

HONEYCOMB APOCALYPSE  
by  
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FADE IN

SPACE

A small meteor, the size of a common house cat, spins at incredible speed towards the Earth. It enters the atmosphere, burns up.

EXT. CITY PARK - MORNING

The meteor, now no bigger than a baseball, flares down and smacks into a bee's nest in a tree. Both the nest and the remains of the meteor trickle off to the ground.

A green ooze bleeds from the hot rock. The swarm forms around it.

CLARA (V.O.)

Just to let you know, I wasn't there. I heard it from a friend of a friend whose cousin read it off the internet. By the time the story trended it was too late. We were all toast.

MONTAGE

-- Late 50s news reel footage of a NUCLEAR BOMB explosion. The blast decimates a dummy town somewhere in a Nevada desert.

CLARA (V.O.)

I wish it was that easy.

-- Zombies from George Romero's film *Night Of The Living Dead*.

CLARA (V.O.)

I wish.

-- footage of the 50's version of *War Of The Worlds* where attacking martian ships shoot out death rays at random.

CLARA (V.O.)

If only. No. Here's the skinny.

END MONTAGE

Two wire-framed computer generated images. One is a honeybee. The other a yellow jacket.

CLARA (V.O.)

Two types of insects were replaced with mutated versions. Aggressive, they both can grow up to fifteen feet in length.

(beat)

Just so we are clear, Mutant honeybees.

A blinking arrow points left.

CLARA (V.O.)

Yellow jackets.

The arrow now points right.

CLARA (V.O.)

No grasshoppers. No spiders. No flies of any kind no bumblebees and thank God no mosquitoes.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Sporting a dress uniform like she's right out of a private school, Clara (early 20s) sits across from MAJOR QUIGS (40s). His uniform looks like a Salvation Army hand me down. His sunglasses and pipe give him a Daouglas MacArthur look.

Behind him, a motivational poster. It's the only thing on four walls.

Handi-wipes, A nameplate, a stack of files and other reports, are the only things on his desk. It's enough.

Major Quigs takes the file off the top. Looks it over.

MAJOR QUIGS

Clara Caprice.

Clara swallows, nervous.

MAJOR QUIGS (CONT'D)

Something troubling you?

CLARA

No. No, sir.

MAJOR QUIGS

You look a little bit nervous.

CLARA

Well, you may not like it, so don't be offended.

MAJOR QUIGS

Someone you know call me ball busting prick son of a bitch?

CLARA

That's what I heard. Not that I said anything like that, just ...what I heard.

MAJOR QUIGS

Uh-huh. What you heard. I heard it all, don't shit me. Breathe, let's hear it. What you *really* heard.

CLARA

Anyone called to your office at term's end, they don't come back.

MAJOR QUIGS

True. And you're next.

Slides the file over to her.

Clara reluctant, picks it up. Opens it. Her eyes become alert.

Major Quigs tips his glasses so she can see his eyes.

MAJOR QUIGS (CONT'D)

Got a problem with that?

Clare, still in a sweat, manages to smile.

CLARA

No, sir.

MAJOR QUIGS

Congratulations. You got your own ship.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The door closes behind Clara. CHA-CHING!

CLARA

Awesome!

(beat)

Bye bye Alaska!

EXT. SAN DIEGO - COASTLINE - DAY

Burned down homes. Empty beaches.

A city whose tall buildings are covered in a thick light brown hexagon shaped paper substance. Some exposed areas show broken windows.

EXT. PARTY BOAT - SAME

A pirate's flag waves in the wind.

DECK

Two women, early 20s, in bikinis, sunbathing. That's AMY on the left, RAIN on the right, a bottle of vodka between them.

Wearing an *Alaska Aces* hockey jersey and athletic shorts, AARON (25) lifts up his binoculars.

Scans the coastline.

Rain holds up a tube of lotion, waves it in Aaron's direction. He ignores her.

RAIN

Nothing to see over there. Come on, got a project for you.

Aaron waves her off. Rain puts the lotion aside.

RAIN (CONT'D)

You won't see any of the 'sects from this distance.

(nudges Amy)

And if it's like our last stop...

Rain and Amy reach beneath the lawn chairs.

AARON

Disneyland sucks.

Turns to face the girls. A *GIANT FIFTEEN FOOT YELLOWJACKET* lands on deck! It knocks over random items here and there but it gets a bigger surprises as -

RAIN and AMY spring to their feet armed with ASSAULT RIFLES and PUMP LEAD in the bug's face!

## MAIN CABIN

With a swing of a machete, Clara (20s) cuts off part of a shrimp, tosses it in a pan. Hears the gunshots. Looks outside. Wipes her hands on her jeans and T-shirt.

CLARA

Fudge Bunnies!

## DECK

Clara rushes, plants the machete in the giant bug's brain. Amy and Rain hold their still smoking guns.

AMY

We had it under control.

