

EXT. DESERT - DAY

POV, BLURRY VISION, EYES OPENING.

We hear a high pitch SOUND as sight comes into focus.

A desert, **Philip**, 14, is waking up in a daze. He reaches behind his ear, it hurts. It's bleeding.

There's a thunderstorm on the horizon, it's coming.

CHARLES
(Off Camera)
Great you're awake

CHARLES, late 20s, tired looking. He's fiddling under the bonnet of an old car. It's a Peugeot, still running on petrol. He slams the bonnet shut.

CHARLES
You're fine shake it off.

Charles runs into the driver's seat. He revs the car engine. It coughs to life. He stomps on the accelerator, the front wheels spin, digging them even further into the sand.

The cars stuck.

CHARLES
FUCK! Hey! Stand up. There's a shovel in the boot I need you to help me dig.

Philip still in a daze.

PHILIP
I'm bleeding!

CHARLES
What?

PHILIP
I'm bleeding! My ear is bleeding

CHARLES
I've just removed your chip.

PHILIP
What?!

CHARLES
Listen we don't have time. I removed your chip. Do you remember your first day of school, first kiss, fight?

PHILIP
Yes, but-

CHARLES
You're fine. Grab that shovel and help me dig out the front tires. We need to be fast they're coming.

Philip grabs the shovel. He starts digging slowly. Charles yanks the shovel away from him.

CHARLES

Just carry the bag it seems like we might have to walk.

Philip picks up the filthy, worn out duffle bag.

CHARLES

Get in the car.

Philip does as instructed.

CHARLES is behind the wheel.

CHARLES

Listen I had to take out your chip. So they wouldn't be able to track us. Right now we're ahead, not by much but if we can get to the cave, we can loose them in this thunderstorm.

PHILIP

Cave?

CHARLES

Yes cave
(Points to horizon)
It's there... Okay?

PHILIP

(Unsure)
Okay

CHARLES

Usually when you take out a chip you loose some memory, just for some minutes, 5 at most. Nothing serious.

Charles looks at Philip, hopefully he has calmed down.

He crosses his fingers and shoots a hopeful smile over at Philip, who returns an anxious, confused smile.

He turns the key... Nothing.

The sky roars.

CHARLES

Get out lets go.

They start running.

Charles leading, carrying the bag. Philip follows dutifully with shovel in hand.

Philip is trying to keep up but he can't. Charles turns around and yells.

CHARLES

Faster.

Philip responds it's inaudible.

CHARLES

What!?!

He can't hear him, he's too far.

Philip falls over. Charles stop and runs back to him.

CHARLES

C'mon

PHILIP

What's that noise?

CHARLES

It's the storm let's go.

PHILIP

No not that. The hum.

Charles hears it. He is panicking but there's no time.

The source of the hum, an electric bike. A watcher, the police group enlisted by the juok.

The watchers are locals who've been tasked with "watching" over the population.

He steps off his bike and removes his helmet. He sees Charles and Philip. A huge grin creeps across his face.

THE WATCHER

Well the gods must be smiling down on me today.
Charles I thought you were dead.

Charles knows this "watcher".

CHARLES

Well you know me.

THE WATCHER

What are you doing with Patrick's kid.

CHARLES

We just came for a drive in the desert

THE WATCHER

Shut up!

Charles is thrown back by his outburst.

The sky thunders.

THE WATCHER

You disappear for nearly a year and that's the best lie you can come up with. I see you with this kid. He's missing a signature.

CHARLES

Listen, it's me. You want me right, just leave the kid alone.

(Desperate)

I'm a well connected man. How much do you want. I can get you double your years salary. Today. Just let the kid go.

He's serious. The watcher looks on unable to hide his pleasure.

THE WATCHER

Yeah?

CHARLES

On júk. You just make the right choice, you'll leave here a rich man.

The watcher comes close to Charls's face. He raises his weapon and strikes him clean across his cheek.

THE WATCHER

You must think I'm the biggest idiot. The júk have a price on your head. Better yet they have a price on his dad.

Philip looks on terrified and still confused.

THE WATCHER

I want you take me to him. Your going to take me to where your going.

The winds are getting stronger.

THE WATCHER

There's no time to waste.

EXT. DESERT - LATER.

The watcher has Philip and Charles tethered to him, he follows behind.

The winds are pushing back.

The watcher tries his communicator.

THE WATCHER

You'd think that after all we can do. We should be able to talk through an electric storm.

In front. Charles is talking to Philip.

CHARLES

Hey kid how we doing?

