

THE CHILDREN OF MEN

screenplay

by

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OVER BLACK, a news report:

TV VOICE

...the world was stunned today by the death of Diego Ricardo, the youngest person on the planet...

INT. CAFE -- DAY

Men and women standing, looking up. Sad and hopeless. Their middle-aged faces bathed in the pale light of the television they are silently watching.

TV VOICE

Baby Diego was killed in a bar fight in Buenos Aires after refusing to sign an autograph...

A man enters the coffee shop, making his way through the people: THEO FARON (55). Detached, unkempt, scruffy beard, glasses, Theo is a veteran of hopelessness. He gave up before the world did.

TV VOICE

He was born in 2005, the son of Marcello and Sandra Ricardo, a working class couple from Buenos Aires....

Theo wedges his way to the counter. He orders:

THEO

Coffee. Black.

Next to him, a 50-year-old woman stares up at the TV, cradling a small dog, tears rolling down her face. Theo waits, glancing at the old plasma TV without much interest.

ON TV: The face of "Baby" DIEGO (18), the most famous boy in the world, a fair-haired teenager who has never lacked anything, smiling a practiced smile.

TV VOICE

Baby Diego struggled his entire life with the celebrity status thrust upon him by being the world's youngest person.

ON TV: Stock footage of Diego's life. His baby portrait... video footage of Diego learning to walk... Diego (8), at his first communion... Diego (14), ambushed by paparazzi...

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TV VOICE

Different accounts suggest that Diego spat in the face of a Zed who asked for an autograph, which began the fight that ended in his death. The Zed was lynched by the angry crowd shortly thereafter.

Theo's coffee arrives. He lays exact change on the counter, and starts to make his way out. Passing through the crowd. Other people crying. Two grizzled POLICEMEN sip coffee, watching the news.

TV VOICE

Diego, the youngest person on earth, was 18 years, 4 months, 2 days, 16 hours and 8 minutes old.

Theo leaves the cafe.

EXT. CAFE -- DAY

Theo walks out with his coffee, facing the day. People walking along quietly, bundled up. Some with dogs. It's cold. It's wet. It's sad. It's London.

SUPER: LONDON, 2024 A.D.

A short distance from the cafe, Theo sets his coffee cup atop a post box. Slow traffic rolls past. Mostly "old" cars, '08 models, some older. A couple of '18's. Motorized rickshaws scoot around the edges. A double decker bus passes with metal mesh on the windows. Bicycles.

A billboard, showing a stern-faced leader flanked by the idealized profiles soldiers and policemen: "KEEPING ENGLAND ALIVE". Surveillance cameras on lamp posts and building sides with tiny disclaimers: "For Your Protection."

Theo takes out a flask from his pocket, unscrews the top, about to pour it into his coffee, when behind him --

KA-BOOM! A BOMB EXPLODES inside the cafe, blowing out the windows, rocking the ground.

Theo reels with the blast, knocked off balance...

Smoke pours through the shattered facade of the cafe. Wails of PAIN, as people stagger out, covered in residue, holding their wounds, bleeding. A woman missing an arm.

Theo regains his balance, shell-shocked, holding his ears.

FADE TO BLACK.

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TITLE: "THE CHILDREN OF MEN"

FADE IN:

INT. TRAIN -- DAY

Through a train window covered by steel mesh, a billboard passing by: "GIVE HUMANITY A HAND - GET A FERTILITY TEST"

Theo rubs his ringing ears, watching the desolate green landscape.

POCK! POCK! Projectiles smack against side of the train, the steel mesh protecting the windows. Theo looks:

A gang is hurling rocks and bottles. 20-year-old males, some with painted faces -- these are ZEDS. The youngest generation on earth, nothing to lose, it all ends with them.

After throwing their load, the Zeds recede, disappearing behind a billboard: "IS YOUR NEIGHBOR A TERRORIST? REPORT ALL SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY."

VOICE

Fucking Zeds. Hurl a few rocks, crawl back into their cracks.

Theo looks back to the train. Two middle-aged COPS face him on the opposite seat, commuting home after a long day.

COP 1

It's our fault. We indulged the whiney pricks for too long. The last generation. End of the line. Big deal.

(gestures to Cop 2)

Rick's boy, he's what, 20? He got dealt the same hand. He didn't quit. Good boy, that Scottie. Joined the force, what, a year ago?

COP 2

Uh huh.

Cop 2 fumbles with something in his hand: a strip of pills.

COP 1

Two weeks ago, he and some other rookies walked into a Zed ambush. A real zedding. Outnumbered, two to one, three to one -- hell, seven to one! When we got there later, the floor was covered with blood. Blood and teeth. Zed's teeth. And the rookies...not a bloody scratch.

(MORE)

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COP 1 (CONT'D)

They pummelled the pissant Zeds. You could almost feel sorry for them. Those Zeds have numbers, but no discipline, no technique. And more important, no pride.

COP 2

Yeh.

Cop 2 pops one of the pills into his mouth.

COP 1

Pride. That's what set us apart. That's why England's still alive. Look at the rest of the world. It's hell out there.

Theo looks out the window. Graffiti on a wall: "LAST PERSON TO DIE PLEASE TURN OFF THE LIGHTS".

EXT. TRAIN STATION -- AFTERNOON

Theo steps off the train. Policemen patrol the platform, some with German Shepherds. He looks around, spotting an older man across the way. He walks toward him.

JASPER

Hey, amigo.

JASPER PALMER was young in the 60's, and has refused to let go of his youth ever since. Thick glasses, wispy beard, long hair, he is probably the coolest 75-year-old on the planet.

THEO

Hi, Jasper.

The two old friends greet each other warmly.

THEO

How's it going?

JASPER

Quite groovy. Quite, quite groovy.

EXT. RURAL ROAD -- DUSK

Abandoned fields with ruined farms, exhausted barns that look like scarecrows.

A car crosses, its headlights cutting through the darkening blue, passing machinery rusting on the fallow land. A Volvo sedan, circa 2009, not mint but still reliable.

JASPER (OFF)

Many get killed?

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THEO (OFF)  
I don't know. Fuck, the place was packed.

JASPER (OFF)  
Who set the bomb?

THEO (OFF)  
Fuck knows. My ears are still ringing.

JASPER (OFF)  
You mean the "eeeeeee"?

INT. JASPER'S CAR - DRIVING -- CONTINUOUS

Jasper watching his mirrors, navigating the sparse road. Theo in the front seat, massaging his ears.

JASPER  
(continues)  
..."eeeeeee"?

THEO  
Uh huh.

JASPER  
You know, pigs are planting most of them. Then they blame Foogies, the 5 Fishes, or whoever they want.

THEO  
Right after it went off, there were some wounded, crawling out. A bloody woman, holding the hind of a dog. And the people on the street, walking by.

JASPER  
What did you do?

THEO  
I left.

A beat.

JASPER  
I'm glad they missed you, amigo. Losing you and Baby Diego on the same day would be too much grief to bear.  
(off Theo's look)  
You did hear about Baby Diego.

THEO  
You kidding me?

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JASPER

They say he was completely wasted.

THEO

Baby Diego was always wasted.

JASPER

He was a wanker.

THEO

Yeah, but he was the youngest wanker on the planet.

JASPER

Quite true. Quite, quite true.

Theo smiles. The headlights illuminate a wooded area.

EXT. WOODED ROAD -- DUSK

The Volvo slows down, and makes a left turn, going off the road, stopping in front the woods.

Jasper and Theo get out. Jasper walks to the middle of the empty road, looking both ways.

JASPER

(starting a joke)

So there's this supper. Scientists and wise men, you know, Human Project, that sort of bullocks.

THEO

(rolling with it)

Yeah...

Assured the coast is clear, Jasper walks toward a row of bushes in front of the trees, illuminated by the headlights.

JASPER

They're throwing around theories about the ultimate question: how is it that human beings haven't had babies in 18 years?

Theo walking with Jasper toward the bushes.

JASPER

The biologist blames genetic experiments that altered DNA. The environmentalist says that pollution and bio-experiments poisoned the water. You know, the typical jada jada.

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Jasper removes one of the bushes -- it's not rooted.

JASPER

A New Age bloke claims Mama Nature is merely protecting herself.

Theo removes another bush. This is a false hedge, hiding a tiny dirt path behind it.

JASPER

Then they all look at this English scientist, who hasn't said a word, he just keeps eating.

Jasper stops Theo.

JASPER

They ask him, "So, what do you think? Why don't people have babies anymore?" The English bloke looks at them, he's chewing on a wing...

(thick English accent)

"I haven't a clue," he says. "But this stork is quite lovely, isn't it?"

Jasper playfully hits Theo.

JASPER

Waaah! You get it -- he's eating a stork!

THEO

(smiles)

Stork. That's funny.

EXT. DIRT PATH -- DUSK

Through the woods, Jasper's car crossing the dirt path, the headlights on.

THEO (OFF)

How's Janice?

JASPER (OFF)

She's lovely.

INT. JASPER'S CAR - DRIVING -- CONTINUOUS

Jasper navigates the dirt path carefully.

JASPER

(sighs)

Tends to wander off occasionally.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



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JASPER (CONT'D)

I found her last week on the other side of the brook. Mud all over her nightgown, shivering a death of cold, poor thing.

THEO

I'm sorry.

JASPER

When she's her normal self, she's been mentioning it. Quietus.

THEO

Quietus?

JASPER

She feels worthless. She feels a burden to me. When she's lucid, she remembers what we used to be.

Through the windshield, in a clearing in the trees, visible in the last light of day: a low-tech, jury-rigged eco-house, complete with primitive solar panels and a grass roof.

INT. JASPER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The Stones' "Ruby Tuesday" plays. JANICE (70) sits in a chair, staring ahead. She was young in the 60's, and now is old. The light is gone from her eyes, her face a blank mask.

JASPER

Hi, Sweetie.

Jasper kisses her. Janice does not react.

JASPER

Theo's here. He came for a little visit. Theo, remember? Your Rebel With a Lost Cause?

Jasper motions Theo over.

THEO

Hi, Janice.

No response from Janice. She is staring at a wall of photos. Her lifetime frozen in images. A shrine to her past.

JASPER

She's not always like this. She's in and out.

INT. JASPER'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Jasper and Theo at the kitchen table, eating vegetable soup.

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JASPER

A couple weeks ago, I came on this Dutch bloke, lost out back in the woods. Poor soul, wasn't much left of him. Remember the pictures of those starving wretches in Ethiopia? Same thing, only blond. He said he'd escaped from Bexhill. They dug a tunnel under the fence and came over, 200 of them. Mostly French, Spaniards...

(emphasis for Theo)

...a few Americans. They were crossing no man's land. Soldiers caught them. Lined them up, shot them down. 200 hundred refugees. Unarmed. Bam. Just like that. Keeping England Alive. It didn't make the news.

THEO

Not surprising.

JASPER

Somehow this bloke escaped, got through no man's land, got over that hill. I gave him some food. Amigo, he told me some spooky stories about what's happening in Europe. Atrocities you'd never believe. And the look in his eyes.

Jasper eats a spoonful of soup, looking at Theo.

JASPER

It's sick. What humans can do to each other.

Theo ponders a potato.

JASPER

I offered to hide him. He refused. Said he had to get to London. Said he had friends there. He left. All the way to London, no papers.

THEO

He won't make it.

JASPER

I know.

They both eat a spoonful of soup.

JASPER

But I'd like to think he would.

INT. JASPER'S GREENHOUSE -- NIGHT

A make-shift affair, grow lights coaxing marijuana plants into bloom. Theo and Jasper chill, Jasper rolling a joint.

JASPER

Business has been slow. Daddy government gives pills and anti-depressants as part of your ration...

(shows joint)

...and the Buddha is still illegal! Most of my weed now goes to Bexhill. A bloke buys it from me and smuggles it over. Guess what he does. His real job.

THEO

Border cop.

JASPER

Bravo. He smuggles it through no-man's land.

Jasper fires a joint.

JASPER

(offers Theo a hit)

Want some?

Theo shakes his head.

THEO

Jasper, you're taking the whole thing too personally. In 80 years, humanity will disappear. So what? Ninety-eight percent of the species that roamed around earth have gone extinct.

Jasper takes another hit.

THEO

The dinosaurs had a pretty good run of it. Now it's our turn. What would we be so damn special? Just because we left behind a few interesting piles of rocks?

JASPER

And some books. Some really awesome books. And those really smashing symphonies.

Theo nods.

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CONTINUED:

JASPER

Dylan.

The two men smile and fall quiet.

JASPER

We made a bullocks of the whole thing,  
didn't we? Maybe God is ready for a  
little peace and quiet.

INT. JASPER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Janice still staring at the wall. Theo comes to her. He takes the hair brush she is holding. And begins brushing her long gray hair.

Among the photos on the wall, one taken at a demonstration catches Theo's attention: a younger Janice and Jasper, locking arms with Theo, defiant and long-haired, and a young woman with the same attitude. Theo carries a 2-year-old boy in a baby backpack. A placard for "Global Democracy" can be read behind them.

INT. THEO'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Through a window, we see identical functional apartment buildings on a foggy morning. Next to the window: an old plasma wide-screen TV displays the time.

A digit changes -- 8:30. The TV turns on.

ON TV: A woman reads the morning news. War torn streets. Militia's marching. Citizens watching fearfully out their windows. A 50-year-old soldier in fatigues and beret, a Dixie flag flying behind, gives a speech to a crowd in front of the ruined facade of Camden Yards.

TV VOICE

...the American city of Baltimore fell to the Southern Alliance after months of furious street battles. It is seen as the biggest setback to the national government since the invasion of Northern California by the Oregon Alliance. The national government in D.C. has steadily lost popular support since its bombing of Cincinnati seven years ago in an attempt to eradicate militia strongholds.

Reflected in the window: CLICK! a light on a side table goes on. A form gets up slowly, sitting up on a bed... it's Theo, shaking out the cobwebs, his head foggier than London.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Seven people, men and women, standing with their hands up against a brick wall. Police dogs growl and sniff at their heels. Policemen linger behind them.

THEO (OFF)

All the past historical events, the so-called facts, flow to one point...

Theo walks past. He's dressed for the day in a worn tweed jacket, a leather pack strapped over his shoulder.

THEO (OFF)

(continues)

...which we call the present.

EXT. UNIVERSITY -- DAY

Theo enters a gate fringed with barbed wire.

THEO (OFF)

(continues)

And then there are all the events which have yet to occur...

Not the grand halls of Oxford, rather, a cluster of one-storey concrete buildings, circa 2000.

THEO

(continues)

...the future.

INT. UNIVERSITY - SECURITY GATE -- DAY

A security machine swallows his leather case as Theo stands with his arms spread, a Guard frisking him.

THEO (OFF)

(continues)

The moment where the past and the future meet is the tip of both cones.

INT. LECTURE ROOM -- DAY

Theo, somewhat animated, draws two "V" cones on a black board, the tips touching each other.

THEO

(continues)

This tip is not only a moment. It's a perception, and there are as many perceptions as people on this planet.

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CONTINUED:

Theo faces the sizeable lecture room, three quarters empty. Students stare back at him blankly. People in sleeping bags in back. A man snores in the front row, his pants wet, the urine dripping to the floor.

THEO  
Any questions?

EXT. STREET -- DAY

SIRENS, screaming from police cars, racing by, disappearing into the distance.

Theo walks on the sidewalk. A billboard, soothing graphics, blue on blue: *"QUIETUS -- you can find relief."*

The sidewalk strewn with trash, lethargic breeze. A young couple, embracing, kissing in the open.

Theo walks by, leather case over his shoulder. He's holding a book, reading as he walks: *"Salem's Lot"* by Stephen King.

The young couple breaks their embrace. They begin to follow Theo from behind. He does not notice, reading about a boy who got himself locked inside a vampire's room.

The couple follows, pulling ski masks over their heads.

As Theo approaches the corner, a van appears on the street, skidding to a stop, blocking his path. He slows down...

A motorcycle comes from behind, skidding to a stop, blocking his street side. Theo pauses, confused --

The ski masked couple upon him, he pulling out a burlap sack, she pulling out a pistol.

And the van door slides open, showing a masked man holding a semi-automatic gun.

Theo reacts, backing away --

The woman sticks the gun into his ribs, whispering an order:

WOMAN  
Quiet.

The burlap sack comes over Theo's head. She shoves him through the van door.

The motorcycle revs, ready to go. The man hops on behind.

The woman jumps into the van, the door slides shut.

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CONTINUED:

The motorcycle peels off in one direction.

The van tears off the other way.

INT. KIDNAPPER'S ROOM -- DAY

Blackness.

VOICES

Not so tight...bring some water... put  
your hood on...

The burlap sack comes off. Newspapers glued on the walls,  
covering them over. Theo is cuffed to a chair. A light  
shines in his face. A Tall Man in a mask holding it.

TALL MAN (LUKE)

You are under the jurisdiction of the 5  
Fishes. Your basic human rights will be  
respected. You will be expected to keep  
this encounter confidential. To ensure  
this, you will be under constant  
surveillance, as you have been for the  
last two months. The 5 Fishes have eyes  
everywhere. Do you need water?

Theo nods, cotton-mouth.

TALL MAN (LUKE)

Water.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Are the handcuffs necessary?

TALL MAN (LUKE)

Unfortunately, yes.

WOMAN'S VOICE

(an order)

Uncuff him.

TALL MAN (LUKE)

I don't think --

WOMAN'S VOICE

Do it.

The Tall Man gestures. A Short Man (PATRIC) goes behind Theo  
and begins unfastening the cuffs. Another hooded man gives  
him a glass of water.

A woman in a mask approaches, walking with a limp.

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CONTINUED:

WOMAN

"The only reason to breathe is to make a difference."

Theo reacts, taken aback. The woman sits down, facing him.

WOMAN

Those are your words, remember? "The only reason to breathe is to make a difference."

THEO

You want to know the truth? I got that from a Chinese fortune cookie.

The woman takes the mask off. JULIAN TAYLOR is Theo's age, and although life has taken a harder toll on her, she still radiates the beauty of someone who believes. A scar runs along the side of her face.

Theo is stunned. He recovers with a smirk.

THEO

Not bad for somebody whose been dead for six years.

She smiles.

JULIAN

(to the others)

I met Theo when we were 20, during an anti-globalization demonstration in Seattle. He was a man of ideals, dreadlocks and hemp. We locked eyes while chanting "WTO OUT".

