

Journey of the Seeds

"Vera or Samantha"

by Roderic Byrnes

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INT. HOTEL LOBBY. WEST LONDON - DAY

An Australian man, 37yrs old, approaches the reception area of his hotel with his young Daughter, Vera, and his niece Samantha. He is addressed by George, a mid 20's concierge at the hotel. In the back ground, a man in his late 20's, dressed like a tourist, paces back and forth across the hotel lobby muttering to himself. In the distance there is a low, barely audible grumble.

CONCIERGE

Ah, Mr Johnson, ready to check out
are we?

MR JOHNSON

Yes we are George, and Vera here is
going to take care of that for us,
aren't you darling?

VERA

Yep.

CONCIERGE

I trust you had a good holiday Miss
Vera?

VERA

We saw all the lights in the sky
last night!

CONCIERGE

Ah yes, I'm afraid I missed the
display, was it good?

VERA

Yep!

While this dialogue has taken place, Samantha has wandered off in the back ground towards the man who was pacing back and forth. He is smiling joyously and is now dancing with Samantha in the middle of the lobby. The low grumbling sound is now a moderate rumbling.

MR JOHNSON

George, did you happen to pick up
that present for Mrs Johnson?

CONCIERGE

Of course, sir.

George reaches beneath the counter and retrieves a box, which he places in front of Mr Johnson. Inside the box we discover a beautiful silk scarf. Mr Johnson takes the scarf out of the box.

MR JOHNSON

What do you think, Vera? Will Mummy like this?

Out of the corner of his eye, Mr Johnson spots the man in the background grabbing Samantha violently, and pushing her to the ground. He drops the scarf back into Georges hands.

MR JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Get your hands off her!

Mr Johnson rushes to the man, who grabs him by the shirt with one hand and throws him back across the lobby towards the reception area. The lobby has become still in anticipation of what may happen next. The rumbling from outside now begins to sound like hundreds of people running through the streets.

VERA

Daddy!

The man is crouching over a quivering Samantha when another man, this time an older Taxi driver, around 60 with a fading cockney accent, approaches him.

OLD MAN

I'm afraid i'm going to have to ask you to step away from her, son.

The man rises to his feet. In a flash he rips out the taxi drivers throat, who recoils, and falls to the ground. The lobby erupts into chaos as people begin screaming at the horror they have witnessed.

The noise from outside of people running erupts and we realise that the chaos is everywhere. People start bursting through doors. Others start running through the lobby, being chased by crazed assailants. Some people are being brutally killed, while others are being held down while having a substance poured into their mouths.

Mr Johnson, still sitting on the floor, looks at Samantha who holds a pleading hand out to him as if to help her. The man leans over her, forcing her mouth open.

VERA

Daddy, we've got to help Sam.

The man opens his mouth, omitting a yellow spray in one single burst, which Samantha inhales. She convulses for a moment, then stands and begins to skip around playfully. The man stands up and looks towards Vera.

Mr Johnson gets to his feet and grabs Vera. They frantically rush towards the staff exit behind reception.

VERA (CONT'D)

Daddy, don't leave Sam!

Mr Johnson says nothing as he frantically moves for the door. As he passes through he notices George lying on the floor behind the reception counter. He is still holding the scarf while convulsing. His body stops moving. He opens his eyes and smiles.

Mr Johnson passes through the door and disappears on the other side. As the door swings shut, we cut to black on the carnage that has unfolded.