

# **ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE**

A short film  
by  
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**FADE IN:**

BOMBASTIC MARTIAL MUSIC THUNDERS AS THE TITLE SNAPS INTO VIEW:

ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE.1      **EXT. FOG BOUND HAMPSTEAD HEATH/TREES - NIGHT**      1

The sound of RUNNING FEET and HEAVY PROCESSED BREATHING take over as the MARTIAL MUSIC fades ...

A SHAPELY figure runs out of the fog and into view, her face obscured by strange GOGGLES that glow with PURPLE LIGHT, her nose and mouth wrapped in RAGS.

The woman's clothes, whilst clearly scavenged, are very tight and the rips show off her impressive CURVES. She wears a military style BACKPACK, and carries an ALIEN RIFLE.

In the shapely woman's arms is an EIGHT YEAR OLD GIRL whose nose and mouth are also covered with RAGS.

The little girl's red-rimmed eyes are squeezed shut against the acrid fog and her BREATHING is an agonised WHEEZE.

The fog thins as the woman and girl draw closer to the open space of the Heath proper. He pauses at the treeline, the last tendrils of fog behind him, and scans the terrain ahead.

The open ground rises in front of them until it crests forming the prow of a hill. The little girl points to the summit.

The shapely woman nods and breaks from the treeline.

2      **EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH/OPEN SPACE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)**      2

The woman gently places the little girl, CATHY, on the ground who flops back, pulling the rags from her mouth as she does, and stares up at the stars.

CATHY

Pretty, but sooo dangerous.

The woman drops to her knees and pulls a DULL METAL SQUARE from her backpack. She pulls off the rags and her goggles revealing a strained, but BEAUTIFUL face: KAT.

CATHY (CONT'D)

Is it time yet?

(CONTINUED)

Kat checks a DIGITAL TIMER strapped to her wrist.

KAT  
Not quite, honey.

Cathy stares up at the stars.

Kat runs her finger down the outside edge of the dull metal square. It springs to life with a PURPLE GLOW.

Static.

KAT (CONT'D)  
Come one! We're high enough. Come on!

Suddenly the static resolves into ALIEN SCRIPT. Images flicker onto the screen too fast to follow. Kat grins at Cathy.

KAT (CONT'D)  
BINGO! We're in.

Cathy sits up.

CATHY  
How close?

Kat punches something into the screen. A MANSION snaps into view. She hits a button: images of equipment begin to cycle.

KAT  
Ammo, Intel, *medical supplies*,  
place is a Guerilla Kwik E Mart.  
Three clicks north east, say... 15  
minutes at a run.  
(To Cathy)  
Think you can make it?

CATHY  
(Looking at stars)  
Do I have a choice?

KAT  
No.

Kat stands.

CATHY  
Will *They* be there?

Kat looks down at her. Then up and out at the London skyline revealing it for the first time.

(CONTINUED)

What she sees is a nightmare: London burns; Big Ben is a shattered smoking wreck, the London eye a twisted ruin the streets flooded with fog.

Above the destruction a great ALIEN MOTHERSHIP sits like a great carrion bird over the fog-shrouded corpse of London, raining GAS BOMBS down into the city.

Tiny ATTACK SHIPS buzz around the Mothership like angry wasps and pound the city with their weapons. All lit from within by PURPLE LIGHT.

KAT

*They're everywhere.*

Cathy's sits up and hugs her knees, shivering. Her back to Kat and the smoking ruin that is London. She stares into the trees.

She BLINKS.

A SNARLING FIGURE bursts through the tree's. Cathy's eyes go wide as the horror sprints towards her.

CATHY

Kat!

She scuttles backwards. The snarling figure is human, but it's humanity long gone. Covered in grime, dressed in torn rags, the insane creature is A REVENANT.

One side of it's face is covered by a TWISTING TATOO.

It's eyes are completely BLACK.

In a flash Kat spins round and opens fire. The creature EXPLODES as he hits it, but a dozen others burst from the treeline each branded with identical TATOOS.

KAT

They're Revenant! Get behind me!  
Get behind me!

