

ROBOZOMBIE APOCALYPSE: THE DEADENING

by

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**OVER BLACK:**

The sound of teeth tearing at flesh and bone.

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF GHOST TOWN - DAY**

A scattering of derelict buildings is all that remains of what was once a thriving town. Whatever happened to leave this place looking like this has since faded into history.

But there's still life here, barely holding on, fighting against the odds for its very survival.

**SMASH CUT TO:**

The sweaty, terrified face of TREVOR DAVIES (40s).

He's crouching in a foxhole and clutching at his ankle.

Trev hears something and cowers down -- eyes wide with fear.

Whatever it was; it seems to have passed.

TREV  
(to himself)  
C'mon, pull yourself together.

Trev grabs a first aid kit from his waistbag, tears into it, spills its contents across the ground, grabs a bandage and quickly wraps it loosely around his ankle.

Trev rummages around in his backpack, pulls out a battered, old walkie-talkie and hits the comms button.

TREV  
Anybody there, anyone receiving this? Over.

Nothing but the sound of crackle and hiss.

TREV  
C'mon, anyone, do you read? Over.

Again, nothing but crackle and hiss.

Defeated, Trev stares at the ground.

**EXT. OUTER SPACE**

Earth, hundreds of miles below, being slowly enveloped by the night as it turns on its axis.

**INT. DISUSED WATER TOWER - NIGHT**

CARL REESE (mid-20s) presses his walkie-talkie to his cheek.

CARL  
Anyone there? Do you read? Over.

Carl listens for a response.

Nothing. Only silence, until --

TREV  
Carl? Thank fuck you're ok! I  
thought you was a goner. Over.

Carl thumps the air.

CARL  
Almost was! Only just made it out.  
But the rest of the squad: O'Neill,  
Potter, Shaw, weren't so lucky.  
(beat)  
Where are you, Trev? Over.

**EXT. TREV'S FOXHOLE - NIGHT**

Trev struggles to take in what he's hearing.

TREV  
Half a klick south of the DMZ.  
Whereabouts are you? Over.

CARL  
Close to where we got hit.  
(beat)  
What's your plan, mate? Over.

Trev presses his fingers deep into his eyes wishing he could be anywhere but here. But sleep will have to wait. Now it's time for action.

TREV  
We're gonna need to rendezvous  
ASAP. Are you injured? Over.

CARL  
A few scrapes, but I'll live. Over.

TREV  
You got lucky then.

Trev grabs at his leg and tries to figure out how bad his ankle is.

TREV (CONT'D)  
My leg... I think it's... I think  
I've sprained my ankle!

Trev thumps the ground, exposes a dogtag half-buried in the dirt, picks it up, looks at it.

TREV (CONT'D)  
But it's soldiering time, and we've  
got a mission to complete!  
(beat)  
Over.

**INT/EXT. DISUSED WATER TOWER - NIGHT**

CARL  
Roger that. Over.

Carl peeks through a gap -- The coast is clear.

TREV  
It's time to kick some Robozombie  
ass! You got me? Over.

CARL  
Yep.

Carl opens a hatch, climbs down to the ground.

CARL (CONT'D)  
I was just thinking it'd make more  
sense if I go straight to the DMZ.  
I need to sort out that stuff--

TREV  
We better maintain radio silence,  
just in case they're listening in  
on us. Can't let them triangulate  
our positions, or all of this will  
have been for nothing. Over.

Carl crouches, surveys the area, and checks the sights of his G36 assault rifle.

CARL  
Yeah, sure, whatever. But like I  
said, I'm gonna head straight for  
the DMZ, ok?  
(off Trev's silence)  
Do you read? Over.

**EXT. TREV'S FOXHOLE - NIGHT**

TREV  
Yeah I read you, damn it! But what  
did I just say? We gotta maintain  
radio silence! Over.

**EXT. WATER TOWER - NIGHT**

CARL

Roger that. But how else could--

The sound of footsteps nearby -- Carl jumps behind cover -- peeks out to see what's going on, spots his walkie-talkie on the ground where he'd just been crouching, acting as a sound beacon to any of the terrifying robot-zombie hybrids known as ROBOZOMBIES.

