

"1+1=3"

By Jasmine Allen

J.M.A.

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FADE IN

1

DAY - NIMBA'S WORLD - EXT. CERULEAN WOODS

1

CINEMATIC SHOTS PAN THROUGH THE BLUE WORLD, SHOWING THE LIFE OF AZURE CREATURES AND PEACEFUL SCENERY. A DARK ENTITY ALSO IS SEEN MULTIPLE TIMES.

NIMBA (16 or 17) floats to a solitary place at the top of a hill, looking out at the horizon. She has a voluminous head of light blue hair that reaches her ankles while her skin is an even more ghostly blue. She hates that she's so skinny.

Her back is the only thing to be seen. NINO (small, black and white bird) snoozes on her head. Way behind her, something dark prowls.

NIMBA absent-mindedly plucks at the out of tune strings of her ukelele. Everything seems so silent.

She looks down at her fingerboard and lets go of it to raise her left hand, then the other. They touch at their sides.

NIMBA:  
(Vaguely frustrated)  
one and one equals....what's  
between them...?

The focus goes beyond that to a lonely cloud in the sky. NIMBA looks tired. She puts one of her hands down.

NIMBA:  
(O.S.)  
but it's...just me.

(BEAT)

She imaginarily squeezes the cloud. Her hand turns into a fist. Then, in front of her, a menacing, hideous wave of black rises to a new height above her. NIMBA's eyes glint, petrified.

The thing blinks open a single eye at her, slow and wide. This is followed by another. Then another. Trailing its whole body. NIMBA is frozen. It's long neck cranes down to her, leering and angry-looking.

NIMBA lets out a small exhale.

The creature goes ballistic, swarming around her with its darkness. NINO flies off. NIMBA attempts to follow, but a black hand claws her from the sky.

(CONTINUED)

NIMBA falls hard. Her hair seems to magically part to reveal the panic in her eyes. Glazed and searching for escape. Everything is eerily calm as NIMBA gazes around at the dark dome she's been trapped in.

(BEAT)

And then the main eye returns, piercing at her. 2. 5. 15. All beating her down with their stare. Hands reach from the black walls.

NIMBA yelps in pain as dark, purple blisters form on the places that touch her, burning hot. NIMBA is finally immobilized.

NIMBA:

(In her head, a whisper  
almost)

what is this? why me? only me.

(IMAGERY) NIMBA curled up in the middle of a bubble.

She sobs.

NIMBA:

Always alone.

NIMBA looks calmly upward.

(IMAGERY) One plus one silhouetted hands appear. The darkness begins to engulf her entire body.

NIMBA:

(In her mind, calm-sounding)

Do I deserve this?

Tears float from NIMBA'S eyes as she closes them.

NIMBA:

i guess... it doesn't matter now...  
i'm sorry...

In her mind swims the images of her animals, happy without her. Someone walking away from her into the light. The darkness begins to digest her.

POP. The main eye is replaced with a bright light.

A silhouette blocks out the sun. NIMBA looks at it, wide-eyed. Everything's glowing, slow motion.

(IMAGERY) The profile of NIMBA and the other hand appear, both trembling. Something red starts to appear in between them.

(CONTINUED)

NIMBA's tears drift higher and higher. They rise over the silhouette, distorting the light for a split second.

NIMBA:  
(O.S.)  
that's it!

FRITZ appears with the light shining behind him, gun getting prepped again. His face is fierce, left eye closed.

(IMAGERY) **NIMBA + 1 (Hand) = 3.**

NIMBA:  
(O.S.)  
a bond.

FRITZ cocks back his gun.

NIMBA freezes. FRITZ shoots, a white ball of light hurtling over NIMBA'S head. It pushes through and blasts a hole through the body of the creature.

It releases an unholy scream.

In midair, FRITZ scrambles to toggle his jetpack.

FRITZ:  
C'mon...

And rejoices as he dives through the CREATURE.

FRITZ:  
Yeah! HeheHAA

The thing slashes its spider-like legs at him. But he prevails with a smile.

FRITZ swoops down into the underbelly, releasing a metallic ball. Red numbers counting down from 10. He and NIMBA'S eyes lock.

(SLOW-MO BEAT)

FRITZ instinctively rips her out of her prison and continues his upward travel...but finds the fuel chugged before a safe landing.

FRITZ:  
Well, damn.

As they descend, another crisis: NIMBA goes straight through FRITZ. He exclaims, trying to grab her, but she is unpalpable.

(CONTINUED)

NIMBA floats smoothly to the ground while FRITZ takes a hard tumble. Behind them, the CREATURE screeches, its wounds closing.

NIMBA trembles weakly as it casts a shadow over them.

But before it can take another step, something inside it bolsters. Swells. Fattens. And then *BOOM*. The steaming goop flies everywhere.

(BEAT)

NIMBA'S eyes start to close in exhaustion. NINO chirps at her in panic. Hooves step nearby.

2

DAY - FRITZ WORLD - INT. GUEST BEDROOM.

