

A POOR FOUNDATION

Written by
Justin Shady

EXT. CITY STREET (DOWNTOWN) - DAY

An apocalyptic, Michael Bay-esque action scene unfolds across a vast expanse of towering skyscrapers: IT'S TOTAL CHAOS.

Emergency sirens BLARE in all directions.

Some buildings burn while others crumble into dust.

A school bus filled with CHILDREN barrels down the street, its tires SCREECHING as it veers off the road, SMASHES through a storefront, and EXPLODES.

Panicked CITIZENS run SCREAMING down the street, only to be swallowed up by a sinkhole. After a beat, a car rolls in after/on top of them.

Standing in the middle of the chaos is the city's MAYOR (40s) and its PLANNING & DEVELOPMENT COMMISSIONER (50s). They look on in shock as the events unfold around them. Then--

MAYOR

How could this happen?

The Commissioner lowers and shakes his head.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

I thought we built this city on rock and roll.

URBAN PLANNER

We did, Madam Mayor, but unfortunately we used....

The Commissioner breaks down and starts to CRY.

MAYOR

What did we use?!?

URBAN PLANNER

(sobbing)

The rock and roll of Matchbox
Twenty!

A SAD BASTARD SCREAMS as he runs past them on fire.

MAYOR

My god. What have we done?

The Mayor helplessly stares off as the Commissioner buries his face in his hands.

THE END