

END TIMES BOY

Written by

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FADE IN:

**INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - HALLWAY**

Breathing - almost rhythmic.

Respirators, half faced particulate masks. The kind worn by painters. Two FACES, cloaked in dirty goggles and these masks.

They look toward a closed door at the end of a hall. The larger mask turns to the smaller one. The smaller one moves forward.

**INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - KITCHEN**

The door pushes open slightly. Glass crunches around a pair of small hiking boots shuffling in.

Smudged, glazed goggles survey the wrecked kitchen.

A swinging glance across the floor. Broken dishes and scattered wares. A boarded window over the sink. Up to the shelves. A cabinet door hangs ajar.

More crunching - shuffling now closer toward the cabinets. A small, gloved hand reaches and nudges open the cabinet door.

The cabinet door creaks back, snaps on a busted hinge and crashes to the counter, clangs onto the floor.

Inside the cabinet sits three puck shaped cans. SARDINES.

He grasps the rim of his goggles and pushes them back. A young boy's eyes but the eyes of an old soul.

He snaps loose a band under his ear and the respirator mask slings down below his chin.

SAM(10) a pouty faced boy, caked with grime and dirt.

He stares at the cans. The other masked face hovers behind him.

ELI (O.S.)  
We shouldn't stop.

The little boy's eyes blink into to focus. He snatches the cans deftly.

**EXT. THE BACKYARD - A BROKEN FENCE - DAY**

Two figures emerge from the house and head across the yard.

One taller and chunky, the other smaller and wiry. They're decked from head to toe in ad-hoc gearbags, backpacks, respirators and goggles.

They halt at a dilapidated chain-link fence. The larger one pulls his mask and goggles off.

ELI(12) chubby faced with rubicund cheeks and a gentle gaze. He swipes a dirty sleeve across his mouth and looks back.

ELI

At least there weren't any bodies.

Sam pulls his mask down and slips off his hoodie. He barely glances back, busy stuffing something in his pants.

SAM

Not much loot tho, either.

He turns to the downed fence and tromps over. Eli looks toward the house one more time before turning and joining him.

**EXT. SHAMBLED CHICKEN COOP - LATER**

The two boys huddle beneath the rusted sheet metal roof of an old chicken coop. A bundled man sits in front of them.

He's haggard and pale - obviously wounded. OLD BEN(40's).

His breath is wet and raspy. He licks his lips.

OLD BEN

Anything?

ELI

Some cans of fish.

SAM

Only two of them.

OLD BEN

Fish huh? Gimme a can.

He waves an eager hand at Sam. Sam hesitantly leans away.

OLD BEN (CONT'D)

C'mon, you little pisser, gimme one.

SAM

No.

Old Ben's face twists into a pained snarl.

OLD BEN

What? No? Dammit kid!

Eli raises his hands, tries to quiet him.

ELI

Quiet, quiet. We can split one, it's ok.

SAM

We found them.

OLD BEN

I've kept you livin, you little pisser.

Ben's getting more aggravated. He grunts and tries to sit up, snatches at Sam's coat. Sam dashes back.

Ben coughs and hollers, bloody spittle specks across his whiskered chin.

OLD BEN (CONT'D)

You little shit! I'm shot cause you! You gimme one of them cans of fish!

He manages to get to his knees - groans and grasp his red, swollen belly.

ELI

Please be quiet. Just give him one, Sam.

CLICK. The hammer of a pistol snaps into place. Old Ben looks up.

Sam stares down the barrel of a twenty two pistol into Old Ben's watering eyes.

OLD BEN

You damn little monster, I've kept you alive.

SAM

Now you're dyin too slow.

He pulls the trigger.