

ROBOZOMBIE APOCALYPSE: THE DEADENING

by

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OVER BLACK:

The sound of teeth tearing at flesh and bone.

FADE IN:

EXT. GHOST TOWN - DUSK

A scattering of derelict buildings is all that remains of what was perhaps a once thriving community.

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 (TREV) DAVIES (40s). He's dressed in a mishmash of army slacks; British Army shirt, U.S. Marines combat trousers. He's dressed the part, sort of looks the part, but if he ever had to take a fitness test, he'd obviously fail it.

He's cowering in a foxhole, clutching his ankle --
He hears something and freezes --
Eyes wide. Fear personified.

A few moments later, whatever it was, seems to have passed.

TREVOR
(to himself)
C'mon Trev, pull yourself together
soldier.

Trevor grabs a Medikit from his bumbag, tears into it, spilling its contents across the ground, grabs a bandage, quickly wraps it loosely around his ankle. He's clearly no trained medic.

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

TREVOR
(into walkie-talkie)
Anybody there? Anyone receiving
this? Over.

Nothing but the sound of crackle and hiss.

TREVOR
(into walkie-talkie)
C'mon, anyone, do you read? Over.

Again, nothing but crackle and hiss.

Defeated, Trevor stares up at the sky, but there's no god that can help him now.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Planet Earth against a backdrop of twinkling stars. Alone in the cosmos.

Europe is being slowly devoured by the night as the Earth spins on its axis.

INT. WATER TOWER - NIGHT

CARL REESE (mid-20s), athletic and handsome in a rugged, clichéd way, presses his walkie-talkie to his ear.

CARL
(into walkie-talkie)
Anyone there? Do you read? Over.

Carl listens for a response.

Nothing. Only silence, until --

TREVOR (V.O.)
Carl? Thank fuck you're alright! I thought you were a goner. Over.

CARL
(into walkie-talkie)
Almost was! Only just made it out. But the rest of the squad, O'Neill, Wilson, Shaw, weren't so lucky.
(beat)
Where are you, Sarge? Over.

TREVOR'S FOXHOLE - CONTINUOUS

Trevor struggles to take in what he's hearing.

TREVOR
(into walkie-talkie)
Half a klick south of the DMZ. Whereabouts are you? Over.

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

Trevor presses his fingers deep into his eyes, perhaps wishing he could be anywhere but here. But now is not the time for reflection -- it's time for action.

TREVOR
(into walkie-talkie)
We're gonna need to rendezvous ASAP. Are you injured? Over.

CARL (V.O.)
A few scrapes, Sarge, but I'll
live. Over.

TREVOR
(into walkie-talkie)
You got lucky then.

Trevor looks down at his ankle.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
My leg... I think it's...
(sucks up the pain)
I think I've sprained my ankle!

Trevor thumps the ground, exposing a dogtag half-buried in
the dirt. He picks it up, studies at it.

TREVOR
(into walkie-talkie)
But it's soldiering time, and we've
got a mission to complete!

INT/EXT. WATER TOWER - CONTINUOUS

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

TREVOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So let's go kick some robozombie
ass! You got me? Over.

CARL
(into walkie-talkie)
Roger that, Captain.

TREVOR (V.O.)
Sarge. It's Sarge. Over.

CARL
(into walkie-talkie)
Sorry, Trev. We definitely going
with Sarge now then? I couldn't
remember what rank you wanted.

TREVOR (V.O.)
Yeah. Sarge. And remember to say
over. Over.

CARL
(into walkie-talkie)
OK, Sarge.
(beat, then remembers)
Over.

Carl opens a hatch, climbs down to the ground, crouches
behind a barrel, surveys the area.

Then, hesitant --

CARL
 (into walkie-talkie)
 I'm gonna head straight to the DMZ,
 Sarge. I gotta make contact with-

TREVOR (V.O.)
 Wait, what? What about me?
 (pissed off)
 Over.

CARL
 (into walkie-talkie)
 We're gonna have to go it alone,
 mate.

TREVOR (V.O.)
 No-no-no! We need to meet up ASAP!

CARL
 (into walkie-talkie)
 Yeah, but-

TREVOR (V.O.)
 Over.

Carl sighs -- Really?

CARL
 (into walkie-talkie)
 I need to get to the DMZ pronto.
 I'll make sure they send a Medevac
 to get you, OK?
 (off Trevor's silence)
 Do you read?

Carl edges out into the open --
 He's exposed --
 But it's a risk he'll have to take.

TREVOR'S FOXHOLE - CONTINUOUS

TREVOR
 (into walkie-talkie)
 Yeah I read you dammit!
 (changing tack)
 We'll have to establish radio
 silence, cos if they're listening
 in on us they can triangulate our
 positions, and all of this will
 have been for nothing.
 (coldly)
 Over.

WATER TOWER - CONTINUOUS

CARL
 (into walkie-talkie)
 Roger that. But how else am I gonna
 speak to you?

