

Blockbuster ©

Curtain raiser

Ever remember the first time you saw a moving image? The first time you were truly engaged in something that was not real. The first time you witnessed something that was so unbelievable, but it was not a dream. You never tend to remember the first thing you saw on TV, or the first time you went to the movies. It all becomes a bit of a blur. Soon as you get older you realise that the magic, and the joy of the first time you remember seeing the unbelievable happen on screen is all just a faded memory. You are left unimpressed by the images you used to have and imagine. You always strive to see better, the world sometimes, just isn't enough.

Nosferatu, a film about Dracula, is an old film, a very old film. It is so old in fact that it is consigned to history with all those other films of the early nineteen hundreds. When you watch it, you laugh. You find it amusing how the acting can be so poor, how the fear in the film is just simply not there anymore, similar to that of a withered dinosaur fossil or a mass killing that happened centuries ago. You grow accustomed to hearing it, seeing it, you get used to it, you become unimpressed by it. The world is ever changing and Nosferatu has now become simply a piece of old footage, when once it dominated cinema screens, it was that generations Marvel film.

Now what of the marvel films. Sure they're fun, entertaining, but are they enough? Was 3D an adequate advancement in our hunger to be entertained more. What about virtual reality, is that enough? Its somewhere towards being enough, in fact it was enough for a few years. Time moves on, people get fed their entertainment and it fills them for a while, soon they become hungry again. Once the form of fun is digested it is time for a new feed. We're bored of everything now, computers, boring. Facebook, boring. Instagram, boring. Cameras, boring. Cinema, boring. What was once an occasion for a date, or just to "escape" reality for an evening, is now a dead business, with dead people, and dead ideas. Somewhere along the way we lost or became too used to escaping our reality with our minds that we ended up chasing a physical escape from reality, and that's just not possible, except in our dreams, right?!

Remakes, Superhero films, sequels, prequels. Without sounding like a cinema Grinch, it is quite clear that imagination has lost itself. We, the public have become immune to the powers of visual entertainment, and we want more, we want more thrill than a jump scene. We want more excitement than an action sequence. We don't want to watch a car chase, we want to be in a car chase. We don't want to see Jaws, we want to ride him, in the wild west, with guns in our pockets and gangsters chasing us down riding T-Rex's. We want alien invasions, we want alien invasions in musicals, we don't want to just watch Annie sing do we?! We want to sing with her, we want our dog and our cat to join in. It's no longer about seeing what is new, but rather feeling what is new.

In the words of Steven Spielberg, the master of blockbuster movies 'Every time I go to a movie, it's magic, no matter what the movie's about.' So let's go to the movies.

Technology keeps changing. Ever since the invention of fire we have evolved and developed new forms of creating not just useful products, but also entertaining products. What's the next most important thing after keeping yourself alive, it's keeping yourself from boredom. Every form of entertainment we have now stems from the creation of something created to be of use, the phone is useful but now is entertainment, food will always be essential, but now is also entertainment, films used to be a form of exercising the mind, now it is merely to keep us occupied.

One day we will have flying cars, floating cities, teleportation, space travel, wormhole searching, DNA manipulation, apes will rule the planet, and if not apes, aliens will take over the world. It sounds absurd when you say it as fact, but when you put a fictional twist on it, it all seems to make sense. In the same way that when you say you are going to one day create something that sounds absurd and you actually make it, it automatically becomes, just normal, like part of your vocabulary. 'I am going to create the iPhone' a touch screen device that can play music, allow you to browse, having dating apps and social media, you can talk to anyone in just a tap of the finger. That idea was insane decades before it was made, and the moment it came out, it was normal, like it was always there. Virtual Reality likewise, the principle idea was more exciting than the product, more unbelievable. Meeting your wife online, what a ridiculous thought, try telling that to them who have found their better halves on Tinder.

Any concept or idea sounds absolutely ludicrous when you've never seen it before. But in a moment once a person is shown that idea come to life, it becomes just part of the world. Cinema was like that at first, then people got used to it. Cinema responded, it always does, but where else do we go now, we've done everything. 3D, VR, IMAX... Cinema is a dying art, and that idea sounds absurd, until it eventually dies and the idea of a cinema becomes well, history and history is where it belongs.

If someone said to a young 90s child that Blockbuster would one day no longer exist, the store would not be available. You would never be able to shop, or rent a DVD, video or computer game anymore, then they would possibly cry, but also perhaps not believe it. 20 years later its gone. Does anyone even really remember it?!

An abandoned building, once the home to someone, an occupational hazard now for those who deal with it. A building that once meant so much. It's hard to imagine that building not being important, it's hard to imagine anything there in its place. Before you know it that building is taken over by nature. Weeds have outgrown it and it is eventually knocked down. It is replaced by apartment buildings. Everyone clearly can't quite believe how they could do it to such a beautiful building, as they sleep in their beds, in their third floor apartment in that very spot the beautiful building once stood.

Imagine if one day a discovery was found, no one could explain it, no one could even comprehend it. Imagine if it was discovered by someone who wanted to make money off it, sell the idea to the public. At first it was a surprise what this discovery was, but soon like everything else amazing in this world, you become used to it, so used to its majesty that you immediately think of profit.

Area code 323.5

Ever since the human race became the superior power in the world, they have been able to keep secrets. Lying is one of the traits that make us human. It is something to be admired more so than something to be eradicated. Not only do we keep secrets but we also have conspiracy theorists who believe everything they know deep down is a lie. Another incredible trait of human kind is to know when a person is lying.

Some secrets are greater than others. Some resonate across the globe whilst others remain very in-house. Area 51 for example, can be seen as a secret that stretches the globe with intrigue. Mainly down to its mystique it is seen as one of the earth's greatest secrets. Why is it mysterious, what are they hiding, it could well be nothing. The idea of it being something however is far too incredible to be ignored. Rumours of alien life form, UFOs, all stand up to the greatest mysteries of the past, the Loch Ness Monster, Big Foot, the Bermuda Triangle.

Anyone who tries to enter Area 51 suffers direct consequences from those who protect it; this could not be said for Area Code 323.5 in Hollywood, LA where it seemed as though the people protecting and running this area wanted its mystery to be unleashed. Hollywood was the hotbed of cinema during its heyday, but these days it seems to be more about making cheap, quick and easy films to make profit. Gone are the days when actors would dream of Oscars and glory, they now see glory as monetary value. No longer was Hollywood the hotbed, and it knew it. The city had its own heartbeat and it's arteries were becoming very blocked, its source of oxygen was now widespread and other successful filming cities were gaining a reputation to rival Hollywood. Area Code 323.5 was Hollywood's trump card, the ace in the hole that few ever knew about.

323.5 was located just south of the paramount studios, where most of the major productions in the city were filmed. It was down a dark alleyway at the back of a restaurant. The alleyway was misty from the smoke of the chef's cigarettes adding to the mystery of this area code. The entrance door was dark grey, almost camouflaged into the backdrop it was surrounded in. The building in which the door allowed you entry to Area 323.5 was tiny. No bigger than a studio apartment. It was obvious no one lived there; the only windows were boarded up and painted black. The drain pipe on the outside of the building constantly leaked and this would cause a constant puddle all year round of muck just outside its grey, underwhelming door. The hinges on the door were rusted and the vent above the doors flailed in the wind but never worked, in fact it was never needed.

The chefs who so often saw this door through the mist never showed any interest in the blacked out building. How often do you see a lifeless building, stop and actually think about what's inside, why would the chefs be interested. Yet there it was in plain sight for anyone walking past to notice. It was too obvious, too in your face, it was like it had nothing to hide. Surely if it did, it would be in the middle of the Nevada desert or in our old friend Area 51, or the Australian outback. This almost mocked people passing with its obvious gloomy look. It was as if the building had its own emotion, it was jealous of the rest of Hollywood, looking on at it with great envy and sadness. It could see the rest of it having a good time, knowing little of when its time at the top would come to an end. Area Code 323.5 was an underdog, the Rocky Balboa of Hollywood buildings. Seemingly neglected, yet knowing that it had something universe shattering inside.

One of the chefs on this night of all nights did stumble over the puddle outside the building, and in that moment finally realised that the building existed. He was head chef, he was wearing his own clothes as oppose to the usual chef whites the others wore for the restaurant during service. His large black pants where soaked by the water of the puddle splashing up to about knee height. He fumed, he could smell the stagnated water straight away and looked around to see no rain, it looked like rain hadn't fallen for days, the wall was bone dry, he touched the wall and the floor just to confirm how dry it was. He then saw the source of the puddle, the drain pipe that had burst. Even that made no sense though, he thought its strange that the pipe would have any water in it at all, when does that drain ever need to be used. It hadn't rained for days he thought, so who was using it. He had never seen anyone, in all the 20 cigarettes he has outside a day, enter, leave or even look at the small building.

Intrigued by the mystery, the chef knocked on the doors, thinking nothing of it. He looked around beforehand in case anyone walking past thought he was crazy for knocking on a door of a building that obviously hadn't been used for years. The chef suspected the building hadn't been used since the roaring 20s but he wasn't to know. He knocked and no reply. He took a step back narrowly avoiding the puddle and put his hands on hips and sighed. There was a moment in his head where he believed that something was happening in there and he was about to unearth something big. We all have that moment in our lives at least once or twice a year. A certain business idea pops into our head, or we find a rock we believe to be a fossil of a rare unknown dinosaur. In fact the chef immediately thought back to the time he was travelling Great Britain walking down the river bank of the Thames in central London with his friends. There he discovered small bones, then he and his two friends spread out to find more bones, all within a small radius of another. The bones grew in size with every discovery, and soon they saw the bone of a pelvis and bone the same as a human shoulder blade. They panicked and said nothing to anyone, they left it with the belief they had discovered the missing bones of Shakespeare and the idea of that alone was greater than finding out who they actually belonged to.

The chef sighed once more before giving the building another knock. His cigarette was coming to an end and he threw the butt into the puddle and gave up on his hopes of finding something life changing. He stumbled back into work shaking his pants to try and dry them quicker. A cloud of smoke from his cigarette followed him indoors and the building remained undiscovered. The chef simply didn't see enough evidence of anything intriguing with the building to ever pursue what was in there again. In fact by the end of the day he had forgotten about it completely.

Never a sound was heard from Area Code 323.5, never a murmur. There was absolutely no reason for anyone to suspect that there was a secret in there, it was just like every other building in history. The past of the building was unknown to anyone in the area, mainly because no one actually cared. There was once a time someone who lived in a flat nearby saw people taking a ladder into it, but he then never saw them leave. That man thought it was very odd that something as large as a ladder was being taken into a building that small. What could they possibly be doing with it? But apart from that, it was unreported to anyone what was actually happening in that building. It was a case however that if you really wanted to find out more about it, you could definitely get in, there was no barbwire, no dogs guarding it, it was a naked building waiting to be intruded. No one even knew that it was called Area Code 323.5.

A few months down the line and dotted in quite a few corners of Hollywood was a small advertisement for a film that promised to 'change the world!' the reason for this tagline was much speculated by those who saw the advert. It was seemingly a Sci-fi film so many thought it was in reference to the actual movie storyline itself. Some rumoured it was because it was shot with a different type of camera, one that might allow something greater than 3-D, and some thought it was just a small indie film trying to sell itself on a grander scale. The poster popped up in a lot of places, every lamppost, every corner of every building. Its big title glaring at people passing by, 'Vander Dredd!' its title. No picture, just a colourful background and its big title with its tagline in purple. Lots of people were surprised that such an indie film, from a production company called Blockbuster studios was able to produce this much advertisement. 'Blockbuster studios?' people thought to themselves, what an average, stereotypical name for a film studio. There was no release date on the poster of when this film would be viewed. However it did have a location of where you could watch it. It was coordinates, 39°40'45.6"N 31°07'47.2"W. Very odd. A lot of people would go home and google the coordinates just out of interest, not at all interested in what Vander Dredd was actually about. And they would find nothing. Nothing on the map, it was just water, west of the Atlantic Ocean, heading towards the East coast of Brazil. They certainly where not the coordinates of Area Code 323.5 so the two couldn't possibly be linked.

It caught the eye more that the studio producing this film was called Blockbuster studios, if it was a small company looking to make a big splash, it was working, many where researching it. There was nothing about the studio that they could find. In fact it almost seemed as if there were too many studios called 'blockbuster Studios' or similar that the real Blockbuster studios people were looking for information on had been drowned by the others across the world. Over 3000 results in the one search. If you typed Vander Dredd nothing official would come up, only speculation of what it is about. People wanted to get to the bottom of it, but simply couldn't find a place to start. Perhaps Area Code 323.5 is a good place to start.

Intrusive

Maggie had wished she lived her life with a different mentality. She wish she had tried harder in school, not began smoking, not skipped a couple of days in work. Maggie was a woman, around late 20s who still felt she had time to grow and make a success out of her life, this however did not fade away the heavy regret in her early life.

Growing up in Los Angeles with Hollywood just a matter of miles away, she would be forgiven for feeling slightly overawed by her surroundings. She was a dreamer who would stroll the boulevard on occasional weekends away with her older more successful sister.

Maggie's older sister, Linda, had always said that Maggie was a great liar, so good in fact that she could act her way out of many situations. Maggie to her credit took this praise and went with it. One weekend Maggie would travel to Hollywood without her sister, and not for a vacation, but rather rot pursue her career.

Maggie's acting profile however was very limited. Her resume read unimpressive. She dreamt of having a Hollywood star one day on the very boulevard she walked down so often with

Linda. Sadly her dreams were tainted with the remorse of years that she had wasted. She always believed she would be an actor, but knew it was never going to happen really. She was just too much of a wanderer. In classes in school she would always be thinking about the next best thing, she would never live in the moment but instead think how she would get into trouble next. In a way Maggie was too fearless, this could be seen by the scars on her cheeks, from what is presumed many fights from her younger years, her fluorescent coloured hair, and her choice of army camouflage clothes, which demonstrate a woman empowered, and woman who doesn't think about risks.

Her sister Linda was the example she should have gone by, mature, professional and driven. Maggie always judged herself on her own life not her sisters, which was commendable but also a downfall. Linda would never risk her life to embark on Area Code 323.5. Maggie however, she lived for the thrill, she was not a coward and she was hungry to see what was inside. It was the most driven she'd ever been. She deliberately saw to it that her life would not be at all lead by the success of her sisters.

Her trip to Hollywood this time on her own in the search of a career was exactly what Maggie was about. That lack of trepidation, that spring in her step no matter how risky the move she makes is. One of the three days she spent that weekend in Hollywood was torrential rain. Whilst she walked around being rejected by every agency out there surrounding Paramount studios, she never once gave up and felt it was over. There was a tear running down her cheek, but it was only from the rain, not from her lack of self-belief. The emotion she felt was hunger, real optimism, real drive for the first time in her life. If anything the rejection of this trip had inspired her to really pursue this career. A career in acting.

Despite knowing what she now wanted, that wandering eye of hers began to travel again. Through the heavy rain she could see a figure in a large black coat, skinny build however. The figure must have been a man, the big broad shoulders, and the watch on his left arm shining bright from the neon lights of the strip club over the road. It was blinding and Maggie had to tilt her head slightly to get a good look at what exactly this figure was doing. She thought 'what was he up to?'

Maggie slowly crept over the road and as the figure opened the door to the building, Area Code 323.5, she picked up pace. Her hair dripping wet from the rain, her mascara soaking down her face. A small bird flew across her, she didn't panic, birds didn't frighten her. Nothing did really, no nature could frighten Maggie. Nothing from within this world fazed her. But what about Area Code 323.5.

The figure entered the building and went to shut the door behind him. The door creaked from the rusty hinges. Maggie walked past the blackened window spaces beside the door and then quickly grabbed the door just before it fully shut. The figure had already walked away expecting the door to have shut behind him, and as the door swung to what he thought was a close, he walked further within the small building. Maggie didn't fully reopen the door, she just left it open enough that she could poke a sight of the figure, her eyes, now red from the mascara, looked through the small gap and saw the figure walking around. She couldn't get a clear sight of the interior of the building. It was too dark, in fact it couldn't be any darker, basically pitch black. She could just about make out a small red light being lifted in the air by what was presumably the figure who had now fully disappeared into the shadows. The red light moved around like a firefly. Maggie was intrigued more than scared.

Soon this intrigue of Maggie's got the better of her and she fully opened the door to enter the building and see what exactly was going on. The figure quickly turned its head; she couldn't get a good look at its face. But from what she saw it wasn't human. It was metal, she questioned as to whether it was a robot, and before she knew it the figure just disappeared. The red light dropped to the floor, and loud smack could be heard as the red light hit the wooden ground. The figure had literally just gone, like that, it wasn't as if it happened over a period of a few seconds, it was a case of it was there, and then it was gone. No flash of light, no warning, no energy seemed to be conveyed, no teleportation it seemed, it just went. No puff of smoke, like she'd woken up from a dream and all of a sudden you were just there, in real life.

Maggie still had the image of the figure's face engrained in her mind; she wondered what on earth it was. What magic is this? Maggie began to consider if she was dreaming, she had to confirm it or not. She slowly crept up to the red light, showing the first glimmers of fear. She was more scared about the red light than the figure. She moved her hand towards the red light, she felt it. She still couldn't see what it was, but she felt a big clump of metal. She felt a strap around the outside of small metal box, and a glass lens at the front. Buttons, lots of buttons. She was too scared to click them, she moved towards the door to leave with what was in her hands, just so she could get a better view under a streetlight or the stripper's neon signage.

She stepped back out into the pouring rain, held the object up high and could make it out at last. It was just a camera. A very old video camera. Incredibly old in fact, like it was made in the 1940s. It looked as though it was one of the first cameras ever made, or used in Hollywood. This disappointed Maggie, she lost interest almost immediately, 'what was she going to do with that?' she thought. 'But where did the figure go?' She deliberated. It's just a video camera, so what did that strange figure want with it, and how did it make him disappear. As promiscuous as Maggie was she still felt she was best putting the camera back in the building, and the door swung firmly shut behind her, she thought little of it, she can just reopen it. She went to place the now red light again on the floor.

Maggie couldn't see a single thing she was doing, she felt for the floor as she lowered her knees to place the camera down. It was just so dark in there, and as she finally placed the camera down, she thought it was best she pressed one button. Such a curious person she is, she pressed the biggest button she could feel on the camera.

She suddenly stares up at the sky, in tropical conditions. Within a nanosecond of pressing the button she had awoken in a paradisiac world, a different world. It was like she had never zoned out, she was just there suddenly. Looking up at the beaming hot sun she knew she had to move otherwise she risked being baked alive. It was so penetrating, a thousand degrees rammed against her cheeks. She could hear the waves of a nearby coast brushing up against beachy sands.

After a few seconds lying there, Maggie reacted; she pulled herself up and looked deep through the leaves of the tropical jungle that she had found herself at. She looked up at a sign. Yes there was a sign on this island that looked deserted, it looked like it was impossible that anyone could live here. The sign was pointing towards the centre of the jungle in front of her. She could just make out a road path up way ahead. Signs of civilization perhaps?

Then she read the sign, it was pointing in the direction she looked and had writing on it, clear as day 'Cinema'. A cinema on this island, this boiling hot, natural paradise. Maggie questioned it, but that didn't stop her eager mind exploring further. The plants looked as though they had never seen darkness, or rain, they were dry leaves, browning. She brushed the leaves out of the way to make her own pathway towards where the sign pointed; she desired seeing the cinema.

She couldn't help but notice that some of the leaves had a red substance on them. Maggie was not silly; she could tell by the gloopy texture that it was blood. But whether it was human blood was another matter. Maggie was now fully expecting to see the figure again; this is where he must have vanished to.

Never once did the idea of her getting back home, or how she was going to do it come across her mind. She was too engrossed in everything, the soaring temperature of this topical destination, the blood on the leaves, the mysterious figure. Soon she stumbled across a massive scaly object. It was about two feet long, and she explored it more and uncovered it from underneath a bed of leaves she saw it was large foot. Not a human foot of course, but like a birds legs. It was effectively a two foot long chicken leg. Maggie at this point saw it was very strange.

She was too scared now to touch it, finally fear had overwhelmed her and at this point it seemed her intrigue had got her into trouble, and she began to wonder if it was too late now. Too late to wish she hadn't been so intrusive. This however did not stop her wanting to discover this cinema that the place had promised. It was like a burning desire, as if she was possessed to find it.

She moved forward still thinking about the two foot long chicken foot. She then heard a massive creaking noise in the distance. It was alien to her; it was a noise like nothing she had ever heard. It was something out of this universe. The creaking echoed and shook the trees. She was now very scared. The creaking was definitely not that of something unthreatening. It was an animal no doubt. Something dangerous.

Maggie moved forward more, she could just start to make out the top of a building in the distance. The building looked rather big, too big to be an average cinema. She was baffled as to what exactly was going on, she finally made it to the road path, she felt the warm air fire up from the tarmac and it blew her face with humidity. The cinema was still quite far away, at least a good twenty minute walk she made out.

Again the large creaking sound rang around her ears and this time it really scared her, it seemed closer. This time she backed away slightly, no longer was her first priority to find the cinema, it was survival. However when she backed up due to the noise she heard she bumped into something behind her. She could tell by the slight softness of it, it couldn't have been a tree trunk. She also knew that there was nothing directly behind her before. Whatever it was, it was her size, maybe a foot bigger. She felt a breath on the back of her neck, sending shivers down her spine. The breath was colder than that of the temperature of the bush. She fearfully turned around to see what it was. Expecting to see something carnivorous, it was a large bird. Despite its size it didn't look too threatening.

It looked very much like a vulture, except it was 6 foot in size and its teeth that were now snarling at her were sharp. Its claws on its feet were massive, perfect to grab things and rip

things to shreds. Maggie really feared for her life now, she backed up and then before she knew it there was another one. She looked above as she saw shadows circle her, there was three more above head. The three above screeching with that awful, harrowing sound that she heard before this time they were so close that her ears felt as though they were going to bleed from the noise.

They looked larger from the sky above, but it was only when the original one she saw spread its wings out large, that she realised the sheer power and size of this bizarre animal. The wingspan was frightening and its look in its eyes threatening. There was no mystery or secret to this creature. It didn't hunt slowly; it looked like it was efficient. And in the trees, the human figure reappeared into the sight of Maggie. The figure was certainly more contained, more mysterious, it gave little away. The birds continued to circle and the other two stood up high with the wingspan of a golden eagle, in fact not a dragon. Maggie just stood there waiting for the inevitable, 'oh just kill me already!'. What were they waiting for.

The figure was unmoved, and then suddenly the figure turned away and walked into the distant shadows. As he walked away he murmured in a deep toned posh voice, which was cloudy and unclear 'she doesn't know how to get me home. Kill her!' the figure then made sure to click its fingers of its right hand. Before Maggie had chance to register what the figure meant or even said really, she was pulled up into the air by the massive claws of the animal, and dragged towards the others in the sky. Maggie was always fearless, and she had nothing to fear now, there was no mystery, no suspense, she was going to die, and she knew it. There was no fight to be had. Her time had come and her last breath was to listen to that awful screeching and maybe a quick thought of why she took the risk. The island, it was now revealed to her as she was taken up high in the sky and she could see the whole place, wasn't that large, she still never got a clear view of the cinema, by the time she could have it was too late, she was already dead. Eventually the birds were done playing with her and let go of her dropping her 200 feet from the air.

As her body landed on the floor the birds circled again and then flew off a weird formation aiming towards a certain part of the island. It was a bit like a routine. The killing meant nothing to them, it seemed like it was just business as usual.

On Set

The most important components of a film crew are not the ones who hold the camera, or the ones who act. They are not the ones who hold up the lighting, the sound guys, or the script writer or producer. The most important element to any film crew is the audience who watch it, because in the future they will be the ones directing the next big movie. In the same way that the most important people at a sporting event are not the ones playing the sport, they are the crowd, the people who had a dream of being that player, or the younger members of the crowd who could one day become an even better player or sportsman. A film crew is like a small society, full of optimistic people, who all strive to be the best, to create the best for their audience.

One such member of this audience who was watching a small independent film crew at work was Jessica Cena. Jessica was standing there mesmerised by the film crew at work, watching the

director pointing to certain places he wanted his actors to stand for the scene he was about to shoot.

The film production company was called Phototime, and it was creating a film to compete in the local biannual film festival in the city of Palmdale just north of LA. When it is said to be just north of LA it is still quite the distance away from it, but relevant to the whole earth it was a very small scale, and for a woman as ambitious to break into the movie business as Jessica was, it was seen as a blessing to stem from a place that close to LA. It was about the same distance as London to Paris.

Jessica knew she was very unlikely to actually make it in the film industry, it was a tough nut to crack despite where she was from; you wouldn't seriously expect to become a fashion icon just because you live in London with Paris, a fashion capital, only 250 miles away. No, Jessica was very aware of the struggles she was going to have.

The film crew at Phototime were a well-known film production company that gave voluntary work out to young people in order to give them valuable experience. Unfortunately it wasn't long before people around the city realised that they were in fact just taking advantage of children and young adults who were desperate for a lucky break. They would get free labour out of them and then simply sign a letter to confirm they helped out. Only 0.2% of all the people that ever helped out with work experience for phototime went on to actually work for money and this, fair to say, angered a lot of former volunteers.

Phototime would advertise itself as a futuristic, revolutionary form of filming. They claimed broad statements, such as 'We create the best experience' or 'We are Cinema', a lot to say for a company that is effectively one of the smallest in the whole state of California. One that makes very little revenue, but also pays very little money, not much money comes in or out of the company.

It had a strange aura surrounding its logo. At one point it was publicised in the local newspaper as a question to the readers as to what exactly it was. It was a circular shape cut in half by a triangle, the circle was not perfect, far from it, but it was fully rounded. The cross section at the base of the circle where it met the point of the triangle had a tiny symbol on it. The symbol was a strange unexplainable picture. It was sort of like an emoji, but it was less colourful, duller, and it was just an average face, no real emotion in it at all. The logo was almost depressing, not what you'd expect from a movie production logo at all.

But Jessica would see this logo everywhere during her work experience with the company. It was already etched in her mind after three months of making coffee and brushing the floor for the men and women above her. Every morning she would follow the same routine. She would see the crew, wave hello and then make a cup of coffee for all 12 of the paid staff. Meanwhile those also doing work experience with Jessica would simply do other painfully tedious jobs that the paid crew simply 'where too good for'.

The main director, Brad Form would always take two drops of milk in his coffee, and three sugars. Jessica one day plucked the courage up to ask Brad why he took so many sugars in his coffee. Brad replied that it was down to the stress of his job, to which Jessica raised an eyebrow over. She knew that he did little to any work really, and that his job was one of the least stressful ones in California. It wasn't like the movies he was making where big budget.

She had three more months of work experience left on Phototime before she was able to finally get a signed letter to put on her CV and potentially begin applying to bigger more meaningful roles. Jessica's aim was to become a film critic, she loved getting lost in the world of a movie and the escapism she felt, however she also felt the sheer disappointment of when a movie failed in this regard. This and the culmination of her love of writing, meant that she had the ambition from an early age, she just needed her break. Like so many people in western society she would see her friends on social media posting about success stories, and in turn would grow very jealous, but Jessica never succumbed to bitterness.

A usual day for her, she ripped the top of a sachet of brown sugar and poured it into the dark coffee which still had the resonance of freshly dropped milk swirling around the top. She then proceeded to rip off two more sachets and poured it in, giving a slight rotten glance over at Brad as he again pointed his finger around telling people where to be. Jessica's trance was disturbed when she was bumped into by the producer.

The producer of the film being shot who was called Frankie was a lot kinder and more engaging with the younger work experience members. She was a very attractive olive skinned woman, striking for her age, she must have been middle age, but didn't show it. Frankie was tall, very tall, towering over Jessica by a good one and half feet. Frankie in her professional clothes sipped her own coffee and apologised for accidentally bumping into Jessica.

'Good morning!' Frankie began, 'Making Brad a cup of coffee, hope it's right for him, you know what he's like' She gives off a quick subtle wink and shrugs her upper lip to which Jessica smiles.

'Yes of course, I think he is quite fond of my coffee now, he'll miss me when I'm gone' Jessica said hopefully.

'I wouldn't count on that Jessica, he tends to forget the work ex people quite quickly, it's like revolving doors, he's ruthless and so is the company, Phototime really palm off people immediately'.

'That's a shame though isn't it?' Jessica wondered.

Jessica quickly brushed her blonde fringe away from her eyes so she could clearly see Frankie and she crooked her neck backwards so she could give eye contact. Frankie before replying quickly, but carefully sipped her steaming hot coffee.

'It's just the business I'm afraid, its ruthless, this company is one that just churns out lots of movies, it's not here to makes friends. Sadly it's all about the money, the film industry is a merciless animal, and you either accept it for what it is, or fail trying to tame it. There is no taming it, you have to unfortunately sell your soul to live the dream'. Frankie lays down the sad truth, the reality that Jessica did not want to hear.

Jessica soon realised that the cup of coffee was still lying on the side and had not yet been passed to Brad. She panicked and picked it up slightly burning her hand but the adrenaline made sure she handed it to Brad as quick as possible. Once passed to Brad she shook her hand to cool it down and returned to her conversation with Frankie.

'You know you really don't have to worry about Brad that much, I say this to all you work ex people, we don't pay you, the company might treat you all like garbage, but you could just walk out of here when you want, and we know that so you're important to us whilst you're here. Perhaps not when you leave, but for now, you are. Last thing we want to do is annoy you. You're a priceless commodity, hence why we don't pay you'. Frankie kindly explained.

Jessica was now a lot calmer, she washed her hand under cold water from the tap directly behind her, 'So for instance, just to give me some clarification, after this experience with Phototime, will I potentially be able to apply for film critic jobs?'

'Sure, you'll walk straight into the industry with this experience behind you' Frankie was saying exactly what Jessica wanted to hear, however there was a slight croak to her voice, and indication that she wasn't entirely being truthful. However her words were kind and this was something that Jessica appreciated and was a reason why Frankie was liked more than Brad. Jessica knew in that moment that she was wasting her time with Phototime and that she had to simply leave and never return.

Frankie left the conversation as she was called over by one of the actors who seemed discontent with Brad's methods of directing. Jessica watched her go and deal with the actor and was fiddling with her fringe, she always did when she was distressed, and her conversation, although positive in terms of how informal it was, was also a wakeup call.

This is the worst kind of wake up call. The type that every single person has in their lives, maybe sometime it happens on multiple occasions. The sad realisation in that moment that life is not what you want it to be. The very instant that a person changes your life by saying something, or conveying a feeling that makes you conclude that your dreams will not come true. 'Don't worry if you have ever felt this, everyone has it' Jessica thought to herself. The day you get told that your university degree will not make you an astronaut, the day you realise that you can't bring loved ones back to life, the moment you realise that you will not be a billionaire, or cause world peace, or save a million lives.

There's only one thing to do when this day comes, get on with it, Jessica decided to do just that. Get on with it. She swallowed hard and quickly took a large polystyrene cup and had a quick few sips of water. She looked at Frankie arguing with the actor and saw Brad pointing again, always pointing. She made her very own dramatic scene in her head. She pictured Blade Runner in the background, the emotional music at the end, 'Like tears in Rain'. She knew this day was important, she knew what she was doing was never going to help in the long run and that if she was going to become a film critic she would have to do something else. Without saying good bye she walked off set. No one noticed, she wasn't to know, yet deep down she knew, no one *ever* noticed that she had left the set, Jessica was the most unimportant and irrelevant person in that moment.

Sometimes people strike lucky, one day you can trip over a slab of concrete and bump your head. That bump on the head can lead you to rethink your life, put a ticket on the lottery and win the jackpot. It could go the other way, you could be unlucky. What happened to Jessica next was neither lucky or unfortunate, suppose it would really be down to a person's own interpretation as to what she was.

On her fast paced walk home with a slight tear of sadness in her eye, her emotional state still that of anger and disappointment with phototime for the way they treated not only her, but all other work experience volunteers with her and before her. She stumbled across a small job centre in the main village of where she lived. She had walked past this job centre a million times but never really noticed it, how often do you notice something when its irrelevant to you. Jessica knew she had to at least have a look; she had the bit between her teeth, she was eager to get her life started now whether that was in the film industry or something less fantastic. Jessica knew she had wasted her time and was not willing to waste any more time, even if that meant giving up on her unlikely dreams.

Upon her entrance into the job centre she was greeted by an old man. The man, grey, wrinkly, fragile with his walking stick and his hunch back, immediately spoke to Jessica 'can I help you?'

Jessica was shocked by just how quick she was acknowledged, and was also confused as to why a man at his age, at least 70 was working in a job centre. 'Yes please, I'm recently graduated, and I need a job to do with my degree, please' the man looked at her impressed by her graduation. He took her hand, she could feel the experience ooze from his grip, he had helped out many people, for years. 'Well come with me then' he said welcoming, 'What is your name?'

'Jessica, and I recently graduated with a film and English degree, and I would love to be film critic, but would settle for something else, whatever you have really' there was an air of desperation in her voice, and a quivering sadness, a defeated attitude. The old man held her hand tighter, looked directly at her and took a sharp intake of breath, 'Don't be so silly to take any job, you want to be a film critic, you be a film critic. what's your favourite film?' He tilted his head.

Jessica quietly sighed, losing patience already, 'I like all films' the old man could tell her response was short, 'Well in that case, mine is great escape, you ever seen it?' The old man, still unnamed revealed. Jessica heard him, but never registered what he actually said; she was too busy looking around this oddly shaped room that called itself a job centre. She was beginning to think she had made a terrible mistake entering it. More time wasted, she thought. The old man sat there beside her, slowly loosening his grip on her hand waiting for a response from her. In that moment Jessica breathed in and began to crouch slightly as if she was about to get up, and walk out.

'I should go actually, I need to go!' she said in a panicky tone so that the old man would ask no questions.

'But wait, I have an opportunity for you' the old man enticed.

'No I really should be going, sorry' Jessica replied, but then looked into his old sad eyes and decided to hear him out, 'actually go on, sorry'

'Well, I can see you are rushed, but the other day I saw an advert for a job, it came to us through the post, let me just see if I still have it folded up in my pocket' he checked, he fidgeted around for at least fifteen seconds, every one of which felt like a life time to Jessica. She had wasted three months at Phototime and now felt like every second mattered. The old man's eyes light up as he finally finds it.

'Ah, there you go I've found it' he pulls out a small folded piece of paper and gives it to Jessica. He doesn't bother to unfold it or explain it, it strikes Jessica as very odd, but then she thought the whole Job Centre was a bit bizarre. She accepted the piece of paper, 'thank you' and placed it carefully in her pocket. Meanwhile the old man ordered her 'have a look at it when you get home, and give them a call, it sounds like exactly the kind of break you are looking for'. Jessica gave a nod of approval and started to back away outside of the job centre. The old man watched her leave and then slowly turned back to his desk to which he got up from when she first entered. Jessica thought to herself that she was definitely the only client to have stepped foot in that place this week.

Jessica marched home with the folded piece of paper lying in her pocket, still not knowing what it was, and not really caring. She moved around the corner to enter the road her house was on. The street she lived on was a cul-de-sac with houses covering the fence at the back that led to a mini canal that Jessica was always warned never to go near by nearby residents. The cul-de-sac was always nostalgic for Jessica, no matter what emotion she was feeling she could think about her cul-de-sac and see the sun beaming down on it. She could not track a single day it was ever rainy or dull. Whenever she imagined her street in her head she would picture the time she saw young children playing with their slide and swing set on a hot summer's day. It was where she belonged, it was home and despite her desire to make it in the film industry she would always remember home.

As she approached her home which was the one three doors to the left of the central house at the end of the cul-de-sac, Jessica noticed her neighbour out front, she was watering the plants in her front lawn. Her neighbour was an elderly woman, she was called Gertrude and Jessica would always write film scripts as a child about the adventures of Gertrude as a younger, more agile lady. Jessica used to call her scripts 'the Adventures of A Young Gertrude' and must've written at least seven scripts, full length, 25,000 words. Gertrude never knew.

Jessica never really fully understood the reasoning behind her obsession of writing about Gertrude. What interest did she have in this lonely old woman who lived next door? Then Jessica would always just reassure herself that creative ideas have to stem from something.

Jessica would never tell a soul about her scripts, she would keep them to herself, not just thinking but knowing that one day they would be valuable. When she thought they would be valuable, she thought not just in terms of money, but in terms of meaning. Jessica swore to herself that she would one day show Gertrude the scripts and had painted such an interesting character in her head that the idea of Gertrude saying 'well that isn't exactly how it went!' was simply not an option in Jessica's mind.

Jessica used to wonder what would happen if she ever died and her scripts were never released to the world or even worse to Gertrude, the star of them. Jessica was quite a pessimistic person when it came to death, she never thought it was too far away. However at the same time Jessica also believed that one day if she could stay alive long enough, she was definitely going to become a millionaire. This thought of the posthumous readings of her scripts used to make her heart race and make her whole body shiver in warmth, it was a genuine fear that the success of her work of art would never be seen by her.

Despite the lovely memories and nostalgia she felt towards her cul-de-sac in which she grew up on called Parkway Avenue, what happened within her home was anything but joyous. Jessica

grew up with foster parents, to which they would always argue and fight. Sometimes Jessica would leave the house through the backdoor and would sometimes ponder looking over the mini canal. The thoughts would race through her head of her foster parents going at it hammer and tongs, one minute her foster mother, Jude would abuse her foster father Daryl, and then the opposite would happen.

The relationship she had with her foster parents was strange, they would never lay a finger on her, nor would they shout at her, nor would they ever really give her any attention at all. They would come home from work and not even notice she was there. This neglect Jessica felt was seen as the main reason, she thought anyway, as to why she wrote so much about the only person who ever really noticed she was there, Gertrude. She never hated her foster parents, she didn't even dislike them, she just wished she had other ones.

Jessica would sometimes stay up late and try her hardest to remember her real parents, to which there was no avail. It was that time in her life when she couldn't remember a thing; she never knew officially what happened to her parents. They certainly weren't dead, but they weren't living anywhere near where she was situated. There were many rumours circulating about why she was in foster care, but she believed none of them because they tarnished her real parents' names, as the years went on though she realised she was in denial. The reason she was in foster care was because one way or another her biological parents were inept. Despite that however Jessica would always think that surely she would be better off with them, instead of her foster parents.

Jessica entered her home, turning the key in the door and meanwhile giving Gertrude a polite nod and wave to acknowledge the lonely woman. Gertrude seemed a very appropriate person, not that Jessica approached her too much, she knew the consequences, she knew that despite her loneliness that she shared with Gertrude, a twenty minute conversation about the weather was not what she wanted daily. Jessica picked up the pace before her long stares at Gertrude became inviting and moved on quickly into her house at number 25. However her door number was missing the 5, so it just read as house number 2.

Sitting at the table in the front room was a common sight for Jessica of her foster mother crying over something that had happened with her husband Daryl. Jude had a tear running down her cheek, she was holding tightly onto a kitchen cloth that was soaked through and dripping all over the laminate flooring. It was a sight that Jessica had become used to seeing, the bloody cuts across her upper arm, the bruises on her neck where she struggled with him.

No longer did Jessica become emotionally involved in any of the shenanigans that the pair of them got up to in their unhealthy relationship, she knew any time she did would end up with her being ignored and watching the two of them reconcile in front of the TV that night watching a film that Jessica was not invited to watch with them. Whilst Jude cried herself into an oblivious rage to which she eventually launched the kitchen cloth against the blue and red striped, disgusting wallpaper, Jessica would walk upstairs at a normal pace, not quietly, not loudly, enough that Jude would know she was present, but no hello, no nothing. It was as if she was a ghost that haunted the unhappy couple.

If one of the two ignorant foster parents were to say anything to her, it would be Daryl, but he wasn't in, he had gone to the local bar to cool off after yet another fight between her and Jude.

This meant Jessica for the first time in a few weeks was happy to be alone, as it gave her an opportunity to reveal to herself what the folded piece of paper was about.

Pulling it out from her coat pocket she was very disinterested by what it was, and could not envisage for a second it could be any real use to her. She placed it onto her desk to which there was a pile of paper to the left of the desk with her scripts about the 'Adventures of A Young Gertrude'. The scripts lay there crinkly, yet unread by any human eye other than herself.

The rest of Jessica's room was as filthy as you could imagine. The crinkly scripts summed up how well kept the room itself. It used to be worse, it was only as Jessica matured and realised that she had to clean things herself that she learnt how to use the dishwasher, washing machine, dryer and vacuum cleaner. She still hasn't quite got the capable knowledge however of an experienced forty year old house wife who knew exactly how to stay on top of cleanliness. She had old clothes hanging over the chair she was sitting on, and three or four empty plastic water bottles scattered over the only carpeted floor in the house, again a suggestion of the parents neglect of Jessica, as the rest of the house was a floored with a sparkling new laminate.

Jessica unfolded the paper and straightened out with one of her thick, heavy scripts that weighed it down so she could get a clear view and read it. The first thing that caught her eyes was the logo in the top right hand corner. She was always one whose eyes where attracted to logos and pictures. She was always very fond of the strange logo at Phototime and now this one had caught her eye too. This time however it was different, it was more because she had seen this logo before in the past.

It was a simple logo of a blue videotape with yellow writing in block capitals written across, 'Blockbuster'. She immediately calculated in her mind that it was the same logo that was used for the rental stores from a few decades prior. Rental stores where small units that would allow customers to borrow, sell and sometimes buy DVDs, video tapes, games and CDs. Video tapes were a way of watching films before DVDs, you could pause, rewind and fast forward, but compared to the stuff we can do today, it was pretty useless, thinking back so many things are.

Below the logo read Blockbuster studios and she realised it was an advert to volunteer. More volunteering she thought to herself and rolled her eyes. However as her sight scrolled further down the paper she saw that it was advertising for someone to volunteer to write a film critique of the studios latest film. She originally thought it was a bit odd that a company would have someone critique their own work but was too excited about the opportunity to think logically. The advert read:

Blockbuster Studios

We need a film critic, no experience required, to come and write a review for our new film. The film is called Vander Dredd. We would like to make you aware that this experience has limited spaces as it is one of the most unforgettable experiences you can ever have, in fact it is the greatest event you will ever attend, think we're lying, come down and see. Give us a call on 067064334450.

Ask for Lucas.

Thanks

This opportunity certainly caught Jessica's eye and after a few hours of contemplating she picked up her phone and dialled.

She never made sure to be out of the house when making the call; she knew that Jude would show close to no interest in what, or who she was discussing on the phone. It was almost comical; sometimes Jessica after growing used to being ignored by them for so many years would shout downstairs, 'Jude, Daryl!' it would progressively get louder and louder 'JUDE, DARYL!'. 'JUDE!! DARYL!!' eventually they would reply, but only after turning the volume on the television to its maximum capacity. Normally they would answer with an aggressive tone in order to demonstrate to Jessica that they didn't care, not that Jessica needed any hints of that. However every now and again it would be a sincere yell by one of them, wondering what she wanted. They would eventually realise within seconds that Jessica was playing a game with them, but this wouldn't stop them falling for it time and time again, nor would it stop their ignorant attitude towards her.

Using her mobile phone, her iPhone 6 which now had become obsolete on the high street, possibly a purchase on Amazon or EBay at a stretch, she dialled the number on the advert. She unlocked her phone with the old four digit code. Every time she typed in her code, 4500, she would wonder what life was like before these things ever existed. Touch screen phones, who knew they'd be such a common and essential tool in everyday life? She brought the phone closer to her ear and listened to it ring, it rang three times and then a voice suddenly darted into her ear drums.

The voice, the voice of a man who had just been woken up by his ringtone. Sounding muggy he asked in his impolite, London Cockney tone 'Can I help?'.

'Yes' replied a startled Jessica who expected a much more professional manner on the other end of the line, 'Can I speak to Lucas please?' the voice sighed, Jessica couldn't hear it, but she could sense it by the languishing pause of the other end of the line, there wasn't a break up in connection, it was a rude break.

'Sorry, yes, this is Lucas, how can I help? Is this an investor?' His London accent peaked with hopefulness and his cockney voice became stronger and stronger before he was interrupted.

'No, no, no. This is Jessica, Jessica Cena, I'm calling up in regards to an advert I have seen about becoming a film critic for your company, the Blockbuster Studios.'

'Oh'. Jessica could tell that Lucas had suddenly sat up and his speech became clearer, his back was straight and he was ready to talk. His mood changed in his voice, it was excitement that Jessica could feel, not hostility. 'Apologies Jess' Jessica was not used to being called Jess, and despite it annoying her, she carried on and bit her tongue. 'yes I am the guy you want, I thought you were a potential investor, I was waiting for a Jocelyn to phone you see. Yes the film critic role, it says voluntary, its actually, well it's a paid role. Turns out people don't like doing things like that for free so I had to bite the bullet and pay, so yeah, does that put you off?' Jessica was so confused, why would that put her off, it was better. 'No, not at all, I was happy doing voluntary work' Jessica replied.

'Oh well that is great Jess, just great Jess' he continued in his London voice. 'ok then, well if you don't mind, just need to go through a few routine questions with you, that alright?' he seemed

very unprofessional, but Jessica was desperate, she wanted out, and she was willing to do an awful lot to get her lucky break.

Erm. Yes go for it Lucas..' she waited for him to complete his name, but this didn't register with him, he seemed a little slow. Jessica couldn't mark down what his age was by his voice, on one end he sounded like a young wheeler and dealer, who lugged around crap TVs from the 80s selling parts, yet there was also a tone of an immature old man in there. Jessica just pictured a spotty, youngish man working behind the counter at Blockbuster Video selling rentals; however she knew that her image of him was most likely wrong.

'Right, so...' Lucas made a strange noise with his lips as filler whilst he looked for the questions he needed to ask 'Ok I can't find the exact questions, but I'm sure we can make this work, I have an excellent memory, ok, so' Jessica got comfy on her bed, and on the other side Lucas did likewise cramming his butt cheeks as far into his ripped crème leather couch as possible.

'Are you above Five foot Five?' Lucas asked,

'Yes I am, think I'm Five foot Seven actually.' She replied,

'Excellent, do you like films?'

'Of course I do' Jessica laughed to herself.

'Very well, do you have writing experience, actually do you like writing?' Lucas backtracked slightly,

'I love writing' Jessica again thought the question had a very simple and obvious answer. Jessica was beginning to feel a sense of pride, like she was passing a test in school or something similar.

'Do you have parents or guardians, or relatives, or anything of that ilk?' Lucas tried to pass the question off as normal.

Jessica initially went to reply yes, before realising that she really had little in those terms, her guardians hardly knew she even existed. 'No, I'd say no, no!' A slight hint of sadness and quiver was in her voice.

'Ok' Lucas seemed very pleased. 'Have you got any photo shoots, head shots?'

Jessica was getting incredibly uncomfortable, she began to shake slightly, she was within inches of putting the phone down on him and then thought she was overreacting. 'What do you mean?' she asked.

'Well we can't have ugly people can we?!' Lucas joked and then very quickly continued, not giving Jessica a chance to even fake laugh 'But no Jess, it's not me being creepy, it's just so we know who to look out for when the day comes of the films premiere'

'Oh' Jessica felt awful for being presumptuous towards Lucas. 'I really don't think I do, I'm afraid'.

'Oh don't be afraid Jess' Lucas again laughing at his own joke, he would always take language seriously, he would make the simplest pun, or saying into a literal meaning, no one however would ever get the jokes he was making other than himself. 'But no again, that's fine, just look for one and send me it when you can dear, thank you my lovely' Lucas' voice suddenly went a bit darker, it was like he was leant right forwards, and had given himself a double chin before he spoke. 'One final question Jess' he paused with no response by Jessica other than an intake of breath 'Are you ready to witness the most incredible thing you will ever see?'

Jessica pondered that seemingly creepy question for a couple of seconds and just as she was about to answer, Lucas interrupted again 'sorry if that sounded a bit strange, but I'm being serious, I can't even begin to explain what you're about to see, this is no ordinary film premier. You'll get a letter through the post soon, with the address to meet up and some more details, where do you live so I can send you it?' Jessica quickly reminded herself of her address '25 Parkway Avenue, Palmdale, P23 TUS, the 5 is missing, so the house is number 2, so I have the job?'

'Oh yes Jess, you have the opportunity of a life time' He said as he wrote down her address and details, 'we will send over the details and you can send me over a headshot of yourself, on this number, or don't if you're creeped out that's fine, it's up to you. No bother. Right then we'll see you soon, bye now'.

'Bye'.

'Tatar' Lucas had the final, eccentric say before he ended the conversation abruptly. Jessica couldn't work out if she was excited, nervous, scared or relieved by the opportunity she had been offered. Still in two minds as to whether to take it or not she would ponder for a few days. Her pondering was helped by the constant arguments downstairs when Daryl eventually came home. Something had to change in her life.

McGuffin

On a hot summers morning back in California a few years back around Area Code 323.5 the discovery of this marvellous premiere was about to be revealed. Revealed not on a large scale. Across the road from the restaurant that sat next door to Area Code 323.5, waited a man called Maurice Cage, he stood there aimlessly looking at his watch awaiting the arrival of a coach to take him to the boulevard.

Maurice was middle aged, around 49 years of age, had fine silver hair that blatantly used to be ginger but had waded. The wrinkles where few and far between despite his age. His face was well chiselled, his chin skinny. As he waited his frame expanded and then leaned forwards, his posture upright gave him a commanded height of six foot two, but he rarely stood this way, normally he would crouch to an average just below six foot.

His face was pot marked, however this was only made clear when in direct sunlight as the rays would create shadowy dimples all over his cheeks and forehead. This was that kind of day, a rare day for Maurice, he rarely left the house. He lived in his own studio apartment, he was once married but divorced seven years prior and he quite liked being alone.

He grew impatient with every check on his watch, he would check once, twice then a third time in a matter of seconds, knowing that nothing would change, but giving him reason to get angry and feel sorry for himself. Maurice never wore glasses, but he needed to, he would always squint at the closest thing and shower his eyes with his shadowy hand when something was far away come rain or shine. He stood still waiting. Nothing came, just a bunch of cyclists gliding past, to which Maurice watched on with envy wishing he was young and agile enough to ride one still.

‘One day, one day I’ll ride one of them again’ Maurice said to himself, but was surprised that his thoughts were actually spoken out loud and quickly darted his eyes across and around the street to check if anyone was there. Phew, he thought to himself as he realised no one was there, this time making sure he didn’t embarrass himself by saying his thoughts out loud. Maurice believed in reincarnation, it was his go to reason to feel optimistic in everything he did. This may have been caused by countless failings of his down the years, a failed marriage, a failed career trying to make it as an entrepreneur in Hollywood and failed relationship with his family, one of which his brother Lucas.

Maurice had given up hope on his bus arriving anytime soon and decided to look around. He looked around at the same old familiar street that was just three blocks away from his apartment building. He had seen this street a million times, but today was different, his eye wondered more than ever before, his struggling eyesight was about to catch a glimpse at something new. It wasn’t the restaurant called Frankie’s that had been there now for two-and-half years.

Frankie’s was quite often described as the biggest dive in Hollywood to eat at, no celebrities went there, none of the public particularly wanted to eat there either. It was crap, Maurice himself had never actually gone there, he read the reviews on TripAdvisor and decided never to try it. ‘The chefs are rude and ignorant’ one review claimed. ‘The waitresses are there for a lucky break in acting, try acting as a waitress’ was a review by Drianna The Devil on the website. Maurice would sometimes read them as a way of getting a cheap laugh on a miserable day, but when the sun was shining, he left his phone at home, he wanted no distractions from the sunlight. He also didn’t like the way the sun’s rays would reflect off his phone directly into his face, he heard you get quicker cancer that way, cancer of the cheeks?

The restaurant looked busy, the waiters looking stressed and the chefs were in and out of the kitchen sweating. There was a roar of anger and rage coming from the back alley where the chefs would smoke. It would appear that the stress of busy Frankie’s had got to one or two of the chefs. They were explicitly shouting and yelling at one another. Language that Maurice even at the age of 49 had never heard before. Maurice, with a certain ounce of caution and risk popped his head to the left to sneak a peek at the alley to see them yelling. By the time his eyes could register what was going on the door slammed shut to the kitchen and he had missed all the drama, or had he...

He had looked down the alley before, walked past it many times. But this time Maurice noticed the droplets coming from the drain, the same drain the chef noticed. Maurice gave another

oh to familiar look around the street again to check if anyone was there, he saw no one but he was sure someone would see him. He stepped forward with trepidation; he was intrigued to see what the building was. There was no lure to the buildings appearance, just something irresistible about its aura. Though it was a building that you really had to notice, you couldn't just walk past it and grow attached, you had to really focus your eyes on it, and for Maurice this was a challenge.

The door was shut solid it seemed. Maurice gave it a quick pull; half bothered and realised it wouldn't budge easy. He considered just giving up there-and-then and leaving, his bus was due any minut... actually he thought what's the point it will never show. He examined the door closer, he decided to stay a bit longer as he could feel the coolness of the shade, and at his age, the sun's heat can be killer. The alleyway was completely out of the sun's way and he looked closer at the door. The door seemed tightly hinged, some rust, and metal, a strong metal, like steel. There was no way of breaking the door down, but there was another way in.

After closer inspection he took a step back and looked up. He saw no way in, so he looked downwards and saw a small gap in the wall of the building to the right of the door. The gap was small, but certainly big enough to fit his lanky, skinny frame through it. Maurice thought to himself he should stop even contemplating it, he's too old. To Maurice however there was something tempting about this building, a temptation that no one else who had encountered the building before had felt. It was as though the building was encouraging him to come inside, taunting him with its whispers as the light breeze of wind stroked its sides. Maurice wondered why no one had noticed this before, but then realised the truth is, no one really cares, how often do you look at a completely blacked out building and think, 'let's go inside, bet there's some cool stuff in there'. He moved to the side the big plank of wood that was slightly covering the hole at the bottom of the wall, perhaps a reason, Maurice thought as to why no one had entered this way, but then how was he to know no one had been in there before, he was just guessing no one had ventured inside.

As he crept into the gap and then squeezed his way through into the other side of the wall, he could smell rotten eggs, stagnated water, and utter foulness. Maurice at that moment would have been forgiven for wondering what on Earth he was doing, but he didn't care, he was obsessed. Maurice didn't really care, he believed he would come back and be reborn again anyway; he cared nothing of the risks of dying.

Eventually after twenty or so seconds of struggle, he found his way in. The interior was rotten too, and it smelt, not as bad as the small gap, but still noticeably not smelling of fresh air. Maurice thought that the smell was perhaps hindered by the heat too. Things always smell worse in hot conditions. The building had no stairs to Maurice's surprise, the building was just an empty floor and a long way up the ceiling. There was the tiniest hint of light coming from the small hole he had just crawled through. To his amazement there were no creatures in there, none at all, like they were scared away by something. Maurice thought to himself that this place would be a perfect condition for mice, or rats to thrive. Maurice could hear the occasional bird on the roof flapping its wings and hooting, but apart from that nothing. The small bit of light lit the room up just enough that he could see something in the corner, the red light of the camera.

Maurice picked up the camera, looking damaged and scraped from what seems like multiple drops to the floor by innocent curious people. Maurice examined it for a while, tossing and turning it in his hand, he was an admirer of old cameras and this one seemed incredibly old, rustic almost like

an antique. He couldn't possibly imagine it working; he knew what type of camera it was, an old 16mm Bolex. He opened it up more and examined it, and being a wannabe film director when he was younger he held it like Kubrick would have. He pointed it at the small shine of light from the hole and looked through the lens, seeing nothing. His eye sight was too poor to see close up. He sighed and pressed the button just out of interest. You know what happened next. He disappeared suddenly from the room he was in; the camera smashes the floor yet again. He was there, and not even in the blink of an eye, not even enough time to witness his body evaporate or anything really, he was invisible. Maurice reappeared in a familiar spot.

A tropical island. Humidity slightly greater than that of California. It was night time, the moon however lit up the sky and made everything more visible, even to Maurice's poor vision. The full moon in the almost clear sky was cut in half by a thin sheet of cloud running through the middle. It was bright enough to leave shadows on the sandy surface of the beach from the bizarrely large palm trees of the jungle on the island. As Maurice squinted his eyes and tried to look further within the jungle he saw the trees change from Palm to Oak. The Oak trees were taller still, they grew and grew in size as his eyes managed to see closer to what was seemingly the centre of the island.

Having no idea where he was, and his view impaired he wandered around the coastline for a while. Maurice felt petrified, he was startled by what was going on and where exactly he was. Yet Maurice didn't feel threatened by anything, thus far there was nothing he had encountered that was a risk to his life. No weird noises, no strange shadows other than that of the trees. The only noise he could hear was the trees swaying from side to side from the small blow of wind on the island, and the washing of waves up against the sand.

Maurice, shaking and knowing that he was too old to be exploring a place like this, just walked, arms folded, partly to keep warm, partly psychological as to not allow anything to enter his vicinity. He stumbled across a large clump of sand on the beach that he tripped slightly over. He looked down to see what it was. Expecting to see a branch or rock, he was surprised to find that it was oddly shaped. It was an object of some sorts, but it was absolutely covered in wet sand.

He was worried he might have discovered a bone of sorts. This would have really unsettled him. He was caught between searching further as to what it was, or just remaining unawares to it and carrying on. Unfortunately for his own sensitive heart, he was too fascinated by what it could be. He picked it up and scraped away at the wet sand, and revealed that it was actually a projector. As he pulled it up further off the beach, a long string of something thin and plastic followed the projector attached to it. The sand of it slowly shook off as he picked up the projector and it was revealed to be a piece of film reel. Maurice tried to look for a button or a light to suggest it still functioned, but found nothing. He simply saw it as a bread crumb for something bigger, a clue on a trail to something even more mysterious and wonderful.

He placed the projector down beside a Palm tree and it slanted against it with the film reel flapping against the bark in the light breeze. Maurice knew that he had to discover something, so he kept exploring the beach.

After a good few hours travelling every section of the beach of which he could see, he checked his watch to see that he had actually only been there for a matter of minutes. Time felt slower on this island. In that time, he had found only the projector and to that it did nothing at all to

satisfy him. He knew! He had a feeling there was definitely something greater on this piece of land where he stood. The type of feeling you get, like a sixth sense, as if his struggling eyesight had given him another power, a power to know there was something hiding on the island.

After exploring the depths of the jungle that the beach surrounded, Maurice began to question his own sense that something big was on the island. To his knowledge he wasn't certain he was even on an island, to his knowledge it was just a beach and a few trees with no centre, it could've gone on for thousands and thousands of miles. He could even have been on another planet, he had no idea where he was, or who he was at this point.

The jungle he was struggling to see through was natural; it was as if man had never been here before. An undiscovered part of the world that he had just uncovered. Feeling like a modern Christopher Columbus he hacked down at the fighting branches and plants in his way with his bare hands in an attempt to find something less natural. He fought through at least half a mile of nature before he finally found something that was far from natural. He smacked his foot against something so hard it almost broke his big toe. He heard a pinging noise echo and shake a few leaves behind him. Again no sign of any life so far, no birds chirping, or mice squealing, he bit his bottom lip and held his foot tight due to the pain. He didn't scream out, he felt it wasn't necessary and could attract trouble. He regained his composure after the worst of the stubbed toe was over, and looked at what it was he kicked so hard.

On close inspection it was a long rusty bollard lying on the ground, small in height. Was it the debris of a crashed plane? He always heard of planes going missing in the news and never being uncovered. Perhaps this was part of the Bermuda Triangle. One thing was for certain in Maurice's mind he had to keep going after this, after all there was nowhere to turn back to, there was seemingly no way back home.

Maurice felt it closely as he couldn't make out what it was exactly, he was still unclear. He could feel paint on the long beam. Dried paint that was crumbling and flaking off in his hand like pastry on a pain au chocolate as he stroked it. He came to the correct conclusion that it was a metal bollard and knew now that he was on the cusp of something big. This place showed its first signs of human life, of any life in fact.

Still however, Maurice was yet to hear even the slightest buzz of a fly, or flinch of a deer. He slowly made his way further into the deep, dark jungle, being careful not to tread on anything that might hurt his foot again.

As the floor below him turned from grass and mud to what felt on his feet as chippings of wood, he saw a figure grow larger and larger. The figure started to gain shape, a lot slower than if Maurice's eyesight was perfect. It began to develop a large building. The moonlight bounced off the top of it and shone directly into Maurice's eyes as he progressed. He worked his way down and briefly stood pondering at such a wonderful building; he gave his eyes time to adjust to its marvel. The top of the building was a glass dome, like the top of a mosque. The building continued in its glassy formation all the way down and formed a pentagon shape at the base. The building was huge, at least three floors and a good surface area of around thirty feet squared. Maurice wanted to take a seat to take in the beauty of this building which he could only think was built years ago and abandoned.

He had nowhere to sit, he had to just stand there, his legs shaking due to tiredness and his hands trembling due to the sheer size of the discovery. It was the biggest greenhouse he had ever seen. It had weeds growing through the tiniest of cracks in the windows, but Maurice couldn't see that well. To him and his blurred vision the building looked perfect.

The darkness of the night didn't do anything to hinder the power that Maurice felt when looking at the building as its shadow from it completely covered and dwarfed him. Smiling at it and feeling nothing but adrenaline and a slight nervous laughter he approached it. He marched up the four steps that led to what seemed to be a front entrance. Maurice quickly glanced behind him just out of caution and saw nothing, just a dark overgrown surrounding, as if nothing had ever tampered with its naturally grown environment. He could hardly see each step as he took it slowly one by one.

When he finally reached the double doors of the building he slightly touched it. No strength was put into his delicate touch, as if Maurice didn't want to upset the building by being too forceful, like the building had a pulse. To Maurice the building had a heart, a brain and a soul, just from that one touch on its double doored entrance. He felt something rush through his body, a secret feeling, a feeling of terror, a feeling of excitement mixed together with the shooting pain in his heart. The pain that feels like a sharp dagger in your chest when you hear terrible news, or you get overly excited, it was that but it was like no other feeling he had ever felt before.

The clouds covering the moon grew thicker and the building's shadow began to disappear behind Maurice as he glanced behind him again. Finally Maurice decided to enter the building but his forceful hand did nothing to open the doors. They were bolted shut; there was no way of getting in politely. Maurice decided the only way in was to smash a window, or smash the door.

He tried to go and reclaim the long metal beam debris that he stumbled on earlier, but he couldn't pick it up, it was too big and far too heavy. Eventually after scrambling on the floor for a while, again sensing no life within the wood chippings, he found a medium sized rock that he picked up with ease, but could feel it was weighted in his hand.

Standing at the bottom of the small flight of stairs facing the entrance, Maurice juggled the rock in his right hand, tossing it up in the air three or four times contemplating when to throw it. He threw it on the fifth toss and gave it all he could. It didn't smash the window, but certainly cracked it slightly. He heard it; it didn't crack like a normal window, more like when an iPhone cover cracks. It was a bang and skid sound. He went and searched the rock again and after some time he was standing in the same spot, with the same aim. Nailed to the spot he threw it again and this time the window smashed into a million glass shards on the floor. Some pieces of glass fell into the building, some landed outside on the stairs.

