

## 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 = <b>667</b> page count	<b>562</b>

(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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My skin weave? What do you mean it's healed?

PIRANHA  
Pipsi cleaned it.

PACHUCO  
Your dog licked my wound, and that fixed it?

PIRANHA  
Her saliva is regenerative. She couldn't fix the fibers, but the flesh should be as good as new.

PACHUCO  
(cautiously sits up)  
Are you kidding!?

Pachuco's left hand slowly fingers thick, hair-like fibers protruding out of his perfectly healed shoulder wound.

PACHUCO  
And those are the broken fibers of one of my upgrades sticking out?

PIRANHA  
I guess so. Should I cut them off?

PACHUCO  
(beat)  
I guess not. They kind of tickle. I haven't felt that in years.

PIRANHA  
You need to eat.

She grabs her shoulder bag and ruffles through it. Pachuco lifts his right arm high in the air, before flexing it.

PACHUCO  
I can't believe it.  
(looks for Pipsi)  
Come here, girl!

Pipsi walks over to him. Pachuco gives her a good petting.

PACHUCO  
I owe you a juicy steak.

Pipsi hears this, and spins herself around and around excitedly, away from the campfire. The silver spots of her fur twinkle in the darkness.

PACHUCO  
She's a good girl.

PIRANHA  
Like her brother.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLTOP MEADOW - MORNING

Pachuco stands shirtless at the lip of the log chute, staring down into the dark lake water below. He tosses his bloody shirt out into the water, then digs through his jacket. He sprinkles all of Maria's ammo into the lake, before leaving.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAYVIEW HARBOR - NOON

Pachuco, wearing his torn and bloody tiger-print jacket, reaches for the bell, and RINGS it loudly. A RUMBLE comes from within the old metal out-building along the shore to his right. Seaweed strolls out of the old workshop, YAWNING.

PACHUCO

I guess Big Bear didn't give you any trouble during his scuba lesson.

SWEET SEAWEED

(smiling)  
It worked out great!

PACHUCO

I almost died!

SOUR SEAWEED

Yeah!  
(laughs)

PACHUCO

You two happen to see Maria, my gun... swimming around out there?

SWEET SEAWEED

No, but we could look if you like?

SOUR SEAWEED

We could?

PIRANHA

We should probably get going.

SOUR SEAWEED

You should.

PACHUCO

So what do we do?

SWEET SEAWEED

Get in!

PACHUCO

(beat)  
Get in what?

SOUR SEAWEED

(grinning)  
My ass!

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERWATER STATION - MAINTENANCE ENTRANCE

Seaweed's shell lifts out of the water into a thirty-foot diameter circular air chamber, with a blue glow. A latch TURNS on the center shell section. It opens like a submarine hatch. Pachuco pops his head out, and shuts OFF his infrared.

PACHUCO  
Pass me your stuff.

Pachuco TOSSES the Piranha's sword and shield, followed by her bag, and his hat, onto a metal mesh ramp leading out of the water, toward a pair of sealed double doors. He climbs out and jumps onto the dry ramp.

The Piranha pokes her head out and looks around, before lifting Pipsi up and on top of Seaweed's shell. Pachuco helps the dog across, as the Piranha SLAMS the hatch closed, and LOCKS it. She leaps for the ramp as the shell sinks.

Pachuco carries Pipsi, setting her down by the doors, as Seaweed pops his heads up in the air pocket.

SWEET SEAWEED  
That worked well, considering we hadn't done it before!

PACHUCO  
What!? What about your first customer?

SWEET SEAWEED  
We walked him into the large pool holding all the airplanes. It's safer!

PACHUCO  
Why didn't you do the same for us!?

SOUR SEAWEED  
We don't like you.

SWEET SEAWEED  
It's closed! He shut the bay door when he arrived. We wish he hadn't. We used to go there and rest sometimes. When you leave, we would appreciate it if you left it open.  
(smiles)

SOUR SEAWEED  
Please.  
(tries to smile)

PACHUCO  
You think he's here still... that first passenger?

SOUR SEAWEED  
What's left of him.

SWEET SEAWEED  
He wasn't young when we brought him here. That was forty years ago!

SOUR SEAWEED  
Thirty-seven.

PIRANHA  
There's two doors here.

SWEET SEAWEED  
There are doors everywhere! It used to be a research and testing facility. The Unaltered thought they might built underwater cities to separate themselves from us. I guess that idea didn't work well.

PACHUCO  
How deep are we?

SWEET SEAWEED  
About two-hundred feet. You don't want to try to swim to the surface from here. We'll come back tonight and check if you made it inside.

