

"SAFE HOUSE"

by

Des Nnochiri

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E-mail: desnnr@yahoo.co.uk or desnnr@gmail.com

Web: www.DesNnochiri.co.nr

Tel: +234 803 3316667

or +234 7025 901189

FADE IN:

INT. WAREHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dark and rambling, lit occasionally by flares of gunfire and explosions, from a bank of windows at high level.

A door opens, and DALLAS FREEDMAN, mid-twenties, bolts inside. He slams the door shut and throws his weight against it. Sweating and breathing heavily, he's scared shitless, but trying to keep it together.

Dallas wears full body armor. Name tag. Cracked and dented helmet. Headset mike. An assortment of weapons - knives, bludgeons, taser, guns of every caliber - strapped to every available portion of his body.

He checks the deadbolts on the door.
BOOOM!! BOOOM!! Something slams into it, from the other side, with a guttural roar.
Dallas turns quickly, to look for something to wedge against it. Steps forward into the dark - then stops.

He unhooks a MAC-10 from his belt. Does a 360, spraying bullets into every corner of the room. Empties a full clip. It's a miracle he doesn't shoot his own foot off.

Facing the door, now.

BOOOM!! A set of huge talons punctures the door, and bites in. Dallas raises the MAC-10. CLICK. Empty.

DALLAS

Shit!

In one smooth motion, he clips the MAC-10 back on his belt, and whips a sidearm from a holster on his leg. Puts a cluster of shots into the door, neatly severing each talon, in turn. Unholy shrieks, from the monster outside.

Dallas twirls the gun back into its pouch, Western style. Nice shootin', Tex.

DALLAS

Yeah!! Now, that's why they call me Dallas,

bitch!

The bits of talon on the floor begin oozing a luminous blue sludge. The same goop dribbles down from the holes in the door. MELTING THROUGH IT. As smoke rises from the pools of goo on the floor.

DALLAS

That's not good. Shit, shit, shit!!

He takes a penlight from a pouch and flicks it on. Frantic, now, penlight in his teeth, Dallas drags boxes and furniture from the room, to jam against the door. The sweat is streaming off him, but he's not done, yet. He pulls a knife from his belt, and rips up boards and sheeting. Blocks off the windows - and the carnage that can be seen through them. Of course, this blocks out all the light, as well.

DALLAS

Perfect.

The penlight now his only illumination, Dallas scopes out a comfy spot near the barricaded door, and hunkers down. He taps his headset.

DALLAS

Ronnie.

Burst of static. Dallas smacks the side of his helmet against the nearest wall. There's still static, but at least he can hear, now.

DALLAS

Ronnie. Sanchez. You there?
How we doin' on that evac?
Really? Hmph. Something's finally going right.
And now, I suppose you're gonna tell me those assholes at NuGenesis have come up with a magic bullet, to stop these giant fucking monsters they created from fucking us into the Stone Age.
No? Yeah, well, man's gotta have a dream, don't he?
What? Yeah.

He passes the penlight beam over the apartment around him.

DALLAS

Yeah, I picked a real beauty spot.
 Studio apartment. Warehouse district.
 Hot and cold running cheerleaders.
 Sorry, I mean escorts. Nice.
 Thinking I'll put down some roots.
 Maybe take out a lease.

As the penlight beam starts to fade:

DALLAS (CONT'D)

Shit. And, bring a flashlight. Bring two.
 And, uh, hurry.

In the last gasp of the penlight battery, Dallas cradles an Uzi in his lap, eyes flicking warily round the apartment.

Total darkness. Dallas' breathing becomes increasingly heavy. Perhaps he's fallen asleep.

POUNDING on the door, now. Dallas grunts, as if coming awake.

RONNIE SANCHEZ (O.S.)

Yo! Dallas! Wake up, son!
 We're airborne, in seven!
 Freedman! Let's move!

In the dark, grunts of exertion, and the scrape of furniture, as Dallas clears the barricade from the door.

The door is flung open, wide. Nearly taken off its hinges. Standing in the doorway are RONNIE SANCHEZ, and three heavily armed SOLDIERS. Their powerful flashlights illuminate the look of horror on their faces.

The last thing they see before the monstrosity at the door rips them to shreds is the name tag "FREEDMAN" it wears on what's left of Dallas' bulletproof vest.

FADE TO BLACK