TIME CAPSULE By Michael Rome

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FADE IN:

INT. ATTIC - DAY

The attic is dusty and barren. A shaft of sunlight from a lone window illuminates a trunk in the corner.

The edge of a trapdoor on the floor gradually rises, and a young face surveys the room.

Out climbs SHAWN, 12, and his sister JESSICA, 10. Both a bit dirty and sunburned. They carry beat-up, torn backpacks.

Shawn leads the way to the trunk.

SHAWN

Told ya.

JESSICA I don't care. We shouldn't be up here. There's only one way out.

Shawn turns to face his sister.

SHAWN Stop whining.

Jessica freezes and points her finger down at the floor.

JESSICA

Shh...

They pause to listen, but there is only silence.

JESSICA

Never mind.

Shawn shoots her an irritated look, then turns his attention to the trunk. The latch is secured with a padlock.

SHAWN Look around for something.

They search the edges of the floor, but find nothing.

JESSICA How do we open it?

With his head down, Shawn heads back towards the attic door...then FOOTSTEPS from downstairs.

Shawn and Jessica freeze like startled animals, then scurry behind the trunk. Shawn notices a loose iron rib on the outside. He pulls it off and grips tightly.

FOOTSTEPS GROW LOUDER as someone climbs the attic stairway. A MAN calls from outside.

> MAN #1 (0.S.) Let's go.

Another MAN shouts back from the attic stairway.

MAN #2 (0.S.) Not yet.

MAN #1 (O.S.) We've got to move, right now.

Jessica and Shawn breathe heavily.

SHAWN Stay down.

Shawn's coiled and ready to spring.

FOOTSTEPS descend the stairway.

Shawn peeks over the trunk, and accidentally KNOCKS the bar against it.

MAN #2 (0.S.)

Hello?

Shawn ducks back down.

MAN #1 (O.S.) Where the hell are you? There's a tribe headed this way.

Pause.

MAN #2 (0.S.)

Crap.

FOOTSTEPS out of the house. The MEN talk outside and the voices trail away.

Shawn crawls to the window and peers out.

SHAWN Gone...we've got to hurry. Fear turns to anticipation as Shawn makes several attempts to pry the latch.

He bangs the lid in frustration and sits down in defeat.

Jessica puts a hand on his shoulder and takes the iron bar with the other.

She gently works the sides of the latch. Hands the bar back to Shawn.

# JESSICA

Now try.

This time the latch flies off and they rush to open the top.

Inside, a large wooden box. Shawn lifts it out and sets it on the floor.

### SHAWN

Heavy.

He flips up the lid.

Stacks of hundred dollar bills, gold coins, and jewelry. Shawn quickly looks through the contents and kicks the box.

## SHAWN

Nothing!

The items scatter across the floor. He's almost in tears.

Jessica searches through the strewn mess.

## JESSICA

Look.

SNUB-NOSED REVOLVER.

Shawn grabs it. Pushes open the cylinder and checks the chambers. Flips the cylinder shut.

### SHAWN

Yes.

Tucks the gun into his backpack. Goes to the window and scans the yard.

#### SHAWN

C'mon.

He struts to the attic door, and climbs down the stairway followed by Jessica.

She lingers for a moment to gaze at the fallen treasures.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Shawn and Jessica walk slowly through the gutted living room. There are pieces of old broken furniture, and on a lopsided couch sits a petrified corpse.

They look out the front entrance that no longer has a door.

Other empty houses in disrepair. Broken windows and cracked siding. Dead, brown vegetation. Abandoned cars litter the silent street.

A worn billboard on the street reads: "Stop Global Heating"

The sun blares with blinding brilliance. Translucent waves of heat rise from the ground.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

Shawn and Jessica move from tree to tree for cover. They reach a tree at the front edge of the yard. Shawn looks down the empty street and motions to Jessica to follow him.

When they step out from behind the tree FIVE MEN stand in their way. All bearded with long hair. In their hands are knives and homemade spears.

The Lead Man LAUGHS and grabs Shawn. Shawn struggles and his backpack flies loose. The Man draws back his knife to stab Shawn.

GUNSHOT.

He lets go of Shawn and falls to the ground. Behind the fallen Man is Jessica with Pistol in hand.

### JESSICA Leave my brother alone.

The other men are stunned. Jessica's hand is shaking.

Shawn takes the Pistol from her and points it at the remaining Men.

#### SHAWN

Leave now.

The men slowly backup, then turn and run.

Shawn holds Jessica who is crying.

Time to go.

Shawn takes the Dead Man's knife and a canteen. He sips from the canteen and hands it to Jessica who takes a long drink.

Shawn puts the knife and canteen in his backpack.

He and Jessica start down the street in the opposite direction from the pack of men.

They pass a sign: "Leaving Anchorage Alaska"

FADE OUT.