

KING OF THE WORLD

written by  
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Fade in.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

Total devastation. The apocalypse has come and stayed. It's years after the end of global thermonuclear war. The city has been flattened and most of it rests under a sludge- and debris-filled, brown sea. The horribly deformed peaks of toppled buildings are covered in dirty snow and ice. The streets are littered with rusted and seared hulks of trucks and cars. No people.

EXT. REDWOOD FOREST, CALIFORNIA - DAY

For miles, the trees are gone leaving just their massive burned out stumps protruding from the black and brown snow. The once scenic roads through the forest are blocked by charred remains of what once was healthy greenery. No wildlife. No people.

The CRACKLE, SQUEAL AND SQUELCH of a radio being tuned in...

ROY DUMONT (off camera)

Good morning everybody, it's 6:45  
and time for our first look at  
traffic...

EXT. CHICAGO - DAY

More devastation. Twisted wreckage of scorched city buses and cars lie in various positions on the streets and sidewalks. Skyscrapers in ruin, their crumbled remains lie helter-skelter around their bases. Filthy ice and snow is everywhere. No people.

ROY DUMONT (off camera)

Looks like nothing's moving right now. It's bumper to bumper on the I-85 and you might want to try to avoid a minor fender-bender near on 28th if you can get around at all... Let's check the weather...

EXT. MIDWEST PLAINS, WHEAT FIELDS — DAY

As far as the eye can see, there is nothing to see. The snow bound land is as black as the clouds overhead. A wispy line of miserable yellow light barely cuts the horizon. No crops. No plant life. No people.

ROY DUMONT (off camera)

We're expecting a high of minus 23 under cloudy skies with a 100% chance of snow flurries mixed with radioactive fallout... better take a sweater and a geiger counter folks...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY — DAY

More devastation. There's no skyline to speak of. The harbour ships are either upside down in the river or up on the land lying on their sides or absurdly upright. The Statue of Liberty is shorn off at the feet. No people.

ROY DUMONT (off camera)

Headline news is coming up at the top of the hour and here are the stories we're following for you... World peace appears to be a

reality. Global warming is no longer a concern. And Bill Gates is still the richest man on the planet...

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS, NORTHERN ALBERTA — DAY

The once-majestic, snow-covered mountain ranges stand bathed in a cold, grey light. Evergreen trees lie about like burnt matches. Some greenery tries to exist amongst the swath of death and destruction which passed through in an instant. Rivers run brown with mud, ice, jagged logs and debris. No birds. No people.

ROY DUMONT (off camera)

Meanwhile, here's a special request going out to Bobby, Billy, Betty, Buddy and Ralph... a toe-tapper from 1969...

("Rescue Me" begins)

EXT. ROCKY MOUNTAINS, NORTHERN ALBERTA — DAY

In a clearing beside a small lake on a mountain side, the dull YELLOW LIGHT FROM A CABIN WINDOW pierces the darkness. The MUSIC is nearly drowned out by the ROAR OF A GAS GENERATOR.

INT. ROY DUMONT'S CABIN — DAY

DIRTY DISHES overflow from a kitchen sink, which hasn't seen water for days. A 5-gallon WATER JUG drips into the sink from the counter. The rustic cabin looks like a bomb has hit it, but it is merely the owner's minimal efforts at housekeeping. STACKS OF NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES lie on bookshelves and tabletops. A

grouping of framed, FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHS shows a pretty woman in her 30s with two preteen boys, a scruffy, bear-like man in hip-waders holding up a large muskie, the two preteens with their golden labrador.

At a computer workstation sits ROY DUMONT, the same guy from the photo with the muskie, now thinner and scruffier. As the MUSIC FADES, he pulls the MICROPHONE forward.

ROY

And if you haven't guessed already, that is our secret song of the day, and your chance at over a million dollars in prizes here at W.E.L.L. Just give me a call at 790-0000.

(becoming more serious) If there's anyone out there, please come in. This is Roy Dumont in Northern Alberta at 95.6 KHz. Anyone, please come in.

EXT. ROY DUMONT'S CABIN - DAY

DUSTY, Roy's golden lab, scratches at the door from outside and BARKS loudly.

ROY

(yelling to the dog) Okay boy, I'm coming.

INT. ROY DUMONT'S CABIN - DAY

Excited and nervous about something as ROY opens the door, DUSTY rushes into the house barking and whimpering. ROY tries to settle the dog down, but DUSTY runs around the cabin and then back to the door scratching to get out.

ROY

(pretending to be excited too)  
What is it, boy? Somebody coming?  
That'd be something, wouldn't it?  
Let's go check.

ROY grabs his COAT down from the wall rack and throws it on as he and DUSTY head out the back door.

EXT. ROY DUMONT'S CABIN - DAY

The dog runs about BARKING and WHIMPERING excitedly as ROY follows.

ROY

(yelling to the dog) Okay boy, I'm coming. What the hell is the matter with you, anyway?

ROY checks the generator, topping up the tank from a gas can. DUSTY's barking and whimpering steps up and abruptly stops. ROY looks up into the cloudy sky as he hears a faint HIGH-PITCHED WHINE coming from above.