2

THE ROOM LOOKS WARM AND COZY, FLORAL WALLPAPER AND BOXES STACKED IN CORNERS. DUSTY, UNFINISHED INVENTIONS LIE IN HEAPS. A LARGE WINDOW OPENS TO A FOGGY PLAIN WITH DISTANT TREES.

Drips go by in a glowing IV bag. NINO is held in a cage nearby, snoozing. NIMBA groans and awakens. She sees NINO sleeping and smiles.

FRITZ is lying upright in a chair beside the bed, dozing deeply. (A deer with a split left eye and horn, his head is as big and footballish as his mouth is wide. His green sweater is way too big for him and covers his hooves? Hands? Limbs.)

FRITZ:

*Mumbles softly*

NIMBA inspects him for danger. Still anxious, she finds none.

She timidly pulls the sheets back. The crinkling sound of bandages makes her cringe. She realizes she has so much to thank him for.

(BEAT)

Nervously, NIMBA goes to tap him awake. FRITZ awakens *himself*, spouting random numbers.

FRITZ:

(Angry then exhausted)

16 times 5 is 80! Oh, boy...

In return, NIMBA jumps from the sheets, turning invisible. She floats on the opposite side of the bed.

(CONTINUED)

FRITZ yawns wide. He looks around in confusion.

FRITZ:  
What? Disappeared, huh...Wait a  
minute.

FRITZ eyes follow the floating IV cord.

FRITZ:  
What the...?

NIMBA gasps. He becomes alert.

FRITZ:  
Is that you? How are you doing  
that...?

NIMBA watches in fear as FRITZ stands. She jerks away just a little. FRITZ stills himself.

FRITZ:  
(Just a hint cocky)  
Hey, it's okay. I *am* the one who  
saved you. That thing is gone for  
good, thanks yours truly. I'm  
Fritz. Chakrabarti. If that even  
helps.

(BEAT)

NIMBA:  
(Timid and tiny. O.S.)  
thank you...

FRITZ carefully puts on his goggles, a cranking sound going as he twists a knob on them.

FRITZ:  
(Curious)  
Of course! It's my humble  
occupation! But um... Can you show  
yourself?

NIMBA:  
o-oh... i'm sorry...

As she slowly becomes opaque, FRITZ watches in amazement. His goggles are pushed to the top of his head. He swiftly yanks out a notepad.

FRITZ:  
Wow! What's the coding for that  
suit?

(CONTINUED)

NIMBA:  
coding...?

FRITZ:  
(A little peeved)  
Well, yeah, duh. How else could you  
turn invisible? And go through  
things! You did that to me in  
midair, by the way!

NIMBA:  
(Butter would melt.)  
oh no, really? i'm so  
sorry...i-i've always been like  
this, no suit....

FRITZ:  
Huh. If so, that's an incredible  
ability. No need for apologies.  
Well, first, I should be asking if  
you're okay. Sorry for my rusty  
manners.

FRITZ begins to toss a random assortment of things from his  
pockets.

FRITZ:  
Uh, don't mind me, um, what's your  
name?

(IMAGERY) The bubble around NIMBA pops.

FRITZ holds a measuring tape. Then tosses it onto the bed.

FRITZ:  
Do you have one? I don't judge. And  
also, I'm looking for a crew, sooo  
if you're interested, your  
abilities would be a huge help.

NIMBA looks at FRITZ with a slight shine in her eyes. Then  
her cheeks spawn dark blue roses.

NIMBA:  
(Words all jumbled and in  
whispers)  
a friend? can i trust him? do I  
deserve this? ugh I'm so weird.

The FRIEND, a dark, four-legged entity, sits in the corner.  
It has an oval-shaped no-face. It breathes heavily.

(CONTINUED)

NIMBA:  
(Throat sounds stopped)  
i'm...Nimba...but....

NIMBA shrinks back slightly.

The "FRIEND" begins to stagger over.

NIMBA:  
(Overlapping whispers)  
no. i'll just be hurt. i'll just  
end up hurting him. that's why i  
was alone in the first place,  
right? right?

NIMBA is being entangled by the hands on her "friend," the world going black around her. Trapped in her own head.

FRIEND:  
(Distorted)  
You Don't Have Any-One But Me. I  
Have Always Been There For You. I  
Know How Much You Hate Yourself. I  
Know The Kind Of Person You Are.  
You Know You Can't Hurt Me.

FRITZ speaks. The darkness inches back a little.

FRITZ:  
(Curiously)  
But...?

(BEAT)

He face-palms.

FRITZ:  
*Humble laugh.* Sorry, I didn't even  
tell you what the crew is for! How  
could I--okay, let me explain real  
quick. So, the point is, I'm trying  
to save the universe. I might sound  
crazy... but it's true. That  
monster you saw is only  
approximately hmmm 0.00001% ("1  
100,000th of a percent.") of what  
we would have to face. I'm asking  
you because to me you seem strong  
enough for such a position.

NIMBA:  
strong...?

(CONTINUED)

The "FRIEND" backs a little but grips her shoulders tightly. The bubble is slowly being pushed back. It claws desperately to whisper its lies.

