

MOTHER EARTH'S RECYCLED RAPTURE

By

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final draft

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## **Rapture**

: an expression or manifestation of ecstasy or passion

: a state or experience of being carried away by overwhelming emotion

: a mystical experience in which the spirit is exalted to a knowledge of divine things often capitalized

: the final assumption of Christians into heaven during the end-time according to Christian theology

"A woman's tears is a man's silent humor, until he digests the punchline."

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BLACK SCREEN:

MOTHER EARTH (O.S.)

Until you've tasted bloody tears of  
joy, inhaling the cold air of  
misery...people will always take for  
granted what they claim to love.  
People walk around with open eyes,  
refusing to admit they're asleep. But  
why should I care? Well...when all you  
know is love, what can you do?

FADE IN:

EXT. THE BEACH - NOON

It's partially cloudy, but the sun still looks amazing  
reflecting off of the ripples.

The tranquil sound of the water moving in and out on the sand  
is soothing to the soul.

Moving further down the beach where the rocks are resting,  
the sound of the waves crashing remains peaceful, but the  
visual gives a sensational vibe on the woman we're about to  
view.

MOTHER EARTH is sitting on one of the rocks.

She's wearing a sultry white sundress.

Her dark brown eyes resemble melting chocolate the way the  
sun is reflecting in them.

Her smooth brown skin is marvelous, glowing with radiance, making her petite body look splendid.

Sorrow is the makeup covering her face, but her eyes are pumping pure love.

MOTHER EARTH (V.O.)

Sleep. Sleep...is for those who love hearing things, instead of experiencing the pleasures for themselves. The orgasmic rush of belief takes away the joy, which is why people can't handle pain.

(Sighs)

"Pain." A word people swear they've experienced, having no idea of what Pain truly is. Pain is a mere flesh wound. Imagine trying to take a deep breath and you can't because something is delightfully squeezing your lungs, until you die. Of course...this can be prevented, but just like people believing everything they hear or read, not knowing if it's true and when reality comes into play, that's when the flesh wounds make their presence.

(Soft chuckle)

The wounds remain open infected lacerations. People continuously ask "Why me, why me?" When the end game comes, they realize they should've been asking "Why didn't I do something to prevent what happened?" That's what "Pain" is. It's not what you allowed someone to inflict on you. It's blaming anything and everybody but yourself. That's what "Pain" is. People behave this way because it's easier to talk about, blame, or speak on something other than themselves.

She closes her eyes, soaking in the peaceful atmosphere.

When she opens them, agony is constructed as she takes her sandals off.

Standing up from the rock, she gracefully begins making her way to the water, slowly stepping in. As she moves deeper into the waters, only allowing it to come right beneath her knees...she pauses, inhaling the air of romance.

She looks down at her reflection in the water.

MOTHER EARTH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Surrounding yourself with life means nothing if you don't know what your life is worth. In my opinion...life is like water. It's required to flourish, cleanse, and give you something to admire. But...it's taken for granted. It becomes polluted with toxins, bodies, excrement and buried truths. It's cleansed when it's convenient, just so it can be polluted again.

(Scoffs)

"Recycle." A word viewed and used with one meaning, not seeing the word is a reflection of self, just like the water. No matter what you do to it, it always converts back to its original form. Why you might ask? Because once an experience is tasted, enjoyed and easily gotten away with...the thirst to do it again becomes an amplified desire. Sadly...most don't warn others if the waters have been cleansed. I believe it's labeled "Relationships and breakups." Some pleasures shouldn't be experienced until you know why you're indulging in them. Well...

(Sarcastic laugh)

It's too late for most to understand these words, constantly recycling themselves, dying for a taste of pure water.

She splashes her hand around in the water, distorting the reflection.

After the ripples stop...she sees the same look of sorrow on her face, trying her hardest to form a smile.

Releasing a sad lonely sigh, she lifts her head, and then heads back towards the beach, stopping on the sand where the water can still reach her feet.

