

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

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The organ player stops, followed by the singing.

PACHUCO
Any of you seen a little girl about yea high, long
blond hair, could use a bath!?

Some of the worshippers present are children themselves.

FATHER HARVESH
Welcome. We've been expecting you.

Father Harvesh gestures for Pachuco to approach him.

FATHER HARVESH
Please forgive me. I didn't have time to
explain the circumstances to you before.

Pachuco begins to approach him, watching left and right.

PACHUCO
You may not have time to explain them now.
Where's Gen?!

An OLD WOMAN, with tears in her eyes, reaches out her trembling hand and
gently lays it on Pachuco's as he passes.

OLD WOMAN
Please, save him!

FATHER HARVESH
I had to take her. As much of a sin as it was...
I accept my fate.

Pachuco reaches the last row of pews and stops. None of the worshippers
are moving in a threatening manner.

PACHUCO
Sermons make me sleepy, Shepherd. You better
make this one short, as I've already napped
enough.

FATHER HARVESH
I believe in God... but even standing here in his
house, before my friends and family... I tell you
that I do not love him. How can you love someone
that would so frighten a child?
(tearfully)
And she is frightened, Pachuco.

FEMALE WORSHIPPER (O.C.)
We love you, Father!

MALE WORSHIPPER (O.C.)
For the greater good!

FATHER HARVESH
For the greater good? Who is to say... but God.

PACHUCO
Where is she!?

FATHER HARVESH
(swallows)
I delivered her to agents of Mr. Lansing, out of
Spokane. If she hasn't landed on the Moon
already... she is in flight there now.

PACHUCO
Why the hell would you do that!?

Mumbles and movement among the worshipers cause Pachuco to turn around.
Father Harvesh motions for them to remain calm.

FATHER HARVESH
I can only assure you that my actions follow
those directed of me. I cannot make you believe
in my actions... but I swear to you they were of
no evil intent.

PACHUCO
You're asking me to spare you for shipping off
a scared kid?

FATHER HARVESH
No, Pachuco, I'm not asking you to spare me. You
are not here to kill me, but to find and rescue
Gen, which... God willing... you will.

PACHUCO
(takes a step toward him)
So I'm not gonna kill you?

FATHER HARVESH
(weeping)
No.

Worshippers GASP. Pachuco turns to check on them, before looking back at
Father Harvesh, as the Piranha forms out of the shadows behind him.

FATHER HARVESH
(smiling to Pachuco)
Speak to Seaweed. He will help you.

The Piranha CUTS down with her sword onto the Father's left shoulder,
sinking her blade to his heart. Worshipers SCREAM and rush forward, not
to attack, but to console each other.

One tearful WOMAN kneels before the Piranha, who is still holding her blood
drenched sword over Father Harvesh's body.

KNEELING WOMAN
Please, Father... forgive the mother.

Pachuco and the Piranha stare at each.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - KITCHEN - DAWN

Pachuco and the Piranha are sitting at a dinner table within the church's kitchen. They each pick at breakfast items on their plates. Pipsi nibbles on something off the floor.

PACHUCO
Why didn't you tell me Gen was your daughter?

PIRANHA
(sullen)
She doesn't know. My sister raised her as her own.

PACHUCO
So that was your sister at the warehouse?
(beat)
I should probably tell you it was my accidental shot to her chest that killed her.

The Piranha stops chewing and looks up at him.

PIRANHA
Why did you tell me?

PACHUCO
I wanted to tell someone.

PIRANHA
You didn't mean to.
(goes back to eating)

PACHUCO
True.

Pachuco looks around the kitchen, then back to his plate.

PACHUCO
You know who Seaweed is?

PIRANHA
Seaweed is a turtle... a giant, talking, two-headed turtle.

The Piranha's mouth is chewing to a beat which doesn't match the sound of her voice generator.

PACHUCO
A giant, talking, two-headed turtle... maybe I'll ask Sam to lead us to him, while we ride Goldfuss.

The Piranha grins.

PACHUCO
Why did you kill him?

PIRANHA

(beat)
I came here hoping to find her. It was his fault
that I didn't. Now she's gone... maybe forever.

PACHUCO
We're gonna find her.

She looks unconvinced.

PACHUCO
Why aren't you raising Gen? Why aren't you
living at Wolf Lodge?

PIRANHA
I got pregnant at sixteen, right when I really
started to develop.
(motions to her mouth)
Wolf Lodge is opposed to altered disfiguration.

PACHUCO
They kicked you out for how you looked? That's
fucked up, coming from a fucked up place like
this.

She shrugs. Pipsi WHINES for more food.

PACHUCO
You couldn't take Gen with you?

