

SAMPLE:
SURVIVE

Written by

Jimmy Kelly

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OVER BLACK:

HEAVY BREATHING.

GUN FIRE.

SCREAMS.

ROARS.

A MAN RUNS, SWINGING HIS GUN TRYING TO FIRE A FEW ROUNDS.

CHAOS.

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE FOYER -- DAWN

A typical suburban home cept for boarded up windows and dust. MONSTROUS SOUNDS. GUN SHOTS. FEET. SOMEONE HITTING THE DOOR.

LUKE (26) bursts in and throws himself INTO THE DOOR. SCRATCHES. POUNDING. He struggles to lock it. The door OPENS.

LUKE

NO!

Luke MUSCLES the door closed. LOCKED. POUNDING.

Luke takes a deep breath, bending over to rub his ankle. A SCREAM OF DEATH. Luke clutches his assault rifle hanging from his scratched up shoulder. He tightens his backpack strap.

With his free hand, he reaches in his back pocket for a walkie talkie. He CLICKS IT, grimacing.

LUKE (CONT'D)

HQ! Luke to HQ do you copy? Mission failed. I repeat, the mission has failed; couldn't reach the lab. No one to report of from my unit and I'm bogged down in a house on Barks Street. Can anyone copy?! HELLO?

Loosing his breath, Luke puts his hands on his ankle. He analyzes the bloody wound trying to be careful. FOOTSTEPS.

Luke looks up. LOGAN (10), a stonewalled and messy lost boy, aims a self-made bow and arrow at Luke. Gasping, Luke stares back at Logan noticing the action figure on Logan's waist.

LUKE (CONT'D)

It's alright kid. I'm a friend...

Logan doesn't react. Luke eases up. The door GIVES WAY and the door knob HITS Luke straight in the head.

JUMP CUT TO:

"SURVIVE"

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM -- SOMETIME AFTER SCENE 1

Luke wakes! THERE'S STIFFS OUTSIDE.

PANTING. Luke scans the room. A coffee table in front of him has his stuff. Two matching arm chairs are full of blankets and pillows. He looks down noticing a few med supplies.

He turns to the FOYER. Logan, clutching his action figure and something else, swings his feet on a wooden chair beside his bow and arrow. He watches the front door.

LOGAN
(without looking)
You'll survive.

Luke rubs his head.

LUKE
What?

LOGAN
You're fine. Some nasty cuts n
stuff, but no bites...

Luke gives him a sideways glance. As if he saw it, Logan turns to him with a serious look.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Stay calm... Nothing's coming in to
get you.

Luke closes his eyes, slowing down his breathing.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
That's better. Now sssh.

He repositions the figure on his lap and turns to the door.

Luke rolls over to view his things on the table: Rambo knife, utility tool, flashlight, a pistol, rounds for each weapon, small pocket knife, compass, and a pair of walkie talkies.

Noticing things missing, he looks under the table. His assault rifle lies next to his backpack. He reaches for it, feeling the pain in his ankle.

Logan watches Luke struggle to get it. No luck.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Want help?

LUKE
Nah I... Got this...

He stretches, but can't seem to reach. THUMP.

Luke whips up. Logan stands aiming Luke's Glock at the door.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Kid, what're you doing?

Logan doesn't move a muscle.

LOGAN
Protecting my house.

LUKE
I don't think-

THUMP. Logan COCKS the gun.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Easy...

LOGAN
I can shoot-

LUKE
I believe you- but shooting the door won't do any good. Put the gun down-

LOGAN
It's not like your using it. It was around your swollen ankle-

LUKE
I know but-

ROAR.

LOGAN
Ssh.

ROAR. STEPS LEAVING. Logan lowers the gun.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

They're gone-

LUKE

Cool so give me-

LOGAN

But they'll be back.

He tries to fit the glock in his belt.

LUKE

Hand it over, kid-

LOGAN

My name's Logan, dude.

LUKE

Fine, Logan, you've no idea how to use that thing in all honesty. Besides, you stole it.

LOGAN

Wha? Gonna tell on me? To who?

Logan gives him a sly smile.

LUKE

Good lord... Alright, well can you at least help me reach my bag, junior?

Logan cringes at the name. He points the glock at Luke.

LOGAN

(in fun)

No namecalling. Logan or Sergeant to you buddy.

Luke raises his hands in defense.

LUKE

Alright Logan. Just give me my bag. Please?

Luke notices Logan thinking it's a trick.

LUKE (CONT'D)

You can keep the damn glock.

Logan glances one more time before placing it on the floor. He sprints over, lifts the bag and tosses it to Luke landing it on Luke's bad leg.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Ouch-

LOGAN

Sorry.

He rushes over and picks up the glock. Luke frowns.

LUKE

On edge much?

Logan shrugs. Luke scrummages through. With haste, he checks a secret compartment. Logan watches Luke pull something out.

LOGAN

Hey, I thought I went through it.

LUKE

Apparently you need better
investigative skills.

Luke gazes at the picture of the beautiful nurse, TALIA. Logan rolls his eyes. He sits. Luke's stomach GROWLS.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Got any grub?

Logan points to the kitchen.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Okay-

He struggles. Pain hits every nerve. He TIGHTENS and stands.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Phew-

He takes a step and COLLAPSES FROM THE PAIN.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Shit-

Logan hurries over. Luke puts his hand up.

LUKE (CONT'D)

'ts okay, I got this...

Logan watches Luke pick himself up and go back to his seat on the couch. SOMETHING OUTSIDE.

LOGAN

Probably best you stay put. Too
noisy to be bouncing around the
house anyway.

Logan peeks through a front window. Luke messes with his bag.

LUKE
I'm sure I have something-

LOGAN
Oh your food stuff I put in the
kitchen too.

