

END OF THE WORLD

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - UNKNOWN

The concrete structure is cramped. Sterile and cold. A ladder climbs the wall, leads to a hatch in the ceiling.

A group of PEOPLE rest on the ground.

MARGE, (68), leans against the wall beside the ladder. Concerned, she glances up at the hatch, then holds out her wrist and checks the time on her watch.

MARGE

The world's gonna end in the next seven minutes...

JIM, (28), sits in the far corner, secluded from the others. He glares at Marge.

JIM

Shut up. You're not helping anyone with that shit. So just shut up!

Beside Marge stands GREG, (35). He looks to Jim, flashes a warm smile.

GREG

We all gotta' process this our own way, friend. Let's just take solace in the fact that we don't have to face this alone.

Seated across from the ladder wall is ALAN, (40), SARA, (19), QUINN, (23), and Frank, (24).

QUINN

Good point. Dying in a bunker with a bunch of assholes I've never met is exactly how I wanted to go out.

Frank shakes his head, laughs.

FRANK

(to Quinn)

Could be worse. Could be stuck with your family!

Sara sobs into her lap.

Marge sits down beside the ladder, keeps her eyes glued to her watch.

Jim stands up, scowls at the group.

JIM  
Will you all just shut the fuck up?

Frank and Quinn exchange quick smirks.

Alan stands, steps right up to Jim, stares daggers at him. He clenches his fist.

Jim backs off, sits back down in his corner.

JIM  
(under his breath)  
What the fuck ever.

Alan glares at Jim for a beat, then sits back down beside Sara. He rubs her back, attempts to comfort her.

QUINN  
Well that was intense!

FRANK  
Thought I'd get lucky and get to see one last beatdown before it all ends. Guess not. Lame.

Quinn kisses his teeth.

QUINN  
Shame. Shame.

Greg glances around at the group.

GREG  
Anyone here religious?

Quinn raises his hand without looking.

QUINN  
Scientology. Hail L. Ron Hubbard!

Frank snorts out in laughter.

FRANK  
Religious!? Yeah. That shit up there turned me into a true believer... And I believe that we are beyond screwed!

Alan continues to rub Sara's back.

ALAN  
I used to be religious.

He looks Greg in the eyes.

ALAN

Then my son died from a brain  
tumor... On his fifth birthday.

Sara pulls her head out of her lap, looks to Alan with tear  
filled eyes.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Any God that could allow something  
like that to happen... Fuck them.

Greg takes a deep breath.

GREG

What was his name?

Alan locks eyes with Greg. A tense moment. Then --

ALAN

Jonathan. We named him Jonathan...

His lips tremble as a tear falls down his cheek.

Sara leans over, squeezes Alan with a hug.

GREG

I like to believe that Jonathan is  
waiting for you.

Jim stands back up, starts to pace in his corner.

JIM

Nothing good is waiting for me on  
the other side. Fuck, man. I've  
done some bad shit. If there is a  
Heaven, I'm definitely not invited.

Greg looks to Jim.

GREG

Are you sorry for the mistakes that  
you've made?

JIM

What?

GREG

Are you sorry?

JIM

Fuck you! You're not saving anyone  
here! Especially not me.

GREG

Just answer the question. Do you regret all the bad things you've done in your life?

Jim goes to say something, but bites his tongue. He thinks for a moment.

JIM

Of course I do.

Greg smiles.

Jim looks away, swallows the lump in his throat.

Frank shakes his head, scoffs.

FRANK

Man, what kind of God would allow someone who's been a piece of shit their entire life to just apologize for their sins!? Seems to me like there are some massive holes in that logic. I mean, for all we know old Adolf Hitler could have begged for forgiveness just before eating a bullet! Imagine waiting in line at those pearly gates, waiting to be judged, and that smug fucker is waving at you from the other side. Yeah, fuck that! How anyone believes in that shit is totally beyond me.

GREG

It helps people feel better.

FRANK

So does Asian porn.

QUINN

And cocaine.

Greg shakes his head, keeps smiling.

GREG

God is kind, and he forgives those who truly seek forgiveness.

Quinn looks up to the ceiling. Dramatically puts his hands together in prayer.

QUINN

Oh, sweet baby Mexican Jesus!

Marge frowns, taken aback by his odd statement.

QUINN

(hams it up)

Please forgive me for being a rotten asshole for pretty much my entire life. I sure am sorry about all that money I stole and all those drugs I sold to those kids. Ya' think I could come in and hang out with Hitler?

Just then, a low RUMBLE shakes the entire bunker. One of the concrete walls cracks. The lights flicker.

Quinn drops his hands, quits his fake prayer.

QUINN

(sincere)

Damn! I'm sorry! I was just goofin' off!

FRANK

Oh shit! This is it, people! Kiss your asses goodbye!

Sara and Alan hug each other tight.

SARA

I'm not ready...

Greg looks up as more cracks form in the ceiling.

GREG

People rarely are.

FADE OUT.