

INTRODUCTION

POST FALL is a science fiction adventure written in speculative screenplay film format. It includes a traditional trilogy (Books I-III), as well as three prequels (Chronicles I-III). This franchise is intended for blockbuster status. Its locations and characters will require a large-budget production.

Tagline = Blade Runner meets the R-rated version of Narnia.

The three films of the POST FALL trilogy take place over a one-week time span and should be read or released before the chronicles.

Trilogy logline = A hundred years after Earth has been struck by both natural and manmade disasters, and the surviving population has divided between the genetically Altered humans and animals on Earth and the Unaltered humans who colonized the Moon, a futuristic bounty hunter determines to save a young Earth girl, not knowing the consequences could destroy his side... or hers.

The three prequels take place over the preceding eighty-seven years. The first prequel focuses on Earth's cataclysmic event, which essentially happens tomorrow, and on the backstory of the trilogy's male antagonist (as well as some secondary characters). The second prequel focuses on the Moon and the backstory of the trilogy's male protagonist, while the third prequel focuses on Earth and the backstory of the trilogy's female protagonist.

There are three things you should understand before you begin reading POST FALL.

1. By the time the trilogy begins, the Moon and its people have advanced technologically almost a hundred years (think 2125), while the Earth and its people have declined both technologically and in world population a hundred years (think 1925).
2. Because the six screenplays cover eighty-seven years, if you see a character identified by a lowercase spelling of "age", that character either only appears in one particular time period, or does not reappear as a different age across the six stories; but if you see a character identified by an uppercase spelling of "AGE", that character either does appear a different age in one particular time period or does reappear at different ages across the six stories.
3. Moon scenes will often indicate NEAR SIDE or FAR SIDE. Near side is the side of the Moon that we see from Earth, whereas the far side indicates the "dark side" of the Moon, but as the Moon is tidally locked around the Earth, a far side scene can be lit by the Sun, just as a near side scene can be in darkness, so DAY and NIGHT are meant for mood settings on the Moon.

POST FALL I = 134 pages	114
POST FALL II = 95 pages	79
POST FALL III = 105 pages	87
POST FALL IV = 114 pages	96
POST FALL V = 103 pages	87
POST FALL VI = 116 pages	99
Total = 667 page count	562

(page counts changed for 10-page conversions due to format differences!)

I hope you enjoy POST FALL!

Are you someone in the film industry, or do you know someone in the film industry? Can you play a round of Six Degrees of Kevin Bacon and put me in touch with someone who knows someone? I'd also like to talk to people who can help turn POST FALL into a graphic novel or anything that helps it get noticed?

Thank you,

Dirk Koenings

4postfall@yahoo.com

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POST FALL I

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE

(Note: A classic MUSICAL SOUNDTRACK begins to play over the following scene, which is otherwise MOS until noted.)

The Sun burns bright in the foreground, as Earth TWINKLES blue in the distance.

ZOOM TO Earth and slowly pass over the northern hemisphere of Eurasia, showing a handful of atomic blast marks beneath the clouds. Behind Earth, the Moon nears full lunar eclipse with a pair of bright cities under domes of energy on its poles.

ZOOM TO the Moon. An illuminated particle accelerator wraps its equator. As we approach the lunar north pole, tall skyscrapers become visible beneath its translucent energy dome.

The city of Uptown is bright neon and glass. Many high-rises exist, but a central tower dwarfs them all, as it reaches to touch the top of the energy dome. An opulent restaurant in white and gold blisters there above the primary shielding.

Wealthy diners are seen waltzing within the Heaven's Gate restaurant, as we look down while flying over the city.

We leave Uptown and curve with the black landscape of the far side of the Moon. Stars burn bright, except when the lights from the particle accelerator flash by, as we cross the equator.

As we approach the Moon's south pole, the energy dome of Downtown climbs the horizon. The last sliver of sunlight shines from behind the Earth's silhouette, as we PASS through the shielding.

