

"The Hunt is ON."

An original short screenplay by

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FADE IN:

1 INT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

NOTE: This short should be filmed in a fake documentary style.

We're in a typical indoors car park and it's late. The place is empty of people, but there are still a lot of cars parked here. An old van is parked by the ramp.

TERRY, mid thirties and a little plump, is dressed in grey fatigues with a grey woolen hat pulled down on his head. His face is covered with grey war paint and he is carrying a spear (the Hunt-Master 2000). He Dashes between the parked cars, hunting his prey.

TERRY (V.O.)

I've been tracking my prey for the last three days. It's slippery ... I thought I'd lost it again... but this morning there were signs...

He reaches down and touches a small drop of spilt oil and then sniffs his fingers.

TERRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

All I have to do is be patient and vigilant... and my dinner should come to me.

2 INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

TITLE: Earlier that day.

The apartment is small and cheaply furnished, as is the kitchen.

Terry, dressed in vest and boxers, looks in the refrigerator and SIGHS, scratching his plump belly. It is practically empty. There is only a piece of celery and a piece of hard cheese.

HENRY (V.O.)

Back in the old days a man could look in his refrigerator and know with confidence that there'd be chicken drumsticks in there, or some burgers, ham, frankfurters; maybe even a steak or two, knowing he could stuff his face until doomsday. But now... there isn't even beer.

He sniffs the celery wrinkles his nose and throws it back. He picks up the cheese and bounces it on the floor, like a ball.

He is interrupted by his daughter, CHLOE, 8. She's holding an empty plate and looking at him appealingly.

CHLOE
Daddy, I'm hungry.

He offers her the celery.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
No, daddy, something to eat. Celery isn't food.

TERRY (V.O.)
If my family is going to eat tonight I have to be aggressive. I have to be a man. I have to be a hunter.

3 INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - MORNING

JOHN, mid-30s, slim and healthy, is eating a large meal with his family in his nice apartment. There's no lack of food here.

JOHN (V.O.)
Yeah, I guess being a government employee has its perks, but it's got plenty of down-sides as well. We have to home school our kids now because the last time they took a packed lunch into school there was a riot. Took the cops three days to restore order.

4 INT. HALL OUTSIDE JOHN'S APARTMENT - DAY

John, bulging bags of groceries in hand, walks down the hall to his apartment.

A NEIGHBOR steps out of a door behind him and lobs an empty soda can at his head.

NEIGHBOR
You suck!

The can bounces off John's head.

JOHN (V.O.)
Still, we cope, I guess.

5 INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY

JOHN is dishing out the food.

JOHN (V.O.)
Nobody realizes I'm fulfilling an important function in society. At least my family gets to eat regularly, unlike most people in the city. For that we are thankful.

JOHN'S DAUGHTER

Can I have some more, daddy?

JOHN

Sure, honey. Say when.

He give her more food. He heaps it on, and heaps it on, and still she's not content.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Don't you think that's enough, darling? You know there are people in this city who are starving.

She shakes her head and continues dishing.

JOHN'S DAUGHTER

When.

JOHN (V.O.)

If I lose tonight my family will go hungry for twenty-four hours.

6 INT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Continuation of scene #1. Terry is hunkered down behind a car, edging forward. When he hears a WHINE, as if from an electric motor, he freezes. He peers out from his hiding place, but the car park appears deserted.

7 INT. TV STUDIO

A corpulent SENATOR is being interviewed on TV by an unseen INTERVIEWER.

SENATOR

Okay, look, let's be honest about this, the cities were full of lard-asses, everywhere you looked blubber. Heart attacks were on the increase, diabetes a national disgrace. We had to do something to save people from themselves, something radical, before things got out of hand. We had to get the people in the cities fit, and by God that's what we're going to do.

TV INTEVIEWER

But Senator, aren't these reforms going too far?