Kat snaps off tight controlled bursts at the figures, but there are just too many. She grabs Cathy, throws her over her shoulder, and sprints down the hill away from them.

Cathy stares back over Kat's shoulder, her eyes growing wide as more of the twisted creatures sprint from the forest.

CATHY

(Screaming in terror)  
Get away. GET AWAY!

The mass of creatures sweep down the hillside gaining on the two humans. Kat makes for the fog-bank ahead, but moments before reaching it two Revenant break from the fog ahead.

(CONTINUED)

TRAPPED.

In desperation Kat drops her rifle and rips TWO LONG CYLINDERS from her backpack.

KAT

Cat, *SUNBOMB* - COVER YOUR EYES.

Cathy curls into a ball, covering her face.

Kat raises the two *SUNBOMBS* above her head and - just as the two leading Revenant are about to reach them - slams the bombs butt-first into the ground.

CLICK.

An IMMENSE EXPLOSION OF LIGHT illuminates the Heath like the inside of the Sun.

WHITE OUT.

3 **EXT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH/EDGE OF FOG-BANK - LATER**

3

Cathy crawls into view, hacking and coughing, in agony. A THICK BLACK FLUID dribbles from her mouth.

She writhes on the ground, tears of fear and pain in her eyes as she struggles to catch her breath. Her heaves produce a sickening bubbling sound deep in her chest.

She's drowning.

Kat rips a *MEDI-PACK* from her backpack and throws herself down next to Cathy. She squeezes her eyes shut, but tiny trickles of BLACK FLUID run down the little girl's cheeks.

Kat rips three *GAS HYPODERMICS* from the *Medi-Pack*.

Cathy opens her eyes, BLACK FLUID runs like tears from their corners.

Her arms and legs spasm violently, her eyes roll back in her head as a massive seizure wracks her tiny body.

Kat injects the little girl in the throat - HISS.

Nothing.

Kat grabs a second *Hypo* and injects her again - HISS.

Still *nothing*.

KAT

COME ON!

(CONTINUED)

She pulls the third and final syringe out, hesitates for a second staring at it, then injects Cathy - HISS.

She stares down at the tiny figure.

KAT (CONT'D)  
FIGHT, DAMN IT.

A great shock-wave like an electric arc races through Cathy's body.

She SCREAMS.

And then... the seizure breaks.

Cathy relaxes as oxygen floods her tortured body. Kat lets out a great wracking SOB; she's alive.

Cathy opens her eyes, but she's weak, very very weak.

CATHY  
(Whisper)  
Kat.

Kat looks down at her.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
If I begin to turn -

KAT  
(Cutting her off)  
You won't. I won't allow it.

She gently brushes a strand of hair from the girl's eyes.

KAT (CONT'D)  
You're our one remaining hope, Cat.  
Our four foot Holy Grail and I *will*  
protect you, always.

CATHY  
Promise?

KAT  
I *swear*.

She hugs the frail little girl.

Behind her back Kat checks her DIGITAL TIMER -  
14:59...14:58...14:57...

Kat gently fastens fresh rags round Cathy's mouth and then her own, picks her up, and sprints into the fog.

Behind the woman the empty Hypo's laying on the grass BREAKS DOWN into PIXELS and EVAPORATES.



CONTINUED:

They plunge down corridor after corridor, through shadows, and across a vast ballroom that echoes with Kat's boot-steps.

All around them the screams of the debased humans and the WHINE of the alarm provide a dreadful counterpoint to the pounding rhythm of Kat's boots.

Until, finally, the DULL METAL SQUARE shows one last staircase leading down then, *safety*.

Kat rounds a corner to see a METAL STAIRCASE cut into the floor. It descends below the Mansion proper.

Kat stops checks his DIGITAL TIMER -2.30...2.29...2.28...

He Snaps it shut and plunges down the METAL STAIRCASE into the unknown, Cathy in his arms.

**INT. STOREROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)**

The METAL STAIRCASE leads into a long utilitarian corridor beneath the mansion.

The corridor is ALIEN.

Ahead of her guarding a LARGE METAL DOOR, stands a huge ALIEN SOLDIER wearing identical GOGGLE'S to Kat's.

