

The Apocalypse Man  
Episode One - The End

By Kyle Randolph

FADE IN:

EXT. WASTELANDS - DAY

A light wind blows through the desolate wastelands. Nothing can be seen on the horizon; the world is an empty shell, devoid of

any activity. Bleakness stretches on for miles upon miles, leaving little for the figure on the empty highway to hope for.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A MAN, clad in a dirty, slightly tattered blue jumpsuit with a bright yellow radioactive symbol embroidered on the right breast, and a small pair of crude, blackened UV goggles flimsily held together to his head with thin pieces of leather, trudges across the flat, empty highway, clutching his right arm. With each step comes a noticeable grimace; he is in an extraordinary amount of pain. His grunts of anguish increase in intensity until he lets out a short scream and drops to his knees, then face down, curling into a ball, his eyes held tightly shut and his teeth clenched.

APOCALYPSE MAN (V.O.)  
It's been a shitty week.

The man twists over on to his back, facing up at the spotless sky and the harsh sun. His pain has intensified to the point where his mouth remains open but his cries have become short, sharp, guttural noises.

APOCALYPSE MAN (V.O.)  
What day was it today? Tuesday?

The wave of pain seems to dissipate as the man uncurls and lays flat, his damaged arm crossed over his chest, breathing heavily.

APOCALYPSE MAN (V.O.)  
This isn't a formal introduction, I know. Those usually start with the exchange of names, but even that information has escaped me. Time alone and radiation can be a hell of a combo.

His eyes wander, dreamily scanning the sky and landscape.

APOCALYPSE MAN (V.O.)  
About the only thing I can remember is the war, all seven minutes of it.

The man's breathing steadies, and then he slowly begins to sit up.

APOCALYPSE MAN (V.O.)  
Am I dead? Could this be hell?

The man regards his arm, and then begins peeling back the sleeve of his jumpsuit.

APOCALYPSE MAN (V.O.)  
Maybe I went mad. Maybe this is all  
some kind of fever dream and in  
reality I'm locked up in an asylum  
somewhere, pretending to knit  
something that isn't there.

With a small grunt of pain the man stretches the sleeve back far enough to reveal a pale arm with a large, disgusting wound that is starting to ooze with dull green pus. He winces at the sight of it.

APOCALYPSE MAN (V.O.)  
No. No, this is real.

He manages to get back on to his feet, not without considerable effort, and begins to walk again.

APOCALYPSE MAN (V.O.)  
I don't know where I'm heading, but if  
death's looking for me, he can find me  
there.

FADE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

The man is still walking along the highway, goggles now dangling around his neck. The sun ahead of him is starting to dip below the horizon, the sky taking on a purplish hue. In the distance, an old, dilapidated gas station starts to come into view. As he approaches it, he notices that an ambulance has made a permanent home sitting through the front window of the building. The man starts walking faster.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

The man opens the rear doors of the ambulance, eyes wild with excitement. At first glance, the vehicle appears to have been picked clean of anything that wasn't bolted down, a thin layer of dust covering what remains. He searches the interior of the vehicle of anything that could be of use in treating his wound. Opening a small cabinet reveals a blue first aid kit. The man removes it carefully and sits against the left side of the ambulance, the kit resting in his lap. Like a child unwrapping a present, he opens it with almost unbearable eagerness.

The inside of the first aid kit contains a single unwrapped Moon Pie. Time has since given it a brick-like consistency.

The man's expression fades quickly and he simply stares into the

kit for several moments.

With a short sardonic chuckle, the man tosses the kit aside. It seems to crash loudly in contrast to the complete silence outside. He lowers his gaze and a slight forced smile appears.

The smile disappears as his eyes become transfixed on to an object in front of him. Sitting on a shelf in an open cabinet is a rusty bonesaw.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The inside of the gas station, much like the ambulance, has been picked over by previous travelers, and now hardly anything remains except for the man. He has since started a fire out of the only item that was left: A large pile of issues of Entertainment Weekly in an empty metal barrel.

The man is sitting against the counter, sleeve rolled up, saw in hand, hovering above the infected limb. His teeth are clenched around the hardened Moon Pie. He sits, trying to gather the strength for what he's about to do. He takes one final deep breath and holds it.

