

THE MAN AT THE BUS STOP

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY - DAY

The City is decrepit and derelict; a steel and stone monstrosity on the brink of social and economic apocalypse. A once great hub of human civilization now in ruin.

The dome shaped sky swirls with tumultuous black clouds. Forks of lightning streak across the sky with a rumble of thunder.

Grey curtains of rain sweep across the roofs of buildings and down into the criss-crossing streets.

Homeless people huddle in cardboard boxes or use newspapers to shield themselves against the wet.

The corpse of a dog, its stomach ripped open like a balloon with too much water and crawling with maggots, is being feasted upon by a pack of stray cats.

EXT. BUS STOP

Two men stand at the open aired bus stop, each with an umbrella in one hand and a briefcase in the other.

The man on the left is young, mid-thirties, clean shaven with pale blue eyes and broad shoulders.

The man on the right is older, mid to late-sixties, with a big grey beard and brilliant, almost frightening, green eyes.

Without warning a bolt of lightning reaches down from the turbulent skies and strikes the man on the left with a violent flash.

He goes rigid for a moment, then collapses into the gutter with a dull thud.

The man on the right stares, dumbfounded as we --

BLACKOUT.

THE END