SENATOR

Too far? Too far!
(MORE)

SENATOR (CONT'D)

Have you seen them out there,
waddling about in their underwear,
thighs chaffing so hard we've had
at least three counts of spontaneous
Human combustion last year in New
York alone!

TV INTEVIEWER

Don't you think that's being cruel,
senator?

SENATOR

Cruel? No, not at all. In fact I
think we're being soft on them,
the lazy devils.

8 INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TERRY and his wife, ANDREA, are watching TV. He is
sharpening a long stick with a knife, making himself a
crude spear.

ANDREA

Are you going to do it tonight?

TERRY

What does it look like I'm doing
here, preparing to toast
marshmallows?

ANDREA

Terry, we don't have any
marshmallows.

TERRY

I know, that's why I said...
(sighs)
Forget it.

ANDREA

I'm sorry. I guess I'm too hungry
to think straight.
(beat)
I've been looking at some cockroach
recipes on-line. Some of them
look... edible.

TERRY

Nobody in my family is eating
cockroaches. Tonight we'll be
dining on roast pork.

ANDREA

Promise?

TERRY

If I don't you can eat me instead.

She wrinkles her nose and moves away from him to watch TV.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Hey, what's wrong with me? Sure I'm a little plump around the edges, but everybody knows it's the fat that gives meat its flavor.

ANDREA

(shakes her head)

I could never eat anything I've had sex with.

(shivers)

Unclean.

TERRY

Hey, I have a shower every time before we...

CHLOE enters. She's ready for bed, carrying her teddy bear.

TERRY (CONT'D)

...oh hi sweetie. Going to bed?

CHLOE

Daddy, I was thinking...

(holds out teddy bear to him)

I think Barney might be quite tasty. If we barbecued him. And had him with lots and lots of ketchup.

ANDREA

Oh sweetie, nobody's going to eat Barney.

TERRY

(under his breath)

I don't know, we ate her toy rabbit.

ANDREA

Shush.

(holds Chloe)

Take Barney back to bed, daddy's bringing home roast pork tonight.

CHLOE

Really daddy? Will there be crackling?

TERRY

Of course.

CHLOE

And apple sauce?

TERRY

Er... Hey, do you want to help me
get ready?

She nods eagerly.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Okay, let's go!

9 INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alone, John is sitting in the lotus position, meditating. On the desk before him a PC is running through photos of numerous birds and animals.

JOHN (V.O.)

Every night before my shift begins
I limber up. But first there's an
hour of meditation, to help get me
in the zone.

10 INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Now John is limbering up and exercising.

JOHN (V.O.)

Muscle tone is essential, as is
having the right mental orientation.
Let me tell you, its more difficult
than it looks.

11 INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Now John is strutting up and town like a turkey, imitating a video of a turkey being played on the PC.

JOHN (V.O.)

It's a serious business.

12 INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Terry stands in the middle of the living room with the stick in his hand.

TERRY

Okay, let me have it.

Crouching beside the door, Chloe pulls a string.

Across the room a knitted rat is pulled between the door and the sofa.

TERRY strikes out with the stick, skewering it. He grins in triumph.

13 INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

On the TV we see a lion prowling.

JOHN is imitating its ROAR.

He realizes that he's being filmed and presses a button on the PC. The lion changes to a lamb.

JOHN

Baaa!

14 INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hiding behind the sofa, ANDREA holds up a picture of a cow with a cross-hair drawn on it.

TERRY strike out and hits it dead center with the stick.

Chloe throws a knitted bird across the room.

The stick flashes again and the bird is stuck on the other end of it.

TERRY takes the wool bird off the stick.

TERRY

I think I'm ready.

Andrea emerges from behind the sofa holding a gift-wrapped spear.

ANDREA

No, you're not. Not yet.

TERRY

What's this?

ANDREA

It's for you. For good luck.

She gives him the gift. He tears off the wrapping, revealing a metal tipped spear.

TERRY

(impressed)

Hey, this is a Hunt-Master 2000!

