

END OF DAYS

by
Jon Katz

A Set-Up Sequence

Jon Katz
ROD ST. LAWRENCE PRODUCTIONS
150 Whitney Lane
Richboro, PA 18954
(215) 962-4357

April 21, 2005

"END OF DAYS"

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Close-ups of the faces of six COLLEGE-AGE KIDS as they stare intently downward and at each other, silently. First is SEAN, who exudes confidence. He looks as if he knows exactly what he is doing. Next is DEVON, who is looking skeptically in every direction, not sure who in the room she can trust. Third is JON, who foolishly thinks he has a chance of competing with the others in the competition they are evidently involved in. Is it a staring contest? Next is PETER, the quiet underdog. He bears a poker face, revealing nothing about what he is thinking. Fifth is BILL, who is completely uninvolved in whatever it is everyone else is so concentrated upon. Finally is BRIAN, who bears an intimidating facade, with which he intends to win.

SEAN
(intimidatingly)
I'll attack North Africa... from
Egypt.

It is revealed that the six kids are sitting around a board of Risk. This is what they were concentrated so heavily on. Sean and Brian grab the appropriate dice.

BRIAN
Aww man, why do you always attack
me?

SEAN
I'm not! I'm just playing the game!

Brian and Sean roll their dice. Sean rolls a six, five, and two. Brian rolls a five and a three.

BRIAN
Fuck you, man.

Sean moves the Risk pieces around on the board.

SEAN
OK... and with that, I'll take my
Risk card and end my turn.

Devon begins to look around the board for possible moves. A VOICE from the couch behind them surprises everyone. No one even thought he was still awake.

BRENDAN

Yo guys...

Everyone turns to look at BRENDAN, who sits up from the couch. Brendan is attractive, but in a dorky sort of way. He had been sleeping through the Risk game. He looks as if he is about to say something profound.

BRENDAN

OK, suppose we built a battering
ram out of bacon and used it to
kill 50 Cent...

The other six kids are stunned. Their mouths drop and they exchange confused glances.

JON

What?

BILL

That doesn't even make sense.

BRENDAN

No. I mean, a battering ram kills
people... And bacon would just be
more economical than an actual
battering ram... And we could use
it to rid the world of its most
popular rapper!

Rather than respond to this moronic comment, everyone just looks at Brendan, wondering what to even make of such an utterance. While the attention is diverted, Peter casually puts several more pieces onto his territories.

BRIAN

Man, it's the last night of Winter
Break. Why'd you have to ruin it by
saying something so stupid?

Everyone shakes their head and gets back into the game. Devon ponders her next move. Bill examines his cards.

PETER

What you should do here is attack
Japan.

DEVON

How would that do anything for me at all. It'll just allow you to attack me more easily.

PETER

What? No! You just have to think long term...

Brendan is frustrated that no one cares about his comment.

BRENDAN

No guys, seriously. OK, forget about the bacon. That was weird, I admit. But what if we could get our hands on a battering ram somehow. We could just bust into 50 Cent's mansion.

No one takes their eyes off of the Risk board.

JON

And you wonder why you never get laid?

DEVON

OK, yeah. China to Japan.

Brian begrudgingly picks up the dice.

BRIAN

Seriously, why are you guys teamed up against me? I'm posing no threat.

Pete grins devilishly as the dice battle ensues and Devon wins.

BRIAN

Fuck!

DEVON

And I'll end my turn there.

Brendan gets up from the couch and sits by the Risk board.

BRENDAN

Yo, are any of you guys hungry? I could go for some Suburban...

Everyone stops playing the game for a moment, looking up at Brendan.

JON
Yo guys, what do you say we finish
the game later? I *am* kinda hungry.

BILL
Yeah, that's cool with me.

DEVON
Sure.

Everyone gets up, putting on their shoes and jackets. Brendan
and Sean lead the pack, heading up the stairs.

SEAN
Not a bad idea, Brendan. But if you
start talking about any of this
battering ram 50 Cent shit...

As everyone files up the stairs engrossed in conversation,
Peter quietly removes pieces from an opponent's territory,
then follows his friends up the stairs.

