

'The Wardrobe'

by

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

CALVIN uses his keys to open the cardboard box of a flat-pack wardrobe.

TRACEY
(o/s from kitchen)
Do you want me to help?

He's goes armpit deep into the box, enthusiastically pulling out packing, a plastic bag of 'bits', more packing...

CALVIN
(loud)
No thanks, I'm good!

...he digs out a plastic wallet with the build instructions in it. Rolls his eyes at them.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Please.

He tosses the instructions aside, cracks his knuckles.

kneeling down, he unpacks the entire box, he needs to see everything, figure out what he's working with.

TRACEY steps into shot, watches him from the doorway for a moment.

TRACEY
(gently encouraging)
Babe, sure you don't want help?

CALVIN stands back up, an indistinct length of wood in his hand. He beams at her, shoulders the length of wood.

CALVIN
(deadly serious)
No wardrobe can defeat me! This...

He indicates the butchered flat-pack surrounding him.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
...I can do.

TRACEY nods, takes in the mess at his feet.

TRACEY
(gently)
Just follow the instructions.

She walks away.

2.

Strangely encouraged by this, CALVIN nods to himself, surveys his domain, spots then picks up a hammer near his feet.

CALVIN
(to himself)
Everything I need is here. I just
need to work *logically*...

Hefting the hammer.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
(total confidence)
...I can build stuff...

Flips the hammer over in his hand.

Misses the catch. Picks it up.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

TRACEY starts the kettle boiling, gets two cups out, pops a tea bag in each.

There's a small crash from the BEDROOM, then silence.

TRACEY
(calling out)
BABE? ... You ok?

Nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Shaking with strain, CALVIN rips a wardrobe door off something out of shot.

TRACEY appears in the Bedroom doorway, her eyes widen as she takes in the scene.

A tortured, twisted version of a wardrobe is laying on the floor.

The sides, top and bottom of it are 'built', making a rectangular shell, but the rest of the flatpack parts, packing and detritus look like Giger and Escher have been fighting over it.

CALVIN kneels down inside the wardrobe, door still in hand.

CALVIN
(honestly confused)
I... think we're missing some
parts.

3.

TRACEY
(unconvinced)
Did you follow the instructions?

CALVIN
I'll be honest, I don't know
exactly where they are.

TRACEY instantly points to the unopened instructions pack on the floor.

TRACEY
These instructions?

CALVIN tries to align the wardrobe door with the wrong side of the wardrobe.

CALVIN
(distracted)
Yeah, I think so - look, see this
isn't even the right side?!

With infinite patience, TRACEY makes her way over to him.

She picks up the instructions - finds the hammer underneath them, steps on a pair of pliers and picks them up - she steps into the wardrobe with CALVIN, kneels down with him.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
(conspiratorial/proud)
Babe, I've had to improvise a
little - there's definitely stuff
missing.

As TRACEY nods sympathetically - we reveals a giant pentagram surrounding the wardrobe, improbably made up of lengths of wood and unused flat pack parts.

TRACEY
(gently)
This happened last time, let's just
go through it step by step.

She opens the instructions and CALVIN buries a sigh, putting the door down outside of the wardrobe - *unwittingly completing final part of the pentagram.*

TRACEY (CONT'D)
OK, Figure 4.d has three screws
that should align here, here and
here...

CALVIN recognizes this. He leans across her, deep into the wardrobe... and catches himself on a nail.

CALVIN
(in pain)
Ow! Bastard nail!

4.

TRACEY
(honestly worried)

Ok?

CALVIN
(totally lying)

Yeah.

Bemused, TRACEY checks the 'Parts List'.

TRACEY
Babe, there aren't any nails in
here? Where did you even get nails
from?!

A droplet of CALVIN's blood hits the floor.

He starts to try to explain, but the flat-pack pentagram
glows, a deafening roar builds to a sudden crescendo.

WHITE LIGHT FLOODS THE SCREEN:

EXT. APOCALYPTIC FUTURE. WOODLAND - DAY

The white fades to a dirty grey-yellow. Wisps of smog-choked
clouds become visible.

Distant vultures circle through the smog, searching for
carrion.

We tilt down from the sky, past blackened treetops and settle
on TRACEY and CALVIN.

They are still kneeling inside the wardrobe, and unharmed
apart from mild disorientation.

Instead of laying flat in their bedroom, the twisted wardrobe
is now in a small patch of woodland.

