

D ' ENOUEMENT

Tranquillize, unravel, and let love possess us all,
until it feels like home again. The year 2039.

EXT. GRASSY PLAINS - SUNSET

The setting sun leaves the sky ablaze in orange and purple. It's windy as a lone figure stands upon a beautiful field. Nothing around her but sky and land. She is SURI: a gorgeous girl of 25 years, darkened hair blowing into her face.

Her hand reaches out, as if reaching for something in the wind. But her eyes stare directly at us. She tries to talk, but all that's heard is a WHISPER. A warning. Her eyes grow frightened.

EXT. JUNGLE PATH - DAY

Clouds of bats silhouette a blood red sky, violently flapping, SCREECHING. They lower, spreading through an expansive grassy plain.

Further down the road path -- abandoned ruins with shattered farms make up a barren landscape, along with damp dirt and scattered rocks.

EXT. ORCHARD SQUARE - DAY

What was once an industrious town is now the home for the future refugee. A convoy of army tanks roll the teeming streets. Men, women and children of different races walk the rubble-strewn streets in tribal cloth, untroubled by the tanks. Just another day in the year 2039.

A European male's voice plays over, HUMMING himself a 'Beach Boys' classic:

MALE (V.O)

*Wouldnt it be nice if we were older,
Then we wouldnt have to wait so long,
And wouldnt it be nice to live together,
In the kind of world where we belong.*

INT. JAIL - DAY

A dank, filthy cell. A man sits huddled, shivering.

EMILE Gastón, 23, a dark featured Latino man, bolts awake, to the humming of the nearby GUARD(late 30's) on watch. He's panicked, sweating. From a nightmare.

GUARD

*Wouldnt it be nice if we could wake up,
In the morning when the day is new.*

Emile's eyes move upwards to the guards. And the two meet each other's gaze. The guard stops his tune, and hunches lower into his stool. Releases a sigh of boredom.

His toe begins to tap to the unrelenting beat of the *Beach Boys*. But the guard's gaze returns to Emile, and sees his obvious annoyance. Decisively, he stops tapping, and shuts his eyes, laying himself further into the stool.

GUARD

You're the prisoner, I've no idea why
I'm being nice to you.

EMILE

Is that what you're being? Nice?

The guard watches him for a moment, and grins. He's fond of this guy.

GAURD

Had a nightmare?

EMILE

A dream compared to this.

GUARD

(starting conversation)

I try to remind myself of the sun when
it was high and blazing, 'ya know.

The guard rests his head, goes for a tranquil state, closing his eyes again. EMILE rubs sweat off his brow, no mood for chit chat.

GUARD

(in his new position)

So I do *this*. Not like it was in the
old days, I tell you. We don't sweat from
filth and debris and the explosions. Like
you. We sweat from the exercise, inspired to
us by a beautiful day. A beautiful blue from
the sun's stunning grace.

(animated)

POW!... BAH!... WAHM!...All these explosions
have turn everything dark.

(content; smiling)

But our champion's here, and I can't imagine
a time without him now. What a revolution.

Emile rolls his eyes.

EMILE

(mocking)

Oh holy days.

The Guard stops, leans himself on the cell's bars, keeping
a heavy glare at EMILE. He picks himself up, his compact
body against the bars now. With a quick SNAP from the gate,
he's unlocks the cell, nearing closer.

Emile sits, quiet, unflinching, as the guard looms over
him. But the guard catches him off guard. He's reached out
his hand; to offer aid, instead of an assault.

A smile breaks on the guards face. Not threatening, but
friendly.

GUARD

He said you'd react that way.

(genuinely interested)

Need some air?

Emile's hand reaches for the Guard's, takes a grip on it,
and pulls himself up. He GRUNTS in pain.

GUARD

What's wrong?

EMILE

I think your champion broke my arm.

GUARD

(skeptical)

..Good reason, I'm sure.

More eye rolls from EMILE.

EMILE

Yes, it's a good beating, I'm touched.

He settles Emile on the outside stool. Opens Emile's shirt revealing a wound around his right shoulder. Red and sore.

GUARD

Oh my ...

The guard rips a tear from his top, soaking it with water from his canteen.

GUARD

A simple frown and finger wagging would've been efficient enough punishment.

EMILE

I'm sure. UUGGGHH!

He GROANS in pain. The Guard's pressed his finger on the wound, colorless fluid flowing out. A passing LIEUTENANT becomes startled by the sight of blood on Emile's right arm.

LIEUTENANT

(to guard)

Need help, friend.

The Lieutenant Offers his hand, Emile slaps it away. Both are stunned. Almost hurt.

GUARD

Our champion requested I take care of his injuries. But I only found small cuts on his face. *This* I couldn't see, and it's too late, it's too deep.

He begins to cry.

GUARD

Too infected.