EXT. SUBURBAN DINER - NIGHT

It is late at night. At least 2:00 or 3:00. Only four or five
cars are parked in the lot. A black van pulls up and the
seven friends pile out of the car and head into the diner.

INT. SUBURBAN DINER - NIGHT

The seven kids sit around a long table. They are all
excitedly eating delicious diner food in an otherwise
deserted diner.

BILL
Brendan, what a good idea this was.

BRENDAN
I told you, guys. I think of a good
idea once every seven times I say
something.

Sean shakes his head.

SEAN
You counted this out, I assume?

JON
C'mon, it's Brendan. Let it go.

Brendan, annoyed by this comment, puts his fork down and looks up at Jon.

BRENDAN

What do you mean, 'it's just
Brendan'?

JON

Well, no, I just...

BRENDAN

Just because I say stupid shit all
the time doesn't mean I'm an idiot.
Maybe girls like me for my charming
intellect and witticisms.

BILL

OK... Name one.

Brendan looks down in contemplation, grasping at pieces of his memory in order to respond to Bill's taunt.

BRENDAN

Whatever, guys. When I'm up at Penn
State, things are different than
they are here.

JON

Yeah, maybe he's right. I mean, up
at Ithaca I get with chicks left
and right.

All of the friends crack up at this comment.

JON

What? ... No, really!

In the midst of everyone's laughter, Brian puts his hand on Brendan's shoulder.

BRIAN

Don't listen to them, man. You'll
show 'em soon enough.

BILL

No he won't. Stop trying to make
him feel better. Brendan will *never*
get laid!

Everyone laughs except Brian, who is visibly upset that Bill is making fun of his good friend.

BRIAN
Alright, how about a bet then?

BILL
Whaddya mean? What's the bet?

BRIAN
Fifty bucks says Brendan gets laid
by the end of Spring Semester.

Bill looks around with a look of incredulity. Could Brian be serious? This is a sure-fire win for Bill! Of *course* he'll take that bet.

BILL
You're on.

Bill and Brian shake on the bet. As if he had not heard the rest of the conversation, Brendan suddenly looks up.

BRENDAN
What the fuck are you guys talking
about?

Brian looks Bill straight in the eyes with an intimidating glance. Bill is returning the look right back at him.

BRIAN
Don't worry about it, man.

The group is silenced, but awkwardly transition back to eating and talking with one another.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE TO:

INT. ITHACA COLLEGE DORM ROOM - DAY

Jon is typing at his computer when he is distracted by the POLYPHONIC RINGTONE version of a popular song. He answers his phone.

JON
Hello?

As Jon answers the phone, the screen splits into two, simultaneously revealing:

INT. TEMPLE UNIVERSITY DORM ROOM - DAY

BILL

Jon! You will never believe this!

JON

What now? Your band released a song about the Oregon Trail again?

BILL

No. Better! Brendan Barrett... has... a girlfriend.

JON

What?? Fuck you, man. No way, you're kidding with me.

BILL

I am dead serious.

A beat.

JON

Holy shit! You're gonna win that bet!

BILL

I know! Call everyone. This is big news within our group.

JON

Are we gonna get to meet her next week during Spring Break?

BILL

No, believe it or not they are going to a romantic getaway at Virginia Beach all week.

JON

Damn. Ah well, I better go call everyone.

BILL

Oh yeah, one more thing... What ever you do, don't tell Brian. Hopefully they'll break up before they... you know, make me lose the bet.

JON

Yeah, sure. Bye.

Jon hangs up and the split screen returns to the full screen shot of Jon in his dorm room. He hesitates a moment, shakes his head, then dials a number. Another split screen reveals:

INT. UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH DORM ROOM - DAY

SEAN

Hello?

JON

Dude. You're not going to believe this. Brendan has a girlfriend.

Sean is flabbergasted.

SEAN

What! No way!

JON

I swear.

SEAN

Shit.

JON

Yeah, I just had to call to let you know. You believe this?

SEAN

Wow. Brian's gonna be glad to hear this.

JON

Oh yeah, Bill said not to tell him. He doesn't want to have to pay up.

SEAN

Oh... Uh, slight problem.

The split screen wipes to a full screen shot of Sean's dorm room, now revealing that Brian is there, listening in and excited that he is on his way to winning the bet, perhaps the first thing Brian has ever won.