The sound of approaching footsteps --
 Carl dives for 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.

TREVOR (V.O.)
 For fuck sake what did I say?
 Always end comms with "over." Over.

Carl's eyes dart between his walkie-talkie and the direction
 THE ROBOZOMBIE'S footsteps are coming from.

TREVOR (V.O.)
 (louder)
 Carl! Do you read? Over.

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

TREVOR (V.O.)
 (shouting)
 Carl, quit fucking about and answ-

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 robозombie's helmet-torch as
 it sweeps past.

TREVOR'S FOXHOLE - NIGHT

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

TREVOR
 Damn it! Fuck fucking damn it!

Trevor looks at his hand. It's shaking.

TREVOR
 I must be going into shock.

Trevor pulls out an emergency blanket from his backpack --
 Wraps it around himself --
 Takes several deep, calming breaths.

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

CARL (V.O.)
You still there?

Trevor throws off his emergency blanket and scrambles for his walkie-talkie.

TREVOR
(into walkie-talkie)
I'm here! What the fuck happened?

EXT. DITCH - CONTINUOUS

Carl crawls along, pressing the walkie-talkie to his ear.

CARL
(into walkie-talkie)
Nothing, I'm good.
(beat)
I'll radio you when I'm at the DMZ.

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

TREVOR'S FOXHOLE - CONTINUOUS

Trevor looking at his watch, lowers his arm.

TREVOR
(into walkie-talkie)
But what about me... my leg?

Trevor looks down at his ankle.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
I can't make it without you, mate.
(sincerely)
I need you.

CARL (V.O.)
Don't worry, Sarge, you'll be fine.

TREVOR
(into walkie-talkie)
There's no time for a Medevac to
get here before they thermonuke the
shit out of this place!

Trevor looks at the dogtag he picked up before, holds it up to the light, thumbs off some grit, reads name stamped on it.

TREVOR
Pickett. He used to be one of mine.
(into walkie-talkie)
So much for loyalty, huh?

DITCH - CONTINUOUS

CARL
 (into walkie-talkie)
 It's time for me to move on.
 There's more to life than
 soldiering, Trev.

Carl scrambles up out of the ditch and sprints towards a large factory just ahead.

TREVOR'S FOXHOLE - CONTINUOUS

TREVOR
 (into walkie-talkie)
 Not for me, man... not for me.

EXT. FACTORY - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Carl slams into a wall, crouches for cover, checks time.

CARL
 (into walkie-talkie)
 We've still got seven minutes to
 endgame. But once they thermonuke
 this place we're both done for. So
 I'm gonna cut through-

TREVOR (V.O.)
 You do what ya gotta do! I'll be
 fine. But just know this...
 (holds for effect)
 After today, you're no longer in
 the squad. You got that?
 (beat)
 Over.

Carl shakes his head likes he's heard it all before.

CARL
 (into walkie-talkie)
 I'm gonna cut through the old
 factory. I don't have time to go
 round it. Over.

Carl switches his tactical light on, aims his rifle at the factory door --
 Slowly enters...

INT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Carl scans the empty foyer. Old posters peeling from the walls. Empty tins of beans. Paper scattered around.

CARL
 (under his breath)
 Clear.

Carl shines his light on what looks like dried blood on the door to an adjacent room --
 Bursts in.

CARL
 Clear.

Empty drawers lie strewn across the floor. Torn clothing hangs off a chair in the middle of the room. A dead rat.

TREVOR'S FOXHOLE - NIGHT

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

FACTORY - 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, rushing towards him --
 Carl swings up his rifle, takes aim, fires off a round --

There's an explosion of red, paint like liquid on the nearest robозombie's upper chest --
 It lets out a scream, something no longer human --
 Seems even the dead feel pain.

But they keep charging --
 Carl takes aim and squeezes the trigger --
 But the gun jams.

CARL
 You gotta be kidding me!

Carl spins around and bolts for the entrance.

TREVOR'S FOXHOLE - NIGHT

Trevor clumsily fingers on some face paint, "Commando" style.

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

FACTORY - NIGHT

Carl rams shoulder first into the door --
 His sling tears --
 His rifle falls to the ground --
 He looks down at the rifle --
 Then at the rob zombies, their arms reaching for him --

CARL
 FUCK!!!

TREVOR'S FOXHOLE - NIGHT

Trevor slowly crawls along, leaving an assortment of used equipment in his wake --

A Swiss-Army knife

A glove

A compass

A spork

A map

Goggles

EXT. FACTORY - 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 rob zombies slam into it.

BOOMF!!!

BOOMF!!!

Carl holds his breath as he watches the door holdfast.

TREVOR (V.O.)
 (into walkie-talkie)
 Carl, it's Trevor. Just want ya to
 know I'm doing just fine without-

Carl sighs --
 Switches off his walkie-talkie --
 Not a good time.

TREVOR'S FOXHOLE - NIGHT

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

TREVOR
 (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.