Maurice felt a rush of wind blow over his face as the glass succumbed to the rock. Maurice knew the rush of wind to his face was a psychological thought. He made his way into the building now carefully making sure not to cut himself on the outside of the broken window on the way in. Inside was so black. There was no way that he could make out anything really, there was no electricity, but there was light bulbs and signs of old, used electrical appliances that no longer worked.

There was a rancid smell throughout the majestic building. He looked up at the sky through the domed glass ceiling roof and saw the moon disappearing slowly behind the clouds that were gathering. The smell of the building was of dust and burnt hair. He could hear clicking of rocks or something below him as he walked over an uneven floor it seemed. It wasn't uneven; it was just full of all kinds. On closer inspection Maurice found that it was skeleton bones and human skulls. Feeling sick, he pulled himself together and just got on with it, he didn't like what he'd seen but couldn't do anything about it.

The whole surrounding area looked as though it was from a previous generation, as if people years ago used to come here and then suddenly just stopped. The walls were very 1950s in design. A strange dark marble green covered the walls, but it couldn't be seen clearly by Maurice, it was too dark. The floor was untraceable due to the collection of all kinds covering it.

Maurice finally approached another double door, this time it wasn't glass, it was solid, heavy wood. A big number beside it in what looked like neon lights, but no power to have them switched on, a big Three. Then he looked around and saw two more sets of double doors, with the numbers Two and One beside them. The numbers were huge, and just escaping Maurice's poor vision slightly was a small square on the wall near the numbers, nothing of note in the squares, but it looked like it was empty, like it used to be filled with something, a poster of some sort.

He pushed on the door with three next to it and it opened slightly. In that moment he saw a light shine bright and it startled him and he quickly let go of the door for it to close again and the light slowly dimmed as the door closed it in, and then the light disappeared. Maurice was too apprehensive to open it again, so he wandered more, hoping that he would eventually pluck up the courage to just face it, he had nothing else to do. He couldn't go home, and he couldn't walk around aimlessly till he just died, he had to at least discover something. Worst case scenario he finds something that killed the people before him and at least then he doesn't slowly starve to death and die through torture. He'd go out with a bang.

He managed to make out a staircase about six feet away from him and door three. He walked towards it and made his way up the stairs, holding tightly to the bannister, every step he took he would feel and hear another crack of a bone or skull beneath his feet. There must have been at least seven skeletal bodies and skulls spread across the building's floor and stairs.

Once Maurice had gotten to the top of the first flight of stairs he simply went through the first door he could find on the floor. This time it was a single door with the word 'staff only' in bold letters written across it, however Maurice's eyesight seemed to have selected not to see it. Upon entering the room he could see light again, so much dimmer though. It didn't startle him this time, there was no surprise, he followed the small shade of light and in this tiny room he crept towards a sound not too far away. The sound of something vibrating and chittering. The sound of something needing electrical power, the sound of something working hard like a computer of some sort. The room was so small, about the size of a projector room, and then Maurice discovered that it was indeed a projector room. The noise was coming from a projector not too dissimilar from that of the one he found on the beach earlier.

The projector was working away hard and the film was rushing through it and the light of the projector shined bright directly into the glass in front. Maurice was confused and excited. He quickly

moved closer to the projector and wanted to peek at what it was showing. His interest overcame the initial shock and realism of the whole scenario. He was glancing at the projector for room Seven.

He moved his head to side and saw that there was a bigger window to the left of the projector so he could see exactly what was showing. Then he saw it.

Maurice's eyes lit up, he was not scared, he was mesmerised. A large shadow of a beast, a monster, an animal covered the window with darkness. Maurice couldn't have described it, it was something that had to be seen. It had a shadow, it was real, it wasn't fake, it wasn't in another world, or universe, it was here, right here and now. The monstrous being was here in front of him. It let off an almighty deep roar and it echoed. It shook the glass. Maurice didn't panic, he didn't run away, his pupils dilated and he licked his lips, he wiped his sweaty upper lip clean and smiled with unusual excitement.

The spare room (with cameras and stuff)

On the fourth, and top floor of the large, modernist style Blockbuster cinema, along with a few screen rooms, was a small single wooden door. The door looked as clean as a freshly dipped copper coin in soda water. It shined bright, brighter than the other doors in the otherwise dull large building. Just eight feet above the door was a large globe shaped lamp shade which had had the power cut off seemingly, meaning it could no longer give off artificial light.

The moon in the night sky above was struggling to shine through the clouds ripping through it. Maurice, wandering the corridors like a lost child in a supermarket, approached the door. The door was not a push one unlike all other doors in the cinema, and it didn't look to resemble any of the screen room doors in this or any other cinema across the globe. It was unearthly. There was a presence to the door, a haunting state to it. It was as though the door had its own personality within the eerie cinema, and beside it was two flickering neon lights representing the number fourteen. The number thirteen wouldn't have looked out of place beside it instead.

The door had a metallic oxidized copper rounded knob that was to be twisted and pulled to gain access.

The frame of the door was perfectly straight and the door when opened, by whoever dare step foot in it, was silent. There wasn't a suggestion of any rust on either of the remarkably golden coloured hinges. The door hadn't been neglected, and even if it had, you wouldn't be able to tell as if the door was self-cleaning.

Inside the room that door number fourteen guarded, it was relatively unimpressive. Incredibly underwhelming to anyone who stepped foot in there. It's heavy presence a lie.

It was a small room, no bigger than a large cloakroom. Around six feet long, and five feet wide in size, the contents of the room however were more interesting than its scope. The room's height was an intriguing feature; it was around ten foot tall to the ceiling. On the way up to the top were stacks and stacks of busy wooden shelves.

The wooden shelves had become crooked, and looked chewed as if they had been attacked by wood lice or termites. Resting on these shelves by a thread were many film reels encased in see through plastic containers. There must have been around twenty to thirty film reels. The film reels revealed films, mainly sequels to various films that were scattered in the many screen rooms throughout the cinema:

Seven Axe Man sequels.

Three Scars of Our Planet Part Two & The Prequel.

Verpo Part Two, Verpo Part Three & Verpo Part Four.

Other film reels included what seemed to be untouched superhero movies and animation:

Fireball: Rising Fire

Fireball Two: Red Cape

Fireball Three: The Battle of Worlds

Creating Chris

There were even more movies. All of which seemed to follow similar trends of modern cinema post 1960s Hollywood. The titles of each movie written in black felt tip pen on light brown sticky tape that was attached to the top of the film reels plastic covers. As the shelves progressed up beyond the initial few filled with film reels, it could be seen that there was dusty filming equipment scattered on the upper shelves, covered with fabrics and props.

The fabrics where that of costumes and types of uniform, the props where quite simplistic, a few animalistic masks, glasses, top hats, you name it. Noticeably there was a mask that represented a plague doctor, purple metal in colour and dragging beneath the metal part of the mask was fish net stockings like material that could cover a person's face.

Rolled up behind the dusty camera sets and lighting equipment was a green screen presumably used for the using CGI in the films that were so neatly tucked away beneath the equipment in their plastic cases. Through the dust that covered the cameras was always a red light that shun through very similar to the camera that was the key to finding this cinema in the first place.

Some of the cameras were certainly dustier than others suggesting that a few of them had been used recently. However the power of these cameras where only revealed to those who have used them. They do present the question, where they the cameras responsible for the magic that was at play throughout the cinema.

Venice

The story of the city of Venice, Italy is a cruel one. People travel there every year to see the canals and the wonderful, majestic scenery, but little do they know that it is effectively a sinking ship. One

day in the not too distant future Venice will succumb to the water that surrounds it, it will become a smaller and smaller island.

Whilst it still stands however, there is a secret about Venice. One so well kept that even the people of Venice, the government who run Italy and the mayor of the city of Venice are completely clueless to it. Featured in lots of films Venice is an incredible backdrop for many action scenes, and has the scenery to make the most heart-breaking storyline seem romantic. It inspires romanticism no matter how you look at it, people go there when they believe they are in love, and the city of Venice makes effort to make you believe what you want to believe in your relationship, even if deep down the love is a lie. Home to scenes from James Bond, the most romantic action hero of them all, this under-threat collection of islands off the Italian mainland is on the brink.

One day on a cold Tuesday morning in the hospital of Venice called The Giovanni e Paolo hospital, a patient was brought through to one of the wards in agony. He was an English man with an American accent and he was dragged through the corridors of the relatively quiet hospital by two Italian, greased up working builders. The Italian men, two of them were wearing hardhats, vest tops, fluorescent jackets and grey maintenance gloves. The logo and company name of PRB construction was written firmly across the hardhats and fluorescent vests of the Italian builders, some of the paint of the business name was scraped off the hardhats through wear and tear and hard work.

The Italian constructors, I looking like part of a European boy band where begging with their hand gestures for help, and speaking in Italian 'Per favour. Per favour, per favour' they screamed down the long corridors of the hospital, eventually a doctor came and took over. He escorted the patient away from the Italian builders, but they followed in a state of panic.

The American was on the cusp of falling silent as he was struggling to stay conscious from the pain. Blood was rushing from his stomach and the doctor quickly removed the large blood-soaked tea towel that was placed there by the Italian's to stop the rush of blood exiting his body. The doctor then quickly did a procedure to replace the tea towel with a more effective antiseptic cloth. The patient was sweating from the pain and the beads of perspiration ran down his cheeks and into his opened, desperate mouth. The doctor sensed the worse for the man, it did not look good.

The patient moved his head side to side with what little energy he had left and with his half opened eyes he squinted at the name of the doctors name tag, Dr Bonucci. The name of the doctor was Bonucci, was this to be the last name he would ever see. The Italian builders rushed in and as Dr Bonucci escorted his nurses to help with finding a way to help the patient the Italians desperately spoke to Bonucci and asked if everything was going to be ok.

'aiuto ... veloce' one of the builders said. He along with the other one then removed there builders hats and held them across there lower abdomen in mark of respect. Doctor Bonucci remained calm and focused, he didnt respond to the cries of desperation from the three Italians. The three Italians, who seemed suspicious as well as concerned had something to hide.

Doctor Bonucci finally spoke, however only to the patient to try and keep him awake. Bonucci spoke in English but with his strong italian accent, so he spoke slowly and simply so that the patient could understand. 'you're name?' Bonucci asked.

'Har..' he struggled to respond 'Harold, am I ok?', Bonucci half laughed 'do you feel ok?

'No' Harold said abruptly. Bonucci continued 'the wound, it's a, it's a very big' He received stitches off his nurse. 'This is going to hurt, I'd imagine. How did it happen?' Bonucci asked.

'egli cadde' said one builder in Italian, Bonucci looked at him like he was foolish, 'Did you fall?' asked Bonucci to Harold. There was no response, 'I thought not' Bonucci then gave a begging hand gesture to the Italians, as if he was trying to say this man is on the brink of death, I need to know the truth, and he said that all in one hand gesture. Italians could speak novels in hand gestures.

The builders where so panicky, they were sweating almost as much as Harold. One of the, with his long hair was literally able to squeeze the sweat out of his long locks. The other, exact same height, then gave his view 'egli cadde sul trapano '. Bonucci rolled his eyes and asked 'Harold, did you fall on a drill?' Harold let off a large breath, almost like a sigh. 'Please leave, wait outside, grazie' Bonucci reached his tether. The two Italians left with hats still held in front of them and they went out slowly in a queue speaking quietly to themselves with passion.

Bonnuci then returned to his patient and began to dig a bit deeper. He saw the wound clearly and thought it defiantly wasn't made by a drill. However it was created by something metallic, as it had already began to grow infected. His stomach continued to pump out more and more blood in what was a very gory situation for Doctor Bonnuci. So repulsive was the scene in front of him in fact that his nurse left to sit down before she fainted. The nurse was new and had never seen so much blood in real life. What on earth could cause this much blood? Bonnuci pondered.

After about twelve minutes, Bonucci finally uncovered that it was a bullet that had caused the damage. The bullet was unusual though, it didn't go deep into his stomach, just slightly and it was actually easy to find, but it was spiked all round it. It was a bullet of which Bonucci had never seen before, then again he was a doctor, he had no real knowledge on weaponry. The bullet looked like some type of old fashioned torture devise, something that couldn't possibly be used in this day and age as it would be seen as inhumane and also why would you use it, there's better more efficient guns out there.

Bonucci thought it odd, and decided to wait for the police to arrive, by which point Harold had sadly passed. Bonucci meanwhile wanted to ask the two Italian builders what exactly had gone wrong, and where he picked up the fatal injury. But they had gone.

For the next few weeks an investigation went into the whereabouts of where they had fled. There was no positive feedback; they had just gone into thin air. There was no information on Harold even, no driver's license, social security number, nothing. It was an unsolvable mystery. The bullet was untraceable, and it seemed like it had never been used before. Not ever in human history had a bullet like that ever been used. Made out of solid silver, small rigid, about a centimetre in length and 6mm's thick, the small spikes around the outside had small holes on the tip as if it was to release a poison, but there was no traceable poison found in the body of Harold, it was a mystery.

When Bonnuci was asked about the men by the police, he could only briefly recollect the names on their name tags and nothing else. He recalled the names Leonardo and Pablo Information that didn't help the police in their search much at all.

This mystery was linked to that of the island that Maurice had found, did he have something to do with it? Was he employing builders to perhaps work on the building he had discovered? But why Venice? Why a city that was on the edge of going underwater, and a city that was so famous for romanticism and tourism, surely there were quieter more hidden destinations to employ people from. What was Maurice up to?

The Premiere invite

The day finally arrived for Jessica who had been waiting for a number of weeks for the letter to reach her in the post. The letter regarding the information for the premiere of the film she was to critique. It arrived through her letter box on a windy, mildly warm Wednesday afternoon, and it still struck Jessica as odd that it was a letter and not an email confirming the information, after all this was the 21st century. The world had progressed beyond letters surely, who has time to send letters anymore in this busy society.

The letter arrived looking very unprofessional, almost like a birthday card. It was a plain envelope with big letters written across it "Jessica!" with a big stamp in the top left corner. The stamp was a picture of a stage in an auditorium with red curtains being drawn on either side, she looked closely at it and could swear she could see slight movement in the curtains, as if they were blowing. Jessica knew or at least strongly thought she was being mad, and it was her mind playing tricks on her, of course the curtains weren't moving, it was a picture on a stamp.

She picked it up and it was heavy, and so where her expectations. Excited to see what was inside she wasted no time in ripping off the upper lip of the envelope and after slight resistance she decided to just rip it clean off. She could smell the paper of the envelope, it had a hint of metal to it, it must've been waiting in the letter box for some time, and Lucas had posted it from London, England, if his accent was anything to go by.

After loosening up the now opened envelope she looked inside. Jessica found a piece of paper, it must have been folded at least five or six times, it was thick and she really had to yank it out. One solitary piece of A4 paper folded that many times, how bizarre, she thought. All of a sudden a nostalgic thought came to her head, a memory of what her maths teacher told her in school. Mr Franklin; he used to say that you can only fold a piece of A4 paper 8 times, so Jessica knew that Lucas, or whoever had done this, had really put effort into each fold. Mr Franklin also continued on by saying that if it was possible to fold a piece of 50 times, the paper would stretch its height to the moon. Jessica tried to never think about it too literally, because the idea of it is just insanity and irrelevant. However she did find it interesting that someone had researched that fact, therefore the idea exists, and thereof the possibility exists. She shook her head as she came back into the real world, losing her temper with her own mind as if to say she needs to stop daydreaming and get real.

In her bedroom away from her two foster parents who were too busy bickering over the television remote to know where she was, she unfolded the paper. It was pretty unexciting, like when you get a birthday card with no money in it, just a message. Why waste my time, Jessica

looked at the A4 paper, now neatly flattened out with her dictionary keeping it from folding back up. It was a letter, nothing else, and it read in poor English, but trying to be professional:

Dear Jess,

Hope this finds you well, I'm just confirming that you are attending the premiere for my new film. So the times we are meeting, can you get down to Frankie's restaurant in Hollywood please, for about 5 in the afternoon on this coming Saturday. Wear comfortable clothes, nothing smart, just what you'd wear to the gym or to go shopping in. No need for a pen and paper, I don't think. When you get there you'll see a guy with a long trench coat sitting on the table furthest to the left of the outdoor area of the restaurant, with a mysterious looking bowler hat, that will be the guy you need to approach. You will wait for other people to get there who are coming also for the premiere and the man will escort you to it. You can bring a coat but you might not need it, it's hot were you are going, and I'll provide food.

I don't think I've missed anything out, but if I have then, well tough, thanks Jess

Yours something,

Mr Lucas Cage

Jessica could have sat there deliberating and analysing the letter all day, the informality of it and the lack of research that had seemingly gone into it. It wasn't just Lucas's lack of knowledge that concerned Jessica, it was what he actually said, 'wear comfortable clothes' as if she was going to be doing something more than sitting there watching a film. 'No notepad or pen required' they must be providing a laptop then or something Jessica imagined.

Chapter

Upon Jessica's arrival at Frankie's restaurant in Hollywood, it was evident that there was a secret. Jessica hopped off her coach ride a stop early to be careful. She was worried that the bus had already gone past Frankie's and she hadn't noticed it. She deep down knew her worry was purely irrational, she had her eyes glued out of the window the whole time and her phone's map function confirmed she hadn't passed it yet, but she couldn't be too safe. The sun was covered by cloud, and there was the faintest hint of a shadow following Jessica, Her bag noticeably swinging from her shoulders. Her shoulders where on show, and she was wearing jeans, she dressed smart just in case that it was a test by Lucas to see if she would dress professional or not. Her hair was tied back, a small part of her fringe was loose however, and the slightest stroke of blonde hair relaxed on her face.

Nearly there she began to look more and more intensely into her phone screen, following the big blue dot on the map to make sure she found the correct restaurant. She lifted her head for a brief moment to see if it was there, but there was nothing, what she did see however was a small

crowd of three people, two men and one woman, walking in a similar direction, all looking at their phones.

Jessica considered asking them for directions, but they looked just as clueless. The woman was dark haired, almost jet black. She was dressed in an incredibly professional and smart manner, high heeled as if she was going for an interview for very high end job. That's what Jessica presumed she was doing, judging by the shoes, a knee length skirt, and her tights didn't have single rip or mishap in them. She carried a clipboard with her and compared to the two men she was walking with, she was ready for business, whatever that business may be.

The two men on the other hand looked dressed for a weekend long festival, a very long weekend. Dressed like park rangers the pair of them, one was nearly completely bald and tall, whilst the other was short, stocky and a pony tail. His pony tail shaking from side to side was something that really caught Jessica's mind, she always hated pony tails and something about this one particularly made her sick, but smile. Her first impressions of the three of them were not impressive. All varied in age too, the woman was at least late twenties, early thirties at a stretch. The bald man could have been eighteen, but could also have been forty judging by the back of him. And the pony tail, well he was early twenties possibly, Jessica didn't quite know, but her assumptions wouldn't be far from the truth.

After staring at the three of them for a while and contemplating whether to allow herself to follow their lead she decided to make her own way there and ended up taking a sharp right down a backstreet. Her blue dot on her map seemed confused, it was lost, it was telling her she was in a building, but she wasn't. Then the blue dot floated around for a good twenty seconds trying to reconfigure and eventually shut down. Jessica sighed and let out a puff of air and just walked around for a while waiting for the map to work again.

Eventually, after another five to ten minutes of searching, Jessica finally saw Frankie's and outside was a man in the corner table, looking dark and mysterious, with the bowler hat just as Lucas described in the letter. Surrounding the man who seemed to have his face covered, was the three people Jessica had seen earlier. She felt embarrassed that she had gotten there later than them, even though the three of them had no idea she was behind them, or even knew who she was. Jessica was always one to overthink, but this was a new extreme for her, she was stewing over every little detail of the day.

Jessica approached the table with the man on it slowly, not wanting to seem too pugnacious. Stood there she waited for the man to say something, or just to acknowledge her presence. After a few seconds of awkward standoff, the woman with the dark hair spoke to ease the tension, 'well looks like you must be Jess then?'

'Jessica, yes, nice to meet you, what's your name?' She responded.

'Jocelyn, or Miss Tremaine, nice to meet you Jessica' she smiled and politely half waved 'then there's these two' pointing to the two men who both seemed slightly precarious at first.

'Hello there, I'm Joel Tremaine' the man with the ponytail introduced himself, 'pleasure to meet you Jessica' he smiled and went to shake her hand, to which Jessica was very confused. Jessica was surprised by how attractive Joel actually was, he seemed ugly to her from a distance, but as she got

closer to him, it's like she saw a deeper, more attractive side to him. She did however think 'why, why oh why does he have a ponytail?' if only it weren't for that ponytail Jessica would've have had the perfect first impression. He had a handsome face, good stubble and bright blue eyes. His hair however looked sweaty and greasy.

Meanwhile Jessica also had to contend with a man with the opposite, no hair at all, not a single grain of it on his face or head, he resembled a villain with his look. Now that the men where closer she could see that Joel was definitely early twenties and the other was late thirties. 'My name is Conan' he went on further in his lovely posh Canadian accent, no shake of the hand, just a raised hand towards his chest to introduce himself, he seemed almost shy.

'Well very nice to meet you all' Jessica shook her head and looked slightly overwhelmed. 'So you both have the same surname, are you...' she waited for a response as she pointed at the pair of them.

'Siblings, brother and sister, I'm his older sister' Jocelyn cut in, but it was welcomed by Jessica, 'He is with me for experience, he needs voluntary work to get into the industry' Jocelyn explained.

'Oh' Jessica's eyes lit up, 'tell me about it, I really struggled to get any sort of work experience' Jessica prepares herself to talk for hours about it, but she was interrupted by the mysterious man 'Sorry to intervene on this welcoming, but the time has come for us to go'.

'So what's your name?' Jessica was growing in confidence. Jocelyn quickly answered for her out of reaction 'Malcolm!' Malcolm then gets up onto his feet and starts to walk and quickly lets a sly dig at Jessica 'You would have known if you'd shown up on time' Jessica stud there shocked and disheartened, Jocelyn followed Malcolm close by, and then Conan wasn't lagging too much, Joel walked past Jessica whispering in her ear 'Don't worry, you weren't that late' he reassures her.

Malcolm had a miserable walk, his long trench coat dragged at the back of his knees, and his odour, he stunk of stale juniper berries, and his breath gave off the smoky smell of fags when he spoke. His hat caused a shadow over one eye, his left, and half of one over the other. His lips where dry and stale, giving off an unhealthy exterior. Jessica, along with the others did ponder for a while as they trailed behind his footsteps, how this guy was still alive, he looked corpse white throughout and his legs didn't seem to bend when he walked, they just moved straight like they had no flexibility at all.

'Right then, we're here!' Malcolm said stud outside Area Code 323.5 with his rasping voice, the echo heard down the alleyway loud enough for passer-by's to hear, but none where there. Malcolm gave off a hint of a smile, but it turned out to be him squinting and counting that everyone was in attendance. 'You all here, yes you are' he assured himself, stumbling from what seemed like intoxication, he kept his nerve, straightened up, his legs seemingly having no knees, his upper torso covered by his large brown swade trench coat. He must have been boiling in there, it was a humid, and it was California.

'Let me just.' He fidgeted around for a moment, looking for a key in his pocket and eventually after a few seconds he found it, he never panicked, it was as if he was doing someone a favour by being here and any cock ups he made would be down to no one's responsibility. He revealed the key, as he pulled it out of the large, deep pockets of his trench coat. The key about the

size of one of his coat buttons, he stuck it in the lock with no courtesy at all. Twisted around for a while and eventually the door just opened automatically, as if by magic.

Jessica, along with the others seemed awfully confused, 'this is where the premiere is?' Joel asked. 'No you stupid fool' Malcolm replied with intolerance 'does it look like a premiere to you, if you show a bit of patience you'll see' He then turns around with a bit of sass to him and takes his hat off, he reveals a scar back of the head, his hair cut short, the shortest you can get without being bald. Jocelyn looked at Malcolm speechless from the way he just spoke to her younger brother, Malcolm turned around slightly and revealed his face clearer, he was incredibly ugly. His nose large and pointy, his chin wrinkly and scarred and his eyes were dark, lifeless. He had hair coming out of all places, his ears, nose, his thick brows and curled long eye lashes. 'Follow me' Malcolm said imperatively, and they did follow, into the dark building of Area 323.5, still unsure what to expect, but thinking nothing of the dark, dingy building they were entering.

The building was definitely somewhat improved since Maurice had first laid eyes on it. The outside still looked like garbage, and the windows were blacked out, but the hole that Maurice snuck through was firmly closed off beyond recognition. Inside the building there was light, but only natural light from the door being open, as the last person, Joel, entered the building, Malcolm turned and got agitated, 'shut the damn door, quick!' Joel panicked and let the door swing closed, but it was fully shut 'shut the damn door!' Malcolm reiterated. 'Joel' Jocelyn put her arms out and seemed annoyed by her brother's lack of urgency. Jocelyn ended up walking so close to Joel to have a go at him that she thought she may as well shut it herself. After which she turned to see a red light in the hands of Malcolm. Conan quickly gave a concerning glance towards Joel as if to say 'don't worry about Malcolm's attitude towards him'.

'Sorry, so where is this premiere, because this is pitch black, and I see nothing' Jessica panicked, and Joel would soon agree 'yeah what is going on, Jocelyn, tell me what's going on!' Malcolm put his fingers to the top of his nose and squeezed hard in frustration, but they couldn't see him losing it, it was too dark, they did however sense anger coming from the small red light in the not so far distance.

The red light moved closer and with every footstep forward Malcolm took towards the four of them, the red light moved with him, up and then down and closer. The red light got bigger and bigger in the dark. Eventually the small glimmer of light lit up the wrinkly chin of Malcolm. That chin was all they could see.

'Now then' Malcolm began to speak quietly, and calmly, and his chin moved up and down in the red light. 'I want you to all hold onto this red light, hold tight, do not let go and you will be transported to the premiere' Jessica laughed to herself, not because she found it funny, but because she found Malcolm insane.

'It will transport us will it?!' Jessica asked rhetorically. 'I really doubt that'

'Doubt it all you want' Malcolm said with confidence 'You wanna see what we got to show you then do as I say'

'Look I don't know what's going on here, but I really don't think I want to be part of this weird game, so I'm going' Jessica said. She started to move towards the door but felt an unusual pressure in her head, an addictive pain, a pain of noise, suggesting to her to go back, do as they say.

'She'll be back' Malcolm again with confidence assured the others. The others all touched it, Joel was the most hesitant but he believed in what Jocelyn was doing, meanwhile Conan seemed eager and knowledgeable.

Jessica eventually gave in to the pain in her head, the constant yelling in her mind telling her to go back. She wondered what it was, was it her head telling her to not miss out on the opportunity, or something more sinister a dark type of magic implanted in her brain. She wandered back and joined the others in touching the red light and Malcolm, rolling his eyes with embarrassment and shame as if he was dressed up in character for Disney world, forcibly referenced a line from 1941's *Maltese Falcon*, 'The stuff that dreams are made of'.

Tour guide

An alone figure standing on the tropical beach of the island, his shadow long and stretching all the way to the coast. He had brand new, tinted glasses resting on his ears and covering his eyes. He stood with arms behind his back, his six foot posture swinging on its tip toes. Up and down he would change from tip toe to heel; his stance was one of confidence and safety, but also a hint of nerves. Licking his dry lips whilst simultaneously removing the excess moisture from around his mouth he waited. His nose twitching with every small gust of wind that passed by his face on the coastline.

A loud screech was echoing behind him, and eventually it came to a halt. The noise didn't affect the determined man's wait. He was unmoved and remained anxiously swinging back and forth on his heels. His clumpy, laced boots began to dig deep into the sand on the beach and his shoulders began to shiver up and down with every tip toe he made. He stared at his shadow briefly, and moved his hand from behind his back, and with it rubbed the side of his face, stretching from his cheek bone down to his chin to which he rubbed ponderously.

Behind him laid a parked, painted white mini bus. The type of mini bus that would take around seven or eight passengers. Despite its white exterior, it was also deliberately covered in window. More so than a normal bus or car, it had large glass panels all around it. The white paint was plain, no advertisements anywhere to be seen. It was very unwelcoming. Yet the man seemed to have a friendly face, a hospitable glow to him as he stood there still waiting.

Eventually after a matter of five minutes of the man standing there flailing his head left and right at various noises in the distance, Malcolm arrived with the others. In the same way that they arrived within a blink, they also appeared to the man to have reached the beach in a quick manner, almost too quick for the man to register them arriving. One millisecond there was no one there, and then within half a blink of an eye they had just appeared. 'What the hell is going on?' Jessica cursed worried and panicky. Joel looked around worried also, meanwhile Conan seemed relaxed, almost excited and Jocelyn appeared knowledgeable, and self-assured, like she half knew exactly what was going on. 'Jocelyn' Joel said shuddering 'why are you not worried?'.

‘Relax’ the man said calmly and disturbing Jocelyn’s response to her younger brother’s question. ‘Malcolm here, has not explained, he’s always so mysterious isn’t he?!’ the man said rhetorically in his strong cockney accent.

‘Hey I think I recognise that voice’ Jessica perked up.

‘You’re not wrong... Jess, is it?’ She nods in response to the man, ‘I am Lucas cage, I am the man who has invited you today, do not be alarmed’ he begins to wag his finger in an eccentric manner ‘this experience will change your life, but you will not be bored. Right behind me is our horse and chariot, well minibus to take us to the main resort, or the “premiere” if you like, to keep in tone with what the resort actually is’ They were all very surprised by his appearance, he sounded different on the phone, they all slowly introduced themselves and Lucas made no movement to shake hands, he preferred to keep a safe distance. They all noticed immediately that Lucas was very much an act, his eccentricity appeared fake, and the way he spoke was that of someone uneducated.

Lucas was an unusual character, his medium length hair turning grey from age and frizzy from the humidity of the island. He was wearing his boots, a pair of grey trousers, and strangely odd purple vest covered by a ripped, swade elbowed blazer. His facial features where rugged, his stubble shaven to the very limit, so close to his face that it was only really noticeable if you were close to him. His blue eyes where piercing, his pupils seemed to be constantly dilated and his ears in which his glasses rested were very pointy, but not ridiculous. He was best described in the mind of Joel who naturally saw him as an older version of himself, meanwhile Jocelyn and Jess saw him as a cane and hat short of being Willy Wonka.

‘Oh, before we go into the vehicle, just quickly’ Lucas jogged backwards towards the minibus and slid open the large side doors. He moved inside and reached around looking for something, his bum directed straight at them all. His backside hardly fit into his grey pants, and you could see the seams where about to break, and just as they were ‘there you are’ he found what he was looking for and relieved his pants which where effectively a ticking time bomb in that moment. ‘Found them’ He moved quickly back and was now holding a few pairs of glasses, similar to the ones on his face. ‘Now Malcolm, if you can pass these out, cheers buddy’ Malcolm accepted the task with a groan and a frown, ‘cheer up my lad, exciting times Malcolm’ Lucas said with his eccentric tones and his jokily manner, which all felt a bit fake and a bit put on.

‘Why? What are these for?’ Jessica was getting short and impatient, she was beginning to really feel like she would have been safer going back home. Then she thought about her foster parents and shook her head thinking life can only be better here.

‘They’re glasses Jess, never seen them before?’ Lucas said in a passive manner, which was a mix of aggression and jesting. ‘So I want you to wear these at all times, for your own safety, but only when you are outside of the resort. Look at me calling it a resort, cinema I mean’ he laughs to himself. ‘How come we only wear them outside?’ Jocelyn asked. ‘The sun, it’s awfully bright here, it can damage within an instance, and I don’t want you being blind, and missing all the fun’ Lucas reassured in his giddy London accent, Jessica wanted to correct his misuse of the word instance but held back. ‘I’m sure I’ll be fine’ Joel argued, to which Jessica also removed her glasses. ‘Put them back on now! I mean it!’ Lucas went from fun eccentric host to serious health and safety ‘just trust me’ the first crack in his character began to appear and Jessica and Joel seemed the only ones who

wanted to go home and felt unsafe. Lucas turned his scowl into a smile and his cheeks were rosy from his irritation, and then he proceeded to skip towards the minibus almost exaggerating his zealousness. 'Just listen to what he says, it is for your own good' Malcolm for the first time showed signs that he had a heart for both Jessica and Joel and they all followed Lucas and entered the minibus.

On their way to the vehicle Joel's ever wandering eye caught sight of the sign that says Blockbuster cinema. Joel knew that he was visiting a cinema of some sorts but Jocelyn never really fully explained what was happening, she said it was a surprise. Joel was definitely seeing the surprise, but not feeling as excited as she said he would've been. He was more nervous as he looked beyond the minibus and saw a long winding, man-made forestry road curving and swerving its way through the jungle in front of them all.

'Come on then' Lucas said with excitement, he stood outside the open minibus door and flung his arm in the air and flashed it towards himself as if to rush the rest of them along. They all obliged and moved a bit quicker towards the vehicle like lambs to slaughter. Malcolm took the driver's seat and the others forced their way through the slide doors and squeezed into their seats. By the time Jessica, Joel and the like had finally got themselves snug; Lucas was already sat down, seat belt on and comfy. Removing his glasses, Lucas turned his head to face them all, with them all struggling to put on their own seatbelts Lucas let off a chuckle and turned to face Malcolm who rolled his eyes in agreement.

Eventually they were all settled and ready, Lucas at this point checking in his mirror to see them all comfortable, began to speak 'So all set to go?' all that could be heard in response was a small murmur from each of them, apart from Conan who remained quiet and dignified. 'Malcolm when you're ready' Malcolm responded to Lucas's insinuation by starting the engine and moving into first gear.

The car revved loudly as it struggled to get going, its back tyres stressed trying to shake off the damp sand attached to it. Soon after a bit of fidgeting by Malcolm and an embarrassed panic by Lucas, the bus began to move. Driving down the windy manmade road, Lucas turned his head to face the guests. 'You all look very nervous, that isn't necessary you know' he smiled and showed off a big grin of average, aged teeth.

'What do you expect from us?' Jessica asked half hoping for an answer, half expecting silence in response. After a moment of stunned silence, Lucas finally responded 'no that is fair, I suppose this is not exactly what you were expecting, but isn't it fun and exciting?! Who knows what's going to happen, believe me you won't be disappointed. Now Jess, I understand you're slightly worried, but after all isn't this not better than working for them slugs at Phototime?' He said smugly.

'Pardon' Jessica's reply was in shock, 'how did you know that, I never said to you I worked for them?'.

'Ah but we have Facebook these days don't we, LinkedIn, Twitter, I have researched you all of course, how else could I have got the pictures to recognise you all, none of you bloody sent me any, you numpties.' Lucas explained.

‘So you stalked us on social media?’ Joel asked half smiling, as if he had just made an excellent point. Jessica then continued ‘we can get you done for that you know’.

‘Oh will you just calm down please’ Lucas laughing to himself, ‘just enjoy, we’re not in Kansas anymore, but we are going to the movies’

‘Please stop talking in riddles’ Jessica begged.

‘Oh what’s wrong with a few movie quotes huh?’ Lucas said, ‘I used to volunteer at Phototime you know, they were sods, such sods, the worst kind of sods’

‘Sods?’ Jocelyn asked, breaking her silence in the minibus.

‘Just a British word for annoying people, I say it a lot. Making you work for free and giving you nothing in return, Malcolm worked for them too, hence the misery’ Lucas discussed.

‘I did’ Malcolm confirmed briefly before turning his attention back onto the swerved road. Jessica didn’t react to Lucas’ news that he used to share the same experience at Phototime; she was too confused and worried to care at that moment. Meanwhile Joel continued to look out of the window of the vehicle at the beautiful scenery. Conan was more focused on the gear stick, ‘what’s the matter Conan my boy?’ Lucas peered at him through the interior mirror. ‘I get car sick and these roads aren’t very helpful, you know that’ Conan groaned back at Lucas, but he said it with a smile eventually. He lifted his head from his lap only to then put it back in the same position because his brief moment looking out the front windscreen made him feel nauseous.

‘No worries man, just take it easy. Here take this in case’ it offers a plastic bag to which Conan gleefully accepts and thanks him for. Jessica looked at Conan shaking her head; she wishes she was somewhere else, maybe not home, but anywhere other than here and there. Phototime was sounding like an intriguing possibility to her all of a sudden.

Joel continued to daydream out of the window and as the minibus slowed up as it passed a bridge at a small stream, his eyes became more focused. Focused on nothing in particular he just stared aimlessly at a small section of the stream. Then suddenly whilst no one else was looking, more absorbed by the conversations going on, Joel witnessed a movement in the stream. He thought nothing of it at first, nothing irregular, probably just wildlife on this tropical island. However the movement became bigger and more sharp, there was something rising from the water, and it has two devilish eyes and solid, hard nose or snout. It looked mysterious, like something Joel had never seen before, it wasn’t a crocodile or Hippo, or anything that he had witnessed before, it was bird like almost, its nose pointed like a long beak. The eyes of the creature began to focus on them and its eyelids sharpened and looked on malevolent. Joel tried to get a look at the animal as they drove past, but soon lost it. The creature dipped its small demonstration of its face back in the water and disappeared completely leaving behind only a ripple in the stream.

Joel seemed unnerved by the creature, however did mention it to Lucas ‘Just saw something in the water in that stream, what type of wildlife lives here?’ Lucas paused for a moment, recollected his thoughts, wiped his nose clean with his napkin and replied.

‘The wildlife here? Why there shouldn’t be any really, nothing wild about this place other than the natural beauty of the trees and grass’ Lucas replied in riddles once again, however Joel didn’t bother to ask further questions, he accepted the response and settled back into his chair, maybe it was just a momentary lapse in concentration, a daydream too far he thought. Jessica looked at Joel suspiciously but thought best not to ask any questions inside the bus, and maybe wait till they are separated from the rest.

‘Right then, stick your glasses back on, that sun is a penetrable sod’ Lucas said as the car began to slow up again. Malcolm moved the vehicle into third gear, then second and then let it roll to a stop on first as the minibus pulled up outside a massive building. Jessica and Joel looked up at this huge, Colossus building and their eyes began to light up. It was as if all that had gone before this day had been forgotten about, and they were more fixated on the majesty of the building in front of them. The sudden positive upturn for the pair of them would sooner fade however.

Conan looked hardly surprised by the size of it; he remained the same, neither excited nor anxious. Meanwhile Jocelyn looked surprised but was also licking her lips with anticipation, she was a lot more excited by what she could see than her younger brother and Jessica, who both stayed relatively puzzled by the whole situation.

The building looked different to when Maurice uncovered it. It was brighter; it was now painted velvet purple in the parts of the building that weren’t covered in solid, thick, triple glazed windows. A large collection of metal and glass forming what was a wonderful sight, its thick luxurious looking double doors gave the cinema a proud looking entrance, whereas before it was hostile. Besides the minibus they were situated in were two parked cars, both looking like they could reach a relatively high top speed if required. Limited examples of the natural world were evident in the surrounding areas of the cinema, it seemed as though it was all very well kept. The wood chippings remained around the outside of the small staircase leading to the entrance.

‘Shall we then?’ Lucas asked, he was slightly confused by the lack of intrigue his guests seemed to have. He opened the door and then ordered Malcolm with a strong nod of his head to assist the guests by opening the slide door to let them all out.

Jessica took the lead by stepping out first, followed by Joel, and then Jocelyn stumbled out awkwardly, tripping over the small height on the way down to the wood chipping filled floor. Joel quickly helped her recover and regain her feet as all good brothers should do to their sister. Finally Conan exited the vehicle and took a huge deep breath as he stood up tall, his posture towering over that of Malcolm’s hunched back. Conan then realised, mainly down to his habits as a smoker that the floor was filled with cigarette butts squeezed between the wood chippings on the floor. There must have been at least a hundred in this small area alone. All this did was remind Conan that he was desperately in need of a cigarette.

Conan pulled out from his top pocket a box of Regal king-size cigarettes and moved it towards his mouth quickly before tucking the box back in his pocket. Then, to Conan’s surprise, Lucas reacted with unusual excitement, ‘Ah, ah, no you can’t smoke here, you know the rules’ He wags his finger in peculiar fashion, almost queer enough that it made the rest of them laugh to themselves. Conan stood there mouth open, speechless and cigarette dangling from his mouth swinging side to side. ‘What do you mean I can’t smoke here?’ he takes the cigarette out of his

mouth, 'look around there are butts everywhere' His eyes stared at Lucas, never blinking. 'I can see why that would annoy you, but no I haven't allowed anyone to smoke here for quite some time, I will get to the bottom of these cigarette butts, I won't let anyone disrespect my rules round here, probably just the construction guys' Lucas sounded so unconvinced by himself, he sounded like he knew his threats were empty and futile and that he lacked respect for others, yet he had an air of confidence that he would bring whoever smoked in the area to justice.

Above them they could hear loud drilling from a collection of builders on the top platform of the scaffolding surrounding the upper west part outside of the building. The drilling noise was accompanied by another man with a large metal mask on screwing something and letting off molten hot sparks that fizzled out as they reached the floor and disappeared before reaching Lucas and his guests. 'So it's not finished yet then?' Jocelyn asked rather disappointingly, almost like she had been lied to somewhere along the line. 'Of course it's not one hundred percent finished, but it is ninety, ninety five maybe, just the finishing touches, it will be no bother, I swear' Lucas let down his eccentric bravado and turned businessman for a moment.

Jessica focused in her eyesight on the builders and saw something she recognised. She didn't know quite why she recognised the builders, but Jessica knew that she certainly found something familiar, across their white hardhats and grey overalls wrote PRB constructions. She recollected for a moment as the rest of the guests moved past her, Joel seemed to move slowly past her, waiting for her to walk alongside. Jessica then seemed to find the eyes of the builders familiar. The eyes? She questioned herself, how bizarre.

Lucas leading the way took the stairs slowly, one baby step at a time so that the guests could all register just how amazing the building was. How amazing the large stone bollards were at the base of the stairs and the large marble ball balancing on the top of each. The huge logo of the cinema, big neon letters, 'Blockbuster Cinema' written across a video tape backdrop just like the logo on the letter Lucas sent out. As Malcolm pulled out a large ring of keys and selected the correct one to unlock the double doored entrance, Lucas was asked a question.

'Lots of glass' Jocelyn asked, Conan then quickly interrupted 'god I need a cigarette!' in his deep posh Canadian accent. 'we just thought it's a lot more modern that way' Lucas replied answering Jocelyn's question.

'Ok, but there's being modern but then there's being, well, unsafe' Jocelyn continued. 'Unsafe? Unsafe?' Lucas laughed deliberately out loud, 'This is triple glazing, believe me it's safer to have it than not, believe me there are walls that aren't this thick' Lucas said it in a sinister way, as if he had something to hide, but then he always spoke like that so none of the guests really thought anything of it. 'I really need a cigarette!' Conan exclaimed again, Lucas rolled his eyes and was about to respond preparing an annoying, patronising smile, but he was disturbed by Malcolm. 'And we're in' Malcolm said uncommitted, but Lucas made up for his lack of enthusiasm 'Excellent, let's enter shall we'.

Inside the Cinema

Unrecognisable from the structure that Maurice had stumbled upon what must have been years ago. The now officially marketed and named Blockbuster Cinema seemed fully functional. Gone was

the darkness, in this occasion helped by sun beaming down directly above the building, however there was now working electrical power. Lucas referred to it as a resort and his guests could see why, it was incredibly larger, at least double the size of a normal major city cinema.

The interior was lit up by bright light bulbs covered by glass balls used as shade so that it didn't blind Lucas's guests. There was no need for the lights to necessarily be on, however you could tell Lucas had arranged for them to be in use so that it gave off a shine to the cinema that otherwise wouldn't be there. The gleam that stemmed from large lights above caused the units to sparkle at the far end of the cinema ground floor. In one moment Joel had to cover his eyes as the light bulb shone directly onto the popcorn machine in the far corner sitting on the unit, the light reflecting off the metal and straight into his eyes. As well as the popcorn machine sitting on the unit there was also the usual hotdog machine found in cinemas, and fridge that held all the possible drinks. The drinks were labelled with the Blockbuster brand, there was no room for Coca-Cola or Doritos, the nachos were called 'Blockbuster nachos' which to be fair caught the eyes of Conan who's positive outlook on the event so far was beginning to rub off on the others.

Behind the unit that the food and drinks were situated near was a large man waiting to serve if required. He looked like he had eaten half of the food with the size of him and his spots on his face suggested he was youngish and had rubbed his cheeks with the subsequent grease of the food he was serving, he was about the same height as Lucas. He remained still with hands behind his back and the cheekiest of smiles, his freckles disguised by his curly ginger hair that looked like a wig. Right by the food and drink unit was the double doors that entered what was presumably a screening room.

The room numbers went in order from east to west, room One, room Two and finally room Three. All accustomed with large bright neon representations of their numbers. Just as Maurice had found them. However they were definitely cleaner now and the small square sections right by the numbers had now been filled with brand new posters. Jessica was eager to see what they were advertising, whereas the others were still trying to get to grips with the rest of the ground floor.

Directly in front of them all and right in the centre of the ground floor was a collection of crème coloured couches, three in fact that formed together to make a triangle. Within this triangle of couches was a five foot 3-D model of Darth Vader as homage to a classic piece of cinema. Three feet to the right of this model was another model, this time of Buzz Lightyear from the Toy Story movies. Then to the far west of the ground floor basically hugging the wall was a large shark head representing that of Jaws. It struck Jocelyn to be more a museum feel to it than a cinema, whereas Joel was just taken aback by the whole overwhelming experience.

There was certainly an aura around the interior of the cinema, like a rush of air hitting their faces as soon as they entered, hardly giving them chance to catch breath and acknowledge the carpet. Clean from the skeletons and skulls that Maurice had discovered, the carpet was brand new, lovely felt; it was a deep, dark orange with purple zigzags scratching all the way across it. The walls were painted purple and it certainly worked well, whoever designed it was in the right job.

'So you dragged us here to show us a cinema?' Jessica asked trying to seem unimpressed by any of what she had seen. Jocelyn rolled her eyes and Conan simply walked away embarrassed by Jessica's attitude.

‘It’s so much more Jessica, you’ll see, I think’ Jocelyn replied for Lucas with some uncertainty.

‘You’re correct’ Lucas began ‘This isn’t even the start, you don’t walk into a cinema and walk back out, you walk in and watch a film, a whole new world develop in front of your eyes’ He pauses for effect. ‘But that ain’t enough for kids like you anymore, so I, well I was informed about this place, and I decided this is too good to not show off. I think even you kids, Joel, Jessica, will be very impressed by what I’m about to show you’

‘Are we?’ Joel shouted to the spotty man at the kiosk section, in which his response was a polite and very zealous nod. Jocelyn gave Joel a clip around the ear due to his rude outcry. Lucas then continued to walk away and expecting the guests to follow, which they eventually do.

‘Please help yourselves to our food’ Lucas generously offers.

Jessica is the first to approach the man behind the kiosk unit and has an inspecting look around the various snacks available. Joel, never being too far away from Jessica is soon mimicking her actions. ‘What can I get for you?’ In an Italian accent, the man who now can be seen by his name tag as Pasquale, surprises the pair of them. It was not an accent they expected to come out of his mouth and just as both Jessica and Joel winced for a moment they could hear more Italian accents behind them. The accent behind them was even stronger and they were speaking in part Italian part English, it was two of the builders for PRB constrictions. Joel continues with Pasquale ‘it would be rude not to have popcorn in a place like this wouldn’t it?’ Pasquale doesn’t react; he just stands there with a scoop in hand waiting for another order. Eventually Joel quits the sarcastic, implicit request ‘Just a medium tub of popcorn please’ to which Pasquale breathes happier ‘ah I see’.

Jessica walks away from the kiosk and crosses Conan’s path as he walks towards the kiosk and Joel is left flummoxed when he turns to see Conan there as appose to Jessica. ‘You’re not Jessica!’ Joel drops his shoulders in disappointment and Conan responds ‘and you’re not very subtle’ insinuating Joel’s strong early attraction to Jessica.

The builders continue to speak in their native tongue as they sit relaxed on the couches in the middle of the floor. Their hardhats remain firmly glued to their sweaty heads. Their high Vis vest jackets shining bright from the light bulb above. Beside them remain Lucas and Jocelyn in deep conversation.

Lucas and Jocelyn are discussing the plan for the day, Lucas speaks to her in relaxed tone, his back leaned, and his glasses bent slightly, to which he eventually removes, folds up and tucks in his pocket. Jocelyn remains business-like, her high heels keeping her upright and her hair not a bit out of place which couldn’t be said for either Lucas or her brother Joel in that moment. ‘So, we have to talk money’ Jocelyn states and intrigues Lucas. ‘I like money’ Lucas reacts, ‘please lets discuss’.

‘But obviously I need to see the rest, I mean if this really is what I’ve heard, then we need to talk health and safety, whether you are good enough filmmakers to make it work, that kind of business.’ Jocelyn says in a serious manner. Lucas just nods and agrees, she could have said anything and Lucas still would have looked like a kid in a candy store.

Jessica listens in to the conversation between the two Italian builders, she isn’t very elusive with her technique, she was a cup of the ear away from giving away her interest completely. The

Italian builders looking at her with a glance suspiciously begin to only talk in Italian and never cut to English, not for one word. Jessica suspected they had something to hide and wanted to catch a glimpse of their hardhats so she could spark conversation.

‘Excuse me, sorry to interrupt’ Jessica finally gives up listening to a language she will never understand. ‘what does PRB stand for?’ The builders look at one another, a shy glance at each other is followed by a darting look towards Lucas. Lucas responds by standing up straight, his posture no longer relaxed as it was when he was talking to Jocelyn. Lucas quickly disregards Jocelyn in the politest, yet quickest way possible ‘Sorry Jocelyn, we’ll do this discussion in the conference lounge’ he walks away and Jocelyn nods in agreement, Lucas finally approaches the couches. ‘Jess, PRB construction is a company based from, as you can tell, Italy, they helped me build this place’.

‘Build it? What exactly is it? At the minute it just strikes me as an average cinema in the middle of absolutely nowhere.’ Jessica replies frustrated. Lucas then tucking his medium length fringe behind his ears ‘Well if you show some patience, you will see won’t you. And these two’ Looking at the builders who are now giggling amongst themselves again ‘should be working’ Lucas finishes with a typical smile to keep the guests in a happy, vacation mood. The two Italian workers stare at Lucas, mouths open, looking very annoyed, they stand up and say an aggressive word in Italian. Lucas knows what they mean and just allows them to walk away and simply laughs ‘Listen to these guys, they love joking, little joke makers, they think their comedians, they’re not, *they’re* builders and engineers’.

Jessica ponders for a few moments and then whispers to herself ‘so familiar? Come on Jessica, think, think!’ her trail of thought is distracted by Joel’s chewing of his popcorn as he and Conan re-join the group of Lucas’s guests.

‘Ah popcorn, excellent, yet very typical choice’ Lucas exclaims to Joel. ‘I do hope our Pasquale served you well?’ Joel struggling to finish his popcorn to reply is helped by Conan ‘He’s Italian?’ asking confused.

‘Yep, only the finest workers you can find’ Lucas responded; to which all the guests pull a confused face, where on earth has he heard that from they all wondered.

‘So where’s Malcolm?’ Conan then continued and broke an awkward silence for Lucas. Conan then reaches for a piece of popcorn, not taking his eyes off Lucas however and waits for an answer. ‘He is just preparing screen one for us right now. Go have a look at the poster to see what the movies about’ Lucas invites them all. He even skips towards it to show them where it is. They all follow, Jessica still thinking long and hard about the PRB construction workers appearance stumbles over the couch, but soon regains her footing.

As Jessica gets to the rest of them with their eyes glued to the poster, she realises she needs the toilet. She catches a quick glance at the poster that says in bold letters the title of the film “Venice” with a backdrop of the Venice canals and a happy couple on a small canoe with the moonlight bouncing down the canal’s calm water. Jessica doesn’t give herself time to reflect on it and quickly asks Lucas for directions to the toilet. Lucas then doesn’t say a word, he doesn’t want to disturb his guests, he just quickly cries ‘Jess!’ and then points to the far end, just to the right of the

entrance double doors. It is two separate purple heavy doors, one for male, and the other for female. Jessica runs to the toilet following Lucas's instruction.

'Excuse me Lucas' Malcolm quickly pops his head out of the door of screen one right beside the guests looking at the poster. Lucas then manoeuvres his neck to allow himself to see around the guests and look at Malcolm, 'is it time?' Lucas asks nodding and smiling, his big grin and his teeth on show, he is so excited. Malcolm, a lot more calmly almost underwhelmed replies, 'It's time'.

Screen One

Lucas took the lead; he held the door to the screen room wide open. His relatively skinny arms slowly buckling as the guests entered the room. The bright screen on the back wall was shining bright and lit up the screen room. One at a time they entered under the supervision of Malcolm. Joel entered first, he wasn't excited, he was more nervous, however his nerves were soon to be forgotten about. Malcolm requested that each of them handed their phones and wallets in to his foot long plastic tray.

Joel was then requested to walk through a metal detector on the way in so that they could check exactly what possessions he had on him. He had no bag, however Jocelyn was next and this raised an issue. Malcolm looked over at Lucas, who had already jogged his way to near the front of the room out of excitement. Lucas did however look back and nod his head, tilting it forwards in approval to Malcolm. This now meant that Malcolm was given permission to check Jocelyn's bag as a precaution.

Malcolm routed through her belongings like they were his own. Slowly he pulled out one by one, lipstick, hand sized mirror, a purse and a dozen or so receipts from various card payments. He placed them all in his tray which was beginning to fill up quickly. 'I think we need a bigger tray' Malcolm stated to Lucas who was far too focused on what was to come to acknowledge his suggestion.

With Jocelyn and Joel now firmly inside the screen room and Conan soon to join them after he had been searched, the excitement built. Conan had to take out his stud in his ear and this was the last piece of belongings to enter the tray. Nothing else could fit and this made Malcolm slightly uneasy as he still had Jessica to search after she had been the toilet.

Jessica, now finished, made her way to the centre couches. She wasn't certain what room they were in, so she looked around for a while, using her lack of knowing where they were as an excuse to just wander the mysterious building. She could see lots of scaffolding outside and lots of PRB construction men shouting at one another playfully and some of which had no hardhats on. Some of them even had casual clothes on, shorts and T-shirts, as if they had come here on some sort of vacation. Jessica began to think that this surely was not the place to come for a quick visit, this must be quite a way away from where they live.

She then began to think, and ponder where they actually all live, where does Lucas live, where does Pasquale live. How do they get home? She thought, well sure it was a big building, but there was no space for rooms or a hotel. Pasquale noticed in the corner of his eye whilst wiping down the popcorn machine that Jessica appeared lost.

'Can I help you, you looking for them?' Pasquale asked in broken English.

'Yes, which number are they in?' Jessica quickly responded, she was startled, she felt she had been caught out whilst looking around and paranoia kicked in, did Pasquale think she was up to no good.

'Room one' he wiped harder 'can you see?' he asked pretending to be concerned.

'Yes I see it, thank you' Jessica put her thumbs up and proceeded to the room. The door was shut, she was about to open and before she could Pasquale stopped wiping in an instant and quickly shouted in his strong Italian accent, 'No!' Jessica was once again alarmed by him. She stopped what she was about to do immediately but kept her hand on the handle of the door. 'You must knock first' Pasquale explained. Jessica gave him a look of confusion, she couldn't understand why, but she did anyway.

Lucas stood in front of the screen which was currently black and showing nothing. His guests who were there sat in the middle row about half way up towards the back wall of the auditorium.

'Is the door shut Malcolm?' Lucas asked and then explained 'see the door must be shut for the excitement to work, otherwise the film switches off as soon as the door to the screen room is open'

'Seems an odd feature' Joel asked and then wondered why Conan was sat there so excited, as if he knew what was going to happen. 'It makes sense' Conan then explains, and then turns back to Lucas 'Let's crack on with it then'

'Relax Conan, we will, we always do don't worry' Lucas calms his enthusiasm down. 'Malcolm, give the signal please'.

Malcolm quickly puts up three fingers to the projector room about ten feet above the chairs of the auditorium on the back wall. The projector room then lights up, a beam of something hits the screen in front of the guests. No usual beam of light that leads to a film to be displayed, there was more energy in this. It made a hissing noise and it was solid, it was impossible to see through the opaque beam. Jocelyn and Joel both looked at it in awe. It was as if it was magic. A long solid beam exited the projector room and landed on the screen in front. Slowly like a portal unravelling a picture began to appear in front of them all. The beam went through Lucas, who was standing in the way of the screen slightly, but this did no damage to him, it just left a shadow over that part of the screen he was covering.

After a couple of seconds this portal that was coloured dark purple had configured itself to create an image of a city. A large image right in front of them, Joel couldn't make out what the city was, however he was helped by his sister who whispered to herself 'is that Venice?'. Joel then saw it, the endless canals, the canoes, the music, the romance. It was obviously Venice. It didn't look like a film though. Conan went from excited to slightly bored, again it was like he'd seen this before, and knew this wasn't all that this place had to offer.

Joel was then struck by real surprise when he began to smell stagnated water, and a strange smokiness like something was burning. 'Can you smell that Jocelyn?' he asked his sister.

'The burning, yeah it stinks' she replied sniffing in and then covering her nose slightly. Joel then looked back at the screen and could see a chimney letting off a lot of smoke in Venice. The scene

then cut to a different part of the film. The smell of stagnated water and smoky fire disappeared in an instant. He could now smell the musk of Armani on a man and the smell of Jean Paul Gaultier on a woman. As well as this he could smell a slight hint of fish. In the scene within the film revealed that it was a loved up couple on a canoe. They were speaking to one another, but Joel and Jocelyn didn't take in what they were saying. They could only focus on the small gust of wind that kept reaching them from what seemed was the screen. The smell of the people in front of them shocked the pair of them.

Joel had clicked on that the smell was in keeping with what he could see in front of him. Lucas had now moved to the side of the screen to stand with Malcolm, he smiled at Malcolm as he could see his guests begin to feel amazement, Malcolm didn't smile back, he looked glum and unenthused.

'So what's this then, 4-D?' Joel asked.

'4-D? no, no' Lucas zealously responded, 'this is so much more, come to the front, come on don't be shy'.

Joel stood up with Jocelyn, both nervous. Jocelyn had originally given off the idea that she knew what to expect, but now she was beginning to second guess her every step. 'Conan, you joining?' Joel asked.

'No I'm ok, I'll wait till we get to the good bits' Conan replied with such knowledge, all of a sudden it was like he knew the ins and outs of this place, his shyness evaporating.

'He never goes to Venice' Lucas then said, this shocked Joel and Jocelyn who just found out for the first time that Conan was seemingly a regular. 'Yes he's been here before, look at your shocked faces' Lucas then laughs to himself. His laughter is short lived as he hears a knock on the door and his patience wears thin. 'Oh Malcolm must be Jess, go answer the door' Malcolm obliges, 'so the screen will go off now, and we have to wait a bit for it to come back on, it's always awkward this'.

Joel and Jocelyn were so baffled as to what was going on, what on earth was Lucas about to show them. Jocelyn thought she had an idea, but her nerves were really giving her second thoughts. Joel then joked 'So what's happening sis, are we going in the movies or something?!' Jocelyn then quickly responds without any assertion 'I think so you know'. Joel then gave a surprised face and was not expecting that response.

Malcolm answers the door to Jessica after she knocks once more, as he opens the door the screen switches off, however it takes a few seconds to switch off completely and a small glimmer of light can be seen by Jessica entering the room. Once the screen is completely off, Malcolm opens the door wide and invites her in. The same checks are applied to her as to the other guests. She has to give in her possessions and walk through the detector. Her face was not an impressed one, she was unhappy she had to hand her phone in, but she did, 'why do I have to hand my stuff in and walk through a detector?' Jessica asks and Malcolm sighs with a heavy breath and responds with a scripted reply 'in case you steal anything you may find the signal in your phone may tamper with said movie'. Lucas quickly waves them along and Malcolm shuts the door again and the screen restarts, the same way as before. A purple swirl of energy stemming from the projector room and slowly forming a picture of a Venetian canal and a happy couple.

Jessica looked mesmerised by the beam of energy, she was also baffled. Quickly scanning the room for Conan who wasn't with the others she saw him sitting there bored and alone. 'Why is he on his own, why aren't we sitting with him?' she asks Joel, Lucas then answers for him 'I'll show you now, come with me'.

Lucas slowly steps towards the screen which is now back on. The water of the canal in front of him flowing, and besides this running canal and floating canoe is a pavement with stores all along. 'Now when you enter, please watch your step so that you don't fall in the water, do not disturb the characters, and do not rob anything' Lucas warns. He then leaves them, his body disappears as a three dimensional object in front of them. Malcolm, with his hand rested on Jessica's uncomfortable shoulder, looks unimpressed as he always is; he itches his long, pointy nose with his other hand. Jessica shrugs off his hand off of her shoulder and then looks bedazzled by Lucas' disappearance.

'Where did he go?' both Joel and Jessica ask at the same time with mouths wide open in awe. They then give each other a sly look at one another and quickly look away so they don't maintain eye contact. Jocelyn moves around the screen to get a better view and then sees the back of Lucas's lengthy grey hair blowing in the Venetian wind. Her face is a picture, a face of confusion and disbelief, she thought she was going to see something special, but that was something beyond her expectations. Lucas was in the film. Jocelyn then quickly walks back to Joel and Jessica and shakes them to get their attention as they are still looking around muddled by what was going on. Conan smiles at them all enchanted by what had happened. Malcolm picking out the biggest creature he can find in his nose and looking the other way.

Jessica and Joel watch as Lucas turns around to face them from Venice. He puts his hand in the air and waves 'are you going to join me?' he asks rhetorically knowing that they will. With their interest almost peaked they one-by-one enter the screen. Joel goes first, Jocelyn second and a apprehensive Jessica enters last.

'Malcolm and Conan not joining us?' Jocelyn asks. Lucas simply puts his arms around each of his guests as they enter the 20 degree heat of Venice and the sound of clammy water and Italian opera street singers. 'Malcolm is keeping watch, just in case anything bad happens, nothing ever bad happens here, this is a romantic movie. The only bad thing that ever happened here was a broken heart' Lucas jests. 'And Conan has been here a few times now, he saves his energy for the real genres the proper movies' Lucas continues.

'The proper movies?' Joel is engrossed, his eyes looking up at Lucas's eccentric face, he didn't look as crazy anymore; in fact Lucas looked informative, powerful instead. 'What kind of movies?' Joel asked another question.

'I think we cover every genre. You can enter musicals, comedy, animation even. Action movies, you name it' Lucas answers. He then walks down the sidewalk of the canal and the guests follow sniffing in the smells of food from the stalls.

'Can we get food?' Jocelyn nervously asks and takes a huge, deep sniff to capture all the essences of the pizzeria.

'You can, but please, do not bring it back into the cinema, and do not rob it, if you do... well we'll have to escort you off the resort' Lucas answers firmly. 'But for now help yourselves'. Jocelyn then

looks at the pizzas licking her lips. Joel soon joins her and Jessica remains ponderous, looking over the canal, she sits down on the edge and takes in the dusk of the day. 'You seem unimpressed jess?' Lucas sits beside her.

