

SHELTER

Written by

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INT. DARK BASEMENT - UNKNOWN

An low lit basement with bare concrete walls and no windows. The only way out is up the wooden staircase. Under the stairs, on the floor a grubby mattress serves as a bed for someone. A hazmat radiation suit hangs by the stairs along with a gas mask and canvas mail bag. Below propped against the stairs is a 12 gauge pump action shotgun. A record player spins a record, a soft tune from the 1950s. In the centre of the room JOHN and a BETTY sit at the dinning table. A lantern on the table provides the only source of light. John wears a dress shirt and trousers and sports a Don Draper slick haircut. He sits reading the remains of a tattered novel, the cover is missing along with the first and last few pages. Betty is dressed in a red swing bow dress. Massacre forms streaks below her eyes and her ruby red lipstick is smudged. Her blonde hair still manages to cling to her "Victory Rolls" hair do. Betty lifts the pot and pours coffee into John's cup and then her own.

BETTY

Can I interest you in a piece of Victoria Sponge? Its a little stale but I've managed to pick off any bits of mold.

John takes a sip from his coffee.

JOHN

No thank you Betty but you help yourself.

Betty hacks through the cake with a butter knife.

BETTY

Are you sure. You know you really need to eat something to keep your strength up.

She places the wedge of cake on a piece plate and sets it in front of John.

JOHN

Fine.

John lifts the cake and takes a bite.

BETTY

So how was it out there today?

JOHN

Its getting harder. I'm going to need to go further out.

The song on the record finishes. John lifts his cup of coffee and downs the rest.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I should really get back to it.

BETTY
NO!
(Catching herself)
What I mean is you just got back.
You should stay for a while and
rest.

John lifts a set of keys and a padlock off the table. He moves around the table to Betty's chair.

JOHN
I'd love to but I have to find more
supplies.

John lifts the end of a long chain off the floor.

BETTY
You don't have to put the chain
back on.

JOHN
I wish that were true but I just
can't trust you not to try and
escape again.

BETTY
I only tried to escape because I
couldn't remember how I got here
but once you explained to me about
the virus and the infected I
understood. I know that you saved
me John. I know that now.

JOHN
I'm sorry but its for your own
good. You're safe in here from the
infected.

John wraps the chain around Betty's ankle, above her red stiletto shoe and locks it with the padlock. He looks at the shoe on her other foot, the heel is missing.

JOHN (CONT'D)
What happened to you're other shoe?

BETTY

That's the thing. I tripped over the chain in the dark and it broke off and I couldn't see where it went.

John stands up.

JOHN

I'll see if I can find more suitable footwear out there.

John lifts the lantern off the table and over to where the hazmat suit is hanging. John sets the lantern and the keys on the floor.

BETTY

Can't you at least leave the light, I hate being in the darkness.

John lifts the Hazmat suit and begins to put it on over his clothes.

JOHN

It's the only light I have that works. This will run on anything but everything else I find runs on batteries...

Betty's hand feels under the table, the missing stiletto heel, filed down to a sharpened point.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It's finding batteries. That's the problem.

John stands with his back to Betty. Betty lunges at him with the stiletto heel raised. She plunges it into John's neck.

John's foot kicks the keys and the lantern. The room goes dark.

The sound of gargling as John chokes on his blood.

Betty's hands sweep across the floor in search of the lantern until she finally finds it. Betty strikes a match and light is restored.

John lies dead in a pool of his own blood. Betty stands over him holding the lantern.

The keys to the padlock lie in the corner. Betty runs to get them.

The chain pulls tight stopping her from moving any further.

The keys are out of reach. Betty sets the lantern on the floor and tries to stretch out but she is still a few feet short.

Betty looks around for something long to reach the keys. The Shotgun. Betty takes the shotgun. Holding onto the barrel she lies outstretched on the floor. The shotgun stock just about reaches the keys. Betty tries with difficulty to get control of the keys with the heavy shotgun.

Finally she manages to drag the keys to within her reach. Betty unlocks the padlock and removes the chain.

Betty runs up the first few steps of the stairs but stops, she walks back down to the bottom and looks at John's body.

Betty goes over to John's body and begins to pull off the Hazmat suit.

MOMENTS LATER

Betty finishes putting on the Hazmat suit. She pulls the gas mask over her face.

Betty lifts the lantern and makes her way up the stairs.

The shotgun still lies on the floor.

EXT. RUINS OF SMALL HOUSE - NIGHT.

Betty emerges from the gutted shell of a small house made of rusted corrugated metal. She holds up the lantern to light her surroundings. The sound of tin cans banging together rings out.

Betty rounds the corner of the house to see.

Five INFECTED

Rapid zombie like infected, a string with tin cans is wrapped around the leg of one. They feed on the remains of an animal until the light disturbs them.

They look towards the light, eyes glowing red. They charge at Betty.

The Lantern falls from Betty's hand to the sounds of screaming and savage mauling.

FADE TO BLACK.