

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

Intellectual Property Notice

POST FALL™ and all related characters, settings, storylines, and designs are the sole creation and property of **Dirk Koenings**.

The six POST FALL screenplays are fully protected under United States and international copyright law. Unauthorized reproduction, distribution, performance, or adaptation of these works—whether in part or in full—is strictly prohibited without the express written consent of Dirk Koenings.

Additionally, POST FALL™ is a registered trademark owned by Dirk Koenings. Use of the title, logo, or related marks in commerce, promotion, or derivative works without authorization constitutes trademark infringement and will be subject to legal enforcement.

By accessing this excerpt, you acknowledge that the included material represents only a partial preview of the copyrighted screenplays and is provided solely for review purposes. All rights are reserved.

© Dirk Koenings. All Rights Reserved.

inevitable proliferation of Altered stock in both human and animal form, the remaining Unaltered took their advances in anti-matter and gravitational control and moved themselves to the Moon.

The documentary continues to play MOS in MONTAGE: A glimpse of the Moon's settlement, the particle accelerator's construction, the deployment of the primary energy shields --until a proximity SIREN blares Pachuco back to reality.

The real image of Earth fills Pachuco's windshield.

PACHUCO

Jesus!

SHENANIGAN (V.O.)

Entry imminent. Secure yourself, immediately.

Pachuco looks at the safety harness of his pilot seat.

SHENANIGAN (V.O.)

Entry initiated.

The ship SHUTTERS, as it makes contact with the Earth's upper atmosphere. Pachuco stands up and balances himself against the SHAKING, as small flames begin to rush over the windshield. He presses both his palms against the glass.

PACHUCO

Yeaaaaaaaah!

The FLAMES grow to a wall of fire engulfing the windshield. It looks like Pachuco is falling into hell, as he begins to POUND his right fist against the glass.

PACHUCO

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

POUND, POUND, POUND, POUND, until the flames subside. A calm comes over the craft, as they level out over white clouds under bright sunlight. It quickly becomes apparent that they are leaving the day side and heading into the night.

PACHUCO

Are we landing on the dark side?

SHENANIGAN (V.O.)

We are landing on the night side.

PACHUCO

Damn.

White clouds turn to grey, as Pachuco takes his seat.

PACHUCO

What local time are we landing in?

SHENANIGAN (V.O.)

Midnight.

The ship's speed decelerates, as it drops in elevation. They descend into darkness. A new ALERT blares inside the ship.

SHENANIGAN (V.O.)

Touching down in one minute.

It is a dark and cloudy night. Pachuco struggles to make out the surface, until a small collection of lights appear a few thousand feet below them. The lights are from a small town, Post Falls, Idaho, only partially lit, and mostly in ruins.

The ship descends onto an old Walmart building, seen to have an interior landing spot within one collapsed corner of its worn roof. Shenanigan lines up above the opening, then gently sinks inside the building.

INT. NORTHERN IDAHO - POST FALLS - WALMART - NIGHT

The flooring has been reduced to grey dirt. The cluttered layout of various shelves full of supposed valuables leaves a hoarder like landscape. As Shenanigan LANDS, dozens of humanoid workers shield their eyes from blowing debris.

INT. SHENANIGAN

Pachuco watches the dust settle, before putting on his hat. He glances at the box of ammo in the seat beside him. He pats Maria, then opens the door and lowers the ramp. He steps to the threshold and inhales a deep breath.

INT. WALMART

Pachuco struts down the ramp in his tiger-stripped zoot suit. He glances around for anyone moving toward him, but he's more interested in the ground at the end of the ramp. He stops at the end of the ramp and stares at the dirt before his feet.

Off to the right, a HULK of a slouching man, CALAMARI, gives orders to a gathering of workers. One MALE WORKER waves to Pachuco as he approaches him, then walks up the ramp, passing Pachuco like old routine, before turning back to speak.

MALE WORKER

If you got more trading to do, we got some extra goods opened in those crates over there.

He motions to a set of opened crates across from Shenanigan's nose. They are set on the ground in an inviting semi-circle.

