

CODENAMED: QUARANTINE

Cody Navarro
Original Script

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1. INT. KITCHEN - UNKNOWN

The kitchen lays in disarray. Dining table on its side, kitchen ware spread out across the floor, trash can on its side.

ALEX (19), the older brother, leader, yet tired, grey under his eyes, and SAM (16), unsure, wary, always living in the now, both look exhausted, sitting on the ground, on opposite sides of the kitchen.

Eyes locked.

Alex smirks, his eyes never wavering, buggy.

Sams eyes twitch left a moment, sweat gleams down his forehead. Tired, shaken by something.

Both let out a heavy breath as they look at each other.

QUICK CUT:

- "A Misfit Lunatics Production"

ALEX

Wh-at?

CUT TO:

2. TITLE SEQUENCE

Black

Radio static is heard overhead.

Super Imposed Text: Isolation

Super Imposed Text: Part One: Fall

JUMP CUT TO:

3. INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Centered against the wall a television screen shows multiple news outlets with horrific scenes playing out. In front, on an ottoman, lays an old fashion radio.

CLOSE UP. RADIO - SLOWLY PANS OUT AS:

RADIO STATIC emanates from an old fashion RADIO, an unknown hand comes down and begins to fiddle with the knobs, running through channels until:

RADIO HOST

Reports are coming in from all over-

Sigh

RADIO HOST

-That a disease has entered the United States.

(pause)

It has quickly spread like a...

(to: background hosts)

Really? Like a wildfire.

Some hushes and murmur are heard in the background of the broadcast.

RADIO HOST

Ok. Ok. It has quickly spread like a wildfire. According to scientists it is...

(pause)

...skyrocketing out of control.

Shuffles could be heard behind the mic.

RADIO HOST

It is known to cause people to go mentally deranged... People attacking each other with no rhyme or reason... All this has caused the country to go into...

The shuffles turn into shouts.

BACKGROUND HOST

Kyle!

A undistinguished ROAR rushes the mic and a scraping noise is heard.

RADIO HOST

Fuck! The, the president has issued a nation wide quarantine...

Sounds of the host being knocked off the mic is heard and a guttural SCREAM is heard before the broadcast is cut and returning to static.

The television goes black at the same time.

CUT TO:

4. INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam, kneeling in front of the radio, stands, centered in the frame. He turns and rushes offscreen.

5. INT. KITCHEN TO BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

OVER THE SHOULDER. SAM

The camera follows Sam from the living room and into the kitchen.

On the kitchen table lays various items. Food, flashlights, batteries, if it looks important its on the table.

Sam turns sparatically and rushes down a flight of stairs and into the basement and through a door.

6. INT. COLD ROOM, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Shelves line the back wall, lined with canned food, and various other foods you'd store or stock up on.

SAM
(to: himself)
Do we have everything?

Sam looks at the shelves, mouth counting items and gives a frown, shrugs and turns to the door.

An ALERT sounds from Sam's PHONE. He has a message from "Alex". The message reads "Almost home"

Sam quickly writes back "Have you heard anything from mom or dad?"

Another ALERT, "No, not yet, but they'll be here."

7. INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Emerging from the basement, Sam looks out the far window across from him, over the dining table.

A car goes by.

SAM
What... Why? The... Jefferson's are
leaving?

Sam turns to the living room. The television screen no longer black instead reads: QUARANTINE NOW IN EFFECT

Sam turns back to the window. The car long gone and a look of disbelief and shock appears on Sam.

OFF SCREEN: The sound of tires pulling up a driveway.

Sam turns around and heads to the front room.

8. INT. FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The front room is neat, a couch and a recliner decorate its area, with a coffee table littered with knick-nacks at its center. Behind the recliner sits a window, the driveway in full view.

In the driveway, a car pulls up and parks. Alex gets out of the driver seat and rushes to the front door, Sam too, rushing over to open it.

Alex enters fast, his COAT is splattered with droplets of crimson red.

ALEX
Close, close, close.

SAM
What?

ALEX
Close the door! Lock it!

Sam quickly closes the door, and turns the locks.

ALEX
Lock it!

SAM
I did!

WIDE. FULL ROOM AND DISTANCE IN VIEW

The two stand at opposite sides of the room. Sam at the door, Alex in the entry to the kitchen.

Alex goes to Sam, taking off his coat and placing it on the coffee table.

SAM
The Jefferson's left

Alex eyes Sam.

ALEX
For real?

Sam nods.

ALEX
The order for the quarantine is out? Right?

Sam nods. Alex approaches the window and looks through its blinds.

SAM
What if we need to?

ALEX
We need to wait for mom and dad.
They'll know what to do.

SAM
But...

Alex turns to Sam, hand on his shoulder. Sam shudders.

SAM
The news... Aren't people...
Killing each other.

ALEX
No, no! Sam, everything will be all
right.

Alex pulls Sam in for a hug.

ALEX
We just need to wait for mom and
dad.

9. INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Alex and Sam sit opposite each other at the dining table.
Supplies in between them.

Alex nods towards the TV.

ALEX
Any news?

SAM
Been on that alert since it cut.