TRACEY and CALVIN slowly take in their surroundings, both
eventually staring fixedly off shot.

We pan to reveal a small camp fire - and a terrified, twitchy
Young Man staring back at them.

The Young Man is dressed like he's only just surviving the
apocalypse, covered in dirt and is pointing a jury-rigged,
steampunk-esque handgun at them in a shaky fist.

TRACEY and CALVIN smile broadly, hoping to show they are no
threat.

TRACEY
(under her breath)
I'll handle this, just get us back
and - Follow. The. Damn.
Instructions.

Raising her arms in a show of surrender, she slowly hands CALVIN the instructions. Making an awkward, apologetic face to the Young Man, who doesn't take his eyes off them.

CALVIN unfolds a long list from the instructions, runs his finger down it. We can't see the list, but it's extensive.

CALVIN

(whisper)

Ok, ok... "Troubleshooting"...
there's loads, which one of these
do you think it is?!

TRACEY flicks her eyes off the Young Man for a moment, searching for clues.

A blood stained baseball bat.

A bundle of rags, that could be a bed, made from torn up old military uniforms.

A collection of cooking utensils near the fire that seem to be engine parts out of a car/truck.

TRACEY

(unsure)

Um...

The Young Man smiles rotten teeth at her and slowly reaches for an animal horn at his hip.

TRACEY notices the horn has a strange, mutated growth on the side of it, and we're treated to a Close Up of the Horn.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

(whisper)

Try: Post Apocalyptic Nuclear
Militaristic Future.

The Young Mans strained smile suddenly changes as he takes a deep breath and blows into the horn as hard as he can.

The sound rings out like an alarm, echoing through the woodland.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Shit!

TRACEY grabs CALVIN, ducking both their heads down into the wardrobe as the Young Man fires the jury-rigged handgun at them!

BANG! BANG!

CLICK.

A beat.

CLICK-CLICK.

TRACEY pops back up, pulling CALVIN with her. He's still searching the instructions.

The Young Mans jury-rigged gun has jammed, he slaps it, it CLICKS again - ready to fire.

TRACEY starts looking for something inside the wardrobe.

The Young Man lines up a kill shot.

CALVIN
(triumphant at
instructions)
Got it!

TRACEY hurls the hammer at the Young Man.

It catches him square in the chest before he can fire - she explodes out of the wardrobe towards him at a dead run.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
(calling after her)
Babe - I need that?

EXT. APOCALYPTIC FUTURE. WOODLAND. FIGHT - DAY

The Young Man almost recovers in time. *Almost.*

TRACEY runs through him like freight-train - CRASH - they thunder to the ground.

TRACEY rises, her knee on his chest, hammer in hand.

EXT. APOCALYPTIC FUTURE. WOODLAND. WARDROBE - DAY

We hear the Young Man's awful, hammer bludgeoned death as CALVIN waits not-quite patiently.

Panting slightly, TRACEY returns with the hammer, wiping blood and brain off it before handing it to CALVIN.

She kneels down outside the wardrobe, next to him, propping an elbow on the side of it.

He smiles at her, grateful.

CALVIN
(smitten)
Thanks, Babe.

She smiles back.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
(tapping his own cheek)
Um, you've got a little...

TRACEY wipes a splodge of gore off her cheek.

Something whistles past her head.

She combat rolls to one side!

Two - Three - Four poison darts hit the side of the wardrobe where she was just kneeling!

Coming up from the roll, TRACEY blows hair out of her face, takes in a woman about 25 feet away, dressed in the same MadMax Chic as the Young Man was.

Blow darts and pipe in hand, The Woman loses an incoherent scream at TRACEY, but the general gist of it is probably *'Bitch, you just killed my son!'*

TRACEY moves.

CALVIN looks over the edge of the wardrobe at the darts embedded in it.

He huffs quietly, before focusing on the instructions.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Something else to fix.

He very delicately taps something inside the wardrobe with the hammer.

EXT. APOCALYPTIC FUTURE. WOODLAND. FIGHT - DAY

Zigzagging, TRACEY dodges more darts.

On the move, she kicks a pot of what might have been stew at The Woman.

The Woman ducks, loses another volley of blow darts.

TRACEY rolls, comes up with the baseball bat we saw earlier.

The Woman's eyes widen.

TRACEY smiles, starts to advance on The Woman - but is stopped immediately by a large hand wrapping around the baseball bat.