Kat drops Cathy.

KAT

COVER!

She swings her rifle up and FIRES.

CLICK.

Empty.

Kat's eyes go wide as the Alain Soldier ROARS and hurls itself at Kat who rips a KNIFE from her boot and sprints down the corridor towards the soldier.

Cathy head SNAPS ROUND as somewhere nearby a chilling HOWL sounds - the Revenant are closing. She coughs into her hand, spattering it with BLACK FLUID.

The soldier LOOMS, roaring.

Kat feints LEFT.

The soldier lurches RIGHT.

(CONTINUED)

Kat slips right and, as the Soldier passes by harmlessly, slams her knife down into the back of the Aliens neck with a sickening CRUNCH.

The soldier crashes to the ground, DEAD.

Kat hangs against the wall, panting.

Cathy stumbles down the corridor towards the exhausted soldier as the HOWLS and SCREAMS of the Revenant rise.

CATHY

Kat... I can feel it *happening*.

Kat looks down at her and sees the BLACK FLUID trickling from the corners of teh little girl's eyes.

She grabs the handle of the METAL DOOR and yanks it open revealing a dark room dominated by a LARGE CHAIR dripping with complex electronics.

KAT

Don't worry. You're safe.

With the last of his strength the dying Alien soldier PULLS THE PIN from a GRENADE.

The Alien's hand opens. The GRENADE rolls across the corridor.

Kat looks down. Spots it, instinctively leaps backwards through the open door and into the room beyond.

KAT (CONT'D)

GRENADE!

A huge EXPLOSION rocks the corridor.

Kat is thrown into the dark room and SLAMS into the chair.

The huge METAL DOOR clangs shut behind her and buckles sealing the room.

She takes a painful breath...

Black fluid flows from Cathy's eyes as spasms wrack her tiny body. She coughs and gags in the smoke filled corridor, screaming for Kat.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY

Kat, where are you? They're coming! You promised! You promised!

10 INT. STOREROOM - CONTINUOUS

10

Kat pulls herself up, bloodied, wounded, but still alive. She hurls himself at the door and hammers at the twisted metal.

TRAPPED.

A nightmarish HOWL echoes through the door.

KAT

CATHY!

She hammers helplessly at the door.

11 INT. BLASTED CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

11

Cathy screams as the howl echoes down the corridor. Two Revenant appear out of the smoke and lurch towards her.

CATHY

LEAVE ME ALONE! GO AWAY! GO AWAY!

The slavering creatures snarl as they fall on her.

12 INT. STOREROOM ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

12

In the storeroom Kat tears at boxes, searching for a weapon, but there's nothing. Just boxes of now useless DRUGS and the CHAIR.

Cathy's SCREAMS are suddenly cut short. Kat yells in anguish and falls to her knees.

KAT

NO!

Wet sounds fill the room as the Revenant tear the defenceless little girl apart.

The DIGITAL TIMER on Kat's arm beeps.

0.00.

13      **INT. STOREROOM - LATER**

13

Kat sits slumped in the chair. Dried blood crusts her face. He holds a pistol in her hand. Revenant pound at the door, which steadily buckles under the onslaught.

Kat slowly lifts the gun to her head.

CLICK.

Empty.

She laughs.

KAT

Right. Where's the fun in that?

She tosses the useless gun aside.

A BUTTON FLASHING on the chair catches her attention. She pushes it.

Lights flare in the chair. Straps shoot round Kat's body and lock her tightly in place as a long METAL SPIKE shoots out of the head rest and buries itself in the back of her neck.

Her SCREAM of pain is cut-off by a complex helmet that clamps over her eyes and ears, shutting the world OUT.

14      **INT. HELMET VIEW - CONTINUOUS**

14

Kat's EYES go WIDE as WORDS fill her vision and BOMBASTIC MARTIAL MUSIC fills her ears. Images of Earth snap into view behind the indecipherable words.

REVENANT... ARENA: EARTH... ONLINE MULTI-PLAYER MODE AVAILABLE... PRESS X TO BEGIN.