Trevor rolls over and looks up at the sky, then down at his trousers that have bunched up around his ankles.

TREVOR
 Fuck sake.

Trevor's radio explodes back into life --

CARL (V.O.)
 You see it too?

Trevor fumbles for his radio.

TREVOR
 (into walkie-talkie)
 Oi fuck you, Carl! You just hung up
 on me! Wanker!

CARL (V.O.)
 The flares, Trev... we've only got
 five minutes!

TREVOR
 (into walkie-talkie)
 Yeah and? Not like you give a shit!

EXT. DITCH - CONTINUOUS

Carl stares up at the sky, thinks --

Shoves his walkie-talkie into his pocket, jumps to his feet --

It's go time!

EXT. DERELICT STREET - MOMENTS LATER

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

If ever a scene needed hero music, this would be it.

TREVOR'S FOXHOLE - MOMENTS LATER

Carl bounds over the foxhole's lip.

CARL

Trevor!

Trevor whips around. His face lights up.

TREVOR

Carl! You came back for me!

(beaming)

Help me up, comrade.

Carl grabs Trevor's arm and helps him climb to his feet.

They embrace like brothers.

Trevor looks Carl in the eye.

TREVOR

I thought you were gonna leave me
here to rot.

CARL

I changed my mind. We've been
through too much to give up now.

Trevor pulls Carl closer.

TREVOR

Brothers in arms!

Carl cringes.

CARL

We gotta move, now.

They take a couple of steps then stop, see dozens of
robозombies staring at them.

They're entirely surrounded, their bodies lit up by the laser-
like lights of the robозombie's helmet-torches.

It's endgame by the looks of it

But neither soldier is ready to back down, to give an inch.

It's the warrior's code and only death will come of this.

Probably.

Then --

A Nokia style ringtone rings out from Carl's pocket.

Carl drops Trevor to the ground, pulls out his phone, hits
the answer key.

CARL
 (into phone)
 Everything alright, sugar nips?

The most ferocious looking of the robozombies 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!

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

ROBERTO ZOMBISKI
 Rules is rules.

TREVOR
 (under his breath)
 Fucking jobsworth.

ROBERTO ZOMBISKI
 I heard that!

Carl covers the phone with his hand as he addresses Roberto.

CARL
 Your boys are cheating. I shot one in the chest earlier and he didn't die.

ROBERTO ZOMBISKI
 Only head shots count, those are the rules. And rules is-

TREVOR
 Rules. Yeah, we know.

Carl gets back to his phone call as --

Roberto looks at Trevor's trousers around his ankles.

ROBERTO ZOMBISKI
 Hope we didn't interrupt anything?

The robozombies laugh in unison --
 Trevor jumps to his feet, his ankle miraculously recovered.

TREVOR
 (pulling up his trousers)
 Only me kicking you in the balls!

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

ROBERTO ZOMBISKI
 Hey, Trevor. Ever heard the
 expression "all the gear, no idea"?

Again, the rob zombies laugh at Trevor.

TREVOR
 Hey, Zombiski. Ever heard the
 expression "fuck off you dickhead"?

Trevor and Roberto give each other the evils.

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

Roberto signals for his army to leave --
 The rob zombies disappear back into the darkness --
 But one of the rob zombies, BEN PICKETT (30s), lingers.

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

Trevor turns away, unwilling to face the treacherous Pickett.

PICKETT
 Trev. Trevor? Mate?

In the b.g., Carl puts his phone away.

Pickett gives up and scuttles off as Carl approaches Trevor.

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

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

CARL
 We're having a girl.

TREVOR
 Nice.
 (thinks)
 Girls can make good soldiers too.

They look unsure about how to wrap up the conversation.

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

CARL

I know, mate. But I meant what I said. 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.

Carl pulls off his dogtag --
Holds it out for Trevor.

TREVOR

Thanks for coming back for me. I mean that.

Trevor takes the dogtag, clenches it in his hand.

CARL

It was an honour serving with you Captain.

TREVOR

Sergeant.

CARL

Sergeant.

Trevor looks off into the middle distance, something has caught his eye.

Carl turns as a number of floodlights switch on, illuminating the playing area.

CARL

We could have made it before they switched the floodlights on.

TREVOR

You mean before they thermonuked us?

CARL

Yeah, thermonuked, that's what I meant.

TREVOR

I know.

Carl turns to see Trevor walking away, cowboy-like.

TREVOR

(over his shoulder)
See ya around, soldier.

Carl chuckles as he makes his way off the battlefield --

-- Moments later Trevor realizes he's going the wrong way, turns around, awkwardly follows Carl in the same direction.

FADE OUT.

.....MESSAGE INCOMING.....
.....MESSAGE INCOMING.....
.....MESSAGE INCOMING.....
.....MESSAGE INCOMING.....



SERGEANT CAPTAIN TREVOR DAVIES OF APOCALYPSE SQUAD - MIA