This must have cost you a fortune?

She shrugs awkwardly and he draws her close and kisses her, then he brandishes the spear, grinning.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Now I'm ready! Oh boy am I ready!

15 INT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Continuing from scene #6. Terry is crouched behind a car, listening. He hears the ELECTRIC WHINE again. What could it be? He takes a mirror from his pocket and checks around the side of the car.

IN THE MIRROR: we see a flicker of movement and then the car park is empty again.

Terry checks his pocket. It is full of small strips of aluminum foil.

16 INT. TV REPORT

The interview with the corpulent Senator continues.

TV INTEVIEWER (O.S.)

But this is just for the cities, is that right? People in rural parts of the country have nothing to fear?

SENATOR

Let me tell you something, my man, hunters are the salt of the earth. I'm a hunter myself and anyone that tries to stop them doing what God ordained them to do will have to answer to me.

TV INTEVIEWER (O.S.)

But hasn't this resulted in an unnatural division between rural and urban communities? There have already been a number of clashes on the borders. Why should it only be those living in the cities who are penalized by these Draconian reforms?

SENATOR

Because people in the city have had it easy for too long. It's time we evened things out a little. It's time we brought a little bit of rural living to the city.

17 INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Staring at his reflection in the mirror, Terry, now dressed in the grey fatigues and wearing the concrete grey woolen hat, paints grey war paint across his face.

18 INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Unlike John, Terry is dressed entirely in black, although he isn't armed. He turns to watch the TV interview playing on the TV.

TV INTEVIEWER (O.S.)

So how did Project Caveman come about, senator?

SENATOR

It was simple really. Our ancestors were healthier than we were -- that's common knowledge -- so we asked ourselves a simple question: why? They had no cars and no internet, no labor-saving devices. They had to do everything for themselves. Nobody gave them a free handout. They worked hard to survive day to day.

19 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

A group of modern "Urban Hunters" stand around a flaming brazier. They are dressed in a motley sort of garb, part hunter, part sports, part casual, and are armed with spears and old style bows and arrows -- not rifles or guns or crossbows.

SENATOR (O.S.)

So we decided to bring hunting back... into the city... Hunting for your own food... hunting for survival.

TV INTEVIEWER (O.S.)

With guns?

SENATOR (O.S.)

That would be too easy. We wanted to take things back to the basics: spear or bow and arrow.

20 EXT. WASTELAND - NIGHT

A group of people sit around a roaring fire, eating roast beef that they've just cooked on a spit.

SENATOR (O.S.)

And it doesn't just keep people fit, it brings people together too. Communities are growing for the first time in... what?... twenty, thirty years. People helping each other. People are building for the future.

21 INT. CLUB RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A group of POLITICIANS and BUSINESSMEN sit in a richly decorated dining room of a gentlemen's club. They're all dressed in black tie and are quaffing glasses of red wine.

TV INTEVIEWER (V.O.)

And what about you, senator? What about the politicians?

SENATOR (V.O.)
 Well, running the country is a
 time consuming business, and so we
 were forced, reluctantly, to exclude
 ourselves from Project Caveman.

At the head of the table sits the SENATOR.

SENATOR (CONT'D)
 Bring in the roast lion!

The others stamp their feet and thump the table, taking up
 the cry.

ALL
 BRING IN THE ROAST LION! BRING IN
 THE ROAST LION!

Two WAITERS carry in a silver platter upon which rests...
 ... a whole roast lion! Everyone ROARS in delight.

22 INT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Continued from scene #15. Dressed in his grey fatigues
 Terry hunkers down behind a parked car and waits.

After a few seconds we hear the WHINE of an ELECTRIC MOTOR.

A radio-controlled (RC) truck drives into the middle of
 the car park. The RC truck has been modified so that it
 carries a joint of roast pork (wrapped in cellophane) on
 top, held down with cable ties. On the sides of the RC
 truck there are targets that will "kill" it if hit.

