

REC  
(ACTS I, II & III)

Written by  
Felix Laurie von Massenbach

7th Jan 2016  
Felix Laurie von Massenbach  
felix@erbridge.co.uk  
+447533879715

FADE IN:

EXT. SKATEPARK - DAY

A close up of a SKATEBOARDER's shoes fills the view of a handheld camera. Rap music is being played out of tinny speakers nearby. The view pulls out to reveal a board being ridden along a path. The skateboarder flips it, landing on a ledge, and the focus slips to the sky. In the shot is the meteor, a small red streak in the clear sky.

The skateboarder continues out of shot and does another trick which can be heard out of shot. He gives a cry of joy, before realising the CAMERAMAN did not follow.

SKATEBOARDER (O. S.)  
That was sick! Did you catch that?  
...What's up? Why'd you stop-

CAMERAMAN (O. S.)  
Look. What is that?

The camera zooms out as the skateboarder walks into shot, head turned to the sky, his back to the camera.

SKATEBOARDER  
Dunno...

He pulls his phone out, looks down at it for moment, then holds it above his head, glancing back at the cameraman.

SKATEBOARDER  
You got signal?

The camera shakes as the cameraman reaches into his pocket.

CAMERAMAN (O. S.)  
Lemme check... You don't?

He is interrupted by a frightened yell from nearby. The camera wheels around, dropping to look at the floor, before suddenly cutting to black with a snap as it is turned off.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. CAFE - DAY

The camera focuses on a TV screen hung on a wall. On the screen is the President's speech, part way through. The words can be heard faintly in the background.

SKATEBOARDER (O. S.)  
(snapping)  
What are you filming for?

CAMERAMAN (O. S.)  
(quietly)  
Dunno. Just am.

SKATEBOARDER (O. S.)  
Put the camera away, dude.  
(after a pause)  
This... this is nuts, man. I'm going  
home.

CAMERAMAN (O. S.)  
(distracted)  
Yeah... Bye.

The door jingles as the skateboarder leaves. The TV cuts and loops back to the beginning of the speech. The camera zooms out and pans to show an empty cafe from a standing perspective. The skateboarder can be seen skating away through the window.

The cameraman opens the jingling door and walks outside.

EXT. STREET

The camera pans around, showing what would normally be a busy shopping street, deserted. The skateboarder can be seen riding away in the distance, and the camera zooms in on him. He turns a corner and, after a moment, the camera zooms back out to a wide shot. Across the road, a middle aged man stands in a doorway, staring at the sky behind the cameraman. The camera zooms in on his clenched fist, then pans up to his face, wet with tears. It lingers, before slowly panning to the sky, zooming in and out, searching for, finding, and focusing on a much larger and clearer meteor. It holds for a few moments before zooming out and returning to the street. The camera stops on a BMX bike propped against a wall, then points at the ground as the cameraman walks towards it, catching glimpses of his shoes. As he reaches the bike, the camera switches off.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The camera is looking out over the city through a domestic window. The bike from earlier is propped up inside. A woman can be heard crying nearby, out of shot, over a low rumbling sound. The camera stays fixed, shaking slightly, but otherwise unchanging. After a few seconds, the blast wave appears on the horizon, rapidly approaching. Just before it hits, the woman screams. The camera goes pixelated, and staticky, before freezing on a wonky image of the window. A moment later it cuts out.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END