PIRANHA
Take her where? I had nowhere to go.

PACHUCO
Where did you go?

PIRANHA
Here... there... scavenged... until I found my
calling.

PACHUCO
Your calling?

PIRANHA
My gift.

She places her clean silver spoon next to Pachuco.

PIRANHA
Bend it.

PACHUCO
What?

PIRANHA
(checks the doorways)
Bend it.

Pachuco picks up the spoon and bends it easily. As he holds it, the Piranha

pinches it between her thumb and forefinger.

PIRANHA
Bend it back.

Pachuco positions his thumbs on top of the bend, and grabs the ends of the spoon with his fingers and pushes down. It doesn't budge.

PACHUCO
What the heck?

PIRANHA
Metal, while I touch it, becomes unbendable...
unbreakable.

She lets go. Pachuco easily bends the spoon back.

PACHUCO
I guess that explains how your shield and sword
hold up. And your chain-shirt... against your
skin it becomes --

PIRANHA
Bullet proof.

She holds her plate out for Pipsi to LICK clean.

A FEMALE SHERIFF, ZOE, AGE 69, enters the kitchen and takes a seat at the table.

SHERIFF ZOE
Would you two like something else to eat? Don't
leave hungry if you can help it.

PACHUCO
You're not here to arrest us?

She doesn't acknowledge him.

SHERIFF ZOE
A few people are still coming in with the dawn
for the funeral service. You two are welcome to
stay, but if you'd prefer to get going, I'm ready
to leave when you are.

PACHUCO
So you are going to arrest us?

The sheriff shakes her head no.

PACHUCO
Why not?

SHERIFF ZOE
My friend told me not to... a long time ago.
(looks down, sorrowfully)
Harvesh was a man of visions. Actually... since
childhood... his gift was to receive prophetic

dreams, some say from God.

PACHUCO
So some vision of drugging us asleep and stealing
off a little girl was God's idea?

SHERIFF ZOE
He never believed God was speaking to him. He
understood it as being some fluke of nature...
some attunement, evolved intuition, or
instinct. A result of the Rise and Fall, and
alteration of his genes.

PACHUCO
He knew he was going to die today?

SHERIFF ZOE
We all did.

The Piranha clears the table, RINSING dishes off in the sink.

PACHUCO
Why didn't he... or you, stop us?

SHERIFF ZOE
He altered a dreams outcome once. After what he
had to do to right things... he swore he'd never
make that mistake again.
(beat)
He had his friends here in his final hours, and
was comforted by our company. We simply obeyed
his wishes.

PACHUCO
I think we'll skip the eulogy.

SHERIFF ZOE
(smiles and nods)
That's probably best. Which leads me to my next
promise... my last promise... to take you to
Seaweed.

The Piranha continues to CLEAN the kitchen.

PACHUCO
So, Seaweed... what's that about? Harvesh have
some vision of us riding him to the Moon?

SHERIFF ZOE
He believed the turtle had some way of getting
you to the little girl.

PIRANHA
(TAKES her seat)
Genesis... her name is Genesis!

SHERIFF ZOE
(avoids eye contact)

Yes... Genesis.

PACHUCO

What good could he have possibly imagined was to come from sending her to the Moon?

SHERIFF ZOE

He didn't want to. He considered going against his vision's guidance... and not because he saw his death at the end of it. He loved children above all things, and hated himself in his final hours.

(looks at Pachuco)

I don't believe he would have done it if he didn't believe you could save her.

(looks at the Piranha)

He wanted to know if you would forgive him? He said it was less important if God forgave him... than if you could.

The Piranha looks at Pipsi, as her face reddens in anger.

PACHUCO

Gen was already safe. Why would he make us save her again? He took a bad situation and made it worse.

The sheriff looks like she wants to say one thing, then says something else.

SHERIFF ZOE

(frightened)

Please... save her.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTHERN IDAHO - ATHOL - MORNING

Zoe drives her Sheriff's Chevy Tahoe north on old Highway 95. Pachuco sits in the passenger seat. The car looks very good for its age. The highway is broken asphalt, but somehow Pipsi and the Piranha are asleep in the back seat.

PACHUCO

Are we there yet?

Zoe smiles, while keeping her eyes on the road.

PACHUCO

Sorry you're missing the service.

SHERIFF ZOE

Never liked funerals... or weddings.

PACHUCO

This thing run on gas?

SHERIFF ZOE

Yup. We don't get many of your antimatter

drives down here.

(pats the dashboard)
I'd just stick to Bessie here if given the choice
anyhow.

PACHUCO

So where's this lake Pend Oreille Seaweed lives
in?