The man drives the saw into his arm, rusty teeth tearing into the flesh. The man starts to scream, slightly muffled by his improvised bite plate, but continues. Blood flows heavily from the cut he's created. The saw comes into contact with bone.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Back to reality. The man is still looking down at his arm, untouched.

Beat.

He spits out the Moon Pie and it goes clattering into the darkness. He pulls his hand away.

APOCALYPSE MAN  
Goddamn it.

With a disgusted sneer he drops the saw. He unrolls the sleeve and, carefully shifting his arm, lies down on his side to sleep.

APOCALYPSE MAN (V.O.)  
I'm not left-handed anyway.

FADE TO:

## INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The man's eyes open and almost immediately he's on his feet. It's still dark outside, though the fire has gone out. A short sharp wave of pain passes through his right arm. He winces and cradles it. The sound of something rustling outside can be heard. The man heads for the door.

CUT TO:

## EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The sky is surprisingly clear, stars shining, full moon providing a small amount of illumination. The dark outline of canyons and plateaus can be seen in the distance. The man steps outside, searching for the source of the noise. He hears it again, the jangling of spurs.

WAYNE steps from around the busted ambulance, stopping to face the man. He's an older man, a very weathered face beneath his white fedora. He's clad in a buttoned red shirt under a leather vest and a pair of blue jeans. As expected, the spurs on his dusty boots were the source of the noise.

A few moments pass as neither of them speak.

WAYNE

I see you busted your arm pretty good there, partner. Don't tell me you were thinkin' of hackin' it off, were ya? Show some grit, kid, you'll make it.

APOCALYPSE MAN

Who are you?  
(pause, slight recognition)  
I've seen you before.

The man concentrates; he desperately wants to place him.

APOCALYPSE MAN

Wayne?

WAYNE

There ya go!  
(taps his forehead)  
It's not all shot to shit yet.

APOCALYPSE MAN

But that's just a name. I don't remember where I know you from, but I should.  
(pause)  
Especially in that outfit.

WAYNE

Try harder, kid, it's there. Ya just gotta find it.

Nothing comes.

WAYNE

Maybe what ya need is a change of scenery.

The ground beneath the man rumbles and splits into a small black hole. He falls in. For a few moments he falls through darkness. It stops suddenly. He floats, as if suspended in liquid. After a few moments the room is filled with light.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB - DAY

The man is in a tube of clear Plexiglas, wading in a light green liquid. The room appears to be a laboratory of some kind.

Through the tube the man can see Wayne standing next to a MAN IN A WHITE COAT holding a clip board. Wayne looks much different, wearing a blue three-piece suit, red tie, graying hair slicked back. Wayne looks toward the tube and speaks.

WAYNE

How long until we can bring him back online?

WHITE COAT

Your guess is as good as mine. He was badly shaken when we brought him in.

The man bangs on the tube, trying to get their attention. They don't react to him. Wayne faces the white coat.

WAYNE

I hope sooner rather than later, we can't afford to lose him.

The man starts to feel a burning sensation in his arm, growing steadily. It feels like the liquid is turning to acid. He holds his arm tightly against himself.

WHITE COAT

I know, sir, but we can't risk doing it too early, that could do even more damage.

The man tries to scream. He thrashes wildly.

WAYNE

We may not have much of a choice.

The pain is unbearable, but there's nothing the man can do.

WHITE COAT

It's not as if he is the only one, sir.

The white coat looks as if he's going to keep speaking, but the scene before the man looks as if it freezes. Wayne turns and walks up to the man. He raps on the tube with a ring on his left hand.

WAYNE

Time to wake up, kid.

The tube rumbles and the man is sent upward toward a white light.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

The man comes to in an incredible amount of pain. TWO MEN are holding him down, another, JASPER, is hovering over him. The man is screaming and thrashing.

JASPER

God damn it! Where's that morphine?!

An unseen hand gives Jasper a hypodermic needle. Jasper presses on the plunger, squirting some of its contents into the air, and flicks the tip a couple times. The man watches it come down and enter his arm. Shortly after the voices and his own screams become distant and muted, he slips back into unconsciousness.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The man wakes up on a small mattress on a metal frame. The first thing he notices is that his arm has been bandaged and is in a sling. He sits up and regards it for a second, then takes a look around the room.