TREV

And remember, always end comms with "over." Over.

Carl's eyes jump between his walkie-talkie and the direction the Robozombie's footsteps are approaching from.

TREV

(louder)

Carl! Do you read?

The Robozombie's footsteps grow louder -- It's now or never.

TREV (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Carl, quit fucking about and ans--

Carl dolphin dives out from behind his cover, grabs his walkie-talkie, switches it off, stuffs it into his jacket pocket, dives back behind cover -- just misses the light from the Robozombie's helmet-torch as it sweeps past.

**EXT. TREV'S FOXHOLE - NIGHT**

Trev presses his walkie-talkie closer to his ear -- There's fear in his eyes as he's hit by the realization that he's the last man standing.

TREV

(to himself)

Damn it! Fuck fucking damn it!

Trev looks at his hand. He's shaking uncontrollably.

TREV

I must be going into shock.

Trev pulls out an emergency blanket from his backpack, wraps it around himself, takes several deep, calming breaths.

Trev's walkie-talkie suddenly bursts into life --

CARL

Oi, you still there?

Trev throws off his emergency blanket and hurriedly picks up his walkie-talkie.

TREV  
I'm here! What the fuck happened?

**EXT. DITCH - NIGHT**

Carl crawls along by the ditch.

CARL  
Nothing, I'm good.  
(beat)  
I'm heading to the DMZ, before it's too late.

Carl lifts his arm, looks at his watch...

**EXT. TREV'S FOXHOLE - NIGHT**

Trev looking at his watch, lowers his arm.

TREV  
But what about me... my leg?  
(beat)  
We've still got time before they thermonuke the shit out of this place!

Trev looks down at his ankle.

TREV (CONT'D)  
I can't make it without you, mate.

CARL  
I'll get them to send a medevac for you once I reach the DMZ.  
(beat)  
Don't worry, Trev, you'll be fine, mate.

Trev pulls out the dogtag from his pocket, holds it up to the light, thumbs off some grit, reads the name stamped on it.

TREV  
(to himself)  
Pickett. He was a good soldier.  
(to Carl)  
So that's it, eh?  
(pauses for effect)  
You know, before you joined us, we had a guy who knew what it meant to leave no man behind. What it meant to be brothers in arms. What it meant--

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

CARL  
 Where ya going with this, Trev? I mean, it's a bit dramatic init.  
 (beat)  
 There's more to life than just this you know?

**EXT. TREV'S FOXHOLE - NIGHT**

TREV  
 (fighting back tears)  
 Not for me, man... not for me.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

CARL  
 We've still got ten minutes to endgame. But once they thermonuke this place we're done for. So I'm gonna head east to--

TREV  
 You do what ya gotta do, man! I'll be fine. But just know this...  
 (holds for effect)  
 ... after today, you're no longer in the squad.  
 (beat)  
 Over.

Carl shakes his head in disbelief, then aims his gun at the warehouse door and enters...

**INT. WAREHOUSE - VARIOUS ROOMS - NIGHT**

Carl scans the foyer.

CARL  
 (under his breath)  
 Clear.

Holds his aim on an adjacent room -- bursts in.

CARL  
 Clear.

**EXT. TREV'S FOXHOLE - NIGHT**

Trev guzzles down water from his canteen, splashes what remains on his face, then casts it aside.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - VARIOUS ROOMS - NIGHT**

Carl re-enters the foyer, makes his way to the next room -- CRUNCH-CRUNCH -- looks down to see a carpet of broken glass underfoot.

CARL

Oh shit!

There's movement in the shadows -- Two Robozombies, barely visible, now fast approaching -- Carl takes aim and squeezes the trigger -- But the gun jams.

CARL

FUCK!!!

**EXT. TREV'S FOXHOLE - NIGHT**

Trev clumsily fingers on some face paint, John Matrix style.

TREV

(to himself)

Fuck Carl, the stupid wanker. I don't need him. I can crawl back.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - VARIOUS ROOMS - NIGHT**

Carl spins around and sprints for the entrance.

**EXT. TREV'S FOXHOLE - NIGHT**

Trev slowly crawls along, leaving an assortment of used equipment in his wake.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

Carl slams the door shut and jams a metal rod through its handle.