Genuine tears of shame spill. Emile inches himself back in query.

GUARD

(acknowledging Emile)

Why wouldn't you let me know to take care of you? Why!?

In hysterics, the Guard SWINGS and LANDS a punch on Emile's arm,

EMILE

Oww!

GUARD

Even when it hurts!

Lieutenant seizes him by the shoulders. Trying to soothe.

LIEUTENANT

Nonsense, no one's at fault. Calm down, it's okay. Look if I were here, sixty two hours straight with dreadfully little sleep, I'd be liable to miss small detail's too.

Emile is shocked into silence. What the hell is going on?

LIEUTENANT

I can get our friend now, so we'll clear up this misunderstanding. No need to fret.

GUARD

You sure?

LIEUTENANT

(already on his way)

Absolutely.

Emile's face grows with disgust, this much sense and sensitivity nauseating. The guard Tends to Emile's wounds, jabbering on:

GUARD

(in frantic tears)

I swear I didn't see it, I swear. He'll believe me right? I'd never want to hurt the prisoner. I'm so stupid, how could I have missed a big lesion like that!?

During the Guards hysteria, Emile looks around the surrounding wall, sees a door at the end of a long corridor. Emile knows he wouldn't make it. But he builds

himself to. Eyes focused, muscle's prepped, He's ready to launch his body. Until:

GUARD
(teary whisper)
You're from America?

EMILE
(relaxes)
Yes. But I was born in the Canary Islands.

GUARD
I'm sorry what happened there?

EMILE
Which there we talking bout?

GUARD
Both, I guess.

EMILE
..Thanks.

Emile now allows the guard to fully tend to his wounds. Takes a wet cloth and applies it on his shoulder blade. Emile winces.

GUARD
What got you in this bad bad place?

EMILE
Exposed something about your boss.
How he's brainwashed you all into twats.

GUARD
Sometimes I feel like I don't deserve his love, that I shouldn't be so happy. But our champion reminds me that in the end, we're all one essence. And that we should honor each other. That is the sole purpose of our existence you see, helping each other. Love spreading out so far that eventually we'll be helping ourselves. Years of war have helped us forget that however.

These words have an impact on Emile.

GUARD

I didn't think it was possible either,
because we've been fighting for so long.
But he ... has *faith* in *me*.. in *all* of us,
and that we'll win. So I believe.

Emile stares, perplexed, as the officer smiles. Emile
breaks into laughter. The officer smiles with intrigue.

GAURD

What? What'd I do?

EMILE

..Nothing, Nothing. You're all
just fucking insane.

The guard throws Emile's arm to the side, Emile SHRIEKS in
pain.

GUARD

You know buster, I'm sorry! But I can't
help out a jerk. And I think I know why
you did what you did! Because you must
have some serious shii-

MALE VOICE (O.S)

Inner turmoil to work out. To strike out at
the world like you did.

From down the hall, a distinguished man, powerfully built,
approaches: COLONEL François, long hair, early sixties,
arrives beside them.

FRANCOIS

But for now, before we talk, I really need
you back in the cell.

With a grunt, Emile picks himself up.

FRANCOIS

With the chair of course.

François plants the stool into the moist soil. Its legs
SQUISH through. Emile sits, looks across at François
indignantly.

EMILE

Well, issue one, wasn't breastfed. Why don't we start our therapy there.

FRANCOIS

I'd set a complete month with you if I thought it'd console you.

(to guard; acknowledging Emile)

Forgive him, he's confused and misguided. Now why don't you take a break, I know how much you need it.

GUARD

I tried to heal his wound.

FRANCOIS

And I appreciate it, more than you know. Thank you.

The guard breaks into smile as he leaves.

FRANCOIS

Your face. Have you seen it? There's not any emotion.

EMILE

Leave me alone.

François hands him a canteen that the guard has left behind. The mood between them is tense. Emile takes the bottle, opens it, and chugs. He swallows hard.

FRANCOIS

Let me tell you a story.

EMILE

Blow it out your ass.

FRANCOIS

A tragic tale of an American farmer turned activist who sets behind his awful life of the American patriotism.

EMILE

I'm not American.

FRANCOIS

I didn't say it was about you.

(a moment)
But a boy who's suffered much, and yet still
retained his good heart.

EXT. ABANDONED CITY - DAY

A city in decay. Shadow figures walk the filthy streets
with hungry eyes.

FRANCOIS (V.O.)
Youth, what was once a time of magic,
discovery, is now a time of hate
and chaos. Parallel to everything else
in the world. And every boy and girl
lucky enough to have been born is left
to fend on a journey for not only
life but also of self. Is that fair?
No, but that wouldn't stop this one.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Emile, younger, on the back of a pickup, driving the
landscape. Hair whips in the wind.

