

RISEN

by

Alex Muller-Nicholson

alex@axmn.co.uk
axmn.co.uk

EXT. ABANDONED AIRPORT - NIGHT

WE OPEN on smoke plumes billowing up behind the shattered window of an air traffic control tower. CLOSE on the dimly-lit neon blue space of the tower control room. A few air traffic radar screens are lit up on broken console monitors.

The wind whips through glass-less window frames, rattling the hastily-left papers and coffee mugs strewn about inside. A low-pitched WHISTLE echoes, mingled with distant sounds of laser-like GUNFIRE.

CUT TO:

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We see the closed door of the air traffic control room. It bursts open and SANDERSON (30's, ex-Army, brash) and DAYANA (late 20's, Air Force trainee, focused) enter, awkwardly carrying a large wooden board.

SANDERSON

Come on, let's stick this bloody thing down here.

DAYANA

Aww, did all those stairs wear you out?

They lean the board up against the nearest wall. CLOSE on SANDERSON, smirking suggestively.

SANDERSON

Listen treacle, it takes a lot more than lugging a board up a few flights of stairs to wear me out...

DAYANA

You're disgusting, you know that?

SANDERSON chuckles as they explore the empty shell of the control room.

DAYANA

Can't believe we finally made it up here. You really think this is our ticket out?

SANDERSON

Nah, I just brought us all here for a laugh.

DAYANA stares at him, irritated. She walks to one of the blasted-out windows. A tense silence.

SANDERSON

Alright, look, I'll stop pissing about. You've gotta laugh or you'd cry, eh?

CLOSE on DAYANA. She's lost in thought. She runs her hand along the empty window pane.

DAYANA

Crying gets you nowhere. I stopped that shit years ago.

She slices her finger on a glass shard and takes a sharp intake of breath.

SANDERSON crosses the room to join her. They stare out at the expanse of runways, the gunfire and smoke of the ongoing invasion of the city in the distance.

We see a coalition of military forces setting up camps on the tarmac below.

SANDERSON

They'll be coming here next. We'll have to make sure the others are ready for it. Christ, we'll have to make sure we're ready for it.

DAYANA

I'm ready. More than ready.

SANDERSON

This won't end well, Dayana. The kid probably won't make it, neither will the old bloke. Me and you, we've got to keep as many of them alive as we can. Are you ready for that?

DAYANA

Maybe. Either way, if I die tomorrow...or the next day, or whenever they come for us, I'm gonna drag those evil things all the way to hell with me.

Another heavy silence, peppered with gunshots. SANDERSON turns from the window.

SANDERSON

Guess we'd better get these windows nailed up then, eh? The sooner we secure this place, the sooner we can bring up the others.

DAYANA

Alright. Besides, there's bound to be a radio or something in here we can use. I'll look around while you make a start on the heavy lifting. Seeing as you're so, not tired...

SANDERSON snorts, suppressing a laugh. He grabs an edge of the wooden board and drags it towards the first of the blasted-out windows.

SANDERSON

Ah, I can't wait for the end of the world so I don't have to deal with your crappy jokes anymore. Oh, wait...

DAYANA

Careful what you wish for, man.

The two start work on their respective tasks as the gunfire in the distance increases. CLOSE on SANDERSON, his grin slowly fading. We see DAYANA hurriedly searching the remaining computer consoles. Reality sets in; they've remembered what's coming.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Sunlight filters through the cracks of the boarded up windows. We see an exhausted DAYANA and SANDERSON hammering nails into the final board.

DAYANA slumps onto a nearby chair, shoving her combat boots up onto the console.

DAYANA

Finally! Didn't think it'd take that long.

CLOSE on the control room door. Behind it, we hear a strange trilling noise.

CLOSE on SANDERSON. He waves at DAYANA, suddenly raising a finger to his lips. Her eyes widen.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM STAIRWELL - EARLY MORNING

We see a lone RISEN, lurking outside the control room door. It trills softly, slinking its contorted carcass back and forth.