'No I am impressed, I'm amazed in fact, how do you get back though?' Jessica asks a very concerning question.

'No it's a fair question, you look back where you came from, you see the ripple. that whole bit of space there' Lucas points back to where they entered the screen. It is a large ripple of clear light that covers the whole area he is pointing at; it looks almost like a very close up mirage that covers everything in sight. It does however on this occasion blend in slightly with the water of Venice as the sun tries to penetrate through it as it sets and slowly disappears.

'What if the scene changes, does the ripple change too?' Lucas is amazed by another interesting question by Jessica.

'well, no not if we're inside the film, it won't changes scenes, the characters will carry on doing their own thing, but they will stop and wait. You can stay here as long as you want and the scene won't change' Lucas rolls his eyes as he struggles to explain it clearly.

'What is this magic?' Jessica speaks to herself and looks away from Lucas and shakes her head.

'Oh Jess, it gets a lot more magic, this is boring compared to the rest, more dangerous, so be careful, do as I say, keep with Malcolm at all times' He slowly gets up panting, and struggling. 'Oh I wish these sodden knees in hell'. Joel and Jocelyn join them both without a slice of pizza 'we haven't got any money' Jocelyn explained. Lucas then laughs, and carries on walking. Jessica remains sat there looking at the romantic couple on the canoe, they are trapped in what Lucas would later describe as pause mode, the world carries on around them but the characters remain stationary and imprisoned. She then starts to consider if this is a form of torture and then shakes her head in stupidity, they're not real she then discusses in her head, or are they, do they have feelings.

'Say, can you die?' Jessica asks a final question. Lucas stands still for a moment and seems to ponder how to answer the question in the right way; he treats it like a make-or-break question.

'Of course you can, you can always die... but here specifically in this scenery and scene, no... no one will want to kill you here, you could kill yourself I suppose...' Lucas proud with his answer ruffles the hair of Jessica and moves on before she has time make more enquiries.

In the far distance, Jessica captures a glimpse of scaffolding raised high on a church. On the scaffolding it reads PRB constructions. Perhaps this is the way to get home when finished with the cinema; this must be the real world they are in now.

Lucas puts his hand on Jessica's shoulder, caressing it a little too much 'you coming back then, this place doesn't get much more interesting, it's basically a quick holiday to Venice'.

Jessica does eventually join the rest as they head towards the ripple to go back to the auditorium. 'So is this is real then, or is this fake I can't tell' Joel asks.

'It's real, its fake, its whatever you think it is, whatever you want to believe' Lucas riddles an answer to Joel.

'Doesn't really answer me' Joel aims a frustrated response at Jessica, who shows a humoured smile.

'If you're bored you can always book a plane home' Lucas shouts walking away with confidence, suggesting the guests that they have effectively just transported to another part of the world, rather than a movie with characters in it. Perhaps the next screen they enter will feel more like the movies.

Screen 2

"Emre"

By Max Smith

Animation

Opening Credits:

(The credits roll with three crows flying over the city of Istanbul in a dusky time of night on a hot summer's day with typical Turkish music playing in the background as they fly over an open air market near a large tent in the quieter more suburban part of the city. The crows fly into the tent and land on top of a pier inside the tent and look over all the people cram into what is a circus performance)

(Many people of different shapes and sizes and nationalities cram into their seats. Some are children, some are old people, some are middle-aged adults)

(The focus of the scene is the family of a large greedy man, his thin wife and young large son)

Hakan (father) - We are in seat 22,23 and 24 on row M I think!

Aba (mother) - No, we are in row W, you have it upside down!

Hakan- Do not question me, we are in row M!

Aba- Hakan, give it a rest... please on night without your stupidity we are in row W, hence why the numbers are upside down

Hakan- Ha-ha so they are... I never noticed, Berat you are in seat 24... let your mother and I sit with one another

Berat- Ok dad

Aba- maybe I don't want to!

Hakan- Sure you do... what you gonna put Berat in the way of us?

Aba- I just don't want to hear you excessively chew all the way through the performance

Hakan- But it's a circus performance... its loud anyway... any excuse hey?

Aba- Hakan, let's just sit apart... I don't want you to ruin the performance

Hakan- Ok then well in that case... Berat would you like some popcorn?

Aba- Oh Hakan!

Berat- Oh yes please... and a hotdog?

Hakan- Whatever you wish Berat... just make it loud...

Aba- Spiteful... very spiteful

(They all continue to talk and bicker as the camera scene moves focus towards the back room of the performance and shows a baby Giant Panda in a cage looking ready to perform and excited about the performance)

(The panda is called Emre and has a scar above his top lip and half his right ear chewed off at the top)

Emre- Oh boy I can't wait for this, Istanbul... the big city! (Looking hyped up and thrilled to perform. He punches the air like a boxer training)

(A crocodile is in the cage opposite him and he looks baffled by his excitement. The crocodile is called Gabby and has a very posh Australian accent)

Gabby- How can you be so excited?

Emre- Why wouldn't I be excited?

Gabby- You're performing for a bunch of beings you don't even know

Emre- Yeah but there Istanbul people... one day you never know we might conquer London... or New York... or, or... or PARIS!

Gabby- I wish I shared your enthusiasm

(An Elephant is chained up in the corner. A large elephant with only one tusk called Frank and has a stammer)

Frank- I agree with... with Gabby

Emre- But we are great animals performing for the great species... isn't that fantastic?

Gabby- You're too positive Emre, I have to say!

Frank- Humans... are, are, not very, ni... nice...

Gabby- Especially these humans... you think this is a legit circus that will travel the world, Stelios has never travelled further than Turkey from his native Greece, this whole circus performance is a bit fishy I think!

Emre- There aren't any fish in the performance are there?

Gabby- No stop being silly for the love of Pity... I mean the circus doesn't seem that it should be allowed to trap us all like this, don't you agree?

Emre- I don't mind as long as I can see all those happy faces

Frank- But... but Emre, they... they don't treat us well!

Emre- Sure they do...

Gabby- You don't know any different... you are merely just a naïve child, me and Frank will tell you we used to be free right Frank?

Frank- Actu- actually I... I have always been in these chains... my, my Mothe... parents were like me... trapped in the human, human entertain, entertainment business... you're right Gabby. None of it is legal

Gabby- I'm sorry to hear that Frank... when I lived in Australian with fellow crocodiles lie myself, we had a great time and then these blasted humans made me a performing monkey!

Emre- Others like you?

Gabby- Yes... other crocodiles... there's even alligators!

Emre- What's an alligator?

Gabby- They are basically me but they have shorter snouts and have less personality... really boring beings they are...

Emre- Is there more like Frank too?

Gabby- His family and yes, I suppose a lot more

Frank- Of course, there is... millions of Elephants

Emre- OH wow... do you think there's more like me out there

Voice- (laughs with the other two crows) of course not... the world would be an uglier place otherwise (turns out to be Tereus talking)

(They crows all fly down together and land in front of Emre's cage)

(The crows are called Tereus, Prokne & Philomela. All are female and all have a Greek accent. Tereus is the leading lady who speaks the most and is the meanest. Prokne is the most intelligent although they are all clever. Philomela is the quiet but loyal one with a white strip on her back)

Tereus- Stop dreaming

Gabby- hey let the boy dream... maybe there are others like him out there?

Prokne- They're called pandas... that's what the humans call him anyway

Tereus- Looking forward to performing today then Emre?

Emre- I was!

Tereus- Aw don't fall out of love with the circus because of us... we don't meant any harm

Gabby- Pick on someone your own size

Tereus- Why would we do that... we'd have no one to pick on

Prokne- Yes we are in fact in the bottom half of bird sizes in the world... again according to humans

Frank- Try picking on me then, then!

Tereus- You're too easy... look at you, I mean Emre is hideous but you're just a thing of-

Gabby- Beauty... why don't you leave us alone

Philomela- Maybe we should Tereus... before Stelios sees us

Tereus- He won't care... were his birds... he loves us... a lot more than these things... and especially you Emre... you're just a lonely pathetic... fat colourless boring thing I have ever seen in my life

Prokne- Yeah well said Tereus... black and white are in facts tones... you have no colour at all, she isn't wrong

(Crows)

Look at you in a circus,

Fitting,

You wait for that raise from the curtains,

All you see is specimens that look nothing like yourself

You're a freak,

A freak of nature,

No one knows anything that looks like you,

A dying breed,

No one cares about YOU

You're happy all the time,

Smiling,

But deep down you are pretending,
Performing for those who took your heart,
Look at yourself, you're a farce

You're a freak,
A freak of nature,
No one knows anything that looks like you,
A dying breed,
No one cares about YOU

(Emre)

I'm glad in this place,
At least I feel a part,
More than what you can say,
At least I had a heart,

(Crows)

However,

You're a freak,
A freak of nature,
No one knows anything that looks like you,
A dying breed,
No one cares about YOU

(Gabby)

You bully him all day long,

Can't you see he's upset?

Of course we can't, we're in song (crows)

All I'm saying is stop treating him like your pet, (Gabby)

(Crows)

But he's,

A freak,

A freak of nature,

No one knows anything that looks like you,

A dying breed,

No one cares about YOU

(Frank)

I think, think you're being mean,

Give the guy, guy a rest, rest,

Why do that, it's better being honest, (crows)

But the young, young boy tries his best, best (Frank)

No matter how hard he tries, he still looks the oddest (Crows)

(Emre)

I'm not a freak,

A freak of nature,

I will find someone that looks like me,

I'm not a dying breed,

I quite frankly don't care about YOU

(Emre turns away and looks at the wall)

Tereus- Right that oughta bring him down a peg or two... see you on the stage losers

(They fly away and Stelios comes in to the room where they all are. Stelios has many Turkish men with him all in clown costume)

Stelios- Right then my pretty little animals... are we ready to perform for the audience

Gabby- Emre... you feeling ok?

Emre- yeah I'll be fine... (Sniffing as if he's crying)

Frank- It'll be, be alright

Stelios- I realise you're excited but it doesn't mean you have to deafen me, silence... silly animals... now you Emre... turn to face me and get out there (He opens the cage and lets Emre walk out of the cage)

CUT TO:

Voice- Ladies and Gentlemen... children, boys and girls... please give a warm welcome to the wonderfully talented Emre the Panda!

(Emre is slightly crying and looks upset as he goes to stand on a ball in the middle of the stage where the audience watch him)

(He is applauded as he successfully stands on the ball and balances on one hand and then bounces up and down on the ball and then another ball is thrown towards him by one of the three clowns with Stelios. He begins to bounce on both balls)

(He then manages to get the balls on top of one another and then continues to bounces with both the balls remaining in place)

(After the performance he stands and waits for the audience to stand up and clap him and Emre looks happy)

(The crows watch on above)

Tereus- he thinks they are clapping him, they are laughing at him...

Philomela- Credit must go to him though

Prokne- He did well I think-

Tereus- You can't be serious... anything an animal does impresses these silly humans

(The audience begin to sit down and stop clapping and Stelios yells for Emre to come back into the room where his cage is)

Stelios- Emre... get in here

(Emre walks into the room)

Stelios- Well done kid... you're gonna make me big bucks one day... you're a talent... now go on get in your cage!

Emre- No (he stays still)

Stelios- Go on... move!

Emre- NO!

Stelios- Emre... listen to my orders

Gabby- Emre, what are doing?

Emre- I want to find more like me... I want to know that I have family...

Gabby- Its suicide... Emre you don't know what's out there!

Frank- I, I think let him go... he deserves... to, to know his true identity

(Emre starts walking out on stage and the lights are beaming towards him and the audience clap as he comes outside again)

Stelios- Emre... what are you doing get back in here now... clowns stop him!

Clown#1- What he say?

Clown#2- He said keep going!

(Emre walks down off the stage and the audience chant his name, but he sneaks off through the fire exit of the tent)

Stelios- Stop the performance!

Clown#2- What?

Stelios- Stop!

Clown#1- We cant

Clown#3- What did say?

Clown#2- Just ignore him!

Stelios- That panda is the money maker... I need him!

(Stelios goes to run out to get Emre but Frank uses his trunk to capture Stelios and stop him from following him)

Stelios- Unhand me beast...

Gabby- Let Emre be free!

(The crows fly down to follow Emre who has managed to walk out of the tent unnoticed and doesn't know where he's walking to)

Tereus- Where you going?

Emre- I'm finding my own kind...

Tereus- But you're a circus freak like Gabby and Frank... you must stay

Emre- No...

Prokne- Who are we going to bully though

Emre- Just leave me alone

Tereus- You are making a huge mistake don't you see you're too talented for the wild...

Emre- What's the wild?

Tereus- Its where all you ugly things live... it's where we thrive

Emre- I want to experience it!

Prokne- You'll be alone, you'll have no friends... Stelios needs you, he needs the money... you going to let down Stelios?

Emre- I don't mean to let anyone down... but I must leave... I can't handle you... or you... or you anymore, I can't handle the pressure of performing, or the little space I get in my cage... I've had it with all that

Philomela- But you love performing?

Emre- I did... but I want more... like Gabby said the whole circus isn't legit... Stelios doesn't even have any money to keep the circus running...

Tereus- Times are tough for Greeks, it'll all come together in the end...

Emre- Then where does that leave me... in a zoo... no thank you

(He continues to walk and then runs into the distance which is a forest just beside the tent)

Tereus- Forget about it Emre (she shouts) You're making a big mistake... you're never gonna make it... you won't find any like yourself... there aren't any

Prokne- Shouldn't we go back in the tent before we have to perform?

Tereus- Let's go!

(They fly back into the tent)

CUT BACK:

(Stelios is in the room panicking as the clowns come back in at the half time break)

Stelios- Oh there you are you fools... why didn't you listen to me, that panda has probably ran too far away now!

Clown#1- What are you taking about?

Stelios- The panda you clowns... Emre... he escaped... he refused to get back in the cage cried and ran away!

Clown#2- We need him though... he's our finale for the performance, the audience love him...

Stelios- There won't be a finale, not tonight... get your coats... were searching for him...

(The clowns put their coats on)

Clown#3- What about the crocodile and the elephant...

Stelios- I don't care about them, their talentless... leave outside to dry or something...

Clown#2- And the crows?

(The crows land on Stelios' shoulders)

Stelios- There our eyes from above... our little assistants (they make crow noises)

Clown#1- Ok let's find ourselves a panda...

Stelios- Not any panda... Emre, it must be Emre... you stupid Turks... why can't you just be more like Greeks, you have some weird influence on things...

Clown#2- What boss?

Stelios- Emre was fine in Athens... we come to Istanbul and now he panics! Should never have listened to you... let's go to our home nation... silly clowns!

Clown#1- Maybe it's the change in continent?

Stelios- Let's go! Tereus... Prokne, Philomela show us to him!

(The crows fly up in the air and make crows noises and lead the way and the audience are told the performance has ended early)

Voice- Ladies and gentlemen, boy and girls... it has been a n honour, unfortunately due to technical difficulties the performance has been cut short and your money cannot be refunded, that's cannot be refunded... we apologise...

(The audience are angry and pour out of the tent and see the clowns and follow them and Stelios as they run into the forest that Emre had gone into)

Audience- Give us our refund!

CUT TO:

(Gabby and Frank are left in the tent)

Frank- Do, do you think there coming back?

Gabby- I don't think so...

Frank- OH... oh deer, what do we do now...

Gabby- eye spy with my little eye something beginning with C...

Frank- Circus

Gabby- Oh you got it... your turn!

Frank- No, no thanks!

Gabby- Goodness you elephants are boring...

Frank- We just don't want to eat people all the time... if that makes us boring then something is wrong with the world

Gabby- Whatever...

CUT TO:

(Emre is in the forest looking worried that he has no idea where he is)

(He sees the sun slowly setting and darkness becoming closer and closer)

Emre- Oh no its getting dark... HELLO! Can anyone help me?!

(He keeps walking and it begins to rain and he quickly hides under a small hole in the ground that he manages to fit in, almost like a cave in the ground. The rain continues to pour more and more and as he panics and tries to sleep in the hole a spider creeps up on him crawling on his shoulder)

Emre- (roars with panic) Oh sorry little guy... just didn't know what you wanted!

Seamus- I am not a little guy... I am a grown man!

Emre- Sorry... why did you sneak up on me?

Joe- We're hungry and we thought you might have some flies on you... you're dirty after all!

Billy- Yeah a dirty bear... (All spiders are Irish)

Emre- I'm not dirty!

Joe- Cause you are... you big and hairy... you got flies all over you...

Emre- Well I'm sorry if you can smell me, I'll try and wash if you leave me alone

Seamus- Oh we got a brave one here...

Emre- I have reason to be brave... I'm bigger than you... you three are tiny...

Joe- He's calling our Ireland small lads... Ireland is a big place

Emre- What's Ireland?

Seamus- Ireland?

Billy- What's Ireland... he's joking... he knows what it is!

Emre- I really don't, is it an animal?

Joe- No it is not an animal... should we teach him lads...

Emre- Teach me what?

Joe- About Ireland...

Emre- Oh Ireland... is it in England... I've heard of England... the queen?

Seamus- You're killing us sir... absolutely killing us... we are not at all like England... we are our own country thank you very much

Emre- I've heard of England is it near there?

Seamus- No

Emre- Wales?

Joe- Yuck, nowhere near Wales, in stature anyway

Emre- Why are you here then in Turkey if you live near Scotland?

Seamus- We don't live near Scotland

Billy- We never chose to come here, our ancestors brought us here... the accents we chose to pick up... were proud of our heritage...

Emre- What is there to be proud of in Ireland?

Joe- What's to be proud of? (They all laugh)

Seamus- Lets teach this joker a legend, now listen here bear...

(Seamus)

We have flavoured potato chips,

We made them, that's right,

We have friendly people to give you tips,

We made them, that's right

(Joe)

We created the finest pint, that was us,

We made them, that's right,

We created the healthiest pint, Guinness

We made them, that's right,

(Altogether)

It's one we're proud of, and cherish

We're from the greatest most iconic country,

Despite not ever living there, we are Irish

Best ever to grace the world,

(Billy)

We put the bubbles into water, that was us,
We made them, that's right,
We've had dark days, but we laugh it off, that's us,
We made them, that's right,

(Seamus)

We may be a bit crazy, but that was us,
We made that, that's right,
We made tanks, for many uses, that was us,
We made them, that's right,

(Altogether)

It's one we're proud of, and cherish
We're from the greatest most iconic country,
Despite not ever living there, we are Irish
Best ever to grace the world,

(Joe)

We have U2, best band ever, that was us,
We made that, that's right,
We made coloured photography, say cheese, that was us,
We made that, that's right,

(Billy)

We created Literature, Oscar Wilde, one of us,
We made that, that's right,
We created Heaney poems, that was us,
We made that, that's right,

(Altogether)

It's one we're proud of, and cherish
We're from the greatest most iconic country,
Despite not ever living there, we are Irish
Best ever to grace the world,

(Music stops)

Seamus- He's not getting the picture is he?

Billy- No he's just nodding his head

Seamus- Earth to Bear... hello

Emre- Hey why did you stop... I like learning about Ireland...

Billy- Eh who are we kidding we didn't stop because of you... we stopped because we didn't have anything else to sing about... our country, our life isn't very fulfilling...

Seamus- Everybody either hates the Irish, puts up with us... or laughs at us...

Emre- But you're proud of you are which is good and you know who you are... you should be proud... no matter what people think!

Seamus- Aye... but we ain't are we guys... deep down we know you wanna leave...

Emre- I do want to find my own kind yes... but I could stay for one more song

Joe- Did you not just hear us... we just said we ran out of things to talk about so we did... it's less embarrassing if you just go and stop asking about our culture...

Seamus- Joey... stop being so mean, he wants to talk to us... wanna hear a Heaney poem before you go?

Joe- Too soft Seamus... he's making a mockery of us... I'm putting my web around him and he ain't leaving

(Joe ties a web to cover the hole that Emre went into)

Joe- There you go ain't getting out of that one are we?!

Emre- Please let me out...

Seamus- Billy, read I'm a Heaney poem and then he can go!

Joe- Really you're gonna let him go, admire the web first...

Seamus- Goodness Joey you're like a terrorist, let him go... he wants his family...

Emre- Identity, I don't have a family

Seamus- It's a sad story... very sad... poor kid doesn't have family... but you do have identity... it's a bear... you a weird toned bear... but beautiful

Emre- Aren't bear's meant to be scary though?

Joe- Aye hence the web, keeps you away from us

Seamus- Billy read him a Heaney poem to inspire his journey to his identity-

Billy-

"Be advised my passport's green.

No glass of ours was ever raised

to toast the Queen."

Seamus- That's rather fitting Billy... now you go right your own poem!

(Emre looks happy and walks through the web and Joe looks distraught by him so easily escaping)

Emre- Bye guys thank you very much...

Seamus- Pleasure was all ours...

Emre- Aye (ironically)

Billy- He's a good kid, good kid

(Emre walks off singing the song that the spiders had just sung for him)

CUT TO: NEXT MORNING

(Emre is asleep on top of a stone as the sun rises and wakes him up lethargically)

Emre- Why are you here already... (To the sun) go away big yellow ball of light... what are you?

(He tries to sleep again and wakes up in realisation that humans are right beside him watching him. A bunch stereotypical Iranians grabs him and Emre panics as he is put in a sac and thrown into the back of their van and they drive off)

CUT TO:

(The sac is taken off Emre's head to reveal him in a cage again. Much bigger than the circus one. He walks around the cage scared by its size and the noises he can hear in the distance. He is in an Iranian zoo)

Emre- Hello, anyone there... hello?

(He hears a breathing sound, and it sound sinister and he gets scared)

Emre- If anyone is there... I just want to be friends and possibly be told where I am and what I'm meant to do here, please?

(A large bang is heard behind him and Emre panics as the metal electricity box shakes and booms in his ear and on top of it is a large animals not seen clearly due to the shadow of the darkness)

Emre- Please I mean no harm... please

Hummed- Oh my, it's another Panda (He reveals himself from the shadows and he's an old male panda)

Emre- Please... just- what?

Hummed- You are another (sniffs) yes you're a panda... not one of them robotic ones the humans use... (sniffs again) I don't think... are you?

Emre- Of course not... I'm a real *panda* (confused) what's a panda?

Hummed- What me and you are... black and white... bear like, we are Giant Pandas...

Emre- I'm not giant like you though

Hummed- I'm older... and I've had a lot more in my time, hence the gut (rumbles his belly)

Emre- A lot more what?

Hummed- Oh dear... another institutionalised Panda... this is going to take a while to explain

Emre- Explain what?

Hummed- You are a Panda, that's what animal you are... you know how humans are humans, we are pandas!

Emre- Oh and how crocodiles are like alligators...

Hummed- What, no... crocodiles are crocodiles and alligators are alligators... ok?

Emre- yeah... wow so I found my species, is it... is it just you?

Hummed- No of course not... in the world there are 1500 of us... in this zoo... it's just me and you but now that you're here... they'll try and find a female for you

Emre- And you're happy to stay here on your own instead of search for other pandas...

Hummed- At first of course not... but I'm too old to be bothered anymore... I've grown to love it here now anyway... it's what humans call Stockholm syndrome... I love the people who keep me captive... I feel weirdly safe with them

Emre- But you've become more human than Panda because of it...

Hummed- Maybe I have... but you don't seem too Panda like yourself... let me guess humans your whole life?

Emre- Yeah I used to be in a Greek, Turkish circus

Hummed- Oh quite the talent then... my name is Hummed by the way... and you are?

Emre- Emre...

Hummed- What a lovely name... yes our Iranian friends should be out there looking for another Panda for you, a female one right now

Emre- Why?

Hummed- Well there isn't many Pandas left...

Emre- You said 1500

Hummed- That's not a lot... in comparison... there are 7.5 billion humans in the world-

Emre- What's that like 7.5 with 4 zeroes?

Hummed- More

Emre- 5?

Hummed- More

Emre- 8?

Hummed- More

Emre- 11?

Hummed- A little lower

Emre- 9?

Hummed- Yes... got it in one... so it's a lot compared to us... but humans are trying to make more pandas, but they need your help...

Emre- Well I don't want to...

Hummed- Fair enough... to be honest... knowing Iranians like I do... there probably more focused on a war or something... they never stop fighting one another... round these parts-

(A monkey in the cage opposite)

Harold- Every night, you hear gun shots somewhere, it isn't nice... full of terrorism in Iran!

Emre- Who's that?

Hummed- That's my close friend Harold, the monkey...

Emre- Hello Harold!

Harold- Emre... I heard before... nice to see another Panda, last one who was here apart from Hummed was killed for not going ahead with this big repopulating pandas project!

Emre- What?

Hummed- He's just scaring you... ignore him (Mimes shut up to Harold) that would never happen... we wouldn't allow it, so then how did you get brought here if you live at a circus?

Emre- I left the circus...

Hummed- Oh really, how much did you get paid in benefits? (Laughs and Harold chuckles as well)

Emre- What?

Harold- He means did you get paid for being let go because you're rubbish?

Hummed- Oh Harold you cheeky little monkey... but yes how much?

Emre- How much what?

Hummed- Money... makes the world go around quicker than gravity... you must have got some!

Emre- I'm an animal... I wouldn't have got anything other than fame... people loved me, that's all that mattered

Hummed- You should've got something

Emre- Do you?

Hummed- Well no, but we don't perform!

Harold- In more ways than one (They both laugh)

Hummed- Very crude Harold, very crude...

Emre- Well Stelios was struggling for money anyway... Greece isn't the richest of countries at the moment and he needed it

Hummed- Oh ok... so you escaped then... he never wanted his prized asset to leave?

Emre- No, I ran away to find other pandas and I have!

Hummed- I suppose you have... but you were expecting more where you not?

Emre- I don't know... by the way... are we bears?

Hummed- Do you have big paws?

Emre- yes

Hummed- Lovely rounded ears?

Emre- Yes

Hummed- Cuddly body type?

Emre- Yeah...

Hummed- You're a bear, a Panda Bear... the best and most rare kind of bear... one final question do you eat bamboo?

Emre- I don't know what Bamboo is... I eat sweet potatoes and rice

Hummed- You don't know of bamboo, the finest deliciously a panda can eat...

Emre- Sorry... I don't know!

Hummed- Right I wasn't going to help you, but I will now... no Panda should live to your age without fresh Bamboo...

Harold- Don't listen to him... you get bamboo here!

Hummed- it's not fresh though... it's not the same...

Emre- I want to try bamboo now... I'm excited!

Hummed- Pandas like us... we live in the mountains in China... ever heard of China?

Emre- Is it near England?

Hummed- No... its near India!

Emre- Is that near Ireland?

Hummed- No... I don't know what Ireland is-

Emre- Well interestingly enough I have a song about-

Hummed- Enough... I don't care... we are in Iran right now... you need to keep going and ask animals for directions to India and it is more or less next door to Iran... China is next on from India... centre of China there they are and so is fresh bamboo

Emre- How do I get out of here though?

Hummed- Ha-ha one second (he whistles and a bird, a Long-Legged Buzzard flies over) This is Buteo, now I wouldn't do this for many, but as you are so young... take Buteo on your journey

Buteo- What? I ain't going on any journey with this thing

Hummed- This thing wants to find more pandas... he has dreams you had dreams once Buteo, I think you may get along well!

Buteo- Don't know about that Hummed...

Emre- He's beautiful what is he?

Hummed- A Buzzard, a large Buzzard at that!

Buteo- Hummed!

Hummed- He's about your age too, mentally that is

Buteo- Hey...

Emre- I thought he was an Eagle or something

Buteo- Really? (Happy)

Hummed- Don't say that to him... he'll never shut up about it... he meant beagle, you know a useless cute dog...

Emre- So are you two friends?

Hummed- No, he works for me... when you've lived in Iran for so long you build a reputation... you honestly think a panda and a buzzard could get along... were far greater than them

Buteo- Cut me some slack!

Emre- Why is he here then?

Hummed- One reason, take him Buteo

Buteo- With artificial pleasure I will... (He grabs Emre and pulls him up and Emre is in pain and Buteo flies away with Hummed waving goodbye to Emre)

Harold- Goodbye champ... hope you find what you're looking for

Emre- THANK YOU!

(Buteo takes him away from the zoo)

CUT TO: NIGHTTIME

(Drops him off near a tree in a desert area)

Emre- (He walks off to a tree in the near distance and wonders where he is) Erm... where am I?

Buteo- Iran...

Emre- No but where in Iran, where is India?

Buteo- Oh not for a while yet... you'll never find a way there on your own

Emre- Will you help me?

Buteo- Me... no, no, I have better things to do

Emre- Like what?

Buteo- Erm... well, I have a project due in at...Erm... the zoo for next sunrise (looks guilty as if he's lying)

Emre- Oh ok... I forgot you're clever birds you buzzards... you have essays and thing to hand in (knows he's lying)

Buteo- Hey don't call me a buzzard please...

Emre- Why?

Buteo- Because I don't like it... it makes me sound weak and pathetic, call me an eagle like you did before please

Emre- No you have to earn that right Buteo

Buteo- But I-

Emre- Nope... you have to earn it... I can't just let you become an eagle, eagles are brave and free to do whatever they want... but you're nothing like that

Buteo- Hey well you're not very panda like... more like a red panda, ha... see that's what you are!

Emre- That joke is wasted on me... I don't know the difference... I've been in a circus my whole life...

Buteo- Well Pandas are meant to be, well, relaxed and easy going... you none of the sort... you're too fidgety and hard going... yeah that's you hard going...

Emre- I am not hard going... how dare you!

Buteo- Yeah doesn't feel too good does it...

Emre- I need your help though... I want to find other pandas so I can become a cultured one like what you describe...

Buteo- I'm not helping you...

Emre- Why?

Buteo- You were rude to me...

Emre- Fine I'm sorry, really I am... it can be fun we can get to know each other...

Buteo- You're on your own I'm afraid!

(Long pause)

Emre- oh I know what it is... you're scared... you're not very brave, fearing what might happen to you if you leave Iran...

Buteo- No... I'm not bothered... the people of Iran would accept me no matter my life choices...

Emre- Not if you chose to betray them for China... they wouldn't, I know what there like and I've only been here five minutes

Buteo- You don't know anything... I am not a coward!

Emre- I never said you were... I said you were scared but if you fear everything then fine...

Buteo- Shut up... you're just a child you know nothing...

Emre- I'm older than you

Buteo- Not mentally though...I have the mental age of 30 year old human

Emre- I'm 23, not too much younger, mentally anyway

Buteo- Well of course you meant mentally. Pandas only live till-

Emre- When?

Buteo- Sorry I shouldn't have mentioned anything

Emre- No say...

Buteo- 20... how old are you, how long have you got left?

Emre- I'm 5, and I want to spend the last ⅔ of my life with fellow pandas... so please just help me a little

Buteo- (thinks about it) let me sleep on it... we'll have some shut eye here in my beloved Iran... and then we leave... maybe

Emre- really oh boy, you'll be so much help...

Buteo- Yeah don't get too excited...

Emre- Stop acting like an old man and give me a hug (he hugs him and crushes him slightly)

Buteo- Ouch... give me a rest, seriously... or else I'm not coming!

Emre- Sorry... this is gonna be so good though... I don't think I can sleep, I just want to sing... wanna hear a song about Ireland?

Buteo- No, go to sleep! (He closes his eyes and Emre hums the Ireland song)

CUT TO:

(Shows Stelios cutting down the forest vine as he gets to the exit of the forest with his crows and his three clowns and is panting along with the clowns)

Stelios- Are you ok my clowns?

Clown#1- Yeah... those people weren't happy we cancelled the show!

Clown#3- Would you be?

Clown#1- I suppose I wouldn't no-

Stelios- Shut up clowns... I wanted short answers... my birds are sensing something... let them work it out...

Philomela- (Looks at the tyre tracks and the panda footprints) we better hurry up if we want to get Emre back

Tereus- Why, what has happened?

Philomela- Well here are his footprints!

Prokne- Where?

Philomela- If you brush off the covering sand you can see them clearly-

Tereus- Oh yeah...

Philomela- And keep following them and you can see tyre tracks caused by only one type of vehicle... Prokne?

Prokne- A 4x4-

Tereus- And look at the clue... in the tyre tracks!

Philomela- Oh yeah-

Prokne- What... land rover?

Tereus- No, stop being ridiculous... it says Iranian Zoo underneath... stubborn poachers took him... he's our panda-

Philomela He's no one's panda though is he?!

Tereus- If I want your opinion Philomela, I'll ask!

Prokne- Yeah

Clown#2- I don't get why we put our faith in birds... we are humans for goodness -

Stelios- Shhh... you Turks are never quiet... listen... (The crows squeal at them and fly away) They want us to follow them, they have a hunch

Clown#3- There not the only ones... Stelios shouldn't you stop leaning over like that, you're gonna break your back boss!

Stelios- Just follow me... follow the birds call, I want my panda back... no matter what it takes...

Clown#1- Cant we just leave the panda, he isn't that great

Stelios- What? (baffled and angry)

Clown#1- Just saying he isn't great... let him live in the wild... he'll probably die anyway... you didn't care about him when you had him, its only when you lose something you start to begin to care for it... that's not very fair is it...

Stelios- (whistles over the crows) You're in trouble now... take him tot eh middle of the forest and let him fight his own survival battles!

(The crows pick him up)

Clown#1- Unhand me stupid birds... get off

(They take him to the forest and drop him from quite a height and fly back with the clown#1 screaming as he falls into the forest and his fate is unknown)

Stelios- Anyone else want to argue?

(Long pause)

Stelios- Didn't think so... lets continue (They start walking again looking back at the forest for clown#1)

CUT TO: Morning

(Buteo slowly wakes up in the tree that Emre is sleeping at the bottom of and Buteo wakes to see an Iranian leopard looking directly at him)

Yusuf- Hello...

Buteo- Ahhh (panics) what do you want?

Yusuf- Relax... I'm not going to eat you... just relax (he starts crawling closer to him as Buteo back off to the edge of the branch) why are you moving away?

Buteo- I know you're kind... ruthless... evil, show no courtesy for beings like me!

Yusuf- That's only because we don't share the same beliefs now isn't it... I'm a carnivore and your usually food... but I'm very hungry today... and I need a good meal-

Buteo- Why are you stalking me then?

Yusuf- To ask you a few questions... I'm Yusuf by the way... and I'd like to know, as a leopard to a Buzzard and no one else... what on earth is that? (Points at Emre still asleep)

Buteo- Oh that... that's Emre

Yusuf- What's an Emre, and what is doing here?

Buteo- It's a Panda... and he's with me... but I don't really know him... so if you can let me leave and eat him that would be great... thank you...

Yusuf- Your free to go-

Buteo- Thanks

(He starts to fly away and is then caught by Yusuf's paw and is stopped)

Yusuf- Just one second... is he edible?

Buteo- Of course he is... Chinese food (winks at him)

Yusuf- Ok... come on boys... time to feast (he releases Buteo and he flies away)

CUT TO:

(Similar to the last scene Emre wakes up lethargically to a bunch of leopards who have circles him with the noticeably scarred Yusuf at the front of the pack)

Emre- Hello

Yusuf- Hello... your dinner!

Emre- Was that a question... or what? (Confused)

Yusuf- it's a statement!

Emre- Who are you?

Yusuf- We are leopards...

Emre- Ok... what do you do?

Yusuf- Well we eat things... and sleep

Emre- Can you do tricks?

Yusuf- Well Stew here can eat a buzzard in 30 seconds, record time in this part of the world... is that a trick?

Emre- Impressive, can I show you my trick?

Yusuf- No you can't... I'm hungry...

Emre- The humans who watch me normally eat popcorn whilst watching me perform...

Yusuf- Humans... you know humans?

Emre- Sure... why?

Yusuf- I think we may be out of our depth, are they looking for you?

Emre- Well I don't know how appreciated I was there so... maybe!

Yusuf- Oh my, let's get out of here... now!

Leopard- Screw that I want my food...

Yusuf- Not only is he Chinese... but he knows humans... they'd never forgive us if we killed him... worse ate him...

Emre- Eat me...eat me? But your kitty cats... shouldn't you be meowing or something?

Yusuf- He thinks we are some sort of stereotypical Chinese cat... not all Asian countries have the same type of cat panda...

Emre- Emre!

Yusuf- Sorry. Emre, we apologise...

(Buteo flies over the top)

Buteo- EMRE! Grab my wing...

Emre- What?

Buteo- Where getting out of here quick before they eat you!

Emre- They're not going to eat me...

Buteo- Just grab it...

(Emre grabs his wing and Buteo slightly slanted starts to fly away being dragged down slightly and struggling but using his strength to get them through the incident)

Leopard- Hey he's taking our food...

Yusuf- Get the buzzard then... we can eat the buzzard...

(The leopards try to grab him but Emre inadvertently kicks the leopards away)

Emre- Sorry...

CUT TO:

(Buteo struggling to hold him any longer starts to fall to earth now quite a distance away from the leopards and in a corn field)

Buteo- You're too heavy Emre... I'm gonna have to let you go... sorry!

Emre- Its ok!

(He just drops him into the corn)

Emre- Hey food (He starts eating the corn) at last...

Buteo- Erm... Emre, I'm sorry about what happened before...

Emre- What did you do?

Buteo- I left you for dead... I flew away and let the leopards attack you!

Emre- No you didn't you came back... you realised you made a mistake and saved me... that's better... shows great courage and you really thought about it... wasn't spontaneous at all

Buteo- Hey you're right... I was brave... and strong...

Emre- Ok well you didn't beat them up for me... you weren't strong... but brave you were (smiling)

Buteo- I was brave and I was strong-

Henry Hippo- Don't mind me sorry (A main character from Toonamals walks past the scene through the corn fields briefly)

Buteo- As I was saying I was strong... you're just heavy and I concentrated all my energy on you... you fat dufus...

Emre- Not you too (starts crying)

Buteo- What... why are you, why are you crying?

Emre- You're bullying me just like the crows...

Buteo- I'm not bullying you...

Emre- I'm a freak I know...

Buteo- I never called you that...

Emre- You called me fat as if I don't belong

Buteo- Hey I never said that... I'm sorry if it offended you that much...

Emre- Its ok... just don't call me fat, I can't help it (whilst shoving corn down his throat)

Buteo- Yeah I can see that (sarcastic) but stop crying... don't cry... we need to be brave... you told me that, if we're gonna make it to China (smiling)

Emre- Sorry you are showing signs of bravery... better than what I was I regret everything I didn't do to those crows... I should've fought back...

Buteo- It's better not to

(Buteo)

Sticks and stones can break you bones,

But your soul can handle words,

Don't let bad things get in the way,

After all that would be absurd,

(Emre)

I suppose your right, why do I care?

Its only bullies talking,

I'm better than them anyway,

They should be the ones that feel sinking,

(Buteo)

Exactly, that is true. You're bigger than them,

Emre- Hey

Buteo- Not literally don't forget

But yet literally by heart,

You deserve more respect, you're beautiful,

And if they ever meet me, don't make me start,

(Emre)

So when I'm feeling down I should just talk to my friend,

A friend who can help me through with his ninja (Buteo pretends to know ninja)

Buteo- That's more your kind of thing isn't it?

Emre- I think it started in China but japan stole it, either way

Let's just go to India,

(Buteo)

The song isn't finished,

We haven't achieved a state of happiness yet,

Close your eyes and imagine,
A time when you were all set

(Emre)

Emre- Oh I got it!

So when I'm feeling down I should just talk to my friend,
A friend who can help me through with his ninja (Buteo pretends to know ninja)
Let's just go to India,

Buteo- Yeah lets go... woohoo

Emre- As friends?

Buteo- Acquaintances, this is more just a favour...

Emre- Oh ok...

Buteo- I'm just messing with you... sure where friends... I'll help you through...

Emre- Thanks Buteo...

CUT TO:

(Stelios and his clowns and crows are walking around the Iranian zoo that Emre was situated in before. They walk past the monkey and Panda enclosure with a zookeeper just in the distance feeding the Lions)

Stelios- Excuse me? (Approaches the zookeeper)

Mehta- Hello... can I help you sir?

Stelios- Yes where do your Pandas live?

Mehta- Just over there sir...

Stelios- Ah... there (he points the clowns in the right direction)

Clown#2- Is that him... (Looking at Hummed)

Clown#3- I don't know... maybe he's aged?

Clown#2- Maybe... hey Stelios... sir, is this him?

(Stelios runs over)

Stelios- No, that's not him... Emre has a scar and half an ear...

Hummed- Emre... hey how do you know Emre?

Clown#2- He's aggressive isn't he?

Mehta- Does there appear to be a problem?

Harold- (the monkey) Yeah there talking about our friend...

Tereus- Listen bear... where is Emre... he's obviously not here... tell us where he is!

Hummed- No... why would I tell you evil birds...

Prokne- Hey where not evil are we?!

Tereus- We can be...

Philomela- I never wanted to be evil... I thought we messed around with Emre

Hummed- I'm not telling you where he is... those humans will try and stop him from finding his own kind... I can't let you stop a young boys dreams from coming true...

Tereus- Oh yeah what are you gonna do shout for us to come back from your cage
(They laugh)

Harold- Why don't you find him yourselves instead of asking for directions hey?!

Prokne- because we need him quickly...

Stelios- Listen we own a panda that your zoo stole...

Mehta- Sorry... I can't imagine that being the case... we tend to only help animals grow... we find our animals in the wild, what did you have him for?

Stelios- We run a-

Clown#2- Circus!

Mehta- Pandas aren't allowed in circuses

Stelios- Ha-ha it's another word for zoo, we run a Greek zoo, in Greece... he's our most talented, well our only panda we have...

Mehta- Sorry I can't trust you... you have clowns with you, besides we have people out there searching for him now...he escaped the other day...

Stelios- He's a slippery one isn't he?!

Mehta- Anyway I need to get back to work... (He walks away)

Tereus- So he's looking for where he belongs... where do pandas come from Philomela?

Philomela- Chinese mountains I think I read somewhere...

Tereus- Is this true bear?

Hummed- No...

Tereus- You're lying old bear (She grabs his face with her claws) don't lie...

Hummed- I'm not lying

(Stelios whistles in a rush and the crows immediately begin to fly away following Stelios and the clowns)

Harold- Are you ok Hummed-

Tereus- To China it is then

CUT TO:

(They all cram into one car again and drive off with the crows flying over the top of the vehicle)

Stelios- We need to get there quickly before the people searching for him get there, silly Iranians taking my animal-

(They drive past another car on the long sandy road of Iran)

(The focus of the scene falls into the other car with two Iranians sitting in the car driving in the same direction as Stelios)

Amir- Say Musa that's the first person we've had driven past us since we started searching...

Musa- I know it's strange that isn't it... don't see many people beyond our zoo... put the tranquiliser gun down Amir... he's not round here...

Amir- Poor thing must be so lonely and afraid... he probably doesn't know what the big bad world has in store for him... (Sincere)

Musa- At least our intentions are good

Amir- Yeah I hate seeing animals who endangered without proper care... we can't lose another Panda...

Musa- Where do you think he's going then?

Amir- China to be with all the other Pandas... doesn't mean we have to let him get there though... he'll never make it on his own... we need to find the poor guy

Musa- Imagine have three pandas in one zoo... an old one, a baby one and a parent... our zoo would get so many people visiting

Amir- That's the aim... whilst of course saving the whole species-

(He puts the tranquiliser gun down and they keep driving)

CUT TO:

(Emre is walking through mountains tops that are very jungle like, with Buteo flying above him bumping into trees)

Buteo- How long is this jungle... there's only so many more times I can bang my head-

Emre- I think we're nearly out of here... I can see lots of light in the distance

(Buteo lands down on land)

Buteo- Well I'm joining you down here for now... I could do with using my legs...

Emre- fair enough... where are we anyway... India yet?

Buteo- Yes I think we are actually... north India.

Emre- Oh look Buteo it's another animal like you...

Buteo- An Eagle?

Emre- No... it's like a multi-coloured version of you

Buteo- Oh yeah... it's another bird...

(It's a cockerel walking around the jungle floor and looking lost)

Cockerel- Oh... hello there (In a French accent)

Buteo- Hello friend...

Emre- Are you lost like us?

Cockerel- I am never lost... I'm always positive... I'll find my way out of here...

Melancholy... nice to meet you!

Emre- Nice to meet you Melancholy... I like him...

Buteo- Hmmm... I don't know... why are you in a jungle?

Melancholy- I lost my fellow roosters... in an Indian market... just through the trees and into the light... I've come here to look for them

Emre- Oh so where in India are we?

Melancholy- Dead central...

Buteo- Not North at all?

Melancholy- Not that I know... I'm sure its dead central

Emre- Where are you from, you sound funny?

Melancholy- I'm from Marseille (He pulls out a croissant and starts eating it in front of them)

Buteo- Is that France?

Melancholy- Yes... Great country...

Buteo- Really, is it... I've always wanted to visit?

Melancholy- Who am I kidding it's awful... but it's better than this place...

Emre- What's wrong with India?

Melancholy- it's no China... and they all play cricket... awful sport... very boring... not like Soccer or Tennis...

Emre- What is soccer and tennis?

Melancholy- You need to learn about life...

Emre- I know about Ireland...

(Melancholy)

You must have lived in a cave your whole life,

Emre- I have

You must have had little friends and family,

Emre- Unfortunately

You don't know of cultures and societies,

Emre- Never heard those words

(Buteo)

What point are you trying to make,

just because he doesn't know as much as you,

At least he never gets made into steak,

Melancholy- Its fillet

So, why he doesn't care, why should you too

(Melancholy)

The boy has to learn the values of life,

Emre- I do

He needs to stop being one dimensional,

Emre- Hey

Otherwise he'll never get a wife,

Emre- Girls a icky anyway

(Buteo and Melancholy)

The bottom line is Emre,

All you need is a push in the right direction (look evilly at one another)

You need to learn the values of being here,
You need to learn to accept (appreciate) life

Buteo- No he needs to Accept life...

Melancholy- Appreciate it... he's too uneducated... he needs to know more

Buteo- Just because he's not as intelligent as you doesn't mean he has to learn more...

(Emre)

Enough arguing please for my sake,
Can't be bother with all this nonsense,
Pretty soon where all going to be cake,
Because there's a massive tiger behind us and I know that isn't good!

Melancholy- What?

Noil- Hello-

(They all panic and back away)

Noil- And you will all make a fine cake, you... the big bear in particular... I won't have to hunt for the next 6 months if I eat you up...

Buteo- Listen we can arrange something here-

Noil- Noil!

Buteo- Noil... eat them and leave me (He flies up into the trees)

Noil- Ha-ha cowardly Buzzard, here's me stupidly confusing hi for an eagle...

Melancholy- Yeah I'm going as well (He flies away) good LUCK!

Emre- Erm... sorry to have disturbed your day Mr Noil...

Noil- Noil is not my surname...

Emre- What?

Noil- You mean pardon... did your parents not teach you anything of manners or just decency...

Emre- I've never had parents... I've never had anyone raise me really... Noil

Noil- That's upsetting I empathise... but I do have to eat you, its survival I'm afraid...

Emre- Cant we just be friends...

Noil- I have friends... I don't need another one...

Emre- Where are they?

Noil- Are you QUESTIONING ME?!

Emre- No of course not... just would like to meet them!

Noil- No... they don't talk much (He points at them and their skeletons of dead animals) I can't be friendly for too long...

Emre- do you not have any friends who are Tigers like yourself?

Buteo- ARE YOU OK EMRE?

Emre- Yes thank you Buteo!

Noil- No I haven't... I don't know any (looking quite upset all of a sudden)

Emre- Why, where are all the tigers?

Noil- I've never really thought about it... my um and dad died a few years ago and I haven't seen any since... I just eat... eat because I have a hole I can never fill (Starts crying)

Emre- Do you want to find some Tigers with us?

Noil- No... NO... what's the point, humans have probably killed most of them anyway... horrible poachers?

Emre- I'm in the same boat... Pandas are very few and far between like Tigers... but we can help each other rather than eat each other...

Noil- I would've eaten you, there's no competition... I am hungry... can I at least have the bird?

Emre- Well...

(Buteo flies down)

Buteo- No, you can't...

Noil- What's your name braves soul?

Emre- Emre... nice to meet you

Buteo- I'm Buteo by the way...

Noil- Hmm... follow me... I have something cool to show you, we can eat without even hunting... (Smiling and licking his lips)

(They head towards the light exiting the jungle)

CUT TO:

(In the middle of an Indian street market where young homeless children are running around the market stalls with rich men and women buying all they can and eating in front of them)

(Emre, Noil and Buteo just stroll through the market with people looking worried by the sight of the Tiger in the market and confused by the panda and laugh at Buteo)

Buteo- It's a strange reaction... why are they laughing at you two...

Noil- I think they are laughing at you...

Child- Ha the bird with them two... funny

Buteo- Well it's obvious what he thought... I don't deserve this I'm not some obnoxious big head like Melancholy before... why am I getting laughed at...

Noil- Because you're pathetic compared to us two massive beasts

Buteo- Massive?

Noil- YES (Look at Buteo grinning showing his teeth right in front of his face)

Buteo- Smelly... smelly breath... what have you been eating?

Noil- Buzzards (smiles)

Buteo- Ha... really?!

Indian man- Holy Taj Mahal... it's a Tiger (They all scream and quickly run away from the market stall)

Indian Woman- Someone phone the police!

Emre- The police?

Noil- Don't worry... they never believe each other... as if a tiger would stroll into a market where a tiger has never been before... it's just a rumour to the police...

Emre- Why aren't the kids running away?

Noil- Because like your good self... children are fearless... watch (he approaches a child flicking a coin)

(Noil roars right in his face and the boy doesn't flinch)

Noil- See fearless...

Buteo- Or maybe they have nowhere else to go or run to... (Upset)

Emre- Where are your clothes?

Boy- A teddy...

Buteo- Where are your clothes?

Boy- Eagle...

Buteo- He's a good kid

Boy- (roars at the tiger)

Noil- Leave the children... they're just beggars... come here... look at this pot!

(Look into a big pot of curry)

Noil- Now we have vegetable or chicken... what do you fancy?

Emre- What is it?

Noil- Curry... Indian delicacy... but it taste good, tigers aren't supposed to eat it, but oh well... I like it... so which one?

Emre- I'm a vegetarian

Buteo- As am my!

Noil- Ok well I'm going for chicken...

(He portions it up and gives it to them)

(The children circle them and beg for some)

Boy- Please teddy... can I have some?

Emre- Of course you can-

Noil- Help yourself...

Girl- We can't reach... and were very cold!

Emre- Aw... let me hug you warmer... (He lets the children cuddle him and he shares his curry)

Noil- You're a very nice being Emre-

Emre- I just sympathise with them... they have no one...

Buteo- That's humans for you, messed up in their own perfect way... poor kids... (He swallows something and he starts reacting to it, it's a whole chilli and he struggles to contain his red face and his struggle to overcome the spiciness) someone help me... please!

Emre- What's going on, Buteo you ok?

Noil- Relax... it'll all come good in the end!

(Buteo keeps coughing)

Noil- Here have some water...

(Buteo drinks it all quickly)

Buteo- Ahhh... (Relaxes) that was fantastic... wow... give me more

Noil- You want more chillies?

Buteo- Yeah, it was spectacular...

(The children laugh at him with the chilli)

Boy- I like the Eagle, he's funny

Buteo- Aw, thank you...

CUT TO: EVENING

(The kids are all asleep)

Noil- Anyway... we best go, we need to find our own kind don't we Emre...

Emre- Yeah, but I feel bad leaving the kids...

Noil- They won't even remember we were here in a few years, forget about them...

(They get up and start walking away whilst the kids are asleep, but the main boy is still up and stands behind them)

Boy- Thank you... (Smiling with his curry bowl in his hand) for the warmth and the food (still smiling)

Emre- Its ok... don't worry about it...

Buteo- Bye kids...

CUT TO:

(In a quick scene of the same evening a car drives aps the kids who are now all asleep and are awoken by the car's lights and engine as it zooms past with the crows flying over the top of the car)

CUT TO:

(Shows Emre walking another jungle with Buteo and Noil and they can see the Great Wall of China in the distance)

Noil- Wow you see this... that's the Great Wall of China in the distance

Emre- What does that mean?

Noil- That's how close we are to your destination... just through this jungle and we're in your birthplace...

Emre- Wow, and there are other pandas there?

Noil- Well if you believe there is then there must be... you're wiser than you seem Emre...

Buteo- Wow, come on Emre let's get there quick...

Emre- (star struck) I need a minute... I can't believe it (tear runs down his cheek)

Buteo- Come on kid... lets meet those pandas

Noil- OH my word...

Buteo- What are you star struck too-

Noil- Yes... look (he looks at a tiger in the distance)

Buteo- Sure it's not just a mirage? I can't see anything

Noil- It's just camouflaged in to the straw, takes a tiger to know a tiger...

Buteo- Oh here we go...

(Noil runs to meet the tiger)

Buteo- Do we follow him or what?

Emre- We should really... but I'm not as quick as him...

Buteo- I'll stay at your pace

(They start walking slowly towards the tiger)

Noil- (already talking to her) hello!

Sacha- Hi... I'm Sacha what's the matter?

Noil- A female?

Sacha- (confused) *yeah*

Noil- Cool... are there many tigers around these parts...

Sacha... yes there's lot over there... (Points over the hill)

Noil- Really... I haven't seen a tiger since my mum and dad died!

Sacha- Oh you poor thing...

Noil- I know...

Sacha- Well I'm heading over the hill to see the other tigers if you want to come and see them...

Noil- Do I?

Sacha- Do you?

Noil- Yes, yes I do...

Sacha- Ok come with me...

Noil- OH, just one second...

(He runs back to meet Emre and Buteo)

Noil- Hey guys... I'm gonna go and see all the tigers are you ok from here on the rest of you journey?

Buteo- How can you, you traitor, I knew you were bad news-

Emre- Ignore him... that's fine, thanks for all your help, I hope they accept you...

Noil- I'm scared I might be too soft for them all

Emre- Don't worry about it...

Noil- Ok I'll see you then

Buteo- Yeah good riddance (Noil runs away to Sacha)

Emre- Just us two again...

Buteo- Yeah I preferred it like that anyway

Emre- No you didn't you loved Noil... deep down

Buteo- Shut up... maybe he was ok sometimes...

(Emre smiles and chuckles to himself as they walk through the jungle heading to the Great Wall of China)

CUT TO:

(Shows a car pull up in China at the bottom of a mountain range, and the two Iranian zookeepers step out of the car, Amir and Musa. Both with tranquiliser guns and they stand there and wait)

Amir- So now we wait

Musa- How long does it take for a panda to get to China from Iran?

Amir- Is that a joke?

Musa- No, it was a genuine question?

Amir- Oh I don't know

Musa- I'm guessing he doesn't make it...

Amir- I have a bad feeling he hasn't... he might have already been poached...

Musa- I heard a circus owner is looking for him, he's desperate for money and the panda was his most talented animal...

Amir- Well he's being used for one thing reproduction... not entertainment we are saving his species...

Musa- Shouldn't we just let him go to the other pandas then...

Amir- Please... of course not... he's going to get poached with the other pandas isn't he... beside Pandas need a push to reproduce, they are too lethargic to think about it on their own... we need to help them...

Musa- But if nature doesn't intend-

Amir- lets not argue hey... lets concentrate...

(Another car pulls up with the crows flying above)

(Stelios gets out of the car with his clowns)

Stelios- Hello... do o mind if we walk up the mountains...

Amir- Looking to poach are we?

Stelios- no I've lost my panda and I want him back...

(The Iranians notice the clowns)

Amir- Oh I see how it is... you're that circus freak... leave the panda alone...

Stelios- Oh Iranian zookeepers... stop being so mighty high... and give me Emre back, where is he?

Musa- He's not here yet...

Stelios- Oh for goodness sake how can you even be sure he's going to show up... he's a Panda... Crows, my babies is he on his way, can you sense him (The crows squeak as if they can feel he's coming)

Tereus- He's on his way

Philomela- Judging the speed of a Pandas walk and the obstacles I would estimate around three minutes away

Tereus- Ha-ha. He thinks he's gonna see his pandas... no, not on my watch

Clown#2- For goodness sake guys... let's not bicker here, the guy has feelings, he's a great panda... let him choose what he wants

(Musa shoots clown#2 with the tranquiliser and Clown#2 falls asleep)

Amir- Good shot Musa...

Stelios- Hey, don't shoot on of my clowns...

Clown#3- Listen I don't care anymore I'm getting out of here... (he walks off to Stelios's car and starts driving)

Stelios- What is he doing... what are you doing?

(He drives off)

Stelios- Come back... come ba-

(Emre and Buteo come over the hill and start walking towards them all)

Amir- Shouldn't you go get your car back?

Stelios- I can buy a new one (licking his lips) EMRE! EMRE!

Buteo- Can you hear something?

Emre- Oh no... no, they followed me...

Stelios- Come on boy... come to Daddy...

Amir- Quickly use the panda call Musa (He uses the certain whistle that hurts Emre's ears)

Emre- Ow... Ow, what are they doing, what is that noise?

Buteo- You ok?

Emre- No it really hurts...

(The crows fly to Emre)

Tereus- Ha-ha, you didn't think you could escape us all that easily did you...

Emre- Unfortunately yes...

Tereus- But you're a freak of nature... you deserve to be in a circus...

Emre- You actually convinced me I was a freak of nature, I'm more pure than all of you put together!

Tereus- Ha don't make us all laugh...

Prokne- Yeah Emre you do come out with some rubbish...

Emre- Leave me alone... please

Philomela- He is in pain...

Prokne- Oh Philomela just be quiet now...

Philomela- Hey...

Tereus- You are useless Emre... but Stelios seems to love you, so you are coming with us, not these poachers disguised as zookeepers...

Emre- I'm going with no one...

Buteo- He's seeing his pandas, and that's that!

Tereus- Oh hello, a friend... Emre has a friend... he's a big Buzzard isn't he...

Buteo- I'm an Eagle

Prokne- No you're not... ha-ha you're a buzzard...

Tereus- In fact he might be a pigeon... are you a pigeon?

Emre- Leave him alone...

Buteo- Don't worry Emre I've got this... you run go find the pandas...

Emre- Are you sure?

Buteo- Yes just go...

(Emre starts walking against the pain barrier of the whistling noise)

Tereus- Very noble of you... defending your friend till the end... very brave ha-ha... or blind is it... don't know?

Buteo- Stop bullying him...

Prokne- What's a pigeon gonna do about it...

Philomela- I think he could actually be a Long legged Buzzard...

Buteo- I'm an EAGLE (He attacks the crows and they hit each other with wings and they fight like birds do)

(Buteo is struggling in the battle against three of them and is on the floor feeling weak)

CUT TO:

(Emre is blocked by Stelios who is holding him and Musa and Amir try and pull him away)

Stelios- Come Emre... hands off him, he's my panda I taught him everything he knows...

Musa- He belongs to Iranian territory; we are using him for the good of the species...

Stelios- I need the money

Amir- We need the tourists...

Emre-Let go of me please... I want to be with my own kind

Musa- let go if he escapes... his species will struggle to survive it's endangered...

Amir- yeah and he brings money to our country, the more pandas we have the better...

Stelios- But he's a freak, he needs to entertain...

(Emre starts crying a little bit and then a roar is heard in the distance)

Stelios- What was that?

(Amir and Musa let go and watch out for noise meanwhile Stelios drags Emre with him the Iranians car)

Amir- He's stealing our car?

Musa- He doesn't have the keys

CUT BACK:

Tereus- It's over Buteo... you've done well to get him this far... but birds will be birds... see you in he-

(Tereus is swallowed up by the roaring Noil and Prokne and Philomela escape quickly)

Prokne- let's get out of here... they brought a Tiger...

Noil- That's what I thought... stupid evil crows... you ok Buteo?

Buteo- Yeah I mean I had them... didn't really need your help...

Noil- Yeah I know... (Smiles at him)

Buteo- Why are you here anyway, shouldn't you be with the other tigers...

Noil- Sometimes things don't live up to expectations... they did think I was too soft... that doesn't make me less of a tiger, it makes me more of a man... I'm not soft, I'm kind...

Buteo- That you are now let's get Emre home...

CUT TO:

(Stelios tries to get the car to start)

Stelios- Just start...

Emre- Help me... someone, Buteo...

(Noil comes across and knocks the car over and Stelios quickly gets out and pulls Emre with him up the hill)

Noil- Buteo I can't climb very well... be brave... don't fear the situation... live it...

Buteo- But he looks psychotic...

Noil- Eagles aren't scared of that...

Buteo- You're right... (He flies after Stelios and Emre) Unhand him

Stelios- Go away stupid bird...

(Buteo keeps pecking at him)

Emre- Get him Buteo...

Stelios- get off of me...

(The police arrive beneath them and Noil quickly runs off into the bushes and watches from there)

Police- What's the problem?

Musa- Up there he's harming that Panda

Police- that panda belongs to these Chinese mountain ranges... unhand him, or we will get you down!

Stelios- He's my money maker, just let me be...

Emre- No let me be...

Police- Unhand him now... take him down

(Emre starts fidgeting to get out of his grasp and they both fall and as they are about to hit the floor Buteo catches both of them in the last minute using every ounce of strength he has and releases Stelios from a safe height for the police to deal with him)

Police- Take him to the station...

Stelios- No I didn't do anything...

(Buteo then proceeds in lifting Emre up over the mountains and the police and Iranians watch on in shock and Noil looks pleasantly surprised also)

Noil- Well done Buteo... well done

(Shows him flying Emre further and further into the mountains)

Emre- Buteo... I never you could fly me so high?!

Buteo- Neither did I Emre...

(Slowly start to fall to the floor)

Buteo- Oh, we're going down Emre sorry...

Emre- OH no, just keep going a little more...

Buteo- I'm sorry, I can't hold you much longer!

(They nearly touch ground and Buteo drops Emre)

Buteo- Oh no, Emre?!

Emre- Its ok...

(He falls on top of lots of trees and it cushions him for landing on the floor)

Emre- Oh no I'm lost again...

(He creeps through the trees looking around and can see Buteo in the distance flying away)

(Buteo comes back to apologise)

Buteo- Oh Emre... I'm so sorry, I let you down... I couldn't hold you for much longer

Emre- Its fine Buteo, no one's perfect... without you I wouldn't have even made it India (smiles)

Buteo- You know Noil didn't like the other tigers you know... maybe it would be the same for you with the other pandas?

Emre- Maybe... would've liked to have found out though... I'll never find them now

(They both hear a sneeze behind them)

(They both turn around to see another panda Emre's age alone sneezing)

Buteo- Is that?

Emre- Another Panda! Hiya...

Tin- Hello I'm Tin...

Emre- Emre...

Tin- Not very Chinese... lovely name though

Emre- Its Turkish...

Tin- What's Turkish?

Emre- I don't know... I know what Ireland is though... wanna hear a song about it?

Tin- Sure

Emre- Cool...

Tin- Wanna come see the others?

Emre- Are they close?

