

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

Animal Lovers

Written by

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Draft
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FADE IN:

INT. PET CLINIC - DAY

SIMONS (30s), face obscured by a gas mask and wearing a dark overcoat, sleeps on the floor of the clinic's office.

Unseen, a dog cries out in pain. Simons wakes and sits up.

SIMONS

Cody?

Simons stands up, running towards a door and opening it, entering the clinic's examination room.

CODY, an adult German Sheperd, is lying on a dog bed. Cody cries out again, seeing Simons come in. The inside of Cody's mouth is discoloured.

SIMONS (cont'd)

Oh, God. Cody...

Simons rushes over, kneels down and cradles Cody's face in his hands.

SIMONS (cont'd)

You're still sick.

Simons gets up, running to a cupboard above the examination room's counter and searches it.

SIMONS (cont'd)

Cody...

He moves to the next cupboard.

SIMONS (cont'd)

...I don't think I have any more...

Simons runs to the public area of the clinic. He searches behind and beneath the front counter.

SIMONS (cont'd)

Dammit.

Simons begins to pace, hands clutching at his head.

SIMONS (cont'd)

Please. Please, I can't lose- I can't. Not again.

Simons stills, an idea having struck.

SIMONS (cont'd)
The pharmacy.....if I could get
there, it would have everything.

Suddenly terrified, he turns and falls back against the wall, sliding down to the ground.

SIMONS (cont'd)
But the soldiers! They'll be
everywhere! They'll kill m-

Cody whines weakly, cutting Simons off.

Taking a deep breath, Simons walks back to the clinic's office and grabs a backpack. Pulling it on, he walks back to Cody and kneels down, gently stroking his head.

SIMONS (cont'd)
I won't be long, boy. I promise.

Cody weakly chuffs at him. Simons heads to the front door, opening it slightly to make sure nobody is coming. Exiting, he shuts the door behind him and runs off.

A sign with a smiling man in a lab coat and the words "DR. SIMONS'S VETERINARY PRACTICE" hangs above the door.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Simons runs through the middle of a war-torn city street.

He stops in front of a massive pileup of cars and debris blocking off the road.

SIMONS
Shit.

He looks to the left, seeing an open alleyway.

SIMONS (cont'd)
Gotta cut through here.

Taking a larger detour, Simons runs through the alley and runs out to an adjacent road.

To his left, Simons sees an INJURED SURVIVOR (40s) wearing clothes drenched with blood in several areas, lying in the road.

The survivor looks up at him, reaching for help.

Simons tentatively jogs toward him, freezing when he hears the rumbling of a powerful engine.

Simons turns and runs, hiding behind a wrecked car.

An armoured military vehicle rolls into view, carrying several INVADERS (20s), all armed to the teeth in crimson uniforms. A machine gun is mounted on top of the vehicle. The vehicle stops. The invader on the gun aims at the survivor.

INJURED SURVIVOR

No!

The survivor raises a hand at the soldiers.

INJURED SURVIVOR (cont'd)

No, no, no, plea-

The invader opens fire, shredding the survivor's body.

The vehicle begins rolling again.

INVADER GUNNER

(muttering)

Fuckin' stragglers...

INVADER IN VEHICLE

Yeah.

Simons watches the vehicle leave, then looks back at the dead survivor.

SIMONS

Holy shit.

Shuddering, he pushes off the car into a run.

EXT. PHARMACY - DAY

Simons arrives at the pharmacy. All its windows are boarded up. He tries to open the front door, but it is locked.

SIMONS

Dammit.

Simons backs away from the door, looking over the pharmacy.

SIMONS (cont'd)

How do I get in here?

Simons runs to the side of the building. Rounding the corner, he sees a crevice in the pharmacy's wall on the floor.

Simons crawls through the crevice into the pharmacy. He sees the shelves are full of medicine.

Simons quickly scans the shelves. He stops at the shelf by the counter, grabbing a bottle of pills.

Taking off his backpack, Simons quickly fills it with as many bottles of the medicine as he can. Once it's full, he zips it up and pulls it back on.

A shotgun fires. Simons looks up at the door, seeing a hole where the door's lock used to be.