She turns, looking up at the Giant Man the hand belongs to.

He tries to punch TRACEY. She slips away just in time, but has to let go of the baseball bat.

The Giant swings his new bat at her, very nearly taking her head off.

The Woman cackles with laughter before firing more darts at TRACEY.

EXT. APOCALYPTIC FUTURE. WOODLAND. WARDROBE - DAY

CALVIN is trying to figure out which way up a draw handle is supposed to go.

The Formica and chipboard front of a draw in one hand, the instructions in the other.

CALVIN
(loud to Tracey)
Honestly, it's like they make it as
difficult as possible?! Just listen
to this...

Behind him we reveal TRACEY deflecting blow darts with a cooking pan as an improvised shield, while going toe-to-toe with the Giant with the baseball bat.

CALVIN reads aloud from the instructions.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
(loud to Tracey)
...holding draw front 2.d, use
connecting screw 3.a in left hole
5.c...

He stops for a moment.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Left hole 5.c...

He makes an 'L' with the index finger and thumb of his left hand, then turns the draw up the other way.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
(loud to Tracey)
...Never mind!

EXT. APOCALYPTIC FUTURE. WOODLAND. FIGHT - DAY

Shouting with effort, TRACEY deflects a blow from the baseball bat, hurls the cooking pot at The Woman and then hip throws the Giant!

She snatches the bat from him as he lands, takes a massive swing at him, but hits nothing but dirt as he scrambles away, clambering to his feet - just as The Woman leaps, screaming onto TRACEY's back!

EXT. APOCALYPTIC FUTURE. WOODLAND. WARDROBE - DAY

CALVIN is getting into his stride now, moving parts of the wardrobe around, using the pliers and hammer.

Behind him, however, TRACEY staggers through shot.

She swings wildly with the baseball bat, barely keeping the Giant at bay, unable to see properly, The Woman covering her eyes, screaming on her back like a banshee rucksack.

CALVIN

(loud over screaming)

Almost there! Honestly, I don't know why they make it so confusing?! If I hadn't made something like this befor-OUCH!

He sticks his thumb in his mouth after hitting it with the hammer.

EXT. APOCALYPTIC FUTURE. WOODLAND. FIGHT - DAY

TRACEY throws The Woman off her back and onto the floor, a small victory as the Giant grabs the baseball bat from her.

TRACEY backs up, but The Woman tangles her legs and TRACEY falls backwards. The Woman and the Giant stand over her.

CALVIN

(shouting o/s)

Babe! Do you have a plaster?

This is it. TRACEY has no-where to go. She's done for.

Suddenly, from somewhere in the trees *Machine gun fire* barks out!

Blood spits out of them as machine gun rounds tear their chests out. The Woman falls backwards, but the Giant falls forward on top of TRACEY as she scrambles away from him.

EXT. APOCALYPTIC FUTURE. WOODLAND. WARDROBE - DAY

Deathly silence. Just the wind through the trees as CALVIN peers over the edge of the wardrobe.

A beat.

CALVIN

(sincere)

Babe? D'you want the hammer?

Silence.

EXT. APOCALYPTIC FUTURE. WOODLAND. FIGHT - DAY

TRACEY is trapped. She tries to move the Giant's lifeless body off her.

It's no good, he's dead weight.

CALVIN

(o/s)

Babe?

TRACEY
(straining)
Mmmfff... you use it... I'm good!

She reaches out around her, searching the ground for a better purchase. Her hand stops, she freezes as the Giant is dragged off her - and she's squinting up the barrel of an assault rifle.

A new MadMax reject grins down at her from the other end of the weapon, like he's just won the lottery.

He looks her up and down, before calling out to the woodland - his language and accent is strange. It might have been English, 10 or 20 generations ago.

Celebratory calls come back from the surrounding woodland - there are lots more of them coming.

Tracy smiles up at him, around the gun. He smiles back down.

Beneath the leaves from her outstretched arm, she shoots him in the foot with the Young Man's jury-rigged handgun.

BOOM!

Screaming, he falls to the ground.

In a heartbeat, TRACEY has the assault rifle, she whirls to a kneeling position, opens fire on the tree-line.

More screaming.

EXT. APOCALYPTIC FUTURE. WOODLAND. WARDROBE - DAY

CALVIN lets out a held breath and shakes his head - that was actually close.

With gun fire in the background, he slots a couple of pieces of the wardrobe together.