Tin- Right there (points at a load of bamboo and the pandas are there singing)

Emre- Wow... Buteo, by the way, before I leave you (He whispers in his ear)

Buteo- Sure I will, I'll help them, as long as Noil's on board of course

(Pandas)

Black and White,

Black and White,

Black and White,

Black and White,

Who cares what we are we are family,

We are together as one,

We hunt bamboo sticks happily,

And together we probably weigh a tonne,

Living in the same place called Earth,

There may not be many but we are mighty,

We've lived a true life since our birth,

And togetherness was the key,

Emre- Thanks Buteo

Buteo- Don't worry about it... I'll make sure your circus friends are ok too

(Emre hugs him and then walks slowly moves towards the pandas with Tin leaving Buteo who watches on with a smile)

Black and White,

Black and White,

Black and White,

Black and White,

And we welcome new strangers,

It's cold when you're alone,

And now you're safe from all those dangers,

Welcome to the family, it's now written in stone,

So please have some bamboo,

Live peacefully away from the ones who hate,

Allow yourself freedom in a place that isn't a zoo,

(Emre)

Thank you I can't wait to live with you (smiling)

(All Pandas including Emre and even Buteo in the distance watching in)

Black and White,

Black and White,

Black and White,

Black and White!

(Emre looks at Buteo and smiles and mimes thank you to him and Buteo turns away and flies away)

King- (A Panda with a crown on) say new one... what is your name?

Emre- Emre

King- I am the king... welcome... care for a bamboo stick, its fresh (smiles)

Emre- Please (He takes it and has a bite and really enjoys it) It was worth the journey

King- Please do tell!

Emre- Well I started in a circus with these horrible, cruel, disgusting crows and then... (The scene fades out with the pandas all listening to him speak and Buteo flying away past the police car with Stelios in it)

CUT TO:

(Shows Gabby and Frank from earlier still locked up in the circus tent)

Gabby- I'm starving... I wonder whether Emre made it...

Frank- I certainly, certainly hope so...

Gabby- I know... I do worry we'll be here forever-

(The door is sashed open by Noil and Buteo riding him)

Buteo- Hello guys...

Frank- A Tiger...

Gabby- And a Buzzard have you ever seen the like...

Noil- We've come to rescue you actually...

Buteo- Emre said you needed help... well we wanna help you find your way home

Gabby- Finally our saviours arrive

Frank- Yeah, finally, finally...

Buteo- By the way... I'm an Eagle (Smiles)

End Credits:

The End

The poster for screen two showed an animated Panda and its circus friends. A sinister group of poachers it seemed behind his cheery exterior. Big letters written across the panda's body 'Emre' an animation film in the cinema, and the next one for Lucas to show his guests. After they all look at the poster for a short while, Malcolm unlocks the door to screen two. It was a strategy by Lucas to slowly

introduce his guests to more and more action packed movies to enter. He liked to think he was putting health and safety first, there was very little safe however about this discovered building.

Malcolm has a slight fight with the key to the door, and after his frustration reaches to the point where he went red faced, the door was unlocked and swung open on its own. The room was pitch black, there was no excess light coming from the screen unlike in room one.

Just as Lucas was about to enter the room behind his now excitable guests, he was distracted by a builder from PRB constructions. His Italian cry also interrupted the enthusiasm of his guests, but they remained focused on the screen room and entered. Malcolm awaited direction from Lucas 'should I stay or should I just go with them?'

'Oh just go without me for now, I can come along later, make sure they have the best time Malcolm' Lucas told Malcolm with an iron fist. 'Have you got your gun on you in case?' Lucas asked.

'Not for animation, it's not necessary?' Malcolm laughed off Lucas's question.

'You can't be too safe Malcolm, not after what has happened before' Lucas explains to him as if it is obvious. Lucas leaves to discuss with the builder, and Jocelyn follows to quickly ask a question with one eye's attention caught by the Italian builder who is referred to as Leonardo. 'So when are we having this meeting then Lucas?'. Lucas pauses for a minute, turns around and calms her down 'see a few more films first, have an adventure, and then we can discuss, I'll be back with you all shortly, just need to talk about money with this one' he points at the builder, the Italian looks at him unimpressed, arms folded, mono-brow scowling.

Jocelyn backs away from Lucas and the builder and returns to the screen room with the other guests. Joel concerned for his sister, waits for her in the doorway. Malcolm losing his patience half pushes them in and shuts the door. Jocelyn's previously perfect fringe flicks her eyes and for a moment she is unsighted and quickly regains her impaired vision to see animation on the screen. Emre written in large letters over the movie as it starts. Conan is already stood beside the screen waiting for his opportunity to go into the screen. 'This is when it starts getting good' Conan states.

'Calm down Conan, you're like a kid in a candy store' Malcolm impatiently yells.

Jessica and Joel run to a seat each and sit there waiting for the movie to get into full flow. 'So when can we enter, anytime?' Jessica asks anyone who is willing to answer in the room.

'Anytime, any scene that looks interesting to you, and safe!' Malcolm responds.

'You don't have to be too safe' Conan politely interrupts Malcolm, 'this is your time here, you do whatever you fancy, it's hard to come across any real danger here'.

'True, only when you look for it' Malcolm reiterates with a slight sigh.

'But of course you wouldn't let anything bad happen to us' Conan stares seriously at Malcolm.

Jessica with her hands on her lap agitated in a good way, turns to Joel and asks 'so when are you going in?'

‘Whenever you are’ Joel smiles ‘or when it looks good’ he then laughs. Joel reties his ponytail nice and tight so it doesn’t come loose in the movie. He quickly tickles his chin in a strange display of anxiety, the both of them, Joel and Jessica where quite nervous.

‘I wonder what animation feels like’ Jocelyn tilted her head to the side asking Malcolm, expecting an answer.

‘I don’t know, I never entered this one, none of this really interests me’ Malcolm explains to her. Jocelyn looks at him puzzled, ‘how can you be amazed by this?’ she asks.

‘You get used to it, are you amazed by your iPhone anymore, or a computer, or VR, or anything’ Malcolm points out and Jocelyn replies ‘yes I am amazed by them things’ just to make a point, although she did think he had a good argument.

Jessica overhearing ‘Oh yes, that’s a good point, where is my phone, when do we get it back?’ Joel agrees with her and they both examine Malcolm closely.

‘Only when you leave the screens for good, it’s not safe to have phones or anything like that on you in there’ Malcolm tells them.

‘But I want pictures, no one will believe me back home’ Jessica begs. Malcolm just shrugs and ignores her. Conan behind him starts to enter the screen at a scene with the Panda in a circus performance, and the song begins in which all the characters start to sing. Jessica sees Conan enter and watches his human body amongst the animation, it looks strange. It wasn’t the same as looking at ‘Who framed Roger Rabbit’ it was cleaner, it was like Conan belonged amongst the animation. Conan then picked up a ball on the floor and threw it out of the screen towards Joel. Joel out of shock failed to catch the relatively simple throw.

‘Things can leave the movies, they can come into this part, what?’ Joel baffled as he picks the pink cartoon ball up from the darkness between the seats of the auditorium. Jessica stands up and walks towards the screen too, and as she enters it Joel is still sat there shocked that the characters could potentially leave the movies and enter the real world. He is then distracted by Jessica and Jocelyn ‘You coming Joel?’ Joel doesn’t reply with any words, he just gets up off his chair and walks down to meet them.

Jessica and Joel look at one another expecting to see animated forms of themselves, but they remain human. However the air isn’t the same, its thicker and the ground is bouncy. Jessica crawls to the ground to feel the grass beneath her and there are no plates, it’s just a solid lump of green that feels plastic. Joel then reaches up and can touch the clouds as they float low above them. The clouds are not like normal clouds, they are clumps of solid material.

Jocelyn follows Conan’s trail and trips over a puddle of mud which doesn’t move at all despite her trip. The mud remains solid like a strong piece of cardboard on the floor. Baffled by what she was experienced Jocelyn gave up her pursuit of following Conan and decided to remain with her younger brother and Jessica.

The three of them looked back and saw the ripple that was their exit route back to the cinema, but in this crazy world they were experiencing, leaving was far from the forefront of their

minds. The ripple then begins to shake violently and popping through it is Lucas, and the ripple then elasticises back to its original state. Lucas looking slightly stressed and uneasy from something shakes himself down and carries on acting as tour guide.

Lucas takes careful steps to avoid the multiple mud puddles that Jocelyn had almost slipped on and takes the lead. 'We're about to see one of my favourite songs' Lucas revealed, the guests follow him, Jessica smiling for first time at the attraction that her eccentric guide was showing her. They follow Lucas' skip down the hill towards a group of leaves and trees all of which animated. The orange tinted sun lighting up the cartoon world they were in. Lucas suddenly comes to a standstill, puts his finger to his lips to keep the guests hush. He pulls back the leaves that are seemingly made of play dough or some squishy, fun material and reveals a collection of animals singing.

The animated animals are singing a song about the country Ireland. One of the animals is a small cartoon spider, who is singing to an animated panda. Seeming none threatening at all and completely focused on fulfilling the storyline of the movie they were in, their guests go unnoticed. In fact Lucas even begins to slowly and quietly clap and sees Conan doing likewise. Joel watches the characters as well Lucas and Conan enjoying themselves. As he smiles he rests his hand against the soft marshmallow like bark of the tree he was stood next to. Jessica looks at Conan and finds it bizarre that this was the happiest she had seen him so far. She noticed that he was complaining about the fact he wasn't allowed a cigarette before, and that made her think whilst all the amazement was going on in front of her, why is he all of a sudden not stressed, he hasn't had a smoke since they got there. Is this his drug perhaps, can you get addicted to this place, he had been here before after all, was he so mesmerised by this place that he just had to come back.

As the song came to an end and the characters continued to ignore all the guests, a feeling Jessica had grown used to down the years thanks to her foster parents, Lucas started to wave them all towards the rippled exit.

The scene had obviously come to a standstill, the characters where in pause mode and Joel looked into the characters eyes for any slight movement, they were stone dead in that moment, just waiting for them to leave. Joel found it quite eerie as these characters stared into thin air without a purpose in that moment. The Panda bear in the scene looked glum, but not at all threatening, Joel felt confused and timid in the same second.

'Do enjoy that song greatly' Lucas repeated a few times and then finally Conan concurred. Jocelyn however seemed to be becoming less impressed with what Lucas was showing her, she was more focused on the task at hand and requested once again a meeting. 'Come on Lucas, enough of the tour for me, lets speak business' Jocelyn suddenly turned businesswoman again, her posture upright her arms folded as she stumbled out of the film and back into the auditorium.

'Yes, yes, for goodness sake, we'll do the meeting' Lucas grows frustrated, 'I just wanted to amaze the younger ones first, they're the target audience'.

'Ok I understand that, but I really must stress, I'm here to talk money' Jocelyn reiterates.

'Money you say?!' Lucas's eyes light up, his lips wet, he puts his hands together and then points in the direction towards the exit door. There waiting is Malcolm, and as Lucas walks past Malcolm who is panting slightly, Lucas speaks to him gently 'have you done it, is he showing his face?' Malcolm

nods. 'Good' Lucas gives a sinister smile, 'now look after these guys for me, me and Jocelyn are going to go for a meeting' He orders Malcolm.

'What movies are they allowed to enter' Malcolm quickly raises his voice so Lucas can hear clearly.

'Just not the scary ones' Lucas shouts back and smiles at Jocelyn, 'we can't trust them ones yet, but we will'. He reassures Jocelyn.

Jocelyn then turns around to Joel and speaks to him quickly 'Just going away for a bit Joel, now be careful, do as Malcolm says ok, do not go against any orders, otherwise this place could be dangerous' Joel then gives her a piercing stare 'how old do you think I am?' he asks sarcastically.

Malcolm then proceeds to open up the door to the screen room; the film switches itself off as soon as the ray of light from the main part of the cinema stretches to the room they're in. They all part ways, and Jocelyn follows Lucas closely as he escorts her to a room a few floors up from Screen Room Two. The room is clearly 'Conference room'. On the way there however Jocelyn notices another door on the bottom floor, 'what's in that room?' she asks. The door is covered in a sheet of thick brown leather.

Lucas pauses for a moment considering his answer, 'Just we're a guest lives, you'll probably meet him later, he's a bit crazy' he spins his index finger around his right ear to demonstrate the guests Psychosis.

Upon exiting Screen Room two a few minutes behind Jocelyn and Lucas, Jessica is confused by the disappearance of Pasquale from the kiosk.

'Where's Pasquale gone?' Jessica asks Malcolm.

'He's just on a break' Malcolm responds, and looks down at the younger guests, Conan soon catches up with them all and stands with them.

'Outside?' Joel then continues Jessica's line of questioning.

'No, you don't go outside here if you want to be safe, if you really want be safe you stay firmly within house' Malcolm tells them calmly but decisively. He then walks away 'follow me then!' Joel and Jessica shrug and look at each other slightly intimidated by Malcolm's serious demeanour. They follow with Conan's large build right behind them. Jessica looks upwards out of intrigue after what Malcolm had just warned them about, and saw from the centre of the buildings glass dome roof, a large creature flying above. It looked small as it was such a distance away in the air, but closer it certainly wasn't the size of a parrot, more an eagle.

Conference Room- add the multiple clocks (more description)

Sat at the long polished, pine table that was gleaming and reflecting Jocelyn's face in it, she waited. She was looking up and down, up to the multiple clocks at the far end of the room. Seven clocks all suggesting different times from various cities from around the world. The time however was irrelevant to her, after all the time on the clock that was labelled Blockbuster was odd compared to the other six clocks. The Blockbuster clock had a different hour *and* minute to the others, which only differed in hour. Then she'd scroll her eyes down towards Lucas in the far corner with a jug of

water and three cups in hand. Lucas walked towards her slowly, being careful as to not spill a drop of liquid and placed the glass jug firmly on the table. He apologised for slamming it down by accident.

He then proceeded to pour out three polystyrene cups of water whilst Jocelyn sat awkwardly, hands on her lap; she had changed her head movements from vertical to horizontal. The small cups were filled equally. A small drop of water landed in the cup but then rebounded back out on to the shiny wood of the table. After he had poured all the cups out, Lucas relaxed, he then placed the jug down, now a lot lighter and easier to calmly put down; he then relaxed himself into a chair. The chair was just opposite Jocelyn, far enough away so he wasn't intimidating, but close enough that they meant business with their discussion.

Lucas looked at the clock with more purpose than Jocelyn had before. He looked slightly aggravated by the time, and began to shake his left thigh vigorously. A small bead of sweat crept down his upper lip and balanced majestically over his mouth. Eventually the droplet of sweat fell full onto the purple carpeted floor as he let out a sigh.

'He should be here by now' Lucas explains to Jocelyn.

'Its fine don't worry' Jocelyn comforts Lucas's concerns.

'He's only coming in to play devil's advocate really' Lucas is then interrupted by the door swinging open, and enter is an older man, with a cane and hunched back, his glasses balanced on the tip of his nose and a wrinkly face with roadmaps and crow's feet all across. However his distinct features meant the man who had aged was in fact Maurice.

'Sorry I'm late, it takes a while getting up them stairs, I came across some lovely young adults and a miserable Malcolm' Maurice said holding firmly to his cane with one hand and his back with the other.

'You just take your time' Lucas sarcastically exclaims and then satirically claps as he finally manages to shut the door and sit down. Maurice sits there waiting, his cane just peering over the table ledge and he then reaches for a cup of the already poured water to quench his thirst and to moisten his lips.

'I'm Jocelyn, nice to meet you Maurice, or should I call you Mr Cage?' Jocelyn introduced herself formally and with maximum eye contact throughout. It was hard to keep eye contact with Maurice however, his eyes would float around and would never direct at anything. Jocelyn crosses her legs out of nerves and has to pull her skirt down to cover her knees.

'It's a pleasure Miss' Maurice replies awaiting a response in his strong Californian accent.

'oh, Miss Tremaine' She continues.

'But just call her Jocelyn' Lucas commands, and despite the look of disapproval from Jocelyn, she says nothing and carries on.

'And who have you come with Miss Tremaine?' Maurice asks respectfully.

‘Well I brought my younger brother with me, you may have met him on the stairs, the one with the ponytail’, she replies, brushing her hair and trying to catch Maurice’s wandering eyes.

‘Oh, seems a lovely boy. Bit young for this place, it’s quite dangerous’ Maurice warns.

‘Dangerous?’ Jocelyn says horrified.

‘Of course there’s dangers’ Lucas laughs uneasy, ‘but why wouldn’t there be, and we are making precautions to make this place as safe for guests as possible, Disneyland is dangerous if the right health and safety measures aren’t met’ He continues to laugh and slowly moves his posture in the way of Maurice.

Jocelyn looks at Lucas wide eyed, ‘so you two are brothers, but you have completely different accents?’ she asks with intrigue and also suspicion.

‘We are in fact brothers Miss Tremaine’ Maurice confirms.

‘Yeah Jocelyn, I was raised in England, just outside of East London’ Lucas continues by strengthening his accent to enunciate his origin ‘and this geezer was born in England but moved to California in his twenties and as you can see now, he ain’t twenty no more’

‘I’m actually in my sixties now’ Maurice confirms.

‘Wow quite an age difference then, Lucas you must be older than you look’ Jocelyn meaning to cause passive offense to Lucas, who instead takes it as an excuse to make a joke.

‘Stop flirting Jocelyn’ Lucas smiles.

Finally the conversation reaches a moment of silence, after all are introduced and have had collective sips of their waters, they continue. Lucas itches his nose, Jocelyn stokes her own thigh, and Maurice rubs his own chin pensively. All three eager to speak about what Lucas was calling ‘Project Blockbuster cinema’ as it was written on the white board behind him. Beneath the title was a caption ‘the future, no one can get bored here’.

‘So, let me begin’ Maurice starts, Lucas quickly tries to interrupt but Maurice simply talks over him. Jocelyn also raises her hand level with Lucas’ head and lowers it and as she does so Lucas lowers his tone. ‘I suggest we burn the place down’ Maurice is blunt with his point, he is obviously trying to overstate to make a point, but manages to also really antagonise Lucas.

Lucas firmly holds the top of his nose between his two thick brows in frustration, ‘see this is why I don’t trust your opinion, this guy Jocelyn is nearly seventy years old, *old*, and he comes up with crap like this, every time’ Lucas then moves his hands and rests his elbow on the table in front of Jocelyn, ‘please do not listen to his guys rubbish’.

‘It’s interesting that both your views conflict on this place, we’ve heard why its magical off you Lucas, let’s see why it’s not, Maurice?’ she looks at him, Maurice then refocuses his eyesight and answers.

‘Your company cannot invest in this. It is unstable, it is unsafe, it is inhuman, and there is nothing about this place that we can control. This young chap here, thinks that it’s the greatest discovery

mankind has ever made. He thinks no one can get bored of it' His voice slightly raises in tone, and his passion increases immensely, 'But no one knew we would get bored of the iPhone, the moon, flying, the internet, Facebook. All of them things, and some of the people out there deliberately make effort to ignore these ideas and products at this moment in time. The moment you open this cinema to the public, is the moment the place becomes boring. People get bored by things that are readily available to them. Sure the idea of this is magic, when I first saw it I was mesmerised, as I'm sure you were Miss Tremaine. But if a man shows interest in your gorgeous self, you get excited, but if he becomes too readily available to you, he becomes boring.' He takes a sharp intake of breath and looks pained.

'Are you finished?' Lucas sarcastically asks, 'look Jocelyn, don't listen to this guy, just think of the magic you saw, and think of people's faces when they see that they don't have to do VR or 3-D or any of that rubbish anymore, this could be movies back on the map. We could make a fortune' Lucas desperately explains to her. 'All we need is investment, a slight bit of investment from your company'.

Jocelyn sees the point in both arguments, and she begins to wonder more about her company, and what they would think of this place back home. She pictures her bosses' very young sons, running around the cinema throwing popcorn at one another, but then entering a world of candyfloss and marshmallows with animated animals. 'Why this company?' she breaks away from the image and focuses on the conversation again 'why not Warner Brothers, why not Disney, Disney would love a place like this' Jocelyn asks and before Lucas can respond Maurice interrupts, breathing heavily and quite ill.

'You don't think they have already, already been here Miss Tremaine' trying to remain polite, 'They were never going to invest in this place, it doesn't reach any health and safety measures' Lucas scowls at Maurice and turns back to Jocelyn.

'It wasn't that, I said no to them, you know what them companies are like, oh lets merchandise it, let's make a superhero movie and then people can enter them too. Of course were not gonna do that' he shrugs 'that is dangerous, superhero movies are dangerous, monster movies, dangerous, horror movies , you get the point, some genres we can't have' he smiles 'but unfortunately we didn't make the movies, we just discovered them and we do have some dodgy genres, which we keep firmly away from any guests' Lucas explains all, Maurice shakes his head behind him in disbelief.

'This younger brother of mine, the moment I told him about this discovery, he didn't believe me, and then the moment he saw it was real, he thought of money, not safety' he points at his brother 'this man neglects safety in exchange for money. I have more principles than that'.

Jocelyn remains glued to the discussion and sits back cosy in her chair and listens.

'You hear this Jocelyn, this is the sound of a bitter old man, who can't run a business, he has been poor his whole life, now on his deathbed and he wants to hinder me. Now I'm not saying he shouldn't be here, because its healthy to debate, but don't let him cloud your judgment on this place, I invited him here in the interest of fairness' he takes a pause and then begs with his hands together in prayer 'Just please, think of your own emotion when you found out this was possible, and it gets better' Lucas pleads.

'I don't know' Jocelyn continues to picture in her head the cinema open to the public and people exiting the screen rooms in joy. She pictures her boss with his arm around her shoulder praising her decision to invest in this idea. She shakes the image from her head and Maurice argues again 'But it gets boring' he then pauses for a while and coughs viciously 'like everything else, instead though this could put people in danger, no matter how amazing it is, it's the thrill that excites, the only thrill here is that you could die'.

Lucas then looks at him and responds 'you can die skydiving, doesn't mean people don't love it, that people will stop doing it, or that anyone will stop people from doing it. You honestly think a discovery this incredible can just be ignored, everything kills people Maurice' Maurice keeps coughing over Lucas, it almost seems deliberate.

In that moment a PRB construction worker enters the conference room, he escorts Maurice out of the room, Maurice struggles and continues to cough and is evidently very ill. 'Poor guy' Lucas shakes his head and frowns as his attention quickly diverts directly to Jocelyn again.

'You don't seem too concerned about him considering he's your brother' Jocelyn wonders and then hears Maurice struggle to shout 'goodbye Miss Tremaine'.

'Of course I am, that's why he's getting escorted to bed now, he's just having one of his coughing fits, it'll be the death of him believe me' Lucas explains innocently.

Jocelyn shakes herself into her chair to create a more comfortable sitting arrangement for her, she also shrugs the chair forward slightly so it tucks firmly underneath the large wooden table. Now slightly crushed, her breasts pushed up towards her chin, her shoulders narrow and looking anything other than comfortable, Jocelyn manages to squeeze out a few words 'I have to say I'm overwhelmed' she then continues to push her chair away from the table again after realising she had failed in her mission to create comfort for herself, 'the whole place so far, it certainly isn't something I've ever seen, or even conceived of before'

'Oh well.' Lucas shrugs his right shoulder and cuts eye contact with her for a brief moment.

'Seriously, it's incredible. I am still not completely sold on how you plan on making this work though, so for now let's just put any offers on hold'. Jocelyn calms down her enthusiasm like any good businesswoman. Lucas licks his lips, he is nervous, but then replies confidently, 'believe me Jocelyn, after another few hours here, you will be eating out of the palm of my hand, begging for a deal'.

Lucas and Jocelyn have a long moment, neither speak, conversation has seemingly run dry. Jocelyn looks up at the clock and only five minutes have past. Lucas stands up and pours himself another cup of water. As Lucas pours he misses the cup as an idea comes to his mind. He stops pouring and raises a finger in the air above the right hand side of his head. The finger strokes his grey locks on the way up. He wags the finger in the air and asks Jocelyn, breaking the silence 'I've got something to show you actually' he then sighs, 'I can't believe I haven't shown you this yet, this will put a few of them health and safety doubts to rest'

'Go on' Jocelyn leans forward with interest. She smiles intently looking into the striking blue eyes of Lucas. 'Just quickly you have very blue eyes, Maurice had brown, I noticed that before'

Lucas laughs at her comment out of politeness; really he was confused as to why she said it. He just responds in the only way he knows how, charmingly 'stop flirting with me' he carries on and walks towards her. Jocelyn then begins to copy his accent, mimicking words that he has said such as 'flirting' and 'blockbuster'. Lucas began to think she was actually flirting, and was this simply a technique to try and get a cheaper sponsorship for his cinema. Paranoid kicking in, Lucas quickly tapped her shoulder and advised Jocelyn followed him to the door in the corner of the room, no label on it.

The door was white, with a large metal slab across the bottom, presumably for steel toe caps and boots to smack the door open in an emergency. The door opened with ease, unlocked. Lucas pushed the door open to reveal more PRB construction workers in there. Two of them sat there watching multiple TV monitors. All with very clear high defined pictures of CCTV from around the cinema and in the screen rooms.

Jocelyn focused in on a few of the monitors; there were fifteen in all, all showing different rooms or areas of the cinema. Some showed empty auditoriums with mostly no light coming from the screens as they weren't on. There were a few screens that were on however; the screen rooms that Lucas had already shown Jocelyn remained lit up by the films. The screen room in which her brother and the other guests were being shown by Malcolm was also lit up by the film they were watching and soon entering. Jocelyn's original focus was on the time and date that remained the same for every monitor, consistently showing the 17/10/2018 and the time as 14:46:22, the seconds however would slowly tick to the next, it seemed to Jocelyn that every second would take an age to change, almost double the usual second. She soon came to the conclusion that time happens to appear slow when you stare at time, the seconds tick over slower.

The only difference in the writing on each monitor was the name of the screen room, or area that was on show. Jocelyn seemed impressed; her face leaned to one side, her bottom lip pronounced and her head nodding. She overall seemed surprised by the security measures in place.

'See! Don't think I haven't thought of security in this place' Lucas goes on 'Health and safety is essential in a place like this. Look you can see your brother, Jess, even Malcolm and Conan if you care to'. Jocelyn steps forward she is hit by a smell of two sweaty construction workers who have been sat in this tiny room for some time it would seem. The stench is tangible. The two men discuss to one another in Italian. Avoiding the musk and body odour of the men for a brief time she focuses in on her brother, Joel.

Soon the men reach over to a can of spray to create a nicer odour in the room, one of them seems embarrassed by the presence of a woman.

The guests are in screen room 3, stood just outside of the large screen, they seem to be pondering whether to enter the film or not. Joel and Jess appear to be having a good time, and in that moment Jocelyn smiles, she forgets the stench of the room she is in and sees the happiness of her brother. 'I'm not sold yet' Jocelyn denies, despite not being asked the question, this leads to Lucas knowing she is becoming convinced more and more by the minute.

'No decision has to be made yet of course but as you can see we have all angles covered' Lucas boasts and jokily takes a hat off one of the workers heads. The builder quickly wrestles it back

laughing, however disingenuous. 'Look every discovery is dangerous, but you've got to share discoveries with other people' Lucas begins to portray an apparent serious tone 'you think the first person who discovered fire kept it a secret because it was dangerous?' he pauses for a moment 'No, he told everyone, because it was incredible, incredibly hot mind you, but it was also too good a thing' he moves closer to the door to leave 'I have discovered fire, you think fires cheap these days, no its expensive and people sell it for money, why can't I make money off my discovery hey? That's what Maurice doesn't understand, but he's old and senile so just excuse him' He opens the door and stands aside to let Jocelyn leave first whilst she ponders what he just said to her. 'Ladies first' Lucas ends with and as he does a sudden bang cracks against the wall of the conference room.

The bang is loud; Jocelyn's worry is quickly tempered by Lucas who blames the builders outside on the scaffolding. Jocelyn however heard a slight squeal after, but she dare not ask, it felt to her that no matter what she would have said Lucas would have had some form of answer for her.

Jocelyn instead asks more questions about the cinema itself, 'Shouldn't Joel, Jess and Conan be in here asking questions too' Lucas closes the door behind him and then responds.

'Hang on, no chance, Jess? That pain in the ass has asked me questions none stop since she got here, and Joel well he's just a tag along with your gorgeous self, a plus one' Lucas explains defensively.

'Conan?' Jocelyn will not let the question go unless fully answered.

'Conan's been a frequent guest, he can't get enough, he knows most of what there is to know about this place, it would be unnecessary for him to be here really' He takes a sip of water 'he's just here for the free ticket' Lucas smiles inviting more questions.

'You know I brought Joel along because he always wanted to be film director when he's older, thought this would look good for him on his CV, or even just be good experience, or just a good time for him' Jocelyn randomly tells Lucas, almost like she is trying to make conversation with him. 'He gave up slightly on his dream when his parents, our parents died, dad was a small time director, Joel was going to follow in his footsteps'. Jocelyn explains with a slight glint in her eye resembling a tear balancing over her pupil and waiting for the release from a blink which never comes in time.

Lucas finishes his water, looks at the clock and then looks at Jocelyn straight in the eyes and begins a long rant 'Tell Joel he's right to give up, Gone are the days when Quentin Tarantino worked in a video store... and grew from there... gone are the days where you could walk into a film studios and hand a CV in... Gone are the days where Oscars mean anything... you wanna be a success then avoid films... no one has a chance anymore... it's an improbability that anyone can make it anymore, and even when they do, they will be the subject to the same recycled shit that movie-goers have suffered from since the turn of the century, endless superhero movies, monster movies all reboots, or sequels, or worse, prequels, no more originality, no more chances, not anymore, get realistic in life and give up dreaming! That's why this place is great!' Lucas ends.

Lucas catches his breath as Jocelyn interrupts finally, and his forehead begins to shine with sweat, his hair frizzy. 'Anymore? Anymore? No one has ever been able to walk into a film career!' Jocelyn

laughs, and then takes a step back and crosses her legs over to keep balance; she flutters her eyes and grins.

‘Low budget films, aren’t low budget anymore... the magic of cinema has swelled up, you don’t get indie films anymore, you get Miramax films... that’s a big company, no one uses old fashioned cameras like the examples we have on display here, they use HD, 3D... see this place isn’t a cinema, it’s a film museum... it’s an indication of a time where we didn’t need illegal downloads on the internet... where we would pay to experience something new... it’s gonna potentially give your brother something to aim for... but at the minute his opinion will simply not matter... as long as he enjoys himself, I’m not bothered! At the end of the day, here you can literally walk into the movies’ Lucas can’t help but let out excitement as he speaks of what was at first a passionate rant which became another advertisement to Jocelyn that she needs to invest.

‘Are you finished?’ Jocelyn asks in a quiet, calm and collected tone.

Lucas takes a deep breath ‘rant over’.

Jocelyn quickly itches her forearm and as she does her bracelet on her left wrist shakes and clings against another bracelet. She shakes her head to move the small bit of fringe in her eye line and then rests both hands on the table flat. Lucas meanwhile crosses his legs and prepares himself for more questions from her.

‘So obviously I was sent here by my manager who had a brief meeting with you before I came here, and you told him of something magical that will change cinema forever’ Jocelyn begins to describe as she leads on to her question. She lets her hand up and faces it sideways towards Lucas in a pondering fashion. Lucas quickly licks his lips, too quick for Jocelyn to notice. She eventually carries on after a short pause to allow Lucas thought, ‘now that I’m here, what I need to ask is how this changes cinema forever, you only have fourteen screens, therefore fourteen films in which this magic can be viewed or used?’ She doesn’t blink; she just stares directly into the eyes of Lucas, who simply looks back unfazed, if anything pleased by her question.

Lucas gets himself comfortable again; he leans his head to one side and gives Jocelyn a look of pity as if he knows he is in control of the conversation. He then raises his posture and his head towers over Jocelyn, he looks down straight at her and replies ‘You think I haven’t thought about that... I’ve researched... these cameras that play the movie, that’s where the magic is... in a world where humans can fly, I sure as hell ain’t complaining about the possibilities of how this happened’ He stops and smiles at Jocelyn who generously laughs under her breath at Lucas’s sheer enthusiasm. all I know is that the film of the movie can be changed. that’s what screen 13 is, it’s an empty screen room that used to have a movie there and now nothing, it’s an empty camera and a blank screen, but it works just like the others, instead we have the power to make our own movie with it, by the looks of things the original film in that screen room was a Sci-Fi about vulture like beings, led by a man in purple, who was sent to Earth as an experiment and they just end up attacking humans’ Lucas laughs, he can’t help himself, he sounds so silly, ‘now I have no idea what happened to it, but that camera is empty now and we can make what we like with it. We may as well use it, manipulate it to draw in more customers’ He gives himself a moment to rest and then continues leaving no stone left unturned in his attempt to persuade Jocelyn that this is a great discovery ‘we have tried, me and Malcolm and few of the PRB construction guys, we tried to make a few films, a bit risky

though, they weren't as friendly shall we say as the films originally found here' he finally relaxes back into his chair and lets out a large breath and waits for Jocelyn to reply.

'So what type of risky films did you try and make with the spare camera then?' Jocelyn asks quietly, incredibly interested by what the answer might be.

'We made a horror' Lucas shouts zealously and can't contain his answer for long as he is just so excited to tell her 'and a monster movie' Jocelyn looking shocked puffs her cheeks and mimes 'wow' to herself. 'We only managed to make one or two scenes for each film though, it was a little dangerous, and I don't really have the man power here as yet to control such a powerful threat. Also we found out that those types of movies already exist in the cinema. I hope to one day maybe expand to creating a superhero movie, imagine kids being able to shake hands with their favourite heroes. Just amazing. Then again, superhero films did kill originality in cinema don't you think?!' Lucas rhetorically asks then strokes his hair and itches his thick brows.

'I think you're insane to be honest, but I can't just ignore this place and the "*magic*" you go on about so much, it's clear to see' Jocelyn tries to make sense in her mind of what exactly she thinks about this venture.

Suddenly the pair are abruptly interrupted by one of the men from inside the monitor room. His PRB helmet slanted to the side, his face red with urgency. He is panting heavy, his mono-brow recognisable from earlier, it was Leonardo. His Italian hand gestures are in full swing and more vibrant than any of the builders that Jocelyn had seen yet. 'The young ones and Conan, Malcolm isn't there' he says.

'Well where the hell is he Leo?' Lucas asks pronouncing his name to display his worry. 'Did you not keep an eye on the damn monitor?' He carries on.

'Well why would he leave them?' Jocelyn asks confused and worried for her little brother.

Lucas doesn't say a word, he just sits there in silence, he has a look of knowledge in his eyes, his lips dry with nerves. Lucas has a feeling as to why Malcolm may have left them, he dared not speak his thoughts however, he remained tight lipped.

Comedy

In what was described to Joel and Jessica as a Mockaganda comedy by Conan, the two of them were baffled by what this was. Conan explained to them using the knowledge he had gained from his experience of being at Blockbuster Cinema on multiple occasions 'It's a propaganda movie about Great Britain, however it is in a mocking form, sort of like a satirical take on a state leader trying to sell his country to his people' after informing them he then began to allow his opinion to overtake 'I personally think it's one of the more boring films to experience in this place, it's too fast paced, and you can't really keep up'.

He whispered this to the pair of them as they sat in an audience watching the British Prime Minister being interviewed in the opening scene of the movie. The stage was blue, an old man was conducting the interview and Joel and Jessica immediately understood what Conan was explaining

to them. They could see the mocking taking place, the allegorical messages, and the typical propaganda undertones being ridiculed and teased by whoever created this picture.

The three guests covering their eyes from the shining spotlights that would rotate and swerve from aiming at the prime minister to the audience had no idea that Malcolm had left them alone. They all presumed that Malcolm would be keeping guard outside of the film, however when they looked back at the ripple that signifies their escape route from the film, they could only see a blur, and no real sign of the auditorium anywhere of which they entered from. Being ignorant to Malcolm's sudden decision to go AWOL, they carried on watching the scene unfold.

They could smell the freshness of the clean carpets of the studio in which the interview was being conducted. They could hear the heavy breathing of the audience, and the occasional chuckle that provoked their own innate laughter. Jessica, being her adventurous self, stood up and tried to move around, however Conan and Joel quickly dragged her down to sit again 'You mustn't disturb' Conan warned, his eyes penetrating into Jessica's soul.

Joel remained stiff in his seat; Jessica uncomfortably looked over her shoulder, and began to point towards the ripple suggesting she wanted to leave. Conan soon nodded in approval and quietly got up and slowly backed away into the ripple leaving the film behind. Jessica would follow, and Joel was never far behind Jessica.

"A Nation, bracing ourselves with smiles"

By Max Smith

Opening Credits:

(They rolls whilst a man is being interviewed, he is the prime minister of Britain, called Alastair Johnson (or Mr Prime minister))

(He is a typical stereotypical brit, bad teeth, potent nose and pronounced chin, he has thinning and receding hair and is dressed very upper class and speaks very upper class too)

(He is a very unlikable person just by his image and his accent alone)

(The interviewer is relatively normal, just a reporter who wants to get the job done, his name is Jack, but isn't mentioned in the film)

(The interviewer is relatively ugly looking too, but not as much as the prime minister, he is however ginger and royal family looking, shiny teeth for example)

(The footage of the interview is very formal and in room that has the British flag in the background and a soldier readying for battle)

Jack- Ladies and gentlemen, we have a very special interview today, we have none other than the Prime Minister, Mr Alastair Johnson, welcome!

Alastair- Thank you for having me and letting me have my say on the events up and coming

Jack- Believe me the pleasure is all ours and I'm sure we can't wait to hear what you have to say on World War 3, you could be writing your name into British folklore, just like Churchill yes?!

Alastair- (laughs) no I wouldn't say that, I'm just trying to make this country great again, and the way to do this is act upon terrorism now!

Jack- Why now and not 10 years ago, we've lost lives since then, so why now?

Alastair- well we don't want to lose anymore do we?

Jack- Ah I see, so its damage limitation then? (Sounding as if he is intrigued and is fully behind the prime minister)

Alastair- absolutely, what else does this great nation do but damage limitation... I've thought a few times, when I was growing up, that we should rename ourselves France, with the amount we have fallen the last few decades... they were great once too, but there's a difference between them and us, we are coming back... more powerful than ever, trust me on that

Jack- Absolutely Mr Prime minster... of course you've gone for the background to this interview, with the great British flag... why is that?

Alastair- When you go into war... you need steady eddies, people who believe they are fighting for the right country, people who believe they are fighting for themselves, but also their brothers, sisters, friends, and mothers...

Jack- Fathers?

Alastair- yes and fathers, I forgot about that one, I also thought anyone who is watching this interview, and it's on the BBC so I presume everyone will be watching around their television screens looking at me, not at the internet or computer game... so I thought I'd show our patriotism and loyalty to our great nation... we are British and proud, like Americans, but better... smaller but mightier than many other nations, yes?!

Jack- Hmm... so obviously the election will come up next year, presumably you will be in charge for the duration of the war no matter what though?

Alastair- You would presume

Jack- Are you though?

Alastair- you would presume

Jack- Thank you Mr Prime Minister (long Pause) obviously we are going to play the clip in a minute, but any last words before the clip is played?

Alastair- Yes, just a few words if I may (pause) give in... give in to your country, work for me, fight for me... fight for yourselves, and fight for your country, and most of all fight for me again... follow me and we will win this war on terrorism... we don't need Americans, Germans, Russians, Syrians, Australians, French, Spanish, or any country, Doctors, Nurses, Police officers, Lawyers, Judges, or any profession, Jews, Christians, Atheists, Muslims, Blacks, whites, Gays, Women (laughs) or any type, poor people, rich people, misled people, we need you...

(Points at the camera) where are you, fight for us, fight for your country, fight for me (looking wrongly proud) I will make Britain great, I will win us the war, be part of my victory!

Jack- Ok ladies and gentlemen, we are now gonna play a film, that will be shown everywhere over the next three months leading up to the war, this is a film that is British, made in Britain, for Britain, for you (points at the camera again) produced however in America, why was that just quickly?

Alastair- Lack of budget!

Jack- Ladies and gentlemen, the new big film 'A Nation, bracing ourselves with smiles' (smiles and waves as the films starts)

CUT TO:

(Starts with the sun rising in the park at Pall Mall and a narrator as kids laugh and play)

Narrator- Britain... A truly encapsulating place of History, sport, music et al... but what's the greatest thing about Britain? Is it the fact that we have one time zone, and it's the most important one, no... is it our incredible accents, no. Is it our armed forces, it could be!

(The kids playing still stop and look at the camera)

Narrator- These kids could be the future, they could go on to achieve all types of stuff... but they probably won't, they will probably be drug taking low life's, who beg for change on the street and sell their bodies for another hit. They might even become employed in a dead end job and waste away like a carcass before they are even dead. Yes, these kid's, that's their future. But Britain is changing, and an upcoming war, will instigate this change. Are you going to be a part of it? Or are you gonna sit there and be like these pathetic children just ten more, twenty more years down the line with a bowl of Cheerio's and a team that always loses on your television, and ruins Saturdays?

(The kids start shaking their heads disappointed)

Narrator- You don't wanna be that do you junior?

(Shakes his head)

Narrator- Thought so, this nation has far too much potential and opportunity to waste your life, and where you can find this opportunity, and potential... try the army, the British Armed forces, The Baf, does the baf sound good kid?

(Kid nods in glee)

Narrator- That's coz its absolutely positively awe inspiring.

Kid- How do I join, and what prospects do I get?

Narrator- Prospects? (Laughs) you helping your country, this nation needs your help, it needs your cute smiling face on a poster so everyone thinks, that's cute, he must know what he's doing, he loves our country... do you love your country?

Kid- Yeah

Narrator- How much, out of 100?

Kid- 80

Narrator- Kids, there no good at maths... that's because the education system has faltered in the last few years, but now with Alastair Johnson at the helm, we will win the war and improve education, the answer was 100 kid!

Kid- Wow, a 100 really, no fooling

Narrator- We don't fool here kid... we teach

(Long pause)

Narrator- tell me kid, what's your name Billy?

Billy- Billy (happy but confused as he already knew)

Narrator- Billy, I'm Britain... I'm gonna teach you why this countries so much better than everything ever in the world, and why you helping your country could be done by doing as little as getting yourself killed for no reason (angrily then change to happy again) but for sport!

Billy- Gee Britain... you sure you have time to take out of your busy schedule of helping others?

Britain- (laughs) we always make time for the little guy

Billy- Thanks Britain!

Britain- Call me Brit

Billy- You're my best friend

Britain- Yeah (sounds disgusted) great, right shall we start?!

Billy- ready when you are?

Britain- Ok

CUT TO:

(The scene swipes to a different background, it is an army base where people are learning drills in the background)

Sergeant- Right then, look up, look down, fire at the ground (They all fire at the ground and make louds of noise and cloud of dust from it makes the kid choke slightly) (Sergeant is American)

Billy- Gee, that sounds scary to be in the army!

Brit- Scary Billy, no why this is as hard as it gets... the hardest parts of battling for the army, is actually having the muscle to hold a weapon, and with those big arms, I can't see why you'd struggle one bit to fight for YOUR country, fight for me!

Billy- Well I don't wanna let you down I suppose

Brit- Of course you don't, you don't want me speaking another language, or bleeding to death from terrorists do you?

Billy- No (upset)

Brit- Great Billy. Well then, look at the sergeant and show your keen!

Billy- Keen for what?

Brit- (losing patience) Keen to join the army, Billy boy!

Billy- Will he let me?

Brit- Look Billy, just go with the script

Billy- Ok (He walks up to the sergeant)

Sergeant- what the hell do you want maggot?

Billy- I want to, I want to join the British Army to help my friend!

Sergeant- Friend, who the fuck is your fucking friend, where is the fucker, I'll fucking kill him... the asshole, the asshole, are you an asshole son?

Billy- No (nervous) am I supposed to be?

Sergeant- you have a face like an ass, you piece of yellow belly shit... you are in the wrong place, you silly Brit!

Billy- This isn't the Baf?

Sergeant- The Baf, no it certainly is not, this is the American Army, we don't like you piss off, we always have to rescue your sorry ass... were fed up of it, but we will put on a brave face at war to make it out like we like you, but we don't, yeah?

Billy- You save us, do you?

Sergeant- Well of course, we also like to make it out like you're doing a great job, even though you have like three soldiers for the whole nation... we let you try on your own and then we really take over, because you are a fucking disgrace of a nation and we are the biggest and best!

Billy- isn't Russia the biggest?

Sergeant- No it is not, as it does not have heart like our beautiful nation, now get the fuck out of here you immigrant!

Billy- Gee I'm sorry for wasting your time

Brit- Billy, don't apologise... when I said it was the British army, I meant it was the Americans, and they're all douche bags, just like him... Don't listen to his words, they mean nothing, they all want to be us Billy, we call them allies, and they call us pathetic, well under Alastair Johnson, it'll be them who will be begging at our feet for help, for our army knows how to treat its soldiers... we are

patient and allow potential to be realised, not like him, you don't wanna work for him do you?!

Billy- Gee no, no way, he's horrible

Brit- he is isn't he... vile scum, but anyway enough of the yanks, we'll come back to mention them later

Billy- Are you going to show me more countries? (Excited)

Brit- I don't know if you can cope, some are so brutal and some live in the past still to this day, none are as good as where you come from

Billy- Aww that's too bad

Brit- But maybe later on, just to give you a flavour hey?!

Billy- Yeahhh

Brit- (laughs) awe inspiring!

CUT TO:

(Shows the screen swipe to the Olympic Games 2012)

Billy- Gee where are we?

(No response)

Billy- Brit, Britain, where are we now?

(No response)

Billy- Brit! (shouts)

Brit- What... what, or sorry kid, I was just mesmerised by my achievement of bringing the Olympics to this great venue

Billy- Where is it?

Brit- This is the Olympics in 2012, when Britain worked together to put a great event together and we won

Billy- We won the Olympics?

Brit- Yes we did... we won third place!

Billy- Wow we actually won!

Brit- Oh yeah, but more importantly we won the event, it was the best event ever... ever, it was voted the best ever

Billy- Wow, by who?

Brit- By you, and you friends, and your mother and your father, and your dead grandfather, and dead... dog

Billy- Wow even Gerry voted for it... its must have been pretty awesome-

Brit- (quickly) awe inspiring, awesome American trash!

Billy- Isn't Trash American?

Brit- No kid

Billy- And kid?

Brit- Look Billy... just watch the Olympics... look at how fantastic we are, and we can be when we work together, we won, because of team work, which is what the armies all about team work... and there isn't much difference between fighting in a war and running 100 metres!

Billy- Really?

Brit- No... I mean you're lucky is you run 100 metres in the army (laughs)

Billy- That's bad taste

Brit- Yes but not when talking about the American army, In the British army, we never let a soldier die... early

Billy- Wow the British army really sounds like a fun experience so far, but why do I have to fight in the army?

Brit- Well why do we have to win more medals at the Olympics than the Germans, you know why?

Billy- No, is it because of the (whispers) Nazis?

Brit- (laughs) Very close Billy... the Nazis used their own Olympics to propaganda people into thinking Germany is going places, before WW2, can you believe such a disgusting and ridiculous tactic was employed, and not only that, it's actually worked and brainwashed millions (laughing) not like us who like to allow others to make the choice, if you don't want to join the army, there's no way we can persuade you, we just have to grin and bear it!

Billy- Wow that's too sad!

Brit- I know Billy but its ethical unfortunately, which is why we need great beings like yourself to make up the numbers!

Billy- Wow, I never knew I was so important

Brit- Oh yes, now are you done staring at the athletes back side... because we have a journey to go on

Billy- Wow, I was just staring at the man's gluteus maximus!

Brit- Oh Billy don't say you're a homosexual?

Billy- I don't know I'm only 8!

Brit- Because that would be ok, I love homosexuals in the army, Britain embraces homosexuals, and the blacks, we love all of them... nothing wrong with them at all (trying to hold back anger)

Billy- You sound mad?

Brit- Just, just something in my throat little boy, yes we like all kinds!

Billy- Wow sounds pretty sweet Britain!

Brit- Its ok Billy, keep smiling Billy, were leaving now!

CUT TO:

(The screen swipes to show instead of the Olympics in the background, it shows The Beatles playing in the Cavern Club in the 1960s)

Billy- Say brit where are we?

Brit- Well Billy were in a place so famous, because of that... (Billy turns to face the band playing on the stage)

Billy- Who are they?

Brit- (Coughs in shock) who are they? Why they're The Beatles!

Billy- never heard of them!

Brit- It's been a hard day's night? Yesterday? Penny Lane? Strawberry Fields? Please you gotta know one of them?

Billy- Nope

Brit- Help?

Billy- With what?

Brit- The song help? (Angry)

Billy- I don't know... I'm sorry Brit...

Brit- You know what, just shut up and listen to them then!

(Billy just stops and listens to them)

(They sing a rendition of 'I wanna hold your hand')

Billy- Wow

Brit- Impressed?

Billy- Boy am I Brit! Are they American?

Brit- Not everything's American Billy... these are ours... these four boys, they're British boys, from Liverpool!

Billy- And they sing like that?

Brit- Yes, they are the best band ever to exist, true story, it's been proven, I quote that!

Billy- Who said that?

Brit- Everybody... now just think, if we can produce them, what else can we produce?!

Billy- Boy I'd like to find out!

Brit- You can, just listen to one more piece of music by them

Billy- Sure I could listen to them all day!

(Shows Billy listening to them play the same song again)

CUT TO:

(Now the screen swipes the Beatles away and shows Buckingham Palace)

Billy- Jeez Brit, where have you taken me now?

Brit- Why Billy, this is Buckingham Palace, heard of it?

Billy- Is this where the Queen lives?

Brit- Well, I mean there's two queens!

Billy- Oh yeah, the band as well (laughs)

Brit- yes but the real Queen lives here-

Billy- Wait a minute, Freddy mercury isn't from Britain, he was born somewhere else wasn't he?

Brit- Nope

Billy- I'm pretty sure he was, that's what my dad told me!

Brit- Your dad is a fool... he was born in London!

Billy- What hospital?

Brit- The hospital of... London

Billy- Why would my dad lie?

Brit- because some people are confused, you listen to everything daddy tells you boy?

Billy- Well sure, he's my dad!

Brit- Your dad is wrong about things... your country is always right, that's why we are so reliable, so lovable... don't listen to everything mummy and daddy tell you yeah?!

Billy- Anything you say Brit, I can trust you!

(Brit laughs evilly but stops abruptly)

Brit- Right you are young lad!

Billy- So should I love the Queen?

Brit- You should love all the royal family, without them, we wouldn't exist young boy!

Billy- Really?

Brit- yes, they are our everything... we live in a society no more advanced than bees, they have a queen too, and even a killer, if anything they have more order than us, and we love it that way don't we?!

Billy- Well I mean people might argue-

Brit- We love it that way, we will do anything for our royals yes?

Billy- Well, I mean, I don't really know them I'm only 8!

Brit- Are you trying to say to me Billy, that you wouldn't fight for your majesty, I thought we were friends?

Billy- No, no I mean, we are friends, I just don't know if I'd fight for the Queen!

Brit- Oh but Billy the Queen is old, fragile, she needs protection, she needs soldiers, won't you fight for her?

Billy- Why should I fight if she's going to?

Brit- Because she is old and fragile

Billy- But I'm fighting for her, why? (Innocently)

Brit- because, well... I mean, she will lead us into battle!

Billy- Really I thought she was old and fragile?

Brit- Yes well she's recovered now, she will land the first punch at war, fire the first bullet, stab the first- she will fight, join her in fighting at war... your majesty is waiting, you won't let her down will you?

Billy- I mean I suppose I can't let her do it on her own!

Brit- Good boy, she's proud of you, proud of all of us, and I as a country that homes her are proud of her

Billy- That's nice, say are we nearly finished? I'm hungry!

Brit- NOOOOO! (Then calms down) were nowhere near finished, we still got the rest of the world to explore, but first lets finish Britain!

Billy- Ok Brit whatever you say (nervous)

Brit- Oh Billy don't be scared... its was little raise of the voice, didn't mean anything, we still friends?

Billy- Well I guess, but why did you shout at me?

Brit- To show that Britain isn't scared to get tough if it needs be, because we are a powerful nation who doesn't take bull, yes?

Billy- I guess so

Brit- next place!

CUT TO:

(Shows Billy now with an army camp in the background and all the soldiers running around in a circle over and over again smiling and laughing)

Billy- Say where are we now?

Brit- This is the actual British Armed forces!

Billy- the Baf

Brit- Yes the Baf

Billy- Not America again?

Brit- No, not this time, go... enjoy, experience the army, but don't forget (Billy starts walking to the circle of soldiers) keep smiling!

(The soldiers are running around smiling and chanting the same saying over and over again. The circle they run in is only small and there are 15 soldiers altogether)

Soldiers- A nation, bracing ourselves with Smiles... A nation, bracing ourselves with Smiles... and so on...

Billy- Hey can I- (He trips over into the mud)

(The soldiers suddenly stop in aghast and the soldier who is dressed differently and has more power approaches the boy, the soldier is called Terry)

Soldier#1- (Very camp and dramatic, and black and wears the Star of David on his chest of his uniform big and bold) Oh my god, is he ok, ahhh, ahhh I can't see... is he ok? Hey boy are you ok? (Being ridiculous dramatic)

Billy- I think so...

Terry- Hey mate, want some help (He puts his hand out for him to grab)

Billy- Boy thank you

Terry- No worries, here in the British Armed forces, or the Baf, we like solidarity, togetherness, friends... who we would die for!

Billy- Really?

Terry- For sure, with WW3 just around the corner, we need to stick together as a nation to take down the terrorists of this sick world we live in

Billy- Wow, are we part of that world?

Terry- Are we part of that world... Brit? (Laughing)

Brit- Certainly not

Terry- Exactly... we're just about the only nation not part of that sick world out there, you don't wanna be part of that, you wanna be part of this, with friends and people you can trust, people who won't lie to manipulate you

Billy- Really?

Terry- Yeah sure, let me show you the guys (he starts walking off with his arm around Billy but then the narrator calls him back)

Brit- Erm Terry... my man

Terry- Hey Brit how's it hanging?

Brit- Good, very good, I hope everything happy here, if these boys and girls aren't happy I won't be happy... good to see you have good diversity amongst the crowd!

Terry- Sure do, we accept all kinds of humans to our lovely society that is the Baf

Brit- Brill, right well if you don't mind, could I borrow you for a quick interview just to let the people at home who aren't as fortunate as Billy to be shown first-hand how great the army really is please?

Terry- Oh yeah no sweat mate

Brit- Great, really great

CUT TO:

(Shows terry with the British flag behind him and a flag of Northampton Town F.C behind him too)

Brit- Right then Terry, tell the audience who you are?

Terry- Right well Britain, I am Terry Donnelly, leader of the Baf, I will be leading these soldiers into WW3, not to be confused with WWE am I right?

Brit- (laughs ironically) very funny Tezza

Terry- Terry, its Terry, yeah so we try our hardest to do the best for you at home, the British public-

Brit- People, please, they're human people, not public, come on Terry!

Terry- Of course the British People... we do our best for you. When I was growing up I had no idea what I wanted to be, an astronaut, explorer... then I thought, no... because that would mean leaving the most important thing in my life, my country, my Britain...the country of freedom, the greatest son of b**** known to man

Brit- try not use that language, Brits don't want to hear that from a fellow Brit-

Terry- Apologies, I just get so damn passionate mate about this place, it's the Dogs gooneys it really is

Brit- why did you choose the army then?

Terry- I never chose the army (laughing) you never choose the army (struggling through his laughter)

Brit- So how did the army come about?

Terry- The army chooses you... I believe that when I was a kid, something spiritual happened, it came through my window and touched me down there (He points down and then quickly points to his head) and it embedded in my brain. (He starts shouting hysterically) JOIN THE ARMY! JOIN THE ARMY! JOIN IT! JOIN IT! It's all I heard for years... so I thought I'd give it a try init mate

Brit- Wow... so it was almost religious?

Terry- (scratches his chin for a while) yes... yes it was... but I believe I was chosen to lead the army, and almost like a Jesus figure, yeah... I was sent by god to tell others about the army, and encourage them to join... I feel doing it well

Brit- Very noble of you too!

Terry- Thank you Britain, that means a lot it really does (starts crying)

Brit- let it out

Terry- See this is what I love (crying) I'm crying, and you console me Great Britain, not like the rest of those terrorist countries or so called allies, who expect nothing but strength, strength can come from all kinds of emotions and you understand that... that's why I fight for you till I die!

Brit- Just before we go and leave the interview because as we can see you are very emotional about your country and rightly so, it's the best, can we know strategy for WW3?

Terry- Well isn't it simple... we blow the mother dumbers into obliteration don't we, blow them all up, they don't know what's hit them, because like you said we are the best!

Brit- Right-

Terry- Oh and just finally, you'd be foolish not to join us, foolish!

Brit- He means ill advised... not foolish, no British Person is foolish... apologies (quickly rescuing himself)

Terry- We accept all types, black, white, Asian, Jew... female, male, anybody!

Brit- Thanks Terry-

Terry- And we also-

Brit- No thank you Terry, I think the British people have heard how great it is, must press on!

Terry- Oh, well glad to help

Brit- Ok (abruptly)

CUT TO:

(Billy is back and is standing in Downing Street in front of number 10)

Billy- Say Brit, where am I now?

Brit- Well billy, you're not at the Baf unit anymore, in fact you're in the most important political destination in the whole entire world

Billy- In the whole world?

Brit- yes maybe even the universe, but we don't like to kid ourselves too much

Billy- Wow... it doesn't feel very important?

Brit- Billy, that's because you're not opening your mind... typical child these days aren't you Billy?

Billy- What do you mean?

Brit- I mean you never expand your mind, too down on your own country, you don't care do you... hey I'm billy and I don't care about my country, I don't care about my future, my prospects... it won't happen to me, is that how you think Billy?

Billy- No I'm 8

Brit- 8, 8 what?

Billy- 8 years old

Brit- exactly, 8 years OLD!

Billy- still 8

Brit- No you are old... old enough to fight at war, old enough to understand how great your nation is... age is the number, and experience is the word, and the word here is old... you understand kid?

Billy- I think so

Brit- I know you do, what's wrong, you seem to be frowning?

Billy- I just want to go home really?

Brit- Come on give us a smile (innocently) I'm your best bud... I'll do anything for you, I'm Great Britain, I'll never let you go hungry or cold, just a little smile

(Billy smiles)

Brit- Addaboy... now then Billy where we?

Billy- how important this place is?

Brit- Ah good job Billy... yes this place, prepare to have your mind opened... this is where the Prime Minister lives... you know who the Prime minister is?

Billy- Alastair Johnson of course!

Brit- Yes... see you're not as close minded as you make out, and what does Alastair Johnson do?

Billy- Sit on his fat ass and do nothing!

Brit- (laughs ironically) Yes, yes that is what people think, that's what people want to believe, but this is a guy who works tirelessly 24/7, 4 days a week to get the best results for me, is that sitting on your arse Billy?

Billy- No, but what does he do?

Brit- Glad you asked Billy... what does he do, let's ask the man himself who's taken time out of his very busy schedule to speak to us now, the British people... Mr Alastair Johnson, take it away-

Alastair- Hello there... hello Billy (Comes behind Billy and pats on him on the shoulder)

Billy- Whoaaa Mr Prime Minister!

Alastair- please, do people call James Bond, 007? Call me Alastair, or Ally, I don't care, I just a normal guy like everybody else

Billy- Wow well-

Alastair- Who went to Oxford

Billy- How did-

Alastair- And shagged a prostitute, cause I had nothing else to spend my money on, so you know rich and well educated to run this country, and my sex drive is through the roof therefore meaning I have to quench so I have a clear mind to run the country properly-

Billy- So what-

Alastair- Which I do splendidly well... and I'm not lying when I tell you that our tax has gone down 2.5% in the last three years, I've been in charge for 2 months of that time, that's about 18% of the time tax has been so low and already it shows no signs of increasing... doesn't that sound terrific

Billy- Can I know-

Alastair- As well as tax improvements... the NHS now only charges 20p a minute for how long you spend using it, which is pretty incredible considering doctors no longer want to get the job done quickly and put you at risk, instead they want to milk it and make sure you're all better before you fill us politician's pockets with money, it really is beneficial for everyone involved...

Billy- With WW3 coming up can I ask-

Alastair- You certainly can, but before you Billy I have to say, did you know education has improved in my two months in charge already, grades have gone up a magnificent 0% after all where in November... and would you believe than when I got asked to be Prime Minister, I wasn't even aiming to improve the things I just mentioned, I said I was going to improve benefits and capital of the country... but I've done nothing to improve that, and no one has died from it yet... god I'm better than I thought I was... I really feel I am improving as a leader of this country,

and one day you'll see the benefits, just as soon as I get round to it (laughs)
I'M VERY BUSY (Laughs hysterically)

Billy- Ally... can I please-

Alastair- Ally?

Billy- You said I could call you Ally?

Alastair- I did? I did! Fire you cute little fluff ball

Billy- Thanks (Alastair hugs him)

Alastair- Love kids... love them... but I'm not a pedo, I just, I could you up,
because kids are the future Britain... let me tell you, these kids will be here when
you all die, mark my words, I'm not lying about that!

Billy- (Pulls away from his hug) wow Ally... whats the approach to WW3?

Alastair- Approach? To win (laughs) to kill more men than they kill, after all
they're terrorists, and we all terrorists don't we?

Billy- yes but what about tactics-

Alastair- Do you like terrorists?

Billy- No

Alastair- Hmm... sounded like you were defending them

Billy- No not at all

Alastair- hmm... Britain, keep an eye on this one (laughs)

Brit- He's clean

Alastair- I know he is I'm just messing with him, look at him taking it so
serious, cheer up!

(Rubs Billy's cheek and makes him smile)

Alastair- That's the one, keep smiling for your nation

CUT TO:

(Shows Alastair in an interview speaking with the same British flag behind him as
earlier but speaking to the camera)

Alastair- See I have always said that the future of Britain is smiling children.
There is nothing more potent and more undeniable than a child's laughter, but
somewhere down the line those children need to be able to fight and fire bullets,
it's the sad truth of the world we live in.

Brit- Will kids like Billy get caught up in crossfire potentially?

Alastair- Look I can sit all day and name people who will be at risk of death... you
can't deny that death happens at war, especially a World War... those terrorists,

they won't go easy on us, I'm expecting a tactical battle, I want desire, I want passion and I want a will to win from my player out there at war, because this isn't a joke, this is not a game a chess... if it was we would have dominated the whole world by now, because I am a whizz at chess-

Brit- How good?

Alastair- Well, I won the championship in oxford so... make of it what you will!

Brit- There was never a record of it

Alastair- Oh right... well I never said which championship, there was one for the real masterminds, it was played behind closed doors, its no biggy, I don't like to talk about how good I was anyway, but I was excellent

Brit- well I have a few more questions-

Alastair- Would you like to try and stalemate me at chess... because I haven't lost since I was in the womb-

Brit- Erm... I mean-

Alastair- Stupid question... ignore me, I don't want to brag about my chess skills I apologise... besides you have no arms or fingers, or brain, you're just a country, narrating a propaganda film... oh fuck edit that out please, cut that, in fact leave it in, makes me look honest and down to earth

Brit- Some of the British people would like to know the truth about the scandal involving you and an army officer a few weeks ago, it's been big news, apparently you had sexual contact, do you deny, just to make everybody at home happier?