Clara jerks the machete out the yellowjacket's head.

A watery goo bleeds out.

One last twitch and the monster dies.

AARON

You weren't cooking with that,  
were you?

## INT. OFFICE BUILDING - SIXTH FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Big space, lots of half-covered windows on one side. Only the far left corner of the windows is clear. From there to the left, streaks of thick honey that get thicker until the right side is nothing but a dark amber.

Caught in that amber is a busted up scaffolding and the decomposing skeleton of a unlucky window washer, his brush glued on the pane.

Three people in the office. They are :

JACK (early 30s) stands by the clear side of the window. He uses a mirror to flash Morse code. His excitement increases.

LANA (mid 40s) - her blouse sprinkled with dried blood and sweat. She sprays a fire extinguisher - one of many - on a rotting wall.

WAYNE (mid 20s) beside Lana. His own sweat nearly blinds him. His hands switch from a tissue to wipe his brow and the fire axe. The latter comes in handy as a GIANT HONEYBEE'S LEG pokes through the wall.

Lana gives it a fast coat of foam. Wayne whacks the leg off, and some wood splinters in the process. Honey soup oozes from the hole.

A loud BUZZ vibrates the entire floor.

JACK  
Five-Five-Five One Nine Eight  
Seven! Five-Five-Five One Nine  
Eight Seven!

Grabs a dusted up mobile phone and calls the number. It rings twice.

CLARA  
(phone)  
I'm Clara, Captain of The Ginty.

JACK  
I don't know how much longer we'll  
hold out. Got all the snacks from  
the break room last week.

CLARA  
How many in your party?

JACK  
Four. Who are you guys again?

CLARA  
Search, decimate and rescue.  
(beat)  
Exterminators.

JACK  
What? Yeah, whatever.

A frantic KNOCK on a door. Wayne sprints over to a barricade of chairs. Shoves them aside.

NATASHA (30s) bursts in. SLAMS the door behind her. It looks like she's been through a warzone.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Hang on.  
(to Natasha)  
Well?

NATASHA  
Break room's taken over by another  
group. They were gonna kill me, I  
barely got away. They control all  
the bottled water.

WAYNE

Oh God, no!

JACK

Bastard son of a bitch!

He kicks the legs of a desk, knocks over boxes, anything he can mess up.

JACK (CONT'D)

Up shit creek! Well, fine then!  
They want to go to war, we'll go  
to war!

He stops short of his phone. Regains his composure.

JACK (CONT'D)

How fast can you get here?

INT. PARTY BOAT - MAIN CABIN - DAY

Amy zips up a white rubber uniform, covers up her cleavage. Slings an AK-47 over her shoulder.

Aaron loads a handgun, puts it in a shoulder holster. He's switched his shorts for white denim pants.

Clara and Rain put on big insect poison sprayers, which slide on like backpacks. Both women, like Amy, wear white uniforms.

They all put their right hands together in a circle.

CLARA

Search, decimate and rescue!

Her companions echo the words.

CLARA (CONT'D)

We got the beat.

Cheers! Clara ready to lead -

AARON

Aren't we forgetting something?

Clara nods. Everyone shakes a fist in 'Rock, paper, scissors'. All three women have rocks. Aaron has paper.

AARON (CONT'D)

Damn it. Your kill. You should  
clean the mess.



AMY

But you're the man.

Clara shrugs.

CLARA

Better luck next time.

Aaron frowns, goes to a cupboard. Takes out a jar marked PEPPERMINT.

AARON

Chick click.

EXT. PARTY BOAT - DECK - DAY

Aaron opens the jar and places it near the lawn chairs. Picks up a bang stick. Glances back to the women, who wait for him on the dock. Focuses back to the dead monster in front of him. Stabs the creature in the back.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

The team moves forward, with Aaron tailing behind with a gym bag and the impaled giant insect sagging off his bang stick. Drops of goop decorate the wooden floor.

BEACH

They continue on the journey. Aaron leaves the carcass of the giant yellowjacket in the sand.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Amy uses the butt of her AK, smashes a window of a pickup truck. A DECOMPOSED BODY falls. Amy cringes as the corpse smacks the ground.

Aaron sighs. Loads the stick in the truck bed, reaches in his gym bag, hands Amy a spray bottle marked HEMP EXTRACT. Amy hoses down the seats and the steering wheel.

No keys in the ignition. Rain points to the visor. Amy checks it. Sure enough, the keys spill out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Rain and Aaron ride in the truck bed. They look up, spot random GIANT NINE FOOT HONEYBEES and a few GIANT TWELVE FOOT YELLOWJACKETS fly high above near the tops of various high rise buildings.

The yellowjackets collide with the Honeybees at random. The two insets wrestle with one another. In a downward spiral, one pair CRASHES into the roof of an abandoned Mass Transit Bus.

As the truck approaches the building where Jack's party resides, the street becomes more and more cluttered with dead and dying giant honeybees, giant yellowjackets and puddles of honey and that yellowjacket goo blood.

