

ARMAGEDDON OUTTA HERE

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INT. POST-APOCALYPTIC APARTMENT - DAY

A disheveled apartment. Not disheveled in a bachelor type of way. More of a the-world-has-just-ended type of way. Piles of furniture are stacked in front of the door.

TIM (40s), unshaven and wearing a beat-up, dusty suit, checks himself out in the mirror.

His brother and roommate, JASON (30s), similar end-of-the-world appearance, watches him.

JASON

What are you doing?

TIM

I'm going out. I have a date.

JASON

A date? But it's the apocalypse!

TIM

That was days ago. I'm sure its fine now.

JASON

Fine? There is all kinds of nuclear fall-out falling out there!

TIM

Fake news, little brother. Fake news.

JASON

But your suit is covered in dust and debris from the explosion.

TIM

Thanks. That makes me feel real confident.

KNOCK! KNOCK! A banging on the door. Tim walks over, starts to move the furniture away.

JASON

Hey! That's there to keep people out.

TIM

This guy is mega-hot, and I have been trying to get a date with him for months. No apocalypse is gonna ruin that.

JASON

I'm sure he is mega-hot. Because he's been out in the radioactive sun for the last week. He's probably a flesh-eating mutant by now! Is that who you want to date? Some nuclear, cannibal zombie?

TIM

If it means I don't have to sit in here with you for another day, then yes. Yes, I do.

Another KNOCK on the door.

JASON

Tim, please. You're not thinking with your head. You're thinking with your -

TIM

Look, I get it. You're jealous.

JASON

I'm not jealous. Just because you're the one who's so adventurous. And cool. And outgoing. And I'm - not. I just - I want you to be safe. I care about you.

Tim is surprised by this honesty, but starts to get it.

TIM

Really?

JASON

Of course! You're my big brother.

Tim smiles.

TIM

I care about you too, Jason.

Jason smiles, hopeful.

JASON

So, you'll stay in here?

TIM

Hell no! I'm going out!

Tim throws one last chair out of the way and looks through the peephole.

TIM (CONT'D)

OMG! There he is. And is that - his sister?

JASON

For the last time. Please. You've got to - did you say sister?

TIM

Take a look. She's cute.

JASON

Nope. No. I'm not gonna - Ok, just a quick look.

Jason squints through the peephole.

JASON (CONT'D)

Oh. That is a very attractive gas mask she's wearing, but - no.

Tim grabs Jason, looks him in the eyes.

TIM

Jason, look at me. This is your chance. Don't let the FOMO keep you from your YOLO.

JASON

That doesn't even make sense.

TIM

The point is - a life lived in fear is a life half lived.

JASON

Now you're just quoting Strictly Ballroom.

TIM

It's a classic movie.

JASON

That's true, but -

TIM

Let's just say you're right: This is the apocalypse. Then that means there are roving gangs of mutant biker anarchists out there right now establishing the new tribal kratocracy. Do you want to be left out of that?

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

You just want to stand around until some guy with a mohawk and spiked football pads busts in and makes you his girlfriend?

Tim gets even more serious.

TIM (CONT'D)

Or do you want to be that guy? The guy giving the orders. The guy living his best life! The guy going out on dates!

Jason mulls it over.

JASON

Can I wear shoulder pads?

TIM

It's the apocalypse. You can wear whatever you want.

JASON

I don't know. I mean, I want to. But a mohawk... seems so drastic.

KNOCK! One final knock on the door.

TIM

What's it gonna be? Live your best life out there? Or half-a-life in here?

Jason thinks... thinks...

JASON

Oh what the heck! Let's do it.

They smile and hug.

TIM

Yes! That's what I'm talking about. FOMO YOLO!

JASON

That still doesn't make sense.

Tim walks out as Jason follows.

END.