Julian locks eyes with Theo.

JULIAN

(chanting)

"WTO OUT! WTO OUT!" And by time the police attacked, we were making out. We kissed as the tears ran down our faces from the tear gas. We fell in love. We were going to change the world -- our love was going to change the world. You know, the John and Yoko bug.

Though Julian addresses the half dozen people in the room, her eyes on Theo. They are the only two without hoods. He checks his coat.

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CONTINUED: (2)

THEO

Can I have my flask?

JULIAN

Theo was pissed that all the money for health and education was going to army contractors. So he had this idea. We would chain ourselves to the sculpture in front of the Boeing corporate headquarters. Naked.

THEO

Naked was your idea.

JULIAN

We got shy, stopped at our underwear, thank god, and we chained ourselves to the sculpture. And we threw away the key. Full commitment. Now we're waiting for the employees to show up. Waiting for the TV cameras to show up. And it's cold. And nobody is showing up. It gets colder. So we start yelling. "Hello? Help?" I mean, where's a surveillance camera when you need one? It's getting even colder. Finally, a patrol car comes. The cops get out, they're looking at us. We're chained, we're shivering, we're in our underwear.

Julian and Theo looking at each other, reliving this moment.

JULIAN

(laughing)

Cops says, "What are you doing?" And you say, "Protesting." Cop says, "Come back tomorrow." And I said, "Why?" Cop says--

THEO

"It's Columbus Day."

JULIAN

Yeah.

They smile, looking at each other. A moment.

THEO

Is this why I'm here? To reminisce about the good old days?

JULIAN

I need your help.

(CONTINUED)

THEO

Can I have my flask?

INT. 5 FISHES HIDE-OUT - CELLAR -- NIGHT

They're in some sort of basement room with no windows. Theo sips his flask. Julian smokes a cigarette.

THEO

Death suits you.

JULIAN

(smiles)

You get used to it. They made a big deal about it in the papers, didn't they? That unfortunate gas explosion.

THEO

(recalling)

Uh huh.

JULIAN

My stove was electric.

THEO

There was a body.

JULIAN

When the bomb exploded, it blew me down the stairs. But there was Algerian refugee staying at my flat. Fatima. That's the charcoal they found. Poor thing.

THEO

(pissed)

You could have called. You could have told me.

JULIAN

What was the point?

THEO

It's courtesy.

JULIAN

I'm sorry. The only way for me to stay alive was to stay dead.

Theo looks at Julian with tenderness.

THEO

And the limp... was that the...explosion?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIAN

The scar was the explosion. The limp is from prison.

(points to her left ear)  
And the hearing loss. And the nightmares.

THEO

Ahuh...

JULIAN

Eight years. Isle of Skye.

Julian stubs out her cigarette.

THEO

You always got off on martyrdom.

JULIAN

I need an exit visa, Theo.

(off his look)  
Not for me. There's a girl we need to get out of the country. If they find her, they will kill her.

THEO

What'd she do?

JULIAN

I'm not allowed to go into detail. But you have to trust me. You have to do this.

THEO

There's nothing I can do.

JULIAN

Teddy Phillips offered you a position with the Noah Project three years ago. He's the Minister of Culture.

THEO

It's a bullshit project, a million people starving to death in Madrid, and we march in and save the Goyas --

JULIAN

That's not the point. He can get you a visa. He's your friend. You never asked your friends for help.

Julian looks at Theo.

(CONTINUED)

JULIAN

This girl is in trouble, Theo, and we can help her.

THEO

I kicked idealism.

JULIAN

She's 21. Twenty-one.

This lands with Theo. Julian knows it -- she expected it.

JULIAN

Dylan would have been her age.

THEO

That's low.

JULIAN

That's how strongly I feel. I never asked you for anything before, did I?

Off Theo, knowing that she hasn't.

INT. VAN - MOVING -- DAY

Theo in back facing the rear, blindfolded. PATRIC (25) drives -- Irish, dreadlocks, committed. Facing Theo is LUKE (45) -- moral authority, practiced compassion, unwavering certainty.

LUKE

You understand that disclosing Julian's identity would put her in extreme jeopardy. Quite frankly, everyone opposed her taking this risk.

THEO

She's stubborn.

LUKE

She's a true believer.

THEO

You're Luke Grissom, right?

(no response)

The priest. I met you before. At that London thing.

Silence. The two men remembering London.

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CONTINUED:

LUKE

The London massacre unleashed so many demons. Not only the military coup. The famine, the Zed event...

Theo remains quiet.

LUKE

I'm sorry about what happened to you. I can't imagine that kind of loss.

Luke pulls on his ski mask. The van slows down. Patric pulls on his mask.

LUKE

(to Theo)

You may take off your blindfold.

Theo pulls off his blindfold, blinking with the sudden light. Luke hands him a piece of paper and a coin.

LUKE

Call this number if you need to contact us. The token is for the bus.

The van stops. The door slides opens.

EXT. STREET - BUS STOP -- CONTINUOUS

Theo steps out of the van at a bus stop. A billboard shows a young couple tenderly holding a creature which looks impossibly similar to a baby. A doll. A slogan: "LOVE IS WHAT YOU GIVE." In smaller print: "Now with body temperature and breathing motion."

LUKE

This mission is a good deed. I don't need to tell you that Julian is only involved with good deeds.

The door slides shut as the van drives off, leaving Theo in the midst of a dozen lingering prostitutes, oblivious to the security cameras rigged on the bus stop, a few tiny pooches tapping around.

A double-decker with steel meshed windows coming down the street.

EXT. STREET - DOWNTOWN LONDON -- DAY

A Rolls Royce passing through a heavily guarded restricted gate, leading into the pristine London Mall.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - DRIVING -- DAY

A uniformed chauffeur drives, Theo in back, now dressed in a worn-out suit, looking out the window:

On the London Mall, well-dressed citizens on their afternoon outing, some walking their dogs, which are dressed in matching outfits. Some dressed in chaps, riding horses. The privileged minority. A restricted zone.

SOUTHWARK BRIDGE CHECK POINT

The chauffeur stops at a security gate at the entrance to the Southwark bridge. He hands papers to a Security Officer. Guards check under the car with mirrors. Dogs sniff for bombs. They are waved through.

INT. CAR - DRIVING -- CONTINUOUS

Coming over the bridge: an imposing brick structure, its square tower dominating the gloomy sky: the modern Tate Museum.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING -- DAY

The Rolls Royce parks, a security guard opening the door. Theo gets out. Dogs sniff at him, surveillance cameras training over. A government official comes to meet him, extending his hand, smiling. Theo mumbles something. The official explodes with a forced laugh.

INT. MODERN TATE MUSEUM - CHECK POINT -- DAY

Theo crosses through a body scanner. A screen outlines his skeleton and solid objects, zipper, coins, his flask.

INT. MODERN TATE MUSEUM -- DAY

The Official leads Theo through a hall hung with paintings, arriving at a door, leaving him there, walking away. Theo enters...

INT. MODERN TATE MUSEUM - GREAT HALL -- CONTINUOUS

Theo is awed. In the middle of the marble hall, under the soft glow of a skylight dome, standing alone, in its perfection, inviting, Michelangelo's David. The real thing.

Theo is drawn to the sculpture --

WOOF! Two Irish Mastiffs laying on the floor in front of the David. Theo doesn't speak dog, but knows that means stop. Deep growls, the Mastiffs sit up.

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From behind the David, a man appears, THEODORE "Teddy" PHILLIPS. Around Theo's age, but looking younger, Teddy is dressed in T-shirt and jeans. The fragile enthusiasm of someone who found an external reason to hold on.

TEDDY

We couldn't save "La Pieta'". It was already smashed by the time we got there. But this is rummy, eh?

THEO

My Mom had a plastic one in the bathroom. It was a lamp.

Teddy approaches Theo.

TEDDY

Hey, bro.

Teddy and Theo embrace.

INT. REMBRANDT HALL - MODERN TATE MUSEUM -- DAY

An endless corridor, hung with masterpieces on both walls. Teddy throws a tennis ball down the corridor, the Mastiffs chase after it, shrinking in the distance.

Teddy and Theo carry drinks. Rembrandt's self-portraits age as they pass.

TEDDY

...the self-portraits. Scattered around the world. Pain in the ass putting them together. We have most of them. We lost the one at the Frick. That thing in New York was a real blow to art.

THEO

Not to mention people.

TEDDY

This one blows my mind. His last one.

He stops in front of Rembrandt's final self-portrait.

TEDDY

Look at him. An old Dutch bloke. Filled with remorse. He's saying something. Can you tell what he's saying?

Theo looks at the portrait.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEO

"Oh, well..."

TEDDY

Exactly. This bloke did some of the wickedest masterpieces in human history, and here he is. At the end of his days. Looking at you. Regretful, mischievous... "Oh, well."

An old Rembrandt looks down at them.

INT. PICASSO HALL -- DAY

Planes drop bombs on civilians. Black and white cubist mayhem. Theo and Teddy stand in front of Picasso's "Guernica". The real thing. The Mastiffs sit nearby.

TEDDY

I sent you some tasty French wine for your birthday, I hope you got it --

THEO

Yeah, I meant to call. Thank you.

TEDDY

How are you doing, bro?

THEO

Not so well. I think I need to change course. Try something different.

TEDDY

I must say, I was astounded you were still interested.

THEO

You gotta admit, it's kind of kinky.

TEDDY

Wasting precious social resources to assemble an art collection that will be enjoyed by no one.

THEO

Trading guns for art.

TEDDY

Noticias, bro. Latin America se acabó. Italy finito. France c'est fini. Germany kaput. Sayonara Japan. Bye, bye America. We used to try to save the world, but it was too late.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TEDDY (CONT'D)

The world chose to save itself instead.  
We might as well save what made us great.

THEO

Ahun.

TEDDY

You still don't get it. Do you good to  
get you out of your cave, bro.

Teddy looks at Theo -- silently acknowledging his friend's  
rough time.

TEDDY

We got the Hermitage, and saved most of  
the Reik.

(beat)

Paris is not going to hold. *Quel dommage.*  
They're letting us have a peek at the  
Louvre before the looters get to it.  
You'll have to be quite selective.

THEO

My Aunt had a Mona Lisa in her living  
room.

Teddy smiles, gives Theo a friendly pat.

TEDDY

It's so rummy you're doing this, bro.

INT. TERRACE - MODERN TATE MUSEUM -- LATE AFTERNOON

Theo and Teddy hang, drinking a bottle of 2004 Chateau  
Margeaux, looking down on London. The Thames flows by, St.  
Paul's shows off, the day prepares to end. Quiet.

THEO

I'll need a pair of exit visas.

TEDDY

A pair?

THEO

There's this girl.

TEDDY

*Paris n'est plus la ville des amants.*  
It's real hell down there.

THEO

I know, but you know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEDDY  
(smiles)  
You dog. Something serious?

THEO  
A couple of bruises.

Teddy opens a small silver case. He takes out a pill, offering it to Theo, who shakes his head, staring at him.

TEDDY  
What?

THEO  
You amaze me. What keeps you going? In a hundred years, there won't be one sad fuck left to remember you. What is it?

TEDDY  
You really know what it is, bro? I just don't think about it.

Teddy pops the pill, washing it down with wine.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE -- NIGHT

ON THE SCREEN: "A Hard Day's Night". The four lads escaping from a hoard of fans...

BEATLES  
(singing)  
"Can't buy me love..."

Theo pushes through a thick red curtain, entering the mostly empty theatre. He walks down the aisle. He takes a seat.

ON THE SCREEN: An empty treeless park, the lads frolicking gleefully, falling all over each other. Goofy abandon.

A VOICE behind Theo:

VOICE  
Don't turn around. Do you have it?

Theo takes an envelope from his pocket, reaching it back --

VOICE  
Please put it under the seat.

Theo puts the envelope under the seat. The man behind him takes it. It's Luke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUKE

Thanks.

THEO

It's a joint visa.

LUKE

What does that mean?

THEO

She's my companion. She can only leave the country with me.

LUKE

Why did you -- ?

THEO

It's what they gave me.

LUKE

So you'll have to come.

THEO

I'm not going. Tell Julian I did what I could.

Theo stands to leave.

LUKE

What are we supposed to do?

THEO

Have a democratic assembly, or one of those things you guys like.

LUKE

Faron --

THEO

I've seen the movie. I know how it ends.

ON THE SCREEN: The lads' fun comes to an abrupt end when they are confronted by a stern COP.

COP

(in the movie)

Do you realize this is private property?

RINGO &amp; PAUL

(in the movie)

Sorry, sorry...

INT. QUIETUS AUDITORIUM -- DAY

Rolling clouds across a glorious blue sky, touched with colors of a gently fading sun, a glimpse of heaven. You almost don't notice the pixels.

Profiles of faces lying down on soft pads, staring at the clouds projected on the ceiling. Mostly older men and women, some middle-agers, and a few in their youth. Soothing music suffuses the ambience, and a gentle female voice:

VOICE

Forgiveness. Experience forgiveness.  
Dwell in forgiveness. Forgiveness  
towards those who purposely caused you  
pain. Forgiveness. Forgiveness towards  
those who unwittingly caused you pain.  
Forgiveness. Forgiveness towards  
yourself. Forgiveness. Forgiveness.  
Dwell in forgiveness.

The participants rest on the floor, as if entering a gentle sleep. They are dying.

It's peaceful. It's inviting. It's Quietus.

Attendants dressed in white gently administer to each participant. Holding them. Offering each a cup to drink from. After they have drunk, they are laid gently back down.

ABOVE - BEHIND THE GLASS

A few dozen people arrayed on the bleacher seats. Some are there to observe loved ones make their final passage. Others are just looking for a warm place to sleep.

Theo arrives, harried -- he has rushed to get there. He looks around the vast bleacher section, and finds:

Jasper standing by the glass, looking below. Theo approaches.

JASPER

She left a note. I didn't get here in time.

Theo stands next to him.

JASPER

They say it is a peaceful way to go.

Though the window, they see:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BELOW - ON THE MAIN FLOOR

An Attendant approaches Janice. Her face is not the blank mask of before -- her eyes are moist with profound awareness of the end.

The Attendant holds up the cup. Janice reaches her hand towards it, shaking. The Attendant steadies her hand her hand around it. Janice drinks.

VOICE

Gratitude. Immerse yourself in gratitude. Gratitude. Gratitude for those who brought you joy. Gratitude. Gratitude for those who brought you pain. Gratitude. Gratitude for your unique journey. Gratitude. Gratitude. Dwell in gratitude.

Janice's grip slips from the cup. Her entire body relaxes. The Attendant gently lays her down on the soft pad.

ABOVE - BEHIND THE GLASS

Jasper and Theo, watching.

JASPER

We had just moved to Paris. We didn't have much, a mattress, a couch. We were doing really bad, with dough. That day, I got back early from the Sorbonne. And I saw her from the window, coming home, carrying flowers. There was this curtain that was our closet, and I hid behind it.

Through the glass, behind them, a disturbance: An Old Man resists the cup offered to him, knocking it away. The lights on the main floor cut out.

JASPER

(continues)

And I watched her... She put the flowers in a drinking glass, and she sat on the sofa, looking at them.

The lights go up on the main floor, everything returned to its state of peace. The Old Man lays completely still.

JASPER

(continues)

She was humming that "I love Paris in the springtime" song. Very softly. Lost in her reveries.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JASPER (CONT'D)

She stayed there, just like that.  
Looking at the flowers. For a long time.  
And you know what she was doing? She was  
picking her nose. She always did that  
when she thought nobody was watching her.  
Did you ever notice?

THEO

(lying)

No.

JASPER

That's what she did. She picked her  
nose...

(shows his little finger)

With her pinky.

Jasper looks down at Janice.

JASPER

She's gone.

BELOW - ON THE MAIN FLOOR

Janice stares up at the clouds rolling across the ceiling.

VOICE

There is a light. Experience the light.  
Dwell in the light. Repose in the light.  
The light is soothing. The light is  
comforting. The light is love. It's a  
light that shines forever.

INT. PICK-UP OFFICE - QUIETUS -- DAY

Theo waiting on a plastic couch in the simple white room.  
People at the counter, picking up paper bags that resemble  
sacks of flour.

Jasper returns from the counter, holding a brown sack. Theo  
stands to meet him.

JASPER

She's still warm.

EXT. QUIETUS -- DAY

Outside, the street is quiet. Theo and Jasper walk. Jasper,  
stoic, is holding Janice's bag of ashes. Suddenly --

Jasper breaks down. Crying. All of his 75 years now  
revealed, all at once an old man.

INT. BAR -- DAY

ON TV: A couple walking through a beautiful park, carrying a baby. Slow motion sentimentality.

COMMERCIAL VOICE

...she has her daddy's eyes, and her  
mommy's smile. She cries when she's  
hungry, she cries when she's wet. Her  
skin is so smooth it warms your heart.

ON TV: A closer look at the baby: beautiful eyes, beautiful  
smile, smooth skin. But it's still a doll.

COMMERCIAL VOICE

Love is what you give.

Theo sitting in the bar, half-watching the TV, already drunk.

Two men sit on either side of him: Patric and Luke.

THEO

You looked better with your masks on.

Theo staring toward nothing. The two men looking at him in  
expectation. Finally:

THEO

I'll do it.

LUKE

Thank you.

Luke slides a small paper across to Theo.

LUKE

We have to leave tomorrow.

Theo looks at the small paper: a TICKET to football match.

THEO

I don't like soccer.

LUKE

We call it football.

Luke and Patric start to leave.

THEO

Tell Julian I'll take the girl to Paris.  
Then I'm done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The men are gone. Theo takes a long gulp from his pint, and returns his attention to the TV.

ON TV, a surveillance camera image: A man walking alone down a remote narrow street illuminated by lights overhead. From the darkness on either side... a gang of Zeds emerge.

TV VOICE

...a security camera capturing the shocking zedding of a 43-year-old man from Shoreditch by a gang of Zed hoodlums...

The Zeds swarm over the man, who disappears under their onslaught. A moment later, the Zeds retreat back to the darkness. One Zed left behind, staggering, holding a wound.

TV VOICE

...it's not clear if the Zed was stabbed by the victim or by one of his own gang.

The wounded Zed falls to his knees, beside the man who lays motionless on the sidewalk, naked, picked clean.

FADE OUT.

The chant of English football...