KAT

FUCK ME!

A glowing PURPLE X hangs in Kat's vision.

She reaches out with a virtual finger and pushes it.

She yells as her point of view zooms from high above down through the atmosphere, zeroing in on The UK --

Then England...

Then London...

Then this building...

As it does ICONS pop into view:

(CONTINUED)

Battalions.

Troop Strength.

Weapons.

Map.

Level Objectives.

ICONS familiar to any gamer.

-- until, finally, the point of view comes to rest and Kat finds herself peering out at the blasted corridor through the eyes of a Revenant.

On his screen a title flashes in red:

REVENANT COLONEL: BATTALION COMMANDER.

The symbol each Revenant has tattooed on its face appears on Kat's screen together with a translated word:

BATTALION: DEVIL DOGS.

ORDERS?

Kat blinks and watches as the horde smashes through the door separating them from the room.

The Revenant stumble inside and lurch towards the chair. Through the eyes of the corrupted Colonel Kat sees himself sat in the chair, vulnerable, the creatures advancing.

Kat SCREAMS.

KAT (CONT'D)

STOP!

The Revenant freeze.

An AVATAR pops up in the corner of Kat's view, a name next to it - HAMMER OF THE GODS. It shows a PODGY TEENAGE FACE.

A whinnying teenage voice moans at Kat.

HAMMER OF THE GODS

Dude, did you just co-opt my  
battalion? That is not fucking  
cool. I spent two days collecting  
'em and then nailed the girl. I  
should level!

(CONTINUED)

Slowly, and with some difficulty, Kat pilots the Revenant Colonel she now controls into the room and peers down at herself, strapped into the game chair.

KAT

What the fuck is happening?

A second Avatar pops into view - SNAIL LORD.

SNAIL LORD

New player identify yourself. I don't see any user account.

On Kat's 'screen' a CAMPAIGN MAP of the Earth pops up dotted with troop strengths and images of the players who control them.

MARTIAL MUSIC plays.

HAMMER OF THE GODS

Snail, this stupid fucking bitch just stole my battalion.

SNAIL LORD

Shut up Hammer or I'll boot you offline for 24 hours. New user what's your game avatar?

KAT

You bastards invade my world, massacre my people... for fun?

SNAIL LORD

User... are you... logging in from *inside* the game?

HAMMER OF THE GODS

Fuck that Snail I pay my subscription and that battalion is mine. Then some bitch just comes along, flashes her tits at you and you let her take my fucking battalion? That's SO unfair! I should level over this fucking slut!

Kat's jaw hardens like granite.

KAT

(To her troops)  
Battalion. Tench HUT!

In the storeroom the Revenant Colonel howls at his troops who all snap into formation. They turn as one and salute the chair where Kat lays, honouring their new general.

(CONTINUED)

KAT (CONT'D)

Let's show these greasy little bastards how to fight a real war.

The Revenant open their mouths and yell as one.

TROOPS

OOOO RAA!

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TEENAGERS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A GAMING PC dominates the smelly-looking room. Behind it is a huge GAMING CHAIR that vibrates as UNHEARD EXPLOSIONS rock the imaginary world that the occupant of the chair - a GREASY TEENAGER - is focused on.

The teenager wears a 5.1 GAMING HEADSET and behind him a HOMEMADE CAMPAIGN FLAG that marks him out as HAMMER OF THE GODS.

HAMMER OF THE GODS

Snail, what the fuck is the slut doing doing? SHE CAN'T DO THIS!!!

**CUT TO:**

MONITOR SCREEN: KAT'S FACE LOOMS.

KAT

You're Pwned, fucker.

With a CRACK a BOLT of ELECTRICITY leaps from the monitor and ZAPS Hammer of the Goods between the eyes.

His head EXPLODES.

SILENCE.

Gore DRIPS down the monitor on which flash TWO WORDS framed by the REVENANT TATTOO of Kat's battalion:

GAME OVER.

Familiar, TINNY BOMBASTIC MARTIAL MUSIC echoes from Hammer's Headphones, which lay on his HEADLESS corpse.

**CUT TO: BLACK**