The floor of the room is hard wood; the walls are painted dull red and are featureless. There are no artificial lights, just what pours in from the window on the other side of the room. The man gets up and goes to it, looking out.

Through the window he can see other buildings on the other side of a dirt road, all connected with a sidewalk made from planks of wood. The buildings all look the same, except for the one on the corner with "SALOON" painted on the glass near the swinging

doors. Similarly, a building with "GENERAL STORE" on its glass sits near the middle. The town looks as if it were plucked right out the Old West. He notices that a few of them aren't real; false fronts standing upright.

APOCALYPSE MAN (V.O.)  
Where in the hell...?

CUT TO:

INT. JASPER'S OFFICE - DAY

The man walks down a flight of stairs into Jasper's office. A crude stretcher sets in the corner, a cabinet with all sorts of medical items (Gauze, bandages, scalpels, antiseptic, etc.) hangs on the wall, some large device with a canvas cover on it rests in the other corner. Jasper is sitting at a desk near the front door, he looks up.

JASPER  
Ah, you're finally up.

Jasper's a short, bald old man, wearing a white shirt, black cloth vest and brown pants. A pair of glasses decorates his roundish face. Jasper gets up and shakes the man's left hand.

JASPER  
I'm Jasper, by the way.

APOCALYPSE MAN  
Yeah, where am I?

JASPER  
The End.

APOCALYPSE MAN  
(confused)  
And who are you supposed to be, Death?

JASPER  
(laughs)  
No, that's the town's name. You won't find any other settlement further west. The End. Used to be home to a tourist attraction; Old West stunt show. Somehow managed to escape the bombs.

The man harrumphs. He lifts his right arm just a bit.

APOCALYPSE MAN  
I guess I have you to thank for this.

JASPER



Yes, sir. Mighty bad gash you got there, stranger. You're lucky Davis found you when he did. He said you were kicking and screaming the whole way here.

APOCALYPSE MAN

Well, I guess it's one less thing to worry about.

JASPER

Actually... I need to talk to you about that.

The man knows he's probably not going to like this.

JASPER

(gravely)

Your arm is septic; you're in a lot of trouble. I don't have the equipment to treat it by any other means than amputation.

APOCALYPSE MAN

That's great, I was already going to do that myself. So that's my only option?

JASPER

Well, we do have this device here.

Jasper turns around and walks to the back of the room where a large device rests under a canvas cover. He removes it, dust particles flying into the air, revealing a large white machine. The center of the machine is curved to allow a man to sit inside of it. Written in large, red, cursive letters on the side of the device is "TRANSPLANT-A-TRON 3000".

APOCALYPSE MAN

That's handy. So what's the problem?

JASPER

What, you think anybody around here wants to swap arms with you?

APOCALYPSE MAN

Yeah, I guess you've got a point there. I suppose I shouldn't bother asking if you've got any spares lying around.

A thought suddenly crosses Jasper's mind.

JASPER

Not exactly, but I know of the next best thing. There's this group of crazies a little up to the north, they come down here every once in a while, raise hell, try to steal what they can, not without killing a couple of good folks in the process. People say they got a bunker up north in the canyons, but nobody seems to know exactly where. Rumor has it, though, that they worship the preserved arm of some old celebrity. They might have something to say about you taking it, but it's the only thing I can think of.

APOCALYPSE MAN

So you're suggesting I try to break into a bunker, steal a holy relic from some violent cult and try to make it back alive, all by myself?

JASPER

Yep, you pretty much got it covered.

The man opens his mouth to speak again, but is interrupted.

VOICE (O.S.)

RAIDERS!

JASPER

Speak of the devil.

CUT TO:

EXT. JASPER'S OFFICE - DAY

The two men hurry outside. It doesn't take them long to notice the armored school bus in the distance, speeding towards the town. The windows have thick slabs of iron welded to them, there's a rather large cow-catcher protruding from the front. It doesn't move very fast, but it's virtually invulnerable. DAVIS, a young, dark-haired man dressed similarly to Jasper, is running towards them.

DAVIS

They're about a mile and a half out, looks like the cult.

JASPER

Yeah, it's them, all right. Everybody, take shelter!

The townspeople started scrambling before he finished the sentence.