EXT. MOON - DOWNTOWN - NEAR SIDE - LUNAR ECLIPSE

Grey mid-rises sprinkle the city. Downtown is darker and lacks a central tower. The Sun is seconds away from total eclipse. Revelers can be seen celebrating in the streets and on rooftops, as we PUSH down toward a crowded parking lot.

As we approach a MAN, PACHUCO, AGE 32, from behind, he is straddling his Akira-style motorcycle. He wears a yellow zoot suit and feathered hat. Unlike those partying around him, he sits quietly, focusing on something in his lap.

SUPER: "INCOMING CALL: TIM TIMEX ANSWER YES/NO"

The YES is selected like by an invisible mouse click.

(Note: End MUSICAL SOUNDTRACK and MOS.)

TIM TIMEX (V.O.)
(Tom Brokaw type voice)

Hey, Pachuco!

The final ray of sunlight disappears behind Earth. The residents of a darkened Downtown explode in CELEBRATION.

PACHUCO
(annoyed)
You know what time it is, man?

TIM TIMEX (V.O.)
It's time to work.

SUPER: "CURRENT CALL: TIM TIMEX END YES/NO"

The YES is selected, as Pachuco snaps his right wrist, SLAMMING the massive cylinder of his six-gun, Maria, into place. Her engraved sterling silver cylinder fills the length of a typical heavy handgun, leaving no true barrel.

Pachuco holsters Maria beneath his long coat, before pocketing the handkerchief he was cleaning her with. He pulls out a chained, antique silver pocket watch and checks the time.

(Note: The pocket watch is a replica of Jack the Ripper's from the film, *Time After Time*, including the song it plays.)

He pockets the watch, before grabbing the bike's hand grips. He looks up at the black void of Earth. A small light TWINKLES from it. He grins and STARTS his motorcycle. Neon purple highlight the bike. Its left side mirror is shattered.

Pachuco pulls out of the parking lot and wheelies down the boulevard, narrowly avoiding pedestrians.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - FAR SIDE - DEVIL'S DEN - NIGHT

Pachuco stands on a seedy dark side street, facing the storefront of the Devil's Den bar and brothel. He walks in.

INT. DEVIL'S DEN

The Devil's Den is lit in reds and oranges. The workers are cut to look like various devilish creatures with implanted horns, fangs, tails, hooves and wings; both male and female.

Pachuco SCANS the patrons with his artificial right eye, which shines red for a moment, and finds who he is looking for. A MIDDLE-AGED MAN, SHAMROCK, sits at a small table with his back to him, sharing a drink with a SUCCUBUS.

Pachuco spins his pocket watch in his left hand, as he approaches Shamrock, then slaps a NUMB-CUFF around Shamrock's right wrist, causing it to go limp and drop his drink.

Pachuco grins, but Shamrock doesn't even look up. Instead, a second artificial, chromed right arm shoots out from under Shamrock's jacket and PUNCHES Pachuco in the groin.

Shamrock stands up, while Pachuco stoops over. Shamrock's natural upper left arm pushes away the succubus, while his artificial lower left arm finishes opening his jacket, before it goes to work prying on the numb-cuff.

Pachuco rights himself, while pocketing his watch and drawing Maria.

PACHUCO
I'm taking you in.

SHAMROCK
(shitty grin)
Fuck you, zooter.

Both of Shamrock's lower hands are now working on removing the numb-cuff, while his free upper left hand grabs the small table, lifts it up and swings it down toward Pachuco.

Pachuco braces, as both the table and the numb-cuff SHATTER. He FIRES Maria into Shamrock's left thigh. Blood runs down Shamrock's pants leg. All four of his hands move to cover the entry wound, but he's still wearing that shitty grin.

Shamrock comes at Pachuco, his four fists pounding every way possible. The frenzied beating on Pachuco's head and shoulders causes him to hesitate and lose his hat.

