

THE DAY THE WORLD DIED
(working title)

by
Noeland Collins

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Stranger Films, LLC.

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INT. BRADFORD FAMILY HOUSE - NIGHT

The camera moves slowly from darkness down a pitch black hallway into a wreck of a shadowed kitchen, around a bullet riddled corner, then through a doorway, scanning, then settling on a wide shot of the front room, and the two still figures - silent - breathing - hunched into corners - on the far side of the room.

One of them has a shotgun.

To take it in, we notice the windows throughout the house are boarded up with the intent that the outside is not getting inside.

There is very little light in the house, but carried through dense smoke and dust it cuts through rooms as shafts and beams and hard shapes.

Close on a single lamp in the kitchen. It's small. An old green car, shining away dim and dusty.

The light itself, and the world around the light, seem to be tainted and somehow . . . just not quite right.

Close on the kitchen sink full of dishes, and almost so you don't see them, brass shell casings.

Close on a box of shotgun shells, open, half empty, sitting on the gold and silver speckled counter next to the toaster, a claw hammer, and a box of nails.

There are stains on the walls. Splatters more so. Some are dried, browned, like water stains on a ceiling, but these happen to be peppered with buckshot, and bullet holes.

The linoleum is littered with shell casings, dirt, shirt buttons, tufts of hair coming from black rotted skin, a broken flashlight, and in a few places - fresh blood.

Wood CREAKS. Something rattles a window frame. A low painful roar of voices reverberates from outside.

These voices are filtered through wood, drywall, and insulation, yet, they're right on top of us. Suffocating. Crushing.

TODAY IS THE DAY.

A small sound, but sharp. A sliding snap of metal on metal breaks through the moaning, just so.

Close on one of our hunched figures. JOHN BRADFORD, a middle aged man with short hair and sad eyes is sliding shotgun shells into an Ithaca pump shotgun. He's sitting on the floor, the shotgun is upside down exposing it's loading/ejection port. This is where John is pushing the shells in, slowly, deliberately, one at a time.

After John slides the final shell into the gun he flips it over and racks it. He slides in one more shell, then takes a beat to steady himself.

For only the briefest of moments his expression breaks with pain. Then, he regains his calm and looks to his right, and the camera follows:

ETHAN BRADFORD is curled up in the facing corner between the couches. He's 12 years old, maybe 13. He looks like his dad. Pete and Repeat is what they're called by Grandma.

Ethan is scared beyond reason, but his father's eyes looking at him over the couch arms give him a moment of calm.

JOHN

Cover your ears again. Go ahead.

Close on John, hesitating, then, looking back at his son.

JOHN

Don't stand up, don't look. No matter what, you stay there with your ears covered, your eyes closed until I say otherwise.

Ethan is shaking his head YES rapidly.

ETHAN

I know Dad.

John nods and gives his son the most awkward and fake smile he's ever given anyone in his life. But his voice is soft, almost tender as he protects his son the only way he can.

JOHN

Close your eyes son.

Ethan does as he's told. He doesn't want to look, he doesn't want to hear.

John is moving to his feet now and as he stands the camera raises up with him to show us the boarded windows, and a gap in between the boards, enough for a gun to shoot through.

Then, the camera moves in close, between the boards and offers us a small glimpse of what's beyond them.

A crowd of bodies is shuffling shoulder to shoulder, suffocatingly so, against the house, moaning, crying, grunting.

John levels the shotgun out the window, pulls it tight to his shoulder, steadies himself, then begins FIRING.

EXT. BRADFORD FAMILY HOUSE - CONT.

Bodies fall from the windows with gaping holes blown through them, crying out in utter, rotting misery.

There are others nearby, wandering, hurting, close enough to be drawn to the gunfire.

Maybe 10 or 15 bodies, rotten, grey, begin to move toward the house as fast as they can. Some move quicker than others.

Black fluid drools from mouths, running from noses, and even eye sockets. The bodies are standing up, facing the house, reaching for the windows. The bodies are moving, moaning, hungry and hurting.

Their skin is shrunk to the bone, their eyes dead and gray.

Except for one. There is a fresh body near the window closest to John. A young woman, she looks to be about his age.

Her skin seems more fresh than the others, not gray so much as pale pink, the fluid pouring from her mouth still a deep red. Her eyes not gray so much as white. Bleached white with a black pinpoint iris.

She is reaching out for John, as soon as she sees him there is a spark of recognition. At first she seems sad, then her eyes narrow, and her lips wrap tightly around her teeth when she begins to scream at John.

John FIRES the shotgun, cutting the scream short. His expression is pure dread, and sickness.