FADE IN:

EXT. ENGLISH FOOTBALL MATCH -- DAY

KICK! A cleated foot propels the ball into the air. Men fight their way to it. We're well into a hard-fought English football match. Players smeared in sweat and mud.

Theo in his seat, watching the match, drinking a beer, hair of the dog. The stadium half filled, lethargic fans, some faces painted, some holding little dogs. The sections secured by barbed-wire fences, security cameras and policemen everywhere.

Theo searches around. An older man sits next to him. A middle-aged man on his other side. Both watching the game.

A Woman stands, blocking his view, her right hand a fist that opens and shows: the "5 Fishes" logo drawn on her palm. The hand closes, as she walks away.

Theo stands and follows her.



EXT. EXIT TUNNEL - STADIUM -- DAY

The woman walks through a tunnel, exiting the stadium. She's 40, and hates football.

Theo follows. On the wall, a billboard: "REPORT ANY SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITY."

EXT. STADIUM -- DAY

The crowd roars a goal as the woman crosses the concrete plain. Theo follows, a few yards behind.

The woman walks to a bus stop with a billboard: "KEEPING ENGLAND ALIVE - FERTILITY TESTS - YOUR OBLIGATION." A double-decker about to leave. As the bus starts to move, she gets on.

Theo runs, catching up to the rear of the bus, jumping on through the back door.

INT. DOUBLE DECKER BUS -- CONTINUOUS

Theo has just climbed inside, and he's out of breath. The woman is going up the stairs. Theo follows.

Theo emerges on the upper deck. The woman sits at the front. An overhead security camera keeping vigil. He sits down heavily in the first seat he sees.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

The double-decker rolls through a suburban area, the outskirts of London. Very few people. Shuttered stores. Abandoned homes.

A billboard: "KEEPING ENGLAND ALIVE - DENOUNCE ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS - IT'S YOUR COUNTRY".

INT. DOUBLE DECKER BUS - MOVING -- DAY

Through the metal meshed windows, the suburbs roll past. The woman sits in front, staring ahead.

Theo in his seat, trying not to doze off.

The woman gets up. As she walks down the stairs, the briefest eye contact -- it springs Theo up to his feet.

EXT. BUS STOP - CITY OUTSKIRTS -- DAY

As the bus rolls away, the woman walks across the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Theo stands at the empty bus stop, looking at her. She stands on the other side, looking away. Theo waits. A few dogs sniffing around.

A billboard showing a smiling woman looking at the sky at a two-tone pill called "BLISS" The slogan: "JUST BE HAPPY." In smaller letters: "Now at kiosks".

RRRRR! The roar of an approaching motor...

A motorcycle, appearing from down the street, skids to a stop in front of the woman. She hops on the back. RRRRR! The motorcycle tears away.

Leaving Theo alone. Confused. The motorcycle roar receding.

A FIAT MULTIPLA passenger wagon comes around the corner, heading toward Theo. It stops in front of him. The back door is opened.

Theo looks inside: Luke at the wheel, Julian beside him. Two other women in the back seat.

THEO

I didn't know this was a family trip.

LUKE

Please get in.

Theo climbs in. As the door closes, the Multipla starts off.

INT. MULTIPLA WAGON - DRIVING -- CONTINUOUS

The Multipla pulling away. Theo accommodating himself, glancing at the woman seated beside him, in the middle seat.

KEE (21) is dark-skinned, West Indies. When she was born, the world was already falling apart. She grew up knowing human life would not last much longer than her.

THEO

(to Julian)

Is this the girl?

JULIAN

Her name is Kee. Kee, this is Theo.

Theo and Kee lock eyes.

KEE

The fuck you watchin' at?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEO  
Nothing. How you doing?

KEE  
Cheedo.

Kee looks away. Theo looks around the car.

THEO  
So this is the elite unit?

MIRIAM (58), shy woman, Scottish, simply dressed, string bracelets. She can't believe it's the end of the world. It's not in the stars.

JULIAN  
This is Miriam and Luke.

LUKE  
We're coming to Dover. To make sure you go away safely.

THEO  
Cheers.

Theo senses the tension in the car -- everyone is nervous.

THEO  
Are we going to have a little sing-along?  
(no response)  
Good. I'm going to take a nap.

Theo makes himself comfortable against the door and closes his eyes, dozing.

EXT. CANTERBURY ROADS -- DAY

The roads of Canterbury are curvy, running through woods and small hills. The Multipla cruises along.

INT. MULTIPLA - DRIVING -- DAY

A hand reaches over, nudging Theo awake.

JULIAN'S VOICE  
Hey there.

Theo's eyes open.

JULIAN  
You were snoring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEO  
No I wasn't.

JULIAN  
(to the others)  
He always snored.

THEO  
She farted in bed.

Julian smiles. Theo looks out the window at the wooded hills passing by, getting his bearings.

THEO  
Where are we?

JULIAN  
Canterbury, believe it or not.

THEO  
No shit.

Kee laughs at the small TV flipped down from the ceiling.

ON TV: 70-year-old Mr. Bean kisses his teddy bear good-night.

THEO  
(to Kee)  
So what'd you do?

KEE  
Huh?

THEO  
Why do you need to get out?

Silence. Kee looks to Julian.

THEO  
Come on, Jules. I need to know something. She's my travel buddy.

KEE  
(to Miriam)  
Why I gotta go with this bloke? Why can't I go with you?

MIRIAM  
You'll be fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIAN

(to Theo)

What do you know about the Human Project?

LUKE

Julian, we're not supposed to --

JULIAN

We have to tell him sooner or later.

THEO

Iceland got scientists from all around the world. And the country fell apart. Like the rest of the world.

JULIAN

That's what England wants you to believe, as a pretext to sever ties with them. It's actually the last democracy on earth.

MIRIAM

The brightest minds in the world are there working together to find the cause of infertility.

THEO

The scientists ate the stork.

Blank stares.

KEE

What?

THEO

Never mind.

(to Kee)

So, are you a scientist?

Miriam spots something out the window.

MIRIAM

There...

Through the windshield, up ahead: a BURNING CAR comes rolling down a small hill, toward the road they're travelling on.

Luke accelerates, the Multipla responds grudgingly.

MIRIAM

What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LUKE

We can make it.

The Multipla picks up speed. The burning car careening down toward the road, but it looks like they may beat it...

JULIAN

Go!

Luke slams the breaks, screeching to a stop, just avoiding --  
ROAD

The flaming car cuts them off -- SMASH! -- crashing into a derelict car.

INSIDE THE MULTIPLA

Tense silence. The road is now blocked by the flaming car.

LUKE

This is not good.

They hear WAR CRIES.

EMERGING FROM THE TREES

ZEDS. A gang of 20ish males, faces painted, some masked, armed with stones, sticks and knives. A tribe of hunters descending down toward the road, in a wave, running at them --

INSIDE THE MULTIPLA

CRACK! The first stone hits the window.

JULIAN

Go around!

Instead, Luke throws the car into reverse, screeching the car backwards. The Zeds upon them, running down the car. CRACK! Sticks and fists pounding, bodies piling on...

Luke keeps pedal to metal, screaming in reverse, the last Zeds dropping off, giving chase, but can't catch up...

ROAD

A lone MOTORCYCLE comes from behind the burning car, two riders in masks, racing through the running Zeds, accelerating, towards the Multipla, coming closer...

## INSIDE THE MULTIPLA

Luke can't go any faster backwards, the motorcycle catches up, running alongside them. The Zed on back looks in the car, his eyes visible for an instant through his black mask.

Luke accelerates, and the motorcycle drops back, riding now in front of the car.

Theo sees the Zed on back of the motorcycle rise up -- he's aiming a high-powered RIFLE at them --

THEO

He's got a gun --

BANG! The bullet crashes through the windshield --

Julian jolts with the impact, blood spraying. The passengers screaming in terror and disbelief:

VOICES

(in car)

She's hit! She's hit!

LUKE

(screaming to Miriam)

Cover her!

Miriam uses her body to protect Kee. Theo is reaching over the seat, coming to Julian. She's been hit in the neck, she's bleeding badly. Her eyes are open, alive, barely.

MIRIAM

Cover the wound!

THEO

Godammit, godammit!

MIRIAM

Cover the wound! Use your hand!

ROAD

The motorcycle accelerates again, coming back alongside them.

## INSIDE THE MULTIPLA

Theo sees the motorcycle approach, the Zed on back, pointing the gun at him, about to shoot.

Abruptly, Theo throws open his door --

## ROAD

WHACK! Theo's car door hits the motorcycle. The driver trying to keep balance, but he's going too fast...

The motorcycle careens and spills, throwing the gunman into the grass, the driver bouncing across the pavement, leaving lots of skin behind.

## INSIDE THE MULTIPLA

Luke slows the car just enough to execute a turn, spinning a 180, heading away from the ambush, finally driving forward.

LUKE

How is she? How's Julian?

THEO

She's bleeding, she's bleeding a lot...

Theo holds her throat wound with both hands, trying to dam the blood with his fingers.

THEO

Hang on, Jules, hang on...

Julian reaches toward her throat, grabbing one of Theo's hands. She squeezes the hand. Holding it tightly.

Miriam rubs her palms together, laying healing hands onto Julian's head. Holding them there.

MIRIAM

She's making her transition.

Theo still holding Julian's wound and her hand. Miriam's hands on her. Julian is dead. The car is silent. Then --

Approaching from the distance, they hear SIRENS.

LUKE

Jesus.

It's a police caravan, two squad cars and a tactical van, coming from the opposite direction...

Luke plays it cool, maintaining his speed, as the caravan heads right toward them...

The Police caravan flies past them, headed for the scene of the ambush. There's a moment of relief. Until:

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

In Luke's rear-view mirror: one of the police vehicles breaks from the caravan, turning around, coming back toward them.

LUKE

Jesus.

Sirens screaming, the police car following, getting closer. Luke keeps driving.

KEE

Go, go, go, go, go!

MIRIAM

You have to pull off.

The Policemen are right on their tail. There's no choice. Luke eases the car to a stop.

ROAD

The police car skids to a stop behind the Multipla. Immediately, two Policemen are out of their cars, approaching, guns drawn, screaming:

COP 1

Let's see your hands!

COP 2

Your hands, let's see your hands!

IN THE MULTIPLA

Luke watches the two Policemen approach.

COP 2

Out of the vehicle!

Miriam opens her door, Theo opens his, starting to get out.

ROAD

Luke steps out his door, one hand raised in the air.

LUKE

We were attacked by Zeds --

COP 1

Your hands!

Luke pulls his other hand from the car --

BANG! Luke's other hand is holding a gun, and he's shot Cop 1 through the heart. Before Cop 2 can react, Luke swivels --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANG! Luke gets off another shot, taking down Cop 2. Cop 2 fires off a shot --

BANG! Luke finishes Cop 2.

The echo of gunfire dissipates. Theo standing there, taking it in. The two cops lay bleeding on the ground. Silence.

KEE

The fuck?

LUKE

Let's go.

THEO

(stunned)

What did you do?

MIRIAM

Let's go!

Theo stays there, confused. Luke levels the gun at Theo.

LUKE

Let's go.

Luke pointing the gun at Theo, who does not back down. He appears ready to finish with Theo -- and Miriam can tell.

MIRIAM

Don't, Luke.

(firmly to Theo)

Get in. Now!

Theo gets in the car. Luke gives the gun to Miriam.

INT. MULTIPLA - DRIVING -- DAY

Luke driving away. All business, taking control.

LUKE

We'll need a new car. We have to get off the main roads --

THEO

You just killed two men.

LUKE

We had no choice.

THEO

No choice -- ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRIAM

He's right.

LUKE

We'll need to find a safe house. I know  
Fishes in this zone.

Miriam reaches forward, covering her hand over Julian's eyes.  
Theo looks at his bloody hands.

EXT. WOODS -- DAY

Theo holding Julian's body by the arms and torso, dragging  
her uphill through the woods, Miriam helping with the feet.

They lay Julian's body between the trees. Miriam kneels  
beside her, praying a simple mantra. Using her palms to  
gently cover her eyes, her ears, her nose...

Theo looks at Julian, then turns away, anguished at the sight  
of her violent death. Trying to catch his breath. And the  
whole thing sinks in, the pain welling, overcoming him.

THEO

Fuck!

MIRIAM

All is well.

Theo turns to Miriam. She has tears in her eyes.

THEO

She is dead.

MIRIAM

(with certainty)  
All is well. She died fulfilling her  
duty.

Theo looks at Julian one more time.

THEO

Jesus.

MIRIAM

Whatever you choose to believe.

Theo looks at Miriam, shakes his head, incredulous. Kee is  
waiting down the hill, next to the Multipla.

KEE

Luke is coming.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONK! HONK! An old Vauxhaul sedan parking on the roadside.

EXT. ROAD -- DAY

The empty, battered Multipla rolling downhill, picking up speed, flying off the road over a steep embankment --

CRASH! The Multipla smashes into the dense woods below. Disappearing into the foliage, metal crashing earth.

Theo, Luke, Miriam and Kee stand on the road next to the old English Vauxhaul, circa 2008. Theo pissed off, looking like hell, his shirt stained with Julian's blood.

INT. VAUXHAUL - DRIVING -- NIGHT

English rain -- steady, cold, bone-moistening. In the car, silence. Miriam looking forward. The remnants of tears on Kee's face.

Theo sits in front, the wipers scraping shadows across his exhausted face. He's numb, staring at the black night ahead of him.

Luke puts on the turn signal. Getting off the main road.

EXT. MUDDY ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

The Vauxhaul struggling up a muddy rutted road.

INT. VAUXHAUL -- NIGHT

Luke honks three times. Through the windshield, the headlights illuminate an old farm house. We see two men walk outside the door. One of them holding a rifle.

LUKE

Tom and Ian. They're loyal fishes.

EXT. FARM HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The Vauxhaul parks in front of the stone farm house. Luke turns the car off. The two men come to meet them.

TOM (58), strong, dark featured, farmer, with wrinkles that come from working the earth. IAN (40), shorter, fine features, small town bureaucrat, the paleness of a man who works with paper in fluorescent light. Tom holds a rifle, an AR-45, the next generation.

IAN

Everything's been taken care of.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM  
It's an honor, sir.

LUKE  
Hide the car, Tom. Don't block it. We have to push start it.

TOM  
Yes, sir.

LUKE  
(re: Kee and Miriam)  
This is Kee, this is Miriam. They'll need a place to wash up and rest. We need to convene.

KEE  
How bout Julian's mate?

IAN  
We'll watch him.

LUKE  
He needs a scrub. Get him a clean shirt. We'll send him back to London.

INT. BATHROOM (FARM HOUSE) -- NIGHT

Theo standing in front of the mirror after his shower. The bathroom is small, dank, uncared for. Theo wipes the mist off the mirror, seeing himself. Reflected in the mirror, he sees something on the wall behind him. He turns:

AN OLD PHOTO. A weathered portrait from 30 years back, taken in front of the same farm house: a man, a woman... and their 5 children. All 5 kids hanging on a tire swing hung from a large tree. A document from a world now gone.

INT. BEDROOM (FARM HOUSE) -- NIGHT

Theo walking out of the bathroom wearing a fresh shirt. Tom is seated in a chair, waiting, holding his rifle.

TOM  
Shirt fit?

THEO  
It's fine, thanks.

TOM  
(proud)  
We've got an important meeting going on. Fishes from all over the place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beyond, through the door, Luke is gathered with 6 people we haven't seen before.

TOM  
Luke sent this for you.

Tom hands him a bottle of whiskey. Theo accepts it with a smile -- the sad smile of someone aware of his condition.

THEO  
You thank him for me.

Theo heads for the door.

TOM  
If you're going out, take a coat. Catch a cold in this weather.

Tom points to the coat rack.

EXT. FARM HOUSE -- NIGHT

The rain has stopped. Theo, wearing a coat, standing outside the farm house, taking the first sip from the bottle. Tom pulling on his coat as he catches up, holding his rifle.

TOM  
I'm in charge of watching you.

THEO  
You're doing a good job, Tom.

Theo offers him the bottle. Tom shakes his head.

TOM  
Alcohol is a tool of the government to numb the people.

Theo takes another swallow.

THEO  
This your farm?

TOM  
House is mine. Consortium took the land and the cows. They pay me shite.

Theo notices the old tree.

THEO  
That used to be a swing, right? A tire swing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOM

Yeh.

A frayed rope dangles from a thick branch, moving with the breeze. A faint smile on Tom's face, a memory.

TOM

Children's stuff.

THEO

Yeah, children's stuff.

From a short distance, Miriam shouts to Theo:

MIRIAM

Faron, Kee would like a word with you.  
She's in the barn.

(to Tom)

It's okay, Tom. I'll watch him.

Theo gives a nod to Tom, then starts walking toward Miriam.

TOM

Mr. Faron.

THEO

Yeah?

TOM

You talk funny. You're from America?

THEO

Yeah.

TOM

I'm sorry about what happened there.

THEO

Thank you, Tom.

INT. BARN -- NIGHT

Theo comes through the wooden door.

MIRIAM

I'll wait outside.

Miriam closes the door. Theo is inside the old stone barn, housing 40 cows and industrial milking equipment.

KEE

Faron?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Theo turns: toward the end of the barn, Kee stands behind one of the cows.

THEO

You want to talk to me?

Theo starts walking toward her.

KEE

You know they chop them cow's tits? They do -- zzzzt. Fly, gone, bye. Only leave four. Four fits the machine. It's whacko. Why not make machines that suck eight titties?

THEO

That's what you want to talk about. Cows and titties?

KEE

Julian told me 'bout your baby.

Theo looks at her.

KEE

Said it wasn't your fault.

THEO

Did she tell you I was carrying him?

KEE

Said there was a lotta of families that day. Lotta kids. 'Sposed to be a peaceful demonstration. And then the soldiers came.

Theo shaking his head, not wanting to remember.

KEE

Said you blamed yourself, but nothin' you could do, it wasn't your fault.

THEO

I was carrying him!

KEE

Said the baby's name was Dylan.

This lands hard.

(CONTINUED)



KEE

Said you gave up. Said you gave up 'fore  
the world did. Said you carried his  
memory like a ball 'n chain.

Theo feels the shackles.

KEE

Dylan was Julian's baby too. Only she  
didn't carry him like a ball 'n chain.  
She carried him like a balloon.

Julian's words resonate.

KEE

Julian said anything go spooky, talk to  
him. Said I could trust you. Said you'd  
get me out of England.