Alastair- yes I have much reason to upset over this people confused the person, the army officer to be a man, a male man, now I can confirm it was actually a female

Brit- really because the story was that the person involved was called brad?

Alastair- Yes short for (thinks for a while) Laura?

Brit- Ah yes that makes sense... ok so that's all clear, we'll come back to you in a bit then

Alastair- Thanks, oh make sure to show Billy how rubbish other countries are!

Brit- Will do!

CUT TO:

(Shows Billy on the white cliffs of Dover)

Brit- So Billy what do think of your Prime Minister?

Billy- Boy he sure is down to earth, I feel like he's easy to have a conversation with and lets you have your say!

Brit- He sure is, and he will win the war for us, but he can't do it alone, he needs your help, can you help him Billy?

Billy- Sure can, I feel ready and willing to go

Brit- That sounds terrific, there's just one thing you're missing Billy, and that's aggression... I want aggression Billy

(Billy growls)

Brit- (laughs) Terrific banter Billy... but I need genuine aggression, which is why I will show you the other countries, you've seen America, or United shite of arse (laughs) and you didn't like them did you?

Billy- No they were mean

Brit- Exactly, too much aggression for the wrong reasons hey?!

Billy- Exactly, where are we now?

Brit- Why this is the White cliffs of Dover

Billy- What does it do?

Brit- It's essentially there to show how pure our nation is and how evil the rest of the world is, nowhere else has white cliffs of Dover, because they aren't innocent and pure as we are... you see?

Billy- Oh really...

Brit- Indeed, now then Billy, what I'm about to say shouldn't be said but as WW3 is approaching and terrorism is rife, I think it's only polite for me to offer you some illegal substance

Billy- But I'm too young to take-

Brit- No you are not... we are a fair country, and we believe everyone should experience everything before they endure war...

Billy- Why what's gonna happen to me?

Brit- It's a just a stressful time for everyone, you won't die or anything at war (laughs it off as if it's ridiculous to suggest death at war is a thing) just feel you deserve a doob, take it, smoke it up!

Billy- Jeez Britain you sure are a good friend... so I get a free spliff just for going to war

Brit- You can smoke as many as you want at war, have as many lines of cocaine, even heroin... you can even drink a bottle Ever Clear if you can stomach pure poison

Billy- Wow but I'm only 8 wont it do damage?

Brit- its sure as hell will, but it's up to you, the offer is there and you've taken it, fair enough, we always like to give you the choice in Britain

(Billy starts smoking the spliff)

(He begins to hallucinate all types of amazing things about Britain and then evil things about Nazis and Russian communists, along with other controversial things in the past like Romans, Egyptians and terrorists from 21st century)

CUT TO:

(Shows Billy after the hallucinations in a room with Moscow in the background with a dictator in the background, who is obviously just Alastair Johnson dressed up in a stereotypical Russian outfit)

Billy- Wow Brit, that sure was trippy

Brit- Was it to your tasting? Would you like more, then you know what to do?

Billy- Jeez I would jump through a brick wall to try that again

Brit- But Billy, all you need to do is join the team, protect your country

Billy- Do I get other benefits?

Brit- Endless, dental cover, NHS will be free forever (Billy looks at him confused) and you can also your life insurance too

Billy- What about life insurance?

Brit- We guarantee you life insurance!

Billy- Shouldn't I have that anyway, I know my mum and dad do?

Brit- Well, what have I told you, they lie, believe your country Billy

Billy- Ok, how much money do I get from life insurance?

Brit- (laughs) you won't need it, as war is so overrated, hardly anyone actually dies at war, they're more likely to die on the way battle, than in it itself... did you know that, true story!

Billy- But, but I struggle to believe that!

Brit- Billy... you're a wise kid, I'm not gonna stand here and insult your intelligence, but you're being a little bit stupid, dumb, perhaps even retarded... yes?

Billy- Ok

Brit- Glad to see you've come round to my statistic!

Billy- What statistic?

Brit- Anyway wanna know why you have a picture of Moscow behind you?

Billy- Erm, sure why not

Brit- Well... it's a place of evil and dictatorship is Russia, they just can't decide whether they want to be our friends, or terrorist countries friends, in a way they're kind of annoying and not loyal like what we are-

Billy- Gee I don't think Russians would appreciate that

Brit- Oh well, what are they gonna say, that I'm a liar, I just say what I see, and I see myself being betrayed by them, evil I tell you, Judas in disguise!

Billy- What's Judas?

Brit- The opposite of Jesus

Billy- What does that mean?

Brit- he is some biblical character, not to be trusted!

Billy- But why are they Judas?

Brit- Because they are not to be trusted, do you know they have the lowest life expectancy in the whole of the North of Eastern Europe... and their country is mainly forest...

Billy- So?

Brit- Well... forest, no people, forest!

Billy- Yes but what has a forest got to do with anything Brit?

Brit- What about the low life expectancy?

Billy- Who told you that?

Brit- God that spliff has gone right to your head hasn't it, what's with all the questioning my son... are you trying to do your best Judas impression?

Billy- No I'm just wondering what's wrong with Russia

Brit- they are the enemy

Billy- You said they're allies too

Brit- I know what I said (angry) anyway don't let me tell you, let me show you what their Prime Minister said!

Billy- Ok

Brit- This oughta show you

CUT TO:

Interviewer- (Speaking to Alastair Johnson in poor disguise under the name Alexandre Zhirkov) Alexandre Zhirkov, thank you for joining us

Alex- (laughs) call me Alex please, are you British? (In a poor Russian accent)

Interviewer- Yes I am Alex, from Newcastle

Alex- Huh, Newcastle, I don't know any new Castles... I only know old ones, with cannons (laughs)

Interviewer- I don't think Geordies would be happy with that

Alex- I don't give a damn about you Brits... you're all posh bastard anyway... you think it's cold there, try living here, its below 0 degrees every friggin day, and that tax, don't get me started on the tax

Interviewer- Shouldn't you try and change the tax and try and make the Russian people happy?

Alex- happy? What is happy?

Interviewer- Oh come Alex, you must know the meaning of happy

Alex- All I know is destruction, and bombs, I'm Russian after all

Interviewer- Are you suggesting all Russians are like this, thy have the same mentality as you?

Alex- Absolutely, we're all into war and guns and weapons of mass destruction... ever since we landed on the moon first we've always been very determined to improve on it-

Interviewer- Wait what?

Alex- landed on the moon first!

Interviewer- But you didn't, no that was the Americans, one small step for man, one giant leap for man-

Alex- yes, yes, yes, yes but it was a lie, one giant lie for mankind, it was staged... propaganda you see

Interviewer- Are you saying the Americans lied, seriously?

Alex- I know they did, the British where more likely than the Americans!

Interviewer- Oh well thank you

Alex- You're welcome come to think of it, Brits do everything first (laughs)

Interviewer- Wow well as a Brit, I do believe we are fantastic, and I appreciate your acknowledgement

Alex- yes your welcome, I have to admit, I'm very reluctant you attack your beautiful country in WW3, I heard you Baf is pretty impressive

Interviewer- Oh yes well Alastair Johnson has bent our soldiers all into shape

Alex- I make you favourites to win

Interviewer- Oh you Russians love gambling don't you?

Alex- Not as much as you, 5/1 you win yes?

Interviewer- No I don't gamble

Alex- 7/1? (no answer) don't leave me, oi, 9/1, 9/1?

(No answer)

Alex- British bastard! Cut it, don't put that in, cut that out of the film, CUT IT NOW!

(Goes back to Billy and Brit)

Billy- Wow

Brit- I know, gambling problems, consistent liars, kiss asses, and rude, the Russians Billy!

Billy- I can't believe that was their Prime Minister

Brit- Hmm... makes you sick does it not, that that country can be ran by such foulness

Billy- Makes me feel lucky to be a part of this country

Brit- You think that's bad, you should visit North Korea... (Laughs)

Billy- Can we

Brit- can we billy, of course... we can't... don't me laugh Billy, we'd have a lawsuit on our hands if we put them in it, don't want to anger that little dimple on the earth do we (laughs) they're not in WW3 anyway so, screw them, they have their own parties

Billy- Where to next then?

Brit- I suggest we go Israel!

Billy- Sure but why?

Brit- Just a place to go

CUT TO:

(He finds himself with a screen behind him showing footage of war and the stereo is loud enough that it makes him jump)

Billy- My goodness brit, that's awfully loud, what's going on?

Brit- That Billy, that is a war!

Billy- And you want me to fight in that?

Brit- if you choose to, your country needs you don't forget, and you need your country... so do the maths, but still the war we are going to is WW3.

Billy- So will it be different?

Brit- of course it will Billy, for this war we are involved in is about pride, power, safety...

Billy- is it necessary?

Brit- that's a very good word Billy, well done!

Billy- Can you answer the question?

Brit- Certainly can, let me however answer it with a question, what do you think the war behind you is for, and who do you think is involved?

Billy- I presume its Israel, is that right?

Brit- it's a civil war in, Israel, spot on!

Billy- And is it about religion?

Brit- No believe it or not, it's something more pathetic than that

Billy- I don't know, the economy?

Brit- Nope, it's about a chocolate bar brand, one likes Dairy Milk, the other Galaxy, one side swears by their chocolate brand, they will try nothing but dairy milk chocolate, even though Galaxy is also fairly nice and it's understandable why people like it

Billy- I like Galaxy more

Brit- Then you'd be dead, 6 feet under, sizzled, speaking to the devil, negotiating with God... you get the point

Billy- yes... so this war is about chocolate?

Brit- Well it's about difference in opinion

Billy- Ok... what are you trying you say though?

Brit- Blimey if you give me a chance, I'll answer you kid... these people are savages, terrorists, not just Israel, all these places, not as great as our beautiful nation, not as sweet and sensitive as I am

Billy- They look like savages

Brit- Exactly billy... millions of years of evolution has taken Britain away from this kind of civilization, and they're trying to bring us down to their level, and its worked, so we need to stay strong and fight them off!

Billy- But aren't we giving in to them if we fight?

Brit- I'm glad you asked that question!

(Long pause and Billy waits for a reason why and it never comes)

Brit- Anyway shall we go, I've made my point

Billy- Sure brit whatever you say, I'm starting to look forward to this war

Brit- Good to hear, imagine the freedom you'll feel after it

Billy- If I survive!

Brit- (laughs) either way!

Billy- What?

Brit- All you need to know Billy is that Britain, I only get involved in wars that I know I will win, and I feel are necessary, and the reason I know why a war is necessary is thanks to your great prime Minister, Alastair Johnson!

Billy- Ok Brit I trust you

Brit- That's a good boy now let's take your gullible little arse somewhere else!

CUT TO:

(Shows Billy in a conference room with both Alastair Johnson and Johnson again this time dressed up as a Chinese leader poorly, speaking to each other about their countries and war)

Billy- Where are now?

Brit- Shhh... (Whispers) where in the presence of a meeting between my Prime Minister, Alastair Johnson and the leader of China

Alastair- Communist, aren't you?

China- You make a splendid point... I am, and you are capitalist shit

Alastair- Good comeback, shame I wiped it up with a tissue and it can no longer be conceived!

China- (confused) you speak a good game, we will destroy your army with our much superior size and strength!

Alastair- Funny because I do see much size in the room, and the strength is nowhere to be seen either

China- (getting angry) you fool

Alastair- Oh no Chinaman what's wrong, you looking to bite... let me give you something to bite... your country, sucks!

China- You live in America's shadow, you eat our food and we make most of the products you sell, eat shit!

Alastair- I would eat shit for my country, unlike you who would get one of you minions to do it

China- you envy our language for it is the most spoken in the world... we have more oil and better tax rates!

Alastair- Don't talk to me about tax, I live my life by tax, tax pays for everything I live for, tax is important to me, I don't want to rob people, and your language is spoken by one country, and that is yourselves!

China- You lack the leadership fibre to run colonies you get rid of them!

Alastair- At least we had them, and we were the greatest empire ever

China- Since the Romans, and you through it away because you were too focused on Tea!

Alastair- At least we have something to focus on, you can't focus on anything with those eyes!

China- You son of a bitch... what about your pathetic lack of care for other countries languages, your ignorance in acknowledging when other countries help you... and most of all that we are a better country than you, a better race than you... how's that for sight

Alastair- I knew I'd make you bite! Why must you swear all the time?

China- Bite, you made me bite? How about this your teeth they're rotting, just like the country you lead, and you think we're the problem, we don't give a shit about your little tiny pathetic nation!

Alastair- You don't mean that!

China- Test me

Alastair- You mean try me! (Angry and grabs his throat, everyone in the crowd gets lively and the scene cuts to Billy)

Billy- Boy Brit. That got far, why where we so mean?

Brit- Well Billy, it's an example of how not to do things, Alastair here is just simply showing you that violence isn't the answer, but words will get you far!

Billy- But he just attacked the Chinese man?

Brit- No he didn't

Billy- he did I saw it

Brit- You only saw what you wanted to see, just like how you seem to only listen to what you want to hear!

Billy- Oh ok!

Brit- See we are not a violent nation... we are a fair nation who listens to both sides of an argument before making a call

Billy- Oh like what Alastair just did?

Brit- Exactly, but the Chinese always try and niggles at you...

Billy- Are they the enemy too?

Brit- Their certainly not allies, but I wouldn't say enemies...

Billy- Who are the enemies then (frustrated)

Brit- terrorists dear boy, WW3 is based purely on our defence against terrorist groups!

Billy- Which ones?

Brit- There's of course, OILS from the east, LOLS from the West... COCKS from the north and then the worst, the south, the REMS, sick sons of bitches they are, sorry about the language, I just hate them all as much as the British people do... you have the power to erase them all

Billy- But what countries are they from?

Brit- They're everywhere Billy, bastards live everywhere in this world, you know where they don't live, Britain, I don't let them, in, along with desperate refugees and victims of crimes elsewhere

Billy- And the poor?

Brit- Of course, and the poor, don't want them begging for money on the street do we (laughs)

Billy- Why not?

Brit- We like the streets to be clean don't we?!

Billy- That's not very nice Brit.

Brit- Kid the world isn't nice!

CUT TO:

(Billy is at the park again where he began his journey)

Brit- Right then Billy, we've come to the end of my tour, but any questions you'd like to ask me?

Billy- Yes please

Brit- Fire away!

Billy- why do we fight?

Brit- For our country

Billy- No but, I want to know in general why do we go to war?

Brit- For it is the only way to distinguish ourselves as a nation... there is a lot of hate in the world and although violence in general is not the answer, we need to show strength somehow and words won't cut the mustard

Billy- But if we just didn't attack or defend we just let it happen wouldn't it eventually stop?

Brit- Ignorant child, have you heard nothing, has nothing sunk in... we need to show power, pride in our country to not allow the Chinese, or the Germans, or the (reflux) French... I haven't even shown you the French... as well as all that we can't allow allies to think we're lazy like America accusing us of nearly losing WW2,

when really we had under control, imagine if we hadn't shown up, we'd never live it down dear boy

Billy- But that doesn't answer the question...

Brit- it does, if we don't attack we will get attacked simple as that, WW3 is happening and there's nothing you can do to stop it, just join it and help your nation, a nation that has done so much for you

Billy- But don't we deserve to be attacked?

Brit- billy (laughing) every country deserves to be attacked

Billy- Why can't we all just get along?

Brit- We will all get along, as a team at war!

Billy- No I mean why can't the countries get along?

Brit- you know why? (Long pause)

(The pause allows Billy's intrigued face to be shown, he sits there with a small smile and looks proud)

Brit- Why!

(Long pause)

(The British flag falls behind Billy)

Brit- because it doesn't matter what we do, why we do it, how we do it, and what we do... we are mother, rule the fucking waves, Britain... we father the Fish and chip combo, we apologise when we don't need to, we're are ignorant Europeans to America, and we like it... we have the best tax system in the world, we milk our history to the point where we don't even ourselves anymore, we fought a dragon for god sake... and st George won! Against a dragon!

(Keeps on going with passion)

Brit- We have the Beatles, the stones, the Queen, both kinds, we have the greatest Sports teams in the world in Soccer, we have an endless coastline, bigger than Chiles... we have castles, and Stonehenge's... henry VIII, Henry VII, Henry VI, Henry V, Henry IV, Henry III, Henry II, and henry I as well as Henry VIIII, on his way (Says the V and I instead of the number) we have Blackadder, Fawlty Towers, Only Fools, Coronation Street and the church of England (Catching his breath) we have Big Ben, Westminster Abbey, funny wig hat things, and we also have Belfast

(He pauses for a moment)

Billy- So?

Brit- Oh and just so they don't lose their temper, Scotland and Wales I guess, but meh, they're like kids I gave up for adoption and no one wants!

Billy- And you want me to fight for that, become a better person fighting for you?

Brit- I want you to do the right thing, and help your country, we can't do this alone, we need an army, a big army

Billy- But I don't want to (Tear in his eye)

Brit- Is that a tear for Britain I see, is that tear telling me that we are better than America, China, France, Spain, Russia... (Laughs) Canada

Billy- No it's a tear of-

Brit- I'm proud of you Billy, your countries proud of you, we look forward to seeing you at war, fighting for me...

Billy- But I don't want-

Brit- Nonsense Billy... I'll let Alastair Johnson know, he'll be so happy, he cares that I tell him everyone who wants to help their country so he can single handily congratulate you when you come back from war, dead or alive (Says it cheery)

Brit- Now let me end our journey Billy, oh don't cry too much Billy I know you love me, but save the crying for when a friend dies at war with you right next to them vowing revenge for their loss, pardon the bluntness, now let's just watch Britain being great!

(Shows a man for nearly 10 minutes in a British sportswear going the gym, running marathons, smiling at people in the street and being friendly and people call him 'Mr Britain')

(He struggles to lift heavy weights but gets assistance off bigger men wearing different nations on their clothes and laughing at him, he soon bulks up in the short 10 minute video to fight back and beats them all up, the 'bullies' are very stereotypical of the country they represent)

(The film is also linked with a comments section scrolling past the video throughout)

Comments section- Did you know that Nazi German actually used footage similar to this for WW2? No matter how small you are you can achieve big things, just look at the Prime Minister's wife, seriously, every single prime Minister is punching well above their weight, maybe it's because they know how to persuade. Powers of persuasion imagine that, you'd be the best if you had that, oh wait Britain has that. Isn't Britain great, I mean just the complex language, love the way it confuses people especially the British people, who wouldn't thought that Weight and wait is the same sound, but a completely different meaning... Lol.

Mr Britain- In order to stop terrorism, and bully's, you must become the terrorist, you must become the bully... Right Brit?

Brit- Indeed, thank you Mr Britain, he'll be fighting at WW3, will you? (Mr Britain points at the camera) don't forget people, that this is your nation... bracing ourselves with smiles (Mr Britain smiles and waves as the propaganda film ends with an interview with Alastair Johnson as an 8 year old child)

Alastair- I hope to one day be Prime Minister, to be honest, to do good by my country, I love my country, but I also love others, I love going on holiday to

Greece despite their poor economy (laughs) I like going to Spain, even though its hotter than I'm used to, I like Chinese food... I like all Asian food actually, I like the Eiffel tower, I love the way my dad enjoys German beer, I love blonde peoples hair, the Swedish basically... I love Pizza

(Long pause)

Alastair- I want to be prime Minister so we don't fight other countries, I want everyone to be happy... I don't even know we fight about

(Fades out to black)

CUT TO:

Jack- Wow

(The audience clap and then it shows various other people around Britain celebrating it)

Jack- Listen to that Alastair

Alastair- Thanks, seriously thank you, like to thank everyone that helped make the video, hopefully you can be confident now you picked the right leader for your country, the strongest leader for your country, it's your country I'm fighting for, it's your country you're fighting for, but mainly for me

(Everyone cheers again)

Jack- I have to say I am tempted when does the war start, I am there, I think we're all there ladies and gentlemen!

(Lots of celebration)

Alastair- No date set yet, no date yet

Jack- Oh that's a shame, any ideas?

Alastair- 32nd may 2038 (smiles)

Jack- Hmm... right you are... and just quickly what will you be doing during the war?

Alastair- Planning the next one, can't get too populated in this country can we, need to get rid of people... also of course playing good old chess, I'm very good, but I don't like to brag

Jack- And of course having a well-earned rest?

Alastair- Yes, we politicians never get a break you see, we drive round in our 4x4s if we can get them out of our 500,000 pound house garage, whilst eating our 2000 pound canapés, sorry I'm going off on a tangent, I'm taking a break indeed, country will run itself...

Jack- You've earned it

(Long pause)

Alastair- thank you

Jack- So Alastair you've just watched your film for the first time, any words you'd like to end on?

(People clap)

(Alastair miles and watches them all clapping him, he then sees a boy in the crowd who looks like himself when he was a kid and he's not clapping)

(Alastair stands up and goes to the boy)

Mum- Sorry about him Alastair!

Alastair- its ok... I understand, what's the matter, you little runt... why aren't you clapping me

Jack- Are you ashamed of your country lad?

Boy- No, I'm ashamed of the world

Alastair- Why?

Boy- What's the point in me living, going through education, paying tax everything, if you're gonna send me to death, look at me, and look at yourself at my age, would you send a boy my age to war, whether I be my age now, or fighting age, makes no difference!

Alastair- Wise young boy

Jack- I apologise Alastair I really do Mr Prime Minister for his interruption but you handled it brilliantly.

(Silence whilst Alastair contemplates)

Jack- Round of applause everyone for him and your country!

(People clap)

(Alastair tells them to calm down)

Alastair- Please, please, don't clap that. World War 3 is happening and watching that set me up, and that boy just scored the goal and made me realise. I am a politician... I lie, I cheat, I effectively steal, and I want you to fight for me, fight for your country, when really you should be fighting for yourselves. I apologise that those lies on that film are present in your minds, for that is not truth, I am not truth, war is not truth, your heart is truth, follow your heart, not your brain, for your brain can be washed, your heart is forever pure. Don't just fight because of the pressure of propaganda, or pressure of society, fight for what you believe, fight for whatever injustice you suffer in the world, not the injustice of others. Allow yourself freedom to do what you think is right, not what people want you to believe. As the famous quote goes 'Even the wilderness and desert will be glad in those days. The wasteland will rejoice and blossom with spring flowers' we, politicians, world leader, evil men with evil intentions, greedy intentions have sent you on a path to the wilderness, but those days are now coming to an end, we are all our own politicians, or at least we should, we all have capability to make a difference, rarely we can show this, more capability than ever before, no longer are we glad of those days, the wasteland is no longer

one, it is a land full of hope and opportunity, if you just want to take it and blossom with it. We all have the capabilities to be spring flowers, but not all of us take our chance, we fall into conformity just like the old days, when really we are so much more than that now... war should not happen, but has to happen, but no longer must you feel the temptation to be part of it, this is your life, don't ever feel that you owe your country anything, your country owes you everything, a house, television, warmth, a job... you earn them commodities, you're not given them by your country... don't be discriminatory in anyway due to others interpretation on life... this is your country, no matter who you are... this is your nation, a nation, bracing ourselves with smiles!

(He smiles and Jack stares at him)

Jack- Now why would you say that, just when we started to believe you, you come out with that shit!

The End

Upon their exit from the mockaganda movie, they looked around for a while. Jessica and Joel could see that Conan had been searching for a few seconds and could not find Malcolm anywhere. Conan just walked about seeing if he could find him somewhere within the dark auditorium only lit up by the film screen behind them all.

Soon after searching Joel noticed that all the characters from the film had an eye on the ripple in which the guests had just exited from. The Prime Minister especially seemed intrigued as to where his supposed audience members had gone. The stares by the characters where frightening, they were intent, and also slightly mysterious. It was like the soul of every character had disappeared. The characters where no longer characters from their own film, they were instead human, with their own emotions, and their own storylines. Some of the characters began to stand up and really take note of the ripple which was slowly recovering from the exiting guests who had affected its pattern.

Joel worried; he taps Jessica on the back. Jessica frustrated and also jumpy turns around and sees the same freaky characters Joel could see staring at them, or so it seemed. In reality they were confused as to where the guests had gone, and where intrigued by the ripple, they were looking at it in fear. Scared to touch it and the old man who was from the audience in the picture with his rather annoying twitch was slowly touching it and causing the ripple to vibrate.

After this the characters grew either bored, or began to realise they were just characters and had a script to keep to. Eventually they all went back to their scene and carried on business as usual and the film went on to the next scene. Jessica and Joel stud speechless, Conan was too busy looking for Malcom and the amount of time the characters acknowledged the ripple for was a very short space of time, although it seemed an age to the petrified duo of Jessica and Joel. 'Well I have no idea where he's gone' Conan confirms slapping his thighs with both hands in defeat.

Conan then walks off without a reply from Jessica and Joel who were open mouthed, and worried. He exits the screen room and as he opens the door the screen switches off and the room is engulfed in darkness. Joel and Jessica quickly regain composure and follow the light coming from the

main part of the cinema shining through the now open screen room door. Conan held it open for them and they exited with him.

In spite of the guests natural reaction to look for where Malcolm had gone out of courtesy rather than concern, they were all tempted to enter the advertised War movie outside of Screen Four. The poster advertised a dog and a man in close harmony with their heads against one another intimately. The film was titled patch, and seemed to be a war film with dogs.

Conan had seen parts of the film before, however he did shy Jessica and Joel away from the film 'I have been in there, I never really felt safe, I myself am not a huge fan of dogs, so it's fitting I stay away from this film' he says holding his chest. Jessica turns her nose up too, and Joel remains keen, however not as entertained or mesmerised as he was earlier.

'Where's the real hard stuff?' Joel asks with hunger.

'Yeah I hate dogs anyway, plus dogs are boring, you get them back at home, in the real world' Jessica concurred.

'Yeah' Joel continues, 'come on Conan show us the good stuff'.

'I don't know where the good stuff is, this is as far as I've gone here, this is the only floor I've been allowed to enter' He holds hands out explaining, his bald head glistening from the lights shining above. 'I've never been upstairs before, I'm not even allowed outside for a cigarette, god I could do with a cigarette'.

'Well' Jessica ponders, 'Malcolm isn't here, and Lucas is occupied, we could explore upstairs. Or are we just going to stand here'. Conan looks around his shoulder concerned; he licks his lips and quickly wipes his nose with the back of his hand.

'I don't think so' Conan replies abruptly, 'it's too dangerous here to mess around.' He wags his finger and looks to the purple carpeted floor. Joel then hops onto his tip toes in excitement, he then looks around and stares at the poster for 'Patch' for a few seconds before speaking.

'Well I think this is boring, I want to see action, I want to feel action, isn't that the point in this' he lands back on his heels and raises his voice 'I'm bored, and I want to be entertained, if that means being thrilled and maybe facing a slight bit of danger, then I am willing to take the risk' Joel finalises his point.

'I suppose we can always explore upstairs, they tend to bolt the doors shut and keep them locked and protected if they hold dangerous content inside' Conan explains.

Jessica and Joel look at each other smiling as Conan walks away. Jessica embraces Joel with a quick arm around the shoulder that turns into a comforting hug and they follow with a spring in their step and excited nerves for what's ahead.

"Patch"

By Max Smith

Opening Credits:

Cologne, Germany

1911

(Shows an open forest. The scene is full of the scenery of a forest and it's musky and wet. The sound of dogs barking can be heard throughout the forest. As the scene zooms in closer to the trees footsteps are heard. It shows people in soldier's outfits running around with guns in hand. There are around 16 to 20 soldiers all running and hiding in this large forest)

(A small group of three soldiers gather in a small hiding place behind a large log in the centre of the forest a small distance away from the other soldiers)

Benedict (ben for short)- (main protagonist) You two alright?

(Silence)

Ben- Eric... Thomas?

Eric- Yeah fine thanks (Smallest of the three, but also the most aggressive, he has noticeable, distinguished ginger hair)

Thomas- Could be drier (Largest one of the three. He has dark brown hair and wears contact lenses in war, but glasses in normal situations, he is also the youngest)

Ben- No one been shot, anywhere?

Thomas- No not yet

Ben- Eric, you're being quiet...

Eric- I'm fine, I just don't want to *get* shot... concentration is key

Ben- Right then guys, I can hear dogs... you're going for the dogs

Eric- God damn it Benedict... you need to get over this dog thing

Ben- Listen to me... we have not got time to bicker... I'll take the men, you take the dogs, they're quick, they need to have two men on them

Eric- You can tell you're gonna be a leader (laughing)

Ben- Agreed then, you go for dogs... I go for soldiers... I can hear them approach us!

Thomas- Sure thing Benedict...

Eric- Yeah whatever

Ben- Eric... stop arguing with me

Eric- I wasn't arguing!

Ben- You were reluctant to follow orders

Eric- dogs then?

Ben- (laughs) yes...

Eric- Right then... lock and load Thomas

Thomas- Got you! (They both get their guns ready)

Eric- Hopefully see you on the other side Benedict! (Winks at him)

Thomas- By Benedict

Ben- Get out of here, good luck!

(Benedict waits behind the log praying to himself)

(Thomas and Eric run out at the dogs who are barking as they run towards them)

(Benedict still waits and hears soldiers getting closer and closer to him)

Soldier#1- Where has the German gone?

Soldier#2- I'll check east, you check west!

Soldier#3- Hey guys over here, look! (Looks at the footprints leading to behind the log)

Soldier#1- Silly German... Frank, come back here

Frank (formally soldier #2) - Found something Mario

Mario (formally soldier #1) - be quiet... lets approach him carefully

(They slowly move towards him, Mario calls over using his hands the rest of the Germans. The dogs have stopped barking)

Ben- Please... come on lord give me some luck!

(The soldiers get closer and start hiding behind the log that Benedict is on the other side of. Benedict is sweating and is extremely nervous it seems)

Mario- On three...

Frank- Can't we just kill him?

Mario- There may be others!

Frank- There's 7 of us though!

Mario- There could be 8 Germans, it's a big log... (Smiling)

Frank- Where are our dogs?

Mario- Killed... they've stopped barking... so let's do this quick on three...

(They all get ready)

Mario- One!

(They load their guns and aim them towards Benedict who is still not in the know about their position)

(Benedict loads his gun up quietly and nervously)

Mario- Two!

(They move closer and start resting guns quietly on the log)

(Benedict starts to turn around and leans on the floor pointing his gun up and smiles)

Ben- This is it

Mario- Three! (Points towards Benedict to tell his men to kill him) KILL THEM ALL!

(The soldiers start to fire at Benedict and Benedict fires back. Eric and Thomas then run over to the scene and start shooting as well. All that is heard is the noise of bullets being fired but no bloodshed, they are firing blanks)

(Some soldiers collapse to the floor and pretend to die and others stay standing including Benedict and Eric with Mario)

Ben- Oh my god... Thomas, you ok?

Thomas- Kill Mario... for me! (He dies)

Eric- I will

Mario- No you won't (He shoots and Eric falls to the floor)

Ben- You gonna shoot me, or we gonna kill each other?

Mario- Shall we drop our weapons?

Ben- You killed my friends!

Mario- You killed my colleagues

Ben- That's how we Germans are different, we see them as friends not soldiers... let's get this over and done with

Mario (laughing) - Drop your weapon!

Ben- No! (He shoots Mario)

(Mario has a face of shock as he falls to the ground)

Ben- Ha-ha (He walks over to Mario as he lays there and stands over him smiling) you see what you get, when you mess with my friends, do you see what you get when the you mess with the beast... let this be a warning to you all... I don't take prisoners (puts his hands out for Mario to grab) in war that is ha-ha

Mario- You son of a bitch (joking)

(Mario takes his hand and slowly people start getting up)

Ben- Come on guys, get up... Eric... Thomas, get up gentlemen!

Mario- You did well out there Benedict; you truly are going to be a fine lieutenant

Ben- I'm not there yet Colonel Kramer

Kramer (formally Mario)- oh but you will be Benedict... far too talented to just be a fellow soldier, too hard working, now come lets go have a lunch break and we'll do it all again... the Great War is potentially upon us, we better get as ready for it as we can...

(Colonel Kramer walks off with his soldiers)

Eric- We did all right there didn't we?

Thomas- I thought we did, we dealt with the dogs well!

Ben- You did, were are they

Eric- There in a cage... shows how well we dealt with them

Ben- Didn't kill them by any chance did you! (Silence) I'm joking, I'm joking

Thomas- For a second there I thought you were being-

Ben- Seriously... did you?

Thomas- What?

Eric- No

Ben- I'm joking again, I don't care about the dogs, they don't bother me

Eric- We know they do

Ben- Yeah, suppose it's just something I gotta live with hey! Let's go get some lunch anyway

CUT TO:

(Over lunch, Colonel Kramer, Eric, Thomas and Benedict with various others from the previous scene all discuss)

(Eric is tucking into the Turkey and stuffing)

Kramer- You enjoying that Eric?

Eric- Yes sir very much (struggling with his mouth full)

Ben- Manners Eric please!

Thomas- Oh come on Benedict have some!

Ben- I'm quite alright, I'm full if I'm to be honest

Kramer- So then (wipes food away from his mouth) Benedict, you showed some real signs of leadership out there on the battlefield today... and as you already know I do like how you demonstrate yourself on the field... but Erm... my only query Is- actually come to that later

Ben- No please, do tell me, do ask me

Kramer- No its ok... I'll leave that till the end its quite important

Ben- You know colonel, normally people get the important stuff out of the way

Kramer- ah yes, you are right, but that is not going to happen today, I wish to praise you instead... especially on the various hiding places you have taken up on the field in recent weeks

Ben- What like the log?

Kramer- Yes, the log, indeed seems straight forward, it seems like a philosophy that everyone would follow, but to actually get everyone to buy into that philosophy, it's a whole new kettle of fish and you dealt with it fantastically well and assured.

Ben- Well thank you sir, I can't take all the credit

Eric- Yeah I mentioned it to him first

Kramer- You haven't been training to be a lieutenant though Eric for the last three years

Thomas- Neither have I

Ben- Thomas, be quiet for a second

Kramer- so anyway as I was saying... you show signs of leadership... beyond your years, how old are you?

Ben- I'm 23, Eric is 24 and Thomas is-

Kramer- I'm not interested about the others with respect...

Ben- Thomas is 20... so then you think I'm well equipped then?

Kramer- (smiles) you would not believe, I can't see a weakness... and in this time of desperation, we are looking for leaders... like you

Ben- Wow, well that's brilliant

Kramer- Certainly the most talented in Cologne so far, the war is at your feet, you could be the youngest success story since Little Hans

Ben- You think...

Kramer- Well yeah, it was only two years ago, and I can't see any weaknesses

Ben- So colonel, what is your role, are you just a colonel of the Cologne district army, or the whole of Germany?

Kramer- The whole of Germany? I wish, no just Cologne, I am meant to give the state chancellor Theobald von Bethmann Hollweg information on the men we have, to lead us, into war... I need to know whether you're willing to lead our district... with me as your supervisor of course.

Ben- Well yeah, that's what I've always wanted

Kramer- Really?

Ben- Well yeah, most people aim to be scientists, Nobel peace prize winners, mathematicians or something, I was never academic, I'm making the most of a bad situation

Kramer- That is exactly why you will be a great leader, I believe in you champ... no holds barred type of fellow I can see that

Ben- Yeah, is that it then... I'm a lieutenant? (laughs after his joke)

Kramer- Well-

Eric- Surely he has to do what we are all doing?

Kramer- Thank you Eric... get back to your Turkey stuffing... basically yes, Eric is right, we need you to do a little task, this is what all soldiers in this district have to do to prove they are ready for war, only this district are doing it, it's a test if you like for the great war that is upon us...

Ben- Well what is it, health check... medical, what?

Kramer- Not quite Benedict, see we need you to show that you do not get emotionally attached to people, or personalities as such... obviously you can never fully prepare for war, but this is as good a suggestion as the people upstairs could come up with... everyone has to do it so you won't be alone

Ben- Just tell me what it is and I'll agree to it, anything, this is an opportunity I can't turn down

Kramer- Well for someone as detached as you are, this should be very easy for you. Basically it is to raise a dog from a young age... and in 1913,14, 15 whenever the presumed great war begins..., you have to shoot the dog dead... simple as that really, bit sadistic, but we need to know that ur soldiers are ready and willing to fight tooth and nail for this great country

Ben- You're kidding right?!

Kramer- No is that a problem for you, because I feel it will be a waste if we were to lose someone with such tactical warfare know how and leadership

Ben- I'm just confused as to how this helps our judgement on which soldiers are good and which ones aren't?

Kramer- Let me tell you a story, just a quick one... when I was young, this is going back a few years, around 30, 32 years... my teacher who taught I think it was Geography, said to me the only time that he had ever been sure that his human instinct worked was when he was trapped in a cellar for a good three weeks I think he said... no food, just alcohol, lots of it too... he did not touch the alcohol, insane I know... but he thought he couldn't survive if he drank alcohol as it is an inhibitor to bodily functions... instead his instincts told him to hunt... that's right, they told him to hunt... so instead of drinking wine, he smashed the bottle and killed a rat in the cellar. After two and half weeks on eating crisps off the floor, he had a rat to eat. He said the squealing was unbearable as he ripped it apart to chew on its flesh... but he realised that once he ate the rat, he didn't

care about the squealing... he cared only about eating... so he killed again... this time not even considering the rats feelings he killed it, and ate it... it was the third killing that showed he had become a true killer, emotionless, frightening, incomparable to anything he had ever been before... he didn't use a broken bottle... he used his hands... he did anything to get what he wanted... the rat tried to fight, but it wasn't to any prevail... he ate the rat whilst it was alive... because he had grown with each rat he killed to care less and less about emotions and instead about survival... that's why we want our soldiers to kill dogs before war... it shows that their emotions don't get the better of them... it's alright killing a rat, it shows true emotion however to kill something of a similar size to you, do you agree?

Ben- How can I argue?! (Smiles)

CUT TO: EVENING

(In a pub later on that night, Benedict, Eric and Thomas are sitting there talking over a pint)

Eric- So I said to Beth, what the hell do you want with me, you're not my prison guard, you're my wife? She said I don't care... keep away from those bars you go to every night... (They laugh)

Thomas- God Eric she is a crazy bitch

Eric- Don't speak about her like that!

Thomas- She is though

Ben- Thomas...

Thomas- Sorry Benedict it was just a joke...

Ben- I know but, she's more than a crazy bitch (Laughs) she's funny bitch

Eric- Yeah laugh it up... shouldn't you be panicking Benedict?

Ben- Why?

Eric- Well I mean I've got my problems with the wife, but you... boy oh boy... you gotta look after a dog for three years

Ben- Yeah well we'll cross that bridge when we come to it...

Eric- Benedict we are at the bridge, we've paid the toll, it's time to cross it!

Ben- Yeah whatever... what about you Thomas, how's your girlfriend, is it good?

Thomas- Oh come on Benedict you know she's pregnant

Ben- I certainly did not... congratulations you little snake you... how long?

Thomas- About two, three weeks!

Ben- Very nice... little kids growing up, what's her name again?

Thomas- Miranda

Ben- What do you want, boy or girl?

Thomas- I don't know, anything will do really... I'm only 20 can't be too picky

Ben- You're not actually picking the sex, it's just a game, what would you rather have?

Thomas- I suppose a boy... so I can teach him how to be a soldier like his dad!

Ben- I don't agree friend, I think one day women will be in the army

Eric- Don't be ridiculous Benedict, imagine women in the army... putting their makeup on before war, it's a ludicrous thought... believe me if that happens an apocalypse will occur

Ben- And how will that turn up?

Eric- Nuclear warfare... its gonna happen one day

Ben- Yeah alright Eric

Thomas- I do think this isn't the only Great War we'll all have though, I reckon we'll have great War part 2, sooner rather than later

Ben- You both talking like fools, this is the war that will bring world peace, human nature taking every ounce of anger out on their opponents to end all conflicts bubbling under the political surface, war is the answer to peace and it will bring peace eventually

Thomas- Or it could be just a taste of what's to come

Ben- Listen the Great War hasn't even started yet and already you're thinking of the second one... in fact were only preparing for the possibility of a great war, so it's almost laughable to discuss a second one, the first might not even happen (laughing) you know?!

Eric- Yeah but it's also ignorance not to assume these things could happen

Ben- Listen we've had a few pints, let's stop talking about war and argue about something more friendly hey...

(Silence)

Eric- Speaking of human nature, Colonel Kramer's ridiculous story about his teacher... what was that about?

Ben- I know wasn't it ridiculous... it was as if he was trying to scare us or something, he's a bit immature isn't he?!

Eric- Yeah, defiant as well isn't he... doesn't let anyone get a word in edge ways

Ben- To me it doesn't explain why we need to do the dog experiment with everyone...

Eric- Oh it makes perfect sense to me and Thomas

Thomas- Yeah makes sense to me

Ben- Really... so your wife is happy with you having a dog and then killing it?

Eric- She has no say Benedict, even though you dream of women having the vote one day, she currently doesn't mean diddly squat to household decisions...

Ben- Thomas, your pregnant girlfriend, she doesn't want a dog around a child does she?

Eric- I've got kids too

Ben- Yeah but they're older

Thomas- Doesn't bother me, I love dogs...

Ben- You love dogs. How can you shoot one then?

Thomas- Well if everyone else is... I can't not do it can I?

Ben- That is terrible, that is just conformity written all over isn't it?!

Thomas- Well I don't-

Eric- Leave him alone, I love dogs too but if it's the dog or a promotion, I'm sure my bond with a hairy being won't make a difference

Ben- Listen Eric, were not talking about your wife, were talking about dogs here (everyone laughs)

Eric- You cheeky bitch...

Ben- But seriously guys come on...

Eric- We all know Benedict... why you're so reluctant to think this idea is both valid and reliable. You hate dogs!

Ben- Yeah I do hate dogs. They're horrible needy little bastards aren't they?

Thomas- How can you say that?

Ben- I hate them, I think they're disgusting pigs with hair and they're evil, they want to kill me, no dog loves its owner, it's a myth... you think dogs choose to stay with their owners, bet you, if you let it run off into a field It would never come back, live the rest of its pathetic life in the wild, I bet you! Dogs are workmen, that's it, they can't be a friend! Filthy domesticated little shits is what they are...

Eric- I bet you end up loving the dog you get given by the end of the three years...

Ben- Yeah Eric because that's my aim, after all I am meant to shoot it dead aren't I... of course I won't love the dog, ain't getting attached to it...

Thomas- What else have you got Benedict...

Ben- What?

Eric- Yeah, you've got no other half have you... no kids... you're quite lonely, you could do with a pet...

Ben- (silence) Guys drink up (laughing) let's get out of here...

CUT TO: Early morning

(Eric is in front of the mirror placing his badges on his soldier uniform. His wife, Beth, is lying in bed behind him, but is only in view because of the position of the mirror)

Beth- Are you getting the dog today?

Eric- Yeah, didn't know you were awake?

Beth- Yeah the kids are in school early and Cynthia needs a lift this morning

Eric- Ok honey, well when I come home I'll have a dog

Beth- What's his name?

Eric- It's a she apparently, a Doberman

Beth- How old is it?

Eric- I don't know 4, 5. Who cares?

Beth- Well aren't you meant to kill it after the three years?

Eric- yeah honey... it's a bit extreme isn't it?!

Beth- The whole war is extreme baby... I mean you won't see us for at least a year after you leave for the war!

Eric- yeah but it's not for another three years at least, and Benedict said that the war might not even happen

Beth- I don't know, have you not heard the news about the Mexican Revolution, doesn't sound promising

Eric- That doesn't mean anything honey, it's just speculation... anyway I'm going for the dog-

(The two kids walk in, Cynthia is 8 and Molly is 5)

Molly- Daddy!

Eric- Heya guys... come give daddy a big fat kiss goodbye (kisses both of them)

Cynthia- Dad, are we getting the dogs today?

Eric- I've told you this, its dog... only one dog... it's called- actually I can't remember, but it is a Doberman, a big dog... you'll love it, I promise...

Beth- I can't believe you (whispering in Eric's ear)

Eric- What why? The kids are excited!

Beth- Yeah they think the dog is for life... do you not think the method is unorthodox?

Eric- Listen honey I just do what I gotta do... now give us a kiss! (Kisses her) at the end of the day the kids will understand, besides we won't tell them I'm gonna shoot the thing, she'll become ill in three years... (Smiles)

Beth- You've really thought this out haven't you?!

Eric- Of course I have, don't want my kids feeling all upset that their fathers a pet killer... besides hopefully in three years there won't be a war... therefore we can keep the mutt

(Beth smiles at him rolling her eyes)

Eric- Bye baby! Think about it, without being a soldier I can't afford the vehicle!

(Eric gets in his Oldsmobile runabout outside of his small house and drives off slowly with his two daughters checking out the window waving him off)

CUT TO:

(Thomas is sitting in his house at the same time of morning all of his clothes on with less badges than Eric but he is there rubbing his wife's belly, Miranda. He is so soothed that he starts to nod off)

Miranda- Thomas wake up!

Thomas- Ah sorry, I just find it so weird you got a baby in there, it's a soothing thought!

Miranda- yeah well at the moment it's just nothing, it's like that big (pinches her index and thumb together)

Thomas- Yeah but it's there, I can't believe it

Miranda- You look tired Thomas

Thomas- I am a little bit, but I'm also excited about this little guy

Miranda- Give it 30 more weeks and you might feel something... so you getting the dog today?

Thomas- Yeah I'm getting the Labrador, it's a male I think, and it's called Trevor... cool name for a dog hey?!

Miranda- Lovely, it'll be good practice for when the real prize comes wont it?

Thomas- Well not really, I have to shoot the thing eventually

Miranda- Well obviously yes we don't do that to our own child but if you have to do this, you have to do it...

Thomas- To be honest I really don't want to... I'm hoping the war just doesn't happen so I don't have to...

Miranda- Just don't do it

Thomas- If I don't, I'd be considered a coward, and cowards aren't what Germany is made up of, it's made of respect, dignity, fire...

Miranda- Heart... Thomas... you've got one, you just seem too easily misled

Thomas- I know... Benedict was right; he said I'm a conformist. I am aren't I?

Miranda- But you're my special little conformist (kisses him)

Thomas- And you're my special gal (rolls her around and kisses her loads and then a knock is heard on the door) that'll be Eric

Miranda- Have a good day, treat the dog nice yeah

Thomas- Of course I will, I'm not evil... I love dogs...

(Thomas walks outside to step into Eric's automobile and Eric starts driving, they are talking but about nothing that concerns the audience)

CUT TO: Cologne military camp

(Benedict is in the waiting line with Colonel Kramer talking to him in the queue)

Kramer- You sure you're ok Benedict, you look incredibly nervous?

Ben- Yeah I'm fine, just waiting for my dog

Kramer- You're not though, you're lying to me... what's your problem?

Ben- To be honest Colonel... the thing is I wanna be a lieutenant, you know I do, more than anything... but I have a problem...

Kramer- Are you a homosexual Benedict?

Ben- No... I'm-

Kramer- Are you disabled?

Ben- No...

Kramer- Are you Jewish?

Ben- Why would that matter?

Kramer- It wouldn't... I was concerned, I'm sure there's nothing we can't fix Benedict!

Ben- Ok well I hate dogs, can't stand them... in fact to be honest I don't even wanna go into that room... its full of them isn't it, I can smell them?

Kramer- Benedict... I thought something wasn't right... that is no concern at all. It's not as if you have to love it, just put up with it... your gonna shoot it anyway

Ben- No see it's not that simple, I physically cannot be in the same room as them... I just can't

Kramer- Listen if you want to do it later when all the dogs have been picked that's fine, they'll only be one in there for you to worry about, listen benedict, we can sort this out... were not gonna lose a cracking future lieutenant and leader over dog issues...

Ben- I was just wondering if you could give me a cat or something... you know instead...

Kramer- No

Ben- Why not?

Kramer- Come out the queue, quickly now!

(Benedict starts walking with Kramer)

Kramer- You're one hell of a soldier, you seem emotionally discharged from every human being... you haven't been in a serious relationship since when?

Ben- Never Colonel

Kramer- Are you sure you're not homosexual?

Ben- I promise I'm not (laughing)

Kramer- And your mum and dad?

Ben- Died when I was like 5

Kramer- Any siblings?

Ben- No

Kramer- See you have the makings of a psychotic soldier right here my boy... no close family ties, no relationship... you're perfect, a cat... you can't grow close to a cat, a dog is about the perfect distance that we can grow our emotional stature with an animal, obviously unethical to use humans now isn't it...

Ben- Yeah I get what you mean... what about a dolphin or something?

Kramer- I'm surprised you even know what a dolphin is... just take the only remaining dog... there all youngish, about three, they won't harm you... they will love you if anything

Ben- No sir, I don't believe an animal can love a human being; it's ridiculous to suggest that

Kramer- You'd be surprised, my kids love Gerry, and Gerry loves them like you would not believe...

Ben- Are you shooting Gerry?

Kramer- No that's my dog, I bought him... I don't need this test, I've been as high up as a sergeant since I was 24, not showing any let up at 56 years of age, I don't need to be tested on emotional attachment do I, I've shot enough human beings to prove my worth...

Ben- Have you killed a man?

Kramer- You know the answer to that question Benedict, now get to the back of the queue (Stroking the badges on Benedict's chest) you have so many badges... bravery, commitment, emotional... now for lieutenant, sergeant!

(Silence as Benedict smiles at Kramer's comment as someone whispers something in Kramer's ear)

Kramer- Where's your friends Benedict?

Ben- I don't know why?

Kramer- Their dogs are ready for them, better get here soon!

CUT TO:

(Shows Thomas sitting in the automobile listening to the radio, taking in the classical music as Eric is in the pharmacy)

(In the Pharmacy)

Eric- Hey there just these tins of dog food please Epstein?

Epstein- (Jewish and has star of David around his neck) yeah that'll be 4 Franke please?

Eric- 4?

Epstein- Yeah, where else you gonna get dog food?

Eric- Oh Epstein, you typical Jew, you're so tight aren't you?!

Epstein- Hey come on Eric, its normally 5, I've let you off a Franke!

Eric- Well aren't you friggin' kind, it's a joke isn't it, 4 Franke

Epstein- Listen Eric, I don't wanna get into a fight over money... it's just coins

Eric- Oh don't talk like that... its fine currency... and you're robbing me for everything I've got, I haven't got a well-paid job or rich business like you Epstein, let me off

Epstein- Listen you have enough for that fine looking vehicle outside though don't you... it's the way of the world Eric, you come to a shop for goods, I give you goods in return for money... sorry Eric, friendship has nothing to do with it...

Eric- How about loyalty and respect?

Epstein- Listen I'm all for that, but its gotta be neutral hasn't it?

Eric- Oh screw this man...

(Dog comes out to the front barking at the noise of the two men arguing)

Eric- Tell the mutt to shut up! Epstein tell the mutt to shut up!

Epstein- Listen this is your fault!

Eric- (points a gun at Epstein) Listen I said tell the god damn dog to shut up!

Epstein- Whoa, ok, ok, calm down Eric old pal... Poppy, quiet now (still barking)
Poppy! Please, Eric listen, are you feeling alright today

Eric- (Calming down) Just give me the dog food, here's the money I'm sorry

Epstein- (Nervous) where you going anyway today?

Eric- Just some military base, get some dog it's a training exercise for the war...
why aren't you going actually?

Epstein- Me? (Laughing) oh I don't work for the army...

Eric- But the Great War?

Epstein- Listen I love Germany, but I wouldn't fight for it, I have a business to run!

Eric- But people are gonna be risking their lives?!

Epstein- Yeah it's sad that isn't it, why can't the world just be full of peace

Eric- Yeah... can I have a bag for this please?

Epstein- Sure better get it quickly before you shoot me hey?!

Eric- Ha-ha, yeah let it be a warning (They both laugh) I'm sorry I snapped

Epstein- Forgive and forget hey!

Eric- (walks out and stops) Just quickly then, where are you from?

Epstein- Originally Poland

Eric- Would you fight for them?

Epstein- No... I'm not a fighter, I'm too rich to fight, most of us are too rich to fight

Eric- What do you mean us?

Epstein- It's not gonna be the polish is it?!

(Eric laughs to himself and walks out and Epstein stares at him in slight fear and Poppy jumps up on the counter for a stroke)

(Eric gets in the automobile)

Thomas- Eric isn't this just amazing?

Eric- What, hurry up where late!

Thomas- Hey, you're the one who took half an hour picking dog food! And now you're shaking, what have you done?

Eric- What is amazing Thomas? (Getting angry and ignoring Thomas' question)

Thomas- The radio... I can't believe I'm hearing music out of this thing

Eric- Better believe it, soon we'll have cinema screens in our living rooms, you watch

Thomas- Yeah right, in your dreams imagine that...

CUT TO: Cologne Military camp

(Colonel Kramer watches on as Benedict comes closer and closer to collecting his dog)

Ben- Come on guys!

(Eric and Thomas come up behind him)

Eric- Where here finally

Thomas- It was Eric's fault he was getting dog food!

Eric- That you also wanted! Anyway were not too late are we?

Ben- Nah- well yeah you are... really late

Kramer- Where have you two been?

Eric- getting dog food

Kramer- Why?

Thomas- To feed the dog

Kramer- Wow you have nerves of steel don't you turning up this late!? Get your dogs, their ready for you, been waiting for ages for their new owners

Thomas- let's see it then!

Eric- Yeah let me just get it home and the kids can look after it ey?

Ben- Yeah ha-ha, wish I had kids to cope with it!

(Eric and Thomas walk off to fetch the dogs)

Kramer- And your next by my calculations Benedict!

Ben- Yeah I know sir... what's left?

Kramer- The last dog, you'll have to wait and see, I think you may have got the worst of a bad bunch (smiling) but don't worry if worse comes to worse, we have a top psychologist to help you through it... make a good lieutenant out of you still (walks off) just relax...

Ben- What's a psychologist... like Freud- (interrupted and Kramer backs away from conversation)

(Eric and Thomas walk out with their dogs on leashes)

Thomas- Here you are Benedict wanna stroke him?

Ben- Get it away from me!

Eric- Stop winding him up Thomas, we'll see you for drinks tonight then Benedict yeah?

Ben- Sure, last time though tonight lads, we need to get fit! (Shaking and quivering)

(Benedict slowly makes his move into the large white tent with the sound of a squealing dog in the distance echoing to the entrance)

Kramer- Don't forget Benedict, the rat story... ignore the squeals think about your future... human instincts

(Benedict still shaking apprehensively approaches the final sheet door in the tent to reveal the dog that he has been left with)

Ben- Is this the dog?

Soldier- Yes...

(The dog is a medium sized ginger cross breed, an adorable face and has many cuts on its neck, as well as its paws and legs. It also has its right ear that has been ripped in half and has dry blood from the new wound)

Ben- Whoa, it looks like it's been battered half to death... its ugly isn't it?

Soldier- Well it's your dog, so are you going to take it off our hands, stop staring at it...

Ben- I just wanna analyse it...

Soldier- It's a dog... who cares, just take it!

Ben- Well what's his name?

(Keeping his distance from the dog)

Voice- patch! (A man approaches Benedict from behind him)

Ben- And who are you?

(Formally voice) Dr Kroos- I'm Dr Kroos, I'm a psychologist, I'm going to help you overcome the dog issue you have

Ben- Is this gonna cost me money?

Kramer- (appears) No, the government are paying for it, I had a word with someone upstairs and they said all expenses will be paid, we need you to do this three years for us Benedict and once you do this, the lieutenant position is yours (smiling) we need you at war, you're our best soldier in this district... we need you at any cost

Ben- Ok then let's have these sessions then Dr-

Kroos- Kroos... first sessions tomorrow morning, 9am sharp, my office is on Killen Street, just outer town...

Ben- So they're morning meetings are they?!

Kroos- Is that a problem?

Ben- Just don't like getting up early if I can help it...

Kroos- You can't help it... you have to, that is if you want to achieve what you set out for in life...

Ben- Ok then so what do I do with the dog till then?

Kroos- First of all its not a dog... not anymore, its Patch... call it Patch

Ben- Ok (laughing) Patch, what do I do with him?

Kroos- You take him home, on your own, and you take care of him... just for the night, no help at all from anyone, then you let me know how you got on tomorrow morning... see you then (walks off and hugs Kramer on the way out) if the dog hasn't mauled you to death!

Kramer- He's a great guy... you won't even care about dogs by the time he's finished with you... in fact you'll love them!

Ben- Don't know about love them, aren't I meant to shoot him in three years?

Kramer- Yeah I mean you'll love him but not as much as your career, remember the rat story, you'll do what your instincts tell you to do! I can see you're to a true lover, more of a dedicated man who will ignore attachment to achieve what he wants in life

Ben- Ok but I need help getting him home and locked up...

Kramer- Very well... Patch (Patch growls and barks)

Ben- Whys he chained up and why is he so aggressive?

Kramer- He's chained up because of his aggression and aggressive because of being chained up... a vicious circle with these things isn't it?!

Ben- But he looks really angry... who's dog was this?

Kramer- I don't know do I? He just arrived on the doorstep and now we're using him!

Ben- Do you smell that?

Kramer- No, just take the lead (Offering him patch's lead with patch attached by the neck)

Ben- That's what I mean sir, dogs they stink... I can't live with something that smells

Kramer- You will though, I ain't losing a leader as good as you from the army I tell you now... Now take the lead! Please!

Ben- Ok, god Colonel you don't give up do you (he holds the lead and Patch is unsettled and tries to shake off the lead) Stop shaking you stupid... whys it shaking?

Kramer- Just settle down and it will settle down with you...

Ben- If I'm struggling tonight with him can I ask Eric and Thomas to help me out...

Kramer- Do as you may until the sessions start and then listen to whatever Dr Kroos says to you, he's a very clever man

Ben- He'll need to be I tell you... come on boy! (Pulls an unimpressed face and walks away from Kramer, itching himself and seeming nervous about holding the lead)

Soldier- What's his problem?

Kramer- He hasn't got a problem... he's the most perfect soldier we have, emotionless, leadership... power, an eye for a shot, quick, I don't see a problem with him at all

Soldier- What's with his sweating and fear over dogs, you can smell it a mile off?

Kramer- It's called a phobia!

Soldier- Phobia sir?

Kramer- Yes... a fear of something... but how often does the army work with dogs anyway... unless of course were in your field of expertise

Soldier- I suppose a future lieutenant wouldn't interact with army dogs!

Kramer- Exactly dear boy... exactly... like I said, he'll be perfect when the Great War happens eventually

Soldier- *When* sir?

Kramer- Yes, it's just a matter of time really... (Gets in an automobile) have you not seen about the French, their still embarrassed by 1871... they'll strike soon, we just need to strike first, the war is coming...

Soldier- I've heard we won't have enough money to fight in such a huge war?

Kramer- (Laughs) The French will take about two weeks, they're useless... it's the damn Russians we should be concerned about... money won't be an issue, we have plenty of artillery... now keep yourself safe... and treat your dog nice, give it heaven and then send it to hell in three years... (Smiling)

Soldier- Hell sir?

Kramer- yeah I know a bit harsh, but dogs will be dogs, emotionless beings... we could learn something off them (he drives off)

(The soldier remains standing there as rain starts to pour and his dog is getting wet beside him crying)

CUT TO:

(Shows Benedict in his small apartment sitting across the room from Patch just staring at him)

Ben- What are you looking for, what do you want? (Patch is squealing and is crying but looks agitated)

(Patch after crying begins to bark at Benedict, Benedict then gets scared and walks out of the empty room and sits in his front room and puts his radio on and classical music comes on from Beethoven)

Ben- Not this... (He looks to check why Patch has stopped barking and Patch has his tongue of his mouth and sits down excited, but settled) oh you like this?

(Patch gets angry again and barks. Benedict therefore turns up the radio and Patch stops again and lies down relaxed)

(Benedict smiles and looks confused by why the music helps patch relax)

CUT TO:

(Benedict makes patch his dinner in a metal bowl and replaces his water and slowly approaches him with the food as the different classical song is playing in the background)

Ben- Here you go dog...

(Patch barks as Benedict approaches)

Ben- Its ok! Its ok!

(Patch growls and shows his teeth at Benedict)

(Benedict responds in panic and puts the bowl down and runs off and patch keeps barking until he starts eating the food)

(Benedict pops his head around the corner to see him eating and he finishes it quickly)

Ben- have you finished already? Of course you're not gonna answer me, you're a dog...

(Patch looks tired and starts to close his eyes)

Ben- Oh thank goodness, you going to sleep?

(Patch fully closes his eyes and Benedict daringly goes to stroke him and Patch instead wakes up quickly and bites him and locks his jaw to Benedict's hand)

Ben- Let go of me! Please let go of me! (Anger turns to worry)

(Benedict kicks patch and patch cries and benedict escapes from his clutches and points a gun at him and pulls the trigger but no bullet is released. Benedict realises he reacted strongly and throws the gun away)

Ben- I can't do this!

(Patch looks at him in the eyes and benedict notices cuts around his neck but doesn't give it a second thought)

Ben- I'm getting out of here!

(Benedict storms out of the apartment with Patch still crying and barking with mixed emotion)

CUT TO: Pub

(Thomas and Eric are both there; they're drinking a stein of beer with Benedict on the water)

Ben- I can't do it!

Thomas- can't do what?

Ben- The dog, I hate them, I can't physically look after one... the bastard bit me!

Eric- It bit you?

Ben- Yeah, I went to stroke it and bit me, I had to kick it hard to let me go

Eric- My god man... what the hell did you do?

Ben- Like I said, I stroked it...

Thomas- Have you taken it for a walk yet?

Ben- No, haven't even thought about it!

Thomas- Ok well you need to do that... have you had injections?

Ben- What for my hatred of dogs, of course not

Thomas- Ok, no for when you get bitten, have you had the necessary injections?

Ben- Erm... yeah I've had all that stuff, before my mum and dad died, obviously they did all that stuff for me...

Thomas- I hope you do because bandaging up a bite like that won't keep you safe

Ben- Well thank you for the help (sarcasm) guys come on, you're my friends, can you come around and help me with him?

Eric- We can't help you... tell you what you need...

Ben- What, tell me, anything?

Eric- A wife ha-ha

Ben- God you're both hopeless

Eric- Alright keep your pants on, we'll help, come on lets go

Ben- Well let's just wait a minute... let me finish my water

Eric- Why you drinking that anyway its rain?

Ben- Need to be fit and ready for the war

Eric- Yeah because it's definitely gonna happen!

Ben- Alright then, I want to be lieutenant, how about that?

Eric- Yeah sure, and you can't even look after a dog

Ben- Eric this is serious...

Eric- And so was my comment

Thomas- Ignore him Benedict... he doesn't even look after his own dog...

Eric- I'm going for lieutenant one day though, so keep your opinions where they belong Thomas... in your head

Ben- Alright Eric, you're getting a little bit excited now!

Eric- Sorry, let's go see the damage anyway

CUT TO:

(They both stare at Patch who is growling at them)

Thomas- Why is he growling at us?

Ben- That's what I mean, he just sits there growling, he just hates me!

Eric- Like how you hate dogs?!

Ben- Well yeah but there's no reason for him to hate me!

Thomas- Same as you!

Ben- Alright boys, you should be helping me... not criticising me!

Eric- Listen Benedict, we want to help, we do its just you need to learn to deal with this on your own, I mean you're on your own with this thing for three years; you need to learn to put up with him

Ben- I am learning, I'm going to a psycholo... a brain doctor, what are they called?