SEAN

Brian came down to visit me this weekend... Jon...? Hello?

He puts his phone down.

SEAN
He hung up.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE TO:

EXT. SEAN'S HOUSE - EVENING

A black mini-van pulls into the driveway and Jon and Bill get out of the car. The doors SLAM shut. Sean walks out of his front door to greet his friends. They exchange high fives and complicated handshakes.

SEAN
What's up, guys? Welcome to the
first night of Spring Break!

JON
Yeah, man. It's gonna be weird
without Brendan around though.

BILL
I can't believe that happened!

JON
Seriously!

SEAN
Yeah, I know. Brendan Barrett with
a girlfriend. Something just feels
weird about that. I dunno why.

BILL
Yo, I'm thirsty. Before we head
downstairs, can I grab something to
drink from your garage?

SEAN
Yeah no problem.

Sean leads Jon and Bill into:

INT. GARAGE - EVENING

A red Subaru is parked on one side. On the other side, there is a door to get into Sean's house and a corner that is filled with soda, beer, water bottles, and YooHoo. Jon, Bill, and Sean each grab something to drink and turn around back to the house.

SEAN

So what'd you guys want to do tonight?

JON

I don't know. Why don't we play some pool?

BILL

Yeah, that sounds g--

A bright white light fills the garage, exactly as you see in cartoons. The boys hold their hands up to their eyes to block out the light from their eyes. A majestic HARP is playing as a CHOIR sings. A deep, ominous VOICE speaks to them.

GOD (V.O.)

William! Jonathan! Sean! We need to speak.

The boys have no idea how to even respond to something like this. Could this be for real, or is it just one of their friends messing with them?

BILL

Who... What... Who are you?

GOD (V.O.)

I AM WHO I AM.

JON

Oh my God! You're... God...

GOD (V.O.)

Precisely...

BILL

Wh-what do you want with us?

Sean meekly steps forward, afraid of seeing God's wrath.

SEAN

Listen, uh, if this is about Tracy, I really have been meaning to call her back. It's just, you know, midterms and all.

GOD (V.O.)

Silence! I am the Holy One, the Lord your God, King of the Universe. And I am omniscient. I know you have no intent to call that girl back.

(MORE)

GOD (V.O.) (cont'd)
But this is not why I am here.
Incidentally, I have no problem
with one-night stands.

Sean steps back, releived.

GOD (V.O.)
What has brought me here today is a
matter of grave importance. And you
three are the only ones that can
help me. You see...

From amidst the white light before them, a holographic image floats displaying the Earth spinning on its axis. Surrounding the globe are several mathematical equations far more intellectually advanced than that which a human could comprehend.

GOD (V.O.)
When I created this world millions
of years ago, I knew that one of
the creatures that inhabited this
planet would have to be the single
most awkward being in the history
of the universe. This person,
coincidentally, was your friend,
Brendan Barrett.

Jon rubs his eyes. Bill's mouth drops open. Sean is skeptical.

SEAN
OK, fine. So what is the problem?

GOD (V.O.)
Well, part of what keeps this world
spinning properly on its axis is
that whoever the most awkward being
in the universe happens to be at
that time remains in his or her
life of misery and solitude.
Whenever the human changes his ways
and is no longer lonely, I merely
create a new awkward being. Some
notable figures from the past have
been Henry David Thoreau, Emily
Dickinson, Kim Jong Il, and the
lead singer of Weezer, Rivers
Cuomo.

BILL
Wow... So what's the problem?
Brendan's got a girl, why can't you
just create another one?

GOD (V.O.)

Very astute, William. The problem however is this... As I explained, Brendan Barrett is the most awkward person of all time. Someone of his caliber is irreplaceable. I had just assumed he'd die alone.

JON

Yeah, so did all of us.

Bill nudges Jon in the chest. This is no time for jokes.

BILL

So what does this mean?

The holographic globe moves closer to them. The Earth begins to spin faster than it had been, slightly wobbling.

GOD (V.O.)

The Earth can last for approximately one week without Brendan being the most awkward person in the Universe. After that, well... see for yourself.

The globe spins out of control, eventually bursting into a fireball.

