

Area 54

written by

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EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

SUPER: 1989

Moon, trees, and road. Some puddles from a recent rainstorm.

A young coyote comfortably meanders across the pavement towards, and past, an aging green sign which reads "WINDY TREES, CA - Population 32".

A 1983 Chevy Caprice Classic comes around the bend. The car had been adorned with the words "JUST MARRIED" but that text, along with other decorations, has been smeared by rain.

The tin cans that the car still drags look as if they've seen battle. "Bush/Quayle '88" sticker on the bumper.

INT. CHEVY CAPRICE CLASSIC - NIGHT

AMBER, 26, still in her wedding dress, scolds JIM, 29, driving uncomfortably in his tuxedo. His bowtie hangs loosely. Massive pit stains on either side of his shirt.

AMBER

You could have asked for directions an hour ago, Jim.

JIM

I think we're going the right way.

Irritated, Amber pulls a few pieces of rice from deep in her hair, and tosses them out the window.

EXT. WINDY TREES GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

The flying rice disappears in the shadows of this tiny, dirt-road station with one fuel pump, an outdoor restroom, and a wooden shack of a convenience store. A few lights cause more buzzing than illumination. The Chevy rolls in.

JIM

You think anyone's here?

Jim brings the car to a stop at the pump.

AMBER

I'd be fine if I married Richard. He has a phone in his car.

She swings the passenger side door open.

JIM
And a stick up his ass.

AMBER
Well at least he can call somebody
if he needs it removed.

Wrestling with her dress, Amber places one leg outside of the car. To her dismay, her shoe sinks into the mud.

Jim steps out of the car as well, to the same result.

AMBER (CONT'D)
I'm gonna powder my nose.

She rises from the car, and heads toward the restroom. Jim pointedly taps his nostril.

JIM
You didn't do that enough at the
wedding?

Amber takes great effort to spin in Jim's direction while holding part (not all) of her dress off the ground.

AMBER
Shut up, Jim.

She spins back around, takes a step, and falls on her face.

Jim takes a step in her direction.

JIM
Oh, let me...

She places one finger in the air, stopping him in his tracks.

AMBER
I'm fine.

She rises, her dress covered in mud, and storms toward the restroom.

JIM
Wait. When were you in Richard's
car?

The restroom door slams. Sighing, Jim walks toward the tiny convenience store.

JIM (CONT'D)
Hi there?

Nothing but darkness inside.

Jim knocks, and then presses his face to the window, shielding the outside light with his hands.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Moonlight illuminates some convenience store staples - cigarettes, sugary snacks, dust-covered air fresheners, jerky.

A three foot creature peeks nervously at Jim's knock. Jim's voice is muffled through the glass, and his unlit face pressing in the window is more threatening than he realizes.

The three foot creature regards Jim nervously.

JIM
Anyone inside? My wife and I could use some help.

EXT. WINDY TREES GAS STATION - NIGHT

Jim sees some movement in the window reflection. He spins in the direction of his car.

JIM
We're not from around here, and we're a bit low on gas.

Silence. Jim takes a soggy step towards his car, becoming concerned.

JIM (CONT'D)
See... We're newlyweds. I'm Jim and my wife is Amber.

He is interrupted by a loud GURGLE.

JIM (CONT'D)
Uh... We're not looking for any trouble...

The SPLAT of footsteps grabs Jim's attention. In the shadows to his left, he can almost make out a creature the size of a tiny person approaching him.

JIM (CONT'D)
Hi. Gave me a little bit of a scare! Is your Mommy or Daddy around?

He still doesn't see that the creature moving his way is not a person.

The tiny feet continue their path towards Jim.

Long fingernails dangle at the creature's side. The creature drools in thick strands, breathes heavily, and gurgles.

JIM (CONT'D)
Alright. Just gonna head back to my car now.

After taking another step, Jim freezes.

He stares at the Chevy. The passenger side front and back seats both have similar small creatures sitting in them, looking out the window toward Jim.

JIM (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Okay, Jimmy. Don't have a cow, man.

He addresses the first creature.

JIM (CONT'D)
You just stay there, buddy.

The creature irreverently makes a threatening GRINDING sound as it speeds toward Jim, arriving directly at his side.

JIM (CONT'D)
Ok. Don't like orders. Got it. Did you want food? I think I have...

Another one is on his other side...

JIM (CONT'D)
Hi.

Jim reaches into his pocket.

JIM (CONT'D)
Ok. I have a chocolate bar. You want a chocolate bar? It's good. I'll split it. You can both have some.

He removes a chocolate bar from his pocket, holding the attention of the two creatures.

The two from the car even seem interested, and open the car doors to approach him...

JIM (CONT'D)
Yeah. Ok. There's some chocolate for everybody.

The two creatures from the car move to surround Jim. He now has a tiny creature in any direction he would move, each making a terrifying GRINDING sound.

Taking a deep breath, Jim splits the bar in half.

While he cannot make out their faces in the darkness, Jim can see that the creatures are baring their teeth. He attempts to conceal his terror.

JIM (CONT'D)
Really getting excited for that
chocolate bar, huh?

More drool. More teeth. Their heads seem to almost open on a latch. The teeth are endless.

Jim splits the bar a second time. And a third.

JIM (CONT'D)
Who doesn't like a good snack?
Okay. Here comes. Yum, Yum, Yum.

He holds out one piece of the bar with his right hand. The creature sniffs it.

JIM (CONT'D)
Ok. Yum. Chocolate.

The creature on his right continues to sniff as Jim begins to lower the chocolate towards the ground.

JIM (CONT'D)
Crud. I should put this on the
ground. You don't want to eat it
out of my...

The creature on his left CLAMPS down on his hand.

JIM (CONT'D)
Jumpin' Jehovah!

Another one clamps on his kneecap. Jim falls to the ground. Jim watches the creature that had been at his left step back a few inches and devour Jim's now removed hand.

JIM (CONT'D)
Amber!

One of the creatures rips into Jim's stomach, and seems to look up at Jim as it goes to work on turning him inside out.

Greedily biting into a chunk of intestine, the creature moves away, pulling and unraveling Jim's insides as it does. Jim yells in pain.

The first creature finally takes the chocolate bar, sits at Jim's side, and eats it.

As the other two creatures continue devouring various parts of Jim, while his intestines continue to unspool, the first creature stares, and makes up its mind. It leans into Jim's neck, and bites Jim's jugular, releasing a thick stream of blood.

INT. GAS STATION RESTROOM - NIGHT

The commotion from outside can barely be heard over the loud plumbing, fan, and sink in the mold-filled bathroom.

A cockroach walks across the toilet seat, unseen by Amber, who stands at the sink, tapping a bit of cocaine into her fingernail. She hungrily leans her nose into the fingernail.

She is lucky enough to enjoy a decent sniff before a loud THUMP from the door shocks her.

AMBER

What is your damage, Jim?

Sighing, she opens the door.

EXT. WINDY TREES GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Amber's face drops at the sight of Jim's headless corpse surrounded by small monsters loudly eating.

Before she has a chance to understand what she is seeing, a projectile flies in her direction. It's Jim's severed head, frozen in a terrified expression.

AMBER

Jim!

The word is barely out before she is headbutted by Jim's forehead. She falls down from the impact, and is surprised to see at least twenty of the tiny creatures heading her way.

Amber recalls a prior conversation to herself aloud, and in a fairly accurate impersonation of her recently deceased groom.

AMBER (CONT'D)
Who needs Aruba, baby? Let's drive
the California coast! It'll be an
adventure!

She crawls backwards into the restroom. The creatures follow.

Amber reaches into her purse, and locates the remainder of
her cocaine.

AMBER (CONT'D)
Jim, you were less adventurous than
a fart after a milkshake.

Amber skillfully inhales the remaining cocaine from its bag.

She rises with fire in her eyes as the tiny monsters surround
her.

AMBER (CONT'D)
You'll never take me alive, mother
fuckers!

EXT. WINDY TREES GAS STATION - NIGHT

CHEWING and SCREAMS echo into the rural night. Rivers of
steaming blood projectile through the door of the restroom.

EXT. BIGGER BROTHER OFFICE - NIGHT

SUPER: Washington, D.C.

The Bigger Brother office is an abandoned deli. The DELI sign
still hangs, along with a CLOSING OUR DOORS. THANKS FOR THE
PATRONAGE, and a FOR SALE sign.

The place is chained shut, and the window has been mostly
covered with newspaper pages, but a light clearly glows
within.

Three FBI AGENTS watch the office.

FBI AGENT 1
I got two people inside.

FBI AGENT 2
Copy that.

FBI AGENT 1
No shit. I'm right next to you.

INT. BIGGER BROTHER OFFICE - NIGHT

Newspaper clippings cover the walls from floor to ceiling. Each clipping is a front page from BIGGER BROTHER MAGAZINE. The articles focus on seemingly outrageous, paranoid, conspiratorial topics: "Bigfoot in Miami", "Paul McCartney is Dead and Elvis isn't", "Moon Landing Stage still stands in Long Island City", "Oliver North Traded Alien Technology to Iran through Israel", "Loch Ness Monster operated by Soviet officials", etc.

The taped and thumbtacked articles ripple lightly in the breeze from three ancient, open-faced fans spread throughout the room.

A television rests on a cheap folding table against the wall. A NEWS ANCHOR, mid-40s, races his teleprompter.

NEWS ANCHOR

The world is reeling from the events of the past few days. As the international community reacts to the death of Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini, details are still trickling in from the student protest in China. From what we understand, The People's Liberation Army...

A sneaker hits the television knob, pushing it in, and turning it off.

WALDO DILLINGER, 19, somewhere between a young Bill Gates and a young Charles Manson, rises to collect his sneaker.

WALDO

Fascist Commie Fucks.

He returns to his seat at a Macintosh SE, where he is carefully laying out a page that reads: CLASSIFIEDS on Aldus Pagemaker software.

He ignores the footsteps that approach his chair. VIOLET WALKER, 18, thin, black, quick-minded, and radiating confidence, wears a small leather purse on a long strap across her body. She places her hands on the back of Waldo's chair.

VIOLET

Something we printed was true.

WALDO

Everything I print is true, Violet.

Violet rolls her eyes.

VIOLET
 Something we printed was true-er.

She gently lifts one of the articles covering the window so that Waldo can peek outside.

WALDO'S POV

Many obvious FBI agents stand across the street, holding radios, taking notes, and staring back at him through binoculars.

BACK TO SCENE

Violet replaces the article.

WALDO
 Bodacious.

VIOLET
 Gimme the disk.

WALDO
 I just gotta copy and paste the rest of the classifieds.

VIOLET
 Hurry.

Waldo speedily copies and pastes items between two documents.

WALDO
 What article brought them, you think?

As Waldo works, Violet walks to the folding table that holds the television.

VIOLET
 CIA of pigs?

WALDO
 The secret society IllumiNixon.

She gently flips the table to a 90 degree angle. The television is attached to it and remains as it moves.

VIOLET
 The Loch-Ness Mobsters.

Once the table is on its side, Violet reaches toward one of the legs, and bends it downwards, at a joint that most table legs wouldn't have.

WALDO
Ebu GoGo Girls.

The wall to the right of the table slides open with a ROLL of primitive machinery, revealing almost pure blackness, aside from one thick, long, cable that seems to begin just above the wall's opening, and extends beyond visibility - a zipline cord.

Violet returns to the window, and peeks once again.

VIOLET'S POV

The FBI agents are crossing the street. There are even more of them. They are moving briskly toward the office.

BACK TO SCENE

VIOLET
Hey Hemingway - copy and paste,
huh?

WALDO
It's just saving.

He turns his head at a KNOCK on the door.

VIOLET
We paid two thousand dollars so
this thing could save for ten
minutes?

Waldo's fingers twitch with anticipation near the disk drive.

WALDO
I'm too pretty for prison.

VIOLET
Please, Waldo. You're like
sandpaper with hair.

They nervously hover over the slow moving computer.

WALDO
(Singsongy)
Who's there?

FBI AGENT 2 (O.S.)
Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Another knock.

VIOLET
It's getting gnarly...

Waldo pulls the 3.5" floppy disk out, and tosses it to Violet.

WALDO
Go.

FBI AGENT 1
Step away from the door. We are coming in. Do you understand me?

Violet places the disk in her mouth. She rips her purse from its leather strap, letting the purse itself fall into a trash bin, where it instantly erupts in flames, sizzles, and is gone.

Violet walks toward the opening in the wall. She reaches above her head with the remaining leather strap, and places it over the metal cable.

Kicking off, Violet ziplines into the darkness.

Waldo quickly unbends the table leg, and the wall closes. He flips the table properly against the wall as the door is broken in with a battering ram.

Several FBI Agents forcibly introduce Waldo to the floor. Waldo grunts in pain.

FBI AGENT 2
(to Waldo)
Where's the girl?

WALDO
I don't know who you mean.

FBI AGENT 1
(to his team)
Check the perimeter. Don't lose her!

On the floor, Waldo grins.