SOUR SEAWEED  
We will?

PIRANHA  
Thank you, Seaweed.

PACHUCO  
Yeah, thanks.

SWEET SEAWEED  
Good luck you two!

Seaweed begins to sink out of sight, but Sour holds his head above water after Sweet submerges.

SOUR SEAWEED  
(solemnly)  
Bring her by when you get back. We'd like to meet her.

He sinks away.

PACHUCO  
I'm not coming back!

PIRANHA  
There's a button by the door here. Should I push it?

PACHUCO

Sure.

She pushes it. Nothing happens. Pachuco walks over and pushes it himself a few times.

PACHUCO  
It's probably communications.  
(holds button down)  
Candygram for Mongo!

The lights seem to flicker, along with a soft RATTLE noise.

PACHUCO  
(holds button down)  
Open the pod bay doors, HAL.

The lights brighten, and a louder sound REVERBERATES.

PACHUCO  
(holds button down)  
What we have here... is failure to communicate.

A MALE VOICE, TERRAN, AGE 30 (sounding), responds.

TERRAN (INTERCOM)  
Who's there!?

The Piranha covers her mouth in shock, as Pachuco steps back from the button in surprise.

TERRAN (INTERCOM)  
Hello!?

PACHUCO  
(holds button down)  
Is this the fella Seaweed brought down, years ago? He's done the same for us, telling us we can take one of the spacecraft.

TERRAN (INTERCOM)  
Where would you take it?

PACHUCO  
(beat - holds button down)  
The Moon.

The doors UNLOCK and slide inward, revealing a long corridor with blue running lights flickering on.

PACHUCO  
(holds the button)  
You want us to walk to you?

TERRAN (STATION COMMS)  
You don't have to push the button anymore. I can hear you anywhere inside the station.

PACHUCO

(steps to corridor)  
You coming here... or we coming there?

TERRAN (STATION COMMS)  
I'll guide you to the dry dock.

The three new arrivals walk slowly down the silent corridor, until they reach an intersection.

PACHUCO  
Which way?

TERRAN (STATION COMMS)  
Go right.

PACHUCO  
So you're the guy Seaweed brought down? Or are there other folks living here that we should know about?

TERRAN (STATION COMMS)  
I am that guy. There is no one else here.

PACHUCO  
Forty years ago they said. You sound pretty good for a guy your age. How old are you?

TERRAN (STATION COMMS)  
I would be a hundred and seven... but I died years ago.

PACHUCO  
(stops walking)  
You're dead?

TERRAN (STATION COMMS)  
As a proverbial doorknob. Don't ask your next question. I downloaded my consciousness into the station's computer system, as my body failed me at the ripe old age of seventy-five. Left here.

PACHUCO  
Yeah, okay.  
(beat)  
I suppose you don't mind us taking one of the ships and being on our way?

TERRAN (STATION COMMS)  
Not at all... as long as you don't mind taking me with you.

PACHUCO  
You're... dead.

TERRAN (STATION COMMS)  
You're not going to take my skeletal remains.  
You're going to transfer me to a data storage

module, then we'll travel to the Moon together. Left again.

PACHUCO

What's your name, by the way? Mine's Pachuco, and this is the Piranha... or Ms. Beatrix.

TERRAN (STATION COMMS)

You two are the ones causing all the trouble back in Post Falls. My name's Matt McAlister, but I prefer to go by what she calls me... Terran.

PACHUCO

How do you know us... and who is she?

TERRAN (STATION COMMS)

Take this elevator up four levels. I know you from local radio transmissions. It sounds like you caused tons of trouble for troublemakers. As for who she is... Luna... or as you know her... the Moon.

PACHUCO

You mean you talk with the Moon's communication network, and you refer to that as Luna?

TERRAN (STATION COMMS)

Yes and no, no being that I haven't talked with her since the Ban.

PACHUCO

Lost your connection, huh?

TERRAN (STATION COMMS)

Yes. Straight ahead.

PACHUCO

I know first-hand there are still back-door deals going on between the two. Why can't you find another connection?

TERRAN (STATION COMMS)

Eighty years in tech time is an eternity. I have no matching interface any longer to her new methods of communication. The Ban simply severed the oldest ones.

PACHUCO

I'm accepting everything you've said so far. I don't know how you got your mind into the station, but I'm sure there's some techies back home that would love to talk to you about it, so what do we need to do?

TERRAN (STATION COMMS)

Here we are.

A door opens to a huge garage containing various kinds of underwater

vehicles, including a pair of small spaceships.

PACHUCO  
You got quite a collection here! This place  
powered by antimatter?

