

SOMBREROPOCALYPSE

Written by

Isabella Marty

Logline: In the midst of the Sombreropocalypse, a pair of siblings must embark on a perilous journey that might just save their lives.

imarty@chapman.edu
(562)450-8264

Note: ASL to be translated with subtitles.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Silence. Toys lay bare on lawns. Trash rolls with the wind. The street is empty. No children laughing, or dogs barking. Absolute silence...

A CAR ALARM.

A dozen LARGE ROUND SHADOWS race across the asphalt. Too small to be UFOs. Too large to be from high up in the sky.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A shed and a house. The lights are off. A hose lays forgotten in the grass. Its quiet. The shed is a bit weathered; there's children's drawings on it. It's still got some years in it.

ANTONIO (21), a former ROTC try-hard with a very expressive face, peeks out from the shed head barely visible.

His eyes are glinted with hard determination as he tracks something off screen.

He's YANKED-

EXT. BEHIND SHED - SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Falling onto his back, he inhales- a hand quietly slams over his mouth. He frowns. Carefully removing the hand, he purposefully blows a breath up.

YOLANDA (19), with a serious case of RBF, glares down at him.

YOLANDA
(always just barely
whispering)
Are you trying to get us killed?

Antonio's eyes widen at the nearly impossible to hear words.

Pinching his lips together he desperately mimes for her to zip her lips. She rolls her eyes.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)
(ASL)
Do you have a plan?
(whispering)
Or did you drag me out here on a
suicide mission?

Antonio's stare bores into her. He's clearly upset she's not being completely quiet.

A breath.

He looks away, then motions to the side with his head.

He pulls her to peek out from behind the shed.

Pointing to the street, he looks at Yolanda and repetitively motions, with two fingers, for her to watch the street. Yolanda stops his hand, and nods her head; *No shit*.

They wait patiently. Then.

Movement from the edge of a house.

The brim of a large ORNATE SOMBRERO. Nothing to worry about... right?

Yolanda's eyes widen with apprehension.

The Ornate Sombrero comes fully into view.

Only a sombrero.

No person wearing it.

It hovers across the sidewalk, the same height as a person, and disappears from view behind the neighboring house.

Yolanda pulls back, leaning against the shed's exterior. Her hearts in her throat. She inhales and exhales, a feeble attempt to calm her nerves.

Antonio waves a hand in her face. He raises his eyebrows, trying to convey a message with his eyes. Yolanda mouths "What?". He rolls his eyes, making a stop sign with his hand.

He points a finger to where the Ornate Sombrero once was.

ANTONIO

(ASL)

When Macho Chacho passes, we fly
like B-1

(gibberish signs)

house.

He smiles like a buffoon.

He returns to watching the streets as Yolanda looks at him confused. Just as she begins to shake her head, Antonio pulls her.

EXT. BEHIND HOUSE # 2 - SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

They rush for cover behind the next house. Yolanda, frazzled, mouths "*What the fuck!*", Antonio ignores her and waves for her to follow. She clenches her jaw as she does.

With Antonio leading the way, they creep quietly along the house's walls.

Watching for sombreros, Yolanda steps where Antonio steps.

At the edge of the house, Antonio waits for a SLOW SOMBRERO to pass, before he tucks and rolls. He only makes it halfway across to a garden couch, before losing momentum.

He scuttles, on all fours, the rest of the way.

Yolanda steps forward to follow and-

CRACK.

She looks down. She's stepped on a branch.

She throws herself backwards.

EXT. STREET - SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME TIME

A SPARKLY RED SOMBRERO, the height of a child, sharply turns in the direction of the noise, it bobs towards the house.

EXT. BEHIND HOUSE # 2 - SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - SECONDS LATER

Yolanda quickly, but cautiously, pulls a kitchen timer from the pocket of her backpack and cranks it to a few seconds.

Crawling to the back edge, Yolanda makes sure the coast is clear before she steps out and **LAUNCHES** the timer across the street.

The timer lands in a bush.

RING.

The Red Sombrero, and its GROUP OF SOMBREROS, swarm to the ringing bush, as Yolanda runs to Antonio.

Antonio gives her aggressive thumbs up. She glares at him, breathing heavy

YOLANDA
(whispering & asl)
I almost died!