Shamrock gains control of himself. His lower arms grapple with Pachuco's, while his upper arms punch for Pachuco's face. Pachuco's right eye flickers RED as he tosses his head around, trying to avoid his artificial eye getting damaged.

SUPER: "GUN OPTIONS: ACTIVE POV YES/NO"

The YES is selected. A smaller WINDOW-IN-WINDOW appears, showing Maria's point of view. The wrestling around has the image jerking quite a bit, but Shamrock's chest is centered. Pachuco FIRES Maria point-blank, before the two men separate.

Shamrock's chest wound bleeds through his shirt. He falls to his knees. His left hands cover the chest wound, as his right hands reach out to catch him falling forward, but his brain stops sending signals, as his dead body hits the floor.

PACHUCO
(picking up his hat)
Ay te miro.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEVIL'S DEN - NIGHT

Pachuco exits the Devil's Den, while checking his feather.

SUPER: "CURRENT CALL: TIM TIMEX END YES/NO"

The YES is selected, as Pachuco puts on his hat.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN - FAR SIDE - PACHUCO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pachuco sets his hat down on his cluttered dining table.

PACHUCO

T.V... show me Downtown fights from tonight.

Hundreds of thumb IMAGES play on his television wall display.

PACHUCO

Add Devil's Den.

Pachuco stares at the results of: "NONE FOUND", for a few moments, then turns and walks toward the bathroom.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. PACHUCO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pachuco is towel drying his hair after a shower, while standing in front of his television.

PACHUCO

T.V... show me all Devil's Den videos from the past three hours.

Pornography results are all that are DISPLAYED.

PACHUCO

Add murder, death, kill.

Pachuco stands still, staring at the blank results of: "NONE FOUND".

SUPER: "CONTACT: TIM TIMEX CALL YES/NO"

Yes is selected, but Timex doesn't answer.

Pachuco begins dressing himself in a black, long-sleeved shirt.

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN - NEAR SIDE - TIM TIMEX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pachuco stands armed at the threshold of a broken front door. He now wears a dark tiger-print zoot suit, with black hat and silver feather. The apartment's interior is dark, except for some Downtown lighting coming through the living-room window.

Pachuco turns on the INFRARED ability of his artificial eye. A WARM pool of blood is seen on the apartment floor, with a dead OLDER MAN, TIM TIMEX, AGE 67, wearing a bloody bathrobe over his pajamas, laying in the middle of it.

A FEMALE, FREESTYLE, age 30, stands out in INFRARED across the room. She holds some kind of two-handed rifle on her hip, pointing at Pachuco. Pachuco switches to ULTRAVIOLET. Tight pants and a tube-top give her a playmate appearance.

FREESTYLE
(non-threatening)
You're the one that killed Shamrock.

Pachuco reaches into the room and turns on the lights. Freestyle is a beautiful Hawaiian, holding a custom built auto-shotgun. The dead man in pajamas lies between them.

PACHUCO
Y-que, Ruca?

FREESTYLE
Zoot suits are a few years out of fashion, aren't they?

PACHUCO
When you have to shoot, shoot... don't talk.

FREESTYLE
Do I have to shoot?

PACHUCO
My carnal is dead on the floor... shotgun blast... you're holding a shotgun... you may want to shoot.

She stands there momentarily, before dropping the luminescent inhibitors in her hair and tattoos. Her shadowy black hair turns joker purple, as the Sun rises on her right shoulder, and an island with palm trees blossoms on her belly.

FREESTYLE
(to herself)
He's here.

She steps toward a holo-projector device set up near Timex and turns it ON.

A three-dimensional IMAGE appears. A YOUNG LOOKING MAN, GQ, age 30, sits behind a lavish wood desk. A MASSIVE MALE BODYGUARD, WAR, age 40, stands to one side behind him. Both men are in tailored business suits. GQ's is more expensive.