THEO

Sorry, kid. It's as far as I go. You've  
got friends, you'll be all right. Nice  
chatting with you.

Theo makes to leave.

KEE

You can't go.

Kee begins to unbutton the front of her dress.

KEE

You can't leave me.

THEO

Don't...

The dress slips from her shoulder. She covers her breasts  
shyly. She is behind the cow, her chest bare. She is  
shivering. She looks at Theo.

KEE

Got to help me.

Theo wants no part of this.

THEO

(annoyed)

Don't...

Kee steps from behind the cow. Her arm covering her swollen  
breasts, her hand covering her panties.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Theo is frozen. The sight of her naked form. The curve of her hip. Her hair dangling over her shoulders. She's staring straight into his eyes.

Three million possibilities cross his mind in an instant, but there is only one truth.

Kee is pregnant.

Instinctively, Theo extends his hand, walking toward her swollen belly. Kee allows it.

Theo gently rests his hand on her belly. Impossibly stretched skin, holding new life.

THEO

Oh. My. God.

The door opens --

Luke enters the barn, followed by Ian and Miriam.

LUKE

What's going on here?

Kee immediately retreats, going behind the cow, covering herself up.

LUKE

What is this?

Miriam steps forward.

MIRIAM

She wanted him to know.

LUKE

Nobody authorized it.

MIRIAM

It's her body.

LUKE

We're going to do what's right.

(beat)

Meet inside in five minutes.

EXT. BARN -- NIGHT

Theo, Miriam and Kee walking to the farm house, Ian follows a few steps behind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEO

This is crazy. You know what this child means?

MIRIAM

We're very well aware of it.

THEO

You've been putting her at risk. She needs the best doctors --

MIRIAM

I'm a trained midwife.

THEO

You were a midwife, twenty years ago. Who knows what could go wrong? She needs real doctors.

MIRIAM

That's what we're trying to give her.

THEO

In France? You know what's going on in France?

KEE

France, wiffet. Iceland.

MIRIAM

Kee may be the clue to cure infertility. The Human Project sent a boat.

KEE

Boat called "The Tomorrow."

MIRIAM

We were supposed to meet it in the channel.

INT. FARM HOUSE -- NIGHT

ON TV: slow motion, the Multipla coming in the opposite direction, the windshield blasted out. The image is blurry, but Luke, Theo and Julian are recognizable.

NEWSWOMAN'S VOICE

The killers were identified as Luke Grissom, an ex-Catholic priest and one of the leaders of the 5 Fishes terrorist group.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWSWOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Julian Taylor, one of the founders of the terrorist group, who was thought to have died two years ago in a domestic accident. And Thelonios Faron, a history professor at King's College, with terrorist links to Taylor.

PHOTOS ON TV: Julian and Luke's police mug shots. Theo's King's College ID.

NEWSWOMAN'S

The other passengers, two women, have not yet been identified.

The TV goes off. Luke stands up.

LUKE

This was national news, about an hour ago.

He addresses an assembly of the 5 Fishes convened in the musty living room on sofas and chairs. Theo stands at the edge. He's allowed to observe, but he cannot vote.

LUKE

This is the reality of the situation. Our identities have been disclosed. It's too dangerous to proceed with the original plan.

Kee squeezes Miriam's hand -- Miriam responds:

MIRIAM

What about Iceland?

LUKE

We missed our chance.

MIRIAM

We can still make it through Bexhill --

LUKE

It's too dangerous.

THEO

(interrupts)  
Make it public.

Theo's uninvited opinion draws glares from around the room.

MIRIAM

Two years ago, another woman got pregnant.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

The government took her away, under the pretext that one baby would bring false hope. They did experiments on her. Problem was, the best scientists were in Iceland. She miscarried. Then they killed her.

THEO

How do you know that?

MIRIAM

The doctors involved were put in prison. I met one.

Luke addresses the others.

LUKE

This pregnancy must remain secret. We'll drive North, to Glasgow. We have strong cells there. When the moment comes, this child will be our most powerful weapon to take the government down.

MIRIAM

Julian said this shouldn't be about politics.

LUKE

It is about politics. Whoever controls this child controls destiny. That destiny doesn't belong to Iceland. It belongs to England.

FISHES

Right... Absolutely... England.

MIRIAM

That was not the agreement.

IAN

These are new circumstances. There is new leadership. I'm sure all Fishes will follow.

This is Luke's moment -- he seizes it.

LUKE

We have been struggling to keep the flame of dignity alive. But it has been hard. Brothers and sisters, you know how hard it has been.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FISHES  
(grumbling)  
Yeah... that's right...

LUKE  
Some of us were killed.  
(looks sympathetically at Tom)  
Some of us lost loved ones.

Tom nods. The Fishes are solemn.

LUKE  
Some of us were beaten. Some of us were imprisoned. Some of us were tortured, humiliated. And right when we might have lost hope, when tyranny had stepped on us and nearly crushed us, when the flame was about to be extinguished...a torch appeared in the form of a child. And its fire will destroy tyranny. This child will be our new beginning. This child belongs to England. The Fishes have spoken.

FISHES  
The Fishes have spoken!

The Fishes look to Luke, unified -- they have found their new leader.

EXT. FARM HOUSE -- NIGHT

The farm is quiet. One light burns in the living room. Tom keeping guard at the door.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

One Fish asleep in the single bed, another in the top bunk bed, snoring. Theo lays in the lower bunk, wide awake, reeling, trying to make sense of all that has happened.

He hears: the HUM of a small motor in the distance, getting closer. Then 3 tinny honks.

Theo creeps out of bed, padding over to the window. Outside:

A small motorcycle coming unsteadily up the rutted mud road. The driver is barely holding a dangling body, hardly able to keep the motorcycle upright.

The motorcycle arrives at the front door. Tom steps forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Immediately, Luke comes out the door, accompanied by Ian, followed by two other Fishes. Luke gives an order: one Fish is sent back inside. Then two Fishes grab the unconscious man, carrying him toward the barn.

Theo hears FOOTSTEPS. Somebody coming up the stairs. Theo moves quickly back to bed, making like he's asleep.

The door opens. Tom walks in. He gives a shove to the Fish sleeping in the single bed.

TOM

Come now.

The sleeping Fish stirs.

FISH 1

Huh? What?

TOM

Luke wants us. It's an alert.

Tom's legs cross in front of Theo, as he shakes the Fish in the upper bunk.

TOM

It's an alert.

FISH 2

Shite! What?

TOM

Quiet. Come now.

Both Fishes climb out of their beds. They follow Tom out, closing the door.

As soon as they leave, Theo opens his eyes. He gets out of bed, goes to the window, and sees:

Luke, Ian and the motorcycle driver are walking toward the house. Luke is clearly agitated.

Theo goes to the door and opens it: the hallway is empty. Tom and the others walking down the stairs. As soon as they disappear, Theo follows. He has no shoes.

INT. HALLWAY

Theo coming down the stairs. He sees: Luke and Ian walking in the house. He recognizes the motorcycle driver:

It's Patric. Cut, bloody, clothes torn, soaked to the bone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ian addresses Fish 1 and Fish 2, who have just come from bed.

IAN

Take the motorcycle to the barn.

FISH 1

Done.

The Fishes head off.

IAN

Stay in extreme alert.

(to Tom)

You have any medicine?

TOM

Mostly for cows.

IAN

Hydrogen peroxide, bandages, clean towels, whatever you have, bring it to the barn.

Tom disappears straightaway into the bathroom. Luke, Patric, and Ian go to the kitchen. And close the door.

Theo walks down the stairs, heading toward the back door.

Tom walks from bathroom with an armful of medicines and supplies. No place to go, Theo leans back against he wall, waiting for Tom to pass. Tom leaves by the front door. Theo quietly walks to the back.

EXT. FARM HOUSE -- NIGHT

Theo comes out the back door... SQUISH! Theo's expression -- his socks are soaked in the cold mud. He sloshes quietly alongside the farm house, no coat, shivering in the cold. He reaches kitchen window and sees:

Luke pacing, Patric in a chair, Ian leaning on the table.

LUKE

What were you thinking? By whose orders? You realize you put the whole mission in jeopardy?

PATRIC

What was I supposed to do? You saw how he was! Bloody piece of pulp. And all the fuckin' police coming. We had to hide in the woods.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

PATRIC (CONT'D)

Oh, man, I don't know what's wrong, I think he's all broken inside, I'm telling you, he needs a doctor.

LUKE

You shouldn't have come. It wasn't authorized.

PATRIC

He's my cousin!

IAN

Don't worry, we're taking care of him.

Theo has seen enough. He steps away from the window, sloshing back along the side of the house. Hearing the last fragment of conversation.

PATRIC (OFF)

It's that fucker's fault, he opened the fucking door!

LUKE (OFF)

You sure nobody followed you?

PATRIC

I'm sure. I should've shot him first, but I didn't have a clean shot, I was afraid I'd hit the girl.

LUKE (OFF)

Tomorrow you can take care of him.

INT. FARM HOUSE - HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Theo is at the door of another room. Checking to make sure it's all clear, he enters:

INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Miriam sits up in bed.

MIRIAM

What do you want?

THEO

Shhhh. We need to talk.

Kee awakening --

KEE

What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEO  
Luke killed Julian.

MIRIAM  
Bullshit.

THEO  
That was Patric on the motorcycle. We  
need to get out of here.

MIRIAM  
We're not going anywhere.

THEO  
Kee, Julian told you to trust me.

EXT. FARM HOUSE -- NIGHT

Theo looking out the side door. There's a row of six cars  
parked in front of him. Two Fishes standing nearby.  
Activity in the barn.

He steps out the door... SQUISH! Theo's expression -- he  
forgot to get his shoes. He continues, moving quietly to the  
car in front of him. He opens the door...

INSIDE THE 1ST CAR

Through the windshield, Theo sees the Fishes up ahead. He  
reaches down to the hood release -- POOK! The hood pops  
open. The Fishes do not hear it.

OUTSIDE THE 1ST CAR

Theo squatting, sneaking around to the front of the car.  
Lifting the hood quietly. Reaching in... YANKING OUT the  
distributor cap. He gently lets the hood down.

INSIDE THE 2ND CAR

Theo repeating the operation. POOK! He opens the hood.  
He's about to get out, when:

Fish 2 returns from the barn, heading directly to the car,  
his hands and coat bloody. Theo hunches on the car floor.

FISH 2  
(to the nearby Fishes)  
Man, I don't think he's going to make it.

Fish 2 reaches into the car, just above Theo's head, feeling  
for: a pack of cigarettes on the dash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FISH 2  
 (continues)  
 His bones are sticking out, no skin, no  
 way to hold the blood in...

Fish 2 snags the cigarettes, walking away.

FISH 2  
 (as he leaves)  
 ...and all that sand and dirt stuck in  
 there, how are they ever gonna get that  
 out?

Hearing Fish 2 leave, Theo reaches over to the hood release  
 switch -- POOK!

INT. FARM HOUSE -- NIGHT

Theo enters the side door. Kee and Miriam wait just inside.

THEO  
 Let's go.

EXT. FARM HOUSE --- BEFORE DAWN

Day about to break. It's dark, and the clouds are bloody  
 red.

Theo peers out the side door: two Fishes are standing near  
 the front, trying to stay alert, trying to stay warm.

Theo leads Kee and Miriam to the Vauxhaul, the first car  
 parked in the row. Quietly opens the back door for Kee. She  
 slips into the back, while Miriam slips into the front door.  
 They close the doors without shutting them.

INSIDE THE VAUXHAUL

Theo slips into the front seat, gently closing his door.  
 Through the windshield: the Fishes have not noticed.

THEO  
 Okay...

The key is in the ignition. Theo turns it -- HA-RUMPH!  
 After the first spark, the engine dies.

Through the windshield: 2 nearby Fishes REACT to the sputter.

THEO  
 (quietly)  
 Shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Theo tries again -- HA-RUMPH! Nothing.

MIRIAM  
What happened?

THEO  
Battery's dead.

Through the windshield: the Fishes start walking to the car.

FISH 6  
Mark?

Theo releases the brake and pushes in the clutch -- the car starts rolling slowly down the steep muddy road. In the direction of the approaching Fishes.

THEO  
Shut the doors!

Miriam and Kee and Theo pull their doors shut. Miriam hits a switch -- FWICK! The car doors lock.

FISH 6  
Mark?

TOP OF DRIVEWAY

The Vauxhaul picking up a little speed, bouncing down the steep rutted road, heading right at the Fishes.

FISH 6  
(shouting the alarm)  
Alert!

Theo checks the speedometer: 5 mph.

MIDDLE OF DRIVEWAY

Fish 5 stands in the muddy track, holding up his gun, pointing it at the oncoming car.

FISH 5  
STOP!

The car still coming. Fish 5 about to shoot...

HOUSE

Luke steps out of the door --

LUKE  
NO! DON'T SHOOT!

## MIDDLE OF DRIVEWAY

Fish 5 looks confused, the car still coming at them. He lowers his gun. He and Fish 6 try stopping the car with their hands, but the weight and momentum of the car surpasses their strength. They have to step aside.

More Fishes come running from the barn. Patric tearing out of the house.

LUKE

The girl's in the car! Don't shoot!

IAN

Somebody get a car!

## MIDDLE OF DRIVEWAY

Fish 5 and 6 chase down the slow moving car, grabbing the doors, but they're locked. Fish 5 sticks his hand through the half open window, trying to pull the car to a stop...

## INSIDE VAUXHAUL

Kee punches the intruding hand, trying to break its grip, but Fish 5 hangs on...

## TOP OF DRIVEWAY

More Fishes join the chase. So does Patric, running down the muddy road after the car...

Two other Fishes head for the row of parked cars.

## INSIDE VAUXHAUL

Kee bites the hand trying to pull back the car. Fish 5 yelps, releasing his grip, allowing the car to gain momentum. Fish 6 slips down in the mud.

## TOP OF DRIVEWAY

Fish 2 steps from the car.

FISH 2

It won't start!

## INSIDE VAUXHAUL

Theo turns: they now have some distance from their pursuers. He checks the speedometer -- 10 mph.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THEO

Okay, okay, okay... Here we go...

Theo shifts into 2nd gear, releases the clutch -- HA-RUMPH! The car shudders, but doesn't start. He tries it again -- HA-RUMPH! No success. And now the car is almost stopped.

Kee looks out the back window: the Fishes are gaining.

KEE

They're coming!

Theo lets out the clutch, allowing the car to start rolling down the hill.

THEO

(begging the car)

Go, go, go, go, go....

The Fishes getting closer. Patric is coming full speed, running faster than the rest.

TOP OF DRIVEWAY

At the row of cars, two Fishes push a 2nd car into motion. As it picks up speed, both Fishes jump in, the momentum carrying them downhill...

INSIDE VAUXHAUL

They approach the end of the muddy track, one big ditch, right before it intersects the paved road.

Speedometer: 9 mph.

Theo shifts into 2nd gear, about to release the clutch, when he turns to see:

Patric has caught up, running even with back bumper, gaining.

MIDDLE OF DRIVEWAY

The 2nd car coming downhill picks up speed.

INSIDE VAUXHAUL

Theo can't afford to slow down, letting the car keep rolling.

Patric catching up, keeping pace, locating Theo, raising a pistol.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRIC  
(shouting)  
Got a shot! Got a clean shot!

Theo in disbelief, Patric running alongside, about to shoot him at close range, when Kee kicks open her door --

FWAK! Kee's door hits Patric's back, tripping him up, sending him tumbling, bouncing hard across the mud and rocks.

The car headed right for the ditch --

THEO  
Hold on -- !

BOTTOM OF DRIVEWAY

The car crashes into the ditch, throwing up mud --

INSIDE VAUXHAUL

Theo, Kee and Miriam bounce with the impact...

PAVED ROAD

The momentum carries the car through the ditch, flying up onto the paved road, where it bounces to a complete stop.

INSIDE VAUXHAUL

Theo looks back at Kee.

THEO  
You okay?

KEE  
Yeah, just go, go, go!

BOTTOM OF DRIVEWAY

The Fishes still running down toward them. The 2nd car is coming fast, right at their Fishes' backs...

PAVED ROAD

Theo jumps out of the Vauxhual.

THEO  
(to Miriam)  
You know how to push start a car?

Miriam slides over to the driver's seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRIAM

Just push, push!

Theo runs to the back of his car. He's wearing only socks. He starts pushing. As the car starts picking up a little speed--

HA-RUMPH! Miriam releases the clutch. Stopping the car.

THEO

(annoyed)

Wait till it goes faster!

Theo looks back:

BOTTOM OF DRIVEWAY

The Fishes part, making way for the fast coming 2nd car. Fish 2 doesn't get the message, still in front of the car.

VOICES

Move away, off the road --

Too late. The 2nd car runs down Fish 2, just as it SMASHES into the ditch, the momentum carrying it to:

PAVED ROAD

The 2nd car bounces to a stop. Not 30 yards from Theo.

DOWN THE PAVED ROAD

Theo is pushing for all he's worth. His socks are bloody. The car picking up speed. He turns to see:

The Fishes have jumped out of the 2nd car, running toward them, catching up...

THEO

(to Miriam)

Now! Now!

The car shudders, the reluctant engine hesitating a moment, before -- VA-ROOM! The engine finally roars to life.

The car now is pulling away from Theo. He turns: the Fishes are gaining. One pulls out a gun, aiming...

Miriam stops the car, 10 yards ahead, Theo gasping, trying to make it, Kee looking from the back window.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

FISH 4  
(seeing Kee)  
Don't shoot!

Behind them, more Fishes have reached the paved road, joining the chase. Theo reaches the car, the door opens from inside.

INSIDE VAUXHAUL

Theo jumps in.

THEO  
Go, go, go, go!

Miriam shifts it into gear, the car lurching forward. Through the back window, we see the Fishes receding. Behind them, the sun cracks the horizon, rising.

MIRIAM  
Now what?

THEO  
I don't know.

Theo about to vomit, out of shape, out of air -- on the verge of complete collapse.

THEO  
What about Bexhill?

MIRIAM  
The Human Project sent a floating hospital. It's disguised as a fishing boat, but the cabin is equipped with the best surgical equipment, and the best doctors. It's following the cod run. Yesterday was the rendezvous in Dover. The only other one is in Bexhill, tomorrow, until sunset.

KEE  
"The Tomorrow."  
(off his look)  
Name of the boat. Gonna be next to a buoy. With flashers.

Theo still gasping air into his lungs, looks at Kee.

