

Without Rhyme Or Reason

By

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Based on:
Abosolutely nothing

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OVER BLACK:

Confused voices, an exhausted heart: *LUB-DUB. LUB-DUB.*
LUB-DUB.

Labored breaths...

FADE IN

EXT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - DAY

CLOSE UP -- JEFFREY awakens in a daze, covered in dirt, mud, and lying on what seems to be grass. Dry blood stains his face.

This young man looks to be anywhere between 20 to 25 years of age - innocent, honorable.

Weary, he tries to move.

Instead, sharp pain rushes through his body as he lets out a blood-curdling scream...

We hear nothing, only see Jeff's slurred attempts at speaking and his mute yet visible, deep, heavy breaths.

INAUDIBLY:

JEFF

Where am I?

SOUND returns as an aching cough follows those words.

And again, this time angrier:

JEFF

Where am I?!

Jeff musters up enough strength to get on his knees.

PULL BACK to confirm: GRASS. A vast grassy field, about one hundred fifty KM in diameter, surrounded by four stone walls that reach about a little less in length.

The field is loaded with hundreds (maybe even thousands) of PEOPLE consisting of every race and gender.

Jeff manages to get on his feet. Every movement he makes requires agonizing dedication.

But he's hurt... too hurt. And way too dizzy. Back on his knees he goes.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
What the fuck?

Jeff tears up and lets out a frustrated howl...

As a SCARED MAN suddenly trips over him.

SCARED MAN
Sorry, man. Didn't see you.

JEFF
Yeah... It's okay. Please help--

Scared man splits.

JEFF
Hey!!... Shit.

Jeff rises and looks around, desperately searching for ANYTHING that can possibly help tell him wherever it is he's located...

JEFF
Wha-- What is this place?

Suddenly - the familiar sound of whirring helicopter blades.

Jeff turns to face a PAVE HAWK as it lands.

Three TROOPS exit; clad in military attire, heavy combat vests, gas masks, and carrying special carbine rifles, another word for BIG ASS GUN.

JEFF
Hey!!

The men approach Jeff, who slowly walks towards them.

JEFF
Listen, you gotta help me... I need--

Jeff stops upon realization that these men may not be here to help.

That possibility comes to fruition when they suddenly point their weapons at him.

JEFF
Whoa, whoa! Hey! What are you doing?! I'm trying--

TROOP
Get down!

JEFF
What? Wh--

TROOP
Get down! On your knees.

Unwillingly, Jeff does what the troop says.

TROOP
Hands behind your head!

JEFF
Why?

TROOP
What did I say?! Hands behind
your--

JEFF
Why?! Why do I need to put my hands
behind my head? I don't know who I
am, I barely remember my name.

The troop hesitantly lowers his weapon and signals toward
the others to do the same.

Jeff takes note of their body language.

JEFF
What...?

TROOP
What's the last thing you remember?

JEFF
What? Why is that- I... I don't
know.

TROOP
Try to remember.

INSERT CUT -- quick flashes of different faces and people,
cloudy thoughts and memories.

BACK TO SCENE

Then:

JEFF
Kids... and their parents, I think.

TROOP
What else?

JEFF
I, uh... fuck!

TROOP
Focus.

JEFF
(snaps into it)
A shelf. I was in a box.

TROOP #2
He's part of the game.

Jeff chuckles...

This whole thing has definitely crossed the line beyond
"weird" territory.

JEFF
I'm sorry, "game"?

The troops whisper amongst each other.

In a flash, Jeff reaches for the first rifle he sees.

The attempt proves unsuccessful when the troop is able to
keep the weapon gripped and barbarously strike Jeff in the
jaw, sending his ass back onto the dirt.

TROOP
(pointing his rifle)
You think you're smart?!

Jeff immediately covers his face and turns his head as if
that will protect him from a bullet.

JEFF
No, no, no!!

TROOP #3
Calm, calm... You know we gotta
keep him alive.

TROOP
(lowering his weapon)
I know...

The troop snatches Jeff off the ground.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Hey!! Get your hands off me!!

Jeff gives it his all to try and escape the mighty grasp...

But he can't.

To make matters even worse, the other men help out in mercilessly dragging him towards the chopper.

Just as the Hawk begins to roar -

A GOD SIZED, FLAME-RED HAND literally falls out of the sky and crushes it!

Scared shitless, the troops drop Jeff, who takes off...

... and *squeaks* by the meat-hook as it easily smacks the soul out of every bystander in the way.

A world-ending bellow is let out with each maneuver the hand makes. CHAOS.

Thunderous footsteps, each "boom" louder than the last...

Just as an enormous, grotesquely demonic-looking, horned T-REX with black, burnt skin & lava oozing out of it's pores...

Crashes through the walls, stomping on every unseen person in it's bearing.

A cross-bred crowd of HORSE-SHARKS equipped with angelic wings soar through the air while puking rainbow-colored, acid goo.

The sludge disintegrates anybody it happens to land on.

Jeff continuously scurries from utter mayhem, chased at breakneck speed by ZOMBIES.

The look on his face says it all. What the fuck is going on?!

He stops in his tracks upon realization that the ground beneath him is splitting apart... and doing so fast.

Out of nowhere, A GIANT ANT plows through the quaking earth and swallows Jeff whole.

SMASH CUT TO

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Four plastic walls encase a huge toy set, containing...

[Note: the following sequence will show us the trinkets & gadgets in one continuous shot]

... ant, red gloves, helicopter, guns, slime, horses, sharks, wings, zombies, dinosaur, soldiers, action figures.

One plaything stands out in particular. A familiar face. Jeffrey.

FADE TO BLACK

END