FRIEND:

NO. HE'S A LIAR. He Wants To. Use.  
You.

FRITZ scribbles in his notepad. The pen jerks around excitedly.

FRITZ:

Well, yes! You being all alone in that world isn't fair to someone with your abilities. It may be dangerous, but it's something bigger than *both of us*. Life is all about risk and giving. And I think you have a lot to give.

NIMBA is speechless. FRITZ puts his sleeve out. The FRIEND's grip seems to be made of oil.

FRIEND

NO NO NO--

FRITZ:

Whaddya say, girlie?

As NIMBA takes his sleeve, the FRIEND is knocked into the corner, making boxes tumble. The "FRIEND" stands and breathes raggedly.

(BEAT)

FRITZ leaps over the bed and points his gun, but as he shoots, NIMBA pulls at his aim. The shot goes through the roof. Parts of the ceiling collect onto the creature's back.

FRITZ:

Hey, what are you doing?! What is that thing?! No eyes--

NIMBA:

i don't know, but i don't think we should kill it--!

FRITZ:

It literally just came from thin air, and look at it! We have to restrain it, at *least*.

The "FRIEND" trembles. NIMBA looks at it with pity.

(CONTINUED)

NIMBA:

okay...

FRITZ:

Alright.

FRITZ tosses the pozzy gun onto the bed and cautiously clops forward with a second selection. NIMBA looks terrified.

FRITZ:

It's just a trap gun, it can't hurt it.

The "FRIEND" freezes at the word trap and leaps from wall to wall over FRITZ to NIMBA. FRITZ missed twice, the nets catching boxes and broken machines.

FRITZ aims again but sees the two enmeshed.

FRITZ:

CRAP!

The "FRIEND" holds NIMBA protectively, hissing distorted words.

FRITZ:

No burns...?

FRIEND:

You Are Nothing Without Me.

It looks at Nimba's terrified face. It cocks its head at her. "Hurt".

FRIEND:

You CREATED Me. Your Old Friend.

NIMBA:

(Fearful sputtering)

i-it can't b--

Abruptly, it is caught in a net. Another hard crash to the ground. The "FRIEND" is rippled with electricity. NIMBA in return holds her head and floats to her knees.

FRITZ quickly turns it off, frantic. He pulls her away from the middle of the floor.

FRITZ:

Hey, you alright?

(CONTINUED)

NIMBA:  
 (Mumbles)  
 Aaasuukasu...

FRITZ lays her down softly, coming over to the creature and whipping out his "Good-o-Meter". (A small rating device).

FRITZ:  
 Huh. As I expected. Some sort of  
 parasite...? Wait, no.... Nimba.  
 Does she have a--I don't know if I  
 can ask...

NIMBA's ears glow vibrantly, and she looks doleful and dizzy.

NIMBA:  
 (Sounds smashed, Japanese  
 translation)

where am i...?  
 ([U+3053] [U+3053] [U+306F] [U+3069] [U+3053] ... [U+FF1F] -  
 Koko wa doko...?)

FRITZ looks confused.

FRITZ:  
 What is that, Japanese?

NIMBA:  
 (In Japanese)

So...tired...([U+3059] [U+3054] [U+304F] [U+75B2] [U+308C] [U+305F] ...  
 - Sugoku tsukareta...)

FRITZ runs over and shakes her a little.

FRITZ:  
 (Japanese also)  
 Hey! Don't fall asleep!  
 ([U+306D] [U+3048] [U+FF01] [U+7720] [U+308A] [U+306B] [U+843D] [U+3061] [U+306E]  
 Nē! Nemuriniochiru shinaide  
 kudasai!)

FRITZ looks over at the creature, seeing it has shrunk tremendously. To the size of a baby deer about. FRITZ squints his eyes.

He cautiously pulls off the restraints, watching it wobble around like a newborn. He takes notes...

Until it becomes alert.

(CONTINUED)

NIMBA instantly snaps out of it. FRITZ observes, perplexed. The "FRIEND" takes calculated steps around him. Then proceeds to leap into NIMBA's lap.

FRITZ rubs his face with a sleeve.

FRITZ:  
(Mumbly)  
Never seen anything like it....

NIMBA softly strokes the top of its head with a little hesitance.

NIMBA:  
i don't think we should restrain it  
either...

FRITZ:  
Yeah... This thing *seems to be* a  
part of you. But it's still  
unpredictable. In turn, we study,  
experiment, and adapt! But if it  
starts talking again, it *will* be  
taken away.

NIMBA:  
you're...willing to do all that?

FRITZ:  
I didn't become a scientist for no  
reason. This peaks my curiosity.  
And now you *definitely* have to  
join the crew! Right, huh?

NIMBA smiles meekly.

NIMBA:  
yes.

FRITZ grins back. The "FRIEND" growls.

FRITZ  
SHUT UP, SPARKY!

(CUT TO BLACK)

NIMBA:  
and that was the beginning.

CREDITS: NIMBA looking out the window, music box in hand and playing softly.

FADE OUT