GQ (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
Hello, Pachuco. Sorry to have to introduce myself through a call... time pressures and such things. I am GQ. I'll have to have you up in a few days. Comp you fully. Room, food... entertainment... then we will have the opportunity to get to know one another properly.

Pachuco nods slightly in agreement, while entering the room.

GQ (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
Timex had mentioned you were a pilot. I've looked into that. Your records prove it, and though it has been a few years, you are Earth qualified.

PACHUCO
You have to land on Earth to finish qualifying.

GQ (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
Yes. The timing of the Ban spoiled your opportunity. I saw you switched to corrections officer at the Downtown Detention Center.

PACHUCO
Waited for the ban to lift.

GQ (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
Yes. I expect you gave up after failing to get in on any of the covert runs.

PACHUCO
(shrugs)
They said it was a permaban.

GQ (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
And you believed that?

PACHUCO
Nope... but sometimes it's not who you know, it's who you --
(looks back at Freestyle, who is closing the door)

GQ (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
Would it surprise you, Pachuco, to learn that contact is still going on with Earth, and that I make a considerable profit from trading with certain communities there myself? Well, not I... my pilot does the trading. Any guess on whom my pilot was, Pachuco?

PACHUCO
So that's it, Shamrock was your trader, so you killed Timex for us interfering with your business? Well, you might want to send your implant poster child there to help the neon nymph here, because --

WAR (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
Not that Freestyle needs my help, but I'd be happy to come down there and --

PACHUCO
Mierda, it talks!

FREESTYLE
Says one monkey to the other.

Pachuco glances at Freestyle, who's moving around behind him.

GQ (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
If I wanted you dead for killing Shamrock... you would be dead, like Timex. What I want is what I always want... to make a lot of money. I need a pilot to do that. It's not a trick.

PACHUCO
Well, it's no trick to make a lot of money... if all you want... is to make a lot of money.

GQ (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
Yes. Would you like to make a lot of money?

CUT TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN - NEAR SIDE - SOUNDSTAGE ESTABLISHMENT - NIGHT

Pachuco stands under artificial rain on an artificial street made to look like the one from the *Singin' in the Rain* scene. The MUSIC plays, as he holds an unopened umbrella. Water runs off the rim of his hat, while he stares at the ground.

The MUSIC winds down, as the rain stops, but Pachuco remains motionless. Water drips off him, while he continues to stare, until he finally snaps alert and storms off the set.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE ESTABLISHMENT - NIGHT

Pachuco exits the Soundstage business. The marquee and movie posters advertise various set options available to the public. He appears to be dry, as he looks up at the sky.

PACHUCO
Simo'n.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - FAR SIDE - OUTER HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Pachuco rides his motorcycle out of the central city area, past restricted power and gravitation generation systems, and through a tunnel under the primary city shielding, leading to a small spaceport.

EXT. SPACEPORT - NIGHT

Freestyle stands outside a small cargo spaceship named, "SHENANIGAN". Pachuco parks beside her. She turns and walks up a lowered ramp into it. Pachuco exits his bike, then removes a box of ammo from it, while eyeballing the ship.

INT. SHENANIGAN

Pachuco steps aboard and inspects the interior. There are only two seats. The rest of the potential floor space is secured storage stocked with trade

goods. Freestyle sits at the flight controls and pulls up GQ on a HOLO-DISPLAY.

GQ (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
They say it's like riding a bike.

PACHUCO
It looks seaworthy. I trust you have it programmed for out and in?

GQ (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
Yes.

PACHUCO
Am I dropping off or picking up?

GQ (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
Yes.

PACHUCO
I'm not even gonna ask what the cargo is. I figure if you'd tell me then I wouldn't care, and if I would care you wouldn't tell me.

GQ (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
I know you have never been to Earth, Pachuco, but have you had any experience with the natives?

PACHUCO
Only a few I saw through the glass at the contamination center.

