

TITLE

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FADE IN:

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

Darkness. A tube radio broadcasts a message (insert e.g.).

RADIO (O.S)

The entire world appears to be devoid of any functioning internet. At least that's what it seems like in the West. No definitive cause has been identified yet, but professionals are on the case. Do not be alarmed. Let's hope that this will be over shortly.

1 month later...

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ryan, a paranoid shut-in in his late 20s, shifts through his tube radio, struggling to find a connection. Just static. His room is a complete mess, full of eaten food containers, bottles, and rubbish. He is on the last of his rations, a couple bags of crisps. The curtains and blinds are shut. On his desk lies a bombardment of research into World War 3 and the apocalypse.

Ryan tries turning on his computer, repeatedly, mashing at the on button in angst and desperation. He sighs and writes in his journal an entry, "Day 28..."

JOURNEY ENTRY (V.O)

Day 28. Computer still not turning on. All technological devices still fried. No tech, no internet, nothing. It's been so long since I've felt a connection of any kind. I'm on my last of apartment rations and recently ran out of my medication, still haven't been outside. It's not safe. I've done my research. It was only a matter of time, WW3 has definitely already begun. I've barricaded my room with the last of my aluminum foil. It provides slight protection from any additional, potential EMP strikes. I'm not sure how-

The sound of a jet plane whizzes over Ryan's room. Helicopter blades and distant gunfire echo in the distance. He starts to breathe heavily.

RYAN  
(panicking)  
N-n-no-no-no. It's started.

Suddenly, Ryan's tube radio switches to a hijacked channel, broadcasting in Russian.

A nearby explosion shakes the ground. He looks around in panic, stumbles, knocking his head hard. He covers his ears in angst and confusion. He desperately crawls under his table in a fetus position.

After blacking out, he awakens to the sounds of helicopters landing, screams, shouting, and gunfire in the distance. They get closer and closer, louder and louder. He hears the sound of soldiers shouting and threatening his neighbours in a Russian accent.

SOLDIERS  
(in the distance)  
If you do not open we will open fire!  
1, 2, 3-

A barrage of gunfire. Ryan is in full shock. He hears footsteps getting closer and closer to his front door.

He holds his breath, motionless, sweating profusely, eyeing the vague silhouettes through his blinds. The soldiers attempt to look through his window, knocking.

SOLDIER  
Yeah this is it. We know you're in there, uh, Mr Ryan Hemmings. We know of your presence on anti-Russian forums.

Ryan trembles in fear.

SOLDIER (cont'd)  
If you do not open your front door, we will open fire, like we did to your neighbour. I give you to a count of three.

Ryan shakes his head left and right, stiffly.

SOLDIER

One, two, thr-

He darts to the front door, opens it.

INT./EXT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Ryan drops to the ground, helpless, with his hands over his head, sobbing. A ray of intense light shines brightly on his him, blinding him momentarily from what initially appears to be a weapon flashlight. As the light diminishes, we see a bright, beautiful beam of sunlight cast over his face. He opens his eyes, adjusting to the normality of a beautiful, sunny day. The birds chirps, the leaves and petals sway amidst the gentle breeze. At the door stands a couple of friendly neighbours, one with a Russian accent.

NEIGHBOUR

Hey Ryan! Uh, you okay? How you doing?

Ryan is still in shock and disbelief, in the ground. He slowly lowers his hands.

NEIGHBOUR (cont'd)

Uh, is now not a good time?  
Everyone's been getting to know each other a lot better in the neighbourhood with the whole internet cut-out situation.

The neighbours observes Ryan's wall of conspiracy theories, full of newspapers, website printouts, and a world map, marked, circled, highlighted, with "EMP STRIKE" written. They're concerned for him.

NEIGHBOUR (cont'd)  
It's a beautiful day, why don't you  
come outside and join us.

RYAN  
W-w-what about he gunfire? The  
Russians?

They both look at each other, just as confused as Ryan.

NEIGHBOUR  
Ryan what are you talking about? Um,  
we set off some fireworks last night  
to celebrate everyone getting  
together. Perhaps that startled you?

Ryan is confused as he begins to believe them, processing.

NEIGHBOUR (cont'd)  
Um, do you take any medicine usually?  
Why don't you come outside with us,  
get some air. C'mon. Everyone's  
having a wonderful time internet-  
free.

The neighbour reaches his arm out. Ryan grabs his hand, he  
walks outside, looking around in both awe and relief. The  
local community are in high spirits, passing around home-made  
lemonade, and giving gifts to one other. The local scenery is  
beautiful, the people embrace the nature.

RYAN'S FRIEND  
Hey Ryan! Been a while man!

Ryan waves, hesitantly.

RYAN'S FRIEND (cont'd)  
You're lookin kinda dehydrated. Here have this.

He accepts the cool lemonade. Slowly, Ryan adapts back to reality. His breathing steadies and he lets out a big sigh of overwhelming relief. They chill.

As the neighbours all converse, sharing their food and drink, smiling, a jet plane suddenly soars through the sky just outside the very corner of Ryan's peripheral. Everyone looks at it, noticing it.

RYAN  
Did you just-

A momentary silence.

NEIGHBOUR  
Yeah... we just saw that too.

Everyone's confused, worry starts to creep in. But this time, Ryan is some what composed, as the only one who has any clue as to what's going on...

FADE OUT.