

(Name of Project)

by
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(Based on, If Any)

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(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
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Fade In:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

RHUBARB (30s - a large woman) pulls a blanket over her face and lets out a sob.

MAX (40s) sits by her side and strokes her.

His face is bruised and bandaged.

MAX

Who did this to you, Rhuella? Tell me who did this to you.

Rhubarb shakes her head under the blanket and lets out another sob.

Even in the dim light, the *rhubarb motif* is everywhere.

MAX (CONT'D)

It's not your fault, Rhuella. Now tell me who kidnapped you.

Rhubarb hesitates, then uncovers her face.

RHUBARB

There was four.

MAX

Four men?

She nods her head.

MAX (CONT'D)

Do you know their names?

RHUBARB

There was Mugsy. And Bruno. The Fat Man. And the Brain.

Max kisses her.

MAX

Good girl. Now get some sleep. You have a big show tomorrow.

He gets up, grabs a cane and hobbles to the door.

MAX (CONT'D)

We'll get them all, Rhuella. We'll make them pay for what they did to you.

He opens the door. The light reveals a tall man, badly beaten.

MAX (CONT'D)

And me.

He starts to leave.

RHUBARB

Max?

MAX

Yes?

RHUBARB

Don't hurt Mugsy, okay?

MAX

Of course we won't hurt Mugsy.
We're civilized people.

From outside, the sound of someone being thrown against a car.

Alone in the dark room, Rhubarb calls out, soft and slow:

RHUBARB

Annnton...Annnton...Annnton...

From outside, a loud thump and a scream. Then the scream of a Police Siren.

RHUBARB (CONT'D)

Annnton, why won't you come to me?

EXT. MIAMI - NIGHT

A cop car tears down the street.

A Cadillac, painted the deep red of a rhubarb stalk, follows in a frenzy.

The two vehicles speed through the decrepid city, passing throngs of homeless people.

They continue through the broken down, weedy entrance to Wellington Estates. They pass an abandoned guard house, an algae-encrusted pond, and mansions, transformed into slums.

The vehicles screech to a halt.

OFFICER ROBERT (40) AND OFFICER LOPEZ (30) get out.

MAX pushes the Cadillac open with his metal cane and joins them. His jacket is rhubarb red, with the words: The Rhubarb Way.

They approach a door with three deadbolts. OFFICER LOPEZ bangs on it. Waits. Bangs again.

OFFICER LOPEZ
You sure this is it?

Max whacks the door with his cane.

Officer Robert tries the knob. It turns. They step inside.

INT. WELLINGTON ESTATES APARTMENT - NIGHT

Officer Robert flicks on a light. Against one wall is a gym bag, a matt, a punching bag, a cross-bow, and a sword.

Max hobbles over and takes the sword. Whips it out of it's sheath. It rings and reverberates.

He tests the blade with his thumb.

MAX
You could cut someone's head off
with one blow.

He returns it to its sheath.

OFFICER ROBERT
Prefer if you don't touch anything,
sir.

Max growls and heads for the bedroom. Officer Lopez follows.

Officer Robert checks out THE KITCHEN -

THE KITCHEN

Officer Robert opens the refrigerator. Along with the usual, it's packed with Army Survival Rations.

He notices a plastic container. He takes it out and pops it open, to reveal dozens of dead grasshoppers.

He bends down to look closely. A grasshopper jumps at his face. He drops the container.

The grasshoppers spill on the floor.

OFFICER ROBERT
Be careful in there, guys. There's
some weird shit going on.

OFFICER LOPEZ (O.C.)
No shit!

THE BEDROOM

Officer Lopez inspects a large dog cage furnished like a
baby's crib. He picks up a doll and shows Max.

Max shakes his head.

MAX
Sick bastards!

THE KITCHEN

Officer Robert opens the freezer.

It's packed with dead squirrels, possums, raccoons and rats.

He slams it shut. He's sweating.

OFFICER ROBERT
Guys, I think we should call for
backup!

THE BEDROOM

OFFICER LOPEZ
No such thing. No budget.

Max opens dresser drawers. Men's clothes. Women's clothes.
Baby clothes.

The fourth drawer contains dozens of wallets, credit cards
and driver's licenses. He grabs a handful and shows Officer
Lopez.

OFFICER LOPEZ (CONT'D)
I think we should call for backup!

THE KITCHEN

Officer Robert notices a shoebox on the counter. He leans in
and cocks an ear. Taps it.

At arms length he inches up the lid.

Peeks inside.

And screams!

The box goes flying.

Dozens of live scorpions scatter across the counter. They fall onto his pants and skitter across the floor.

He curses and backs out of the kitchen.

Officer Lopez comes running, gun ready. The scorpions run for cover.

OFFICER LOPEZ

What the hell!

Max tosses a handful of wallets and cards on the counter, scattering the scorpions.

OFFICER ROBERT

Damn.

(pauses)

Damn!

OFFICER LOPEZ

(to Max)

You didn't tell us Mugsy was a crazy freakin' serial killer.

A scorpion rustles towards Max's foot. He crushes it with his metal cane.

MAX

Son of a bitch was one of the kidnapers. That's all I know.

OFFICER LOPEZ

What about the woman's clothes?

MAX

Maybe another victim.

OFFICER LOPEZ

Maybe. Or an accomplice. What about the Baby?

Max spies a manuscript laying on a chair. He picks it up and shows it to the two cops.

THE APOCALYPTIC COOKBOOK

HOW TO CATCH, KILL AND COOK EVERYTHING

by Connor Shear

MAX

Maybe dinner.

SUPER: ONE WEEK EARLIER

INT. WELLINGTON ARMS APARTMENT - DAY

In the same kitchen, CONNOR SHEAR (23) slides past MARISOL (19) and removes two bottles from the refrigerator stacked with Army Survival Rations.

