

APOCALYPSE STORY -- EXCERPT

...EXT. WASTELAND -- DAY

The Sun beats down on a windswept plain. FOOTSTEPS on Gravel.

Puma skate shoes, worn almost beyond recognition.

CLAIRE, 18, a beautiful girl buried under mountains of dirt and neglect, walks slowly in the open expanse. She wears a self-made protective hat; layers of worn mosquito netting hang over her.

She stops, kneeling down, to cough violently.

Brushing aside some dirt, She reveals a self-made Animal Trap; a Rube Goldberg-like mess of twine and metal.

Disgust as she opens it to reveal her catch; a very strange looking Desert Rat, emasculated, it's ribs jut from taunt sun-baked skin.

EXT. WASTELAND -- LATER

Claire squats over a patch of dirt, her dress hiked up over her knees, urinating.

EXT. WASTELAND -- LATER

Claire fills a brown-stained plastic jug with water. She's taken it from a terribly dirty puddle collected in a depression between heavy old machinery.

EXT. CLAIRE'S SQUAT -- NIGHT

Claire has built a small fire just outside her squat. She's finishing up her dinner of desert rat, sucking the last bit of marrow from a leg bone. She wipes her mouth with her sleeve, staring blankly ahead as she swallows.

Total Silence. Not even a cricket in the distance.

Claire leans back on the dirt to watch the night sky; a reflection of a few stars on the blanket of blue/green clouds.

She plays with the leg bone absentmindedly in her hands.

INT. CLAIRE'S SQUAT -- NIGHT

Claire carefully places the leg bone on display atop a pile of old books. She checks it against the angles of candlelight. Satisfied, she tucks herself into bed, extinguishing the candle with her fingertips.

A series of violent coughs rack her body as she pulls up the covers...