APOCALYPSE MAN  
(to himself)  
You have got to be kidding me.  
(turns to Jasper)  
What kind of weapons do you people  
have around here?

JASPER  
Knives, sharp sticks, not a hell of a  
whole lot.

APOCALYPSE MAN  
Anything else, anything at all? You  
said they used to do stunt shows here;  
they must've had equipment for that.

JASPER  
Well, yeah, it's all back by--

APOCALYPSE MAN  
(interrupting)  
Take me there.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS - DAY

The bus is running at maximum speed towards the town. It files past the first couple of buildings and comes to a screeching halt in the center of town. The side door slides open and men dressed in a hodge-podge of clothing and armor come streaming out. The back door is kicked open and more pour out through the rear. Some wear scraps of metal strapped on by shoe strings, others have pieces of boiled leather, a few are even wearing baseball helmets. Some of them are armed with blunt pieces of wood, sharpened pieces of rebar, knives, a few have crude bows, even less have crossbows. On each of their faces is a handprint in a varying color of paint which seems to indicate rank.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE END - DAY

The cultists stop, confused. There are no screams of terror, no one flees in panic, no familiar pleas for mercy; the streets are empty.

A gas explosion goes off behind them, filling the air with flames and smoke. They all turn to see what caused it. Distracted, four of them don't notice the false building falling forward and collapsing on top of them.

The dust clears and from behind where the building used to be stands the man, along with two other townspeople. The man has removed his sling for better mobility given the situation. A few cultists rush them and a melee ensues.

The man snaps a piece of molding from the fallen building as a cultist with a knife draws close. The cultist thrusts forward, the man dodges and then drives the molding into the cultist's stomach. He groans and falls backwards.

Another cultist catches the man from his side, leaping on to him, and restrains him from behind in a bear hug. The man moves backwards, slamming the cultist into the side of a building, but his grip doesn't loosen. A cultist with a piece of sharpened rebar draws near the two and he gets ready to thrust towards the man. The man drives an elbow into the restrainer's rib cage and he gasps, releasing the man. He spins to his left as the cultist with the rebar drives forward, impaling his comrade.

The man kicks the cultist back, releasing his grip on the rebar. The man pulls the rebar out of the impaled cultist and hurls it like a javelin into the other cultist.

An arrow slams into the wall right next to the man's head. He ducks as more come flying; a couple of them are on fire. The man goes running toward the bar, choosing his steps carefully, through the swinging doors of the saloon and dives behind the bar.

A small group of cultists go running after him, two of them step on to air rams underneath a thin layer of dirt, triggering them, and are vaulted backwards, knocking over several others behind them, buying the man a little more time.

CUT TO:

INT. SALOON - DAY

More arrows impact into the side of the bar. The man lifts his head above in time to see a cultist with a bat running towards him. The cultist swings for the man's head, he ducks again. Grabbing a bottle of Everclear, he smashes it over the cultist's head. The cultist is dazed and the man quickly pulls one of the flaming arrows out of the bar and ignites him. The cultists screams and stumbles out the door.

EXT. THE END - DAY

The flaming man bursts through the doors and towards a group of his comrades who try to extinguish him. The man comes running out as well, armed with another bottle with a sprayer attached.

The man fires in short spurts, on to the other cultists and the flaming man, spreading the fire and setting more ablaze.

Sensing an inevitable defeat, the majority of the remaining cultists retreat back on to the bus and start making an escape through the other side of town. The few stragglers quickly realize what's happening and begin chasing after the bus, a few catch up and make it through the open rear door, others continue running after it all the way out of town.

The man eases out of a fighting stance and watches the cultists flee. Some of the townspeople cheer. Others go to take care of the flaming corpses and other small flames before they spread.

The sound of slow clapping is heard from behind the man, he turns around, facing a TALL MAN in a light brown tabard. Emblazoned on the front of it is a silver crucifix, a crown of thorns on the top and what appear to be three spent shell casings below.

TALL MAN

That was quite an impressive display.

APOCALYPSE MAN

What's this? More of them?

The knight holds up his hand in a disarming gesture.

TALL MAN

I am not your enemy, young man. Though it does seem now that we share a common foe. I would like to make a proposal that I believe will benefit us both.

APOCALYPSE MAN

I'm listening.

END OF EPISODE