really hope I don't seem flippant, but you were a game. I loved you, just as I loved all of my creations. Wee man here was even going to take over the family business.

JEFF

I was looking forward to it.

GOD

Sorry, son, no longer. Anyway, that was the beginning of your apocalypse. Nowt to do with me, my son, or some twats on horseback.

(beat)

You know what? I wasn't going to do it, but here you go, this was your real end. Look away Jeff.

EXT. AFRICAN PLAINS - DAY

A group of AFRICAN FAMILIES slowly stumble across dried out grassland. A MOTHER, barely a walking skeleton, holds a small CHILD. She takes a few steps forward, but collapses, dropping the small Child to the ground. Neither the Child nor the Mother move, the group of families carry on ahead.

GOD (V.O.)

People were already starving, but without the meagre rations they were receiving, there was no hope.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - NIGHT

In a large, luxurious shopping centre, RIOTERS shatter shopfronts and loot their contents.

GOD (V.O.)

Even in places that food existed, human tendencies overruled common sense and decency.

A MAN, fights with a WOMAN for a box of water. The Man punches the Woman to the ground, and takes the water.

EXT. CITY - DAY

A derelict city centre, littered with corpses. The bodies of men, women and children lie scattered on the pavement. Birds fly in the sky, and a pack of dogs roam around, but there is not a single human alive.

GOD (V.O.)

Until finally, disease took hold, and the systems that had been put in place to defeat it no longer existed. That was your apocalypse.

(beat)

You spent centuries building technologies that could change the world, building societies that could last thousands of years. A wolverine and a stray warhead later, you tore it all down. A human apocalypse.

BLACK

SUPER: 2152

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

A BEAVER stands at the feet of the statue of Abraham Lincoln. The statue is wrapped in ivy, and plants have taken over the once pristine area.

A CROWD OF BEAVERS, thousands strong, sit below.

BEAVER

And so, my beaver friends, that was
the folly of man. We live in his
ruins, and frolic freely in his
collapsed society.

The crowd of beavers squeak loudly and slap their tails off the ground.

BEAVER (CONT'D)

Let us learn from his mistakes, and
construct a fair and equal society
for all beaver kind. Follow my
father, up in heaven, through my
words and he will give you eternal
life!

The crowd erupts in a cacophony of squeaks and tail slaps. The Beaver on the monument pumps his fist in the air and waves to the crowd, before he turns to CAMERA:

BEAVER (CONT'D)

(singing)

Hello? Is it me you're looking for?
It was a *human* apocalypse,
remember? I know you're a bunch of
self-centred bastards, but life
goes on!

(beat)

Yep, it's me, God. Who do you
really think that Jesus lad was?
Second time lucky, hopefully. Sorry
for the apocalypse thing, hope you
don't mind but this paradise
bollocks takes some time and
refinement. Till next we meet.

God, in beaver form, leaps from the statue into the crowd below.

FADE OUT.