Inhaling the anguish in her mind, she releases a breath of what she hopes will be a soothing blanket of peace.

As she turns looking into the sunset, she slowly takes her dress off, keeping her eyes locked on the beautiful colors.

Still only viewing her from the neck up, the beautiful glare of the sun in her eyes is spectacular.

MOTHER EARTH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The sunset. Warm. Beautiful.  
 Passionate. Something so sincere  
 embracing you with orgasmic arms,  
 gently placing you down for a  
 wonderful slumber. It's never  
 appreciated while it's around because  
 people swear they'll see it again. I  
 believe this is what most would call  
 "Love." Another word I find funny.  
 People crave it, but have no idea of  
 what it means, nor how to handle such  
 energy when it's received. I'm only  
 saying this because love in this day  
 and age is expressed through pain.  
 Abuse. Degradation. Everything that  
 has nothing to do with love, but it's  
 accepted because of fear, money, sex  
 and drugs blocking the true meaning  
 behind the word.

(Soft sigh)

The jealousy and anger in a person  
 lashes out for one reason. They miss  
 placing agony on the person they claim  
 to love, only because they can't find  
 another person who'll allow such  
 heartache into their life. Then  
 again...I'm wrong for what I just said.  
 People will fight and kill for this  
 cruel version of love thinking they  
 can change a person, ending up in a  
 far worse position than the person  
 they fought so hard to gain it from.

(Dry laugh)

Like the sunset doesn't get  
 appreciated until it's gone...so does  
 self-respect. People wish they  
 would've kept it while they had it,  
 but now they're forced to do and find  
 things to help block out the person  
 they've become to hate.

She slowly lies down on the sand, closing her eyes.

MOTHER EARTH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Men will treat women however they see  
 fit and it's allowed. Yet, a man will  
 be ready to kill another man who

treats a female relative the same way they treat other women. Amazing how a man wants his daughter to be pure and treated with respect, but can't show genuine respect to another woman. Women judge other women for the things they do or done, and they're one in the same. The funny thing is the women who judge other women hang around the women they're judging because of what she has and the attention she brings. Talk about some true friendship.

(Dry sigh)

But all of that is just the bitter frosting people love tasting, making themselves believe it's sweet. The cake underneath that fills everyone's appetite is always neglected. Well, the cravings and satisfactions get attention, but the cost of feasting on such a thing is overlooked. Racism. Something that's been going on for centuries, long before it reached the forced fed level it's on now. But what makes it funny is each race kills their own race, swearing they hate another race, truly having no real reason why. Wars. Children caught up in sex-trafficking. Murders. Diseases. These are things people should focus on instead of the icing they already know how it'll turn out once tasted.

(Clicks tongue)

Everyone has an idea for change, all of which revolves around one race being superior, or one person idolized as the true ruler of the world. So, what do you do? What do you do when you get tired of people complaining about what they think is right, not seeing all parties have the same view, but the difference is their view is solely focused on their race?

As we slowly pull back, now viewing her full body in its splendor...her body starts forming roots of a tree, spreading thick and wide across the sand.

As the roots continue growing, and her eyes remain closed...

CLOSE UP - HER FACE

MOTHER EARTH (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 There's only one thing you can do that  
 people will respect and come together,  
 but by that time it's too late.  
 Because...

As her eyes shake with frustration, and she bites down on her lip.

When she opens her eyes they're crystal blue with waves crashing through them.

She opens her mouth and a strong flow of water comes crashing at the screen.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. THE EARTH

It looks normal for a split second, and then it's instantly flooded with water, wiping out everything that exists on the planet.

MOTHER EARTH (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...Everything will already be  
 vanquished, and the hopes of a new  
 beginning with everyone truly loving  
 each other will be set in motion.

FADE TO BLACK:

"There's nothing more beautiful than a lie you believe is true."

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END CREDITS