CONNOR

My love, which do you think is proper with sauteed grasshopper - white or red?

Marisol tosses him a disgusted look.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Are grasshoppers considered more like beef or chicken?

MARISOL

They're considered more like insects.

She squeezes past him and grabs a package of ground meat.

CONNOR

How about beer? I heard somewhere that insects pair best with beer. We'll call the recipe Hops and Hoppers! What do you think?

MARISOL

What do I think? What can I possibly think about a man who wants to eat grasshoppers?

CONNOR

I don't *want* to eat them, but someday we may *have* to.

MARISOL

Not tonight. Tonight I'm eating something very exotic. It's called a hamburger. It comes from a creature called a cow.

(MORE)

MARISOL (CONT'D)

Because in spite of your gloom and doom predictions, there are still plenty of cows.

CONNOR

Plenty now, sure. But there won't be when the radioactive shit hits the fan.

MARISOL

All the more reason to enjoy them now.

Connor lifts the lid off a copper pot. Stirs the sizzling grasshoppers.

CONNOR

Grasshoppers are a lot sturdier than cows. They thrive in every climate. They can survive radiation, most toxic chemicals. I tell you, when every other source of food is gone, they'll be there for us, baby. Then you'll beg me for some of my famous Hops and Hoppers.

Marisol slaps ground meat into patties.

MARISOL

I'll beg you to kill me first.

CONNOR

Listen, Marisol, my love, if we are going to survive, we have to learn how to eat whatever else is going to survive. It's that simple. Grasshoppers are the Rambos of the insect world.

MARISOL

They're disgusting, ugly, vile little creatures. Their skin looks like insect leather.

CONNOR

Now you're thinking. We can use the skin...

MARISOL

No, Connor. Please.

CONNOR

Morphologically speaking, they're like lobsters -- just a wee bit smaller. You like lobster, right?

MARISOL

A grasshopper is not a tiny lobster.

He embraces her from behind. Kisses and gropes her while she tosses the hamburgers into a frying pan.

She elbows him.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

I've eaten squirrels, Connor. Garden snakes. Your dog Nick, bless his soul. I even tasted those green crickets...

CONNOR

Homorocoryphus.

MARISOL

Yeah, the gay crickets. I've eaten things that would make a vulture puke. I've done everything you asked. I've kept my end of the deal. But please, por favor, I beg you -- not grasshoppers.

Connor turns off the stove and moves the pot to a metal trivet. He takes a whiff.

CONNOR

Grasshopper is considered a delicacy by certain tribes in Malawi.

MARISOL

Send them an invitation. I'd love to have some company for a change.

Connor pours two glasses of beer.

CONNOR

This is not your common, everyday grasshopper. This is fully pedigreed *Acanthacris Ruficornis* - certified laboratory specimen. I'm proud to say it's the finest grasshopper money can buy.

MARISOL

You do know how to impress a gal.

CONNOR

Come on, Marisol. You tasted Nick,
and he was a mutt!

Marisol shudders at the memory.

MARISOL

You should have just buried him.

CONNOR

It was an opportunity. You're the
one who agreed to help me with all
this stuff.

MARISOL

I know what I agreed to.

CONNOR

This isn't a game, Marisol - it's
about survival - for us, for our
children...

MARISOL

What children? Do you see any
children?

Connor dips a fork into the grasshopper stew.

Takes a bite and chews it slowly.

He swallows and smacks his lips.

CONNOR

Tastes just like chicken shit. Try
it.

MARISOL

I'd rather eat chicken shit.

He fishes out a small piece and brings it to Marisol's lips.

She sniffs it, makes the sign of the cross and takes a bite.

She chews it for a moment, gags, and spits it back into the
bowl.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

Disgusting.

She takes a sip of beer, swishes it around and spits it out. She gulps down the rest.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

Okay, you happy? I've kept my end of the bargain. When are you going to keep yours?

CONNOR

I just need a little more time and a lot more money. Once we have enough...

MARISOL

We have enough. We have enough. Connor, I can't stay here any longer, cooped up like this, waiting.

CONNOR

You're safe here.

MARISOL

Not from myself.

CONNOR

Just hang in for a while.

MARISOL

Why? What's the point? Sometimes I think Rhubarb is right.

CONNOR

Don't say that.

MARISOL

It doesn't matter if we live or die, or even if the world ends. It doesn't matter.

Connor dumps the grasshoppers into a garbage pail.

CONNOR

Boy, you really take all the fun out of doomsday.

They grab the burgers and move to the living room. Sit on a mattress on the floor.

MARISOL

You going tonight? It's a full moon. Should be lots of Jumpers.

CONNOR

Always. The full moon makes people
crazy.

MARISOL

Or maybe it's just easier to find
the bridge.

CONNOR

Maybe.

MARISOL

Rhubarb holds a big meeting every
full moon.

CONNOR

Are you threatening me?

MARISOL

I don't know. I need to leave the
city, Connor. Either we go up, into
the mountains, or I go down, into
the earth. I think I'm threatening
me.

CONNOR

Okay, Marisol, you win.

MARISOL

Give me a date.

CONNOR

After this weekend. We'll split as
soon as Jordan hands out our
bonuses at the Company Picnic.

Marisol gives him a grateful kiss.

MARISOL

Since you're quitting, can I tell
him what a cockroach he is?

Connor shrugs.

CONNOR

Speaking of cockroach -- we need to
bring some kind of potluck dish.

MARISOL

Like what?

Connor gets up, grabs a towel and a thermos.

CONNOR
Think about it. I got to go.

MARISOL
I'll miss you.

CONNOR
Me too.

MARISOL
I hope you don't get too many live
ones.

CONNOR
Thanks.