He thinks about it for a bit and brushes it off with a shrug.

EXT. SIDE YARD - SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

Antonio army crawls from behind the couch.

His arm squishes into dog poop.

His eyes water up from the smell, but he remains determined.

Yolanda, crouched behind him, stares deadpan.

EXT. BEHIND BUSH - SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

Hunching behind a bush, Antonio and Yolanda take a breather.

He points to a house across the street. **That's their goal.**

ANTONIO

(ASL)

We're going to skip across street
and tumble, throw grenades,
(dodges left and right,
while flapping his hands)
and unlock the C.O.P!

He jumps up, both arms in the air, celebrating his dream win.

She yanks him back down, making sure they weren't seen.

YOLANDA

(ASL from here on out)

What?!

Her hands speed up with her growing frustration.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)

(aggressive)

Do you want us to die? We can't go
out like that! You stupid?

Antonio stares, confused. He didn't catch a single thing.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)

You're going to get us killed like
that!

Antonio is still confused.

Her face morphs to anger before she grabs her throat and overacts being suffocated, tongue out and all.

Now understanding he takes offense.

<p>ANTONIO</p> <p>(ASL)</p> <p>WTF! I'm both muscles to save us with! I'm tired</p> <p>(does the hand jive)</p> <p>make you rack out if I have to!</p>	<p>YOLANDA (CONT'D)</p> <p>(whispering. start after muscles)</p> <p>What do your muscles have to do with this idiot plan!</p> <p>(pauses when he does jive)</p> <p>That's the hand jive! You're not even making sense especially with your stupid military crap!</p>
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A loud **CLATTERING**.

Their heads snap towards the sound.

EXT. STREET VIEW - SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

A MAN (30s-40s) stands in the middle of the street. A trash can is knocked over, trash rolling out of it.

He stares at a group of sombreros. Face blanched.

The surrounding SOMBREROS face him menacingly.

Yolanda and Antonio watch, mouths agape, eyes wide.

Deafening silence.

Then...

The Sombreros give chase.

MAN

OH GOD! SOMEBODY HELP! I DON'T
WANTA BE A PART OF A MARIACHI BAND!

A beat.

Antonio grabs Yolanda's arm and they race across the street up to the front door of their target house.

EXT. TARGET HOUSE DOOR - SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Hurriedly taking off her backpack, Yolanda rummages through it and pulls out a key ring, tossing it to Antonio as she turns her back to him to keep watch.

With shaky hands, Antonio fingers his way through the various keys searching for the right one.

The man's screaming suddenly stops.

Silence. Until-

Antonio drops the keys. A quiet, but distinct **JANGLING**.

EXT. STREET - SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME TIME

The Ornate Sombrero, slowly turns towards Antonio and Yolanda's direction hovering forward. Like a shark tracking prey.

INTERCUT

Antonio is trying every key. None of them are fitting.

The Ornate Sombrero is getting closer to the house.

Yolanda urges Antonio to hurry. She can tell they're running out of time.

The Sombrero is at the house. It's about to see them. It's brim crosses the line of sight and-

Antonio unlocks the door. Yanking Yolanda backwards inside.

END INTERCUT

INT. TARGET HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Yolanda stumbles backwards, but manages to close the door quietly and locks it. The house is dark and quiet. Safe.

She leans her head against the door, sagging in relief.

YOLANDA

(quietly laughing)

I think we were about five seconds away from being *Mariachied*.

Silence.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)

(quietly laughing)

Oh come on Antonio. Stop the macho man bullshit for a second.

(she begins to turn)

Even you have to admit you were pretty *rattled*.

Antonio is standing, taking up the frame.

Yolanda remains crouched on the floor. Her smile drops.

YOLANDA (CONT'D)

'Tonio?

Antonio's body begins to tremble violently.

Horror slowly inches its way onto Yolanda's face.

Absolute silence.

A GRITO CRY.

At the same time Antonio turns into a Sombrero.

SOMBREROTONIO has camouflage design and a military badge decorating it.

Behind, are four OTHER SOMBREROS. One as small as a dog.

Yolanda sees death.

She releases a bloodcurdling scream.

CUT TO BLACK

Silence.

More silence.

And...

A GRITO CRY.

END.