

RUMBLE

written by

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INT. ABANDONED OFFICE - NIGHT

The remnants of an office. JUNIPER (24, athletic, lively, confident) and CHRISTOS (22, scrawny, uptight, nervous) navigate upturned desks, rubble and destroyed decor. Sparks flicker from broken ceiling lights, punctuating the darkness. JUNIPER stomps through a litter of BROKEN GLASS beside an empty window frame.

CHRISTOS

(sharply)

It's like you want them to hear us!

Juniper resumes crunching through the glass, tiptoeing exaggeratedly. Christos rolls his eyes and turns on his TORCH. Juniper ransacks the drawers of a nearby desk. She finds what seems to be a crudely drawn map.

JUNIPER

Looks like someone else had the same idea.

CHRISTOS

(dismissive)

Great. Good for them.

Juniper scoffs. It's awkward. A quiet rumble reverberates below them.

Christos finds one of the office's exit doors and tries the handle. It's locked.

He tries it again, attempting to force the door. He's too puny to make that happen.

CHRISTOS (CONT'D)

Come on! Please! Just...open!

JUNIPER

Bruv, you need to chill out.

CHRISTOS

Chill out? Are you for real?

JUNIPER

Yeah. You're over there trying to guilt trip a door, and I've found us a map. Know why?

CHRISTOS

(under his breath)

...because you're a smart-arse?

Juniper stuffs the map into her pocket. Another rumble.

JUNIPER

Because I'm not losing the plot,
that's why. You know--

A sudden, much louder RUMBLE interrupts them. Christos drops his torch and freezes.

The rumble intensifies and the ground trembles. Christos eyeballs Juniper, who scans the room. Nothing. A moment passes that feels eternal.

CHRISTOS

Is it gone?

Juniper fires him an incredulous glare. He should've stayed quiet.

ROARS pierce the air and an invisible assailant lunges at Juniper. She fights back as Christos screams and begins hurling chunks of rubble. One gashes Juniper's leg. She flails, landing awkwardly in a puddle of slimy liquid on the ground.

JUNIPER

(furious)

Get to the other door!

Christos runs. He trips over a smashed chair, sliding through the same ooze as he stumbles to the other doorway. Breathless, he mashes the locked door, slamming himself against the light switch in panic.

SPARKS fly. Time slows. Energy flows steadily through the slime coating Christos' arm. It paths through the ooze, across the floor to Juniper, still fighting in slow motion against the invisible attacker. She's illuminated by the electrical glow for a moment, before time resumes as normal.

CHRISTOS

(despairing)

It's shut! I can't...

He howls in frustration. A surge of white-hot energy pulsates from Christos' fingertips. The door BLASTS from its hinges.

Beat.

Christos lifts his hands, his veins glowing white under his skin. He's pulled from his trance by Juniper's voice. The glow fades.

JUNIPER

Christos! Did you see that? It's
dead! I... I killed it.

(MORE)

JUNIPER (CONT'D)

With my hands! Well, with whatever came out of them - hey, you alright?

She stares at the empty door frame, then the scorch marks and bloody remnants on the ground. There's no identifying the monster, but its demise was messy.

CHRISTOS

How the- what the hell? It's like my arms are on fire!

JUNIPER

Yeah, mine too. Man, who cares? I just took one of those things out! This changes everything!

CHRISTOS

It changes nothing, Juniper. We can't draw attention to ourselves.

JUNIPER

Oh really? Remind me, who was it that couldn't keep his big mouth shut during the rumble?

Christos bristles and returns to collect his dropped torch.

JUNIPER (CONT'D)

(mimicking Christos)

"It's like you want them to hear us!"

CHRISTOS

Shut up! If you hadn't been tap dancing through that glass--

JUNIPER

(mimicking Christos)

"Chill out? Are you for real?"

She laughs. Christos strides back towards her, torch in hand. He raises it in a momentary flash of anger. The atmosphere sours. A tense silence. He lowers the torch, clicking it on.

CHRISTOS

Yeah, Juniper. I'm for real. I'm really telling you to take something seriously, for once in your life. Think you can do that?

He brushes past Juniper and heads through the open doorway. Sparks crackle from her fingertips as she sullenly watches his back. She smirks before following him into the dark.