THEO  
You all right?

KEE  
Cheedo.

EXT. ROAD -- DAY (LATER)

The Vauxhaul pulling off a small road near some woods.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Theo gets out of the car. He walks to the middle of the road, making sure nobody is there. Then he goes to the false hedge by the trees. Lifting the bushes, moving them away...

EXT. WOODS -- DAY

The car crossing the narrow dirt track in the woods.

INT. CAR - DRIVING -- CONTINUOUS

Through the windshield, we are approaching a house rigged with make-shift solar panels. Jasper's house.

EXT. JASPER'S HOUSE -- DAY

The car parks in front, next to Jasper's car. Theo climbs out. He goes to the front door and knocks.

THEO  
Jasper. Hello?

Theo opens the door.

INT. JASPER'S HOUSE

Theo walks into the house.

THEO  
Jasper?

The house is a mess. Glasses and dirty plates, books left strewn around. He walks into:

JASPERS STUDIO

From behind: Jasper on the sofa, his hand dangling lifelessly off the armrest... a bottle of pills spilled on the floor.

On Theo's face, hesitantly approaching around the couch...

Jasper lays in peaceful repose, his long hair partially obscuring his face. The sack containing Janice's ashes on his lap, open, his other hand clutching some of the ashes.

Theo lets out a painful sigh. He leans to his old friend. Pushing the hair away from Jasper's face, when --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jasper opens his eyes.

JASPER  
Huh...?

Theo reacts --

THEO  
Fuck!

JASPER  
Fuck you!

The two men share a look -- they nearly scared each other to death. A hint of Jasper's old mischief flashes in his face.

JASPER  
Amigo...

But it fades away, and Jasper breaks down, sobbing. Theo leans down and hugs his old friend.

JASPER  
I can't make it, Theo. I can't make it without her...

Theo holding Jasper. Kee and Miriam entering the room.

THEO  
Jasper. Meet Kee.

Theo swivels Jasper around. Jasper looking at Kee -- disbelief, recognition... awe.

INT. JASPER'S KITCHEN -- DAY

Theo's wretched feet soaking in a bucket of water. Jasper at the stove, frying eggs.

JASPER  
...the blokes who started the great cathedrals knew bloody well they'd never see them finished. But they built them. You know why? The certainty. They had faith that the new generations would complete what they started. Lovely, isn't it? Faith and certainty.

Jasper looks at Kee, her feet propped up, munching biscuits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASPER

Kee, your baby is the miracle the whole world has been praying for. Hallelujah, hosanna, shanti, shanti, shanti.

Jasper delivers Kee a plateful of eggs.

THEO

We need to get to Bexhill.

JASPER

How?

THEO

What about the border cop? The guy who runs your pot.

JASPER

Syd?

THEO

Could he get us over?

All eyes on Theo.

THEO

Get him to arrest us. Like Foogies. We get deported into Bexhill.

Jasper considers this.

JASPER

Waaaaaaah! That's good, amigo! Deported like Foogies. I like it.

Jasper looks at Kee.

JASPER

Kee, everything is going to be quite groovy.

The old man is young again.

EXT. JASPER'S HOUSE -- DAY

Miriam near the woods, doing Thai Chi exercises.

INT. JASPER'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Theo watches Miriam through the window, opening his flask. Kee is laid out comfortably on the couch, her exposed belly propped on a pillow. A fire blazing in the chimney.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEE  
She doin' her craze?

THEO  
Hm?

Theo sips from his flask.

KEE  
Her flittin'.

THEO  
(smiles)  
Uh huh.

KEE  
She smited me with that. Said it was  
good for my baby. And my shockers.

THEO  
Chakras.

KEE  
Yeah. She look posh to you? Or gawky?

Theo observes Miriam -- standing on one foot, the other  
hovering in the air, trying to keep her balance.

THEO  
She looks earnest.

Theo turns: Kee's beautiful belly, lit softly by the  
firelight. He's about to sip his flask, but stops.

THEO  
How long have... how many months -- ?

KEE  
Eight.  
(off his look)  
Takes nine months.

THEO  
Ahum.

Silence. The fire crackling.

THEO  
And who's the, who's the --

KEE  
(sharp)  
Father? That what you wanna know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THEO  
Uh huh.

KEE  
Whiffet. I'm a virgin.

THEO  
Huh?

KEE  
Cha, be wicked, eh?

THEO  
That it would.

Theo smiles.

KEE  
Fuck knows. Omar. Sammy. Phil. Most of them wankers don't know their names. Did some for quid, some for drugs. Some... Fuck knows, I was horny. You know the cock'n bull.

Theo doesn't know, still holding his flask, not drinking.

THEO  
Ahum.

Through the window: Jasper walks out of the greenhouse, a small backpack around his shoulder.

KEE  
When I started puking, thought I catch the pest. And I think -- "bitch, you are whoppingly fucked." But then me belly start gettin' big, and I think -- "this not big fart stuck in my belly!" No, this fuckin' spooky. Never seen a pregnant woman. Nobody ever told me these things. But I knew. Got a baby in my tummy. Cheedo, eh?

THEO  
Uh huh.

From outside, they hear: "Huh! Huh! Huh!" Miriam exhaling loudly, a breathing exercise.

KEE  
I feel like a freak. I was 'barrassed. I was 'fraid. Didn't tell no body. I think about that Quietus thing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KEE (CONT'D)

'Sposed to be suave. Pretty music, treat you cheedo.

(beat)

Then the baby kicked.

Kee breaks into a big smile, her mood now bright.

KEE

Whew! I feel him. Little bastard was 'live. And...I feel it. Me too. I was 'live.

(beat)

Didn't know what to do. Talked to me mate, he knew the Fishes. Told me they would help me. I met Julian. She was suave.

THEO

(smiles)

She was suave.

Theo considers a drink. Then closes his flask. Jasper walks in the door.

JASPER

Rock 'n roll.

EXT. HILL -- DAY

Jasper with the backpack, leading the group up the hill through the woods, his house behind them. They are bundled in coats against the cold, Kee in a cloak that hides her pregnant belly. Theo stops.

THEO

No-man's land.

A cold steel jagged-tooth barbed wire fence cuts across the woods: "MILITARY ZONE. POSITIVELY NO TRESPASSING."

KEE

No-man's land?

Jasper searches the fence.

JASPER

The two mile zone around Bexhill, dear. Nobody's supposed to be in it. Makes it easy for the migra to bag Foogies that trying to escape from the camp.

(finding it)

Here.

Jasper locates the spot: a cut in fence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASPER  
Old smuggling route.

Jasper pulls back the barbed wire.

JASPER  
Theo, you go first.

Theo steps through -- RIP! His pant leg tears.

THEO  
Shit.

JASPER  
Get the skin?

THEO  
Nah.

JASPER  
Grab the other side. Your turn, Kee.

EXT. WOODS (NO MAN'S LAND) -- LATE AFTERNOON

The light is fading. The group walking across a long clearing, nearing the end. Kee moving steadily with Theo's help. Miriam has a fist full of wild flowers.

JASPER  
(to Theo)  
How're the dogs?

THEO  
Huh?

JASPER  
Your feet.

Theo is wearing an old pair of boots.

THEO  
(in pain)  
Uh.

JASPER  
Almost there.  
(gestures)  
Other side of the hill.

They arrive at the end of the clearing, at the woods. Then, in the silence -- WOOF!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MIRIAM

There...

OTHER SIDE OF THE CLEARING

A GERMAN SHEPHERD howls the call for the hunt. Three more German Shepherds come running from the woods, now running together in a pack. Running toward the group.

END OF THE CLEARING

The group starts running toward the wooded area ahead.

JASPER

Quick -- go!

MIDDLE OF THE CLEARING

The pack of dogs closing the gap.

IN THE TREES

The group keeps running. Miriam is in front, Theo at Kee's side, helping her. Jasper looking over his shoulder.

THEO

How far?

JASPER

We're not going to make it.

END OF THE CLEARING

The pack of dogs entering the trees.

IN THE TREES

Jasper stops.

JASPER

(to Theo)

Go! Take the girls! I'll stay.

THEO

What?

Theo stops.

JASPER

I'll be fine, amigo. If I don't move, they won't do much.

Jasper tosses him the backpack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASPER

Give this to Syd. Go to the road. He's patrolling at this time. When he stops, tell him I sent you. If he doesn't believe you, tell him he's a fascist pig!

Theo hesitating.

JASPER

Go!

Miriam nearing the top of the hill, calling back:

MIRIAM

Hurry!

Theo starts running again, holding onto Kee.

JASPER

Kee!

Kee looks back. Jasper standing alone in the woods.

JASPER

It's going to be groovy!

Kee smiles, Theo pulling her along. Miriam has reached the top of the hill.

MIRIAM

Come on!

IN THE TREES

WOOF! WOOF! The pack of dogs running through the woods, drunk on their hunting instinct...

FURTHER AHEAD

Jasper picks up a branch. Gets his grip. Holds his ground.

JASPER

(to himself)

Goodbye, Ruby Tuesday, who could hang a name on you...

Watching the pack of dogs charging...

ON TOP OF THE HILL

Theo and Kee have made it to the top. He turns to see, barely visible at a distance, mostly obscured by trees:

## IN THE TREES

The first dog leaps at Jasper. He swings his branch, hitting the dog backwards.

Immediately, the other three dogs attack, the victorious frenzy of the pack bringing down its prey.

## ON TOP OF THE HILL

Theo blocks Kee's view of this, leading her to the other side of the hill. Ahead of them, Miriam is nearing the road. They run to catch up.

## EXT. ROAD -- LATE AFTERNOON

Theo and Kee catch up to Miriam on the side of the road, as --

An IMMIGRATION POLICE HUMVEE appears from around the curve, bearing down, headlights shining on them.

MIRIAM

Is that Syd?

THEO

I don't know.

MIRIAM

What do we do?

The SPOTLIGHT turns on, glaring on them...

THEO

Back, go back ---

They start running back to the woods. The Humvee stops. A BORDER COP climbs out, pointing his gun.

BORDER COP

STOP.

The group is lit by the spotlight, just short of the woods.

BORDER COP

Stop, I'll shoot you.

Theo stops with Kee, Miriam still running.

THEO

Stop -- stop!

Miriam finally stops, the three of them standing still. Waiting. Panting. The rumbling of the Humvee engine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And the footsteps of the Border Cop as he steps through the grass, approaching them, pointing his gun...

BORDER COP  
Let's see your hands...

They raise their hands, Theo holding up Jasper's backpack.

THEO  
This is from Jasper --

BORDER COP  
Drop it!

THEO  
Jasper said --

BORDER COP  
Drop it or I'll shoot you!

A beat.

THEO  
You're a fascist pig --

BORDER COP  
What did you say?

The Border Cop advances, his gun point blank in Theo's face.

BORDER COP  
What did you say?

THEO  
You're a fascist pig.

The Border Cop cracks a big smile.

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

The Humvee parked on the side of the road.

SYD (OFF)  
(laughs)  
...that's what he used to call me,  
"corrupt fascist pig." Last century,  
they used the word "fascist" a lot.

INT. BORDER COP HUMVEE -- DUSK

SYD (the Border Cop) sits up front, smoking a cigarette. Mid-50's, thick-bodied, life-long cop. He loves his mother but would sell her for the right price.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SYD

Wiggy old bastard. He was so proud of his weed. Always asking more than it was worth.

JERRY -- pimply border cop, 30 -- sits beside him. He pulls a brick of marijuana out of the backpack and hands it to Syd. Theo, Kee and Miriam sit in back, behind metal meshing.

SYD

Could get the same shit - way cheaper - from the Zeds, but Syd liked buying from him. Straight chap, a true gentleman. God bless him.

Kee MOANS with sudden pain. She shoots a look of alarm at Miriam.

SYD

What's with the Zed? She sick?

MIRIAM

Nothing.

Miriam takes Kee's hand, reassuring.

SYD

She's not going to puke, is she?

JERRY

Can't wash out puke. Smell never goes away.

MIRIAM

She's fine.

At a distance, we see a BUS approaching.

SYD

Usually it's people trying to get out of Bexhill, not in. Syd doesn't know why you want to get in, Syd doesn't wanna to know, Syd doesn't care. When they release you, stroll out with the rest of the detainees. You'll see a statue of a soldier. Syd will contact Marichka. She's an Arab, gypsy or something. Syd will tell her to meet you there. She'll arrange fine accommodations for the evening.

Syd opens the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SYD

You're Foogies now. So show Syd a big sad face, come on, let's see them...

(show them a sad face)

C'mon, sad Foogie face. And don't speak English.

JERRY

No such thing as an English foogie.

SYD

Jerry's right.

Through the window, a bus approaches down the road.

SYD

It's been Syd's privilege to serve you.

EXT. ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Syd gets out of the Humvee, raising his arms to stop the bus.

INSIDE THE BACK OF THE HUMVEE --

Theo looks at Kee with concern.

THEO

(to Miriam)

Is she okay?

MIRIAM

She had a contraction.

(off his look)

It's normal.

Syd opens their door.

SYD

All right, Foogies. Out! Move.

EXT. ROAD -- CONTINUOUS

Theo slides out of the Humvee, helping Kee down, Miriam following. Walking to the "IMMIGRATION CONTROL" bus -- an old school bus, painted over, the windows covered with bars.

The driver is inside, an armed guard next to him. A steel cage behind the driver.

SYD

Go on, get in.

Theo, Kee and Miriam step on:

INT. IMMIGRATION CONTROL BUS -- CONTINUOUS

The steel cage door opens. Theo, Kee and Miriam step in. The cage door closes behind them. They start making their way down the aisle, looking for a seat.

Forlorn, malnourished, desperate, trapped faces of captured refugees stare back at them.

The bus lurches, driving forward. Kee moans with the sudden jolt. Theo steadies her. Miriam finds an empty seat.

MIRIAM

Here.

They help Kee into a seat, Miriam sitting by the window. Theo sits across the aisle. Through the window, he sees: Syd and his Humvee, receding behind them.

Theo feels a yank on his shirt. He turns: it's a withered old COUPLE, filthy, pitiful, hungry. The Old Woman puts her fingers to her mouth, the universal plea for food, speaking in a language Theo cannot understand, probably German.

Theo shrugs. He has nothing to offer.

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

The bus travelling along road. The lights of the city ahead.

INT. IMMIGRATION CONTROL BUS -- NIGHT

Kee reacts to a shooting pain.

KEE

(in pain)

Uhh!

Other refugees turn. Theo realizes they're drawing attention.

THEO

(whispers to Miriam)

You sure this is normal?

MIRIAM

(quietly)

Shouldn't be this frequent. She's only in her eight month.

(to Kee)

Breathe through them. Just breathe.

KEE

Can't fuckin' breathe --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Theo looks outside: the bus stops at a Check Point illuminated with spotlights. One bus already ahead of them.

KEE

Miriam... I'm all wet.

Water drips down her leg, forming a tiny puddle on the floor.

MIRIAM

Her water broke. This baby's coming.

THEO

She can't have the baby now.

MIRIAM

(glares at Theo)

That's very insightful.

Kee reacts to the beginning of a new contraction.

KEE

(gritting)

Uhhh...

MIRIAM

Just breathe, sweetie. Everything is perfect.

(to Theo)

How long to get there?

THEO

They're checking a bus ahead of us.

EXT. CHECK POINT -- CONTINUOUS

Our bus is parked behind another bus. The Check Point is wired off with a major steel fence, trimmed with razor wire.

From the bus in front, Police violently yank off three refugees, vicious dogs barking at them.

INT. IMMIGRATION CONTROL BUS -- CONTINUOUS

Kee breathing through a contraction.

MIRIAM

What's going on?

THEO

I don't know.

Theo looks to see: the Police pushing the three refugees, forcing them to their knees. The three refugees pleading.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Dogs barking, One of the Police hits a refugee with a rifle butt. The man collapses. Another Police kicks the refugee.

The overhead lamps turn ON, shining harsh light. Kee is still breathing through her contraction.

Two Policeman enter our bus. The 1st Policeman is holding a dog, walking slowly down the aisle, checking the faces of refugees. A 2nd Policeman follows.

Some refugees react Kee's labored breathing, looking back at her. Theo and Miriam share a look of concern.

MIRIAM

Shhh....

The 1st Policeman glares at a Refugee, who averts his face.

POLICEMAN

Look up!

(no response from Refugee)

Look up, you shit!

The 1st Policeman pulls the Refugee up by his hair.

POLICEMAN

Out!

REFUGEE

(pleading)

*Pieta', pieta', no, no, no, ti prego, un  
po' di compassione...*

The 1st Policeman keeps walking. The 2nd Policeman yanks the Refugee out of his seat, dragging by his hair to the front of the bus, pushing him off. The Refugee is shoved into the group of kneeling refugees.

In the bus, the dog starts barking. Theo, Miriam and Kee tense, as the dog drags the 1st Policeman forward. The dog is in now front of Kee, barking at her, smelling something it has never smelled before.

The 1st Policeman looks at Kee: she is breathing hard, clutching the tube of the seat in front of her, looking at the floor, in the middle of a contraction.

POLICEMAN

What's wrong with her?

Miriam is frozen. The dog barking. The Policeman yanks Kee up by her hair, twisting her face toward him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

POLICEMAN

(angry)

I said, what's wrong with her?

Kee's contorted face, her eyes wide, wet, terrified.

THEO

(with an accent)

Caca.

The Policeman turns to Theo.

POLICEMAN

What?

THEO

Caca. Caca, piss.

Theo points to the floor. The Policeman sees the puddle.

THEO

Caca, piss, girl, big mess. Smell!

POLICEMAN

(recoiling slightly)

Smell it yourself.

The Policeman yanks the leash, but the dog keeps barking at Kee, not wanting to move.

POLICEMAN

(yanking harder)

Snoopy.

The Policeman walks past, heading off the bus. Miriam looks at Theo with relief.

EXT. CHECK POINT -- NIGHT

The bus rumbles to life, lurching forward, heading through a steel fenced corridor...

INT. IMMIGRATION CONTROL BUS -- NIGHT

Out the window, we see the corridor, fenced in steel, reinforced with razor wire, hopeless faces looking through the gaps... The BEXHILL FENCE.

EXT. BEXHILL -- NIGHT

The bus is parked. Refugees pile out, guard dogs barking at their heels. Theo and Miriam helping Kee down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's a chaos of people. Guards wield night sticks, herding the group to the final gate.