The male worker enters Shenanigan. No one else pays Pachuco any attention. He throws his hands up, then grins and jumps off the end of the ramp. He digs the soles of his polished shoes around in the bits of broken concrete and grey dirt.

Pachuco looks back at the slouching hulk. The foreman wears a worn raincoat, draped over his otherwise bare chest. His hairless grey-green

skin looks oily, and he never looks up.

The semi-circle of displayed goods is chaperoned by a FEMALE PROSTITUTE. As Pachuco approaches, she smiles and looks him up and down, before blowing him a kiss, exposing the inside of her mouth, which looks like a vaginal canal.

Pachuco stops to process what he just saw, then takes the few remaining steps to get him in the middle of the pile of junk. And it is junk, to Pachuco at least. Some wood in raw state is appealing, but everything else is disheveled and dirty.

He looks around for someone to help him, but even the whore has stepped away, leaving him alone. He shakes his head no, while watching supplies being unloaded off Shenanigan.

Pachuco turns back to look through one large crate holding what appears to be old gardening tools. He pulls out a two-handed timbering picaroon and examines it. He looks around again to find someone to negotiated with, but no luck.

In frustration, he throws the picaroon back in the crate, grabs the top of the lid with both hands and SLAMS it shut.

A LITTLE GIRL, GENESIS, age 6, scurries back from the bars of her cage set on the floor behind the crate. She is dirty, with blond hair. She cowers in a corner, as Pachuco stands there staring at her.

MOMMA (O.C.)

No.

Pachuco looks left of the cage to find a YOUNG MOTHER, MOMMA, AGE 26, with a frightened look on her face, staring at him. Her hands are tied around a support post behind her back, just out of arms reach of the cage.

MOMMA

No!

She becomes louder and struggles against her bindings.

MOMMA

NO! NOOOOOOOOO!

She's screaming now. A WORKER steps beside her and covers her mouth with his hand, silencing her, as she twists about. Pachuco looks at the little girl. She watches the struggling woman, before she grabs the bars of her cage and yells.

GENESIS

Momma!

It gets quiet, but workers quickly return to their business. Their leader stands where he was, alone, still paying no attention to Pachuco. Pachuco approaches him, stopping twenty feet apart and motions with his thumb behind himself.

PACHUCO

Why is the kid in a cage?

The hulk doesn't look up, but he does turn toward him. He's a head taller than Pachuco and quite a bit stockier.

CALAMARI
We're almost finished unloading. She can be loaded in or out of the cage... your call.

PACHUCO
What the fuck are you talking about?!

Everyone stops moving.

CALAMARI
You didn't know you were to pick up the girl?

PACHUCO
A girl, yeah... something female, like a woman, not some little kid.

CALAMARI
What's the difference?

PACHUCO
About twelve years.

CALAMARI
(beat)
What's the problem?

PACHUCO
I don't think anything bad ought to happen to children.

CALAMARI
Bad? What bad?
(smiling, head down)
You're going to take her to Disneyland.

PACHUCO
It doesn't sound like Mom wants her to ride Space Mountain.

CALAMARI
(sternly)
Then try the tea cups.

PACHUCO
I'm not taking her.

CALAMARI
I expect you'll want to talk to your boss about that.

PACHUCO
Why, so he can convince me to do something I don't want to do? That man could sell ink to an octopus.

CALAMARI

What!?

Calamari squares off with Pachuco, standing himself more upright, but still keeping his head and eyes down.

CALAMARI

You're going back without her?

PACHUCO

(beat)

That's just it, I ain't going back. I'll still do the deal, the girl for the supplies, but I ain't taking her up there. The extra trade goods I brought I'll give you for the mother.

CALAMARI

And the ship?

PACHUCO

It's mine. I can't imagine you got anything worth trading for it.

CALAMARI

Your life?

PACHUCO

Do I laugh now, or wait 'til it gets funny?

CALAMARI

So you get what you want, but what do I get... the end of my trading? You can see how it doesn't benefit me. If I keep the ship I could give it back to him. If I keep the girl... the only thing he losses is you. I could kill you now and come out a hell of a lot better than letting you walk away.

(beat)

Now I can't even complete the original deal with you, as you'll just get on board the ship and fly off and hide somewhere. Killing you is the only thing I can do.

PACHUCO

I get that. I mean, I just show up here and throw a wrench into your little slave trading business. Why not just kill me? But if you think I came to the carnival not expecting a good time --

CALAMARI

Does that ship have guns? Can it say... attack a town?

PACHUCO

It's a ship, it can't say anything.

CALAMARI

(smiling)
I'm trying to imagine a use for that ship... and you. You may want to work with me.

PACHUCO
Its got one. If you're imagining me flying around picking off your freak show cousins, you can just get to killing me.

CALAMARI
You're very hostile toward me.

PACHUCO
Don't take it personal... I'm hostile toward everybody.

CALAMARI
So if I throw a noose around your neck... no one would care?

PACHUCO
A hanging, huh? You haven't looked at me since I landed. When you hang a man, you better look at him.

Calamari begins to lift his bald head up, but stops himself.

CALAMARI
No one has spoken to me like this in years. You really aren't afraid of me are you?

PACHUCO
My techie says I went one upgrade too many. I used to think all that talk about humanity loss was bullshit, but maybe they're right.

CALAMARI
So you don't care if I kill you?

PACHUCO
I don't care if you try.

CALAMARI
(beat)
You're carrying a gun?

PACHUCO
Does the Pope poop?

CALAMARI
May I see it?

Calamari holds his right hand out. His hand looks wrong. It has five fingers, but no knuckles or fingernails.

PACHUCO
You can't have my gun, but I'll give you a few rounds if you like.

CALAMARI
(chuckles)
Ubi... put your blade against the mother's
throat. Count to five. If his gun isn't in my
hand --

The worker that muffled the mom's screams draws a knife and places it
against her throat. He tries to say "One", but the SHOT from Maria blows
off his lower jaw.

Workers run around SCREAMING. A few begin SHOOTING small arms fire at
Pachuco, who stands his ground. Calamari hasn't moved a muscle.

CALAMARI
Two.

A rifle ROUND to Pachuco's leg stings him, but it doesn't penetrate his
armored clothing. Maria BLOWS the RIFLEMAN's right arm off.

CALAMARI
Three.

A MACHINE GUNNER UNLOADS his magazine around Pachuco, some PLINK off his
coat. Maria PUTS a bullet through his brain.

CALAMARI
Four.

Pachuco checks the kid, she's laying low in her cage. Her mom has got
something big rushing out from the shadows behind her, like a two-legged
rhinoceros. Maria HITS something vital in its chest, before it CRASHES
to the ground, dead.

CALAMARI
Five.

Pachuco side-slots a fresh round, as Calamari shrugs off his raincoat and
rushes him. Pachuco FIRES, but Calamari leaps high. The shot misses him
and his void black eyes. Both of Calamari's arms are actually five,
finger-thick tentacles.

Calamari SLAMS into Pachuco, then they land on the ground, Calamari on top.
Pachuco struggles to keep hold of Maria, but Calamari begins to get the
upper hand. Pachuco FIRES a desperate shot while flailing around, missing
Calamari.

PACHUCO
Maria!

Some of Calamari's tentacles hold Maria up and away from Pachuco. Workers
step in and separate the two men. Calamari stands up and admires his prize,
as workers bind Pachuco's arms and chest in old rope and wire.

CALAMARI
(breathing heavy)
They never... trade us... the good stuff.
(admiring Maria)
Give me... a round.

PACHUCO
(breathing moderate)
You don't need a round... she's got one.

CALAMARI
It's a six-shooter... you fired six shots...
give me a round.

Calamari is being very gentle with Maria, like she's fragile. He looks enthralled, as he turns her over examining her. He clears his fingers far from her trigger and holds her up to the light, looking down her snub barrel to find a round.

Pachuco's targeting eye FLASHES red, as he remotely triggers Maria. The gun BLAST blows the back of Calamari's head out. Workers run and SCREAM for cover, leaving Pachuco standing alone, as he flexes and breaks his bonds.

Maria lays in the dirt next to Calamari, who still has a few tentacle arms WRITHING around. Pachuco steps over him, scoops up Maria and quickly reloads her. By the time Pachuco finishes, the building has grown surprisingly quiet.

GENESIS (O.C.)
Momma?

The kid is crying in her cage, reaching out to momma, but momma isn't reaching back. Maria tore into the mother's right breast and out her spine. Pachuco glances at Maria.

GENESIS
Momma! MOMMY!!

Pachuco looks around the warehouse. No one is firing on him or approaching them. He walks over to the kid's cage and tugs on the locked door.

PACHUCO
Hang on, kid. I'll get you out.

GENESIS
(collapses)
Momma.

PACHUCO
(yelling)
Why isn't anyone shooting at me!? And how do I
get this fucking cage opened!?

CYCLOPS (O.C.)
One-three-seven.

Pachuco types 1-3-7 into a keypad on the cage, and the door unlocks. The kid gets to her feet, as Pachuco swings it open. She runs to mother, grabbing hold of her bloody waist.

GENESIS
(whispering)
Hang on Momma... you'll be okay.

PACHUCO
(yelling)
You gonna kill the kid too... or just wait for
the next trader!?

Pachuco raises Maria to the back of the little girl's head, holding it there a moment, then lowers Maria to his side. They stand there, the kid CRYING, and Pachuco thinking, until he raises Maria back up to the kid's head.

PACHUCO
(yelling)
If I so much as hear a cricket crap, the kid will
be joining her mother and me for breakfast!

The kid doesn't notice the gun to her head.

PACHUCO
(yelling)
So which one of you is taking over for Calamari?
(silence)
One of you Gabbas better start gabbing.

CYCLOPS (O.C.)
I'll talk with you... but you'll have to put your
gun away before I step out there.

PACHUCO
I won't put it away, but I won't shoot you if you
don't try to pull my pants down around my ankles.
(lowers Maria)

CYCLOPS (O.C.)
Fair enough.

An unarmed MAN, CYCLOPS, steps out from behind some goods and approaches Pachuco. There is nothing unusual about him, except he's a cyclops.

PACHUCO
So you the new ringleader?

CYCLOPS
I suppose.

PACHUCO
You got any idea how to resolve this situation?

CYCLOPS
The best I can offer is you walk away.

PACHUCO
If I'm hearing the emphasis on you correctly, you
mean the girl stays?

CYCLOPS
Yes, sir.

PACHUCO
At least you're being polite about it.

CYCLOPS

Mister... you're a dangerous man, and as much as I want to be accommodating to your wishes, there are a whole bunch of dangerous folks involved that will skin me alive if I don't do what's right by them. So you escape. I expect your employer's ship isn't safe for you to fly anymore, so I don't know where you're gonna go, or how you're gonna get there... but you can't stay here.

PACHUCO

(motions to the girl)
What about her?

CYCLOPS

I expect they'll take her on the next run.

PACHUCO

Not really what I had in mind.

CYCLOPS

I'm sorry. Having the little girl here isn't right by me either, but my offer's the best I can do.

It's obvious to Pachuco that the surviving workers have steadied themselves and are taking up offensive positions.

PACHUCO

I hate to play the tourist, but it's my first time on Earth... I wouldn't know where to go.

CYCLOPS

Spokane is only a day's walk west of here. They have plenty of Lunies there, and if you meet the right person, you could even catch yourself a ride home.

PACHUCO

Who's the right person?

CYCLOPS

Unfortunately, the only person I know that could help is the same one that could hurt, so I'll have to stay out of it, and wish you the best. We'll get you some supplies.

PACHUCO

(beat)

Alright.

(holsters Maria)

I'll take your offer. Let me collect my things... then I'll get out of your sight.

CUT TO:

INT. SHENANIGAN