Eric- I have no idea what you're talking about, a brain doctor...

Thomas- I think he means a brain surgeon!

Ben- No I don't, it's like Psych or something...

Thomas- Psychology

Ben- Yeah how do you know?

Thomas- Just young, learnt about it in school, the myths and the facts about it

Eric- I have never heard of that

Ben- You're quite bright Thomas, what are you doing fighting for Germany, you should be a scientist or something... finding out how to get to the moon and all that stupid shit...

Thomas- Yeah I know... but, I like fighting

Eric- Benedict, I can't believe I just heard you say that?!

Ben- Listen Eric, I don't want to discuss, there's a dog here waiting for attention obviously, you can tell by its obsessive CRYING! (Patch falls silent)

Eric- No, no, no... no! Benedict I cannot believe what you have just said to a young soldier who is about fight for his country, you know damn well why he fights for his country, because it's the best damn country in the world, yeah it may be subjective, but god damn it, to all Germans it should be the best...

Ben- Like I said Eric, I'm not interested

Eric- Well be interested then... you know, I can't stand the likes of people who don't think that their country is everything, and there's too many in this country...

Ben- What are you suggesting... I love Germany as much as the next guy, but do I think fighting in a war is the way forward of course not... it's a ridiculous idea, we'll lose... any blind monkey could see that... but I fight for it, because I have to... I do love Germany... the only reason that I'm becoming a lieutenant though Eric is merely for selfish reasons, I don't want to die in war, I want to lead in war to avoid it happening, I would suggest it to you two as well to follow suit, because otherwise you will die at war... like I said, that doesn't mean I'm not going to fight for our country, I still care

Eric- I'm not listening to this...

Ben- Where you going (Eric walking off) Eric?

Eric- I'm going to my wife, my German wife... my wife who loves me and loves my country... and looks after the dog... stupid mutts I would've touch one of them disgusting things

Ben- You know Eric, I know your scared!

Eric- (laughs) fuck you Benedict... have fun with the dog... Thomas, you coming?

Thomas- Sorry Benedict, let me know how you get on with Patch (sincere)

Ben- Will do friend... don't worry about me, Eric... I'll see you tomorrow then yeah

Eric- Yeah (Quickly and walks out angry)

(Benedict laughs to himself and goes to stroke patch who growls at him)

Ben- Oops, ok I won't touch you then (panics and moves his hand away)

CUT TO: MUNICH

(Shows Colonel Kramer walk into a large office to discuss to the colonel of Munich, Franz about war proceedings, Franz is a lot older, around 60)

Kramer- Franz!

Franz- Kramer (welcoming) take a seat!

Kramer- Thank you

Franz- Why are you here, shouldn't you be messing around with your Cologne soldiers in some artificial forest, that's your training regime isn't it?

Kramer- Yes it also gets results...

Franz- Yeah if you think firing fake bullets gives them the real experience of war then they have another thing coming

Kramer- Just a taster, better than teaching them nothing at all

Franz- I don't know, my method saves time... just give them the guns and let them shoot at targets, the old fashioned way

Kramer- From an old fashioned guy... my methods will be revolutionary...

Franz- what's that again, getting soldiers to shoot their dogs... I'm guessing they've embraced it?

Kramer- You'd be right

Franz- And therefore you'll help us win the war?

Kramer- Yeah, the tactics work...

Franz- Yeah ok... well we'll see in two, maybe three years!

Kramer- Three years?

Franz- Yes, have you not heard the war is progressing quickly... believe me an invasion may just occur very soon...

Kramer- in Germany?

Franz- No, I've heard we are planning an invasion in France

Kramer- It's too soon... whose idea was this?

Franz- state chancellor Theobald von Bethmann Hollweg, if you want you can argue with him?

Kramer- I won't argue with him, but what is he thinking... oh well I guess I'll have to hope that this guy pulls through!

Franz- What guy... oh not the future Lieutenant?!

Kramer- Yeah Benedict Schmidt, oh come on you can't have qualms about him still, the guy is a leader

Franz- Just let me know when you marry him!

Kramer- Listen he's gold, don't worry

Franz- I heard he doesn't like dogs?!

Kramer- You heard correct, why you scrutinising me anyway Franz?

Franz- Kramer, you're the colonel of a tiny district, Cologne, it's nothing really, if you people all die in the up and coming war... we won't miss you

Kramer- I think you would... but you're not gonna have to... my district is solid... these guys that I'm sending in, they won't hold anything back, if they can shoot a dog, they can shoot a human who they don't know easily...

Franz- Who told you that your psychologist?

Kramer- Yeah...

Franz- Oh grow up Kramer, psychology, it's a load of rubbish... we are trying to win a war, not a sports match... and let me guess, you told all the soldiers that the government told you to do the dog shooting scheme?

Kramer- Yeah, but they didn't show any reluctance...

Franz- Some will Kramer

Kramer- I think my psychologist knows more than you!

Franz- He never said doing this tactic would win you a war did he?

Kramer- I'm outta here!

Franz- Oh come on Kramer, I'm just messing with you... stop!

Kramer- What, I have my men to attend to!

Franz- Oh on a serious note, the war is soon, it's gaining on us... I wish you all the best; because when that war day comes we unite... we fight for Germany

Kramer- We fight for Jesus?

Franz- The one born in Jerusalem

Kramer- You gonna light them, whatever you call them?

Franz- Oh my Menorah, well remembered it is Hanukah soon

Kramer- yeah well happy Hanukah Colonel

Franz- Oh Kramer, the Agadir battle is commencing in April, two months... the first invasion of France...

Kramer- You said two years...

Franz- Yeah that's when everyone else joins in... its just us and France for now... have you got any men who would be able to fight for Morocco?

Kramer- No. I'm still working on them, they're not ready yet...

Franz- Suit yourself, I'm the same as you (laughing) reluctant to send in my men, rather keep them fresh and ready

Kramer- yeah I see what you mean... I agree.

Franz- Hopefully see you in two years when we have a solid unit hey?

Kramer- Yeah see you then!

CUT TO:

(In Dr Kroos' office Benedict waits there for him to start talking to him. Benedict looks around the room waiting for him to say something as Kroos looks through his files)

Kroos- Interesting!

Ben- What is?

Kroos- I'm just looking through my book... ok (puts the book down) bottom line Benedict... the government are paying me to do this... I have Kramer to thank for that, he believes you could be the man who leads his district to war... he's a sensitive man Kramer, very deep, loves his roles in the army...

Ben- What's this gotta do with me?

Kroos- I'm just saying, this guy really wants you as his main man, but you need to show you got the emotional steel for the job... the truth is, the country... this country we all love... it's not far away from disaster

Ben- What why are you telling me this, I'm about to go to war and you're telling me disaster is about to strike?

Kroos- Listen to me... there already is a war happening... first of all, in France, not many people know that, but I'm telling you... this will lead to a war in two years, it will be a war of great magnitude, we can't even begin to acknowledge the size of it... the whole world is a mess

Ben- So! I knew we were going to war... besides you're a psychologist how do you know, you're just a psychic

Kroos- Ha-ha that's cute... not a lot of people know what we do, its funny watching them guess

Ben- Go on then, what do you do then?

Kroos- I use knowledge to make you think differently... I don't read your mind, I create your mind

Ben- What a load of rubbish!

Kroos- Have you ever heard of the word cognitive?

Ben- Nope...

Kroos- Right well it is basically how your mind works, every human has cognitive thoughts, you know thoughts that lead to other thoughts... looking at an attractive lady and then realising that a connection has occurred with cheese in your mind...

Ben- or beer ha-ha

Kroos- Yeah, well that's how I'm going to solve out your issues with your dog! Because by the sounds of things, you're integral to Kramer's plans for war, it's my job to safely place you in his firm plans

Ben- Ok, but let me tell you I hate the things, I don't think there's anymore to it...

Kroos- You'll be going to war in two years Benedict... maybe three if you're lucky... I need you to take this question seriously!

Ben- Go on!

Kroos- serious now!

Ben- Go ahead!

Kroos- Why do you think you hate dogs?

Ben- Why don't you fight for your country, sitting there in your suit, you should be in uniform training with us?

Kroos- I don't have to, I get money off people like you and the government, answer my question!

Ben- Well answer mine first

Kroos- I did! I will go into more detail after you answer mine!

Ben- Ok... I hate dogs because they stink, they are dirty and they bite, look (shows his hand bandaged) they slobber... they have no purpose... they don't work, they don't fight for us, they do nothing, spare parts, but they get the comfort of our home for free, it's a joke...

Kroos- You do realise you're talking about a dog...

Ben- Yeah, that's what you asked! And they conform to nothing, you make it out like they're obedient, yeah alright whatever!

Kroos- You sound like you're talking about a human being Benedict... answer my question, why do you really hate dogs, what's the real reason?

Ben- I just gave you the real reason

Kroos- No you didn't you gave me a stereotypical reason, I want your reason... you say they don't conform, you're conforming too much, it will end up killing you, or worse making you do something you'll regret... to conform to why others hate dogs, what's your reason?

Ben- I just hate them, I can't be around them, it kills me

Kroos- That's not a reason, deep into your mind, there's a reason... delve into it... think of all the cogs in your brain working with one another to get you the answer I crave!

Ben- I don't know what you want!

Kroos- I want the reason Benedict, not what everyone else thinks, everyone deep down has their own reasons to hate someone, I hate butter on my toast, you know why?

Ben- Because of the taste?

Kroos- No because I can't spread the damn thing without breaking my toast in half... that's my reason for hating it... everyone else's reason would be it tastes unpleasant to them personally... my own reason is I can't spread it... it's an embarrassing thing I can't do... I'm left handed its hard... it's my reason though, everyone has their own reasons for hating dogs, I wanna know your reason, unless of course you don't hate dogs (gets passionate)

Ben- Believe me I hate dogs (calming the situation)

Kroos- Look at your hand, look at what the dog did you yesterday... it hurt you, keep staring at it... (Kroos puts on some soothing orchestra music) keep looking and look up!

Ben- Ok what you want, what's with the music?

Kroos- it works on Kramer!

Ben- Kramer?

Kroos- Yes Colonel Kramer is my patient, well, one of my patients... I suggested to him that you came to me... after all I get money that way (laughs)

Ben- You serious?

Kroos- Yeah if it weren't for me, Kramer wouldn't be half the leader he is today, he was all excited about power, but I had to bring him down a peg or two...

Ben- Wow well done

Kroos- Thank you... so why do you hate dogs?

Ben- I suppose I was attacked by one when I was a kid, but apart from that...

Kroos- Apart from that? Benedict that's it... that's your reason, no one else has experienced that exact day, time and place in which to get attacked by a dog... your own individual experience, it means a lot... so tell me was it a big dog?

Ben- Medium!

Kroos- Medium ok, good, how old where you?

Ben- 8 I think, maybe 9, around that age

Kroos- where did it bite you?

Ben- It didn't it, it scratched me...

Kroos- Any scars?

Ben- No, I never even thought about it since really, it was a small scratch on my arm...

Kroos- You've repressed it then?

Ben- What's that?

Kroos- when you no longer hold a memory in your conscious, but somehow you've managed to allow the memory to bubble up back into your mind again

Ben- Yeah sure I guess!

Kroos- Benedict, you don't hate dogs-

Ben- I do

Kroos- Ah, ah, ah... let me finish... you fear them, you have a silly irrational fear of dogs, it's called a phobia, in fact in your case Cynophobia... just think about that for a few days until you come back to me... and in the meantime, keep yourself ready for war... take your dog to the vet... keep active so your brain keeps ticking...

Ben- Drink with my friends?

Kroos- Yeah whatever, just make sure you remember that you don't hate them, you fear them!

Ben- I don't know doctor, my friends are pretty annoying sometimes I guess, but I don't hate them or fear them ha-ha

Kroos- See you in a few days Benedict! Please just keep the fear in mind!

CUT TO:

(Eric drives up outside Benedict's house in his automobile and runs out of the vehicle to knock on his apartment door)

Ben- Who is it?

Eric- Eric, who else would it be!?

(Benedict opens the door with Patch tied to a lead and has a muzzle over his mouth)

Eric- Jesus Benedict, he isn't gonna rip your throat out...

Ben- Don't say the lord's name in vain, I mean Eric you're catholic for goodness sake...

Eric- Come on Benedict don't change the subject... why have you got a muzzle over your dog's mouth?

Ben- Why'd you think; it's to stop him biting the vet!

Eric- Or biting you more like?

Ben- Well yeah, can you see these marks on my arm, the damn things a nuisance...

Eric- Not had many psychology meetings then?

Ben- Ha-ha, still don't even know what the word means, but I'm telling you this psychology stuff, what a load of rubbish...

Eric- rubbish?

Ben- Its worse

Eric- You still gonna go?

Ben- Yeah in hope rather than expectation that this might actually work, otherwise I have to give this thing back, I don't like the smell of it... just the smell makes me shake

Eric- Ha-ha, you coward get it in the car, come on I'll help you!

Ben- You can talk, like you said the other day, the wife looks after yours, no emotional attachment there is there?!

Eric- Ha-ha, doesn't mean I don't have him in the house when I sleep and such, look at you, you look like an insomniac with those bags under your eyes.

Ben- I haven't slept much, worried that he escapes in the night

(They get Patch in the car and patch barks as the car starts to move and tried to attack Ben and Eric as they pick him up to place him in the car)

CUT TO:

(They park outside a small building with the simple sign of vet in the window)

Ben- Ok nice one Eric, let's go!

Eric- What?

Ben- Lets go to the vet, that's why we drove here!

Eric- I'm not going in!

Ben- OH for goodness sake Eric... right fine... come on Patch (reluctantly helps Patch out of the car)

Eric- Stop being so awkward about it Benedict just lift him out of the car, so what if the mutt wriggles, you're supposed to be a leader of men, prove it you maggot...

Ben- Shut up Eric... how's that for an order?

Eric- I think you should remember who has the vehicle... and the money, paying for your visit to the vet...

Ben- Don't care how rich you are Eric... you gave up your rights to order me around when you joined the German soldiers on the battlefield

Eric- Ok, well if that's the thanks I get for fighting for my country with no thoughts for myself only for Germany and the German people then so be it... (He starts to drive off)

Ben- Eric, if you drive off now, you're in deep shit!

Eric- Benedict, I've been doing things for others for too long... you can't order me around, where not on the battlefield right now are we...

Ben- ERIC! (Eric stops driving) I'm sorry, just wait for me yeah

(Eric smiles)

Eric- Forgiven, just be quick please!

CUT TO:

(In the Veterinary's office. The vet is a black attractive woman called Miranda not to be confused with Thomas' other half)

Ben- So basically he just has these cuts around his neck and they look quite fresh and I'm too scared to touch him to test whether the wounds are painful for him or not...

Vet- Why?

Ben- He always attacks me... and I hate dogs!

Vet- Aw why do you hate dogs?

Ben- Why does he hate me?

Vet- I know the answer to that immediately... I'll tell you, but why do you hate dogs?

Ben- Past traumas!

Vet- Why would you get a dog then?

Ben- Just some task for the army!

Vet- Ah right a soldier... are you fighting in France this year?

Ben- No not this year, in a few years, I'm training to be a lieutenant!

Vet- Oh very ambitious...

Ben- What about your husband... is he fighting in war?

Vet- How did you kno-

Ben- The ring... I can see a ring!

Vet- Ah... yeah he died years ago now...

Ben- How did he die?

Vet- He was shot, by a German soldier believe it or not... I'm from Venezuela, and my husband fought off the German invasion in 19 something... I can't remember when the war started, but he died in 1903, defending his country, how I wish he just let them have the coal... that's all they wanted, I was only 20 when I lost him... 19 when I married but my god I loved him!

Ben- That makes you 27 now?

Vet- 28... my names Miranda by the way...

Ben- Benedict Schmidt, We Germans aren't all bad you know?!

Vet- I know that's why I came to live here

Ben- No wonder, you probably know more about German history than I do...

Miranda- Yeah I suppose so... but you know Germanic better!

Ben- I think it's just called German here

Miranda- Right then so you fear your dog?

Ben- Well yeah... but why does he fear me... I'm just wondering whether these cuts explain it?

Miranda- They do... these cuts on his neck are caused by a specific type of collar that digs deep into the neck so that the dog is in pain and gets dragged to where the owner wants him to be...

Ben- Ok what about on his legs?

Miranda- Well their burns, so not conventional dog attacks, and judging by his aggression towards me I'd presume that he was abused by humans

Ben- You think?

Miranda- Yeah definitely... but benedict this doesn't mean he hates you... if you show him that you love him he'll love you back, that's the great thing about dogs, they just want to be loved...

Ben- I can't love him, he's a dog...

Miranda- Lift him up...

Ben- What?

Miranda- Lift him up off the table!

Ben- Ok (He does it slowly and confused and patch panics and shakes in Benedict's arms and barks)

(Benedict drops him on the floor)

Ben- I can't do it... just will you look after him?

Miranda- I've got enough dogs Benedict... it's your dog now... Patch is yours; you have to learn to deal with him... thought you had to home him?!

Ben- I do but I don't see how this is worth it...

Miranda- You'll be making a friend

Ben- I won't be though, it's not worth making friends with

Miranda- Don't be like that!

Ben- No you don't know what we have to do...

Miranda- Believe me German soldiers have done a lot worse things; tell me what do you have to do to the dogs?

Ben- We train them up for three years, look after them and then kill them, it's not worth me getting used to him... I'm seeing a psychologist about it and everything, but nothing seems to help me

Miranda- How are you killing them?

Ben- Gun

Miranda- Just shoot them dead like that, thousands of dogs?

Ben- Yeah...

Miranda- And you condemn that?

Ben- No I don't anything with it... I don't really care, I'm indifferent

Miranda- Listen if you need me to help your dog out at all in the next three years then, come see me...

Ben- Despite what I just said?

Miranda- don't get me wrong I love dogs... but I'm not German I can't have a say on what you should and shouldn't do as soldiers... all I can do is be a vet and help out the dogs that need me...

Ben- well thank you anyway, I'll make sure to visit you when patch has more issues!

Miranda- Don't forget, he's as frightened of you as you are of him... he has good reason to be as well by the sounds of it...

(Benedict smiles and walks out dragging Patch out of the vet and into Eric's automobile)

Eric- What took you so long?

Ben- Just take me home Eric, can't be bothered with the crap today!

Eric- Bossy Benedict bubbling to the surface again is he?!

(He drives)

CUT TO:

(In the battleground at the start of the film, Benedict is ordering Thomas and Eric to protect him so that he can take down Kramer)

(Hiding behind a tree Benedict gives out orders)

Ben- Ok so Thomas, you run out to the right and distract the three men coming towards us

Thomas- Ok

Ben- And Eric you cover me when I go to the left

Eric- I'm not following those orders, its suicide Benedict

Ben- Just do it (Guns are fired in the distance)

Eric- I'm not following orders, Thomas you cover Benedict and I will stay behind this tree

Ben- Why are you arguing...?

Eric- Because you're tactics won't work!

Ben- They will, just trust me

Eric- No Benedict, you trust me, stop being the one who tells us what to do... let us decide for ourselves...

Thomas- Yeah come on Benedict just this once

Eric- No Thomas not just once, we need to think on our own if we are going to a war of this magnitude

Thomas- Yeah

Ben- Ok, Thomas you cover me, and Eric you stay behind the tree and attack when you feel necessary

Eric- Ok

Ben- Ok good luck... they're coming, you got my back Thomas?

Thomas- Yeah! (Benedict runs out towards Kramer and his four soldiers)

Kramer- Here he is, get firing and hide behind the trees!

Ben- Get down Thomas (They lie down flat on the floor as guns are fired towards them) Shoot them Thomas, I've been hit... Thomas, what are you doing (Thomas is unresponsive) THOMAS!

Thomas- I don't know what to do!

Ben- Shoot them, shoot the bastards (Thomas gets artificially shot and falls to the floor) Oh damn it Thomas... you're too weak (They both lie there and the other 5 soldiers attack Eric who then is shot) ERIC, watch out...

Kramer- End the training exercise... good god Benedict, you call yourself a future lieutenant

(All are breathing heavily and the soldiers unnamed are smiling)

Ben- I changed the plans, Eric had a system!

Kramer- What? (Laughs) You let Eric dictate a decision... oh come on now Benedict, he couldn't win a war with his own child...

Eric- What's that supposed to mean?

Kramer- It means Benedict shouldn't let you, nor an inexperienced Thomas run the roost... come on Benedict, I believe in you, not these two, their just cattle in a farm, your supposed to be the shepherd...

Ben- With respect sir... shouldn't we be more open minded than that?

Kramer- I suppose you are right in some way, but I need more concentration from you... you seem too easily persuaded these days... is it the dog thing playing on your mind?

Ben- That has nothing to do with it...

Kramer- Ok... well click out of it... show some more gut, don't let these two tell you what to do for god sake, see you over lunch anyway, and you obviously where drinking last night Eric and Thomas... come on guys, sort it out...

Ben- I'll make sure they do Colonel...

Kramer- Can always rely on you hey Benedict... (Kramer walks off) don't forget about your meeting with Dr Kroos tonight!

Ben- I HAVEN'T (shouts as Kramer walks away) (Turns to Eric and Thomas) We stick to my plan next time yeah?!

Thomas- Sure!

Eric- (angry) There was nothing wrong with my plan!

Ben- You know what your problem is Eric? You don't know when you're wrong

Eric- And you have no backbone, why didn't you admit that you liked the plan I came up with?

Ben- Because I didn't like it!

Eric- Why did you do it then?

Thomas- Yeah?

Ben- Because I had no choice, you both agreed on it, two against one...

Eric- Can't use that excuse in war... you were just as much to blame for that loss then as we were!

Ben- Never said I wasn't!

Eric- Suppose can't expect anything else from a Polack hey?!

Ben- What?

Eric- You heard me

Ben- What is your problem recently... why do you have some agenda against none Germans all of a sudden?

Eric- Because there's too many of them fighting at war for us... and they don't care if we win or lose...

Ben- That is a load of rubbish, I care, you trying to say because I'm Polish, not a Polack, that I don't care about Germany, because I do, I've grown up here... my parents where German!

Eric- Your grandfather wasn't though was he... hey?

Ben- No, what difference does it make... it's not some cult being German... it's who I was born to be... you need to get those silly thoughts and opinions out of your head...

Thomas- But he's right

Ben- Oh Thomas don't be so naïve, I understand you're young, but don't be stupid...

Thomas- But Eric tell him about the chemist...

Eric- Oh yeah thank you Thomas... the Jew, you know the chemist... he's not going to war, not only does he not care about fighting for Germany... he refuses to respect the people that do... he's happy to live here though isn't he?!

Ben- I can't have this ridiculous conversation with you Eric... you're obviously hurt by the failed plan of yours, it was quite embarrassing for us all, and I feel for you I do... but blaming it on me for being a Polack, that's just one dimensional thinking... Oh and Thomas... don't conform to his way of thinking... your becoming very much like him... your better than that, he'll end up getting you in trouble...

Eric- Stop feeding lies to the poor boy, he's big enough to think for himself!

Ben- That sentence was pure contradictory, Eric, you're the one who bosses him around and makes him feel small, not me... you feed him lies about German people... not all Germans are fighting at war, thoroughbred or not... stop feeding him poisonous words (Benedict starts walking off) I have a meeting anyway... sort yourself out Eric... go discuss your opinions with the wife... and Thomas think of your kid, you don't want him to grow up having views like Eric's just displayed there...

Eric- Yeah you go to your meeting... look after your dog, or is it the other way round, are you the bitch in the relationship?! (Benedict turns around and points the gun at Eric and pulls the trigger to release the noise with no bullet fired)

Ben- Don't think I wouldn't in war Eric, you wanna see how emotionally attached I get to things check that out... you speak to your lieutenant like that again and you die... so I'd be very careful (Eric is smiling and benedict walks off again)

Eric- I'm just saying what were all thinking... what all of us are thinking
Benedict!

CUT TO:

(Dr Kroos is sitting there waiting for an answer from Benedict in silence as the bells from the church down the road can be heard through the thin glass in the room)

Kroos- Come on Benedict!

Ben- I don't know... he hates me, he hates humans, I don't know what to do, I've been the vet and she told me that I should take it easy with him...

Kroos- A woman vet?

Ben- I know it's crazy isn't it... a woman working

Kroos- Not in this day and age, it would seem women are becoming more and more involved aren't they?!

Ben- Ha yeah...

Kroos- Ok about Patch... he doesn't hate you does he?!

Ben- Well unless if barking's a weird way of expressing happiness then yeah, he hates me!

Kroos- It's easy to just say he hates you... he never ever wants to become friends with you... but think more deeply about it, he doesn't hate you he fears you, just like how you fear him, you don't hate him... you fear dogs... you don't hate Patch, you have what psychologists call a phobia, Cynophobia in fact, you may remember I told you last time?!

Ben- you mentioned Cynophobia before, What does that mean?

Kroos- A fear of dogs, in scientific terminology... this dog issue stems from a lot more than being attacked by a dog... it's not fearing the dog attack its fearing the dog... its deeper than just fear because of past experiences... it's a fear of dogs as a whole, a collective breed of animal, species if you will... describe yourself to me in three words... no more, no less, three words!

Ben- Describe me?

Kroos- In three words!

Ben- tall, attractive-

Kroos- No, no, no... you! (Points to his brain) describe you, not the soldier... not the soldier, you're not a human in here, you are Benedict Schmidt, describe you!

Ben- Powerful, demanding-

Kroos- You don't get this do you?!

Ben- What?

Kroos- Describe you, not what you wish you could be!

Ben- I am powerful!

Kroos- A powerful man wouldn't let a dog scare him... a powerful man would at least know the reason for the fear, and face it head on... try again!

Ben- Ok... (Deep breath) Lonely... yeah lonely

Kroos- Lonely, ok, very honest, it's just you and me here, no one will ever know of this chat... what else two more things!

Ben- Confused!

Kroos- Confused? What about, deeper!

Ben- The people who I thought I knew, thought I could trust...

Kroos- friends, by any chance, can't be your family, that's why you're lonely

Ben- Yeah my friends, in the army, the only people I know well enough to call friends

Kroos- Ok one more... last word that describes you!

Ben- Trapped!

Kroos- Trapped, dearie me, that is a good description, please to go into detail, how are you trapped?

Ben- I don't feel as though I can think for myself, I feel that everyone is becoming more powerful than me... everyone is becoming fixated!

Kroos- On what?

Ben- I don't know, I feel trapped, I can't find out what it is, why are you doing this?

Kroos- To show you that life isn't always what you make of it, you were about to tell me that you were powerful... strong, confident, you're not any of them... you've been hurt down the years, your family I can tell you've had some issues with!

Ben- Yeah they don't exist anymore... (laughing to himself)

Kroos- you are a leader of men Benedict, but not in the way you think you are... a leader of men doesn't always have a flock, and the quantity of that flock doesn't matter as long as the quality is there

Ben- What are you trying to say?

Kroos- I'm saying that Patch is a perfect fit for you... he is you... you fear Patch just like other dogs... and he fears you just like other humans because of past occurrences... deep down though Patch is just placing you with every other human being... and you are placing patch with every other dog... but you're not, you are individuals, who need one another... Patch is your flock... describe the first friend that comes into your head!

Ben- Well we had a falling out so-

Kroos- use him anyway... are you going to war with this man?

Ben- yeah he's one of my flock you could say (feeling smart for the pun)

Kroos- Describe him... and stay friends with him, you'll need him at war

Ben- Ok well Eric is a controversial guy... with me anyway... he's very patriotic, loves Germany, but this doesn't make him a bad guy, he just seems different recently. I don't know whether its nerves for the war, or if he just doesn't feel I have a leading presence anymore and he just doesn't respect me as much!

Kroos- Is he younger than you?

Ben- No a few years older, Thomas is younger!

Kroos- What's there relationship like?

Ben- They get along well, that's about it really!

Kroos- is Thomas easily led, or is he strong and confident?

Ben- He's young

Kroos- Close your eyes for me and think a blank canvas!

Ben- Ok, why?

Kroos- Just picture nothing for me

Ben- Ok (he closes his eyes)

Kroos- Thank you Benedict, now what is the first thing that comes in your imagination?

Ben- The dog!

Kroos- Patch, ok... that's understandable we have just been talking about him... picture patch is running away from you up a hill with the sun beaming so brightly that you can't see him he just disappears into the sunlight!

Ben- Ok, I've done it

(Shows the hill he's on. Its grassy and patch runs up the hill and does as Kroos describes)

Kroos- Walk up the hill (shows him do it) keep going don't worry it won't end, your brain won't let it, the hill is however long I make it...

(He keeps walking)

Ben- I'm going to end up in the sun at this rate...

Kroos- Don't talk, it disturbs the vision... there's people on the hill, a family... a young woman with a pram, a beautiful baby girl in the pram... or boy, you choose... and a man, tall handsome, power personified, he is walking the dog of the family...

he's happy, he loves his life... a family man with problems, but good problems, he lives the ideal life, typical German man (he sees them and walks past them) but now you walk past them, they are now just passing strangers... there's an old couple too who look familiar to you, but again you pass them like a stranger on a train, you could've stopped and talked to them but you chose to head for the sun... but your lack of commitment means you roll down the hill... you're at the bottom now looking up at the reappearance of patch who is with your two best friends at the top of the hill which now looks smaller, a cloud has descended over the sunlight and the day is clearer now, you're lying on the floor pathetic, and Eric and Thomas approach you, and they say something to you, I don't know what, but they say something, only you know... what do they say? Benedict... WHAT do they say?

Ben- They say, Eric says to me dispose of the mutt, and Thomas agrees, but they're looking at me... what was that you just made me do?

Kroos- I was using psychology, psychology is a thing benedict, it works, it's been proven to work, and it will one day be a large part of society, do you know why?

Ben- No

Kroos- Because it really isn't hard to know what someone is thinking, or even what someone knows, or even someone's opinion, it's not hard to know all of that about a person...

Ben- Why not do it with everyone then?

Kroos- Because I don't know everyone, but I know a lot about you... you've given me so much information about your life that when I analyse it, it's easy to know why you fear dogs... you don't fear dogs Benedict, you fear the unknown, you don't know what dogs are thinking... you don't like that, you like having control... but you also fear not knowing what others are thinking... you fear Eric's opinions just as much as you fear Patch... you fear what a woman is thinking hence why you have never been in a serious relationship, you want a family Benedict, like the one on the hill, but you can't, not until you change your attitude, your mum and dad where also on the hill weren't they?

Ben- Yeah the old couple!

Kroos- Those strangers where the things you wish you had, you wish you could control and walk a dog because then you don't look so fearful. Don't fear the unknown Benedict, embrace it... find out more about it and it won't be unknown anymore, go home and try with Patch! Stop being fearful of what might happen and just do it, you might learn something

Ben- But he'll bite me!

Kroos- You don't know that, you presume that... just try it

Ben- What if it doesn't work?

Kroos- Then we go again and we find a new solution to the problem, every problem has a solution

Ben- What a load of rubbish

Kroos- Ha-ha, ok then, how about this analogy, every problems a key hole, there are plenty of solutions, or keys, but only one fits, try the first key benedict, if it works, we'll replicate the key and open more doors with similar keyholes. Sessions over!

CUT TO: Evening

(Benedict opens his apartment door and Patch is barking and is still chained up and starts crying when he sees Benedict come round the corner in fear)

Ben- I'm not gonna hurt you... just stop crying, stop making noises (He goes to unchain Patch) oh god please (Patch is barking viscously at him in fear) There you go (Benedict runs away into the corner of the room and Patch barks until realising he's free to move around and starts wagging his tail still wary of the surroundings and start sniffing around the apartment) PATCH! (Patch looks at Ben and growls and approaches benedict with his head down and tail between legs) it's ok! Its ok, I'm not gonna hurt you! (He puts his hand out in front of Patch and lets Patch run his head through his hand and Benedict starts stroking him whilst taking deep breaths) I'm doing it... doing it... just relax there patch, good boy (stops growling and the scene becomes more relaxed) good boy! (Patch becomes relaxed and sits down next to him and Benedict laughs with joy) you're not too bad are you?! (Patch breaths heavily and it makes Benedict laugh, and then Patch sneezes) oh good boy! (Patch licks Benedict's hand and Benedict gets emotional and patch slowly falls asleep in his lap, Benedict then checks his cuts and scars)

CUTTO: Next morning

(They are both in the same position but both are now asleep and patch wakes up and walks away from Benedict to his water bowl for a drink)

(A knock on the door and Patch barks)

Ben- Oh god, patch be quiet please (he answers to Thomas and Eric) oh hiya guys

Eric- benedict, whys the dog off the chain?

Ben- he isn't that bad off the chain actually, he doesn't attack me when he's not chained up

Eric- result benedict

Thomas- Do you wanna come the park then with patch?

Ben- Erm... not really guys, we have army practise tonight...

Eric- Oh stop being stupid Benedict, we can still go, just a little trip to the park beforehand, play some football or whatever, with the wives and the dogs, they both need the fresh air ha-ha

Ben- I don't know, if Kramer sees us at the park then he may get mad!

Eric- Why would he see us, do you really think he cares!

Ben- I don't know what he thinks half the time

Eric- Stop being so scared Benedict and come the park, Thomas was like you, but I persuaded him

Thomas- Yeah come on Benedict, I'll destroy you both at Frisbee (pulls a Frisbee from behind his back)

Eric- What are you five? Thomas grow up were playing football

Ben- Ok just wait there one second I'll come, it may do me and Patch good getting out the house together, may build his trust in me, one second!

CUT TO:

(At the park Eric and benedict are walking around the trees with Thomas staying with the dogs in the distance and the wives and kids. Benedict however does have Patch on a lead and is walking with them)

Eric- So you're over your fear of the mutt then?

Ben- Well not all dogs, just Patch, your dog's still scares me, horrible big bastards

Eric- I know they are quite frightening aren't they?! So If I stroke him will he be (Patch barks) Oh ok, doesn't like other people then no

Ben-He doesn't trust anyone apart from me I don't think, he may not even trust me yet, in terms of humans, he was abused he's got a good reason to hate humans to be fair, more reason than I have to fear dogs...

Eric- Yeah he doesn't like anyone who isn't of his own kind, I get that!

Ben- What do you mean?

Eric- like me with foreigners

Ben- Ha-ha oh come on Eric, you've been like that for like two weeks tops, Patch has hated human his whole life probably, and you don't hate foreigners, you just don't like immigrants, its completely different

Eric- Like you!

Ben- Ha-ha, let's not talk about shall we

Eric- I don't know what's wrong with me to be honest, it's just this rage that has gained on me, I just recently have become not too fond on them

Ben- Are you nervous about the war, is that why?

Eric- That's a stupid suggestion

Ben- Ok well, it's a possible solution to your problem, plenty more solutions it could be... I am going to say this though, lay off the kid! (Being serious)

Eric- What?

CUT TO:

(Other side of the park where Thomas is talking to his pregnant wife and Eric's wife is there too with the two dogs playing with one another)

Thomas- Only a few weeks now (feeling Miranda's tummy)

Miranda- I know its weird right, you have to make the most of this small time you have with him... before you go to war

Thomas- I know honey, it's annoying isn't it, I wish I didn't have to go to war!

Miranda- Why don't you not, you're gardening business is picking up, it's going great, you may not need to go!

Thomas- Do we have to discuss this now?! Besides you know it's only picked up because of the summer I told you that honey

Miranda- I just wish you didn't have to go

Thomas- I'll be here for the birth

Miranda- No you won't, you'll be out drinking with Eric

Beth- I can vouch for that honey, you are always out with Eric and Benedict... my Eric's never in the house Miranda, it's unbelievable

Thomas-I like my friends what's wrong with that

Beth- Nothing wrong

Miranda- Yeah well, there's nothing wrong with going out for a few every now and again Thomas, but I'm pregnant, and you go out way too often and Beth will vouch for me, it's because you get easily persuaded by them to leave me in on my own

Beth- Miranda, honey, who are you kidding, men are all the same, they all just do what there friends want them to do, Thomas is no different

Thomas- Hey women can conform as well

Miranda- Conforms a good word for you Thomas, that's what you do, you always conform

Thomas- You're not the first person that's said that to me either you know?!

(Beth and Eric's daughter approaches Beth)

Girl- Mummy?

Beth- Yes sweetie!

Girl- I need to go!

Beth- Ok honey lets go, be back in a minute Miranda

Miranda- Take your time Beth (Turns to Thomas) You're my conformist though, I love you (Hugs him and the dogs start running over the long acre towards Patch)

CUT BACK:

(Eric and Benedict are still talking, but Benedict isn't looking at Patch as the dogs approach to play with Patch)

Eric- Why say that?

Ben- Come on Eric, the kid is always misled by you, he could be a great soldier, but bringing him the park the day before an important training exercise, where you need full commitment, he's going down the same slippery slope as you

Eric- I can't believe I'm hearing this... off a Polack as well!

Ben- (smiling) I'm not a Polack! Stop with this ridiculous theory on immigrants, its getting on my nerves, you live in Cologne, the place is full of immigrants, is it only now you're starting to realise it, most Germans are like me, they don't care, they don't care about colour, race, religion or country... they at most relate to, not many care... so just relax, you're a minority Eric, so just stop with the strong opinions, Germany will win the war with the immigrants in the ranks, without them, we'd be pathetically small!

Eric- The Jews aren't fighting though are they?!

Ben- I don't care what the Jews are doing, who cares what they're doing, they live their own lives, what they do is no concern to me when I'm battling on the front line in war

Eric- They're rich, they don't have to fight, they just live in Germany and relax whilst we invade and fight for our country, they're a disease, and the travellers

Ben- Gypsies, you don't like them either... God your opinion is so obtuse its middle ages you know that, I had a right to fear the unknown when it came to you didn't I?!

Eric- What does that mean?

Ben- My psychologist was telling me about it!

Eric- Oh so that's why you've gone soft centred, here's me thinking it was the dog, so he's persuaded you that his job is actually worth being paid for

Ben- No he's very good actually, you could do with going to him about your problem with immigrants and Jews

Eric- I don't need to go to him, he's lousy and I don't have problems like you!

Ben- He's also a Rabbi, so you wouldn't be able to handle being in the same room as him, because you're fastly becoming the only racist in Cologne

Eric- I've always thought it just never cared to express it

Ben- It's the nerves obviously, so save me the bullshit Eric, I don't know you anymore... and at this rate I'm gonna tell Kramer about you if you don't stop, you'll end up shooting your own men

Eric- Get your dog Benedict, he doesn't like other dogs does he

Ben- What? (Patch is barking as the other dogs approach) oh shit, back off

Eric- FRANK! Back off (Eric pull Frank by the collar away from Patch who is biting the other dog who is owned by Thomas)

Ben- Patch let go of him, PATCH! (Patch releases the other dog and cowers behind Benedict) It's alright Patch, it's alright you didn't know

(The other dog is crying from the wound that Patch caused)

Ben- Eric comfort the dog!

Eric- What no!

Ben- Eric comfort the dog!

(Dog is crying loudly from the pain)

Eric- You do it!

Ben- I'm scared

Eric- Oh get over it!

Ben- ERIC JUST COMFORT THE FUCKING DOG! Jesus Eric, show some pity, empathy... show some emotion!

Eric- You can do it! (Eric walks off)

(Benedict just laughs and smiles as he walks away)

Ben- Its ok Patch (Patch shakes behind him) I'm so sorry (directed at the dog in pain. The other dog has walked off with Eric) ERIC, tell Thomas about his dog

Eric- You tell him Benedict

Ben- You know what Eric? What's really wrong with Germany, why we won't win the war?

(Eric smiles in anger and looks around)

Ben- It's because of people like you... not immigrants... people like fucking you...

Eric- Whatever Benedict god bless! (Walks off obviously annoyed)

Ben- Its ok boy... you stay there dog, I'll get Thomas... come on patch let's take you home (Patch is crying but is drowned out by the other dog really struggling. But Thomas is running over to the dog as the scene ends)

CUT TO:

(Shows Thomas and his wife Miranda sitting in a hospital ward with a baby in their arms and smiling and looking happy with the sun shining through the ward's window beaming on the three of them as a family)

Thomas (o.v) - Hey Benedict, where have you been, it's been a while? Haven't seen you since that day at the park, you've seemed a bit different that day... is it Eric? It probably is, it always is, as long as it isn't me, you know I'm a good egg, who's just too willing to learn... but I want my friend back, come for a drink

with us soon to celebrate. Miranda had the baby, it's a girl, she weighed 7 pounds, exactly... how about that?! We're all going, you can bring Patch, I know you've probably grown close to him now, you seemed to have done so last time I saw you. I just want you to know that without you in my life, I have no one to lead me, tell me what to do, point me in the right direction... Eric's good, but I'm not too sure it's always with best intentions. It's been three months Benedict, please let's see you again, we need our lieutenant, Mr Schmidt... I'm sure you heard this a thousand times off Kramer but I thought you'd be convinced if it came from me! Kramer still talks about you, he believes you are going through a similar realisation period that he also had with Dr Kroos, see you soon friend

Thomas

(It reveals that Benedict was reading a post card at his desk in his apartment whilst stroking patch who now has grown close to Benedict. Kramer is standing behind him)

Kramer- the kid needs you Benedict!

Ben- I don't care about the kid, he's too interested in being friends with Eric... I can't speak to Eric now!

Kramer- What because he has a bit of devil in him, we all have devil inside us Benedict... that's what makes us good soldiers... I see you've grown close to the dog?

Ben- Yeah he's a good boy, aren't you patch (barks)

Kramer- Good, very good, makes it more challenging when the day comes doesn't it?!

Ben- Not half...

Kramer- You're not having doubts are you?!

Ben- No, not at all

Kramer- Don't let Dr Kroos get too much into your head by the way... you only have a few sessions with him to go, and there very spread out, just don't let him say something that'll influence you as a lieutenant, believe me, I know how much he can make you reassess your life, I went through something similar. He'll use the same technique on you most likely

Ben- I won't be influenced, don't worry! He's helped me so far.

Kramer- You need to sort your differences out with Eric, Benedict!

Ben- I can't he's beyond help now, he's a threat to our own army...

Kramer- I know you said, he has a stance on immigrants and people who aren't German but so what, as long as he can help win this war, that is all that matters

Ben- Its very one dimensional way of looking at it sir

Kramer- It's the only way you can look at it, otherwise we lose a man before we've begun, will you be civil?

Ben- As long as he follows my orders!

Kramer- Yes that's fine... of course, you're the lieutenant, not him!

Ben- Ok then, I'll see you tonight then for practice... then celebrate with Thomas

Kramer- Yeah sure... no beer though, keep them guts down!

Ben- (laughs) Cheers Kramer!

Kramer- No problem, you're my special soldier aren't you?!

CUT TO:

(Shows Eric and Thomas running through a forest in the dark and hiding in a lake with footsteps being heard following them quickly. They remain in the lake for a while. Suddenly Kramer and his many soldiers start searching the area and as the soldiers find them and are about to shoot Benedict steps up behind them and shoots at them with the blanks sending the soldiers to the floor and leaving Kramer on his own)

Kramer- (laughing in hysterics) that's my boy!

Ben- Ha-ha... got you all

Kramer- Welcome back...

Eric- (drenched from the lake) where's he been hey, Benedict?

Ben- Just relaxing!

Eric- Not getting scared by the war no?!

Ben- Why would I be?

Eric- No reason, good to have you back

Thomas- Hi Benedict, did you get my postcard?

Ben- Yeah, Kramer made sure of that, cheers Thomas, it was a nice read and congratulations are in order

Thomas- Thanks friend

Eric- You coming for beers then?

Ben- Yeah, I've brought the dog, he's just waiting by the entrance of the changing rooms

Kramer- You bought the mutt?

Ben- Yeah I brought patch

Thomas- I said he could!

Kramer- To a pub?

Eric- What are you insane, dogs aren't allowed in a pub!

Thomas- What's wrong with that?

Eric- It's a dog, Thomas, show a bit of initiative, there disgusting creatures they lick their own arses... common sense next time Thomas

Ben- Hey leave him alone... he made a mistake as did I, I didn't realise it was a big issue, I made a mistake too, you gonna have a go at me as well?

Eric- (under his breath) obviously not!

Ben- What sorry?

Eric- Obviously not! Why would I?

Ben- I don't know, why would you, you seem to enjoy ticking me off, why don't you just carry on

Kramer- Fellas, fellas... come on now, we're all friends here, in fact where allies, a powerful bond at war that no one can break... we need unity and consolidation not pulp

Ben- You're right, if we're to win the war we have to stay strong as a unit, don't we Eric?

Eric- Never think otherwise! (Without meaning) Anything for Germany, you know that... pint friend?

Ben- Sure get me two, I'll be back in an hour just need to drop Patch off!

(Benedict walks off)

Thomas- He loves his dog doesn't he, I'm starting to grow attached to my dog too, you know now that Annabelle is starting to realise what he is, it's nice to see, were a good little family you know?!

Eric- I think it's a bit pathetic, but you know he gives us the orders; we have to respect him I suppose...

Thomas- Yeah, it's good to have him back!

Eric- is it though... our lives are better without him don't you think?

Thomas- No not really

Eric- The guy is weak Thomas... he thinks he can lead Germany into war... into a battle, he's struggling to hold his own with a dog, it's not just a test of emotion you know... it's a test of nerve, and mobility to lead... he hasn't got it...

Thomas- Are you just jealous?

Eric- DO NOT... say that I am in any way enviable towards that man... he's an old friend, jealousy shouldn't come between friends but my life and my country should, that's the problem... he doesn't fill me with confidence and never has really!

Thomas- yeah, suppose we have to get on with it

Eric- it's a terrible attitude Thomas, you need to grow up if you want to be a good father like me (Eric walks off and Thomas contemplates)

CUT TO:

1913 Munich

(Kramer is standing at Franz's desk talking to him about an update on the war)

Kramer- So what is the news?

Franz- Well my little Cologne bud, not good news, not good, our battle with France, our invasion has led to some dangerous matters across Europe... and a prediction by the German government state that a war could ensue in less than a year

Kramer- less than a year... who with?

Franz- Well that's the thing, it appears whoever were not allies with want to fight us... it's not good Kramer, not good at all

Kramer- Is this the part where you tell me your joking, my soldiers aren't ready yet!

Franz- Well as long as they're all above the ages of 17, they are... it's not about great military in a time like this, its about great heart...

Kramer- yeah with machinery and finance to back that up

Franz- I'm just trying to look at the positives!

Kramer- You can't seriously suggest we are going to war in less than a year, I'm telling you my district is not ready!

Franz- You have a lieutenant, in fact you have plenty don't you?!

Kramer- Well yeah but-

Franz- Oh don't say it, Benedict Schmidt went soft did he... still scared of dogs!

Kramer- No... actually he's quite fond of the dog now, he saw a psychologist about it...

Franz- Oh god no... really you took him to a psychologist, they don't know, what were you thinking?

Kramer- Just trying to open the guys mind, make sure my plan worked

Franz- The plan was futile from the start Kramer, if he's such a great leader... well let's just say you've destroyed that by sending him to a psychologist... he's just a vegetable now... they get in your head Kramer

Kramer- I went to one...

Franz- Well then you were the exception, lightning doesn't strike twice Kramer, you were lucky enough the first time

Kramer- It's the same psychologist though!

Franz- Yes meaning that the guy obviously is good... listen, just keep the war in mind, they'll be a release in the newspapers in the coming weeks, confirmation if you like... I'm just warning you... you've made a long trip... you may as well go back with news... the Great War is upon us... (Kramer nods his head and walks out) But Kramer... we are Germany, we won't lose this war

CUT TO:

(Shows Benedict with Patch on a lead looking angrily at another dog, and Benedict looking curiously at the other animals in the waiting room)

Ben- Patch, stop! Patch stop growling!

(Patch licks benedict's hands as a sorry)

Miranda (vet) - Ok, Benedict Schmidt?!

Ben- Yes Dr

Miranda- Ah you, hello

Ben- Hi

Miranda- Wow, he looks a lot healthier than when I last saw him

Ben- Food and water...

Miranda- Well come in!

(They enter her office)

Miranda- Ok it's just a few simple checks on his ears, his scars, cuts and his neck obviously!

Ben- Ok, his neck doesn't bleed anymore; he's ok in that department

Miranda- Aw brilliant, why are you so, well ok with dogs now?

Ben- I'm not, just Patch, he doesn't mean any harm, like you said he's more scared of me than I am of him

Miranda- That is true, I'm surprised he's so well behaved with humans considering what they were like to him...

Ben- Oh he fears humans still to be honest, but dogs, god he will attack them till he gets too tired, he hates other dogs

Miranda- Oh right that could be a problem...

Ben- I know tell me about it!

Miranda- Ok well I'll do some checks then (She turns off the lights and shines a light in Patch's ear who then panics and cries)

Ben- Patch, no! Calm down!

Miranda- Ok it all seems good in the left ear... I have to say I'm amazed by how you've overcome your little thing about dogs... what do you think about Germany going to war then?

Ben- Yeah I still go to practice and things... I'll be going to war with them in a few months

Miranda- Really? Even though you have to well... shoot (points at patch)

Ben- Oh... I forgot about that, I try to forget anyway... I can't shoot him now, but it depends on the reward doesn't it I suppose, at the end of the day... he's kind of only a dog

Miranda- (checking the other ear) really, did you just say that?! That is heartless!

Ben- I know, but I need to go to war, and if I have to do it for myself, then so be it

Miranda- (laughs) I can't believe you would seriously consider it, this dog loves you, he doesn't fear you like everyone else, and you'd shoot him dead like that!?

Ben- Well, I'm just gonna see what I'm like on the day, at the end of the day it's my life, I need to do what I feel is right, wouldn't you shoot a dog to become the best vet in the world?

Miranda- The irony of the question makes it ridiculous in itself, of course I wouldn't... you Germans are all the same, especially soldiers!

Ben- Hey, just check up on the dog please, let's not turn this racist

Miranda- Alright!

Ben- Besides you're black anyway, who are you to judge?

Miranda- Ah, I see, you can be racist but I can't... another typical German, European thing to do

Ben- I'm sorry... I shouldn't say things like that, I was brought up to respect women... not discriminate them

Miranda- its ok! Everything seems fine with little patch... just make sure you keep doing what you're doing, if you're gonna shoot him dead, makes sure he's at least healthy before doing it. What shooting him proves is beyond me... but I hope you find satisfaction in doing so, when you become a what is it? (Hint of sarcasm throughout)

Ben- Lieutenant!

Miranda- Yeah good luck with that!

Ben- Thanks

Miranda- I was being sarcastic

Ben- You really are-

Miranda- What go on I'm sure you're going to say something racist, oh I'm black, I shouldn't be here, not in this country stealing jobs of Germans... go on say it, I've heard it all before... didn't think so, there are dogs that have more nerve to say what they want to say than you, and they can't even speak Germanic

Ben- I wasn't going to say that! It's German, how many times?

Miranda- Where you gonna say-

Ben- Shush, just let me speak (smiling) I'm not a bad man, not all Germans are bad Dr... I know you'd like to think that, but were not, I'm sorry for your husband, I am... but I never shot your husband, why are you giving me grief, that was a generation before I was even in the war?

Miranda- 1 Franke please!

Ben- But it was-

Miranda- One Franke please!

Ben- Ok, ok, fine... here you go (Goes to give her it and then pulls it away last minute) or I can pay for a 2 Franke dinner tonight?

Miranda- What with your German soldier money, no thanks

Ben- Oh come on I'm a lovely guy, stop stereotyping me as some horrible brutal German, I'm different, we're all different

Miranda- Good luck trying to find a wife, but it isn't going to be me... thank you for the offer, but I can't date someone I associate with my dead husband's murderer

Ben- Have a good life anyway! (Smiling and walks off with Patch)

Miranda- Thank you!

(Benedict walks out with patch following behind him and the scene ends with Miranda walking behind them to the next patient getting on with her life)

CUT TO:

(In a cold spring morning, Benedict has Eric tied to a tree begging for his life with no one else in sight in the forest)

Ben- What do you say to me?

Eric- Where have you been?

Ben- What do you say to me? (Pointing the gun at him)

Eric- I'm sorry, I never meant disrespect

Ben- Not good enough, more!

Eric- And togetherness is the key to us winning the war...

Ben- And what isn't... the key to winning the big war?

Eric- Hating... each other... we need to respect one another, and not giving the opposition a chance to live

Ben- What?

(Kramer comes up behind him)

Kramer- Just like that Benedict, it's all over!

Ben- Oh sir, for goodness sake... this isn't teaching them is it?!

Kramer- Oh they don't need teaching, we will go to war and we will win because of spirit not tactics!

Ben- You've changed your tune sir

Eric- He's right though, it's about togetherness, in the sense that, we need everyone fighting for the same reason, for Germany, for freedom, for power... but some of us are in it to make money...

Ben- I hope you're not suggesting me!

Eric- Well lieutenants do get paid more

Ben- Oh come Eric... what is power without money, stop being ignorant, this is why I didn't want you disturbing our chat sir!

Kramer- Oh lighten up benedict... we'll be a family at war... not a battle amongst ourselves... that's how we'll win this thing, agree?

Ben- Well

Kramer- Agree?

Ben- Yeah

Kramer- say it again, together!

Ben and Eric- Yeah!

Kramer- Now you two may have different political stances on Germany's future and Germany's present, but for goodness sake, just shake fucking hands, you are both German, you both fight for Germany... show the unity we all want

(Eric and benedict shake hands smiling)

Kramer- Ok great practice today, a wonderful days training well done you two especially for showing up and practising hostage skills, well done!

Ben- Just out of interest sir, what's your stance on Germany's politics?

Kramer- I don't care really, dictatorship I suppose

Ben- Typical, what about our future?

Kramer- As long as where powerful I don't care... but all I really care about is winning the war for our district, for Cologne... for the Austrians who fought so hard to get me in to this country, god damn it I'm not letting them down now!

Ben- Austrian?

Kramer- Yeah, I thought you knew?

Ben- No, very interesting though, what's it like

Eric- Who cares, I just had a gun pointed at my face I'm hungry now!

(Eric walks off)

Kramer- Eric... to Germany, in three months, we'll be fighting for what will be the greatest empire and country on earth!

Eric- Yeah (walks off and says under his breath) Even though you're not German

Ben- I agree with you too sir... let's do it for Germany

Kramer - How many more sessions have you got with Dr Kroos?

Ben- One more in two months

Kramer - Why do you keep going, you don't hate dogs anymore?

Ben- It's more complicated than that... but I don't know he's clever... I like his sessions

Kramer - Ok well be careful... he can get in your head, make you change your whole outlook on life, very nearly did it to me... be careful

Ben- He's not gonna kill me

Kramer - Yeah not directly... but he could kill our Colognians at war if he makes our lieutenant doubt himself!

Ben- I'm not gonna change that drastically, who told you he'd do that-

Kramer- The Munich colonel... Franz

Ben- Stop comparing our district to theirs, it's a ludicrous comparison...

Kramer- I just want to be the best...

Ben- There's a difference between being the best and wanting to be the best... especially at war...

Kramer- Oh yeah what's that?

Ben- The one who wants to be the best, dies sir! (He walks off leaving Kramer to stand there and take in what Benedict had just said)

CUT TO:

(In the afternoon daytime, Benedict is throwing a ball for Patch to fetch in the park on an April morning, 1914. Patch is excitable wagging his tail and running

around all over the place being very active and getting the ball and refusing to give it back, Benedict has to fight for it back and despite the friendly growls Benedict struggles and ends up hugging him and waits for his chance to snatch the ball and patch is happy to go and get it again)

Ben- Who's a good boy... hey who's a good boy?! (stroking patch who gives him paw and falls into his lap)

(He strokes patch and strokes his scars and checks them and Patch lets him touch them without fuss. Patch instead licks benedict's face)

Ben- No not the face! Never lick the face (hugs Patch and Patch pants with joy)

(Another man, a Jewish man walks past with his own dog and both patch and benedict are unaffected by their fears and get along with playing with one another)

Ben- Just stay here patch, ignore the dog!

Jewish man- Why not let them play with one another?

Ben- I don't know, Patch doesn't like other dogs

Jewish man- Wouldn't it be nice if he wasn't like that hey... if we could just get along, have a nice day anyway... a day of peace, there isn't many in life...

Ben- Yeah you enjoy your day too, and the dog (smiles at them) good boy Patch, stay here with me!

(They hug again and then Benedict quickly throws the ball and laughs as Patch claims the ball after he throws it and scene fades out)

CUT TO:

(Benedict enters Dr Kroos' office and takes a seat)

Kroos- Ah Benedict, welcome... it's your last session with me... not bad hey, three years of free psychology sessions...

Ben- That's because the government doesn't think it works!

Kroos- It doesn't work!

Ben- Of course it does, I can look after a dog, it worked

Kroos- It doesn't work, that's not how psychology goes, it makes you aware of things you didn't know before... you thought you hated dogs, then you realised you feared dogs, then you realised you didn't fear dogs, you feared the unknown, the things you couldn't control, but being a future lieutenant you are used to controlling situations... I never took that fear away I just made it prevalent and you dealt with it yourself... it's not completely gone though has it?!

Ben- No not yet!

Kroos- It never will Benedict, we all have the same fear, just of different things, different unknowns, and different reasons for them- now then our last session... we're going to have a fun little argument!

Ben- What?

Kroos- Yeah, we're going to argue everything, just us two, it can get as heated as you want, shout I don't care... I'll probably do the same

Ben- Why are we doing this?

Kroos- For me, this is my own psychology session (smiling) see I may seem rich, clever... but I'm not, I'm just a skeleton and some flesh... I may seem superior to you, to most, but I'm not, I'm hated... because I'm an immigrant in this country... I may seem like a happy man, but I'm not, I'm a deep thinker who thinks that suicide could be a way out, even though my life is no where near as bad as some peoples, but in comparison to my own life and the feeling I've felt, I've never been lower... I'm an individual who is made to look like everybody else... I need a good old fashioned argument to cheer me up... begin!

Ben- What... but I feel quite down now!

Kroos- Well don't be, I knew you thought the same way as me... because everybody does once in a while... we feel guilty about feeling sad, because others are suffering a lot worse... why, we all have down days, like I said we are skeleton and flesh, nothing more, nothing less!

Ben- Where more than that?

Kroos- Oh yeah, why are we more, what makes us more?

Ben- We have soul... love... heart

Kroos- So do dogs Benedict; does that make them the same as us?

Ben- Were all god's creatures Dr

Kroos- You don't believe that do you?

Ben- What?

Kroos- Religion?

Ben- Well maybe... no I don't really, it was just a figure of speech

Kroos- Oh a figure of speech... tell me are you superstitious?

Ben- Well I don't walk under ladders, that's it

Kroos- Is that not in itself being religious...

Ben- Listen I'm just an atheist

Kroos- You're not, you believe in a higher force, you believe in something just like most of us... that doesn't make you an atheist... that makes you a conformist...

Ben- I'm not a conformist...

Kroos- Then why do you act like one... why do you think you're an atheist when you're not, is that to be different, or to be the same as everybody else, I bet you don't even know (voice levels rise slightly)

Ben- Hey I'm an atheist whether you like it or not

Kroos- And you're a conformist?

Ben- No I'm not, I do as I please

Kroos- (laughs) Oh come now, you do exactly what people tell you to do, you're not a leader, you get lead, just like everybody else on this Earth, we all get lead... there's always someone in this world who is better, who can persuade, who can create good or evil... someone more powerful than ourselves...that's why we have war all the time, never peace

Ben- You don't know what you're talking about, you're just some depressed, pretentious Dr, if I can call you that?!

Kroos- Why are you asking... don't need my permission!

Ben- It was rhetorical...

Kroos- You don't know what rhetorical really means do you, none of us do, it's just a word... a word that makes humans differ from one another through their actions... it means nothing...

Ben- You're speaking no sense...

Kroos- This worlds a mess Benedict, bad things are going to happen believe me (shouting level in their voices)

Ben- It won't because that's why we have politics, to keep the peace!

Kroos- The peace, there is no peace to be kept Benedict, don't get me started politics, I'm sure you'd fall in love with communism at the drop of the hat, you conformist

Ben- As a matter of fact, I wouldn't I'd vote republican...

Kroos- Oh well fantastic, instead of a dictator we have a bunch of them brilliant!

Ben- What do you believe in then?

Kroos- I don't believe in anything that has already been organised, I'm a lone wolf in this world, I don't like following the norm, because the norm is taking away our personalities... we are humans, with souls just like you said... why do I feel like a skeleton and flesh, why do I get put in a category, why am I discriminated against... I'm more special than that, much more...

Ben- Why do you put a downer on the future of this nation, there is nothing wrong with it!

Kroos- There's everything wrong with it, we have no money, we are going to a war, we are not going to win-

Ben- Because people like you won't fight for us!

Kroos- Oh Benedict that is conformity, Eric says a few words to you and because he's your friend you listen and now you're actually starting to believe his

opinion, because of orders... you don't really believe that, not many people do, you're not a bad man, but not many people are, it is the conformity that makes people evil, enemies of one another... if you can't see that then I-

Ben- No, I see it, but you're conforming now wearing clothes, living in Germany because of the promise of it one day being a fine place to live... you're no better than me!

Kroos- Why are you still here arguing with me then, why don't you leave, what because I told you stay and argue... you're pathetic... sort out your life, realise who you are Benedict, stop conforming and find a bit of identity in you, you don't want to be a lieutenant, Germany wants you be one, Kramer wants you to be one

Ben- I'm not listening (He stands up)

Kroos- Sit down (calming down) sit down benedict

(Benedict obliges)

Kroos- Why do humans have to always fight... why can't we just get along in peace...

Ben- We can't, it's impossible, that's why we have wars

Kroos- Do you believe wars are the way forward in the future!

Ben- Yeah I do, that's why I'm preparing for future ones!

Kroos- They'll never be an answer Benedict, everyone thinks this war will be success, it might well be, but what about the next one, and the next, and the next... they never end, conflict never ends until the day we all die Benedict... and you're just a part of this conflict

Ben- I'm not, war has to happen, we are animals we need to release that rage to decide things between ourselves, we need to get our natural urges flowing

Kroos- You know one day, I think you'll look at this discussion and wonder why you never conformed to me, to my rules, the irony of it, you're not really conforming, you're freeing yourself... war is a disgrace of a solution Benedict... war is caused for many reasons, religion being a big one and that can never ever be ended, because we are all brought up in different ways, yet we believe very similar things... its extraordinary how we've all lost our Individuality...

Ben- You have some real issues about your identity don't you?!

Kroos- (shouting) we all have problems, finding our identity, because we've lost it, we fight each other instead of working together, we kill each other at war... does death not scare you, do you think death is the answer?

