

FROM THE SKY

by

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EXT. STREET OUTSIDE A CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Dawn breaks across the city skyline, dusting the buildings in gold.

Frank, 40s, neat and bald, parks his car on the street outside the construction site. He gets out of the car and looks up with a smile at the partially completed high-rise building in front of him. He pauses, enjoying the quiet.

Frank is wearing his work uniform, a neon-bright, high-vis shirt, long dark pants, and work boots. He puts on his hard hat, slings his backpack across his shoulder, and walks towards the construction site, passing a couch someone has abandoned on the sidewalk.

Roy, 20s, Frank's workmate, sits on the couch playing with his phone. As Frank walks past, Roy gets up and follows him, still glued to his phone.

They pass another construction worker in his 30s, Brian, who is smoking and reading a newspaper. Brian folds up his paper, puts out his cigarette, and falls into line behind Frank and Roy.

INT. SITE OFFICE - DAY

The three men put on their two-way radios as the foreman, Joe, 50s, allocates their jobs for the day.

JOE

Frank, you're in the sky today.
Roy and Brian, hope you like dog
chow.

BRIAN

(deadpan)
Woof.

ROY

Aw, why do I have to be doggie
again? When am I gonna get time in
the crane?

JOE

When you stop whining like my
grandmother's schnauzer. Now get
out of here.

Frank and his team leave.

JOE
And have a good day, boys.

INT. INDUSTRIAL LIFT - DAY

Frank waits inside the lift while Roy and Brian hover outside.

BRIAN
Gonna have lunch up in the cab?

FRANK
Yeah.

BRIAN
Got your pee bottle?

Frank pats his water bottle, strapped to the side of his backpack.

FRANK
One litre in, one litre out.

ROY
Jesus, you old people are disgusting.

As the lift doors close, Frank nods at Roy and Brian.

Brian salutes. Roy gives him the finger. Frank smiles at them both.

EXT. CRANE BASE - DAY

Frank exits the lift and walks to the ladder leading up to the crane cabin.

He looks up at the cabin, several stories above him.

Frank starts climbing.

INT. CRANE CABIN - DAY

Frank manipulates the crane's controls as Roy's voice chatters on the radio. The sun is high in the sky and the city vista lies before him.

In the distance, a meteor slices through the clouds, leaving behind a fiery trail before crashing into the heart of the city below.

Frank stares, horrified, at the smoke several blocks away from the meteor's impact. He fumbles in his backpack, taking out a pair of binoculars.

ROY (V.O.)

Shit, shit, shit! What was that?
Frank! Brian! Did you see that?

BRIAN (V.O.)

Yeah.

FRANK

It's on Fifth Street. I'm looking at it through my binoculars. There's smoke, there's crashed cars ... Jesus Christ ... there's bodies.

JOE (V.O.)

Business as usual, everyone! I know it looks like the apocalypse, but until four horsemen ride up and tell us to stop, we're going to keep working. This project is already 10 weeks behind and jobs are on the line!

ROY (V.O.)

Fuck, that's cold.

FRANK

(turns to Joe's channel)
Joe, there are bodies! People are dead!

Sirens wail in the distance.

JOE (V.O.)

The authorities are already on their way. Back to work, people.

The radio beeps twice, someone trying to get through on the private channel. Frank returns his radio to his crew's channel.

ROY (V.O.)

Hey, I'm going to go check it out. Fuck Joe, man. People might need help.

FRANK

Roy, if you go we have to stop loading.

ROY (V.O.)
I won't be long. Over.

FRANK
Roy!

Roy's gone. Brian chimes in.

BRIAN (V.O.)
Well, he might have shit for brains
... but his heart's in the right
place.

INT. CRANE CABIN - DAY

Frank watches the scene of the impact through his binoculars. His lunchbox lies open on his lap but the food hasn't been touched. He sees something, frowns, talks into his radio.

FRANK
Brian?

BRIAN (V.O.)
Yeah?

FRANK
Is Roy back?

BRIAN (V.O.)
Nope.

FRANK
There's something weird going on.
There's a crowd of people spreading
out from the crash site. Just
spreading out in all directions.
And they're all acting a little ...
crazy.

BRIAN (V.O.)
Like Mardi Gras crazy?

FRANK
No, like, Streetfighter-crazy ... I
don't know how to describe it.

BRIAN (V.O.)
Hold up. Roy's back. Shit, Roy, you
been in a fight?

Roy's voice comes over Brian's radio, softer than Brian's

voice, but still clear.

ROY (V.O.)

Some guy in a business suit, I was trying to help him, and he just bit me! I punched him in the face and I got away, but ... Ah! My arm stings. Where is everyone?

BRIAN (V.O.)

In Joe's office shouting at Joe, or the break room watching the news. Frank says he can see the crowds around Fifth Street going crazy.

FRANK

Yeah, come on up.
Roy, I've got a first aid kit up here.

Frank puts away his lunch box and opens the cabin door. He stands at the doorway and looks down at the lift entrance.

The lift doors open and he sees Brian and Roy emerge. Brian is struggling with Roy, who is attacking Brian while Brian is trying to subdue him.

FRANK

(shouting down the ladder)

Roy! What the fuck are you doing?
Roy!

Brian starts to climb the ladder and Roy clambers after him.

Brian climbs fast, with Roy only a rung or two behind him.

Frank crouches down and watches them helplessly. There is no trace of humanity or recognition in his Roy's face. Only hunger.

Roy grabs Brian by the leg and Brian kicks at him but he might as well be kicking a sack of flour.

Roy snarls at Brian, his mouth is missing teeth and full of blood. He climbs round to the other side of the ladder and hisses in Brian's face.

Brian repeatedly punches Roy in the face, then kicks him in the solar plexus. Roy loses his grip on the ladder and falls, limbs outstretched, looking like a spider on its

back.

Frank reaches out to Brian, ready to pull him up.

Brian stretches out his hand, then stops. They both stare at Brian's bleeding knuckles, at the torn skin where Roy bit him.

Frank pulls Brian up anyway.

They sit on the platform and look at the chaos below. Black dots beneath them are people, prey and predator, running, swarming.

BRIAN

I've seen the movies, Frank. I know
what happens next.

FRANK

We don't know for sure how Roy got
... sick. Please, brother ...

Brian smiles. He salutes Frank, leans forward.

He's gone.

Frank watches his friend fall down, down. He closes his eyes.

He climbs back into his cabin.

He turns off his radio.

He looks over the city and waits.