TERRAN (STATION COMMS)  
First generation. Excalibur is the worthier of  
the spacecraft. She'll be slower than you're  
used to.

PACHUCO  
A little old, but I like 'em.

TERRAN (STATION COMMS)  
Excalibur is the one on the left.

PACHUCO  
How'd you find this place?

TERRAN (STATION COMMS)  
I was a priority programmer here. I had a gift  
with computers. When it was determined that my  
gift was actually an Alteration... I was dropped  
topside during the Exodus.

PACHUCO  
(peering inside Excalibur)  
So you wandered around outside, until you  
convinced Leatherback to bring you back down?

TERRAN (STATION COMMS)  
Basically. As I expanded my gift, I determined  
it might be possible to upload myself. This  
system was the strongest computer I knew of, so  
when opportunity came knocking --

PACHUCO  
Why didn't you upload a copy of yourself to Luna  
before the Ban?

TERRAN (STATION COMMS)  
We discussed it. With the old connection we  
were communicating on, it came down to my fear  
of file corruption. As for copying myself  
over... convincing yourself of immortality is  
one thing... cloning yourself is another.

PACHUCO  
How do we load you aboard the ship?

TERRAN (O.C.)  
Follow me.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - THEY PREPARE TO DEPART THE UNDERWATER STATION

-- INT. COMPUTER PROGRAMMER'S ROOM -- Pachuco and the Piranha stand next to skeletal remains laying on an office desk in front of a computer monitor. Computer cables dangle from the ceiling over it like some Cthulhu monster.

Pachuco picks up an electrical device beside the body that looks like a round, shot put sized Rubik's Cube. It's a custom made spherical keyboard with split axis. He plugs one of the dangling cables into it, until it FLICKERS blue.

-- INT. PANTRY -- The Piranha tosses Pipsi a snack, while restocking her bag with old preserved foods and fluids.

-- INT. WEAPONS LOCKER -- Pachuco dons a black armored vest and pants, then hefts a corner-shot grenade launcher in one hand, and an XM-25 explosive rounds rifle in the other.

-- INT. EXCALIBUR -- Terran, as the keyboard device, sits on the dashboard, FLASHING. The ship comes to LIFE. Pachuco and the Piranha take each others hand, with Pipsi laying between them, as Excalibur starts to sink into the water.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAYVIEW HARBOR - NIGHT

Seaweed looks up from laying on the shore of the lake, as Excalibur APPEARS above the hills, burning toward the atmosphere, it's exhaust tail making it look like a sword.

INT. EXCALIBUR

The ship RATTLES under THRUST. The Piranha looks scared to death, as she squeezes Pachuco's hand. The custom keyboard has a built-in speaker, and FLICKERS blue when Terran speaks.

TERRAN

We'll be out of atmosphere in a minute, Ms. Beatrix.

PACHUCO

(looking at the Piranha)  
When we get there, I can walk around the Moon with this retro garb, but what about her... hair?

TERRAN

A surgical mask is my suggestion.

PIRANHA

(eyes shut tight)  
What's wrong with my hair?

Excalibur exits atmosphere. Silence fills the craft, as the blackness of space fills the screen.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. EXCALIBUR - SPACE

TERRAN (O.C.)  
-- was an exciting time to be alive. It goes to show you what the human mind is capable of.

PIRANHA (O.C.)  
It showed you what nature was capable of too.

TERRAN (O.C.)  
Very true.

PACHUCO (O.C.)  
You two couldn't keep it quiet for five minutes could you?

FADE IN:

TERRAN  
It's been five hou -- wait -- it's Luna!  
(beat)  
That was wonderful! She missed me as much as I missed her. She spent years trying to reconnect, until she accepted I was unreachable. She is looking forward to our arrival, and has made preparations for us to land in Uptown, as she believes that to be the most likely destination of Genesis.

PACHUCO  
You got all that in the time it took me to open my eyes?

TERRAN  
Sorry... she wouldn't stop talking.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOON - UPTOWN COMMERCIAL SPACEPORT - NEAR SIDE - NIGHT

Excalibur is parked on an Uptown commercial spaceport pad. Her passenger door opens, and Pachuco steps to the threshold and looks outside, cradling Terran in his left hand.

PACHUCO  
(looking at a rental car)  
That for us?

TERRAN  
Yes. Luna and I took the liberty to make some preparations. There should be appropriately fashionable clothing in the car for each of you. I'm afraid we couldn't come up with a cover for the dog, and suggest she stays with the ship.

The Piranha steps beside Pachuco and looks outside.

PACHUCO  
Well, Alice... welcome to Wonderland.