Ben- Of course not, but it's the only way

Kroos- So it's the answer... picture this... if you die at war, this war to end all wars, the war that will give us Britain, France, America, all of them, we win the war somehow... but you die fighting for your country... do you realise how ludicrous that sounds, fighting for your country (laughing) you're fighting but you don't know the real reasons, only the propaganda SHIT that comes out politicians mouths, you know what that is, conforming, conforming will drag Germany through the mud

one day, how I don't know, but it will, and anyone can see it from a mile off if they just think... losing a war you have no chance in, a war that we've started will not end well... how do we catch up to other nations after that, we can't... we just can't

(Pause)

Ben- Death doesn't scare me

Kroos- You're young, you think of death as some eternal blackness that you don't see... it's not the blackness, it's the missing out that causes the most pain... it's not being able to feel clean sheets in bed anymore... smelling chocolate... listening to the next piece of art, never feeling that urge to kick a football ever again... not seeing what new technologies have been found... never finding out who your grandkids are... or seeing the first man on the moon... seeing Germany's demise when they lose this war... or being able to fly to the Caribbean, or explore depths of the universe, that haven't been discovered yet... not only does war risk doing this to yourself, but you'll be inflicting this loss of opportunity on others... never being able to fulfil your true potential, well that's just too sad to even acknowledge... isn't it?! (Starts off loud and slowly he quietens down to calmness)

Ben- War is the only way

Kroos- We don't agree on much Benedict, but I think you'll agree with me that we both haven't really conformed in our lives, deep down!

Ben- How do you work that out?

Kroos- The meaning of life, we haven't been bogged down with children, we've never had kids, both of us... neither do we want them right?! (Smiling)

Ben- I want kids...

Kroos- But you don't have any though!

Ben- But I'd like to have one!

Kroos- Benedict, then why are you going to war? you don't have to... you have nothing here, you can escape this country, go back to Poland... go to England... do anything, just get out of here... have kids, get a wife... be free, stop doing what you think you should do, and do what you want to do!

Ben- (laughs)

Kroos- Do you agree?

Ben- I'm not going to answer that!

Kroos- I'm sure you don't know the answer yet, you'll find out soon though (laughs a lot and Benedict then laughs as well)

Ben- Good argument I'll give you that!

Kroos- It always helps, I always feel down, but after a good argument about miscellaneous things, it cheers me up... our sessions are over now Benedict, you're free to go

Ben- Thank you!

Kroos- Please, it's been a pleasure, just as long as you know you don't fear Patch anymore, I've done my job, the rest was just opinionated crap!

Ben- I don't know what that word means but thanks! (Smiling ironically)

Kroos- Opinionated? Make your own definition of it, it will make more sense then! Enjoy your life!

(Ben nods his head at him and walks out)

(Kroos rests back on his chair and looks at his clock ticking around and start placing a screwdriver into a small box that shows the time in digital form, the time is 11:11 and he places it by the number 1918 on a piece of paper)

CUT TO:

(In the early hours of the morning Benedict and Patch are making ground towards a bunch of large tents in the distance. Patch is fidgety and unsettled and keeps trying to shake off his lead)

Ben- Come on boy... come on!

(Patch has his tongue out of his mouth and is wagging his tail)

(Benedict pulls him in the end towards the tents and there waiting for him is Colonel Kramer standing by the entrance)

Kramer- Ah Benedict... you've come along it seems?!

Ben- Yeah but I'm not going to say I'm not nervous... big day today

Kramer- It's the day you become a man (smiling) lets go make you a lieutenant

CUT TO:

(Benedict is standing there in a queue of dog owning soldiers with their dogs in a lead beside them)

Ben- so what's the idea then, do I just shoot him?

Kramer- Well yes, that's what this activity is about today, you've been assigned these dogs to aid you for the emotional attachment you feel in war, obviously, there's more to it in war... I mean a human life is a lot more fragile than a stupid dog...

Ben- Yeah ha-ha... I suppose you're right... (Looks at patch excitable) but you know me and him have come a long way?!

Kramer- Your friends are all in there now... shooting their dogs, showing they have the right mentality for this war... we don't want to lose... it would be a catastrophe... imagine losing the great war!

Ben- It's unthinkable...

Kramer- Ha-ha it's an embarrassing thought... that's why we need strong lieutenants like you... ones who question their inabilities and fears and aims to get rid of them in order to make things better for others, just like what you did with Patch

Ben- Yeah... so who's in there now shooting?

Kramer- Eric and Thomas... your best friends... your compadre Eric, and your apprentice Thomas!

Ben- Their doing it? They actually went through with it?

Kramer- Why of course... they're strong willed just like you...

Ben- Yeah I suppose so... so are they going to fight in the war?

Kramer- Why you asking such dumb questions? Of course they are, they're German soldiers!

Ben- (patch is licking his hand as he talks to Kramer) Stop licking my hand patch! So they're in there shooting the dogs they've had for the last 3 years

Kramer- No... they're killing them, they are showing why they are considered the best soldiers in this country, it's time for you to show you are the best lieutenant, you've always dreamt about it, time to prove it

Ben- Yeah suppose you're right... (Patch looks up at Benedict's eyes)

Kramer- Look at his face, his ugly undistinguished face... they're nothing... just like the British, just like the Americans, just like the French, just faces stuck onto bodies, no history nothing... that's the mentality of war (silence) did you not hear me Benedict, I said that's the mentality of-

Ben- Of war I know... I heard you

(The noise of two loud people are heard as they leave the tent, it is Eric and Thomas shouting at one another)

Eric- See that, that is why I'm gonna ace this war! This is why Germany are gonna be victorious

Thomas- Yeah whatever, I did it too... I shot him dead, I shot him dead (looks slightly sick and shaken)

Eric- There was no feeling behind it though, you just conformed to it, I felt it, I didn't give a damn about the mutt... it's only a filthy animal

Thomas- I wouldn't do it again though!

Eric- I would. There horrible... look who it is... Benedict... I'm surprised you can even have that dog near you on this day of all days!

Ben- Yeah I know, I've come along way... I remember I couldn't be in the same room as the little fella, now I've grown to like him... I'm surprised by you Eric...

Eric- Why the hell are you surprised?

Ben- Just never knew you were like that... a violent murderer of animals (smiling)

Eric- Listen Benedict, that was the old Eric, the Eric that was scared to shoot a fellow soldier, now I'm ready for war, I ain't gonna have second thoughts about killing a soldier now, that's how you end up dead yourself, cause I wanna return home to my beautiful wife as champion, you don't wanna die out there, get yourself prepared to shoot a lot of human beings, dogs are nothing compared to them

Ben- But you have changed... you used to care about every organism's values... I remember what you were like, the guys I made friends with, the guys who followed orders off me because they weren't too proud, the guys I could have a pint with and discuss deep topics about our universe...

Eric- Quit judging me Benedict... I made friends with the guy who was scared of dogs, and now look at you! (Smiling)

Ben- I'm still scared of dogs... I still fear them, but not Patch

Thomas- To be honest Benedict, I'd get it over and done with fast when you're in there, I dilly dallied and ended up contemplating my career in the army... don't let the dog enter your mind, don't think of the dog as an individual, don't look at its face, it makes it easier

Ben- Thomas, what the hell are you talking about?

Thomas- Just giving you tips!

Ben- What, tips on shooting my dog?

Thomas- Well yeah

Eric- Listen if you don't wanna do it, don't, but you won't be the lieutenant you've always dreamt of being

Thomas- Listen Benedict, ignore him... do it and join us in war, it'll be a good laugh, we all shot our dogs, and now it's over, we can enjoy ourselves as a group of friends we were years ago, remember in training sessions... they were fun times

Ben- We were all different then... you seem to think dogs are some emotionless being, Eric they have more emotion than you...

Eric- No they don't, they're immigrants in our households, and immigrants don't have feelings...

Kramer- You're next Benedict, get patch ready, give him to us!

Ben- What? Oh yeah (Lets go of patch and Kramer takes him off him) Patch I'll see you in a minute yeah (Patch barks)

Kramer- Shut up with the barking you stupid... come on, stop looking at him

(Benedict looks on teary eyed)

Eric- it's your turn... don't think of it as a dog... it's just a pet... a rat...

Ben- With an insane personality... it's seen so much

Voice- NEXT!

Thomas- We'll be waiting for you Benedict; we'll have a beer to celebrate our war, our victory... eventually!

Ben- Yeah see ya... (Smiling)

Eric- Shoot Patchy boy dead, otherwise your role will become my role... lieutenant (smiles)

(Benedict enters the tent and Patch is chained up by the neck and looks upset and hurt and has his head down)

Ben- What Erm... what's the matter with my dog?

Kramer- He's just upset, he probably senses what's going to happen

Ben- Don't give me that Kramer

Kramer- Colonel- Now Benedict I realise that this is a tough thing to do and you're stressed... but just clear your mind and become a lieutenant

Ben- I don't know I'm getting too emotional over it (a tear running down his cheek)

Kramer- Its ok Benedict, a lot of people have been like this today... people get attached to dogs, they are not German humans like us... they mean nothing... they don't know anything... like I said clear your mind... here's the gun (Benedict takes it and faces it at Patch who realises it's Benedict and gets excited)

Ben- Hi patch... don't get excited, there's no reason to be excited

Kramer- If you can be quick, please don't say goodbyes, because we have a lot of people who need to prove their worth here as well as you

(Benedict sweats and looks upset over pointing the gun at patch)

Kramer- Oh come on Benedict, you don't even like dogs... you fear them... I'm surprised you put up with him for the last three years, the psychologist we set you up with must be more of a genius than I thought, don't tell me your considering putting this mutt before your two closest friends and the career of a life time, guaranteed pensions, great lifestyle, you're gonna throw it away for some dog... it's all hair and smell, shoot it... you could be a great lieutenant

(Benedict goes to pull the trigger but sees patch do his dance of lifting one paw, then the other and then the other and so on... with a huge smile on his face)

Kramer- Come on Benedict... do it for Cologne... do it for Germany

(Benedict drops the gun on the floor)

Ben- I'm sorry Colonel Kramer, I can't... it may be easy for all of you to shoot something, but not me... I can't shoot someone who's so close to me, someone with so much personality, to actually shoot patch would be a travesty... I want my dog back... it's not about shooting him... it's about not becoming the people you have become, you've all changed...

Kramer- You realise you've given up a huge opportunity

Ben- Listen Colonel... at least I'm not a conformist... at least I'm not a freak who doesn't grow close to anything other than his own reflection in the mirror... I have ethics, I have a heart, and I also have a friend, who by the way is more important to me than any human friend I've ever made... just because he's not German doesn't mean he's any different to us... because he doesn't laugh at our jokes, and he smells... god damn it he still deserves to be here just as much as we all do... so with respect sir I'm taking my dog... and I wish you well in war... win the war for Germany... it doesn't matter... it will all end in travesty eventually... because that's what war is, a vicious circle!

Kramer- You could've been something special at war Benedict... you could've been one of the best Cologne has ever seen... but I suppose if you love dogs then, so be it, you've changed too!

(Benedict stops at the door)

Benedict- I never hated... I feared them... its important you know that, I still do fear them... but not patch, not my dog, I haven't changed, I just had a realisation thanks to a friend, war and I, we don't go it turns out... I'd rather be a family man! (He walks out with Patch on a lead and as he walks of Eric and Thomas shout at him but he ignores them and they keep trying as the scene ends)

CUT TO: CHESTER, ENGLAND

1942

(Shows Benedict in his small house in England with his two sons, now 18 and 20 years of age and his wife beside him, Muriel. A new dog, a different kind of dog comes up to Benedict and he strokes her)

Ben- Hi Benjy, good boy (Gives him a treat)

Jack- You not going to stroke him dad?

Ben- No... he isn't the same as my last dog

Frank- What Patch?

Ben- Yeah, he was a great dog... not saying that Benjy isn't, but I never feared patch... he used to do this thing with his two paws, it saved his life it turns out... it's a long story, why don't you get a seat, and I'll tell you about Patch!

Frank- I don't know dad...

Jack- Stop being miserable Frank. Let's listen to it...

Ben- Well, it turns out it's a bit of a war story, quite fitting as the Second Great War is happening I suppose, but when I wasn't quite as rich as I am now... before I founded the Gardening company I was looking to follow my dream as a lieutenant (The scene fades out)

CUT TO:

(Shows Germany covered with Nazi flags and then it zooms in on a Holocaust camp and now older Eric and Thomas still friends following the war are holocaust guards)

Eric- Shoot him Thomas...

Thomas- I can't shoot him Eric, he fought with us...

Eric- That was then this is now...

Thomas- Eric please... he may be Jewish, but he is a friend of ours

Eric- Either you shoot him, or a Nazi shoots you, it's up to you my old friend, it's his fault we lost the war in the first place, you know Thomas

Thomas- I... it wasn't all his fault though

Prisoner- Do as you may, just don't harm my family

Thomas- I can't promise that, I'm so sorry

Eric- Come on Thomas, Lukas' orders, shoot him... or take him to the gas chambers

Prisoner- Not the gas chambers, give me a quick death please!

(Thomas closing his eyes reluctantly shoots his bullet)

(As they do, the Nazi flag is shown being blown in the wind and it zooms out slowly as the screen turns completely black for the credits to start rolling quickly)

THE END

Jocelyn and two PRB Builders

After it was revealed to both Jocelyn and Lucas that Malcolm had disappeared, a worried Jocelyn remained concerned about her younger brother's safety. It was the first time since she had arrived at the cinema that she felt absolutely against all of what the place had to offer. Lucas, knowing this full well, left her in the security of the two PRB builders that kept watch over the CCTV monitors and who had advised Lucas and Jocelyn of Malcolm's disappearance.

The two PRB builders keeping an eye over Jocelyn were referred to by Lucas as Pab, short for Pablo, and Leo, short for Leonardo. Jocelyn remained seated, in the same seat she had been in for the last thirty to forty five minutes. She remained shaken, still looking at those clocks that ticked away ever so slowly. The two construction workers sat with her, Pablo every now and again would go back into the monitor room just to check on things. He would always come back in and reassure Jocelyn of her brother's safety.

Lucas had left however. He had gone without telling Jocelyn exactly where he was going, he just left her with a quick 'must go, don't worry about Joel, or the others, everything will be fine' this attempt to comfort Jocelyn was rather an indicator to her that everything was not going to be fine.

Despite Pablo's frequent checks and disappearances to the monitor room, Leonardo remained firmly rooted to his seat in front of Jocelyn. Leonardo would knock his biro pen against his leg rapidly, causing the pen to tick to the beat of the clock above him. Jocelyn lost track of whether the tick was coming from the clock or the vibrantly shook pen. Sat there he would cross his legs over and then quickly unfold them out of discomfort.

Every few minutes Leonardo would shout in his native Italian tongue 'tutto ok?' meaning is everything ok, directing it at Pablo who was keeping watch of the monitors. He would respond with a thumbs up, this couldn't be seen by Jocelyn but she could tell by Leonardo's grin of relief that it was good news.

Jocelyn finally growing impatient as well as worried questioned them 'when will I be allowed out of this room?' Leonardo at this moment of the question being asked chuckled and stood up and crouched over her, his bead of sweat balancing loosely on his forehead, flirting with the drop towards Jocelyn's own forehead.

'Not until we know that it is all safe' his accent was quite American, which initially caught Jocelyn by surprise, however his Italian accent would come through on occasional vowels. His pronunciation of the word 'safe' for instance, was more 'safer' than 'safe'. Apart from that Jocelyn thought he had mastered the diction well.

'And when' she pauses waiting for him to turn his head around to her again, 'will it be safe for me to leave and fetch my brother?' she awaits an answer, her cheeks puffed and her crooked, nervous smile filled herself with little confidence.

'Not until Lucas says it's safe, this isn't the first time this has happened' Leonardo lets slip, and immediately after saying it walks away from the situation and covers his mouth. He sits down and rests his head in his hands, he simply couldn't believe what he had revealed to her.

'So when has this happened before, and why has it happened before?' Jocelyn asks leering her head forward towards Leonardo who moves his head swiftly away from her gaze in one motion. Suddenly Pablo enters back into the room, leaving the monitors behind.

'I can explain' Pablo begins 'it's simple' he stands with his hands behind his back, but not before taking his construction helmet off to reveal a sweaty set of greasy hair underneath. 'Lucas has been attempting to open this cinema for a number of years' Jocelyn tilts her head in confusion, his accent is a lot stronger than Leonardo.

'Sorry' Jocelyn interrupts, 'I can't understand you'.

'Sorry?' Pablo then responds as he can't understand her either in that moment. Pablo's hearing is a lot weaker than that of Leonardo's.

'Oh for goodness sake, I'll explain then' Leonardo takes his hands away from his face and in outrage he begins 'Lucas has been trying to open the cinema for years' he reiterates clear as day to Jocelyn who understands every word. 'Every time he attempts to open this place, or finds investors like you, his brother Maurice, always interrupts.'

'That lovely old man?' Jocelyn asks.

'The one who hates the idea of selling this place to others, he isn't wrong, but he isn't right, and neither of them can see that they both just need to let this place sort its self out' Leonardo carries on and eventually reintegrates Pablo into conversation, 'Now me and Pablo have an excellent idea for this place, want to hear it'

‘What?’ Pablo can’t hear as Leonardo puts his arms around him as he speaks.

‘Our plans for this place you deaf Pozzo’ Leonardo shouts right down the ears of Pablo who jumps out of his skin in terror. Jocelyn laughs at Pablo’s seemingly over reactive response.

‘Yes, yes our idea, want to hear it?’ Pablo asks Jocelyn who takes a while to register exactly what he has said in his Italian accent.

‘I just want my brother, and to be honest, I won’t be telling my manager to invest’ she looks slightly regretful, ‘it wouldn’t be the best idea, do you think?’

‘That sounded like a yes Pablo, she does want to hear our idea’ Leonardo tells Pablo, who then proceeds to talk over Jocelyn’s concerned speech.

‘Ah well the idea we have is that instead of making the cinema a business plan, we instead rebuild it’ His accent far too strong for Jocelyn to really understand, and the information far too irrelevant for her to really engage. ‘We take away the magic of it, because to be quite honest, it’s just stupid, no one wants this magic. What is the point in it? So instead we replace. We replace the insides of the cinema and make it into a grand hotel in the middle of this wonderful jungle on this wonderful island. There’s plenty of bodies here to help, lots of hands, we could build a city on this island. Our own little city, like a new Venice’ Pablo finishes his pitch with lots of hand gestures and then bows at the end.

Leonardo, not yet satisfied by his description carries on ‘Of course we would have to try and find a way to get rid of the vermin surrounding this place, and we don’t mean Lucas and Maurice’ He chuckles and Pablo doesn’t acknowledge, or perhaps just doesn’t hear, but joins in after a quick nudge in the back.

Jocelyn sinks further into her chair as they both laugh; she puffs out her cheeks and sighs in regret. She regrets bringing her younger brother and she regrets coming herself. Her eyes roll and her vision changes from the laughing Italians to the PRB construction helmet resting on the table. She just stares at it, her pupils dilate and a strand of hair flaps over her face once again. Her lips dry from her inability to think of water or thirst due to her worry for Joel. The PRB helmet, it is soon brought to Jocelyn’s attention, has a large scrape across the top. A scrape that looked like it belonged to a large creature. Her eyes brows raise and she stops sinking into her chair and begins to fight her way back up.

‘You say Vermin?’ Jocelyn asks fascinated by what kind of vermin they mean. She considered them at first to mean just Bees, or Mice, at worst large Rats. Leonardo stops laughing and immediately responds as if he had just been asked a very serious question.

‘Yes Vermin, oh let me guess Lucas never told you’ Pablo stud beside Leonardo laughing frantically at Jocelyn’s lack of knowledge of the island. ‘This island is filled with dark things, unspeakable evil creatures. Creatures that the man you spoke to before created’.

‘Lucas created monsters?’ Jocelyn presumed.

‘Monsters? Believe me the place has monsters, these are not monsters, these are worse. You realise how many PRB construction workers he’s gone through trying to rid of these things? A lot, many’

Leonardo turns very serious. He pulls a seat that was tucked underneath the large wooden table, he quickly spins it round and sits down in an edgy backwards motion, resting his chin on his two arms in front that are resting on the top of the chairs back, and he takes a deep breath. Pablo meanwhile quickly scurries to check the monitor room. 'Large vulture like things, I can't describe them as anything else, but they were invented in the mind of Lucas. Maurice told us the story of how he stupidly let his brother have control of one of the cameras, and he attempted to create a movie with it. A Science-Fiction movie with this alien commander called Vander Dredd, and he controls these vile creatures to destroy the Earth, or at least the humans on it. That's as far as I know'.

Jocelyn looks stunned and then stands up and moves closer to the window and sees a crack in it. She touches it and looks round to Leonardo who gives a confirming nod. 'So why didn't they break through the glass' Jocelyn asks.

'Apparently' Leonardo stands up and joins her looking out the window, 'they fear glass, as does "Vander Dredd" I feel stupid just saying his name, it's just all so silly. You might have realised he told you put glasses on when you got here, did Lucas?'

'Yes he did as a matter of fact' She responds.

'So the scary Vulcans don't come near you' Leonardo whispers. 'He wouldn't want his cinema to be ruined now would he, he wouldn't want you to find out about the deaths suffered by Italian builders working on the scaffolding outside' He starts pointing backward with his thumb in no particular direction behind him 'not so long ago, Pablo stumbled across a woman, she must have wandered onto the island, the same way you would have, but she had no idea, no guidance, she was dismantled. Each limb torn off, her head nowhere to be seen. Her torso was ripped to ribbons. And the leaves that surrounded her separate corpse where red, dark red'.

Jocelyn struggling to stop her shaking and gaging slightly manages to string a question 'So how do I get out of here?' she pleads.

'Venice, that's how we get home' Leonardo says politely and calmly. Pablo not so calm comes behind Jocelyn; his hands on her shoulder 'want to hear the rest of our idea?'

'No' Jocelyn shakes Pablo off and starts to walk away, 'I've heard just about enough nonsense, thank you very much' Jocelyn opens the door to exit onto the main area of the cinema and quickly Leonardo slams the door shut again.

'If you can just relax, let us explain our plan' Leonardo says coolly 'please' he flares a psychotic smile. His smile is so intriguing to Jocelyn that she hardly realises Pablo dragging her towards her seat again, it's as if she'd seen his smile before. 'We've got big plans for this place haven't we Pablo?' Pablo doesn't respond, his hearing again eludes him. 'Pablo!' Leonardo exclaims.

'Yes, yes' Pablo gives a generic response.

'Lucas won't know what's hit him when the PRB construction workers throw him off course and take what rightfully is ours, we lost a lot of men before I came here, and lost a lot of men since I've been here, and does Lucas care, Maurice does slightly, but Lucas, cares only about making this place the next Disney World, well it's not.' He sits down again right in front of Jocelyn, who is now very fearful

and considers whether being outside with the Vulcans, or whatever she recalled the two Italians calling them, was better than being with these two seemingly creepy men who seemed adamant not to let her go. 'Stop worrying Jocelyn, we're not going to hurt you, we just want to persuade you to not listen to a word that Lucas says, don't trust him, trust us, we know how to run this place safely'.

Jocelyn with the two men creepily staring at her finds herself in forced agreement with them. She is not too aware as to why she is scared of them, it wasn't as though they were doing much wrong, however she was deeply concerned for Joel. The two builders seemed as if they were not going to help her reconcile with him.

Lucas and Maurice and Vander Dredd

Maurice had been escorted by another of the PRB construction workers, this one being Julien, for whom he had formed a close friendship with. Almost like a personal assistant Julien would walk him to and from his room situated in the extension on the ground floor of the cinema. The extension was built by PRB just for Maurice to live in, as ordered by Lucas, mainly to keep Maurice out of his plans, however disguised as a kind gesture to keep Maurice in the loop. The extension was located through the single orange, freshly painted and scented door diagonally across from the food and drink kiosk.

Julien was standing as a guard for Maurice, his stance similar to that of an otter or a Meer-Kat peering as high as he could so he could see everything. His outfit was not as uniform as the rest of the PRB workers. He didn't wear a helmet, neither a jumpsuit nor overalls with the letter PRB stamped across it. Instead Julien was wearing smart attire, a buttoned shirt tucked delicately into his black office pants. His Italian heritage was lacking, he had short buzz cut hair and was pale as a naked mole rat quite similar to Lucas. His appearance wasn't too far off a mole rat either. Julien's two front teeth were characteristically large, and his eyes constantly twitched.

Interesting there was no proof on Julien that he actually was associated with PRB constructions, but judging by the way Lucas could order him to do as he commanded, it was assumed. He was in fact one of the higher up members of the PRB company, however even he couldn't resist the extra money that Lucas was paying them to work on his cinema project.

Lucas approached the door to Maurice's room. His urgency was written across his face. Lucas looked panicked, and angry, his anger seemed to stem from knowledge. Lucas knew why he was angry, he knew what he was angry at and this panicked him, this time he might not get away with it.

Lucas's stubble was no turning into a beard of stress, his grey hair seemingly greyer, but only from the light shining directly down at his scalp from the lights on the cinema ceiling. He smiled with irony, and put his arms out desperate. 'At it again is he the mucker?' Lucas asked Julien.

'Sorry' Julien responded in strong Italian.

'Don't play dumb with me boy, is he in there?' Lucas stamped his foot in frustration. Before he could give Julien the chance to respond he was down his throat again, 'well is he, is he?'

'Yes, would you like to see him?' He grabs the door knob and twists it without taking his eyes off Lucas.

‘Yes, just want to give him a hug’ Lucas jokes. He even exacerbates his laughter to make it seem that he actually found his own joke funny. Julien opens the door and Maurice is sat there in a dark room, the fire place lit, and his chair facing it patiently waiting for Lucas.

‘I knew you were going to visit me Lucas’ Maurice whispered loud enough for them all to hear. Lucas marches into the room, barging Julien out of the way who eventually follows and the light from the fire place shines across their faces. A tangible heat exudes across the room from the fire. ‘To what do I owe the pleasure? It’s only been ten minutes’ Maurice asks.

‘Where’s Malcolm, I hope you haven’t persuaded him to follow with your little tricks? When are you going to give up?’ Lucas asks urgently.

‘Of course not, Malcolm made this decision all on his own’ Maurice replies assured. ‘Julien you can leave, if you want’ He tells him politely.

Julien remains for a short while and then eventually leaves, closing the door behind him slowly but not before stating ‘he is going to go for a short walk around the cinema’. Lucas doesn’t like this and responds immediately.

‘I hope you don’t go too far, don’t be putting yourself or anyone else in danger’ Lucas tells Julien.

‘Oh stop acting like you care Lucas’ Maurice grows impatient. ‘Take a seat, talk to me’ He points to a chair in the corner, only a few metres from the burning fire. ‘And whilst you’re there, stick another log on the fire for me little brother thank you’ Maurice always gave off the sense of a man who was calculated and ruthless, yet would be also so lovely about it that you couldn’t really say anything to him in case your conclusion on his character was wrong.

‘Tell me what you’ve done, why has Malcolm gone missing and have you put people’s lives at risk?’ Lucas begs.

Maurice flips with rage, ‘Don’t try and make it out like you’re concerned for your guests now, they’re just dollar bills in your eyes’.

‘Our guests, they’re not just mine, we both agreed to this’ Lucas confirms.

‘We did no such thing’ Maurice laughs and coughs at the same time ‘I never wanted this place to be open to the public, I never wanted anyone else ever to discover it’ He talks and his finger wags in the air ‘all I wanted was to show my little brother the fun that could be had with it, but also the danger’ He seems emotional as he explains ‘you took the danger aspect of this place and pushed it into a storage cupboard, you removed the allergies in the ingredients, you put the important details in small print just so you could sell this place to investors’.

‘I’m not on the edge of losing my life Maurice, I have a future to think about, I’m a few decades younger than you, I want to be rich’ Lucas explains calmly ‘I don’t want to die like you, lonely and miserable, and poor, just because your ethical, I want to be remembered’.

Maurice tries to stand up and immediately falls back down ‘you pass off the word ethical like it’s merely just a word. Ethical means something, and until you realise that you are risking these poor

PRB workers their lives and their families' lives, then I will continue to fraught your plans to sell this place to any investors and any guests' Maurice explains his plan in full.

'Oh the PRB workers again, who cares?! So you think by killing my guests' Lucas begins but is interrupted.

'I haven't killed any guests, none of them are dead yet are they, it's not me that's killed them, it's you, this place and your ignorance to it. So yes Malcolm has opened the door to screen rooms, the bolts are off, and he has put the film on, and if something happens, I'm afraid that is your responsibility, little brother. If you don't like it, then shut the place down' Maurice rests his head into his chair.

'Nanulak, you opened the door to screen room seven?' Lucas shakes as he asks.

'I did not; I've been here, in this prison you seem to have me trapped in. The same way you imprison all your construction workers who have to risk their lives with those Vulture things outside, all because of you and you're lack of due diligence. I just simply asked Malcolm if he would hinder your plans, and he was on board, he really doesn't approve of you or this place.' Maurice smiles, however not proud, more concerned for the safety of the guests that he has caused danger to, but feels like he has to.

Lucas ponders for a while, stroking his chin and acting his eccentric self as always. He stares into the fire thinking about using that analogy again of discovering fire, but decides against it. He rests his hands on the leather arms of the chair he is sitting in and the sweat of his hands causes much friction. 'You think you've made a point don't you?' Maurice rolls his eyes at Lucas's question 'you think I'm going to pull out of this project all because you threaten a few guests. I don't care about the guests, they haven't paid a penny to come, I care about the paying customer, the ones who will come when I open this place to the world, whether you or Malcolm like it or not. Or even if all my guests die, it still won't stop me opening this place one day.' He stands up and begins to walk out, slightly tripping over the rug on the way out and being slightly embarrassed and annoyed for making a fool out of himself.

'You really are lost aren't you Lucas, it's quite sad, I thought you were doing this for the movies. For the love of film and all that comes with it, but you're just a sick, evil businessman. My younger brother wanted to be a filmmaker' Maurice says with a heavy heart.

'No one gave me a shot' Lucas slams the door shut again and walks back to his chair and confronts Maurice once more 'I'm the sick individual, you have just effectively released a monster to all our guests'.

'Your guests, not ours' again Maurice interrupts.

'And you sit there and judge me, because I'm ambitious' Lucas states and Maurice meanwhile sips his whiskey from his glass.

'I can see we are going to be discussing this for a while Lucas, so do your big brother a favour, pour him another glass of scotch and yourself one too' Maurice calmly orders Lucas.

'I can't do that, not whilst those guests are out there with their lives at risk' Lucas laughs off Maurice's request.

'Oh relax will you, I told Malcolm to make sure nothing happens, if anything seems like its going to happen, he will simply shut off the film, you can rest assured, your guests will not die, but see how easy that was for them to be in danger.' Maurice calms Lucas down.

'You're evil you, putting me through that' Lucas is angry and gets up and pours himself a scotch whiskey 'you get yourself one old man for that game'.

'I'm evil?' Maurice is absolutely dumb founded, 'people have died constructing this place for you, did you care about them?'

'People died building the Empire State Building, bad things happen so that we can progress' Lucas argues.

'This isn't evolution we're talking about Lucas, this is people's lives and you trying to make money no matter what the risk' Maurice does eventually force himself to stand up and walks over to his flask on the table and begins to pour, whilst he does this Lucas rushes down his glass and joins Maurice and assists him pouring it in way of apology.

'So they are safe then?' Lucas asks whilst he helps Maurice pour, Maurice and Lucas both shaking from their argument.

'They're as safe as they were when they got here' Maurice concludes the pouring of his drink and returns to his seating leaving Lucas to join him eventually after a short thought of what Maurice meant by what he just said.

Malcolm and the Nanulak

Upon entering the second floor of the cinema, Joel, Jessica and Conan had passed six screen rooms so far. Conan now in uncharted territory was beginning to feel nervous and unsafe for the first time since he first set eyes on the Blockbuster cinema. This nervousness he felt only added to the thrill and excitement that he always anticipated upon arrival at the building. He didn't share a hint of his worries the other two however.

Joel and Jessica both looked glum, they seemed disinterested, their desire to explore further was increasing along with their slowly demising anticipation, becoming swiftly less intense as every screen room passed, the magical experience Lucas had expressed about this place was beginning to look fraudulent.

'Are we actually going to go in any of the screen rooms or what?' Joel asks impatiently, moaning like a small child, Jessica initially rolls her eyes and then after thought agrees with him, but doesn't make her voice heard.

'I don't know, I don't feel like it is safe to explore this place without Lucas's guidance, or at least Malcolm with us' Conan explores the diplomatic approach. Conan rubs his bald head with stress and the sweat on the top of his head wipe onto his hand and he quickly dries it on his denim pants. His

swampy green eyes looked disinterest, his mouth dry and his cheeks rosy almost like he was embarrassed, and surprisingly the rosiness was noticeable on his olive skin.

‘Look’ Jessica begins, ‘all I’m thinking now is, how on earth do we get home?’ she asks Conan who she believes has the experience of the cinema to know this information.

‘Oh well, the PRB guys tend to go home through Venice, so I presume that isn’t a film, more a way to get back to a recognisable place on Earth’ Conan guesses with slight confidence ‘they’ve told me, as well as Lucas that normally they just go back through Venice, that’s why I believe it to not actually be a movie, Lucas just tells you it is, it’s actually just a portal to Venice, real Venice’ Jessica and Joel stand completely still, they can’t believe what Conan is saying, it sounds like a lie, but they can’t tell between fact and fiction anymore. ‘So how we get home however is slightly different. Normally Lucas will provide me and himself with a device that he calls the’ Lucas struggles to recall what Lucas calls it and whilst he clicks his fingers trying to remember he is interrupted in his trail of thought.

‘So the last two times you came here, did it run smoothly here?’ Jessica asks concerned.

‘Oh yes absolutely, no problems at all as far as I know, I mean I heard that there were problems with the building of it. You know the construction, and certain films aren’t safe to enter, all that’ Conan discusses and smiles and then turns serious ‘but never has Malcolm or anyone on watch left the guests behind like this as far as I know, I don’t know where is safe and where is dangerous from the first floor up’.

‘Well let’s just go home then’ Jessica gets excited and Joel concurs with her immediately.

‘Not possible at the minute, I have no idea where the device is Lucas used, and Venice is locked, I saw Malcolm lock it when we left earlier’ Conan explains.

‘Can’t we just find Lucas then?’ Jessica suggests another alternative and again Joel just nods in agreement.

‘No, I don’t know where he or Jocelyn are’ Conan puts his arms out in desperation ‘we just need to be very careful, and then hope they all reappear and let us go home. Well, let you go home anyway; I actually quite enjoy this place’. Conan shrugs his shoulders and laughs to himself.

‘What’s there to like, it’s boring here?’ Jessica asks and is quickly answered by Conan.

‘For me, it’s a good escapism; I’m a lonely Canadian piece of no good’ He enlightens, ‘I live on my own, in a small apartment, with a mediocre job, and this on a weekend like this as a break, is just the type of magic I need in my lonely life to keep me entertained. There’s only so many films I can watch on my own, games I can play and times I can stare at a screen with no purpose. Whereas here it’s like I am part of something so much more. I belong here I think’ Conan speaks with absolute sincerity, Joel looks away smiling at Conan’s sad description of his life, and Jessica remains stern faced.

The first floor in which the three guests had just moved past to get to where they were now, was filled with three screen rooms. It was still someway short of the top floor which was still three more floors up and the ceiling’s glass dome was still rather small in the distance above. On the floor was the film Patch, a film in which they briefly looked at entering and decided otherwise. Screen

room five was, as far as the guests knew judging by the poster beside the double doors, a fantasy film called 'Verpo and Their Sovereigns' rated an '18', the first of its kind in the cinema so far. It was therefore presumed one to avoid by Conan who walked Jessica and Joel past it with his experience and knowledge he had of the cinema.

Screen Six was another that Conan had never entered before; it was a floor he had explored but never actually taken part in any of the films there. Screen Six was situated right by the stairway and the lift which was out of order. The other stairwell was the one they would have to take to go back to the ground floor. Screen Six was advertised as a Sci-Fi/Fantasy/Epic on the poster and was called 'The Three Scars of Our Planet' rated at a '12A' as Lucas used British certification due to his origin, it would have been an 'R' if Maurice had a say and the '18' given to Verpo and Their Sovereigns would have been 'X' rated.

The current floor they were on looked much barer than the two before. This floor looked like it still needed work done, the movie posters were not as frequent, and the ones that existed were ripped and torn. The carpet was rugged and dirty, it had debris all over it, and the purple was darker. The orange walls had frequent black splash spots all over it, caused by years of humidity that had not been treated. In comparison to the other two floors that were pristine and very much how you would expect a cinema to look, this just wasn't up to scratch.

The floor was empty, there was no models or figurines like on the ground floor, and no advertisements or cardboard cut outs standing up like on the first floor. It was just seemingly neglected, or perhaps just postponed until the first two floors had been perfected. It was after all a work in progress the Blockbuster cinema according to Lucas.

Conan wandered away from Jessica and Joel for a while to contemplate what he had just admitted, questioning whether he should have confessed his sad life to the two young adults. He stood there pensive, looking at a torn poster of what looked like a Roman Coliseum and movie that was called 'Colyseum', no rating. Suddenly Joel and Jessica were interested in a small shade of light leaving Screen room Seven. 'We shouldn't' Jessica pulls on Joel's shoulder, Joel blushes and then turns around to face her.

'Come on why not, they would have locked all the dodgy ones wouldn't they' Joel argues.

'I don't know, that's the thing, I don't actually know what anyone's motives are here, I don't even know yours?' Jessica questions.

'I came here to have fun, to see something different, and I have, but I want' Joel pauses 'I hope there's more'

'What are you doing?' Conan notices them slowly entering Screen room Seven.

Both Joel and Jessica enter the room without acknowledging Conan's concern. Conan cutting a frustrated figure follows them in to try and get them to see sense and leave. As he walks in, he notices a small piece of ripped paper on the floor, he quickly kicks it to show it face side up and sees that the small section of ripped paper, is of a poster. The paper reads in big bold brown letters 'Nanulak'. Conan has no idea what that means, but doesn't like the sound of it so he quickly pursues Joel and Jessica to which they are already near the screen at the front of the auditorium.

Conan shouts louder and clearer 'What are you doing?' Joel enters the screen before Jessica replies.

'Do you honestly think they'd leave it on if it wasn't safe?' Jessica discusses 'look it looks pretty boring again, it's a cabin in the woods for goodness sake, come on'

The screen shows as Jessica describes, simply a cabin in the woods. The wood of the cabin wet from rain, the sun setting rapidly in the backdrop of the scene as it disappears behind the wood behind the cabin. The cabin seems larger than average, about the size of a small bungalow, and outside are two large jeeps.

Eventually Conan rolls his eyes and follows Jessica and Joel into the movie; he feels it is his duty to keep them safe and protect them, being the oldest of the three.

As they both enter, in the projector room, Malcolm sits there with his feet up. He is momentarily lapsing in concentration as he munches on an energy bar and listens to his headphones. The soundtrack of Lord of the Rings making him feel epic. So epic that he loses all focus of what is around him, and all sense of what he was supposed to be doing. The magic of the classic orchestra ringing in his ears and giving him a form of escapism that nothing could be compared to.

Malcolm may have seen the movies, he may have entered the movies, but he will never be able to experience anything greater than the individual minds joy when listening to music. Malcolm managed to share a rare smile as the music kicked into a higher tempo. His eyes wide shut, suddenly opened abruptly. His resting cheeks lit up, his brows raised and not falling. His hat slanting off his head to which he quickly shimmied and regained its balance.

As his hat sat on his head evenly again, Malcolm's mouth was wide open. It wasn't open in shock, or amazement, it was worry. He had let his imagination take him to places beyond anything that could be magically made real in the cinema. He had let his own imagination run wild and in an instance the guests that Lucas had invited to his cinema where in danger. Malcolm knew he wasn't supposed to let them actually enter the film, on the command of Maurice he was supposed to allow them to enter the screen room and allow the guests into the auditorium to teach Lucas a lesson in the dangers of the building.

He quickly rose to his feet, his large boots causing a loud echo all around the small eight foot long projector room. He turned around and immediately behind him was the door to exit. He pulled it open urgently and began to run towards the double doors that remained unlocked following the guests entrance to Screen Room Seven.

The rain grew heavier and more rampant as Joel, Conan and Jessica moved towards the large cabin. Their feet soaked and the soles all stuck in the muddy surface. Jessica's hair was flying and whipping her face, she had to constantly remove it from her eyes. Joel's ponytail stayed in place, unmoved, yet his face was pelted by the beads of rain and his hair soaked. Conan moved in front and covered them both, sheltering them from the rain that grew stormy as they got closer to the large barn.

'We could seek shelter under the vehicles?' Joel suggests and attempts to point at them but the wind blows his arms in other directions, and his voice being gusted in all kinds of directions by the

air. The sun suddenly had completely gone, only darkness was creeping over them. Both Conan and Jessica lack response to Joel's suggestion, it could be due to them not hearing it, but most likely because they think they should do otherwise.

'Take my coat' Conan removes his jacket and hands to Jessica who accepts with no question or hesitation.

'Thank... thank you' Jessica appreciates his gesture and Joel soon joins in trying to impress.

'Yes you can have mine too' Joel doesn't remove his jacket like Conan, instead leaves it on for Jessica to respond.

'No thanks, I'm ok' Jessica quickly replies politely, her voice quivering from the cold of the dark, dusky night. Conan smiles at Joel proudly, and mimes an apologetic 'sorry' towards him, he knew that Joel had some sort of crush on Jessica, and felt bad for ruining what could have been a deal breaking moment in their relationship. Joel responds with a harsh look which soon turns to large bottom lip of acceptance, and then a laughing smile at Conan, everything was ok between them despite Joel's initial dismay.

'Should we just head back?' Jessica suggests shouting it through the wind.

Conan turns around to check, he is surprised by how far they have walked already, perhaps the wind was blowing them closer to the cabin at a quicker speed than they thought. He also realised that the ripple had moved, and he didn't know where. Conan didn't want to worry the other two so he remained calm despite his panic. He looked around quickly to find the ripple and could see it nowhere, he began to seriously consider that they were trapped.

As Jessica and Joel moved on towards the cabin door, Conan said to himself 'where is the damn screen, how do we get out of here now?!' he quickly regains his focus and heads to the cabin to be with the Joel and Jessica. 'Ok I have some concerning news' Conan shouts and the rain acts as tears on his cheeks. 'The ripple doesn't seem to be in sight, the scene must have changed, we have to wait until we see it again, and then we just leave. This isn't a safe place, as you can tell by the weather'. Joel perks up and as he talks Jessica makes her way towards the cabin door.

'Yes, after analysing films for years I can confirm that this weather is certainly melancholic rather than happy' Joel attempts to show off his intelligence.

'Pathetic fallacy' Jessica helps Joel to explain further.

'What did you call me?' Joel responds slightly aggrieved and offended.

Jessica opens the door whilst looking at Joel, deep into his eyes gazing 'pathetic fallacy, the technique of using weather to convey emotion, in this case, something dark and mysterious' she shouts and soon realises that there is a man in the far corner of the cabin, holding a large hunting rifle in his hand. Jessica immediately stops, the man is unmoved, he remains focused on the window.

'Come on you monstrous being, let's have you Nanulak' the man encourages, with his large moustache covering the entirety of his top lip and partly entering his mouth.

'Or a monster' Joel cleverly finishes Jessica's description as she was startled by the sight of a man with a rifle.

'There's a man with a gun stud over there' Jessica shakes as she lifts her arms up to point and is quickly interrupted by Conan who tells her to be quiet.

'You mustn't disturb the scenes, he might turn on you' Conan whispers.

'He might also protect us' Jessica argues.

'We don't even know what he can protect us from yet, so let's just remain calm and wait for the ripple so we can get out of this place and hopefully find Malcolm, and go home' Conan demonstrates his plan to Jessica whilst Joel walks around the large cabin.

'Pretty thirsty me' Joel says. He then looks across to the man in the corner, not taking his eyes off the window and he is having a drink of water from his plastic flask. 'so very thirsty' he finishes. Joel continues to look around and sees on a table a drawing of a large monstrous being in pencil with the word or noun Nanulak above it. No evidence of a weak spot, no real information on it at all, just an image of what it could look like. It was the image of Grizzly bear, a much larger than average one, about eight feet in length.

Conan leaves Jessica who remains uncomfortable and heads towards Joel. Conan looks at the same image that Joel was looking at. 'This certainly is the monster movie I think' Conan confirms not too happy. 'I knew it was stupid coming in here, venturing round the cinema, it was foolish I shouldn't have let you do it. Go and comfort her' he points to Jessica, 'I'll keep look out for the screen ripple'. Joel begins to oblige but stops to ask him something quickly and quietly.

'Just one thing Conan, can we call it something cooler than a screen ripple' he tries to jest, 'let's call it a phantom mirror or something' Conan just smiles and ignores him. 'See you ignore me, but I bet you'll be calling it that soon'. Joel then proceeds towards Jessica. 'A phantom ripple huh?' Conan mispronounces it.

'Mirror!' Joel corrects Conan and takes a seat on the floor next to Jessica and as he does a large bang is heard in the distance. Jessica panics and digs her head into Joel who himself screams slightly. Jessica lifts her head up and looks at Joel with disapproval, 'you ok Damsel' Jessica jokes.

'Now is not the time to joke thank you' Joel shivers as he responds to Jessica's emasculating comment.

'Oh here he comes, come on, we finish this now' the man with the rifle shouts. He seems like a man insane, possessed by his mission to kill whatever was about to attack the cabin. It must have been close to the films conclusion because the man was on his own, all other characters must have either died off or left him on his own. His shirt was ripped, his leg bleeding from a wound on his upper right thigh, he seemed like he had been through the wars with this creature.

The creature that was certainly on its move towards the cabin, the banging growing louder and louder, the rain launching down from the clouds above. Conan moved towards the other two worried as a large piece of wood fell from the shaking ceiling and very nearly landed right on Conan.

The cabin continued to wobble with every large bang and they struggled to stay on their feet as they hid in the very corner of the large shed.

Jessica takes a peek out of the window above them out of interest and worry of the unknown. All she witnesses is something that concerns her even greater. She witnesses a large tree from the wood surrounding the cabin collapsing down onto one of the jeeps outside and destroying it with its sheer colossal weight. Hidden mostly behind the large barks of the trees is a fury ball that causes an overpowering shadow that stretches and lingers over the cabin like a dark cloud in the sky. Jessica then abruptly drops down again into the corner no longer wanting to see what was heading towards them.

'I've seen enough I want go home' Jessica concludes, 'whatever it is has just destroyed that jeep with a tree, it knocked over a tree' she shouts in disbelief.

Joel looks at Jessica shocked by what she just said 'that's not possible, the image I saw of it made it seem quite regular' he describes the picture of the bear he looked at before.

'There's nothing regular about this place haven't you realised yet' Conan abruptly tells Joel and breaths heavily in panic.

'Are we going to die?' Joel asks Conan.

'How the hell should I know, you're the movie experts, you tell me?' Conan argues.

Joel considers for a moment, he can hear the man in the corner continuously shouting 'COME ON!' and preparing his gun and finding aim, meanwhile spitting on the wooden floor of the cabin. The table besides the man rests the bullets so he can reload his gun, and the hanging trophy of a dead boars head proudly watches over and intimidates Joel's trail of thought. Joel finally thinks of the first witty remark that comes to mind 'maybe its vision is based on movement' in relation to the T-Rex from the Jurassic park movies.

Jessica laughs in response and feels slightly more at ease, or at least it seemed that was what made her feel safer, but perhaps it was more likely that it was the cabin shaking suddenly coming to a halt. What confirmed to Joel that Jessica found his reference amusing was when she misquoted her own Spielberg quote 'think we'll need a bigger cabin' she looks up at Joel with her sparkling eyes, Joel looks down at her and smiles with the biggest grin she had ever seen. Conan rather underwhelmed and slightly lost by their sense of humour remained focused.

Conan looked into the direction of the hanging boar head and saw it shaking like it was alive. He thought he was crazy but then he thought, *well this is a movie that they're in after all, anything goes I suppose*. He soon realised that the shaking head was not caused by life within the boar, but rather life outside the cabin. The head eventually fell to the ground trapping the man's leg and causing him to give out an almighty scream of pain. Joel in his immediate reaction was to help the man, but quickly Conan pulled him back by the shoulder 'NO!', he then apologetically explains 'sorry, but you have to careful, that man is a character, this is how the movie is supposed to go, we are just viewers, that man doesn't even know we are here, so don't disturb the scene' Joel shrugs him off his attentions.

'You can't just sit here and let him die' Joel argues.

'We're not going to just sit here, we're going to get on our feet and run to the first ripple that we see ok'. Conan commands and drags Joel up again by the collar of his shirt. Jessica obliges on her own accord. The man screams louder in agony as the boar's head crushes its hunter's leg more and more as the wooden floor board splits and his leg becomes buried further into the hole caused by the heads weight. The multiple large splinters scything into his calf, causing his original cut on his thigh look relatively small in comparison.

'It's called a phantom mirror' Joel yells frustrated.

'Whatever' Conan rolls his eyes and holds onto Jessica tight leaving Joel on his own. Joel then notices the two of them huddled and as he moves to join in he notices Conan's eyes widen, his pupil expand and his mouth widening. Jessica likewise stands there with an open yawn with no end in sight. Joel startled by the expressions on their faces looks around to check behind him. He looks at the window covered in rain, like an endless fountain. It wasn't the rain that made Joel's face turn in the same way as Jessica and Conan's.

The man still screeching from the pain grabs his bullets from the table, he reaches as much as he can, stretching further and further, his breathing heavier and his veins on his neck pulsating. The cabin slowly seems as if it is about to cave in, multiple streams of water spill out of the open ceiling and cause the wooded floor to immediately rot.

The three guests can see an eyes the size of a tennis ball outside the window. The rain covering it slightly and the darkness making the eyes seem like it is floating with no body attached. The eyes, deep brown swirls around looking and a loud gurgling sound can be heard and it echoes through the dismantled cabin. The gurgling soon becomes a heavy breath, the eye lifts and suddenly two large nostrils appear right by the window, the rain turns into steam by the heat exerted by the monstrous creature's breath. The nostrils are that of a large dog or as Joel and Conan would suspect a bear.

The creatures breath then turns into a sigh filled puff of air, and then another and another, each one becoming louder, more sinister. Eventually the nostrils lift and a closed mouth is clearly in sight of the three guests. Joel backs up and joins the huddle of Jessica and Conan. The monster suddenly after some build up, like a dog growling before a bark, lets off an almighty roar that finally shakes the cabins foundations clean off. Multiple times louder than a bus engine mixed with the roar of a Tiger, the glass shatters and the wood begins to collapse around them.

'It's ok, he won't attack us, he can't see us, we're not part of the movie' Conan reassures, 'but just in case, I can see the phantom Mirror Joel, right by the jeep' he whispers.

As Conan finishes his sentence and the three of them sneak towards the door of the cabin to get out and run away, leaving the man on his own, the monster lashes through the wooden walls with its large bear shaped head. He roars again. This time louder, this time more threatening. He notices the three guests, and not giving them chance for confusion they run away from the large bear.

The bear, which is undoubtedly bigger than eight foot, more like twelve shakes its head and causes the wood debris surrounding its face to flick off. It gets up on its hind legs and just misses hitting its head on the ceiling and growls, and then roars. The man behind him continues to prepare his gun, however becomes slightly confused by the track the bear is taking.

The man seems baffled, as if it wasn't written in the script for the bear to look that way or move towards the jeep. The man says nothing; he just looks on with his one eye larger than the other, the pain in his leg becoming secondary to the confusion he is feeling.

Joel slipping slightly in the mud but being kept up by Jessica regains his feet just in time to avoid the bears jaws that are tracking right behind them. The bear seems to give up quickly and becomes more focused on the jeep. It sniffs around the jeeps tyres, its large frame dwarfing the jeep. The bear's short tiny tail begins to wobble and wag with excitement, the bear when it isn't roaring seems quite gentle and cute, despite its large size. Joel, Jessica and Conan however did not waste any time watching the monster in its natural habitat and ran through the ripple as soon as possible.

On the other side of the screen, back in the auditorium as they dragged their muddy feet through the dark, blackened carpet rapidly, not stopping their stride as they run, they see Malcolm waiting for them panicked.

'Where have you been?' Conan asks in nothing else other than anger.

'GET DOWN!' Malcolm responds. They all confusingly drop down and duck, Malcolm still looking directly at the film could see that behind the three guests the jeep was launched towards the screens ripple. Despite their duck it isn't entirely necessary; however the jeep exits the film and lands in the middle row of chairs in the auditorium. It destroys all the seats and the bears roar is loudly vibrating the seats that have not been crushed by the jeep that the monster had just thrown at them all.

Joel and Jessica run away and hide, meanwhile Malcolm and Conan exchange looks, Malcolm then tells him to hide. Conan does so, and rests his hand on his left arms as he hides under a seat in the front row.

The bear, which must be Nanulak that the man had mentioned in the film, runs towards the films screen and as he charges Malcolm ready's his small pistol that he had in hand. Malcolm however knows that this pistol will not be enough if this monstrous being escapes the film. Malcolm simply holds his gun and hopes, preys in fact that someone in the projector room turns the film off in time, like waiting to wake up from a nightmare.

The Nanulak hesitates as it steps one paw out of the film and places its muddy footprint on the floor directly in front of the screen. The hesitation does not last long; the Nanulak then looks directly at Malcolm and charges out of the film and heads straight for him.

Malcolm leaves the world with a final word 'what a big bear'. Nanulak jumps over him and begins to slam its paws into Malcolm crushing him underneath the bear's large body. Malcolm doesn't get time to squeal in pain as he is instantly overcome by the monsters strength and soon its

jaw as it finishes him off. Malcolm's blood flies in the air and lands on the monster's snout nose and the bear showing no courtesy for Malcolm's body looks up to find the others.

The bear sniffs around and roars and as his mouth opens Malcolm's hat balances precariously as it so often has off one of the bear's large bloody covered teeth. Jessica and Joel both teary eyed try and keep themselves silent as the bear moves around the seats of Screen Room Seven. Sniffing every row, checking under every seat, the guests make sure not to make a peep of a sound after seeing Malcolm's fate unravel in front of them.

Conan watching the younger ones being hunted, decides to crawl on his midriff, shivering and slithering down the stairs slowly towards Malcolm's ruined, beheaded body. He reaches towards the pistol that Malcolm hadn't even got chance to fire at Nanulak. He doesn't aim it at the bear itself, instead he shoots against the wall in the far corner of the room away from them all.

The Nanulak doesn't acknowledge the bang of the pistol and instead sniffs closer to Joel and Jessica. He reaches his tongue out and can taste the seat directly in front of Joel. Jessica panicking reaches a hand out and grabs Joel's, the sweat however makes it a slippery grasp. The bear then breaths out through its nose and it causes moisture on the two of their faces. The Nanulak then lets off a frustrated roar right in front of them, piercing their ear drums almost.

Conan fires the pistol again and this time the Nanulak's attention is turned. It heads towards the wall that the gun was fired at and as the bullet lets off a clink on the metal bollard attached to the wall, Conan shouts to the Joel and Jessica 'RUN!'.

As they both make their way towards the exits doors, the Nanulak notices them moving and quickly shakes off its fleas and chases them. Joel and Jessica find it tricky to maze out of the seating rows and stumble a few times. Eventually they do however catch up to Conan, who is stood ready to run waiting for them.

They run down the thin aisle on the way towards the double doors to exit. Jessica's and Joel's hair soaking wet from the rain still leaves drips behind them. Every drop from their ponytail or long hair is quickly mopped up by the paws of the Nanulak who is trailing right behind them. The bear however is hindered by the thin aisle causing it less mobility than it would otherwise have meaning it to slow up. However each stride of the bear was seeing it grow closer to them.

In the nick of time the three of them manage to make it through the double doors left open by Malcolm. As they rest on their knees for a slight moment, panting and breathing heavily after an adrenaline fuelled run they would never have experienced before, the Nanulak just simply rams through the doors and breaks the frame as its large body moves through it with ease.

'Quickly lets go in here' Joel suggests, and Jessica's follows, as he shows them the way to Screen Room Eight. Conan, not knowing exactly what was in there other than it was about a coliseum follows, it's either that or almost certain death from the Nanulak.

They quickly run into the screen room and the bear follows. Damaging another door frame and shaking one side of the double doors off its shoulder and launching it up and away some distance with its brute strength the bear regains its composure and with its big brown eyes sights the three guests running into the film 'Colyseum'.

Colyseum

Within the film Conan, Jessica and Joel feel very unsafe still. They feel the bear is only just behind them. They are immediately torn between a decision to make. They go down one of two tunnels. They have no idea where the tunnels take them, but they know that if they decide one, the bear might choose the other, but they have to be quick.

The tunnels are effectively long stone tunnels that lead to corners quite quickly. The stone walls are covered in blood and some have metal helmets and shards of blades and swords resting on the floor. The walls are also cut; ditches and holes are made in the walls from what seems like years, decades, perhaps centuries of wear and tear.

Conan looks behind him to see the ripple and an unclear sight of the screen room they have left behind. The Screen room is relatively small compared to the others, the opposite of a coliseum in terms of size. Through the almost watery sight of the ripple he can just make out the large figure of the bear moving around looking for them.

'I'm so scared' Joel confirms and rests his head onto Jessica who starts to rub his head, and then agrees with him. She then notices his ponytail and tries to avoid it, even in the jaws of potential death she still wanted to avoid that ponytail.

'Right pick a path, we haven't got time!' Conan says imperatively. He breaths heavy and no reply from either causes him to choose for them, 'right this way then'. He chooses to go to the right leaving the left tunnel clear. He then jogs and the other two behind him roll their eyes from exhaustion and join him.

The jog turns into a full on sprint as they turn the corner of the tunnel and hear the roar of the Nanulak on their tails again. However with every roar or growl they hear, it appears to be getting quieter. Soon the roar stops echoing down the tunnel and just disappears to a murmur in the distance.

'Either we're very quick runners, or the thing took the other route' Conan shares a smile of relief, whereas the others sigh with relief.

'I'd say we're just quick' Joel says smiling and Jessica playfully hits him in the chest.

As the two of them exchange niceties Conan remains focused and hears a slight noise of a crowd. The noise gets rapidly louder with every step he takes, and also light begins to shine through the dark tunnel. Not just light to allow them to see clearly, but actual sunlight. Light that causes a shadow, they hadn't seen a shadow for a while. Life was just around the corner.

As the tunnel reaches its end and they find the synonymous light at the end, they see a large crowd of Romans watching the middle ring of the coliseum. The sun is shining directly down on the coliseum, the three of them look around and find themselves in an era pre 100 AD. The crowd chanting violence, the voices aggressive, but so much more comforting than the roar of the beast that had tracked them here.

Conan looked for the Nanulak and couldn't find it, and he blends into the crowd with the others. 'Wow' Jessica allows herself to be impressed.

'This isn't wow, books are wow, this is dangerous' Conan claims.

'Oh cheer up will you, you're the one who loved it here so much you came back three times' Joel argues and defends Jessica.

'I can defend myself Joel thank you' Jessica expresses a strong view.

Joel looks angry that everyone seems to argue with him and just looks out to the ring instead and sees a gladiator in the usual costume holding a chain, and attached to the end of the chain is a lion. The lion growling and roaring to escape its chains makes the gladiator shake around and struggle.

The gladiator looks concerned, as Joel focuses in on him. Conan and Jessica relaxingly look around the beautiful coliseum for a moment and Joel begins to wonder. He wonders why the gladiator is so concerned, and whether this is supposed to happen in this film. He nudges Jessica who impatiently loses her temper again 'what?' She asks.

'He looks like he's struggling' Joel explains.

'Because he's holding a Lion that's why' Jessica laughs.

Suddenly out of the tunnel that leads to the ring flies a man in a gladiator costume and he lands on the sandy floor besides the Lion who begins to nibble away at his corpse.

'Ok that's odd' Jessica begins to question it herself, 'where did he come from'.

Then moving out of the tunnel appears the Nanulak's head, rapidly followed by the rest of his twelve foot body. The crowd become very confused, not excited or mesmerised, they're almost upset. 'Let's get going quick' Conan gulps and tells Joel and Jessica. They stand up again and barge their way through the shocked crowd who don't even seem interested in the three of them who are wearing modern clothing for such an event.

'Well hang on let's just watch this' Joel is excited by the prospect of the lion fighting the monstrous bear. Conan however is in no mood and drags him.

The lion finally shakes itself from the grasp of gladiator who seems more focused on the monster that has just entered the ring. The Lion slightly tide down by the chain around its neck still roars aggressively towards the Bear. The Nanulak actually looks rather concerned, its eyes slightly closed as the sand blows in its face. It doesn't roar or act aggressive, if anything it cowards away from the lion. But the lion like an angry Rottweiler continues to bark at the large Bear.

The Nanulak starts to walk away and the crowd boo as it begins to make its way back down the tunnel. However before it can fully move away from the ring the lion jumps on its lower back and claws down on its fury thigh muscles. The Nanulak doesn't let out any noise of pain, instead it just roars with anger. It shakes the lion off and continues to try and move away, but the large cat returns for more. This time the Nanulak grabs the tail of the Lion in its jaws. The Bear swings it and eventually releases it launching it towards the very edge of the ring where the crowd can throw things at the Lion.

The Nanulak, now in fury with its eyes wide open with rage, charges towards the Lion, every foot step loud and aggressive causing the front row of the coliseum to shake. The gladiator who is scared tries to avoid the Bears path but instead the monster just shrugs its paws at him and crushes the gladiators face and flicks him far away towards his presumed death. The Nanulak then attacks the lion who now looks frightened as the big beast stands over it. It grabs the cat by its mane and neck and just shakes it till the lion ceases to live. The lion continued to try and push the bear away with its legs but soon, with every attempted kick the life of the Lion was quickly evaporating and the leg eventually stopped kicking.

The crowd suddenly go wild and applaud the incredible monster. The Nanulak however not impressed or satisfied by the round of applause witnesses the three guests moving towards another ripple in the ninth row of the coliseum. The Nanulak sees them clear as day in the hot sunlight, the bear stares at them with cuts across its neck and lower back. Conan gives a guilty look over to it as they leave, staring back directly into the creatures eyes. The Nanulak gives a big final bellow of a roar towards them and the crowd stop applauding out of fear of what they just heard.

Jocelyn and PRB

Jocelyn remains silent in the conference room, the long table stretching to Leonardo, also mute, sitting on the other side. Pablo is in the monitor room with the door almost fully closed over. The darkness of the monitor room is lit up slightly by the light of the conference room and the monitors collectively letting off a blue tint that just about makes Pablo's drink visible to him.

The drink was far from Pablo's mind however as he watches a few of the monitors speechless. He originally sat down to do the routine check to make sure the guests where all ok and to see that Lucas and Maurice hadn't yet come to blows. He could have been shocked however by a number of the monitors. One of the monitors showed an empty scaffolding outside in which three men were supposed to be working, and a large splash of what looked like red paint was drying on the three scaffolding wooden floor boards.

His shock could also stem from the monitor that reveals Lucas and Maurice calmly sipping whiskey whilst the others were out there in danger after Malcolm's disappearance. This however was unlikely to surprise Pablo, as he had a strong feeling, practically knew that Maurice would have been involved in Malcolm's disappearance and it wouldn't have been too sinister.