ALEX
Anyway to get news?

Sam picks up the radio.

SAM
This works. Or worked until the
broadcast stopped.

Alex nods.

ALEX
K. We'll need to check on that
every now and then.

SAM
How. How is it out there?

Alex pauses, his eyes lower, and a dark moment passes. Then
Alex smiles.

ALEX
Bad, people are going nuts pver
toilet paper and milk.

Sam scrunches his eyebrows.

SAM
Should we be worried?

ALEX
Of-course not. Everything will be
fine.

Alex looks over at the basement entrance.

ALEX
How are we on food?

SAM
(blunt)
We got enough.

Alex side-eyes Sam.

ALEX
I'll check again later.

They both let out a soft chuckle.

ALEX
You go, close all the blinds.

Alex raises his phone.

ALEX
I'll check out for mom and dad.

Sam nods, gets up and leaves.

FADE TO BLACK

10. INT. FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

OUTSIDE WINDOW PEERING IN. ALEX

Alex stands in the front window, looking out at their
community. Sam comes into view behind him.

SAM
Nothing?

Alex looks back at Sam.

ALEX
Go back to sleep.

SAM
I can't. Not until we know mom and
dad are okay and get here.

Alex looks shaken, shadowed in darkness.

SAM
You're not the only one worried.

ALEX
I didn't say I was the only one.
Just.
(pause)
Just that I'm the oldest and should
keep watch.

SAM
Where are they.

Alex turns back to the window.

ALEX
I don't know.

FADE TO BLACK

11. INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Sam sits at the table, bowl of cereal in his hand as Alex
enters.

SAM
You look like hell.

Alex grabs a chair and sits.

SAM
Rough night?

ALEX
What'd you think?

SAM
Me too, with our parents out
there...

Alex cuts in.

ALEX
Rough day.

Sam gives a sad look. Alex grabs the box of cereal and begins
pouring himself a bowl.

SAM
Yeah.

ALEX
You, you don't understand.

Sam gives Alex a hard look.

SAM
What you mean?

Alex shakes his head and begins to eat.

ALEX
Best you don't.

SAM
It's something to do with what you
saw right? At work?

ALEX
(skeptically)
You were here all of yesterday,
right?

Sam nods.

ALEX
Then it's best if you don't know.

The two go back to their bowls of cereal.

12. INT. COLD ROOM, BASEMENT - LATER

Alx stands in front of the shelves, counting the food.

ALEX
One, two, three... We barely have
anything.

Alex thinks.

ALEX
I should've grabbed food at work...

Sam comes into the room, Alex barely turning to acknowledge him.

ALEX
We have just enough to get us
through winter, maybe spring. After
that we're out.

Sam squints.

SAM
How long do you think this
quarantine will last?

Alex shrugs and begins to pass Sam and head out.

ALEX
We better check the garage.

SAM
For what?

WHIP TO:

13. INT. GARAGE

No car sat in the garage, a reminder the boy's parents are gone. At the far wall sits four bikes and by the entry sits a fridge and shelves with various tools.

Sam opens up the fridge, empty. Alex turns to the shelves.

ALEX
Alright, let's see what we have.

The boys walk around checking various things.

ALEX
(monotone)
Bikes, should I check for flats?

Sam whirls to Alex.

SAM
Are you talking to yourself?

ALEX
(startled)
What? No!

Sam chuckles.

SAM
Well to answer your question, yes
we probably should.

Sam gives Alex a playful punch, but Alex doesn't react, lost in his own world.

ALEX
Huh?

SAM
(quizzical)
The bikes!?

ALEX
Oh...yeah

Sam studies Alex.

SAM

I mean, we do have your car, so the bike escape would seem pointless...

Alex looks up at Sam.

ALEX

Why-why are you always the smart one?

Sam smiles.

14. EXT. FRONT LAWN - DAY

Snow falls on the lawn, covering it in a blanket of white.

Super Imposed Text: One Month Later.

Super Imposed Text: Part Two: Winter

15. INT. SAM'S ROOM - DAY

Loose Lego's litter the floor, on a desk sits a newly constructed Lego building. Behind the bed sits in disarray, the nightstand besides it, cleared besides the radio. A guitar sits on the edge of the bed.

CLOSE UP. RADIO

RADIO HOST #2

Hi, hello-everyone. If, well, if anyone is listening of course.

Radio Host #2 lets out a soft manic laugh.

RADIO HOST #2

Shut up Trevor! Of course people are listening...

(whisper)

Just because you haven't gone outside in a month doesn't mean the world's gone!

A shuffle is heard.

RADIO HOST #2

Sorry bout theat, I just well you know. Been a bit lonely lately.

A muffled laugh and sob.

RADIO HOST #2

Well anyway to the NEWS! Reports are coming in that a worldwide quarentine is now in affect.

(MORE)

RADIO HOST #2 (CONT'D)

The disease has crossed borders!
Swam across seas! My friends, it's
now a global pandemic!

(loud, choking coughs)

Sorry bout that. Anyway in the mena
time, try to stay sane all ya
listeners. I'm Trevor Wildrun,
keeping you up to date, everyday at
noon. Thanks for listening.