SHERIFF ZOE

We're going to turn right at the little town
coming up... in fact, there's the old Silverwood
Theme Park telling us we're almost there.

They pass an old amusement park on the west side of the highway. Collapsed
wooden roller coasters, fallen drop towers, and crumbled carousels litter
the landscape.

SHERIFF ZOE

We've got some undesirables taken up residence
in the old-western boardwalk buildings in there.
Bunch of neo-nazis, stirring up trouble with
altered animals.

A mile past the theme park, a pair of commercial buildings, and a yellow
flashing street signal come into view.

SHERIFF ZOE

Welcome to Athol, the anus of Idaho.

At the crossroads sits a general store with a fuel pump on the southwest
corner, and a barbecue bar and grill on the northwest corner.

The bar has a "Beaver's Bar-B-Q" sign, and a wooden totem pole with a
standing beaver carved at the top with massive testicles hanging between
its legs. A few motorcycles and junk cars partially fill the bar's dirt
parking lot.

PACHUCO

That place looks authentic. How's the
barbecue?

SHERIFF ZOE

Was good, haven't been there since it was taken
over by the Aryans.

Bessie stops at the signal, before turning right.

SHERIFF ZOE

I'm surprised the Master Race hasn't hassled
Seaweed yet. It used to be people hating other
people... now it's people hating everything that
can walk and talk.

The highway heading east is heavily lined with trees. Tall hills lie five
miles ahead. Pipsi pokes her head up and out the open rear passenger window
and WHINES. The Piranha sits up, and looks out the window with her.

PACHUCO
Good morning, princess. Did you sleep well?

PIRANHA
Shut up.

PACHUCO
I was talking to the dog.
(pets Pipsi)

They drive by the entrance of old Farragut State Park.

SHERIFF ZOE
If you can believe it, back in World War II, this area used to be a naval training facility. They even tested submarines in the lake here... it's that deep.

The Chevy heads over a small hill. At the top of the hill, a large lake comes into view, or at least its southern tip, as most of the lake is hidden behind more hills and mountains heading north. A worn sign reads, "Welcome to Bayview".

PACHUCO
Anybody live out here?

SHERIFF ZOE
Some logging crews work the hills up here, but no real residence.

Bessie drives through the small abandoned community that once lived along the lake here, and enters a waterfront parking lot, stopping at the head of a broken concrete boat launching ramp which runs out into the lake water. Zoe parks the car.

SHERIFF ZOE
You want to ring the bell, or should I?

PACHUCO
What?

SHERIFF ZOE
The bell there... that's how you get his attention.

A tarnished maritime bell is set on a post at the bottom of the boat launching ramp.

PIRANHA
I'll do it. Pipsi has to potty.

The Piranha and Pipsi get out of the car. Pipsi runs off excitedly toward an old metal outbuilding sitting beside the shore, as the Piranha walks down and RINGS the bell. She watches the water for a minute, then walks off to find Pipsi.

PACHUCO
That dog is fast for only two legs.

SHERIFF ZOE
They're called Quicksilvers. Most have four
legs though. That one's probably not as fast as
the others.
(smiling)
Makes you realize your life isn't all that hard.
Here he comes.

Forty feet from shore, a disturbance can be seen in the lake water. A
circular turtle shell, the size of a manhole cover, pops up out of the water
and approaches the shore.

PACHUCO
I've seen turtles that size before!

A second ring of shell sections surrounding the original centerpiece rise
out of the water, then another, and another. Like a B movie monster,
SEAWEED emerges out of the lake and strides up the ramp, water dripping
off his huge heads.

PACHUCO
Now I've seen everything.

Pipsi darts around wildly, BARKING at Seaweed. The Piranha hangs back,
calling for Pipsi to CALM DOWN.

PACHUCO
What do we do now?

SHERIFF ZOE
Get out and say hello.

Zoe exits the vehicle, and waves a greeting to Seaweed as she casually
approaches him. Pachuco sits in his seat, hand on the door handle, staring
out the windshield. The Piranha opens his door, and pulls him out of the
car.

Pachuco and the Piranha approach the Sheriff and Seaweed, as Pipsi stays
back, BARKING.

SHERIFF ZOE
-- I'll pass it on. Here they are, Ms. Beatrix
and Pachuco. Have you met Ms. Beatrix before?

Seaweed's right head answers.

SWEET SEAWEED
No, we have not had the pleasure, but your
reputation precedes you, Ms. Beatrix. A friend
of the forest, they say.

PIRANHA
Nice to meet you, Seaweed. I have wanted to
since I was a little girl.

The right head bows a little, while the left watches Pachuco.

SWEET SEAWEED