Approaching the threshold, Theo sees a sign framing the gate: "ACCEPTANCE IS ENDURANCE".

EXT. RUINED SQUARE -- CONTINUOUS

Theo, Kee and Miriam emerge from the gate, looking around, disoriented, lost.

This is Bexhill. What used to be an industrial port town is now a sealed-off refugee camp, barely lit by occasional street lamps with uneven current.

Kee suddenly stops, doubling up -- a new contraction. The flow of refugees keeps pushing behind them, pushing them forward, Kee stopping pain --

KEE  
BLOODY HELL!

Miriam holding Kee for support.

MIRIAM  
(urgent)  
She's about to deliver this baby.

A man walking past, looking at them curiously. Pale skin, knit cap, hook nose.

Theo sees: the statue of a soldier.

THEO  
Wait here.

Theo heads to the statue, a WWI soldier holding a bayonet rifle, charging. The plaque reads: "Lost Generation." Theo walks around the pedestal.

YAP! YAP! A tiny runt dog nips at his heels, scaring the hell out of him.

THEO  
Shit...

Theo turns to see a woman: MARICHKA. Olive skin, 40, the exhausted eyes of someone who accepts the hardship of life as fate. She knows when to duck.

THEO  
Marichka?

EXT. RICKSHAW -- NIGHT

Theo helps Kee into a motorized rickshaw, Miriam already sitting in back. Marichka sits in front, wrapped in a old wool coat, the dog on her lap.

Miriam looks back anxiously. Theo turns and sees the Hook-Nosed man walking towards them.

THEO  
You know him?

MIRIAM  
I might. Let's go.  
(to Marichka)  
Go!

Marichka revs the rickshaw into motion. Through the back window: the Hook-Nosed man runs after them, but he can't catch the accelerating rickshaw. He recedes behind them.

MIRIAM  
A few months ago, one of the Bexhill fences was blown up. A big group of Foogies stampeded through the hole.

THEO  
I saw the news.

MIRIAM  
The Foogie escape was a only smoke screen. What we were actually doing was smuggling some of our people inside. To organize cells.

THEO  
Smoke screen killed lots of Foogies.

MIRIAM  
I know, but it was Luke's plan. He believed we needed strong cells in Bexhill. He called them missionaries.

EXT. STREETS OF BEXHILL -- NIGHT

The rickshaw crosses through the dark streets. Small, jury-rigged plastic tents around the sidewalks. People warming their hands around scattered piles of burning rubbish -- watching suspiciously at the passing rickshaw.

EXT. RICKSHAW - DRIVING -- CONTINUOUS

Kee coming out of a painful contraction, Theo and Miriam supporting her on either side. Kee looks at Miriam.

KEE

This gonna hurt, yeh?

MIRIAM

Yes.

EXT. ALLEY -- NIGHT

The rickshaw parks in front of a building, trash piled around the street. Marichka gets off, leading them into a doorway. The sounds of dogs howling and arguing in the night.

INT. STAIRWAY - BUILDING -- NIGHT

The dog hopping up the stairs, Marichka next, holding a butane lantern, leading them up the dark stairwell. Kee stops suddenly, holding herself against the wall, in pain.

KEE

FUCKING! LITTLE SHIT! BASTARD!

MIRIAM

Breathe through it...

KEE

FUCK ALL!

THEO

One more flight...

Marichka starts prattling to them in a language they cannot understand, possibly Romanian --

KEE

FUCK YOU!

MIRIAM

Come on sweetie, you have to make it.  
The baby is telling you he wants to come out.

THEO

Can she make it?

MIRIAM

(defiant)  
She can make it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The contraction passes. Kee nods. Theo and Miriam help her up the stairs.

INT. BARE APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The door opens. The little dog scampers inside, uses a chair as a springboard, leaps onto the table, and through the broken window yaps his presence to the dogs barking outside.

Theo and Miriam help Kee into the room. Marichka sets the butane lamp on the table. The room is naked, peeling walls, broken window panes, a rough mat on the floor. Cold enough to see your breath.

Miriam immediately pulls the mat to the center of the room. Kee doubles up with another contraction --

KEE

Fuck all!

Marichka trying to explain something they cannot understand, pointing at 2 BUCKETS of water, the dog yapping and yapping.

MIRIAM

(to Theo)

Make her go.

Miriam plucks a shard of glass from the broken window. Theo goes to Marichka, turning her toward the door.

THEO

Thank you, Marichka, we appreciate your help... that'll be all...

Kee holds herself on the table, moaning with the pain. Miriam dips the glass shard into the bucket -- breaking a thin layer of ice covering the water, cleaning the shard.

Marichka turns, pointing at Kee, agitated, prattling on. Miriam gives Theo the glass shard.

MIRIAM

Hold this. Get her out!

THEO

(escorting Marichka out)

She's fine, she's fine, just ate something funny...

Marichka is outside the door, taking out a candle.

MARICHKA

Santo!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The little dog gets his final yap in, jumps off the table, joining his master. Miriam helps Kee down onto the mat.

MIRIAM  
We're going to lay down now. Slowly.

Kee kneels onto the mat with Miriam's help.

MIRIAM  
Don't push yet.

Marichka lighting the candle, still talking as she starts down the stairs with Santo. Theo closes the door.

MIRIAM  
Give me your flask.

Theo looks at her, confused.

MIRIAM  
Your flask, get your flask!

Theo takes the flask from his pocket.

MIRIAM  
Open it.

Still pinching the shard of glass, Theo unscrews the flask top. Miriam holds out her hands.

MIRIAM  
Pour.

Theo pours the alcohol on Miriam's hands. Kee moans in pain.

MIRIAM  
(reassuring Kee -- and herself)  
This is it. Everything is fine. All we have to do is flow through it.

Miriam dipping her hands into the bucket of water.

MIRIAM  
(to Theo)  
Give me your shirt.

Theo pulls off his coat, unbuttoning his shirt, still pinching the shard of glass. He hands Miriam his shirt.

MIRIAM  
Sterilize your hands. And the glass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Theo takes a quick, small drink from his flask. Then pours the rest of the alcohol over his hands and the glass shard.

Miriam goes to Kee, who is laying on the mat, clutching, grabbing -- agony.

KEE

NOOOO!

Miriam kneels by Kee's legs, pushing away her dress, putting Theo's shirt under her. Seeing:

MIRIAM

She's completely dilated.

(to Theo)

Hurry!

Theo finishes cleaning his hands in the bucket.

MIRIAM

(to Theo)

Put the glass on the scarf. Get behind her. Kneel.

Theo obeys, clumsy -- he has no idea what to do.

MIRIAM

Her head -- take her head.

(Theo complies)

On your lap, let it rest.

Kee screaming, in the throes...

MIRIAM

Take her hands!

Theo takes her hands, but Kee writhes, pulling them away.

MIRIAM

Grab them!

Theo takes Kee's hands more forcefully.

KEE

I can't -- I can't do this!

MIRIAM

Trust your body. Your body knows what to do. Now push.

KEE

I can't fucking do it!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

MIRIAM

Push.

KEE

Fuck you!

MIRIAM

Push.

Kee pushes -- her hot breath visible in the cold room.

MIRIAM

Beautiful. Just like that. Keep breathing. Again. Now push. Harder.

Kee pushes with all her might.

MIRIAM

Good. Gather your strength. Grab him.

Kee clutches Theo's hands harder -- although we can see her breath, she is covered in sweat.

MIRIAM

Good job, Theo.

THEO

Ahum.

MIRIAM

Push.

Kee pushes -- her breath visible.

MIRIAM

Yes... That's it, just like that. Again.

Kee pushes -- a round object appears, emerging from blood, the vagina expanding...

Miriam witnesses this, utterly amazed...

MIRIAM

Oh, Lord. There he is.

Kee screams -- excruciating pain -- fear.

KEE

I can't! I can't! I can't!

MIRIAM

All the women who have ever given birth are with you right now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MIRIAM (CONT'D)

They are with you Kee.

(firm)

Push.

Kee pushes -- the head impossibly stretching open the vagina, coming through...

MIRIAM

Push.

Theo holding onto Kee, blown away.

THEO

(awkward)

You're doing great.

Kee looks up at Theo, her face wet with sweat and tears, a little reassured.

Miriam watches: the baby's blue head emerges completely...

MIRIAM

The head's out. My God, look at that.

(urgent)

Push, Kee.

THEO

Push.

Kee pushing -- the rest of the baby's body flowing out in a stream of blood, Miriam supporting the emerging mass...

MIRIAM

Here he comes, here he comes...

Kee pushing mightily, Theo barely able to hold her hands --

MIRIAM

You're nearly there...

Kee screaming her extraordinary effort, tapping the reservoir of female strength, giving her body over to the new life coming through it, to life itself, the miracle --

KEE

FUCKING GOD!!!

-- the baby bursts forth, a bloody explosion of life...

Miriam pulling it free, still hooked by the umbilical cord, the placenta spilling out in a final bloody exclamation --

There is a moment, a pause. Theo holding Kee. Both of them looking to Miriam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

For the first time in eighteen years, four months, two days, sixteen hours and eight minutes, a human child has been born. Miriam holds the newborn baby, all blue, covered in white specks, giving off steam in the cold room.

MIRIAM  
It's a girl.

KEE  
How's my baby?

MIRIAM  
She's perfect. Theo, come.

KEE  
Lemme see her!

Theo lays Kee back down on the mat. Moving to Miriam.

MIRIAM  
(gestures to her scarf)  
Take the glass.

Theo takes the glass shard off the scarf.

MIRIAM  
Cut it.

THEO  
What?

MIRIAM  
The cord.

THEO  
Where?

MIRIAM  
Here.

KEE  
What's you doing? Gimme my baby!

MIRIAM  
In a moment.

Theo hesitates with the glass shard.

MIRIAM  
It doesn't hurt.

Theo puts the glass against the umbilical cord and SLICES. The cord splits, spurting a bit of blood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Miriam yanks off one of her bracelets, gives it to Theo.

MIRIAM

Tie it. Here. Any knot will do.

Theo ties off the umbilical cord with the string bracelet.

KEE

What's wrong? She okay?

MIRIAM

She's beautiful.

(to Theo)

Get the shirt.

Theo takes the shirt from under Kee and hands it to Miriam. She cleans the white, cheese-like residue from the baby. Theo watches, freaked out.

MIRIAM

Scarf. Open it.

Theo opens the scarf. Miriam expertly wraps the baby in it.

THEO

Aren't they supposed to cry?

MIRIAM

She'll cry. When she's hungry. Now, she wants Mommy.

KEE

Fuckin 'a.

Miriam offers the wrapped baby to Kee. Theo returns to his spot, supporting Kee from behind. Kee accepts her child, holding her, smiles.

KEE

Hey you...my boo, bloo...watch at you...

The baby CRIES, a strident, rhythmic scream that shatters the night. Theo looks at Miriam, alarmed.

MIRIAM

Show her where your breast is.

Kee puts the baby to her breast. Instinctively, the child suckles, extracting the milk hungrily. Kee watches, amazed.

KEE

Cheedo, eh?

EXT. BEXHILL -- NIGHT

A dim light shining from a window. Inside, Theo, Miriam and Kee -- beholding this new life. Surrounded by the black night. It's silent. Even the dogs have stopped barking.

FADE OUT.

The sound of distant HELICOPTERS... sporadic GUNSHOTS... blending with the sound of YAPPING, coming closer...

FADE IN:

INT. BARE APARTMENT (BEXHILL) -- EARLY MORNING

Theo opens his eyes, waking up on the floor, his coat pulled over him, getting his bearings:

The first morning sun finding its way into the naked room. Kee still sleeping on the mat, the baby at her chest. Miriam seated next to Kee, asleep.

YAP! YAP! The tiny barking sound is now outside the door. Footsteps following. Theo creakily gets to his feet.

There's a PUSH on the door -- but a chair is wedged against the handle inside, keeping it shut. A decisive knocking on the door, the YAPPING growing frantic...

Kee and Miriam open their eyes, awakening.

VOICE  
(outside the door)  
Open the door!

Kee and Miriam look to Theo.

VOICE  
(outside)  
We don't have much time -- open the bloody door!

A harder push on the door-- the chair slides, about to give.

THEO  
Who is it?

SYD  
It's the Queen of England, can you spare a cup of sugar? It's Syd, you fool.  
Open the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Miriam wraps the cloak around Kee, hiding the baby. More pushing on the door, the chair sliding...

THEO

Okay, okay...

In the distance, a staccato burst of gunfire is heard.

Theo takes away the chair, cracks the door. He peers into the hall: a man stands there, wearing nondescript clothes and a turban -- it takes moment to recognize Syd. Marichka behind him, Santo jumping, trying to get in the room.

THEO

Didn't know you were coming.

SYD

Didn't you hear the bomb last night?  
The city's gone to hell. Come on, let Syd in.

Syd has already pushed through the door. Miriam holds Kee tighter. Santo is now running around inside, yelping. Marichka follows. Theo immediately closes the door.

Syd looks at the residue from the night before: the bloody mat, the bloody clothing...

SYD

What's with the Zed?

THEO

Nothing. She's fine. Some woman's thing.

Santo is on the scent, sniffing at Kee, yelping.

SYD

A few hours ago one of the fences got blown up, and a group of Foogies escaped. It didn't take long for other Foogies to follow, your regular stampede. The army came in, they're trying to secure the fence. Just like five months ago, but worse. Now those Foogies are better organized, and Syd happens to know they're armed to the teeth. It's gonna be a fucking war out there. We got to get you out of here.

THEO

We need to get a boat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Santo keeps yapping at Kee.

KEE  
(to dog)  
Go on, piss off.

Santo won't leave. Kee kicks him. Santo yelps, retreating. Marichka starts yelling at Kee in some language. Then --

CRYING. From the baby. Rhythmic, loud.

The dog comes charging again...

KEE  
Get your fuckin' dog!

Kee kicks the dog again.

MARICHKA  
Santo!

Marichka grabs her dog. The baby still crying loudly. Kee puts the baby to her breast. The baby calms, suckling.

SYD  
The hell was that?

Santo still yapping in Marichka's arms. Marichka gives Santo a little slap, shutting the dog up. Quiet -- except for the moist suckling of the baby.

SYD  
What is that?

THEO  
I'll explain --

SYD  
What you got there? Let Syd see it.  
NOW!

Miriam eases the cloak from Kee's shoulder. Revealing the BABY, suckling at Kee's breast.

SYD  
Bloody Christ.

Marichka approaches. Kneeling, seeing the baby, amazed.

SYD  
It's a fucking baby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THEO  
We need a boat.

Syd starts pacing.

THEO  
(insists)  
We need it before sunset --

SYD  
Hush! Hush! Syd's trying to think here!

Marichka reaches her finger. She looks to Kee, who nods her permission. Marichka touches the baby. Her face lights up, her eyes well with tears -- she has touched a miracle.

SYD  
Okay, okay... Get her up. We've got to go right now.

THEO  
Can you get us a boat -- ?

SYD  
Sure, sure, sure. Just get her up! Come on, do it!

Theo moves to the mat. With her shawl, Miriam finishes securing the baby to Kee's breast. Outside, another burst of gunfire, closer. Together, they gently help Kee up.

Marichka turns to Syd, talking at him, prattling on, adamant.

THEO  
What's she saying?

SYD  
Fuck knows.

Marichka turns to Theo, Miriam and Kee, prattling on, urgent.

Syd pulls out a two-way radio.

SYD  
(into radio)  
We're ready, Jerry.

THEO  
Who's Jerry?

SYD  
You met him. Pimpily bloke.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (4)

Marichka insists, grabbing Syd's sleeve, prattling on --

                  SYD  
 Shut up!  
                   (in Romanian)  
 "Basta!"

Syd throws Marichka off.

                  SYD  
 Let's go.

                  MARICHKA  
 No!  
                   (points to Syd)  
 Bad! Bad, bad!

                  MIRIAM  
 She doesn't want us to go.

Syd pulls out a gun. Marichka instinctively ducks to the floor, covering her head, her hands pleading.

                  SYD  
 Okay, move. Let's go.

The group is frozen.

                  THEO  
 Where are you taking us?

                  SYD  
 Syd said move!

Miriam walks to the door, blocking it.

                  MIRIAM  
 We're not leaving. We can't leave, Syd.  
 Not until the baby's safety is  
 guaranteed.

A standoff. In the distance, mob shouts are heard.

                  SYD  
 Move!

                  MIRIAM  
 I will not.

BANG! Syd shoots Miriam in the head. She falls in the doorway, dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Kee lets out a wail of horror, her knees buckling. Theo holds her. Marichka still cowering.

SYD  
 (points his gun)  
 Who's next, the Yank or the gypsy? Maybe  
 the fucking dog?

BANG! Syd shoots the floor by Santo's feet. The dog yelps, scampering for Marichka's protection. Kee glares at Syd.

KEE  
 (spits the words)  
 You fuckin' caca man.

Syd points his gun at Theo's forehead.

SYD  
 Move.

Seeing no way out, Theo looks at Kee.

THEO  
 I'll help you.

GOING DOWN THE STAIRS -

Marichka leads them, Theo carries Kee in his arms, Syd following with his gun. Marichka still prattling on.

SYD  
 Last night, Syd gets home, mommy's  
 sleeping in front of the telly. She  
 always does that, my sweet soul. Syd  
 kisses her good-night. She has cancer,  
 my mommy. Syd's about to turn off the  
 telly -- and there's your mugs. On the  
 news. You nasty pricks gunning down  
 those cops -- bam! bam! Big reward.

Marichka is ranting even louder, Santo yapping.

SYD  
 Shut the fuck up!  
 (into radio)  
 Jerry, you on your way?

JERRY'S VOICE  
 (on radio)  
 I had to go around a barricade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SYD  
 (into radio)  
 Just hurry the fuck up.  
 (to Theo)  
 Then Jerry calls Syd. The Fishes in  
 Bexhill are looking for you. So Syd  
 thinks, the cops are looking for them,  
 the Fishes are looking for them, these  
 blokes are bang-up commodities. And a  
 baby? That's capital.  
 (into radio)  
 Where the fuck are you, Jerry?

The group arrives at the ground floor. Theo lets Kee down,  
 both resting on a cold radiator, catching their breath,  
 Marichka next to them.

Syd holds the gun on the them as the goes to entrance to  
 investigate. The entrance has no doors, Marichka's rickshaw  
 visible on the street outside.