PAN BACKWARDS, GLIDING OVER THE GUITAR.

A hand picks up the guitar, straddles it and sits.

Sam, holding the guitar, hums to himself as the radio falls
silent.

He strums a few cords, then plays a little tune.

Sighing, Sam puts his guitar down and looks at his room.

16. INT. BATHROOM - DAY

The sink lays a mess, toothbrushes, medication, all over the
sink. Above a mirror sits, Alex looking at his reflection.

He heaves a long breath and looks at a cut down on his side,
by his collarbone. His eyes lingering on it as SCREAMS begin
to be heard.

MAN (OFF SCREEN)

GRAB WHAT YOU NEED!

WOMAN (OFF SCREEN)

Billy! Billy! Have you seen Billy?

Growls are heard off screen and Alex winces at the memory,
closing his eyes, then opening to a different Alex in the
mirror.

MIRROR ALEX

STOP!

Alex falls back in shock. Mirror Alex looking intently at
Alex.

MIRROR ALEX

STOP!

Alex gets back up, getting close to the mirror, examining his
reflection.

ALEX

Wha...

MIRROR ALEX

STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP!
 STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP!
 STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP!
 STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP! STOP!

Mirror Alex shouts again and again, not breaking his gaze with Alex.

Alex turns, frightened, to the door and scrambles for the DOORKNOB. Opening it and running out. Laughter from Mirror Alex heard hysterically.

17. INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Alex and Sam sit across from each other. Food in front of them, neither looking at each other

18. **ENDING** INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen lays in disarray. The supplies now cluttering the floor. Sam and Alex sitting on opposite sides of the table, a hateful glare between them.

SAM

You're infected.

Alex just stares.

SAM

Since the beginning.

Sam gets up and begins circling the table.

SAM

You've been hiding things from me.
 Not telling me what you saw, what
 happened-

Alex cuts in.

ALEX

What are you talking...

Sam slams his fist on the table.

SAM

Shut-Up! SHUT UP!

Alex gets up, taking a step back.

SAM

I've had it with you and your lies!
 (MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)
(mockingly)
Oh we're gonna be ok, alright!
(shouting)
All your lies, your comforts! We
AREN't going to be OKAY.

Sam turns to Alex, a grimace on his face.

SAM
Are we?

ALEX
I don't know Sam.

SAM
Stop! STOP LIEING!

Sam glides his arm across the table knocking everything to the ground.

SAM
I listen...

Sam grasps for air

SAM
... I listen.

Sam stares down Alex.

SAM
The news isn't going anywhere. All
I hear is bad! Bad! Bad! Bad!
(pause)
Never good news.

Tears begin to stream down Sam's face as Sam pulls out a KNIFE from his pocket.

ALEX
Sam, what are you doing?
(voice wavering)
Sam, why do you have a knife.

Sam looks at the knife in his hand and shrugs.

SAM
All this time, waiting for
something... Mom... Dad... All this
time.

Sam tightens his grip on the KNIFE.

SAM
All this time what I should've been
scared of was you... My infected
brother.

ALEX

Wha?

Sam lunges forward, swinging the knife.

Alex dives to the side, knife barely missing him.

Sam swings again.

Alex rolls to the left and grabs the nearest tool, swinging it at Sams hands.

Sam, screaming, stabs at Alex again and again, missing each time.

Alex grabs a broom and wacks the knife out of Sam's hands.

Shocked, Sam stops, but Alex lunges forward, pinning Sam in a corner.

Sam responds by grabbing a random object throwing it at Alex.

ALEX

Sam!

Sam reaches for Alex's broom and throws it behind him, then lunging forward with his fists at Alex, making contact on his chest.

Alex falls back and Sam continues to thrwo fists.

Alex sighs and begins to fight back.

Both wrestle with each other, circling around until Sam sweeps at Alex's feet knocking him to the ground.

Sam jumps on top of Alex and puts his hands around Alex's throat, squeezing it hard.

Alex struggles, his eyes buggy under the weight and pressure.

Sam looking at Alex, pressing down with all his hate.

Alex, turning purple, lose of air, gasps, hitting Sam to get off.

Sam, tears rolling down his cheeks, doesn't budge.

Memory Flash: Alex and Sam sitting on a couch. Hugging.

Sam releases his grip, dragging himself across the room and into another corner.

Alex lets out a cough, gasping for air.

Alex and Sam, both looking exhausted, sitting on the ground, now opposite each other, eyes locked

Alex smirks, his gazes never wavering, buggy.

Sams eyes twitch left a moment, sweat gleams down his forehead. Tired, shaken by something.

Both let out a heavy breath as they look at each other.

ALEX

Wh-at?

(cough)

That all you got?

Sam, looking down at his hands, looks up at his brother.

Alex begins to laugh, and Sam begins to join him.

SAM

I'm sorry.

ALEX

You should be.

Alex lets out a round of coughs.

ALEX

If you wanted to kill me, that was
the time to do it...

(chuckle)

I won't let it happen again.

19. INT. FRONT ROOM - UNKNOWN