GQ (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
Any reason to believe you may have a problem dealing with them face to face?

PACHUCO
I know there are some fucked up people down there, but we have just about every imaginable man-made oddity up here, so I expect it's gonna take something really special to freak me out.

GQ (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
Are you concerned about contamination?

PACHUCO
Not really. I know most of their damage is genetic. My upgrades should handle low levels of aftermath. You're not landing us in a fallout zone are you?

GQ (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
No, clean country. The Idaho Panhandle, if you know your geography. Who do you mean by us?

PACHUCO
I figured you'd want Hawaiian Tropics here riding shotgun. What, Rockem Sockem coming

instead?

GQ (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
It is a small two-seater, if either of them went,
where would your cargo sit on the return flight?

PACHUCO
What!? I'm bringing one of them back!? Isn't
the penalty for importing an Earth life form the
Last Dance?

GQ (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
Yes. You will be dropping off some supplies,
and you are picking up a female. You are
carrying some extra goods, and may trade those
for anything else of interest.

PACHUCO
This female, is she --

GQ (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
Altered? No, but if you see anything unusual
about her... anything that would make you think
she couldn't walk through the Uptown Mall...
cancel the deal and head for home.

Pachuco smiles and nods his head.

GQ (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
Any concern for your flight performance?

PACHUCO
Nope. I'm mostly here to push the self-destruct
button. Cab drivers require more skill.

GQ (HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION)
In-flight, read through your manifest, and
familiarize yourself with the craft. Other
than that --

GQ logs off. The ship's ramp begins to CLOSE. Pachuco looks and sees
Freestyle waving from outside, before the door seals SHUT. He sets his
ammo and hat in the passenger seat, and sits in the pilot's, before looking
over the dashboard.

Super: "REMOTE SYNCHRONIZE: SCANNING... CRAFT 097647 SHENANIGAN
AVAILABLE. SYNCHRONIZE YES/NO"

Pachuco thinks to himself, then selects NO. He enters some launch
instructions manually, leaving one finger on a button.

PACHUCO
(beat)
And the monkey pushes the button...

EXT. SPACEPORT - NIGHT

Shenanigan's engines IGNITE. She gently lifts off, then slowly rises,

before pressing through the spaceport's energy dome. Once clear, the craft speeds up, as Downtown shrinks away. Silence surrounds the ship, while it heads for Earth.

INT. SHENANIGAN - SPACE

PACHUCO
Ship... time remaining to reach destination?

SHENANIGAN (V.O.)
Twenty-two minutes.

PACHUCO
Show me the manifest.

A readout appears as a HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION.

PACHUCO
Show me your specifications.

Pachuco FLIPS through HOLOGRAPHIC text and schematics with minimal interest, until he discovers a gauss gun. It is a large mounted weapon, hidden in a drop-down turret on the bottom of the ship. He ends the display session.

PACHUCO
Do you have Mintelli's Rise and Fall?

SHENANIGAN (V.O.)
Yes.

PACHUCO
Play it... with Morgan Freeman narrating.

A HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE of Earth appears on display, before it begins to rotate in time with the narration.

MORGAN FREEMAN (V.O.)
Eighty-seven years ago, the Earth was struck by a gamma-ray burst. Some scientist believe the origin of this radiation emitted from a dying star in another galaxy. This intense beam of energy spotlighted half the surface of our planet for eight seconds. While not a mass extinction event, the damage to the environment and alteration of our genetic material was severe enough to start a new time line. This period was called the Rise... not because it lifted mankind, but because it provoked and angered the surviving species. At first, efforts were made to quarantine and isolate the Altered, but birds got to fly, and fish got to swim. As resources dwindled, so too did hope of maintaining order. When the Fall came, the Altered and the Unaltered went to the extremes imaginable for their time, but even genocide and global thermonuclear war could not determine a victor. Left with a no-win situation, and the