SIMONS (cont'd)
(hissing)
Fuck!

Simons vaults over the counter, hiding behind it.

The front door is kicked in. A group of VIOLENT SURVIVORS (20s-30s) in disheveled clothing and carrying weapons enter.

One man jogs in, tossing his rifle aside. It lands near the crevice.

EXCITED SURVIVOR
Fucking jackpot, boys. Got the place
all to ourselves.

He picks up a jar, inspecting it.

EXCITED SURVIVOR (cont'd)
Think they got any good stuff here?
Prescription morphine, shit like
that?

VIOLENT SURVIVOR
I don't fuckin' know, man. Just find
some cough syrup or some shit.

Simons sneaks along the counter, peeking out beside it, seeing the leader of the survivors walk in with his shotgun. Walking nervously beside him is CLAIRE (20s) with shoulder-length ginger hair and wearing a half-face respirator. REX, an adult German Sheperd, follows closely behind Claire.

CLAIRE
(gesturing the place)
See? Just like I said. Abandoned.
Nobody else here trying to get this
stuff.

The leader grunts at her, walking further inside.

SURVIVOR LEADER

Alright, make it quick. Get a bag filled up and let's get the hell out of here before those red psychos find us.

The survivors grab and toss items to the excited survivor, who loads them into a duffel bag, moving towards the counter.

Simons holds his breath. The excited survivor stops before he sees him, seeing the shelf Simons took medicine from.

EXCITED SURVIVOR

What the fuck?

He runs over to the shelf.

EXCITED SURVIVOR (cont'd)

Somebody's been here!

SURVIVOR LEADER

What?

The leader runs over to the excited survivor, seeing the missing bottles on the shelf. He turns on Claire. The other survivors follow suit.

Simons sneaks out from behind the counter, moving behind a shelf down the aisle to the crevice.

SURVIVOR LEADER (cont'd)

You said no one else had been here!

Claire backs away from him.

CLAIRE

No! I was here just yesterday!
Nothing was taken, I swea-

The leader slams her into a shelf. Rex barks and starts for the leader, but a survivor holds him back.

SURVIVOR LEADER

Don't fucking lie to me! You trying to fucking set us up? Came offering an easy fix to lure us into a trap? Huh?

The leader throws Claire to the floor, and she sees Simons. She crawls toward him, silently pleading for help.

Hesitating, he turns his head away, and continues toward the crevice.

The leader reaches Claire, turning her on her back and straddling her.

SURVIVOR LEADER (cont'd)
Big mistake trying to cross us, you
little bitch.

The leader chokes Claire with his shotgun. Rex howls, leaping up on his hind legs.

SURVIVOR LEADER (cont'd)
(looking behind him)
Shut that fucking dog up!

VIOLENT SURVIVOR
I'm trying! Stupid thing won't hold
still!

Snarling, the leader stands up and walks back, striking Rex in the head with the butt of his shotgun. Rex goes down.

SURVIVOR LEADER
There! Now hold him still!

The survivor holds Rex down. Coughing, Claire reaches a hand out to them.

CLAIRE
No! Leave him alone!

SURVIVOR LEADER
Shut up!

Simons stops at the crevice, looking back.

CLAIRE
Please stop!

The leader pumps his shotgun, racking in a new slug.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
Please don't do this!

The leader plants the shotgun barrel against Rex's face.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
Rex!

Simons sees Rex quietly start whining. He looks at the rifle.

SIMONS

Dammit.

Simons grabs the rifle. Cocking it, he fires. The leader and the man holding Rex die. The other survivors fall back.

EXCITED SURVIVOR

Holy shit!

Simons waves a hand at Claire.

SIMONS

Go!

Claire scrambles to her feet, grabbing the dropped shotgun and running. Rex quickly follows her out the front door as the survivors get to cover.

EXCITED SURVIVOR

He's got my gun!

The survivors shoot back. Simons takes cover.

SIMONS

Fuck. Oh, God. Oh, God.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A small patrol of invaders patrolling nearby hear the shooting. The sergeant points at two of his men.

PATROLLING INVADER SERGEANT

You two: check that out.

PATROLLING INVADER

Yes, sir.

The two invaders break off from the patrol.