Luke glares at Logan.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Grandpa taught me to keep a good
inventory.

Luke looks around the room.

LUKE
Where is he? Or anyone for that
matter?

LOGAN
Out. Mommie went after Grandpa
after he didn't come home.

LUKE
When was that?

Logan calculates the time.

LOGAN
Let's see... Today is a Tuesday. He
went for supplies on a Friday and
that was four? Maybe five Fridays-

LUKE
That long!?

LOGAN
I can take care of myself.

Luke tries not to start an argument.

LUKE
What about your inventory? Food,
weapons-

LOGAN
Nough for me. Don't eat much. And
grandpa and mommie showed me
things. Like how to ration and cook
and pick right berries and hunt-

LUKE
Woah hunt?

LOGAN

Yeah. Grandpa used to take Mommie and grandma on camping trips like all the time. And my dad did archery so I've shot a squirrel or two, but I'm not a fan... I'm better with canned food.

Logan smiles at Luke's impressed look.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Like I said, I'm okay.

LUKE

What about the rest? Any other weapons aside from that.

He points to the bow and arrow on the ground. Logan shrugs.

LOGAN

Not much. Grandpa's old hunting rifle, but not many bullets. A few spears I made. Some knives... Oh! and grandma's cane.

Logan rushes out of the room.

LUKE

Logan!

Luke tries to see better, but Logan is back in a flash holding the cane. He hands it to Luke.

LOGAN

Might need this... Trade for the gun. Works great at bashing nom-er skulls in.

Luke fiddles with the cane.

LUKE

I don't think I-

LOGAN

You need it. I ain't holding you up; too big.

LUKE

But-

Luke tries to get up, but falls.

LOGAN

My grandma could barely stay awake
let alone walk and she did just
fine with that.

LUKE

Hmmph.

Using the cane, Luke wobbles up. Logan goes to catch him, but Luke raises a hand. Then he steadies himself.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Cool, I'm getting old.

LOGAN

Now I can show you the inventory.

Logan watches Luke take his first step. Then another. Satisfied, Logan picks up his action figure. FLOOR SQUEAKS.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

But keep quiet. Never know when the
Nom-ers'll be back.

LUKE

You mean the stiffs?

LOGAN

Yeah nom-ers or the dead folks
walking as Mommie called um.

Logan leads Luke to the

KITCHEN

Where empty cans overflow a garbage pail, but everything else has been relatively maintained to Luke's surprise.

LUKE

She wasn't wrong...

Logan puts his action figure on the table and drags a chair from the table up against cabinets. He steps up and opens one to show a few canned goods.

LOGAN

See? Nough for me.

He opens another cabinet full of dishes and medical supplies.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

And I put health stuff in here too.

He starts to get down.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Not sure how long it'll last us.

LUKE
I don't eat much either-

Logan walks over to the pantry.

LOGAN
There's also-

He opens up the pantry to a few barren snacks as well as the rations Luke had been holding.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
So we'll be good for a little I think. And when we run out.

Logan points to hunting rifle and quiver of arrows.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
We hunt.

Luke sees the rifle next to some knives, homemade spears, and other items that could be used for hunting.

LUKE
Very nice... I'll just help myself to a little bit of grub.

LOGAN
Grub?

LUKE
Food.

LOGAN
...I'll get ya some "grub."

He closes the pantry.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Now, since you'll be staying awhile, you're gonna have to follow the rules.

LUKE
What rules-

LOGAN
The rules of the house.

Logan grabs the can opener from a drawer.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

One: In the kitchen, only eat what you need, and clean up after yourself.

He prepares a plate of beans for Luke.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Two: Mommie and Grandpa rigged a small power generator in the basement, but use electric wisely. Oh and the water.

Luke takes a seat at the table.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Three: Don't go out unless you really really haf to. If you do, make sure to bring a weapon and tell me.

LUKE

Sure kid-

LOGAN

And most important. Rule number four: Keep quiet. I've set traps up around the property, but we don't want to rile the nom-ers up and have any tryina break in.

He gives Luke a fork and the plate of beans.

LUKE

What kind of traps?

LOGAN

Just homemade snares and such... Grandpa showed me... There was one by the front door but it apparently failed on you; fixed that though.

LUKE

Oh-

He takes a fork full of beans.

LOGAN

My house. My rules. Any problems and you're outta here old man.

Luke holds in a giggle. Logan doesn't notice as he grabs a cup from next to the sink.

LUKE
Sure thing kid-

Logan fills the cup.

LOGAN
Logan, old man, LOGAN.

LUKE
Name's Luke, LOGAN.

LOGAN
Whatever. Just follow the rules.

Logan makes sure Luke won't refute. He smiles when Luke chooses to eat instead. Logan puts down Luke's cup.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Oh! And I forgot-

Logan takes a seat and pulls out an open packet of fruit snacks from his pocket. He eats one.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
(chewing)
At night, the safest place is Mommie's room upstairs. It's the most boarded up, has the most room, and a survival kit in case we were to get stuck up there.

LUKE
Sounds good. What about keeping watch? Or is that-

LOGAN
It used to be Mommie and Grandpa who'd take turns through the night, but since I was alone, I set up alarms I made myself with leftover cans and spare wires I found.

Luke nods as he eats, irritating Logan.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
I'm gonna keep watch-

Luke stops him from leaving.

LUKE
Don't play with around with that-

He nods toward the glock.

LOGAN

I can shoot-

LUKE

We'll see, but for now do us both a favor and leave the shooting to me. Trust me Logan, I'll keep you alive.

LOGAN

I can take care of myself.

Logan rips his arm away from Luke.

STIFFS OUTSIDE. ONE MAKES THE ALARM NOISE

Reacting, Logan whips out the glock and SHOOTs it at the sound putting a HOLE in the wall.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

Shit!