Amy, the driver of the truck, avoids the mess as much as she can.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The truck speeds up as it SMACKS into a GIANT NINE FOOT HONEYBEE and takes the worn out Vehicle Barrier Bar along for the ride.

The giant bee and broken wood WHACKS against the far wall. The truck SCREECHES to a stop. Rain stands up in the truck bed, aims her AK in the monster's direction.

Hesitates. Watches as the dead squashed thing slides down the wall in a puddle of slime.

Everyone gets out of the truck.

On the west side, a GIANT YELLOJACKET patrols around delict cars. The massive bug limps with a bent wing. It buzzes loud. It pays no attention to the four humans. Rain ready to fire again.

Clare motions for her to let it go.

CLARA

Rescue mission. Remember.

RAIN

I remember search and decimate. Jackets especially. What that colony did to my brother's family.

CLARA

We stick to the plan.

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY

On two sides, paper like hexagons form fifth floor on as far as the eye can see. Minimal light blinks from the fourth floor on down.

The team make it to the third floor.

AARON  
Sixth floor, right?

CLARA  
What Jack said.

Aaron hands Amy his bang stick. Digs in his bag. Passes out gas masks. When everyone has them on, he pulls the pin on two SMOKE GRENADES.

AARON  
Jack don't know shit.

Echoes of BUZZES. Giant Yellowjackets swarm through the smoke, retreat higher up. The team moves fast up the stairs, not slowing down for anything. Amy hands Aaron his bang stick.

INT. SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Minimal light, pitch black in some areas. The floor littered with trash, dead bodies and body parts. On one side of the hallway, huge honey combs. On the other, giant paper hexagrams.

Aaron and Clara lead.

BREAK ROOM

Door ripped off. Bottled water lays on a blood stained carpet. Amy and Rain peer in.

TWO MEN, in the process of being torn apart by several GIANT HONEYBEES. The bees STING the victims. The stingers jab into the bodies, detach from the bees. Another VICTIM, a woman, covered head to toe in honey, stuck to a vending machine.

SIXTH FLOOR HALLWAY

The team continues on. There is a MAN (50s) further ahead, who BANGS on a door with a iron golf club.

GOLF CLUB MAN  
Open this door! Look, I'm sorry about the water, I really am!

CLARA  
Hey, golf guy!

Golf Club Man stares down Clara and her pals.

GOLF CLUB MAN  
Who the hell are you guys?

CLARA  
Just be cool. Step aside.

GOLF CLUB MAN  
Why? You seen what those things  
did to my people? You want me to  
step aside? Make me!

Amy and Rain show off the AK's.

Golf Club takes a step back.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - SIXTH FLOOR CONFERENCE ROOM

Golf Club takes a swing at Jack. Misses. Smashes the  
remains of a table. Wayne grabs him, restrains him.

GOLF CLUB MAN  
Get your stinking hands off me!  
You idiots hogged all the water,  
all the damn coffee! If we just  
worked together!

WAYNE  
Stop it. These people are going to  
help us. We can all get out of  
here.

GOLF CLUB MAN  
"All"? My people are all gone! And  
all we wanted was some Cappuccino!  
Bottled Water! Potato chips!

JACK  
Hey man, you took it by force,  
fought us for weeks, killed my  
best friend, attacked my  
secretary, so don't swing your  
bullshit !

Aaron reaches in his bag. Clara nods, takes the items.  
Holds them up between Jack and Golf Club.

GOLF CLUB MAN  
What's that?

CLARA  
Moose Jerky.

GOLF CLUB MAN

Where the hell you guys from?

CLARA

Alaska. Anchorage is the nation's capital for now - best place on land to be, aside from cell towers and some power grids.

(to Lana)

At night, some of the jackets go the lights, get zapped, that sort of thing, so they learn, stay away from them, that sort of thing.

LANA

So cell towers are safe?

CLARA

Never met any camps around them, I only know that cell phones are safe because I heard it from a friend of a friend whose second cousin swears by it.

A section of a wall BURSTS WIDE OPEN. An ARMY of GIANT HONEYBEES spew out.

GOLF CLUB MAN

Oh screw this!

Drops the club, rushes towards the clear side of the window, breaks through, and Wilhiem screams his way down.

Clara rips off her gas mask, bites on both jerkys, and, along with amy, soaks up the creatures with fountains of bug spray.

Aaron tosses Natasha his handgun. He jabs a giant bee with his bang stick. Wayne puts his axe to use.

Lana blasts a bee with the extinguisher. Jack scoops up the club, clobbers a bee's brains all over the floor.

Rain unloads her AK. Finishes the job.

CLARA (V.O.)

Did we make it back to the Ginty with our package? Of course we eventually did, fifty some honeys and jackets later. That's because we are the exterminators of the HONEYCOMB APOCALYPSE.

FADE OUT.