SYD  
 (on radio)  
 Where are you?

THEO  
 Syd, please, listen.

SYD  
 Shut up.

Theo watches Syd, still pointing the gun behind him, but his  
 attention wavering to the street in front.

JERRY'S VOICE  
 (on radio)  
 I can see the building.

SYD  
 Good. Come around to the front --

Theo makes his move, charging across the lobby. Syd hears  
 him coming, turns...

Theo FALLS OVER a rusted pipe that saves his life --

BANG! Syd's shot just misses Theo's head.

Theo's fall carries him into Syd's legs, knocking him  
 backwards. Syd's head bangs the floor, the radio flying.

THEO  
 GO!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Kee gets it. She clutches Marichka for support, pointing to the front door. Marichka gets it, helping Kee to the door.

JERRY

(on radio)

I'm here! I'm right out front.

SMASH! An personnel carrier rolls up, crushing Marichka's rickshaw. Marichka stops, reverses herself, helping Kee back across the lobby, passing Theo crawling toward Syd.

Syd, coming out of his daze, trying to point his gun, but Theo reaches, grabbing his gun hand.

Marichka helping Kee into a CORRIDOR at the end of the lobby.

Theo on top of Syd, struggling with his hand, Syd biting Theo's head.

THEO

(screams)

Ahhhhh!

Theo's hand forcing the gun away, pressuring the trigger -- BANG! BANG! BANG! The gun fires into the wall, plaster falling, until it the chamber CLICKS. CLICK. CLICK. Empty.

From the corridor, Marichka and Kee look back, reacting to the gunshots.

Theo pushes Syd away, starting after the women. Syd grabs Theo's legs, tripping him, sending him thudding on the floor, the gun sliding away.

Syd jumps on Theo, punching his face. He puts his hands around Theo's throat, squeezing. Theo gasping, reaching, Syd strangling him.

From the corridor, Kee urges Marichka back to help.

KEE

Go -- go help!

Kee against the wall, loosening the scarf, checking her baby. Marichka reluctantly heading back to the lobby, staying low, her hands defensive, prattling urgently, pleading to Syd.

Syd keeps tightening his grip around Theo's neck. Theo's body going slack.

Marichka gets closer, still pleading.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Theo's hand reaches to the gun on the floor, grabbing the barrel, round-housing it -- SMACK! -- into Syd's face. Syd falls backwards, stunned.

Theo pushes himself to his feet, gasping air back into his lungs. Syd recovering, moving toward Theo. Theo kicks Syd in the head. Syd falls backwards, knocked out. Theo, for good measure, kicks Syd in the gut.

Theo grabs Marichka, gasping, motioning for them to leave. They head down the corridor, joining Kee.

They reach a door at the end. It's blocked with boxes and junk. Theo and Marichka clearing the debris, Theo forcing the door open, just enough space to pass. Behind them:

LOBBY

Syd groggily crawls to his knees, looking for the gun.

END OF CORRIDOR

Marichka snakes through the narrow door passage, out to a small alley, Santo following. It's Kee's turn, but there's not enough space for her to pass with the baby.

From the alley, Marichka extends her hands.

MARICHKA

Baby, Marichka!

Kee hesitates, Theo pulling the door open. Behind them:

THROUGH THE CORRIDOR

Syd finds the gun.

END OF CORRIDOR

Kee passes the baby through the doorway, fearing the worse, Marichka takes the baby. The point of no return. A moment. Marichka motions for Kee to follow.

MARICHKA

Come!

Kee squeezes through the opening. Theo still holding the door, looking back:

DOWN THE CORRIDOR

Syd stumbling toward them, gun in hand, loading bullets.

END OF CORRIDOR

Theo trying to squeeze out, but nobody is helping with the door --

BANG! Syd's shot misses, leaving a hole in the metal door. Theo throws his body into the door, forcing it open --

BANG! BANG! Shots ripping the door as Theo squeezes through.

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Theo comes out the door into the trash-strewn alley. Kee and Marichka waiting, Kee wrapping the scarf, covering the baby to her chest.

THEO

(to the women)

Go.

They start making their way slowly down the alley, Marichka holding Kee up. Theo is about to follow, when he hears:

SYD (OFF)

(into radio)

Jerry, they got loose... go to the back, the alley...

Theo realizes Syd is too close. They aren't going to make it. He looks around, rooting through the trash, desperate. Worthless plastic, rotting food, a rusted CLOTHES IRON.

JERRY (OFF)

(into radio)

I don't know, Syd, this is getting bad. I got a 1-24, a gang of frogs in the streets, they've got guns, we ought to get out of here...

Syd's face appears at the door. They look at each other for an instant. Syd furiously forcing his way through --

Theo grabs the clothes iron and swings --

CRANK! Into Syd's face. Syd falls back inside the door.

Theo stands, staring at the door, the iron poised, ready. But he quickly understands there's no need to wait.

Theo drops the iron, and rushes after the women.

AT THE END OF THE ALLEY -

Kee leaning against the wall, gathering her strength, Marichka peering around the edge of the building.

Theo arrives, completely winded. "La Marseilles" can be heard, chanted by an approaching mob.

THEO

You okay?

KEE

It hurts. I'm hungry.

THEO

(to Marichka, re: Kee)

She needs to eat.

Marichka prattles some sort of answer. Theo puts his fingers to his mouth, the universal sign of hunger.

THEO

Food, mange...

(points to Kee)

Hungry.

Marichka nods, getting it, pointing. Theo and Marichka take on either side of Kee, helping her walk, Santo following. They round the corner onto the street. Pocked and rubbled, the streets of Bexhill bear scars of previous violence.

A mob marches toward them, more than 50, a large flag billows, blue, white and red.

VOICES

Alons enfants de la patrie...

Theo and Kee and Marichka passing the mob in the opposite direction. Passionate chanting, some wearing masks, all carry guns -- modern semi-automatics, a few old Glocks.

EXT. FORMER BANK -- DAY

This street seems quiet, "La Marseilles" now distant. Marichka, gestures, leading them into a bureaucratic building covered with graffiti. Further down the street, on building tops, men with rifles run from roof to roof.

INT. FORMER BANK -- CONTINUOUS

Theo, Kee and the baby, Marichka and Santo enter. Dozens of old shoes on the floor, neatly paired. They hear CHANTING -- rhythmic prayers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It was once a bank, but now just the skeleton remains, a few teller counters, some bars along the lobby. Through them:

Men kneel on a carpeted floor, bowing toward Mecca in humble prayer. This is a makeshift mosque.

They pass by, moving to the stairs at the end of the hall.

2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR

At the end of the dark corridor, Marichka is bent down at a metal door, talking to someone through a low eye-slit. A tiny flashlight shines through the slit into her face. A trembly voice on the other side of the door, in Russian:

GEORGIAN MAN (OFF)

Nyet.

At the stairs, foggy light oozes through the filthy windows. Kee rests on Theo, discerning Marichka across the dark corridor, now waving for them to come, insisting, prattling. Theo helps Kee into the dark corridor.

GEORGIAN MAN (OFF)

Nyet, nyet...

As they approach the secure metal door, the flashlight from the eye slit shines in Theo's face.

Marichka grabs Kee's cloak. The light shifts to Kee's face as she resists, but the cloak opens. The light tilts down, shining on the baby, eyes closed, feeding on Kee's breast.

From the eye-slit, the flashlight shaking, a gasp.

INT. GEORGIAN COUPLE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

A pale, withered GEORGIAN WOMAN (87) hums a folk song as she carves the final touches onto an orange that she's cut into a swan. She presents the swan to Kee, who lays in bed eating some sort of potato stew, the baby asleep at her side.

KEE

Watch at that.

They're in a simple dwelling that was once a bureaucrat's office. One table, two chairs, a gas burner, photos, a Chagal reproduction of the cow on the farm. And, in the clean, big windows, a few potted plants, green, living.

KEE

Check it out, Theo. They love my baby.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Theo sits at the table, eating stew. Marichka stands nearby, wolfing hers -- she hasn't eaten this good in awhile. The ancient, dignified GEORGIAN MAN (90's) sits in a wheelchair, speaking in a trembly voice with thick accent.

GEORGIAN MAN  
Human Project, is real?

KEE  
Yeh. Wise man doctors from *todo* the world. Living in Iceland. Sent a boat to my baby. "The Tomorrow". At the buoy.

THEO  
We need a boat to meet it. Before sunset.

The Georgian Man asks Marichka a question in her language. Marichka answers by rubbing her thumb to her fingers, the universal sign for money.

MARICHKA  
(mouthful of stew)  
"Bunch of money."

GEORGIAN MAN  
(in Marichka's language)  
"Yeah, yeah, yeah..."

The Georgian Man wheels himself toward the bookshelf. Marichka looks at Theo, rubbing her thumb to her fingers.

MARICHKA  
"Bunch of money."

The Georgian Man arrives at the bookshelf, where pantheon of busts reside: Lenin, Freud, Einstein, Ghandi, Trotsky, Zapata, and Martin Luther King, Jr. He selects Lenin.

GEORGIAN MAN  
(to Theo)  
Always money. Everything always money.

Seeing the owners distracted, Marichka nabs a silver spoon from the table and sneaks it into her shirt. An amplified voice echoes from the street.

VOICE (OFF)  
A curfew is now in effect.

Theo looks:

## THROUGH THE WINDOW

A caravan of armored personal carriers and tanks move slowly down the empty streets.

VOICE

(over loudspeaker)

Anyone seen on the streets will be considered hostile and shot. England supports you and provides you shelter. Do not support terrorists.

Then the same message, translated into French. On top of the building across the street, men in masks armed with rifles run in the opposite direction of the tanks.

KEE'S VOICE

Watch at that! Watch at Santo and the pussy.

## IN THE APARTMENT

RUFF! Santo barks. HISS! The cat arches. Kee laughs.

KEE

Get it on!

The Georgian Man rolls back in his wheelchair to the table, holding the bust of Lenin.

GEORGIAN MAN

We hear Human Project, no believe.  
Trick, make people hope.  
(smiles)  
But is real!

The remains of the smile on the old man's lips as he looks to his wife, telling her something in Russian. Then:

GEORGIAN MAN

Human Project!

GEORGIAN WOMAN

(smiles)  
Human Project.

Marichka nods, laughs, pretending like she understands.

MARICHKA

Human Project!

The Georgian Man BREAKS Lenin's bust on the table. In the porcelain shards: a roll of money. English pounds.

EXT. FORMER BANK -- DAY

Marichka stands in the middle of the street, her senses alert. Sporadic gunfire and shouting in the distance, but the street seems safe. She signals, and starts trotting.

Theo immediately pushes Kee from the bank in the Georgian Man's wheelchair. Kee has the baby wrapped against her chest and covered. She's holding the orange cut like a swan.

EXT. BAY STREET -- DAY

The group in the middle of a street obscured in fog, Theo pushing Kee in the wheelchair, trying to keep up with Marichka's quick trot, Santo tapping along.

A RUMBLING in the street. Santo stops, turns around, and starts barking.

The ground begins to shake. They all turn: the street behind them shrouded in fog. Street poles shaking. A mechanical clacking adds to the rumbling, drowning out Santo's barks.

Through the fog...a silhouette slowly taking form...mammoth..

THEO

Shit...

The silhouette defines itself as the fog gives way...

A TANK. Solid, massive, scary. And it's damn close, coming right on them.

Theo pushes Kee, the group running away from the tank. Marichka looks back:

Santo holds his ground, barking at the metal monster. Marichka turns, running back for her dog.

THEO

Marichka...!

The tank getting bigger, Santo loses his courage, whimpering, backing off...

Marichka grabs the dog. She turns, finding her stride, running back towards the others, trying to catch up...

DOWN BAY STREET

Theo and Kee come against: a long metal pole wedged in a sewer, fortified by a big mountain of broken concrete and debris blocking the street -- a barricade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Theo turns the wheelchair, veering off towards:

A NARROW ALLEY

As soon as Theo and Kee take refuge --

BASQUE MAN  
(in Basque)  
"Down! Down!"

They turn: a man with a machine gun is yelling at them. They are surrounded by other men -- some masked, all of them armed -- more guns than the previous mobs.

Marichka makes it to the alley, chastising Santo --

BASQUE MAN  
"Get down!"

Marichka sizes the situation, and immediately drops to the ground.

BAY STREET

The tank rolls by, followed by two Armored Personnel Carriers. A metallic CREAK! The tank runs up against the metal barricade pole that holds its ground.

A moment. Silence. Just the idling of the tank motor.

NARROW ALLEY

The Basque men lay in wait.

BAY STREET

A change of gear -- CREAK! The tank pushes against the barricade pole. The two metal arms wrestling, the tank confident, but the barricade pole will not back down.

NARROW ALLEY

The Basque Man signals --

BASQUE MAN  
"Now! Now!"

The Basque men surge toward the street.

## ACROSS THE STREET

More men surge forward, dragging over the carcass of a burned out car, blocking the way. A flaming bottle hurled from a building explodes against the tank. The ambush is on.

## NARROW ALLEY

Theo gets to his feet.

THEO

We've gotta move.

Theo rolls Kee forward, the baby secure against her chest, following Marichka. Behind them, through the alley:

## BAY STREET

The carrier doors fly open, soldiers streaming out, screaming, shooting...

The fog soon obscures the battle, but not the sound of carnage.

## EXT. ALLEY GARAGE -- DAY

KNOCK! KNOCK! Marichka's hand pounds a weathered door. An eye-slit opens. A man with an extremely pale face, matted hair and wispy whiskers stares out -- the SEWER RAT.

The Sewer Rat assesses Theo and Kee as Marichka prattles in her language, negotiating. She reaches into her shirt, pulling out the bills that used to be live in Lenin's head, waving them.

## EXT. WHARF STREET -- DAY

3 armored carriers cruise by, disappearing into the fog.

The coast clear, the Sewer Rat leads Theo and Kee and Marichka onto the street.

VOICE

Don't move! Don't move!

Theo recognizes a man crossing toward them. The Hook-Nosed Man. Coming at them, pointing a gun. Marichka immediately drops into her submissive position, the Sewer Rat raises his hands. The Hook-Nosed Man whistles -- shrill, distinctive.

Three masked, armed men come running toward the group. One talking into a radio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE  
Wharf Street! Now!

The armed men surround them. The leader takes his mask off. It's Patric. He looks at Theo -- THUD! Patric rifle butts Theo in the gut, knocking him to the ground.

Two Fishes holding guns on Kee, Marichka and the Sewer Rat.

KEE  
You teenie prick Patric son of the ugliest rotten whore may the devil keep on fist fuckin' her in hell!

A dozen heavily armed men come running from different directions, converging on Theo, Kee and Marichka and the Sewer Rat. Among them, Luke and Ian. Luke approaches Kee.

LUKE  
Are you okay?

KEE  
Fuck you.

LUKE  
You'll be protected.

THEO  
(still on the ground)  
We need to get to a boat.

LUKE  
(to the others)  
Let's go.

One Fish takes Kee's wheelchair, another Fish flanking, hustling her away. Luke looks at Theo, Marichka and the Sewer Rat.

LUKE  
(to Patric)  
Finish them.

Luke follows Kee and the Fishes. Patric cocks his pistol. Marichka still on her knees, outstretching her hands...

MARICHKA  
"Please, please, please..."

Patric points the gun at Theo --

BAM! BAM! Shots ring out.

## DOWN WHARF STREET

An armored carrier rolls toward them, two soldiers shooting from the turret.

## UP WHARF STREET

Patric retracts his pistol at the soldiers -- BAM! BAM! He opens fire. The other Fishes follow suit, a fierce burst of gunfire that forces the armored carrier to stop.

LUKE

Let's go. Ian, hold them off.

Luke and Patric run to catch up with Kee.

## DOWN WHARF STREET

Soldiers climb out of the armored carrier, firing rounds.

## UP WHARF STREET

Ian flanked by two men, holding position from behind a doorway. Two other Fishes take a spot across the street. Firing all they've got at the carrier.

Theo scrambles away from the line of fire.

## NEAR THE CORNER

Theo ducks into a doorway with Marichka, clutching Santo, the Sewer Rat following. Theo watches:

## FURTHER AHEAD

Luke and his men pushing Kee, rounding the CORNER onto 3rd STREET, escaping the line of fire.

## DOWN WHARF STREET

The street trembles, the poles shaking. The armored carrier pulls to the side...

Allowing a TANK to pass by.

Shielding a group of soldiers, firing on Ian and his men.

## UP WHARF STREET

The heavy barrage forces Ian and his men to retreat. Two Fishes make it to the corner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ian and the other two are flushed into open, crossing the street towards the corner --

TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT. Soldier's gunfire cuts down two of the Fishes. Ian keeps running, swarming bullets smashing concrete. He makes it to the corner. Behind him:

DOWN 3RD STREET

Luke and the other Fishes fleeing.

WHARF STREET DOORWAY

Theo watching Kee being rolled away. He turns to the Sewer Rat and Marichka, who is crouched in a protective position.

THEO

Stay. Understand?

(using his hands)

You stay. You wait. Here. Understand?

MARICHKA

(nods)

Marichka, stay.

Theo looks to his left:

THE CORNER

Ian holding the position with two men, shooting, unable to stop the advancing tank.

IAN

(to the men)

Go!

The two men peel off after Luke. Ian fires a few more rounds, then follows.

WHARF STREET DOORWAY

Theo looks to his right:

DOWN WHARF STREET

The tank advancing, the soldiers marching, holding fire, their weapons trained on the corner, focused.

WHARF STREET DOORWAY

Theo sucks it up, gathering his courage. He storms out.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

THEO  
Ahhhhhhh!

WHARF STREET

Theo screaming his way into the open.

THEO  
Ahhhhhhh!

DOWN WHARF STREET

The soldiers, their focus on the corner broken by the screaming man, are caught off guard, a double-take before reacting, firing away.

WHARF STREET

Theo screaming his way across, bullets ricochet and crash, making it to:

CORNER

Theo shields himself against the wall, catching his breath. He looks towards:

3RD STREET

Ian and his men chase after Luke and the Fishes fleeing with Kee.

CORNER

Theo sucks a breath, and runs after them.

3RD STREET

Ian notices Theo running behind. He stops and shoots at him.

Theo twists away, running for cover, diving behind a stoop.

UP 3RD STREET

An armored carrier emerges from the fog, cutting off the Fishes' escape. They stop. Ian stops shooting at Theo, running to catch up.

CORNER

The tank making the turn.