PHILIP

I don't know

CHARLES

(worried)

Don't worry you'll be fine... I want to try something whatever happens. I mean whatever I want you to take the bag and run. Run to the direction I showed you. Okay.

PHILIP

Okay.

THE WATCHER

Hey no talking... Where the fuck are we going, how far is it?

THE WATCHER GAZES UP AT THE SKY...

CHARLES LUNGES AT HIM. THEY'RE IN A BATTLE ON THE FLOOR. THE TETHER BREAKS. PHILIP LOOKS AT THE FIGHT WEIGHING HIS OPTIONS.

HE RUNS OFF AWAY FROM BOTH MEN.

CHARLES IS LOOSING THE FIGHT. HE'S SCREAMING AFTER PHILIP.

WE HEAR THE WATCHER'S WEAPON FIRE.

ONCE.

TWICE.

AND ON MORE TIME.

PHILIP IS STOPPED IN HIS TRACK, ROOTED TO THE GROUND. IT'S TIME TO DO SOMETHING.

CHARLES IS INJURED BUT BRAVELY STILL PUTTING UP A FIGHT.

WITHOUT THINKING HE TURNS AROUND RUNS TOWARDS THE SHOVEL, A FEW FEET FROM THE SCRIMMAGE.

PHILIP GRABS THE SHOVEL AND HITS THE WATCHER'S HEAD. IT'S A LUCKY HIT. THE WATCHER STOPS IMMEDIATELY. HE FALLS ON TOP OF CHARLES.

CHARLES
(gasping for air)
Get the bag-

HE GOES TO GET THIS IMPORTANT BAG.

THE SKIES OPEN AND IT POURS HEAVY RAIN.

WE SEE HIM OPEN THE BAG AND AT THAT MOMENT EVERYTHING COMES BACK TO HIM. LIKE A SNAP OF THE FINGERS HIS MEMORY COMES BACK.

HE LOOKS THROUGH THE BAG WHEN WE SEE THE WATCHER'S HAND GRAB HIS NECK AND GRIP TIGHTER.

PHILIP IS BEING CHOKED, HIS EYES TEAR UP. THIS GIANT MAN PUTS ALL HIS WEIGHT ON HIM.

HE'S KICKING AND PUNCHING TRYING TO SCREAM.

NOTHING.

HIS BODY IS GOING LIMP.

THE WATCHER'S EYES GO RED. HIS TONGUE TURNS INTO A SHARP BLADE. HIS BLOOD SPILLS ONTO PHILIP'S FACE. THE WATCHER COLLAPSES ON HIM.

CHARLES HAS JUST STABBED THE WATCHER. HE'S STILL INJURED AND JUST USED UP HIS LAST ENERGY.

PHILIP STRUGGLES TO GET OUT FROM UNDER THE WATCHERS BODY.

HE'S GASPING FOR AIR.

HE TRIES TO WIPE THE BLOOD AWAY FROM HIS FACE.

THE RAIN PELTING HIM.

CHARLES IS ON THE GROUND BARELY ALIVE.

PHILIP
We need to get you somewhere... Somewhere safe
maybe we can go back.

CHARLES
No... cave.

PHILIP
No we need somewhere safe.

Charles looks at him not moving.

PHILIP

How do we get to the cave?

Charles looks at the bike.

CHARLES

I can sit. can you ride a bike?

PHILIP

It's not the same.

CHARLES

(Gasping for air)
electric... it's easy.

EXT. DESERT - LATER.

Charles is sitting behind Philip, breathing heavily. Philip is carrying the bag. The sky is thundering. The winds are strong.

Philip is anxious.

He sets off.

INT/EXT. CAVE - LATER

A guard stands solo, bored looking out at the storm. He hears a hum, a spec in the distance moving closer. This is the first excitement he's gotten in a long time. He yells for reinforcement.

Their bike comes into the cave.

GUARD

TURN OFF YOUR MOTOR AND SLOWLY STEP AWAY FROM
THE BIKE.

PHILIP

We need help!

The guard is adamant.

Philip steps off the bike. Charles falls off.

PHILIP

We need help!

They see Charles and all turn their anger at Philip.

PATRICK

(Off camera)
That's enough!

Father sees son and both eyes well up.

He runs up to hug him, it's been one hell of a day.

Philip sees Charles in a heap.

PHILIP

I tried... but I didn't know.

PATRICK

That's fine.

Patrick walks over to the dying Charles. There's not much anyone can do. Patrick cradles his head and looks into his eyes. His thankful to have philip but did it have to come at such a great cost. He traded his longest serving companion for his son. Patrick looks into Charles's eyes as if to say all of this and more.

His eyes tear up.

Charles understands.

He breathes his last breath.