

DISASTER STRIKES

FADE IN:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

An intricately carved flat round stone, a Mayan calendar.

Our planets and sun lined up against the black center of the Milky Way.

Nostradamus at a table. He writes in a thick book.

An ancient God-like figure with the head of a lizard.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

SUPER: December 20th 2012

A cluttered room. Science, math, history books everywhere along with tools and strange science equipment. Cardboard boxes stacked against one wall.

In the middle of the room stands a large machine. Two big cones on top of it. A coiled copper wire connects the cones. Dials, levers and gauges cover every space on the machine.

GORDON, (48) a stressed out nervous wreck of a man. He's wire thin. His hair tousled, beard scraggly. His eyes wild. He adjusts a dial on the machine, whispers to himself.

GORDON
Only one day left.

Gordon titters, puts his cheek against the machine, caresses it with his hand.

GORDON
And you're almost finished.
Together we will save mankind.

There's a KNOCK on the door. The doorknob rattles.

Startled Gordon stares at the door.

LOUISE (O.S.)
Gordon! Honey. Open this door.

Gordon jumps up. Hurries to the door, puts his ear against it. His eyes dart back and forth.

LOUISE (O.S.)
Gordon. Are you okay?

GORDON

Yes. Yes, of course I'm okay. Why wouldn't I be.

LOUISE (O.S.)

I haven't seen you in a month. I'm worried about you...Open the door Gordon.

GORDON

I can't. Not yet.

The doorknob rattles.

LOUISE (O.S.)

Why not? What are you doing in there?

GORDON

I'm working.

There's silence for a moment. Tense, Gordon waits.

LOUISE (O.S.)

(getting mad)

You keep saying that! Open the door or I will call the police.

Gordon's shocked.

GORDON

No. No. Don't call the police.

LOUISE (O.S.)

Then open the damn door!

Louise bangs on the door. Gordon nervously paces. His eyes on the door, palms rubbing his temples.

LOUISE (O.S.)

(yelling)

Open the door!

Timid, Gordon crosses to the door. He opens it a crack, takes a step back.

Louise, a tiny woman (40) stands in the doorway. She stares at Gordon. Shock on her face. Hand covers her mouth.

LOUISE

Oh my God. You look awful.

She takes a step closer. Gordon backs off.

GORDON
I haven't slept in awhile.

Wide eyed, Louise glances around the room.

LOUISE
What is all this stuff?

She walks in. Her hand brushes against a book. Title reads:
Lazlo Kovacs theorems. She stops to stare at the wall with
cardboard boxes against it, points to them.

LOUISE
What are these?

Gordon paces, tugs on his beard.

GORDON
MREs. We'll have food for two years
if things don't work out.

Great worry on Louise's face.

LOUISE
What do you mean if things don't
work out?

Gordon slaps his hand down on one of his books.

GORDON
Two thousand twelve Louise.
Everything is coming to an end if I
don't stop it.

He scurries over to the machine, hugs it.

GORDON
The world as we know it will end
December twenty-first. One day to
go.

Louise takes a few steps towards Gordon.

GORDON
Gordon...you need help. Let me call
Dr. Nikola.

GORDON
No. No. You don't understand. There
will be great disasters all around
the world. Earthquakes, tsunamis,
volcanic eruptions.

Gordon grabs one of his books, flips open a page.

GORDON

See. The planet Nibiru will pass close to earth. Its gravity will make the magma under the earth's crust move and it will violently change earth's magnetic field.

Tears form in Louise's eyes. She moves closer.

LOUISE

Gordon...

GORDON

Listen to me. I'm talking about cataclysmic events here. The end of civilization. The Mayans even knew about it.

He points to one of his books. Louise sobs quietly as Gordon grows more intense.

Gordon moves over to his machine.

GORDON

That's why I built this. This machine will generate low frequency electromagnetic waves, which are transmitted into the earth and will counteract the movement of the magma that Nibiru will cause.

Sadness washes over Louise. Gordon's eyes are lit up as if on drugs. He's very intense.

GORDON

We're going to be okay. Thanks to me.

The sadness is replaced by anger in Louise.

LOUISE

Stop it! Just stop this nonsense!

She stomps over to the machine, hits it with her fist.

LOUISE

The two thousand twelve thing is just bullshit. And even if it was real this machine isn't going to do anything to stop it.

Her gaze stops on a lever on the side of the machine. Next to it is printed ON and OFF. She puts her hand on the lever.

Gordon notices. Horror on his face.

GORDON

No!

Louise pulls the lever to on. Nothing happens.

LOUISE

(soft)

Honey, don't you see. This is all
madness...You need help.

Stunned, Gordon stares at the machine.

After a long silent moment there's a deep rumble. The floor
starts to vibrate. Concerned, they share eye contact.

LOUISE

What's happening?

GORDON

I don't know.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A volcano erupts.

A tsunami is born.

An earthquake shakes a metropolitan city.

Buildings crumble.

BACK TO SCENE

The ground shakes violently. Gordon and Louise look at each
other in dismay then turn to the machine.

MACHINE

(robotic voice)

Electromagnetic waves initiated.
Power at twenty-five percent.

Gordon and Louise both shriek in horror.

FADE OUT: