

Brain Freeze
for Impact 50

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Two dimwits hatch a plan to profit from the apocalypse.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

An abandoned, ransacked supermarket.

RICK, an airheaded employee has his hand in the till.

BOSS (O.C.)

Hey!

Rick quickly pulls out a fistful of notes and hides them behind his back. His BOSS peers at him with concern.

BOSS

What are you still doing here? We're done for, go be with your family.

The boss shuffles away, no time to spare. Rick takes the rest of the money, stuffs it into his trouser pockets.

BRADLEY emerges, an eternally aloof teenager.

BRADLEY

You should see it, the customers have taken all the bread and milk.

(beat)

Humans are idiots, no wonder we're doomed.

Rick holds the wad of notes triumphantly in the air.

RICK

Not all humans are idiots Brad.

Bradley looks at the notes, then at Rick's face.

BRADLEY

I don't get it.

RICK

Grab as much booze and cigarettes as you can and follow me. Hurry.

INT. WALK IN FREEZER - LATER

Shelves full of frozen food. A small horde of booze and cigarettes. Rick and Bradley pace around, shivering.

BRADLEY

The president seemed so sure. You're certain this will work?

Rick tears into a box of ice lollies, tosses one to Bradley.

RICK
This thing is bullet proof. All we
have to do is wait it out. In one
hour we'll be saviours of mankind.

Bradley bites a chunk out of his ice cold lolly as Rick
inspects a bottle of whiskey.

BRADLEY
Rick? Once the apocalypse has passed,
how will we repopulate the earth?

RICK
Brad, can you stop thinking about sex
for just one hour?

BRADLEY
I'm thinking about how to save the
human race from extinction.

Rick swigs whiskey, hisses at the aftertaste.

BRADLEY (cont'd)
For security, maybe we should freeze
our sperm.

RICK
I'm not going to sit here and watch
you bash one out into an empty yogurt
pot pretending it's to save mankind.

Bradley shrugs, all out of ideas.

RICK (cont'd)
Maybe you were right, we are doomed.

BRADLEY
Hey, what if the only female left is
your mum?

Rick punches Bradley hard on the arm.

RICK
I'll give you ten pounds and a pack
of cigarettes not to say anything
stupid until after the apocalypse.

They're now dithering like crazy. Bradley weighs it up.

BRADLEY
Deal.