EMILY BRADFORD, John's wife of 15 years, falls onto the front lawn of their home with the back half of her head blown out.

INT. BRADFORD FAMILY HOUSE - CONT.

John hits the floor inside, the shotgun skitters across the hardwood. Into an old end table.

John begins to vomit uncontrollably. He's crying, screaming, trying not to lose control, but he is.

Close on Ethan, he takes only a quick glance at first, sees his father in pain and recoils from it. He closes his eyes tighter than ever. But then, something occurs to Ethan, something he never, ever wanted to think.

He opens his eyes wide now, in fear. He looks at his dad differently this time. Fear fills his young heart like never before, but also *strength*.

ETHAN

DAD!

John doesn't hear Ethan over his own crying.

Ethan stands up to move for his father but hesitates. He looks for the shotgun, then back to his father. His voice is much more guarded this time, but still concerned.

ETHAN

DAD . . .

John looks at his son.

Ethan studies his father, unsure.

ETHAN

Are you . . . did one of them . . .

Realization hits John like a blast from a fire hose.

JOHN

NO! No, I'm sorry Ethan, I scared you. I'm sorry. No, I wasn't bit or anything son. I'm OK. I'm OK. I just . . . I just got sick is all from . . .

He doesn't have the words to finish, so he stares off into space hoping they will come to him.

They don't.

Nothing more is said, Ethan leans back against the wall, tears welling in his eyes.

John drags the shotgun back to him, wiping his mouth on his sleeve. He is still fractured, shaky, not quite there. He tries to talk to his son, but he just rambles more than talks, his heart broken, and breaking more every second that ticks away.

John begins to slide more shells into the shotgun as he rambles to his son, trying to reassure the boy it's OK.

JOHN

We'll get through this Ethan. We just have to wait. Wait for help. Help has to come. Come soon. Soon enough, we can make it though the night. Morning will bring help. It has to bring help.

Ethan wipes his tears away, looks at his father, then hugs his knees again, curling up as tightly as possible. But he doesn't care to talk. So he just watches his father.

John leans back against the wall and musters what strength he has left. He stops crying and watches the window.

Something BIG hits the house near the front door, which is also boarded. The whole house shakes.

John is up, shouldering the shotgun, pointing it at the door, he's looking at Ethan.

JOHN

Go, go get my shells from the kitchen counter son . . . GO!

Ethan is up and moving out of the room behind his father. As he does, the front door SHUTTERS and the wood strains around it.

John yells to his son.

JOHN

HURRY!

Close on the kitchen counter as Ethan grabs the shell box.

Ethan gets back into the living room just in time to see the wooden planks across the door GIVE, and the door fly open, and bodies pile inside falling on themselves.

John FIRES, then racks and FIRES the shotgun again and again until it's empty.

It's like shooting balloons full of tar and oil. Thick fluid sprays across the walls as heads break open and disintegrate.

Ethan is standing behind his father, and has a view into the kitchen, and the large window boarded up partially by the top of the kitchen table.

Ethan watches as the boards shake and bend.

Gray fingers squeeze in between boards and PUSH.

The kitchen table gives way just a little. Deck screws tear away from wood and drywall with force.

Ethan moves for it, arms up and out to catch it.

ETHAN

GOT IT!

He presses against it for only a moment before it gives, and falls on him, and the boy gets the wind knocked out of him.

He tries desperately to scream for his father, but can't. Bodies crawl in, and over him. A man in a suit and tie falls on top of Ethan, and looks down at the boy with jet black eyes.

John is moving backwards out of the front room FIRING.

Bodies are moving toward him oblivious to the gunfire. Arms explode out of their sockets, heads burst open like rotten black and gray melons.

John is in the hallway between the front room and the kitchen loading the shotgun. He doesn't see Ethan.

JOHN

ETHAN!

Ethan begins to SCREAM for his father.

John is moving into the kitchen, shadows of the bodies chase into the hallway behind him, and standing up in front of him.

The first two are met with a single shotgun blast that decapitates them both.

John enters the kitchen, he can't see Ethan, they have begun to crawl through the windows and there are too many between him and Ethan.

JOHN

ETHAN TALK TO ME!

But the boy only SCREAMS for him, and even then, it's behind the din of moans.

ETHAN

DADDY!

A body breaks for John and is met with the butt of the shotgun. Half it's jaw flies across the kitchen.

John begins hitting and pushing them using the shotgun, desperately trying to clear a path to his son.

John starts to pull them off the dogpile they are in, and as he does, the lamp gets BROKEN and the only light in the room dies.

The darkness consumes the frame with Ethan screaming for his father.