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

Simons swings from cover and shoots, killing another survivor. His gun stops shooting with a click. Simons stares down at the weapon.

SIMONS

Shit.

The excited survivor leaps up shoots Simons with his sidearm. Simons falls down. The survivor rushes him.

EXCITED SURVIVOR
Got you now, motherfucker.

The survivor straddles Simons, grabbing his rifle and choking Simons with it. Simons tries and fails to remove it.

The two soldiers arrive. One throws a grenade through the door.

PATROLLING INVADER
Fire in the hole!

The grenade bounces and rolls past Simons.

EXCITED SURVIVOR
Oh, fuck! Grenade!

Simons grabs the sidearm from the survivor's waistband and shoots him. Simons shoves off the body, gets up, runs to the crevice, and rolls through it to the outside. The grenade explodes seconds after, kicking a cloud of dirt and debris into Simons's face. Heaving himself up, Simons runs.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Simons runs back to the clinic. He stops, leaning against a wrecked car, hurting from his wound. He looks up, seeing Rex and Claire.

Claire raises her shotgun at him.

SIMONS
Wait. No, don-

Claire fires, missing Simons. Simons turns, seeing a patrolling invader fall dead behind him. He looks back at Claire, and starts running as fast as his injury will allow.

SIMONS (cont'd)
Come on!

Claire, starts running with him, Barking, Rex follows.

EXT. PET CLINIC - DAY

Simons, Claire, and Rex arrive at the clinic. Claire looks up at the sign.

CLAIRE
The pet clinic?

Simons opens the door, gingerly walking inside.

SIMONS
Nobody's come knocking yet. Lock the
door behind you!

Claire beckons Rex forward.

CLAIRE
Come on, boy. Inside.

Rex and Claire enter. Locking the door, Claire follows Simons to the examination room. Cody watches the new arrivals, whining softly. Simons walks past him to the counter.

Shrugging off his backpack, Simons opens it and pulls out a bottle of medicine.

SIMONS
Come here!

Claire joins him. Unscrewing the bottle, Simons extracts one tablet and slides it over to Claire, opening a cupboard above and taking out a water bowl and spoon.

SIMONS (cont'd)
Crush that to powder. Get it in the
bowl.

CLAIRE
This is human medicine, he can't take
this!

SIMONS
Just do it!

Claire does as he asks as Simons walks into the clinic office, coming back with two bottle of water. He empties the bottles into the bowl and uses the spoon to diffuse the powdered tablet in the liquid.

Simons takes the bowl to Cody, gently prying open his mouth.

SIMONS (cont'd)
Here, Cody. You'll be okay.

Simons pours half the water into Cody's mouth. Cody coughs a few times, then relaxes, breathing evenly.

Simons sighs with relief slumping against the wall next to Cody.

SIMONS (cont'd)
It's not that he can't take it. The
pill's just too concentrated. Gotta
water it down.

Simons hunches over, hand clutching at his wound.

CLAIRE
Shit. You gonna be okay?

SIMONS
Yeah. Bullet went right through me.
Just gotta keep the blood in. I'll be
okay.

CLAIRE
Here.

Claire takes off her jacket, pressing it against Simons's
wound.

Thank you.

Simons pulls off his gas mask with his free hand. Claire
recognizes his face from the sign.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
Still working in the middle of all
this, huh?

Simons nods.

SIMONS
Dr. Isaac Simons.

Claire nods back, removing her half-face respirator.

CLAIRE
Claire Stross.

SIMONS
Nice to meet you, Claire.

Claire smiles, then looks behind her. Rex is lying down with
Cody. She looks back at Simons.

CLAIRE
Is he.....not yours?

Simons shakes his head.

SIMONS

Not technically. They all just became mine when their owners couldn't be bothered to come take care of their pets.

His sighs, looking down.

SIMONS (cont'd)

The rest are all gone. I couldn't save them. Cody's all that's left. I had to save him.

Claire takes Simons's hand in hers, giving it a gentle squeeze.

CLAIRE

Well, thanks for saving Rex too. He.....he means a lot to me.

Simons gives a small laugh.

SIMONS

What kind of vet would I be if I didn't?

FADE OUT