A major contender for what caused Pablo's face to slant and eye brows to raise was the screen that revealed a jeep that looked as though it had driven straight out of the screen and into the seats in front. The chairs where completely crushed and add to that what looked like a leg and torso surrounding the back tyre of the jeep, it was little surprise that Pablo would have been shocked by this. The aftermath of the Nanulak's attack upon the guests has left multiple chairs ripped and the carpet torn to shreds with every step the monster took as it left a trail of footpaths behind it.

Pablo followed the footpath with his finger and entered each different monitor with his finger tip as he followed the trail to Screen Room Eight's monitor.

Pablo was intrigued as he watched the small dashes of blurry figures in the monitor move being followed by an even greater blob behind them. 'Leonardo' emphasising his vowels with his strong Italian accent, 'Leonardo, come look at this, don't let the girl see'.

Jocelyn's ears perk up, she moves her head slightly to try and catch a glimpse of the monitors but the gap between the slightly ajar door is too small. 'Coming' Leonardo answers simply and with a sigh uncrosses his legs moves his feet to the floor, he gives Jocelyn a final glance and journeys on towards the monitor room.

Jocelyn considers escape, but instead chooses to play it safe and wait. She wasn't sure enough as to what was out there, what dangers had occurred all she could hear was the cries 'oh no' coming from the monitor room, both Pablo and Leonardo seemed deeply uneasy by something.

'No not Screen Room Nine, dangerous in there' Pablo can't help but shout with concern, not helped at all by his sense deficiencies and deafness he has an inability to tell what pitch he is speaking at. Leonardo covers his mouth and looks him in the eyes and Pablo immediately realises why Leonardo is acting the way he is. He knows that if Jocelyn hears she will become unsettled about her younger brother and run off.

'She would not make it out there on her own' Leonardo explains quietly in the right ear of Pablo, who struggles to hear it, but manages to get the gist of what he means mainly through body language.

Leonardo also catches a glance of the scaffolding and sees the red substance; he looks down hearted and bites his bottom lip pensively. He knows that a few PRB workers have perished from the flying creatures that now seem to guard the cinema. Suddenly he begins to feel incredibly claustrophobic in this building. There doesn't seem a way out other than Venice, but how on earth will they make it there safely now that this creature is out there and more evil seemingly about to follow.

'They're going to kill us all with their stupidity' Leonardo storms off leaving Pablo glum and still looking at the monitors as the three guests disappear into the new film in Screen Room Nine. 'They've gone into a damn horror movie'.

Jocelyn remains seated quietly as Leonardo comes and sits closer to her with a concerned look on his face. He moves his chair closer and closer until he is at an almost uncomfortably awkward distance. He breathes out heavy, 'we cannot stay here, not with what's going on out there'. He tries to explain in his best accent possible, but his Italian still falls out due to his panic.

Pablo meanwhile moves away from the monitor and as he does and the monitor behind remains on, it shows the Nanulak who has lost sight of the three guests and appears to have given up. Instead the large bear begins to wander the corridors of the second floor, the floor just below the one in which they are on within the conference room. Eventually the Nanulak picks a place to relax and shakes off all the excess water that remains from the rain of the wood earlier. It then curls up and attempts to sleep.

'What is going on?' Jocelyn grabs Leonardo's arm desperately. 'Please is Joel ok?'

‘Of course he is, the first thing I would tell is if he was not ok Jocelyn’ Leonardo reassures her. ‘He’s safe’ Leonardo doesn’t seem to feel any guilt that he is lying to her, however does come across as kind when he comforts her and attempts to keep her safe. ‘Me and Pablo are going to make sure you get home safely too, we know how to get home, getting down to the bottom floor might be tricky however’.

‘Use the lift!’ Jocelyn suggests.

‘It not functional yet, we’d have to take the stairs’ Leonardo explains. ‘But for now I do have an idea, a place we can go into that is safer than being here for now’

‘No I want my brother back’ Jocelyn snaps with concerning anger.

‘You can stay here if you really want and wait, or you can make a move and actually get yourself out of this place safely’ Leonardo loses his patience with her. Pablo in the meantime is already holding the door open to exit the conference room and leave to the third floor.

Jocelyn eventually takes Leonardo’s hand that had been out waiting for her to grasp for some time now. As she weakly grasps his hand and shakes, her face paints a picture of worry, almost sickness, her skin pasty and her eyes red as blood. Her eyelids looked very heavy as did her concern for her brother engrained on her mind.

Jocelyn’s footsteps where too loud for the Italians liking, even Pablo could feel the vibrating shake of the floor as she stepped heavier and heavier with every footstep out of frustration. ‘Please Jocelyn, be quiet’ Leonardo begs. Pablo just in front begins to curse in Italian to himself.

Jocelyn does oblige with the rules set by Leonardo and Pablo but is not entirely sure why, still unaware of the large creature that is resting on the floor below them. On their way to the single old worn door at the far end of the corridor, the opposite side of the conference room doors, they walk past the remaining five screen rooms in the cinema not yet seen by Jocelyn.

All five of the rooms have posters on the outside of their double doors. The corridor is wider than that of the previous two floors below, and the shape of the third floor is reminiscent of that of the ground floor. It is large enough to hold couches in the middle of the corridor and large models, but instead it is just empty, neglected space. The carpet, despite looking recently treated is still a darker shade of purple than the ground floor, and this would be down to the muck and dust collected over years of ignorance.

The three of them progress past the first screen room doors of number ten, with the poster of an unnamed Gangster film being advertised. The rating is large, ‘18’. It is seen as an unsafe film to enter presumably by Leonardo and Pablo’s quick advances beyond it. With four more sets of screen room doors ahead, Pablo takes a sharp turn right into Screen Room Eleven on the command of Leonardo.

Following a slight trip, Jocelyn noticed the rooms beyond the one that they had entered. Leonardo was stood there holding the door open waiting for her to come, his arms poking out from behind the door frame and waving her in towards them. Jocelyn however was intrigued by the rooms ahead; she saw a piece of metal shining on the floor just outside Screen Room Twelve.

It peaked her interest, she had to see what it was, if she was being honest she was hoping it to be a coin of some sort that she could take back home as a sort of trophy if she made it. Leonardo allows her a second to check the metal. She gives a glance at Leonardo who is leaning against the door frame and holding the door open with his back, his arms folded, but he was patient. Pablo had already well gone, and Jocelyn could hear the squeak of a rusty hinge on a door within the room Leonardo looked like he was guarding.

As Jocelyn lowered to the floor to pick up the piece of metal and analyse she gave a final check to the single door at the end of the corridor and pondered as to what was behind it. However she had so many questions to ask. The single door had the number fourteen in big bold neon lights beside it. However it had no poster section on the wall, and no sign of any real activity in or out of it, the door looked pristine like it had never been touched by nature.

Saving the question about Screen Room Fourteen for later she picked up the metal and looked at it. It was a shape of a bullet, however with quite noticeable spikes around the outside. She looked at it closely before realising the red stain on the other side of it and she quickly dropped it out of fear and disgust. The dry blood a symbol to her of danger, but also a sign of how long the bullet shaped piece of metal had been there for, untouched and surely unnoticed.

After rubbing her now dirty hands on her pants with some rigour and friction to get all the nastiness off, she looked up from where she found the metal which had fallen back in to the same place, maybe slightly to the left. She noticed as her head tilted backwards and her eyes looked straight on, a poster advertising the film within Screen Room Twelve, and presumably the source of the bullet she had just found on the floor.

A poster advertising a movie called Kali Knox, and behind the title was presumably the female title character. A sinister cowgirl, a hat tilted forwards covering her face with a shadow and a gun, lifted above her head. Jocelyn mesmerised for a moment feels the powerful urge to enter the room and as she touches the door Leonardo ends her curiosity.

Leonardo stands right by Jocelyn and puts his arm around her shoulder and escorts her back to Pablo who is standing waiting to go into a different screen room. Jocelyn holds her palm out to reveal what she had found. Leonardo looks interested by the sharp metal bullet. 'Do you want it?' Jocelyn asks him, Leonardo does look entranced and does grasp it off her and examines it. 'have it, it's a gift off me for you helping me' Jocelyn insists smiling with generosity. Leonardo gleefully accepts his gift, and then warns Jocelyn why he had to come and escort her away.

'You don't want to go in there' In his Italian accent, 'dangerous one that one, she has killed before, one of our PRB men has Kali' Leonardo explains and Jocelyn startled, returns back to the real world and follows Leonardo into Screen Room Eleven where the film advertised by the poster outside of it is called Matter.

Leonardo allows Jocelyn to now take the lead and points in her the direction of a door in the corner of the room furthest from the screen which is playing the opening credits to the film 'Matter'. The door is noticeable despite the darkness of the large room, due to the big green light above it and the sign on the door which states 'Keep Out, staff only, Projector room'.

Jocelyn pushes the door open and the squeaky, rusty hinge can be heard again, explaining what she could hear before when Leonardo held the door open for her. She sees right behind the door as she opens it a small stair case that takes her up to another door, Leonardo following her with every step she takes. Jocelyn is simply following the sound of Pablo singing 'My heart will go on' By Celine Dion from the film Titanic. Her nerves are slightly calmed by his singing, and for a moment, only a short moment she forgets about her worries for Joel. Soon however her qualms return about his safety.

Pablo's singing is disturbed by Jocelyn and Leonardo's entrance. However Pablo's comfort isn't hindered. He remains comfortably sat in his chair right beside the projector looking out of the small pane of glass towards the screen in Screen Room Eleven.

Two seats are free next to Pablo's and Jocelyn rather presumptuously takes a seat for herself. Leonardo says nothing as she follows Jocelyn's approach. All with a good view of the movie as the opening credits come to an end they sit there with one eye on the movie, and one eye on their concerns for their own survival and in Jocelyn's case, the survival of others.

This however was the most content Jocelyn had felt since arriving on the island or since stepping foot in the cinema. There was something familiar about it. Something beautifully simple about the three of them sat there in silence for a while watching a movie through the safety of glass, no phones, no distractions, no expectations of anything greater.

"Matter"

By Max Smith

(The opening scene is of an asteroid shaped rock in space, seemingly millions of years away heading at pace towards a destination)

(It travels past millions of stars, some closer than others, but the audience is able to see the view that the asteroid has heading towards its destination)

(As it heads closer and closer towards nothing the credits begin to role)

(The asteroid continues to travel through depths of space never seen before, lots and lots of stars millions of light years away)

(The asteroid however appears unusual as it is forced towards a point of gravity so many years away but it is gaining on this gravity very quick)

(It finally enters the Milky way, our milky way. A noise is heard echoing through space)

Voice- (British/Scottish lecturer, main protagonist, Steven Palmer, whitish hair, smartly dressed always) Matter... what is matter? It's an extraordinary thing to believe in that is for sure, more powerful than our human brains could ever comprehend... but what exactly is it... Chris? What is matter CHRIS?

(Just before the asteroid can hit Earth, a grey looking Earth with little cloud formation and the sun still barely noticeable despite the lack of cloud, Chris awakes from his sleep to a lecture in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT))

(Chris is lethargic and not attentive to the class that the lecturer is trying to portray to his students)

Lecturer- You going to answer me Chris? You going to prove to the class, why you are star pupil?

(Long pause)

Lecturer- Right then get out... Now!

Chris- I was just about to answer you-

Lecturer- GET OUT!

Chris- Fine I hate this Science nonsense anyway, bores me to tears, I have no idea what any of the shit is on about...

(Chris stands up in a strop and walks out in an unhappy mood slamming the door)

(The lecturer, called Steve Palmer, looks upset about kicking Chris out of his class but then carries on talking about matter)

Steve- So matter... it's an incredible thing... it is the only reason we are here, without matter this universe could not exist, it is every desk you sit at, it is every particle in a reaction... it is even the blackness in space, now without matter there can't be anything, simple! We couldn't have technology, we would be reliant on our minds... our minds aren't powerful enough to live without matter though, we think our thoughts are important and can change the world, they can't. You will all realise one day that you're just another generation looking for the next stage in evolution of humanity. The truth is no one knows of what the next stage in evolution is... any suggestions on what it could possibly be?

(Girl puts her hand up)

Steve- yes young girl on the front?!

Girl- I've heard that we will lose our small toe, apparently it serves no purpose to us anymore!

Steve- It's a great observation, of course when we were hanging from trees like apes it was helpful... not anymore however... but think bigger, evolution isn't creating an AK-47 instead of a pistol, that's invention... true evolution is when we become something different altogether, evolution is creating a gun after realising a knife won't do, more suggestions?

(Boy shouts out in the middle of class)

Boy- All of us will have no hair one day and we'll all be the same colour, that's what I learnt in college

Steve- And you were taught correct we will lose our hair and we will all be the same race... a step in the right direction of course... but again that's just adapting to erase imperfection... we don't need perfection in humanity we need survival... the world is changing... we humans need to adapt to survive that's what evolution is... that's what I'm talking about... it's not getting rid of something because we don't need it anymore like a toe or hair, its evolving something new to help us deal with what's ahead... its adding to our artillery as a race... its building a machine like this-

(He pulls the cloak off a medium sized 4 foot Fennel shaped machine with inbuilt computers and other gadgets. He points at it and the class clap for him)

Steve- Thank you, thank you... This isn't going to fight wars... this isn't going to make you any old breakfast in the morning, it will invent a new breakfast for you... it will decide whether a war should or should not take place... now I've been working on this baby since I left this place with an honours degree in Scientific invention and evolutionary studies. Despite this taking me a while to perfect it... it is perfect, I feel humanity is ready for the power it possesses... we are in the year 2062 now people... we have to accept when we have reached a peak in human technology, this is the peak... this is the next stage in evolution- Because not only can we build such a machine, we have the knowhow on how to use it to our greatest advantage I believe

Girl#2- Didn't you just say though sir that evolution cannot be creation, it has to be a natural process to adapt to survive?

Steve- You're right it can't be invention, evolution can't be a conscious design, it has to fall into our hands... creation is different, in my time of researching science at the highest level of physics I have found many things to be admired... none more so than the possibility of a super-atom... or super-matter... I never invented the super-atom but I did find it... it was there already in the universe waiting for a soul like mine to find it... when I found it I manipulated it just like matter intended humanity to do it... I never invented, I created a machine with super-atoms formed by our friend matter of course... this machine, that is our future as a race, perfect in every way, depending on how humanity uses it!

(Long pause)

Steve- Any questions, I'm sure there is?

(Every hand goes up)

Steve- Nice to see some of you are actually interested... yes you with the white sweater on?

Boy- You invented this all by yourself yeah?

Steve- Yes... independently... something all of you need to learn... to be the best you can be, you can't have other people telling you rules and telling what not to do, you need to go with your instincts and learn to build on your own... yes little girl with the braces?

Girl- Hi, Mr Palmer, I'm a big fan of your work... what does the Fennel...

Steve- Fennel 2062!

Girl- Yeah sorry sir... what does the Fennel 2062 actually entail?

Steve- In answer to that... what doesn't it do, in fact I know little of the capabilities of this incredible machine because the Super-atom is a new discovery by me... and hopefully will get me a Nobel peace prize one day, that's the greatest aim!

Girl- Seriously though sir... what do you know it does?

Steve- Erm well... it runs all electrical devices without using energy, sustaining humanities length that they can last on Earth, a sign of true survival... it can, make life decisions basing on computer analysis to determine whether you should cross a road or even buy that half a dozen eggs you've been contemplating over the date about for the last five minutes... you just have to place the headphones in and it will tell you everything you need to know on your walk... without the Fennel even leaving your house... it can also invent media ideas and create forms of entertainment for humans to enjoy... yes this has to final question I'm afraid!

Girl#2- doesn't this machine demote sociability amongst humans and imagination and inventiveness?

Steve- Well depends if you want to be a cynic or not... I suppose on some level humans will become reliant on this machine but not to the extent where sociability will change, sociability is at an all-time low already... I mean look at you all on your phones, back in my day we texted one another if we were on our phones, not looking for answers... technology is wonderful, so we all accept this lack of socialising via your generation!

Girl#2- Are you sure about that?

Steve- No more questions... thank you!

(He walks out and they all clap him out as a professor of the university walks in to wish him on his way)

Professor- Ok give another round of applause for the great Mr Steve Palmer... he's gonna go far... now everyone get your phones out and place your headphones in your ears and listen to my lecture podcast and answer the questions in front of you!

CUT TO:

(Steve gets in his car outside the university and tells the machine where he wants to go, He has a Fennel 2062 in the back of the car and it drives for him using its extensions out of its arms)

Steve- Drive me to my home...

Fennel- Home is two miles away north and will take around 12 minutes depending on traffic!

(It starts driving smoothly along the road dead centre of its lane)

(The world doesn't look too different apart from there are lots of rockets in the air leaving trails behind, everything looks neat, grass is freshly cut and the air looks clear, and no one is on the streets)

CUT TO:

(Around the dinner table Steve, his wife Angela and their son Chris, who was kicked out of the lecture are sitting around the table)

Steve- More carrots son?

Chris- No... (Chris is too absorbed into a game on his phone and can't lift his head up to respond the whole dinner scene)

Steve- Ok... so Angela how was your day today?

Angela- You know what it was eventful... there was a sale on at CPU store...

Steve- Oh really, what new technologies did they have in there today then, you know they always have something new right champ?

Chris- Don't call me champ!

Steve- Ok...

Angela- They had very little actually... nothing special... nothing we could afford anyway!

Steve- Give it time Angela... we'll be getting a big pay check soon, once my idea is released to the public anyway, every company will want one, every family will need one, just like when Microsoft created the PC and Apple created the iPhone.

Angela- I hope you're right this family could do with an upturn in fortune...

Steve- So what was the most expensive thing in there?

Angela- The Fennel, it was being advertised coming soon (smiling)

Steve- Really, I'm sure the government will make it an essential device one day... it's pretty special, this is lovely by the way Angela, really top cooking again!

Angela- Thank you...

Steve- What do you think Chris?

Chris- Its good...

Steve- You haven't touched it though?

Chris- I can smell it...

Steve- You know I had an eventful day today honey, I advertised my new product to the kids at MIT-

Angela- Really?

Steve- Yeah... but you know out of the whole class the only one who couldn't listen to me was my own son... wasn't it Chris (laughing)

Chris- Why are you bringing it up dad?

Steve- I just thought it was a funny situation... so I told your mother... it's how humans interact Chris

Chris- Don't patronise me... I'm not some freak who can't socialise...

Steve- Yeah that's why you live at home despite being a student... Look I never said that Chris it was just a joke... let's just enjoy our meal that you haven't touched yet...

Chris- What's with the sly digs dad... come on!

Steve- Chris... it's a joke

Chris- I know what a joke is (He continues with his head down playing the game)

Angela- Your dad was just joking

Chris- I'm sorry mom

Steve- Its Mum Chris... stop sounding so American...

Chris- What I'm American...

Steve- But your heritage is British, Scotland... we speak with a strong accent, not weak...

Chris- Well why the hell d'you move to Massachusetts then when I was a little boy?

Steve- Come on Chris you have to remember that we moved to America when you were 3 surely you picked up some British lingo...

Chris- Is this another joke of yours dad?

Steve- Listen Chris... I'm trying to lighten up your mood around the table... just go with it... was I boring today by the way... I don't care what the answer is, just be honest... was I?

Chris- Yeah you were quite boring... that's why I fell asleep

Steve- what bored you?

(No answer)

Steve- Chris, what bored you...

(Still no response, still playing his game)

Angela- Chris answer him-

Steve- (laughs to himself) CHRIS WHAT BORED YOU?

(Chris just looks up at him and walks out of the room still not lifting his head from his phone. Steve slams the table in anger and shouts a question at him)

Steve- Ah you just gonna walk upstairs and not do the dishes for your mother? You need a bit more independence kid because you're gonna find it really difficult in the future... I'm warning you champ!

Chris- (shouts from upstairs) I said don't call me champ!

Steve- (angrily looks around the room and Angela looks upset) what?

Angela- Go easy on him...

Steve- Why? He needs to learn some manners

Angela- He's 19, he'll learn...

Steve- Ok well what about being on your phone instead of eating your dinner, what the hell is that about... kid doesn't even lift his head up, I feel like I don't even know my child... it's unbelievable... unbelievable...

Angela- You don't know him... you criticise him for the slightest thing... he spoke American big deal he's been living in America his whole life... it's you who wanted to move here...

Steve- yeah to pursue my career... to make money for my family... I criticise his attitude... he thinks he'll never have to lift a damn finger because of the religious crap they teach him at school at an early age over here... he thinks god will do it for him... it's pathetic... he needs to grow up... today in university he was pathetic... I was ashamed to call him my son... he slept through a what was basically a display of passion on my part and he dreamt through it, probably dreamt about that game he plays on... he gets more stressed about that game than he does about his studies, science... socialising, the kid needs to learn...

Angela- Steve... we talked to his teacher and they said he was the most sociable lad in school...

Steve- Well he must be the best of a very bad bunch (Chris overhears this last comment)

Steve- Try and make a joke about the humiliation he caused me and I end up being the bad guy, typical...

Angela- Go up later and talk to him (She walks into the kitchen with the dishes)

Steve- Fine, you want me to talk to him, I'll talk to him... love you!

CUT TO:

(Steve opens the door carefully as Chris lies in bed playing on his phone)

Steve- You know you'll get Erm... square eyes if you keep playing that (smiling)

Chris- Very funny dad...

Steve- Give me it...

Chris- What no, it's mine!

Steve- Chris give me the phone (He pulls it off him and throws it away and it breaks)

Chris- Dad what the hell? Just get out, get out of my room!

Steve- No, I will buy you a new one when the money for Fennel 2062 comes in... just let me apologise for the way I shouted at you before...

Chris- Ok...

Steve- I'm sorry... I shouldn't have shouted at you in the lecture... or at the dinner table, the truth is I grew up in a different time to you... I mean these phones were around, this technology was advanced... but it wasn't relied upon quite so much, I'm sorry, I'll try and be more understanding in the future, besides you're getting the best invention ever made soon for free...

Chris- Suppose you're right...

Steve- The only piece of equipment humanity will ever need, it will make everything better in this world!

Chris- Really? I don't think it will...

Steve- How's that?

Chris- There's more to the universe than just a machine that does everything for us... if the universe wants us to die there's no machine that can save us from that...

Steve- You're right but with science we can last a lot longer than our race should!

Chris- No dad, I know you love science and it's your life... but there's more to humanity than science... you think matter is everything... I don't agree...

Steve- Ok so what are you religious then?

Chris- No I'm sceptical of religion and science I'm kinda stuck in the middle

Steve- Hmm... I can't choose for you... unfortunately, you have to decide on your own... its part of growing up... Chris

Chris- I don't believe in evolution either, nor do I believe that man can travel faster than the speed of light...

Steve- Ok I agree... the speed of light we can never reach as humans, but atoms can... and evolution is proven

Chris- who put the atoms there...

Steve- I don't know... many people will tell you it was god, others will tell you a big bang... there's no right answer it's what you think... I'd like you to be completely science bias like your father but... it's ok if you're not, do you believe in gravity at least?

Chris- Well that's proven...

Steve- Still just a theory though... like everything else... what do you believe in then?

Chris- I don't know... that to help humanity survive our mind will be more important than matter when the times right... besides, it's nice I suppose to talk to someone about this... no one else talks about anything other than technology and science, religion is a dying existence...

(Long pause)

Steve- let me give you something... you see this (Pulls a pebble out of his pocket) this was given to me by my father, and his father and so on... I did give it to you when you were born I think...

Chris- I remember having it still when I was 3... it was possibly my earliest memory of my life...

Steve- Well I took it back off you, I knew you'd lose it, you thought you had lost it, remember how angry I acted, you were only like 6... but you're at that age now, you'll be moving out soon hopefully if you find a nice girl, you're old enough now! It's the seed to my heart (He gives it to him)

Chris- Is that what it's called, the seed to your heart?

Steve- Yeah... take care of it though won't you, its seen a lot... I love you no matter how many times we argue and disagree... I will always love you...

Chris- Love you too... oh and make sure you get me the latest phone! The liquid metal one that fixes itself

Steve- Will do (smiles and closes the door)

CUT TO: EARLY MORNING

(Shows Steve sitting in an airport watching young people go by, none of them talking to any other humans or communicating, instead looking directly at their phones. Steve keeps check on his watch in case he misses his flight. He watches a rocket take off in front of him, as all planes have been replaced with efficient rockets that land on earth once the rotation of the Earth suits their destination, and it lands straight back down in another country or part of the world. He stands up to watch the rocket take off in amazement)

(A man much, much older than Steve comes over with his suitcase to watch the rocket as well)

Old Man- World Wars just over a century ago where tanks were a new invention... those guys who died at war could never have envisaged what we would create hey?!

Steve- No, no one could see this coming... nearly all diseases cured, the world overpopulated, science proving to be the answer to all life's problems and the world still isn't perfect...

Old man- Still a lot of answers out there... space travel has never been mastered, what about that?

Steve- Can't be mastered, space is too big...

Old Man- What about the meaning of life? Purpose of us all?

Steve- is there one? I sure as hell can't see one... I always thought there was, but I think we are just biology, even when you build the perfect machine that will prolong humanity and help it evolve, still people question it, you look very old by the way... if you don't mind me asking how old are you?

Old man- 103 (smiling)

Steve- 103 and you're flying somewhere today?

Old Man- No... I just like coming here, I used to work at this exact airport 60 years ago... it was very different, folk used to be like you, not afraid to talk... weren't reliant on a computer or technology to think for them... it's all changed now, I wonder why I bother keeping myself alive at times...

Steve- Why do you stay alive?

Old Man- I'm a Cristian, I cannot simply commit suicide it's a sin in my religion... I'm one of the few religious folk left in this neck of the woods, not many are imaginative enough anymore... open minded enough to look beyond the flames of a rocket and wonder what powerful element causes the flame, and powerful being may or may not of created those elements... they let machines tell them now, sad really

Steve- Seems as if we can't escape dystopia, not everyone can be satisfied...

(Breaths heavily as the Old man walks away slowly)

Old Man- Well have a safe journey

CUT TO:

(Shows Steve walking on board an American Space-line rocket being welcomed by many robots attending to passengers every need)

Robot- (looks like a maid and has a woman's voice, like an airhostess) Hello Steven, welcome to American Space-line, because sometimes the air just isn't high enough... you will be in your destination of... London in 4 hours orbit, enjoy your mission to... London, wish to have any food or drink?

Steve- No thank you...

Robot- Very well... hello... Jackie, welcome...

(Steve walks away from the robot and finds his seat on the rocket)

(He sits down on his own row and looks out of the window and looks down on the whole airport, he then flicks on his personal TV and his wife answers on a new advanced, no glitches FaceTime)

Steve- Hi honey

Angela- Hi Steve... are you nearly in London yet?

Steve- No the rocket is yet to launch, but will be in 5 minutes so we have to make this quick!

Angela- Ok baby... what's it like in one of those?

Steve- Its good... very quick and easy... I'll probably phone conference you again when I land if that's ok?

Angela- That's fine baby?

Steve- How's Chris?

Angela- Missing you

Steve- That didn't sound very convincing?

Angela- Well you know... he doesn't know what to think; one minute you're telling him off and the next you're apologising... to be honest he hasn't come out of his room since you left, playing on that game still

Steve- How, I broke his phone?

Angela- He finds a way somehow, you know him?!

Steve- I know... tell him I'm sorry again and I'll see him later when I get back!

Angela- Ok will do

Steve- Ok bye honey... love you lots and lots...

Angela- Love you too bye!

(He switches off the communication)

(Immediately the scene skips to the rockets flairs firing it into the air and all the way up into dark matter space)

(It stays there for a while)

(Before heading back down)

CUT TO: LONDON

(The rocket lands and it shows Steve exiting the rocket and walking through Heathrow airport and he is driven straight to the centre of London by a taxi driver)

Steve- Nice day isn't it driver?

(No answer)

(The scene quickly moves forward to where the taxi pulls up outside a large hotel building but London isn't as busy as Steve was expecting)

(He steps outside the taxi and is approached by a man called David Sang who greets him)

David- Steven... Mr Palmer?

Steve- Hello...

David- Mr Sang-

Steve- Oh sir-

David- David Sang... friends call me Dave though...

Steve- Do you want Dave or Dr... or what?

Dave- Call me what you like... but I would love to look at that invention you have made... the Fennel 20?

Steve- 62...

Dave- Ah should be easy to remember... as it is the year... you have a very strong familiar accent for an American?!

Steve- I only moved to America with my American wife a few years ago, I'm actually Scottish, Aberdeenshire in fact!

Dave- Ah, how come you made the move if you don't mind?

Steve- Don't mind at all Dr... I felt America had better opportunities there to create, I went to university there, so I knew what it was about...

Dave- Which university?

Steve- Massachusetts Dr

Dave- Wow, splendid, I went to Oxford and of course you know of Oxford-

Steve- I do... what did you study?

Dave- Quantum physics... no biggy...

Steve- I have to admit... there aren't as many people in London as I thought there would be, I remembered roads like these being full in busy British cities

Dave- Yeah well that's technology for you... we do all our work from home now because we can...

Steve- Maybe it's the same in America I just haven't noticed the sudden change...

Dave- It probably is more so in America... but anyway come in, you must be freezing not being used to this torrid weather... come on, show me the Fennel

(Steve follows Dave into the large hotel)

CUT TO:

Steve- So basically you simply ask the Fennel for petrol substitutes and it will create for you a substitute using the super-atom installed in it... and were done, simple but effective, humanity's answers to all its problems In this world

Dave- So this thing replaces fuel, electricity, heat... every energy humanity is running out of?

Steve- yeah and much more

Dave- And this is because of the super-atom that is inside it?

Steve- Yes

Dave- How does this super-atom work, may I take a look at it?

Steve- I can tell you how I made it, so you can produce more Fennel's, but no if I showed you it would blow us up in an instance... it's something that needs to be controlled carefully... the power of humanity is in that atom... and all though I can trust people with my invention, I cannot trust us all with how this was created... otherwise, well we may just end up killing ourselves, it's very powerful and helpful when used properly...

Dave- Wow... you know I'm famous for inventing some pretty nifty stuff I my time, the liquid metal phone, a personal triumph of mine... but I have never discovered or created something like a super-atom, it's like something out of a movie, just like my liquid metal, it's an astonishing piece of equipment Steve... I'll invest, without doubt... this can be the greatest asset to humanity since the computer, and you built it... how though I need to know? (Excited)

Steve- Erm... just hard work, and graft, independence, I worked on my own since I was 28 on this project... 16 years later, my efforts are now counted for...

Dave- Humans can achieve wonderful things on their own now can't they?! Never used to be like that, we used to have to work in a team to create greatness... it's not the same anymore

Steve- We can achieve as individuals and as part of a team, the best of both worlds...

Dave- What else does it do other than fuel replacements and energy substitutes?

Steve- what doesn't it do... it finds cures for diseases... analyses human decision making... drive your car... make you dinner

Dave- Can it reproduce human beings as well (happy sarcasm), Jesus the thing is a freak of nature ha-ha (really happy by the prospect of this invention) incredible, just incredible...

Steve- The truth is the Fennel can probably do a lot more, but I don't even know yet what the super-atom can make humans do... but I'm sure the fennel will tell us when it's up and running...

Dave- Can it talk?

Steve- Ha, yes, only programmed words, not many, it can type words on its screen to interact with you also... but speaking fluently, isn't the main focus of the Fennel, it's more of an inventive machine rather than a machine that stands still with the rest of the world...

Dave- Ahh... oh well... we'll get creating, release the machine onto the market in around 1 year and a half?

Steve- That sounds fantastic Dr... really?

Dave- tell the wife... (Smiles)

Steve- Say, you couldn't give me one of those phones you newly built could you... my sons craving one?

Dave- An LSP... one of these (shows him the phone)

Steve- yeah, he really wants one?

Dave- Well sure let him have one... I'll get you one shortly... first of all tell me of your invention... the super-atom... it's a compelling invention, we must know of its power before making it

Steve- It's not an invention!

Dave- Sure it is... you've invented a super machine that can do all kinds... that's inventing

Steve- yeah I admit I invented the machine but the super-atom is my creation... my art... the piece were I just brought it to the public attention so to speak...

Dave- Creation, what are you a Cristian?

Steve- No, not at all... I studied evolution at school and scientific innovation... I think religion is a load of rubbish... no offence to any religious people you may know...

Dave- So why do you want to be a creator so much, rather than an inventor?

Steve- Because that's what the word means, to find something already there in the universe and bring it to the attention of humanity... listen this machine isn't just some other rocket... another quest to space, this is a machine that is basically the next stage in evolution, a triumph, did you not see that in my presentation?

Dave- I think you enjoy advertising your invention, but it serves only few purposes, great purposes however, and that is to help the economy of our western civilisation

Steve- Dr, kids are growing up not even lifting their heads off their phones, they can't eat a meal without being given assistance on how to eat with a knife and fork... its quite frightening...

Dave- So what do you do... oh invent another piece of technology to give our future generations more reason to rest on their laurels?

Steve- How many future generations do you reckon we'll actually have on Earth, as far as I can see, there won't be many

Dave- What are you talking about... where humans, we survive... we have never been more better off, there are less battles on earth than ever before... and there is more money than ever before... were heading towards a perfect world not the end of it... now do you want the Fennel released or not, because you are putting me off the subject a little?

Steve- Yes I do but for the right reasons... I want it to be used as a tool to help humans live on, not as a substitute for human thinking- this thing creates ideas... imagines the best possible media for human entertainment, it assesses all risks and allows every decision to be carefully, and correctly taken... I don't want that to mean that our future grandkids don't think on their own two feet anymore... there's a limit to technology and we are pretty close to its peak... advance any further and we're going backwards as a race not forwards...

Dave- I did quantum physics at university... and I have no idea, what you're talking about...

Steve- Ok an analogy for you... you know when you're on a video on the internet-

Dave- Yeah

Steve- And it starts to buffer... constantly, what do you do?

Dave- I wait... and I let it sort itself out

Steve- Well pretend the video is the universe... and we are the one thing in that universe that's buffering it, were catching up too quick, the only way we can go is backwards and keep our distance otherwise we'll get stuck forever and the universe won't like that

Dave- You trying to suggest the universe has a conscious now, a mind of its own?

Steve- Metaphorically, perhaps

Dave- You sound like you're being religious... there is no higher force in this world Steven...

Steve- There's a fine line between religion and science you know that... I'll see you when I'm a millionaire...

(Steve walks out)

Dave- Wait Steven... a pleasure talking to you, here's the phone you're son wanted

Steve- Thank you Dr... (Shakes his hand)

Dave- I look forward to releasing the Fennel 2062 for the right reasons, deal?

Steve- Deal...

(Steve walks out again)

CUT TO:

Five years later

(In a brief scene Steve is running away from an unknown. He runs to the edge of a cliff without looking around and considers whether to jump as he feels the chaser gaining on him and then slowly he lifts up into the sky, floating towards the clouds all them miles away and wakes up)

(Steve is awakened by the Fennel 2062 beside his bed)

Fennel- Steven Palmer... it is time to get up... Steven Palmer it is time to GET UP!
STEVEN PALMER IT IS TIME TO-

Steve- Yeah, yeah whatever...

Fennel- Steve, you were dreaming of being chased... is there something you need clear from your mind?

Steve- Yes clear my mind of the previous 8 hours please!

Fennel- Currently entering consciousness, memory erased...

Steve- Thank you...

Fennel- Why are you running away from your dreams Steven?

Steve- I didn't create you to question me!

Angela- (Enters with breakfast) Hi baby... made some eggs for you...

Steve- Thank you-

Angela- Well when I say me, I mean Fennel made them...

Steve- The thought was there though, thank you... which Fennel?

Angela- Kitchen Fennel (laughs at the stupid question)

Steve- Of course it was... losing it... where's Chris?

Angela- He's working today... doing more than what you're doing at the moment!

Steve- yeah of course he is... he doesn't even break a sweat and he's making more money than I ever made... and look what I made for goodness sake!

(Steve gets up and walks to his dressing gown and puts it on and walks into Chris's room)

Steve- Alright Champ?

Chris- Give it a rest dad, I'm never gonna endorse the nickname champ...

Steve- Alright fine, what you doing at work today anyway?

Chris- What aren't I doing... I have Fennel working away 12 hours a night at the moment on this project...

Steve- What project is it?

Chris- building my own headphones using of course your very own creation-

Steve- The Super-atom?

Chris- Dad... you're a bit behind still aren't you... we call it the Super-matter now... a collection of atoms, there all around us, like normal matter... but made of super-atoms

Steve- Suppose your old man didn't expect humans to develop the idea further hey... so are you going to get out of bed today?

Chris- No...

Steve- Oh come on Chris, let's go and have a meal or something for lunch, come on, father and son bonding session

Chris- Why go out, Fennel cooks the best steaks we could hope for... he even kills the cow for us!

Steve- Yes he's brilliant... I just thought-

Chris- Where would you want to go anyway... restaurants only open rarely, everyone does what we do... let the Fennel make them dinner

Steve- Ok, are you gonna let the Fennel think for you too? (Getting angry)

Chris- He already does

Steve- Ok I see...

(Steve walks back to his and Angela's room)

Steve- Angela... how long has it been since you saw Chris with another human being other than us?

Angela- Don't you dare have a go at him... you're just as bad

Steve- No I'm not...

Angela- Ok then, how long?

Steve- about three years... I don't need anyone else I got you and the kid... but I know I can socialise... not too sure Chris can!

Angela- Of course he can

Steve- Chris is 24... and he acts like a 15 year old in his room... I'm just confused and wondering why our son is like this...

Angela- Ask yourself, you built the Fennel... why do humans need to do anything now that the perfect machine has been created...

Steve- But were still trying to build better aren't we?

Angela- Yes... but you can't... not unless if someone discovers something greater than Super-matter which is surely impossible... come on Steve, stop asking me, you know more than me on this subject, is this a test?

Steve- So what are you doing today then?

Angela- Gonna watch TV and let Fennel do the house chores... what about you?

Steve- Help Chris with work, try and bond with him some more... you're getting lazy aren't you?!

Angela- I beg your pardon...

Steve- Well letting a machine do the ironing again... come on love you only have a few jobs...

Angela- Have you been dreaming again?

Steve- What no?

Angela- You have... you can't ask Fennel to erase your consciousness all the time Steve... it's like a drug and you're getting addicted to it... you have to embrace your dreams... not destroy them, their important, I keep them and Chris keeps them... you should do the same... stop letting Fennel into your unconscious...

Steve- Human imagination doesn't mean anything anymore Angela; the future is technology, science, not religion and human reliance on machines is unfortunately the lives we have all chosen, if you don't like it then go back in time. Wake up and realise that. Then maybe Chris will get some perspective, we are too great for dreams, they serve no purpose to us anymore... better off erased, just like love, we can't love anymore, if you can't beat this emotionless era in humanity then join it... and embrace it!

(Angela storms out)

Fennel- I sense animosity in the room Steven?

Steve- No... none of your concern Fennel, relax...

(Stares at the door being slammed shut by Angela as she storms off)

Steve- Ahh... damn you Angela... Fennel... forget what I said, replace my memories, replace my conscious... with happier times!

Fennel- As you wish Steven

(Fennel works his magic and Steve immediately smiles with joy)

Steve- (breathes a sigh of relief) brilliant, thank you Fennel... those memories are most enjoyable...

CUT TO:

(Steve is standing outside with the grass cut so well, like a football pitch, or a carpet. It looks lush and there are many Fennel's all over the place doing various things in gardens but no humans, on the street or in cars. Steve keeps smiling still high from his rush of happy memories)

(All the houses on the street are smaller than earlier in the film showing that humans now all live independently and that Steve's family is a rarity)

(Steve comes down from his high and looks slightly depressed all of a sudden)

Steve- Fennel, give me happy memori-

(He is interrupted by a car in the distance and out shock stops talking and watches the car in excitement)

Steve- My god...

(The car pulls up and Dr David Sang steps out)

Dave- Hello Steven...

Steve- Dr, pleasure... how are we?

Dave- Not good... I had to get one of them rocket things here and I'm still not used to them, don't think I ever will due to my age... but I'm here to discuss the Fennel-

Steve- On developments... I know my son works on building the next stage in the Fennel process upstairs...

Dave- Yes... well it's not about that...

Steve- Oh, oh, ok you better come in then!

CUT TO:

(David tries to talk to Steve but Stevens' dog won't leave him alone)

Steve- Don't worry about him... rex, down... Rex! He never listens to me

Dave- I can see that...

Steve- He only knows Fennels voice you see... he's his real owner, Fennel control Rex!

Fennel- Rex want a treat?

(Rex runs away into the kitchen)

Dave- Where's the wife?

Steve- She's not too happy with me, my memory was a little faded this morning

Dave- Oh no, not you too?

Steve- Yeah I use the memory consciousness system on the Fennel... its addictive!

Dave- I don't understand why anyone would use it, it messes with your mind, people can suffer mental illness and all kinds from it... but oh well... each to their own...

Steve- Well it gives you that lovely feeling of reminiscing happy moments in your life automatically, it's like a warm smile on your face because of those memories, I'm surprised you don't do it... Go on anyway, what's the problem?

Dave- Obviously you're aware, the economy doesn't even have to exist anymore because well the Earth is never in the black or the red... its always green, thanks to technological advances... although it does exist, we are all equal or as good as... perfect world!

Steve- Absolutely!

Dave- I've come Steven as a confession more than a meeting... you were right... I said it... were going backwards as a race

Steve- I never said that?

Dave- you did all those years ago... you said that humans are getting to ahead of themselves... and that the universe might get pissed... well it won't be long till it's very pissed... and I don't know what the result of that will be... but it won't pretty for us humans, we are becoming emotionless animals with no intention on developing any further or fighting for our own survival, we care only to let machines run our life...

Steve- So I was right... we have our purpose on Earth and that's it- like I said, I wanted you treat it as evolution not a toy...

Dave- I suppose I blindly wanted humans to have a more meaningful purpose than birth, life and death... but unfortunately that's all we have as a race... and our time in this universe is coming to an end if we don't stop developing inventions... most importantly if we don't stop the creation or finding of the super-atom and the invention of the Fennel! Who knows what the fennel will create in the future using the Super-Atom...

Steve- You still call it Super-Atom?

Dave- Of course I do, it's not Super-Matter, if it was we'd all be dead already...

Steve- I warned you about this... but no you gave it out like free candy... you have to be careful with things as powerful as this... and look it's even got the better of me now... I don't know what year it is I've erased so much of my own memory and tampered with it...

Dave- It doesn't matter how the machine was dished out... it's about its creation... its discovery... its discovered too much of the earth, before the Fennel was created we had analysed 5% of the oceans we drink from... now were already on 80%, we find cures for things before they are even established as diseases or illnesses... it's too much, were too populated, and were not populated with humans anymore Steven... these aren't humans, within 5 years you haven't sent us forward in evolution, you've sent us backwards into devolution... we don't socialise like we used to anymore, like me and you are doing now... we all read website after website of information and don't even consider inventing something in a team, we do it independently

Steve- I created Fennel independently, I discovered the Super-atom independently, what's the big deal, the reason why I saw it as a step backwards was if the Fennel became clever than humans and began to take over, like in the movies to make it simpler?

Dave- No, it's making us kill ourselves, through no fault of its own, through humanity's own faults... What I'm getting at is you went to school, you socialised... you learnt theories off others... humanity is losing all individuality... its own way of thinking... it believes what the fennel believes in... science... now I love science and I have good reason to believe in it... but some kids... teenagers, they believe that the super-atom occurred through science, never again can we debate religion and science it isn't the same argument anymore, it's over, science won and it wasn't the best result we could have had... we feed our children, future generations with facts rather than creation... of course there's more peace now, but in terms of a perfect world, you need imperfections to make it a human world... people just enter fake realities and stay in their houses, marinating in their own mess and pity, whilst pretending to enjoy their lives, this isn't what we wanted

Steve- Well that's why when I said to you to release the Fennel as a creation rather than invention... it was something to hold on to... grow with, but instead even I have grown attached to it, we were supposed to use it yes... but we weren't supposed to abuse it

Dave- Human values have gone Steven... human sociability dead... and it will grow worse and worse until our independent asses are wiped off the map by those who hunt in the wild... this generation has lost all sense of how to use tools to survive in the wild, we rely on machines, think what the next generation will be like...

Steve- So why did you come here anyway... you want me to destroy every Fennel?

Dave- That's impossible, there's over a billion of them worldwide... I want you to go back in time and destroy the first one you built...

Steve- Ha-ha, that's impossible, the Fennel doesn't travel in time, can't be done, time travelling can't be done, neither can space travel out of our solar system... doesn't matter how advanced a race we have become...

Dave- You won't be going anywhere... all the matter around us, will remain in the exact same place including me... you're conscious will be transported however, it won't take long and I'm sure the Fennel will bring you back in one piece

(Steve laughs)

Steve- Ok and what if you can't trust the Fennel?

Dave- Then that's your punishment for creating it and finding the Super-atom

Steve- I can't believe I'm hearing this. I have a family?

Dave- Your family doesn't need you... it's a paradox... if you destroy the machine then your family do need you, if you fail your family will still survive because the machine will be there to help them

Steve- No I refuse...

Dave- Well lets watch humanity fall into the abyss you so predicted...

(David gets up and walks out)

Steve- Wait... let me ask my son first...

Dave- Why?

Steve- He's religious... kind of... he needs a lesson in science! Unlike everyone else you mentioned, my son doesn't appear completely convinced by science, I need to show him how powerful it can be if this silly idea actually works... which I doubt!

Dave- What did I just say... I said no one believes in religion anymore, you want to risk someone who might actually believe in it... you want to change the perception of a man who may actually be the only one of his kind left on earth

Steve- yes... he only enjoy religion to rebel against my own opinion... I want him to open his eyes, I want him to talk to me... do you know what it's like having a son who can't communicate with you, he feels like he can't because he doesn't share similar ideas to you... if I go back in time, I'm taking him with me...

Dave- Fine... go and talk to him, tell him to prepare himself!

Steve- Need to persuade him first, like is said he doesn't communicate with me like I did with my dad... have to ease him in gently (Smiling)

Dave- Just be quick...

Steve- What does it matter, how quick I am?

Dave- It doesn't, but I don't want to see this earth crumble even more than it already has...

CUT TO:

(Steve is sitting on the end of Chris' bed looking stressed and nervous)

Steve- Chris... I'm err... I'm gonna go on a little vacation, very little, I'd understand if you don't wanna hear me out but...

Chris- What's the vacation... can't you just get the Fennel to make you imagine you being there?

Steve- This isn't a simulation exercise Chris... although the Fennel will be involved in this vacation (Shaking) This is a bit more serious, the Fennel... you're not gonna like this... its halting human advancement... its making the race weaker, instead of stronger...

Chris- But we've never had so much knowledge in human history?!

Steve- yeah... that doesn't, that doesn't matter, Erm... we've reached our peak, in fact we reached it 25, 30 years ago... we've gone too far, we've become too perfect, so perfect that we never need to get out of bed anymore... poverty doesn't exist because the world is economically sound... everyone is well treated for diseases, the average earth age is 98, it's never been that high before...

Chris- What's the vacation then?

Steve- Well (edgy) not so much a vacation... I was lying... it's more of a voyage

Chris- What are you talking about?

Steve- I'm going back in time-

Chris- (laughing) you can't do that, it's impossible!

Steve- They said landing on the moon was impossible, they said building a machine that could change what you were thinking, or replace all Earth's fuel and energy was impossible... the idea of a Super-Atom unthinkable!

Chris- Super-matter

Steve- It's not... you can't have it... everyone's trying to find it, but you can't have it... too much power in one Super-Atom alone... whoever told you there's such thing as Super-matter, they were lying, so... do you wanna come with me?

Chris- Dad, I'm really busy in work...

Steve- (rolls his eyes) For Christ sake! Open your god damn eyes Chris... get out of your bed and look outside... do you think what's going on outside is normal... I've been avoiding it for long time... but you know what, I'm pissed off, my invention was supposed to be the next stage in evolution not devolution. It was supposed to create a greater humanity, not destroy it...

Chris- Well I'm sorry you feel that way but my Fennel isn't going to be able to-

Steve- Oh please Chris... Fennel isn't the be all and end all... you were more than that... you've let technology take over your whole life, and now were in a tough spot, humans are in a tough spot, are you gonna fight for us or sit on your ass and watch the world collapse into a wild jungle like we were before all this...

Chris- You always said you wanted me to be independent!

Steve- Yes I did... by independence I meant grow up, grow as a human being, learn some life lessons... not sit on your backside claiming that what you do is work... I know everyone else on this planet has grown lazy... but not my son... not my champ...you're coming with me whether you like it or not... we need to do something together, I promise you we'll be back and it won't even feel like five minutes... it will all be as quick as a dream...

Chris- Why are you even going back in time, you haven't told me why I should risk my life on this voyage?

Steve- Don't ever say that, I am not risking your life... I would never do that, If death ever approached us, I would make sure you are ok, no matter what, you have to trust me... the reason for going back in time is to destroy the conception, the thought of the Fennel being invented... I'm going to stop myself from discovering the Super-Atom... because you know what that is, it's a response from the universe. Telling us humans that its not happy with us, we're catching up with it too quickly... we'll be finding out too much about it... well the Super-Atom is gonna lead to us destroying each other... team work that's out of the window, socialising with

friends, humans don't befriend anymore, we don't have to because that atom does it for us...

Chris- Why did you create it then?

Steve- I'm a thinker, I'm an evolutionist, I wanted to think what stage is next to keep us alive as a race, not make us greater, just sustain us, making us greater beyond our peak is the thing that is going to destroy us... we are the greatest invention ever created by matter, but we might just also be the dumbest...

(Long pause)

Chris- Who said God isn't getting angry, who said that all this is naturally occurring... what if its creationism, what if matter isn't the reason for why the universe does what it does?

Steve- God doesn't exist Chris... you don't even need to be a scientist to realise that anymore... humans have given up on religion... faith, the mind being all powerful... it's a load of shit... just shit!

Chris- Explains the theory of the universe placing the super-atom on Earth better though doesn't it?

Steve- Are you actually cognitively thinking? (Smiling)

Chris- Don't have to sound patronising...

Steve- Its pride, come on Chris we can discuss your theory on the way to the past... never thought I'd be saying that sentence!

Chris- Yeah going into the past!

Steve- No *Chris we can discuss your theory*... come on get out of bed... let's go see the world... lets go save our race!

Chris- Will I not have a Fennel when I get back?

Steve- I presume not... hurry up (friendly) say goodbye to your mother!

Angela- Good luck, be safe, don't be too long (As he walks out the front door)

Steve- We won't need it, we'll be back soon! Give it a week tops... just hope this idea works (smiles)

Chris- Bye mom...

Angela- Bye Chris, love you loads

Steve- Stop saying mom, its mum champ, get in the car!

(Steve blows a kiss to Angela before they get in the car)

CUT TO:

(Steve and Chris are sitting in a large room with a large table patiently and then David walks out to greet them)

Steve- Dr... (Stands up and drags Chris with him) come on Chris show some respect... this guy made the liquid metal phone... he gave you one for free!

Chris- That was you... thank you

Dave- My goodness... a young human, are you a teenager?

Chris- No I'm 24...

Dave- My god, so young, it's a pleasure seeing one of you, I haven't seen someone that young willing to leave the house since, well memory doesn't allow it (smiling) are you helping your father on his mission?

Chris- Apparently...

Steve- He is... he knows all about it I was explaining to him in the car...

Dave- Did Fennel drive you?

Steve- He did, thought I'd use my creation one last time

Dave- Understandable... it'll be hard to let go of such a great design... but needs must

Chris- Mind over matter...

Steve- Don't be ludicrous Chris... this isn't a competition, it's about what's right...

Dave- are you ready anyway?

Steve- Why not get started as quick as...

Dave- Ok, bottom line of this mission Steven is, you will not be a hero... but you can stop yourself from being the villain, let me introduce to you someone who will be joining you on your voyage through time... Robin Millar

(Robin a tall lanky and skinny man walks in with his casual clothes, a red sweater and maroon pants with black smart shoes. He has a small black beard just about noticeable)

Robin- Mr Palmer, it is an absolute honour to meet you... I mean the creator of the Fennel 2062... god, you are inspiring!

Steve- Thank you... Robin... this is my son, Christopher Palmer...

Chris- Just call me Chris! (Rudely)

Steve- Don't be rude Chris

Chris- Stop undermining me dad!

Robin- Anyway I'm delighted to be in the company of such a great physicist like yourself and your son, the future of physics I presume?!

Steve- Well yes that's the aim

Chris- I'm more open minded than that to be honest Robin... I prefer to look at the morality of human life rather than the explanation of it... more to life than just science

Robin- Oh, oh so a more religious view on things... interesting... very interesting, don't get them often these days, you're one in a million, special boy...

Steve- Yeah, how old are you anyway Robin?

Dave- Robin is 38 years of age... an aspiring inventor of technological advances like yourself, unfortunately like I was explaining to Robin, without this mission his talents will not be required... no one's talents will be required, we wouldn't be here to make use of them...

Robin- Yeah I believe we are destroying the Fennel and the discovery of the Super-atom to allow more room for necessary improvement for humanity that won't therefore affect our stance in the universe...

Chris- Yeah because humanity is bordering on arrogance with the amount of creations we are making, unnatural creations...

Robin- yes... by the way Mr Palmer-

Steve- Call me Steven please... I don't wanna be called Mr Palmer...

Robin- I studied physics of all kinds at college and also have a law in physics based engineering work, and a keen astronomer too!

Steve- Ok... what Erm... why tell me that? Dr?

Dave- Well he's there to help with any malfunction with the Fennel, the astronomy is useful for more of an understanding on time, then again no human life form has ever travelled back in time, I mean what the hell are you expecting to happen, exciting yet mysterious... how helpful Robin could be to your mission will only be known once the voyage begins!

Steve- wait a minute, I built the damn thing... I know about it more than anyone else... Why give me an engineer in physics... I can do the engineering...

Dave- Oh no were not questioning that... it's just another clever man on the mission, a man who knows his stuff... in case a disaster occurs

Steve- We won't have our bodies though in the past...

Dave- No you won't, but your consciousness is there, and that can do wonderful things If you set your mind to it... Chris will agree with me on that, being a more philosophical type than a scientist like you two...

Steve- I think you all overestimate the power of the human mind, human dreams... we don't need this astronomer with us... no offence, we have my son! Surely one kid on the mission is enough

Dave- Well I don't know your son Steve, you can take him with you... but this is a very important mission, we can't have any screw ups... ok?!

Chris- I don't have to go!

Steve- You're going, that's final! You need to get all that mind over matter crap out of your head... you need to start living a similar life to what I lived at your age, a sociable one... requires more thought, and graft... why the hell do you think I agreed to this mission... I want my son to live the life I lived... and the generations before... it's not the same anymore

Chris- And you think I'm gonna learn by going to see you destroy the super-atom do you, that science is the greatest opinion we have to offer society... yeah?

Steve- It will teach you how powerful science is Chris, we can play god... not believe in god... it's about time you realised the power we have to build thanks to the matter around us... not just the power in here (points to his brain) whats happening now to our society as a human race is an exact consequence in your way of thinking...

Chris- No it isn't dad, it's because of science that human values have gone to pot and I for one am fed up of you judging my opinion as-

Robin- Can we stop bickering please, nervous about the mission as it is... Steve... you're still a hero of mine, despite calling me young, which I'm not!

Steve- Let's stop talking about nonsense and cut to the chase... that's a fine beard...

Robin- Are you being serious or-

Steve- yeah, it looks different (smiles)

(Robin looks angry)

Dave- Chris isn't too far behind with his

Steve- Just like his old man, he can grow a cracking beard if he wants to, big brown and bushy...

Chris- I choose not to though

Dave- Why don't you grow yours Steven?

Steve- Its white... don't wanna look like Santa in mid-May do I?

Chris- Who actually is Santa?

Dave- Excuse me?

Robin- You don't know who Santa is? (Laughs)

(Dave joins in with the laughter)

Steve- Hey wait a minute... he's a kid... don't forget this generation doesn't know anything unless if it's in a text book or on a robotic screen, he's probably only heard of him from us old guys... heck I bet you guys couldn't tell my son anything about the old and new testament... but he would... he'd know more because he tries to

learn about important human values like the reason where going on this mission... sir!

Dave- Ok... we won't laugh... just presumed he'd know! You're a love-hate father and son relationship if 've ever seen one aren't you?!

Robin- I can't believe he doesn't know who he is!

Steve- You know Robin, I think me and you maybe have got off on the wrong foot... let me lay the ground rules... do not laugh at my son again please! I haven't brought him here to get mocked, I've brought him here because he can learn and be a help on this mission, which I'm taking very seriously... I suggest you do the same if you're coming with us!

Robin- So serious you bring your own son... a child

Steve- He's 24... the peak of physical fitness... so let's just get on with the mission...

Robin- We don't need fitness with respect... we are only using our consciousness in time, our bodies remain here...

Steve- You like an argument don't you Robin, me and you are going to have a lot of them if you continue like this...

Dave- Before everyone kills each other let me send you back in time hey! (Smiling)

CUT TO:

(Shows a large version of the Fennel, the size of a rocket/plane, its shaped like a cruise ship)

(They stare at it for a while speechless)

(It shows many people standing outside it amazed by the sight of Steven Palmer)

(They all whisper under the breaths about Steven palmer and his son)

Steve- This is incredible...

Dave- Did you not dream of this happening one day, the ultimate Fennel... created by using Super-matter?!

Steve- You used Super-matter?

Dave- yeah

Steve- I thought you said it couldn't exist?

Dave- You found it Steven... You just never realised that it was more powerful than simply an atom... this power is all around us now... in the form of matter

Robin- How did you create it Mr Palmer?

Steve- Robin I told you don't call me Mr Palmer... I'll show you when we go back in time... how can this transfer us in time?

Dave- Well as you know the usual Fennel 2062 can transfer human thoughts and consciousness to other places... using a super-atom, but by controlling and using what we now know as super-matter we are able to increase the distance the consciousness of a human can be moved... and we can now move your mind back in time...

Steve- ha, matter 1, mind 0... technology and matter truly is a power to be reckoned with...

Dave- So then are you ready?

Steve- Absolutely... lets save humanity from itself (smiles)

Robin- Definitely

Chris- (On his phone)

Steve- Chris... are you ready for this?

Chris- What yeah, I am... let's go and get it over and done with!

Steve- You do know you won't have your phone where you're going...

Chris- Or my fingers, toes, mouth or arms I get it dad, it's just our consciousness...

Dave- Nothing more to say really then, let's use the Fennel 2067!

(Everyone in the vicinity celebrates as Steve walks past them and they all try to high five him as he moves closer and closer to Fennel 2067)

Steve- Do we need to wear specific clothes or anything?

Dave- Don't be daft... you don't need clothes where you're going...

Steve- Have you tried this experiment with anyone before?

Dave- Of course we have, he made it back in one piece, you don't think we'd run an unethical experiment do you?!

Robin- No

Chris- I don't know depends how much you wanna risk saving humanity?!

Dave- It fine... your bodies will remain here and we will keep good care of them, we have pods for your bodies when you leave them behind... it's all legit, it just may feel like a bit of a trance

Steve- We won't get lost in the abyss no?

Dave- Like I said, we ran an ethical check on it... our guinea pig made it back in one piece... he's currently at home with his wife right now using the Fennel... trust me!

Steve- We don't want anyone using the Fennel now do we... let's put right humanity's wrongs...

Dave- Ah Simon, this is Dr Simon Young...

Simon- Hi I'm just gonna get you settled in to the whole machine... ready?

(Simon places them in a square just below the Fennel)

Simon- Ready?

(They all shout in agreement to being ready)

Simon- Ok, Fennel 2067

Fennel- Yes Dr Young?

Simon- Transfer all those in the square vicinity to the past...

Fennel- Transferring their conscious to the past... where in the past Dr Young?

Simon- before the Super-atom was created... the exact moment before

Fennel- Yes sir!

(Dr Young steps back to where David is standing and they watch as the three men on the mission collapse to the floor after losing their mind and soul to the past)

Simon- It worked...

Dave- My god... it worked... it actually worked, thank god if there is one

(Then the bodies of the unconscious disappear to an unknown)

Dave- Oh no... what happened?

Simon- Their bodies, I don't know... they've gone, this wasn't supposed to happen

Dave- We had no idea what was meant to happen, what will be will be... at the end of the day we've never tested this idea out before... at least we know it didn't work! Who's going to care about them!

Simon- That's a terrible way to look at it...

Dave- No what is terrible is the fact we sent a man back in time, who has destroyed humanity and everything it stands for, he deserved to perish at the hand of his own machine if that is the case... it's not our fault... who's going to arrest us... the justice system is more flawed than ever because of that man

Simon- That man created what he thought was right for humanity's development-

Dave- No he was a man with far too much adventure and ignorance, and he is the reason that we will all die... unless if they can all do something... but I think it's

time to give up, too much focus on politics and nuclear wars and the environment... it was our own creation that destroyed us... and there isn't any second chances... your born, you live and you die... it's now that I think all of us wished there was a god for sure!

Simon- What do you do now then... there must be another way... maybe they will influence the past in some way still?

Dave- No Dr Young, we can only hope... most likely though, we wait to die as a race... I think it's time to warn the government of humanity's fate! We failed ourselves...

CUT TO:

(A brief scene that shows Steve riding a bicycle)

(He is in a rush and continuously checks his watch and is racing a train which is travelling alongside him)

(He keeps falling off his bike as well and trying to get himself back up but struggling)

(Finally he finds himself riding it with more accuracy and less stumbles and rides in a straight direction and begins to overtake the train and is smiling with glee)

(Suddenly he is awakened naturally by a sudden explosion like noise. He wakes up to shadows on the floor that shape that of his son Chris, and fellow traveller Robin. Their bodies don't actually exist, only their consciousness and their shadows)

(Steve is breathing heavily in his mind and asks the Fennel to erase his memories and tiredness and the Fennel does so for him, despite the Fennel not being present in the scene)

Steve- Fennel erase my memory of that dream I just had and the tiredness I suffer due to it thank you!

Fennel- Yes Mr Palmer, immediately for you!

Steve- Thank you

(They are in a room similar to Steve's basement and they can actually all see Steve working away building the Fennel 2062 on his own with no assistance from anyone)

Chris- Dad, what year is this?

Steve- about 2058... we'd only just moved into this house then, feels weird trying to talk to you without a body doesn't it?

Chris- Yeah it feels like trying to sing with your mouth firmly shut and listening to music with your headphones... bizarre...

Robin- So what are you doing here then Steve?

Steve- I'm building the greatest and most dangerous invention ever made... but I haven't yet discovered the Super-atom yet... as far as I know

Robin- Did anyone else dream then?

Steve- Yes... dreamt about bicycles!

Chris- I dreamt too yeah...

Robin- Yeah mine was pretty miscellaneous too...

Chris- So dad how does this whole time travelling thing work, is it like the butterfly affect or what?

Steve- Don't know champ... that's what Robin is here for?

Robin- Yeah of course... no you can't change the future, we're only here on a conscious level...

Steve- What about our shadows...

Robin- well yes that is a point... I can't quite explain why our shadows have appeared but it might actually be our imagination

Steve- Best not leave anything to the imagination then... let's not allow anyone to see our shadows, it might change the future in some way!

Robin- Perhaps...

Chris- