2017: THE FINAL YEAR
FADE IN:

INT. CABIN - DAY

A scruffy OLD MAN sits in a chair, looking down, a gloomy expression.

SUPERIMPOSE: "August 27, 2016"

Finally he glances up and gazes into the camera. He clears his throat, taking a deep breath.

OLD MAN
My name is Sam Rutherford. I’m seventy-six years old. I’ve lived out in these hills all my life. I’ve seen quite a few things in my day. But what I’m about to show you...

(swallowing hard)
I’ve never told anyone about it. I had my reasons. But it’s been eating away at me for nineteen years. Looking back on it now, it was probably the beginning of the end. Things were never quite the same again. It was, I guess you’d say, ground zero.

He stands, picking up a video tape, studying it. He limps to the TV.

OLD MAN
It was June fourth, 1997. There was a small earthquake that morning. No damage, though. I didn’t think much about it. After lunch I hiked out to the lake to do some fishing. In the woods I found a campsite. It was... a real mess.

(shaking his head grimly)
I found this tape there. I brought it home, watched it and... well, see for yourself.

He puts the tape in a VCR, pushes a button.

Static on the TV, then finally a picture. The screen shows woods and trees.
EXT. WOODS (ON VIDEO TAPE) - DUSK

A handheld camera explores the woods. The date on the video reads: "06/03/1997".

The video camera pans to bushes, trees and two tents at a campsite.

Sitting around a campfire are three college-age kids: two GIRLS and a GUY. They roast marshmallows, drink beer, enjoy the peaceful evening.

A girl looks at the person holding the camera.

GIRL #1
You’re not gonna get any marshmallows if you don’t put that camera away and get over here!

CAMERA GUY (O.S.)
Okay, just a minute.

As the camera approaches the campfire, the others look into the lens, waving, laughing, making faces.

One girl holds a flaming marshmallow up to the lens.

CAMERA GUY (O.S.)
Oooh, scary!

Suddenly a CRASHING sound in the forest. They all look toward the woods, as does the camera.

CAMERA GUY (O.S.)
What the hell?

The camera moves toward the sound.

GIRL #2 (O.S.)
Where are you going?!

CAMERA GUY (O.S.)
I bet it was a deer. Maybe I can get a shot of it.

The camera and its light peer into the woods but finds nothing.

The camera turns to the left -- nothing but a tree. It moves to the right. Nothing. Silence.

When the camera turns back to the left, a pale, grotesque ZOMBIE peers into the lens.
The Camera Guy SCREAMS. As he turns to run, we briefly see four ZOMBIES surrounding the campfire. The other three kids SHRIEK, terrified.

The picture becomes jittery. The SOUND of footsteps, skirmishing, wailing.

There’s a menacing GROWL as the Camera Guy SCREAMS again. The camera falls and CRASHES to the ground. The picture and sound turn to STATIC. The pictures FADES TO BLACK.

EXT. WOODS (ON VIDEO TAPE) - NIGHT

The video camera it turned back on. There’s brief static, then finally a picture.

We see grass. The camera is still lying on the ground. It shows the same date: “06/03/1997”.

Someone picks up the camera. A glimpse of shrubs, trees, woods. The image is jittery.

A glimpse of the campfire.

Then the camera points to four zombies hovering over human remains, devouring them.

The camera clumsily moves in various directions.

The person holding the camera accidentally aims the lens at himself -- it’s one of the zombies. He looks into the lens, puzzled by the contraption.

He turns the camera back toward the campfire and the other zombies.

Then the picture goes STATIC.

EXT. WOODS (ON VIDEO TAPE) - NIGHT

A jittery camera shows a zombie holding a bag of marshmallows.

The Zombie clumsily puts a marshmallow on a stick and holds it over the flames. The marshmallow catches fire. The other zombies watch it burn, puzzled.

More STATIC. Then FADE TO BLACK.
EXT. WOODS (ON VIDEO TAPE) - NIGHT

The camera moves toward a tent.

The Zombie with the camera turns the lens toward himself again, trying to get the hang of it. He aims it back toward the tent.

Stooping down, the Zombie crawls inside the tent. There's a backpack inside the tent.

The Zombie's hand reaches into the backpack, sorts through it, pulling out various items: clothes, first aid kit, book, toothbrush.

Then more STATIC.

EXT. WOODS (ON VIDEO TAPE) - NIGHT

Four zombies sit around the campfire, sampling marshmallows.

One of them trudges up to the camera and looks into the lens, fascinated.

The camera points to another zombie, who picks up a frisbee, puzzled by it. He smells of it. The other zombies watch.

STATIC.

EXT. WOODS (ON VIDEO TAPE) - NIGHT

Three zombies lie on the ground asleep near the campfire. It's now after midnight -- the date on the tape now reads: "06/04/1997".

The camera moves toward the tent, peering inside, finding a sleeping zombie.

The Zombie holding the camera stoops down and crawls inside the tent, clumsily getting inside a sleeping bag. He points the camera toward himself as he attempts to get comfortable. He fidgets with the camera, finally turning it off.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. WOODS (ON VIDEO TAPE) - DAWN

The camera is turned on inside the tent. Date reads: "06/04/1997".
The sound of FOOTSTEPS outside the tent. Twigs SNAPPING. BUZZING. Various odd sounds.

The Zombie with the camera aims the lens at the zombie beside him, who looks outside toward the sounds, disturbed.

The jittery camera peers outside the tent, showing the other three zombies lying on the ground near the smouldering campfire. Awakened, they all look toward the sounds, concerned.

The three zombies outside rise and make their way to the tent. They crawl inside, joining the other two.

More CRASHING and SNAPPING sounds outside.

The zombies look at one another, baffled. The Zombie with the camera aims the lens outside. All becomes quiet.

Suddenly a shadowy figure leaps high into the air and lands near the campfire on all fours. It’s a WEREWOLF-type creature, saliva dripping from its fangs. It looks all around, GROWLING ferociously.

A FLUTTERING sound from the sky. Then a SWOOSHING and puff of smoke. Suddenly standing across from the Werewolf is a gnarly VAMPIRE-like creature with long, sharp teeth.

The camera turns toward the other zombies in the tent. They moan, terrified. The camera turns back toward the creatures outside.

An eerie WHIRRING and HUMMING sound, then a FLASH of light from above. Instantly a humanoid-like ALIEN creature appears standing near the Vampire and Werewolf. It studies the other creatures, expressionless.

Then slowly gliding down from above comes a striking witch-like SORCERESS. She lands softly, but when she sees the others she makes several unnerving SCREECHING sounds.

The creatures keep their distance from one another, cautious.

Slow FOOTSTEPS from the woods. All turn and watch as a tall, hooded, dark figure emerges, carrying a scythe, his red eyes glowing: the Grim Reaper.

Next a human marches out of the woods -- a BURLY FELLOW wearing a suit and grasping a briefcase with a "U.S. Govt." insignia. He eyes the others, a stern expression on his face.
A SLOSHING sound. Stepping out of the woods is a strange FOREST CREATURE made of bark, mud and plant material. It observes the others with dark hollow eyes.

Then the sound of soft FOOTSTEPS approaching. Emerging from the forest is a small, wiry, human PRIEST grasping a Bible.

The Priest joins the others, calmly observing them.

PRIEST
My friends, it didn’t have to come to this...

From the smouldering campfire, a BURST of flames shoot high into the air. A red DEMON with horns and hoofed feet appears from the flames.

DEMON
Yes... it did!

As the creatures eye one other, there's a BOLT of lightning and CRASH of thunder, followed by a gust of wind.

A white horse emerges from the woods carrying a beautiful female with long, flowing red hair which is adorned with vines, flowers and butterflies.

The Priest gawks at her.

PRIEST
Mother Nature! We were... not expecting you.

She calmly examines the others, a look of concern on her face. She gracefully dismounts from the horse, her bare feet gliding across the grass. The werewolf cowers anxiously.

Those gathered have now formed a circle around the campfire. Several of the creatures reamin calm; others are agitated and ready to pounce.

BURLY GUY
Okay, let’s get started.

PRIEST
No. We must wait for the others.

The Zombie with the camera aims the lens back at the panicked zombies beside him in the tent. One of them attempts to get up but clumsily falls, resulting in a loud CRASH.

The camera aims back outside at the creatures, who all look toward the disturbance.
The BURLY FELLOW with the briefcase marches toward the camera, squinting toward the tent.

    BURLY FELLOW
    You gotta be kidding. Freakin' zombies? What are they doing here?!

He pulls out a gun and aims in the direction of the camera, FIRING several shots.

The camera CRASHES to the ground, blood squirting onto the lens.

The sideways camera, now resting on the ground, shows only grass and shrubs. All of the gathered creatures are now out of view.

More GUNSHOTS. The SOUND of zombies falling, groaning.

The camera's picture and sound disappear briefly -- nothing but STATIC for several seconds.

The picture and sound return momentarily.

The unmanned camera remains on the ground, motionless.

    PRIEST (O.S.)
    I am here as a messenger from God himself. All of our factions are at war. Unless we make peace and agree to a pact now, the Earth as we know it shall end twenty years from this day -- in the year of our Lord 2017 A.D. God has declared it so. The future of the Earth -- the future of life in all realms -- is at stake this very morning.

Sudden quiet. Then a GROWL. SNARLING.

A GUN SHOT. SCREAMING. SKIRMISHING.

    PRIEST (O.S.)
    No! For the love of God, no!

Instantly we HEAR a fierce battle: screaming, growling, gun shots...

Scripture reading, pulsating, howling...

Screeching, speaking in tongues, hissing... rumbling... tremors... the battle to end all battles.
The camera picks up LIGHTNING flashes. The earth SHAKES violently.

Then... STATIC. The picture and sound disappear once and for all.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LOG CABIN - DAY

The Old Man stares at the static on the TV screen. He pushes the eject button, removing the tape. He studies it.

He glances into the camera, swallowing hard. Finally he sits back down.

He sets the videotape on a table beside him. The tape is labeled: "2017: The Final Year".

He stares at the floor, deeply troubled.

FADE OUT.

THE END