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

DAYANA positions herself against the wall to the right of the doorway. Rifle in hand, determination on her face. SANDERSON moves to the centre of the room, catching DAYANA's attention.

SANDERSON
(hushed voice)
What the hell are you doing?

DAYANA
(hushed voice)
I'm gonna kill it!

SANDERSON
(hushed voice)
What if it's not alone?

DAYANA
(hushed voice)
What choice do we have?

[Gameplay: scene blurs and is paused as choices appear on-screen - FIGHT THE CREATURE or WAIT IT OUT]

Choice A: FIGHT THE CREATURE

Scene resumes. DAYANA nods towards SANDERSON, who reaches for his weapon.

DAYANA
(mouthing silently)
Three, two one...

DAYANA throws the door open and the RISEN lurches into the room.

[Gameplay: transition to combat sequence against one high-level RISEN. The combat sequence ends when the RISEN's health depletes to 20%, upon which it lets out a shrill wail and the action cuts to the next scene.]

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

A panicked SANDERSON rushes at DAYANA as she lunges at the RISEN, tackling it to the ground and battering its head with the butt of her rifle.

She smashes its jaw off, preventing any further screaming.

SANDERSON
Jesus Christ! Just put it down!

SANDERSON shoves DAYANA off the RISEN, then quickly puts a bullet in its skull as it writhes on the ground.

A tense silence as the pair gather themselves.

CLOSE on DAYANA. She's transfixed by the once human abomination that just attacked them.

DAYANA

Shit. I can't. I can't keep doing this. Oh...God.

SANDERSON

You think any others heard it? Did we shut it up in time?

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT SUBURBS - HOUSING ESTATE - EARLY MORNING

We see a small horde of wandering RISEN. CLOSE on one RISEN CHILD, hideously transformed, its attention suddenly piqued by something in the distance. The RISEN shift direction, slithering now towards the object of the RISEN CHILD's gaze. We pan out steadily. Far away, the airport control tower is revealed.

FADE TO BLACK.

Choice B: WAIT IT OUT

Scene resumes. SANDERSON holds his hands out to DAYANA, motioning for her to move away from the door. Fury knits her brow, but she complies.

DAYANA'S POV

She takes SANDERSON'S hand. He catches her eye, holding it for a second longer than usual. A beat. He doesn't let go.

The trilling outside the door resumes, interrupting the moment.

DAYANA

(whispering)

We can't just sit here and hope it gets bored!

SANDERSON

(whispering)

That's exactly what we do. There could be hundreds of them out there. We wait.

DAYANA crouches behind the consoles, nodding in agreement. Silently, SANDERSON joins her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM STAIRWELL - MORNING

Outside the doorway, the RISEN stops abruptly, sensing something elsewhere.

SUPER: FIVE HOURS LATER

It trills loudly, then awkwardly descends the staircase as if following an unseen instruction.

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL ROOM - MORNING

We see DAYANA and SANDERSON leaning on one another behind the console. This is a new level of closeness for them.

SANDERSON
Hey. You hear it?

DAYANA
No. I don't think so.

SANDERSON
Me neither. Thank God. I think
it's gone.

DAYANA gets up and proceeds with caution to the door. She listens a moment, then turns to SANDERSON.

DAYANA
Looks like your wait and see
trick worked. Eventually.

SANDERSON
Few hours of sitting still but
hey, we're still alive, ain't
we?!

DAYANA glares at him, before a realisation thunders across her face.

DAYANA
The others. We've been up here
all night and now for five bloody
hours of the morning!

SANDERSON
Shit. Shit!

DAYANA
We've gotta get back there. If
that thing got any of them on its
way up or down, I'll never
forgive you for not letting me
kill it!

DAYANA throws the door open wide and races out of the room. SANDERSON sighs, before grabbing his gun and chasing after her, down the stairwell.

SANDERSON (O.S.)
Dayana! Wait!

FADE TO BLACK.