The RC truck comes to a stop, and then slowly begins to
 swivel left and right. We can see it has a camera mounted
 in front.

23 INT. VAN - CAR PARK - NIGHT

In the back of the van parked by the ramp, John can see
 everything the RC truck can see through a laptop screen.
 He is holding a transmitter used for controlling the RC
 truck.

ON THE SCREEN: The car park appears deserted.

24 INT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Terry begins to edge closer to the RC truck, spear at the
 ready.

25 INT. VAN - CAR PARK - NIGHT

John turns the car to the left and right. The car park
 still appears empty. He presses the stick forward on the
 transmitter.

26 INT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Terry watches as the RC truck with its pork cargo trundles past him. He takes a deep breath and then, with a WAR CRY, lunges with the spear.

27 INT. VAN. CAR PARK - NIGHT

John catches the flicker of movement on the monitor and reacts.

28 INT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

The RC truck jolts forward and Terry's spear misses it by inches.

TERRY

Crap!

The RC truck spins around and zooms off.

Terry looks about him, trying to find where the RC truck has gone. He runs forward, checking between the cars.

After a moment he gets down on his hands and knees and peers under the cars.

TERRY'S POV: At first he can see nothing, then, far to his right, he sees the wheels of the RC truck. It is hiding behind a car.

Creeping up on the RC truck, Terry digs a handful of aluminum strips from his pocket, and throws them at the RC truck. Then he lunges at it with the spear.

The RC truck does crazy.

29 INT. VAN - CAR PARK - NIGHT

John struggles with the Transmitter, having lost control of the RC truck.

JOHN

Damn! Damn! Damn! Damn!

30 INT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

The RC truck zings across the car park and slams into the side of the van. It comes to a stop.

Spear raised, Terry advanced on it, then with a CRY, charges.

The RC truck zips away at the last moment and Terry crashes against the side of the van, the tip of the spear punching through the metal.

31 INT. VAN - CAR PARK - NIGHT

The spear sticks through the van's wall and into John's leg. He drops the transmitter as he clutches at his leg, biting his lip to stop himself from crying out.

Suddenly the spear is retracted and John collapses in agony.

He reaches out and grabs the transmitted, but finds that it is broken into pieces.

32 INT. CAR PARK - NIGHT

Terry stares at the van for a moment, then heads for the disabled RC truck. Picking it up he finds that there isn't just a pork roast attached to it, there's a bottle of apple sauce taped to it also.

TERRY (V.O.)

All I have to do now is catch myself
a can of beer and my life will be
complete.

33 INT. TERRY'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Terry and Chloe CHEER as Andrea brings in the roast pork from the kitchen.

CHLOE

Wow, mom, it smells great!

ANDREA

And there's even apple sauce.
Thank you government!

Terry can only smile in pride as he stands and starts to carve the roast.

34 INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Depressed and with one leg bandaged, John watches as UNIFORMED MEN take away all the food in the fridge in cardboard boxes.

SENATOR (V.O.)

Up to now we've been going easy on
you, but from this moment on things
are going to get a lot harder,
believe me.

35 EXT. PARK - NIGHT

A group of urban hunters hide behind trees and watch as a radio controlled car carrying a whole Chinese Take-out trundles down the path.

SENATOR (V.O.)
By hook or by crook we're going to
get this country healthy. And if
you're not fit for purpose... well
then, that's your own fault.

With a ROAR they pounce.

36 INT. STREET - DAY

Small children YELL as they chase a small radio-controlled
car carrying chocolate bars down the street.

SENATOR (V.O.)
Only winners eat.

One of the children, a victor, grins as he takes a bite of
the chocolate bar.

FADE TO BLACK.

TV INTEVIEWER (V.O.)
And what then, Senator? What's
the next step?

SENATOR (V.O.)
Why, we'll add predators, of course.

Mechanical teeth and eyes glow red.

The End.