## UP 3RD STREET

Pinched between the Carrier and the tank, Luke gestures, leading Kee and the Fishes towards the modern apartment block in front of them. Ian catching up.

## STOOP

Theo gets up, starts running after the Fishes.

## UP 3RD STREET

Soldiers climbing out of the carrier, shooting at Luke and the Fishes pushing Kee's wheelchair.

## APARTMENT BLOCK

Luke, and the Fishes make it the building, hoisting the wheelchair up the few stairs, rolling her inside.

## CORNER

The tank making it around. The soldiers follow. As they get a clear shot --

## 3RD STREET

TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT! One of Ian's men is shot in the back.

Theo halts, veering back, running towards a burned-out double-decker, abandoned on the sidewalk across the street from the apartment block. He dives through the back door, knocking away the cardboard.

## INT. BURNED OUT DOUBLE DECKER

Theo falls on top of people huddled inside. Spanish screams of fear as bodies scramble away.

Theo gets to his feet. He's just crashed into a densely packed living quarter, makeshift mats crammed across the bus, a burner in the middle. People crouching for cover, a few peering through the cardboard covering the windows.

He goes to one, pulling back a piece of cardboard:

## 3RD STREET

Soldiers emerge from the 2nd Carrier, taking position behind its metallic bulk, starting to shoot...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ian and the last Fish make it to apartment block, bullets exploding the concrete facade, the doorway shattering as they disappear into the darkness within.

The tank and the soldiers arrive next to the armored carrier positioned in front of the building.

Soldiers surge from behind tank and the armored carrier, 20 men, charging towards:

APARTMENT BLOCK DOORWAY

The soldiers run through the shattered doorway into the building, of their footsteps receding in the darkness...

A MOMENT.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Through the darkness, fierce flashes of gunfire. Screams.

Soldiers stagger back out of the doorway, some wounded, running in full retreat from the bullets flying from inside.

BLAM! BLAM! The escaping soldiers are gunned down from behind. One lone soldier runs desperately, diving behind the carrier, safe.

INT. BURNED OUT DOUBLE-DECKER

Stray bullets strafe the bus, people diving to the floor. Theo keeps low, still peering out the cardboard window.

3RD STREET

Soldiers shielded behind the tank and armored cars return fire, riddling the door. Other soldiers remove steel shields from the side of the carrier, taking positions behind them.

APARTMENT BLOCK - 2ND FLOOR WINDOW

A GRENADE comes flying out.

3RD STREET

The grenade lands in a cluster of soldiers setting up metal shields -- BAM! The soldiers are blown away.

INT. BURNED OUT DOUBLE-DECKER

Grenade shrapnel rips through the cardboard. A woman taking refuge in the corner is hit in the head.

3RD STREET

The soldiers open fire on the 2nd floor window. The big tank gun ratchets up...

INT. BURNED OUT DOUBLE-DECKER

Theo watches through the cardboard window.

THEO

No, no, no, no...

3RD STREET

KA-BOOM. The tank recoils with the blast as the 2nd floor window explodes, a concussive blow that rips a gaping scar in the side of the building.

INT. BURNED OUT DOUBLE-DECKER

Theo reacts to the blast.

THEO

Shit.

He shakes it off, making his way to the end of the bus. People screaming, crying, covering up. Theo stepping over them, around them, getting to the front. Through the window:

3RD STREET

Soldiers fire at the 2nd floor.

From the 4th floor, white sheets and clothes wave from windows, desperate pleas for mercy from tenants trapped in the building.

From a 5th floor window, a Fish fires down on the soldiers. Other Fishes shoot from different windows.

EXT. BURNED OUT DOUBLE-DECKER

Theo steps off the bus. A zone of hell -- armored carriers and soldiers -- separate him from the apartment block. Bullets flying from all directions.

Theo runs behind the soldiers, whose attention is focused on shooting the building to pieces, and heads to the far edge of the square in front of the apartment block, making it to:

A CONCRETE BARRICADE

Theo shields himself behind it. Across:

## APARTMENT BLOCK PLAZA

The facade of the building falling to pieces. Tenants streaming out the front doors, hands in the air, screaming surrender in a dozen languages --

TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT. Soldier's gun fire cuts down the fleeing tenants. A few survivors retreat back into the building.

The tank targets its big gun at a 4th floor window where shots are coming...

KA-BOOM. The tank mortar obliterates the window. In the momentary silence of the aftershock...

## CONCRETE BARRICADE

Theo sucks a breath, gathers his courage, makes his break.

## APARTMENT BLOCK PLAZA

Theo in the open, running toward the doorway, side-stepping the bodies of dead soldiers and tenants.

## 3RD STREET

The soldiers, busy with the windows, are slow in clocking Theo running from the periphery. But the doorway is still distant for Theo, and some soldiers aim at him, firing away.

## APARTMENT BLOCK PLAZA

The bullets ricocheting and whizzing past Theo's head and his feet, still not close to the doorway.

## 3RD STREET

More soldiers notice Theo, shooting at him.

## APARTMENT BLOCK DOORWAY

Bullets kick up debris around Theo. The doorway getting closer, he sidesteps the bodies of soldiers and tenants.

5 steps separate him from the jagged hole that is the door. He slips on the blood-slicked cement, falling hard, bullets ripping, fallen bodies all around, some getting more shots.

He crawls in panic. A final desperate lunge across blood, glass and debris. Guardian angels working overtime, he crosses the threshold of the door.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Theo crawling at top speed across the dark corridor splattered with rubble and dead bodies, bullets echoing and ricocheting around the walls.

And now gunfire coming at him from the inside: the hook-nosed leaves his position, storming after Theo.

Theo shields himself behind pillar, the hook-nosed coming at him, shooting.

Bullets from the outside ricochet through the corridor, clipping the hook-nosed man in the head. He falls dead.

Theo gasps for breath. The soldiers' attack on the doorway slowly diminishes, giving way to gunfire from within.

Across the corridor, he sees a man and a woman huddle behind a pillar. He slowly gets up. Cautiously making his way through bodies and debris to the stairs.

At the foot of the stairs: Kee's discarded wheelchair. Theo starts climbing.

INT. 2ND FLOOR STAIRCASE

Theo arrives at the landing, looking down the hallway. A few tenants huddled in the dim shadows, staying low, keeping away from the windows. A man cries in agony, splashing the puddle of his own blood. But the heavy gunfire comes from upstairs. He continues up.

INT. 3RD FLOOR STAIRCASE

Theo gets to the floor, peering down the hallway. Tenants on the floor, covering their heads, a few wounded, screaming, some bullets make it through the apartment, crashing into the hall walls. Theo steps into:

3RD FLOOR HALLWAY

He walks through the hallway and looks into an apartment where a gun is being shot.

INT. 3RD FLOOR APARTMENT

Three tenants lay dead on the floor. At the window, Patric fires down at the soldiers below. Immediately, he retreats from the window, as bullets from outside rip through the room, rushing toward the door.

## INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY

Theo retreats to the stairway landing, hiding as --

Patric storms out of the apartment, goes down the hall, disappearing into another apartment. A moment. Fresh gun shots are heard. Patric runs out, soldiers bullets ripping through the apartment. He heads farther down the hallway.

PATRIC

(pushing past tenants)

Fuck outta my way, fuck outta my way!

Patric kicks open the door of another apartment.

Theo notices: the orange cut like a swan, a few steps above him, smashed. He continues up the stairs.

## INT. 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY

Theo steps into the corridor. A tank mortar has ripped open a gaping hole in the building. People huddle in the hallway, the wounded, the terrified, the dead.

Theo walks through the hallway, reaching the mortar hole. Soldiers' bullets scream through the opening, shattering the wall, spewing debris. He considers crossing before backing off, returning to the stairs.

Then he hears it.

A BABY'S CRY. A weak wail through the chaos and explosions. Coming from the end of the corridor. Separated by the gaping mortar hole, where bullets crash through.

Theo edges up to the mortar-ripped hole. Sporadic bullets smashing the wall. He sucks a breath. And runs. It's only ten feet, but it feels like a mile, the shots ringing past.

He makes it to the other side. He continues down the hall. The baby's cries louder. Tenants huddled in the hallway, peering up warily, not quiet believing what they are hearing.

Loud cries, coming from an apartment. Theo steps into:

## INT. 4TH FLOOR APARTMENT

The place has been shredded by bullets, glass shattered, everything upended. Kee in a corner, protecting her baby girl with her body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Luke lays by the window in a pool of his own blood, with his back toward Kee, sniping out the window. In his other hand, he shouts instructions on a radio.

LUKE  
 ...get ready to blow the south gate. The South gate. We're coming out.

With Luke's distraction, Theo makes it over to Kee. The baby is visible on her chest, still crying.

THEO  
 You okay?

KEE  
 Yeh.

THEO  
 How is she?

KEE  
 Pissed off.

Theo leans down to Kee, helping her up.

THEO  
 (to Kee)  
 Easy. We're going to make it.

Bullets from outside RIDDLE the wall near them. Theo covers Kee with his body. The shooting passes.

At the window, Luke responds, shooting rounds outside.

Theo and Kee making their way across the ruined room to the door. Theo steps on glass, a cracking sound --

Luke turns and sees them. He points the gun. Theo freezes.

LUKE  
 I carried her out of the wheelchair, and I started crying. The baby. A girl.

THEO  
 Yeah, it's a girl.

LUKE  
 I forgot what they looked like.

THEO  
 We need to get her out of here.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

LUKE

No, no, no. You don't understand, Faron. It's happening. I did what Julian couldn't. I called for the national uprising. And the people have responded. Not only here. All over England. I made it happen. They follow me.

Theo slowly keeps leading Kee to the doorway, wary of Luke, who sites him with his pistol.

LUKE

Stop, Faron. This child stays with us. It's our flag.

KEE

Fuck she is!

Theo and Kee at the doorway.

LUKE

This child is our new beginning.

THEO

That she is.

BAM! Luke shoots. Theo recoils, hit in the gut, knocked back out the door.

TAT-TAT-TAT. Glass shatters as guns fire from the outside, ripping Luke to pieces.

INT. 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY

Theo clears the doorway. He's in momentary shock, against the wall, clutching his gut, looking at the blood oozing through his fingers.

THEO

Shit.

KEE

Fucker shot you.

THEO

I'm okay. Bullet went through.  
(gritting through pain)  
We gotta move.

Theo breathing through the pain, holing up Kee, walking down the hall, the baby still crying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The bullets intensifying from the outside, tearing through the disintegrating facade, ~~smashing~~ into the hall walls -- all that noise numbed by the baby's cries.

People huddled in the corridor, looking in disbelief. A woman falls to her knees.

WOMAN

(praying)

*Dios te salve Maria, llena eres de gracia, el senor es contigo, bendita eres entre las mujeres...*

They get closer to the stairwell. Bullets are still flying, but people seem fearless, poking their heads from doors, risking their safe spots to get a closer look.

The baby's crying gives an aura of security to Theo and Kee. They are no longer ducking, walking straight down the hall.

A man breaks into tears. An old woman bleeding to death on the floor reaches her gnarled finger to touch the baby's garment. She smiles as they pass -- she has heard the song of an angel.

Theo and Kee arrive at the stairs. Kee starts to walk down, but Theo stops her.

THEO

Come on.

KEE

You're shot.

THEO

I can do it.

Kee allows Theo to pick her up. He grunts with the effort, and begins carrying them down:

INT. 4TH FLOOR STAIRWELL

The baby's cry expands through the contained space. Theo carrying Kee down, using the wall for support. People huddled on the stairs, looking with amazement. People peering down at them from the upper floors.

TAT-TAT-TAT. A gun battle, coming up the stairs toward them.

Patric and 2 Fishes are backing up the stairs, shooting down at pursuing soldiers below, who answer with a round of fire.

Patric hears crying, turning, pointing his gun at:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Theo and Kee, no place to hide. Patric pointing the gun at Theo's head, about to pull the trigger. But the baby is wailing in Kee's arms. Patric looking at the baby in stunned disbelief. Then he lowers his gun. He and the Fishes back away, staring at the baby as Theo and Kee head down.

INT. 3RD FLOOR STAIRWELL

Gunfire from below forces people against the wall. Theo and Kee continue walking down. Heavy footsteps. A soldier surges up the stairs, pointing his gun at the newborn girl, who wails away.

Theo and Kee walk past him. The soldier breathless, the cry conflicting with his adrenaline.

SOLDIER

Hold positions and hold fire!

Theo continues carrying Kee down. People on the stairs standing up, getting a look. More soldiers, holding their weapons in silence, stilled by the baby's cry.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK LOBBY

The baby cries echo through the lobby, now held by the military. Soldiers hold strategic positions, watching Theo and Kee pass, glimpsing the child in confusion, awe.

At the shattered doorway, Theo staggers. Kee sees his sweat, his pain. His shirt is covered in blood.

KEE

Put me down.

Theo hesitates.

KEE

I wanna walk.

Theo sets Kee down on her feet. Kee walks slowly, resolutely, leaning on Theo for support. They pass through the shattered doorway.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK PLAZA

Theo, Kee and the baby step into the murky light of the foggy day. An impenetrable line of soldiers positioned in the plaza face them, their weapons pointed, ready. The heavy machinery of war silenced by the cries of a baby.

Theo and Kee walk forward, toward the soldiers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The weapons aimed at them begin to lower. An instinctive shuffle to the side, as if commanded by the cry, creating a space for them to pass.

Kee carrying her child, Theo limping at her side, bleeding, as the ocean of soldiers part like the Red Sea, allowing them to pass through. The somber faces of the soldiers, watching, touched by the baby's crying.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Rifle shots from the 4th floor window shatter the silence. Two soldiers behind Theo are hit.

Theo covers Kee as soldiers open fire at the apartment block. From the windows, guns fire back.

A new battle flares. Theo and Kee walk, ignored by the soldiers that surge forward, taking new positions.

KA-BOOM. The tank blasts a massive hole in the 4th floor.

CORNER - WHARF & 3RD

Leaving the battle behind, Kee and Theo walking down the street, Theo limping badly. Marichka surges from the corner, holding Santo, greeting them with a bad-toothed smile. The Sewer Rat by her side.

EXT. WHARF STREET SEWER -- A LITTLE LATER

The Sewer Rat pulling off a sewer lid, Theo grunting as he helps get it off the rest of the way. Theo kneeling there, gasping, his face drained. The baby still crying.

INT. SEWER

A ceiling lamp illuminates a concrete sewer drain, a narrow channel of foul water running through it. Boxes of contraband stacked to one side: alcohol, batteries, medicine, cans of food, electrical wire. Marichka giving some bills to the Sewer Rat.

Theo sitting in a BOAT, a simple wooden launch with two paddles, moored with a rope to the side. He's in bad shape. He helps Kee accommodate herself in back. She's holding a candle.

Marichka comes to them, prattling on, Santo on her shoulders, gesturing toward the end of the tunnel where ambient light filters in.

MARICHKA

Go, go boat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Theo extends his hand to help Marichka into the launch.

MARICHKA

Marichka no go.

Marichka counts off a few bills for herself, handing the rest of the wad to Theo.

THEO

(waves it off)

Marichka keep.

Marichka smiles. She pushes the launch into motion.

Theo starts to row. Kee holding the candle, she puts the baby on her breast. The baby quiets, feeding. Glimpses of graffiti on the walls like cave paintings.

Marichka receding in darkness, holding Santo, waving at them.

AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL

A breeze from outside extinguishes the candle. Theo rows toward the light. Passing through a metal grate that has been cut away.

EXT. SEWER -- DAY

The launch emerges into the fog, distant sounds of the riot filtering through. A barbed-wire fence running the length shoreline separates them from Bexhill.

They ride the drainage channel that feeds a short distance into the sea.

EXT. THE SEA'S EDGE -- CONTINUOUS

The launch coming out of the channel, meeting the sea, Theo rowing in pain. The fog obscuring the riot in the city. Dead calm, but the tide is on their side.

EXT. OPEN SEA -- DAY

What lays beyond obscured by milky fog.

Theo rowing, slowing slightly, strength waning. The fog has enveloped the city behind them, the riots a distant echo. The world around them has disappeared.

Ahead of them, the fog gives way, opening into sunlight. Revealing the rhythmic flashing of a BUOY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEE  
The buoy! Theo, the buoy!

Theo rows once more, groaning with the effort.

KEE  
What time is it?

The launch gains momentum, then slows. The sun now visible, touching the horizon, the day ending.

THEO  
Late.

KEE  
They'll wait.

Kee is alert, looking around, the buoy rocking rhythmically, splashing water. Theo stops rowing, tears in his eyes.

THEO  
I am sorry, Kee. I am so sorry.

KEE  
We gonna make it.

Theo shakes his head, eyes wet. He knows.

THEO  
I'm not gonna make it.

Kee looks at him.

THEO  
And I'll never know if you make it.

Theo smiles at her.

THEO  
But I want to believe that you will.

KEE  
I will.

THEO  
Promise?

KEE  
Fuckin' yeah.

THEO  
Cheedo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Theo's coat opens, revealing a nasty gut wound.

THEO

You remember those spring days in London when the sun shines. It was one of those days. People taking their shirts off. Some had flowers in their hair. Music was playing. It was like a big celebration. And suddenly people were running in all directions. People falling, stepping on each other, panic. Julian got carried away, swallowed in the crowd. And it came so hard. The rubber bullet. Knocked me flat on my back... When I got up I saw the blood. And he wasn't moving. I put my arm around him to protect him. You get it? I put my arm around him to protect him after he was dead.

The boat drifting.

KEE

Dylan.

THEO

Huh?

KEE

Gonna call her Dylan. Girl's name too, yeh?

Theo in pain, genuinely smiles.

THEO

(to baby)

Hi, Dylan.

Theo musters all he's got left, reaching the oars back, wood cutting through water, grunting his last breath, propelling the launch a little farther.

And that's it.

Theo's body slumps as the launch loses momentum. And slows. No direction. Drifting. Kee's eyes fill with tears.

KEE

(a whisper)

Theo...

No response.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The water slaps at the edges of the launch. The sun spewing a final burst of color as it disappears behind the horizon, the day ending.

Behind the buoy --

A BOAT. Cutting through the water towards them.

... KEE

Theo! "The Tomorrow"!

But Theo doesn't move.

The wooden vessel approaching, nets and gear -- A FISHING BOAT. The name painted on the stern. "THE TOMORROW".

FADE OUT.