Double checks the instructions.

CALVIN
(over the gun fire to
Tracey)
That's it, ready!

He starts looking around the inside of the wardrobe.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
(to himself)
I just... neeeed.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Back in the bedroom, the screwdriver lays quietly on the carpet.

11.

Half covered by a piece of bubble-wrap.

EXT. APOCALYPTIC FUTURE. WOODLAND. WARDROBE - DAY

TRACEY is back inside the wardrobe next to CALVIN.

She fires the assault rifle, short controlled bursts.

TRACEY

No, I've not got it - are you sure
it's not here?

Gunfire. Distant screaming.

CALVIN makes a show of how small the wardrobe is.

CALVIN

Yes!

CLICK. CLICK.

Tracy is out of ammo, she tosses the assault rifle.

TRACEY

(saint-like patience)
Have you tried your keys?

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Back in the bedroom, CALVIN's keys lay quietly on the carpet.

Next to the piece of bubble-wrap that's half covering the
screwdriver.

EXT. APOCALYPTIC FUTURE. WOODLAND. WARDROBE - DAY

TRACEY

(forced calm now)
Right.

Thinking...

She looks into the woodland, there are sounds of movement.

Thinking... brainwave!

TRACEY yanks one of the blow darts out of the side of the
wardrobe. Hands it to CALVIN.

CALVIN

Genius! I was just about to say...

TRACEY

(deadly serious)
Don't touch the end, I think it
might be poison.

CALVIN treats her to an "as if I'd do that" look, then uses the dart to tighten a screw on the inside of the wardrobe.

Nothing happens. He tries again.

Nothing. He looks at TRACEY.

CALVIN
(incredulous)
What The Fu...

A BOOMING crash in the middle distance stops him, and they both stare at the tree-line.

In the woodland, someone screams. They are being eaten by some kind of gigantic monster!

Panicked, CALVIN flicks back through the instructions.

He stops on a page, runs his finger down a list again, searching.

More screams.

Exasperated, CALVIN points to something on the list, showing it to TRACEY.

TRACEY
(reading quickly)
Post Apocalyptic Nuclear JURASSIC
Militaristic Future!

CALVIN starts dismantling one of the draws.

TRACEY (CONT'D)
(nervously watching the
tree-line)
That's my fault, sorry babe.

CALVIN
(working)
Totally cool, they're basically the
same thing.

Somewhere nearby, a T-REX roars.

TRACEY
Um?

CALVIN
(working quicker)
Nearly done...

Monstrous footfalls and trees breaking. TRACEY stares up at something as a giant shadow is cast across them.

13.

TRACEY
(small)
Uh, Babe?

CALVIN
(triumphant)
There!

A familiar deafening roar builds to a crescendo...

WHITE LIGHT FLOODS THE SCREEN:

EXT. CUSTOMER SERVICES - DAY

FADE IN FROM WHITE:

TRACEY and CALVIN blink through bright, white light. They are still in the wardrobe.

A short klaxon sounds, and the pair jump, settle, then take in the concrete box they are in. It looks like Kubrick tests crash dummies here.

Standing in front of them is a thin man in plain, office wear. His I.D. badge reads "Bill: Customer Service".

BILL
(smiling through pain)
We apologise for any inconvenience caused and as per our standard returns policy, we would like to offer you a full refund on your purchase...

CALVIN beams at TRACEY, but she hasn't looked away from Bill. Something isn't right.

Bill moves his arm awkwardly to one side, he seems a little stiff.

BILL (CONT'D)
(wishing he was dead)
...if you would be kind enough to step out of the ...[he tries to figure out what the wardrobe is]... wardrobe, we can start the refund process.

CALVIN goes to get out of the wardrobe, but TRACEY stops him.

TRACEY
(under her breath)
Get us out of here.

CALVIN is confused, but obediently checks the instructions.

CALVIN
Um?

14.

TRACEY

(overly friendly)

Of course. Thank you, a full refund
is just what we wanted...

She lounges on the wardrobe side and surreptitiously pulls a
poison blow dart out of it.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

(forced casual)

...we, just have to check... we
have everything?

TRACEY tilts her head slightly, she's figured out what is not
right.

We follow her gaze and can see thin lines of string running
from the back of Bills arms and head, up into the ceiling.

He's being controlled by something.

She looks back down at Bill, he mouths the words...

BILL

(silent)

KILL ME.

CREDITS ROLL