FRANCOIS (V.O.)
In a venture to find what different
aspects of whatever remaining life this
world had to offer. Smart boy, he knew the
the world he lived in. Corrupted by the
murderers, thieves, criminals and politicians.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Emile stands dazed surrounded by a sea of huts. deprived
villagers gather towards him, but he backs away. Deeper in
to the woods.

FRANCOIS (V.O.)
He tried to find his way in the peace talks.
But even they are all polluted now. Drowning
in its own blood.

EXT. CITY - DAY

A protest is in session. Emile witnessing it. But he sees a
few getting too confrontational. Leading to a massive fight

in the crowd. Gunfire begins to break out, and the crowd divides.

Emile runs, stumbling into an alley. He crouches, hiding from the crowd.

FRANCOIS (V.O.)

Lost, confused, angry. Naturally didn't know what to do. Figured most countries are turning to dirt again like the way it begun.

He begins to cry.

FRANCOIS (V.O.)

But with most great journeys, there was a love story.

EMILE (V.O.)

Stop it.

INT. CELL - DAY

Emile's eyes have a dead stare with the Colonel. They brim with tears.

EMILE

Don't talk about her.

FRANCOIS

You and your arm have no where to go.
...There was a girl,

INT. BEACH BAR - DAY

Emile notices Suri amongst the crowd, sweaty whilst dancing to the beat.

FRANCOIS (V.O.)

Took him to farthest edges of the earth. Such beauty, he'd follow her anywhere. And who could blame him. A man always needs a woman to show what life really means. Her first words, if you're not strong enough to live in this world... you're not strong enough for a woman like me.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The two lay entwined under bed sheets.

FRANCOIS (V.O.)

But the boy man, must 'a done something she
Liked. Cause they were inseparable. And
what was the one truest thing he'd
discover. That thing called love. It will
banish all evil, so all that is left is beauty.
Remember that for later.

EXT. CITY - DAY

Emile and Suri RUN through the city, sound of screaming and
gunfire behind them. Rockets light up the sky.

FRANCOIS (V.O.)

But when it seemed that young love had
fulfilled this little sons heard, he was
reminded what exactly type of world
he lived in.

They continue running, when suddenly, a BOMB EXPLODES
nearby. They fly to the ground, knocked off balance. Above,
large pieces of debris mountain on top them.

Emile bends over, gasping for breath among the debris. He
pulls up a rock to see -

Suri's face amongst the rubble. Scalp cracked open by a
stone.

EMILE (V.O.)

STOP IT!

INT. CELL - DAY

Emile looks like he might attack with whatever energy left
in him.

FRANCOIS

Are you going to hurt me an injured arm?

EMILE

Operative word, arm. Other one,
(SWINGS)

Is good and well.

He lands a PUNCH on François. François reels back, spits out a lick of blood. Looks at Emile., rubbing his jaw. François kneels, speaks defiantly,

FRANCOIS

I'm sorry, Apologize for my being rude About your loved one. But my point in all this, was surely the man who spent his time scrambling over the dreams for his new future wouldn't begrudge the world a dream of its own.

EMILE

I don't know what you mean.

FRANCOIS

The one most powerful thing you experienced in all your life and you deny yourself to experience it again. Why do you fight me like this, eh? Oppose everything I view now. One day you're my brother, the next... when did this happen?

EMILE

Vaporizing your polluted water supply for me to breathe isn't exactly what I call friendly.

FRANCOIS

Polluting? Do you know what is in -

EMILE

The very same thing that turned those two into twats!

The discovery leaves François silent.

FRANCOIS

...You should know that I would never pollute or defile anyone in my civilization. This is a gift we've discovered. It is the saving grace for the human race.

EMILE

So you can enslave everyone!?

FRANCOIS

So we could free them with me as their guide.
There are so many horrible things. So
much destruction. I am stopping disease,
poverty, destruction.

EMILE

You're taking away fate. We have a choice.

FRANCOIS

Look where choices has gotten all of us.

EXT. CITY - DAY

Blood red skies, A town filled with violence and protest.

FRANCOIS (V.O.)

Would you rather have a world filled
with hate. Where the life expectancy is cut
more than half just so you can choose
what awful thing to do next?!

EXT CITY - DAY

A beautiful day. A platoon of soldiers trudging along,
singing a revolutionary song.

FRANCOIS (V.O.)

Or a world where I purge you of your hate,
of your sadness. It ventured you into the divine.

INT. CELL - DAY

Emile and François stand deadlocked.

FRANCOIS

I love the challenge of regaining your
confidence. But you don't have much time
to decide. My plan to expel the gas all
around the world is soon near. You will
decide... are you with us, or are you against us.

Emile straightens up, rubs his forehead. Something genuine
in FRANCOIS' words. He clenches his fists, ready to decide.

FADE OUT.