

JUDGEMENT DAY  
Draft 1

Written by

Tamara Ritthaler

Inspired by IMPACT50 Meeting in Spring

EXT. A ROOFTOP DAY

There is mayhem below. The streets are on fire, shops are being looted, people are doing whatever they want, some in panic some relishing the chaos and some simply in anger at the helplessness of the impending end.

A duffle bag lands on the roof top.

It is unzipped to reveal a sports rifle one might use for deerstalking.

A hand fumbles a little with it. The theory is there, but no experience as it is loaded.

Sighting down towards the street, a target is located. It is an unassuming man trying to juggle cans of food and other supplies (as if that would help him survive).

The shot is not clean but he goes down.

The cans scatter only to be ignored by the fighting people around him.

No one cares for the bleeding and twitching man.

EXT. A ROOFTOP DAY

The hand from before digs hastily through a bunch of papers. Time is running out. They are prints of facebook photos of various men and some women.

One is selected.

The YOUNG WOMAN stares at this particular picture for some time. In her hand she is playing with a knife, again no experience or skill, just idle violence.

She comes to a decision; digs through the large duffle and comes up with a katana. It looks great, but is it sharp?

She tests the blade, pulls back and sucks at the blood from the cut. Goes back into the duffle again for a large kitchen knife and some other assorted blades she must have gathered from who knows where.

INT. A LIVING ROOM

A MAN (late 50s) is sitting in his armchair, the TV is on and he is staring almost sightlessly at the reports on a loop, the president speaking; the reporters still desperately doing their job.

He cannot grasp the magnitude of what is happening.

There is a shiver, like an earthquake and he looks up at the ceiling at it. It is starting to feel real.

Behind him appears a shadow in the doorway.

The YOUNG WOMAN approaches carefully, silently; her hand tightening and loosening on the katana.

The blade bursts messily through the man's chest, pinning him to the armchair. He chokes, stares at the sudden impalement.

The YOUNG WOMAN leaves the blade where it is. She circles the chair.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Hello, uncle Frank.

He blinks up at her, dazed. Blood between his teeth.

She smashes her other knife into his helplessly twitching hand. He screams. She smirks, watching closely, soaking it in.

MAN  
Daisy. Sweetheart.

She yanks the knife back out, making him choke on another scream.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Judgement Day, uncle Frank.

She contemplates the blood on her blade, shooting him a calculating look.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)  
What was it you said to me? We're gonna play a pretty little game together and if you're good, you'll get some gummi-bears.

She viciously stabs down with the blade and he lets out the loudest, highest scream yet.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Sorry. I'm out of gummi-bears but we'll make do, won't we?

EXT. GARDEN

The YOUNG WOMAN steps from the sliding door. The living room is behind her, no sign of FRANK. Silence.

Her hand is dripping with blood and she is still holding the knife, equally as covered in gore.

Looking at the horizon, she can see the shockwave coming towards her.

She closes her eyes, takes a deep breath.

FIN.