Concepts for mov.exe

Name of project/movie/book/infomercial (whatever): Radios

What is it about: Children of the wasteland in future apocalypse. Takes place after the bombs go off. They are the first generation of children after the bombing.

Core concepts: No loss of innocence since there never was any. Life thru the eyes of these children.

A small group of children (under age of 10) (around 8 children) escape from facility/crazy family refuge/military center/experiment facility. The previous “holder” or whoever were taking care of them have a medium sized pig farm. The last “know” (to their knowledge) source of meat for miles or in the rest of the known wasteland. After some time (1 – 2 years), the kids make their own unspoken hierarchy, and hold a grudge towards the facility (or wherever) they came from, and are planning to go back and massacre the place, take resource, and primarily, the pigs. The headmaster or leader of the facility (“the facility” will refer to the place from which they escaped from) has a certain fondness, or some connection to one of the pigs for whatever reason. It’s the original pig that offspring the rest, is the largest, looks like her or whatever. All of the reasons pretty much. And the leader of the children’s brigade, the soon to be called “Radios”, has this idea to get his hands on this pig. Everyone else is more idealized with pure revenge on the facility, but the leader wants that pig in particular for a sicker, un-buried phyco reason. When they finally take over the place, they lose 3 kids, but ultimately massacre everyone in a plan that has taken them the entirety of the last 2 years. When they get to the final room where they head-master or leader is held up, they tie her up and drag her to the pig-pit, and get the main pig. They sit her, overlooking the farm. They drag the screeching pig by its feet in front of her, to show her that it’s the prized pig. They sit her on the floor (tears running down her eyes as she can’t scream because of the cloth that they stuffed in her mouth and roped so she couldn’t spit it out) and sit the pig to her back. They roped them together. The pig is kicking violently, trying to scrim away, and she is just crying, getting the knock back from the pig’s thrashes. The leader of the radios gets a wire a wire they used for cutting down trees and other things, and wraps in around both their necks. He wraps it tight enough that her head is upright as it can be, and the pig can barely move its own head. He starts using his own weight to pull down one side of the wire-saw, and then slowly shifts his weight to the other side of his body. He starts to get a feel for the way the wire is working around the flesh, and start to build a consistent rate of waving his body weight around, allowing with to barley slowdown. Everyone else is a little shocked, not by the blood and gore, but because they weren’t expecting him to do that. They let him finish, her head falling off to the side first, and then after 3 more saws, the pigs head falls off. The kid pics up the head of the pig, and carries it in his hand. They get all the materials thy need and go back to their hideout/home/refuge/hobbit hole. Once they get home they leave all the things they brought, and start heading back, but the leader contemplates in the main room, looking at the pig head he carries across the wasteland. He tells the rest of the to go on ahead, since they all know what needs to be done, since it’s all they have been talking about since they first escaped. They leave him there, and go back to the facility, with duffle bags, cartwheels, and other things to move all they stuff they can back to their hideout. He stays there and carves out the inside of the head. He obsesses over making this head into a mask that he can wear. He feels like it’s a manifestation of the victory he had over the facility, and that they are in power of their future. But all it really is, is him trying to make up this pent up rave that since he was born, the world had gone to shit, and that the state of the planet was officially “Fucked”. And no one was happy, or really living, just in a constant state of survival. And he felt cheated, and wanted to live in time that everyone else older than him seemed to have lived in, where people talked to each other, and had neighbors, and had to drive to work, and watched t.v. He grew up listening to these stories, and he feels he just missed the train to that life. This is all obviously internal bullshit that the kid is having. But it’s all funneling into the thought that him having defeated that facility was going to somehow over-ride that feeling, and maybe give him some purpose of his own. But it doesn’t. Having the mask just shows him how far away that notion is. But he doesn’t want to accept it, and he keeps losing it as he had sort of solidified the highest seat amongst the radios. When they come back, they see the leader sitting on top of their cave/outpost or whatever, and he’s scooping out the inside of the face, possibly the eyes. Everyone shots each other a glare but, they keep doing what they’re doing. Two go up to see what’s going on, but he keeps scooping. They stay with for a while, until they get bored and go back out to the facility. After 4 or 5 trips that they radios have made, he is satisfied with the progress he has made. He walks back to the facility with it, and the radios follow. They go back no longer with the intent to get anything more from the place, except move the pigs. They spend some time blind folding each pig. They tie every other pig with another pig, so that if any pig starts running, the other will hold it down, or at least stop it from running. They all walk the pigs back to their bunker. Once they have them, all spoke out in this new place, they take one last walk back, and everyone seems a little full of joy for the first time ever. The leader still hasn’t let go of the mask. When they get back to the facility the leader proposes a game of hide and go seek. He picks himself as “it”. Everyone hides and he start looking for them. But before he can take his first step, he looks down and knows he cannot take another step without putting this pig’s face on. It still isn’t properly clear or near the state it should be in for someone to use as a mask. There is still much blood, a couple of tendons are still hanging on, but he doesn’t care. He only really fells the extra moving layer of skin that isn’t his until in touches his own skin. He becomes acquainted with it as he tries hard to get this pig’s mask to fit properly on his face. Its slipping from the blood and tendons, so he pushes the wire the temples of the pig’s mask and ties it around his own. He starts hunting the kids with the mask on

They are called radios by the other survivors, because they are small and are like scavengers, never leaving the underbrush and the shadows. And since they know they don’t have strength in muscle, they need strategy. So one scouts up to one point and another scouts to another point, and when they have a head count of people, or who is awake, they quickly meet up and change info. Then they keep reasoning like this for a while, until they have felt like they have more than enough information on the subject. They are identical to the function that radios had in the military, where one troop is out looking from one vantage point and gathering information, while another troop is nearby but from another angel, gathering more on the subject. Just that instead of immediately getting the information via radio-signals, they rush to each other, and then rush back to their respective positions out in the field.