A moment of silence then --

BOOMF!!! BOOMF!!!

The door shudders as the Robozombies slam into it.

Carl holds his breath as he watches the door holdfast.

TREV

Carl, it's Trev. Just want ya to know I'm doing fine wi--

Carl sighs, switches off his walkie-talkie.



**EXT. TREV'S FOXHOLE - NIGHT**

Trev crawls over a piece of jagged metal that cuts through his trouser belt and zipper.

TREV  
 (to himself)  
 I'll show him, I'll show 'em all  
 who's the big dick around here.  
 I don't need...

A sudden burst of light from above illuminates the entire battlefield.

Trev turns and looks up at the night sky, then down at his trousers that have bunched up around his ankles.

Trev's radio explodes back into life --

CARL  
 You seeing it too?

Trev grabs his radio.

TREV  
 Hey fuck you, man! You just hung up  
 on me!

CARL  
 The flares, Trev... we've only got  
 five minutes!

TREV  
 And?

**EXT. DERELICT STREET - NIGHT**

Carl sprints past old shop fronts and heroically (and needlessly) jumps over a burning shopping cart.

**EXT. TREV'S FOXHOLE - NIGHT**

Carl bounds over the hill's apex and up to Trev.

CARL  
 Trev!

TREV  
 Carl! Help me up, comrade.

Carl grabs Trev's arm and helps Trev struggle to his feet.

Trev turns to Carl and looks him in the eye.

TREV  
 Brothers in arms!

Carl cringes.

They take a couple of steps then stop, look up to the hill's apex, and see a number of Robozombies staring down at them.

By the looks of it, it's endgame. But neither side is ready to back down, to give an inch. It's the warrior's code and only death will come of this.

Suddenly -- a crappy Nokia style ringtone rings out from Carl's trouser pocket.

Carl drops Trev to the ground, pulls out his phone, hits the answer key, and turns away.

CARL

Everything ok, doughnut nips?

The most ferocious looking of the Robozombie army pulls off his mask, revealing the face of a very ordinary looking ROBERTO ZOMBISKI (40s), leader of the Robozombie Army.

ROBERTO ZOMBISKI

C'mon, Carl, you know the rules. No phones on the battlefield!

TREV

At ease, Zombiski. It's his girlfriend. She's preggers.

ROBERTO ZOMBISKI

Rules are rules.

Roberto looks at Trev's trousers around his ankles.

ROBERTO ZOMBISKI

Hope we didn't interrupt anything?

The Robozombie army laugh in unison -- Trev jumps to his feet, his ankle miraculously recovered.

TREV

Only me ninja kicking you in the balls!

Roberto looks at Trev's equipment scattered across the ground.

ROBERTO ZOMBISKI

Hey, Trev. Ever heard the expression "all the gear, no idea"?

Again, the Robozombie army laugh at Trev.

TREV

Hey, Zombiski. Ever heard the expression "go fuck yourself"?

Trev and Roberto give each other the evils.

ROBERTO ZOMBISKI  
C'mon, Robozombies, the Apocalypse  
Squad ain't worth it. Let's roll  
out!

Roberto gestures for his army to leave -- The Robozombie army  
turns away and disappears back into the darkness -- but one  
of them lingers at the top of the hill --

PICKETT  
Alright, Trev? Heard you fixed up  
that Cortina nicely.

Trev looks away, unwilling to face the treacherous Pickett.

Pickett gives up and scuttles off as Carl approaches Trev.

CARL  
I didn't know Pickett joined them.  
Did you?

TREV  
Pfft! No biggie.  
(beat)  
You sort it all with your misses?

CARL  
We're having a girl.

TREV  
Nice.

They both look unsure about how to wrap up the conversation.

TREV  
(shifts nervously)  
What I said earlier about you not  
being in the squad anymore, I  
didn't--

CARL  
I know, mate. But I did. There's  
more to life for me now. I'm gonna  
be a dad. It's time for me to go  
back to civvy street.

TREV  
Thanks for coming back for me. See  
ya around, comrade.

They shake hands and go their separate ways.

Trev takes half a dozen steps, realizes he's going the wrong  
way, then turns back and awkwardly follows Carl in the same  
direction.