SEAN

Shit.

GOD (V.O.)

If my calculations are correct, you boys have until Sunday morning at the stroke of ten o'clock to stop Brendan and his new girlfriend, Rachel, from consummating their relationship. Now, understand you must break them up for good in order to restore solidarity to the world, but if at any time Brendan has sex with this girl... well, he would experience such high levels of happiness that he would never be able to revert back to his original self.

BILL

Wow... But they are down in Virginia Beach all this week.

GOD (V.O.)

Then you must follow them there. I must go. Be careful, gentlemen, and remember, time is of the essence.

JON

Uh, sir, before you go, uh, well I'm taking this Philosophy of Religion course at school, and, I just wanted to ask you how I should respond to the teacher when he denies your existence based on the sheer amount of evil that exists in the world.

GOD (V.O.)

Jonathan, I think you have some more pressing religious issues to confront first... Such as your lack of devotion to my son, Jesus.

JON

But, I'm a Jew!

GOD (V.O.)

The Jews are wrong, young fool. Good luck, my children.

Slowly, the white glow dissipates and the three boys are left alone in the garage. Sean and Jon's jaws are dropped practically to the floor. Bill inserts the straw into his YooHoo and SLURPS the chocolate milk.

SEAN

Well... I guess we know what we're doing the rest of Spring Break.

BILL

Get in the van, guys. We have to stop Brendan and Rachel before it's too late.

The three boys run out the door of the garage.

EXT. BILL'S MINI-VAN - EVENING

They all get into the car and it pulls away, out the driveway and down the street.

INT. BILL'S MINI-VAN - NIGHT

After beholding such an unusual sight, it is no surprise that the three boys sit in silence while they are driving. This silence is broken by Jon's CELL PHONE ringing. Jon picks up his phone to answer it.

JON

Hello? Oh, hey Brian, what's up?

Bill looks over at Jon nervously.

JON

Oh, not much what are you up to?...
Really, that's cool... Well, Bill,
Sean, and I are headed down to
Virginia Beach.

Bill begins to freak out, pantomiming to keep quiet about the whole situation. Jon nods.

JON

Brendan's going to be there with
his, uh, family, so we're going to
stop by... Hehe, you know... Yeah,
OK, man. Later.

Jon hangs up.

JON

Don't worry about it, man. He has
no idea.

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brian puts away the phone and looks up. He is sitting with Peter and Devon. They are beyond bored.

BRIAN

Dammit! They are headed down to
Virginia Beach! Probably to stop me
from winning that bet! What dicks!

PETER

Maybe we should stop 'em.

BRIAN

What do you mean?

PETER

You know, stop them from interfering with Brendan and Rachel. I mean bet or not, it's not even their business to get involved.

DEVON

I dunno, Pete. If it's not their business, why should we go down there, too?

PETER

Devon, [*sigh*] you just don't get it do you? Those guys are trying to ruin Brendan's break. We can't let them do that to our friend!

DEVON

I guess you're right.

BRIAN

Guys, let's head down to Virginia Beach and stop those guys from ruining Brendan's vacation. I'll even drive.

Brian and Devon get up and start walking toward the door. Peter stays seated for a moment.

PETER

Go ahead, guys. I just have to, uh, lock up.

BRIAN

OK, see you outside.

Brian and Devon leave. The lights in the house turn red and ominous as Peter maniacally soliloquizes to himself.

PETER

Little does anyone realize my deepest secret.

Peter turns over a large picture over the mantle of an old gentleman to reveal a picture of the stereotypical image of Satan: red skin, horns, pitchfork, and all.

PETER

Do not worry, Father. I will stop those infidels from ruining your plan to end the Universe and usher in a new era of eternal damnation.

(MORE)

PETER (cont'd)
I will see to it that Brendan and
your incarnate, Rachel, remain
together forever. And I will use
Brian and Devon as my puppets to
kill Bill, Jon, and Sean! Ha! HAHA!
Ahahahahhahahahaa!!!

From afar, the CAR HORN beeps. Peter calms down and regains
his composure. He turns the portrait back to how it had been
and then leaves his house. Through the window, headlights
turn on and drive down Peter's long, winding driveway.

FADE TO BLACK.