

SEARCH THE DARKNESS

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FADE IN:

INT. CURTIS'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

A messy bedroom, in need of a good clear out and serious dusting. The cleanest things in here are the spiderwebs in the corners of the ceiling.

CURTIS, 21, asleep in bed rolls over. He picks up his phone and checks the time. 11:45am. He rolls back and returns to sleep.

INT. CURTIS'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Empty takeout boxes litter the coffee table that sits in the middle of the room. The long black sofa is covered in washed and dried clothes that are still waiting to be folded and put away.

Curtis sits in his recliner chair, a bowl of cereal in his hands. He's watching television. He's nothing short of a complete slob.

INT. CURTIS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A double door fridge, opening both, there's nothing but energy drinks and condiments inside it. The shelves are empty of anything that could actually be considered food.

Curtis lowers his head, a disappointed sigh.

CURTIS

Shit.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

A small group of anti oil protestors are gathered at the entrance of a small gas station. Holding placards decrying the use of oil, the planet is dying, we must stop all oil.

With a megaphone MARY, 26, beautiful, long black hair, camouflage paint on her face and dressed in military fatigues is shouting as loudly as she can.

MARY

(chanting)

The crown prince not welcome here.
The crown prince not welcome here.
The crown prince not welcome
here...

Carrying a couple of plastic shopping bags Curtis slows to a stop, watching the noisy protest, curious.

Suddenly a group of MEN, armed with sticks, brooms and brushes exit out of the gas station, attacking the protesters. Beating them, slamming their weapons over their heads. Demanding that they leave.

Not even Mary is safe, getting hit on the top of her head, she collapses to the floor, dropping the megaphone.

All hell breaks loose. The protesters and the gas station workers fighting each other.

Breaking out into a run, Curtis rushes over to Mary, helping her back up onto her feet.

CURTIS

Let me help you.

INT. CURTIS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Opening up a cupboard underneath the sink Curtis finds and pulls out an outdated looking first aid box.

Sitting at the cluttered table Mary holds a hand to the back of her bleeding head. Curtis comes over to her, opening the first aid box he removes what he needs to treat her cut.

MARY

You know what you're doing?

CURTIS

You're about to find out.

MARY

I didn't even feel it. But now I've got a splitting headache.

CURTIS

Yeah, getting smacked by a stick will do that.

MARY

I don't care, it's worth it.

CURTIS

You really hate oil that much?

MARY

The planet is dying.

CURTIS
Yeah, I've heard.

With skilled practised hands, Curtis sets about cleaning and then bandaging Mary's cut.

INT. CURTIS'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

The air is thick with weed smoke. Curtis and Mary sitting on the sofa together, passing a fat joint back and forth between each other. Both high.

CURTIS
This is all I do day in and day out.

MARY
A person needs a purpose.

CURTIS
And yours?

MARY
Saving the earth.

CURTIS
You really think you can?

MARY
Yes.

Curtis laughs.

CURTIS
You're beautiful.

She laughs back at him.

He tires to kiss her, she stops him.

EXT. CURTIS'S HOUSE - DAY

The front door opens. Mary steps out, Curtis holding the door open for her.

MARY
You can join us.

CURTIS
Follow you around, treating your head injuries?

MARY

If you like?

CURTIS

I don't think you should get hit anymore.

MARY

We're protesting the Crown Diamond Hotel tomorrow if you want to join?

CURTIS

What did the hotel do?

MARY

The crown prince of Saudi Arabia is staying there. You know which country is the biggest oil producer in the world?

CURTIS

Well, I feel like you've given me a bit of a clue there, so I'm going to risk a guess and say Saudi Arabia?

MARY

Right. So, are you coming?

CURTIS

Now?

MARY

You want to see my hideout?

He laughs.

CURTIS

I hope that's some kind of sex pun.

MARY

It's not. But you're still invited.

He smiles, nods.

CURTIS

Let me get my coat.

EXT. WEARHOUSE - DAY

A rundown and dilapidated wearhouse no longer in use. Mary leads the way, Curtis keeping pace with her.

Mary opens the large sliding door. As she does this those other members of the protest group that were with her at the gas station pour out at speed.

Rushing Curtis, several hands grab a hold of him and drag him to the ground, quickly subduing him. Curtis is caught off guard, never stood a chance.

INT. WEARHOUSE - DAY

Curtis, strapped down to a wheelchair, several old and dirty ropes wrapped around his body, arms and legs. Securing him in place.

Mary stands over him, she gives him a military style salute.

MARY

Your name will be taught in schools
a hundreds years from now. You
should be proud of the sacrifice
you're about to make.

Tears stream down his face, Curtis's whole's body shakes with fear. He looks up at her with large pleading wide eyes.

CURTIS

Please, just let me go. I don't
want to do this. I don't want to
die. Not like this.

Turning on her heels Mary looks at the other members gathered behind her. She gives them a nod and a quick hand gesture.

The member unzip large duffel bags down by their feet. Filled with blocks of plastic explosives. The members removes them then start to cautiously attach all these blocks of plastic explosives to Curtis's body.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Help! Help me! Is there anyone out
there!

Screaming desperately for someone to hear him Curtis tries to rip himself free from the wheelchair.

Grabbing hold of staple gun from a nearby table Mary returns to Curtis.

MARY

No more of this Curtis. I'll make
sure the world thinks your last
words were more heroic.

She begins to staple Curtis's lips shut. Sealing them together. With each staple that goes in, Curtis lets out an agonizing groan. But Mary continues on, needing several staples until his lips are completely sealed shut together.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Dressed up in a large fancy coat and high heel shoes, Mary looks amazing. Pushing Curtis who's still strapped in the wheelchair, the ropes now hidden underneath a large woollen blanket from his neck down.

His lips bleeding, the staples still keeping his lips sealed.

Pushing him up towards the hotels entrance Mary leans over and shows Curtis a simple looking remote control.

MARY

Once I get you inside, I'll make my
escape then press this button.
There's enough explosives strapped
to you to bring the whole hotel
down. You won't feel a thing.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Inside the opulent lobby, a large crystal chandelier hanging above them. Mary positions the wheelchair by the seating area then makes her escape.

Curtis violently rocks himself from side to side managing to topple the wheelchair over. Landing hard on the floor the arm of the wheelchair breaks, the blanket falls free from him. And a couple of the ropes loosen enough to allow him to wriggle free.

Mary watches on in horror.

MARY

No! What are you doing?

Charging at her Mary is able to get out of the hotel before Curtis can grab a hold of her.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Kicking her high heels shoes off, Mary sprints barefoot away from the hotel.

Next out of the doors is Curtis, he gives chase. Mary is much quicker. Curtis is weighed down by the explosives, finding it hard, only able to breath only through his nose.

Curtis slows to a stop, watching Mary sprinting away and disappearing out of view.

Curtis drops to his knees. His eyes searching, he's lost. What does he do next?

FADE TO BLACK

THE END