

BUG OUT BLUES

Written by

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FADE IN:

Darkness.

A voice pierces the black void, distorted, large sections inaudible.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
Nobody know where...major cities in  
ruins...billions dead....they came  
from the...

Screams, explosions then nothing.

INT. BUG OUT BUNKER - DARK

A pair of eyes open.

Fumbling, then a light comes on.

RICK REEVES (Late 20's), scruffy, dishevelled, the survivalist type, lays back on a tatami mattress.

He glances at the calendar beside him. Many of the days are crossed off before he's given up and scrawled a question mark.

He rolls off his mattress and gets up.

He pads over to his CB radio, grabs the mic.

RICK  
Hello?

He waits. There's only static.

RICK (CONT'D)  
This is Rick Reeves. If anyone can  
hear me, please respond.

What might be a voice comes through.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Hello, can you hear me?

The signal degrades, the voice fades, replaced with static.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A grey, flat head ventilation pipe sticks out of the earth.

Rick closes a metal plate, the entrance to his buried bug out bunker.

He's wearing fatigues and a water proof jacket. A rucksack is slung across back.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The rucksack's open, on the ground.

Rick's digging out edible roots with a hunting knife.

Suddenly, there's a whoosh overhead. A thunderous crack follows a moment later.

He glances up. Nothing but clear sky.

He looks around, seeing danger in every direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A small clearing. He's just set some animal traps.

He turns. Something crunches underfoot.

It's a large, transformer-like robot. The toy's burnt, twisted, as if exposed to a terrible heat.

Rick picks it up, looking it over.

Then he glances off into the distance.

RICK  
(To the toy)  
What happened out there?

He brings the robot closer.

RICK (CONT'D)  
No, you don't want to talk?

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - EVENING

A fire blazes in the middle of an earth pit.

Skewers of meat roast over the flames.

Rick sits on a boulder, watching, hypnotised by the dance of energy.

An electronic buzzing comes through the trees.

It grows louder.

Rick jumps up, throwing earth over the fire.

An amplified, inhuman voice roars through the woods.

Rick sprints for the metal door in the ground and throws it open.

INT. BUG OUT BUNKER - DARK

Rick's breathing heavy.

We can just about see his eyes.

The buzzing continues overhead, increasingly louder.

Rick places his hands over his ears.

Then, suddenly, the noise stops.

He uncovers his ears.

The inhuman voice is speaking, quieter this time.

It's directly overhead.

Movement, boots maybe.

Then a metallic clang from the bunker entrance.

RICK  
(Softly, to himself)  
Please, no.

The CB crackles.

BETH (O.S.)  
Hello?

Rick's eyes widen in terror.

BETH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hello, can you hear me?

Rick dives for the CB, shutting it off.

All is quiet now above, as if whoever they are, they're listening.

Rick holds his breath.

For a moment there's only nail biting silence then the inhuman voice sounds again. Others voices answer. Then, what we assume are boots on the ground, march away.

EXT. FOREST - EVENING

Rick is crouched by the extinct fire.

The skewers have been thrown aside.

Triangle shape impressions can be seen in the earth. One might imagine metallic feet making them.

He straightens up, running a hand over his stubbled face.

RICK

Jesus.

INT. BUG OUT BUNKER - LIT

Rick's eating some cold beans from a can as he messes with the CB radio.

He sits back, shovelling a spoonful into his mouth.

Crackles, static, nothing.

INT. BUG OUT BUNKER - DARK

BETH (O.S.)

Hello?

Rick wakes.

BETH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hello, can anyone hear?

Rick turns on the light and snatches up the CB mouthpiece.

RICK

I can hear you.

BETH (O.S.)

Oh my God. I was beginning to think there's was no-one out there.

RICK  
I don't think there is.

BETH  
Where are you?

RICK  
Deep in the woods. What's your name?

BETH (O.S.)  
Beth, yours?

RICK  
Rick. Do you know what happened?

BETH  
Some kind of invasion.

RICK  
Who, China, Russia?

BETH  
It wasn't a country. It came from the skies.

RICK  
(Disbelieving)  
Aliens?

BETH  
If you saw the ships like I did, you'd believe me.

RICK  
No (beat) I believe you. I was all the way out here, but how did you survive if you saw them?

Buzzing comes through the airwaves.

What sounds like the alien voice comes through, but it's faint and lasts only split second.

RICK (CONT'D)  
What's that?

BETH (O.S.)  
I said we should meet.

RICK  
But (beat) how do you know we're not hundreds of miles apart?

BETH  
Just tell me where you are.

Rick's a little spooked.

BETH (CONT'D)  
(Pouty, teasing)  
Don't you want to meet me? You must  
be so lonely out there, just by  
your lonesome.

Rick lets out a wearied sigh.

RICK  
Yeah.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Rick waits in a clearing.

He's tense, nervous, something doesn't seem quite right.

BETH (O.S.)  
Hi Rick.

Rick turns and finds himself looking at a 20 something pretty  
blond.

RICK  
Hi.

The girl smiles.

BETH  
The last survivor.

The humming sounds again.

Rick looks around, terrified.

RICK  
What is this?

A shadow falls over him.

He looks up. His eyes widen in terror.

RICK (CONT'D)  
No!

A short lived scream fills the forest

FADE OUT: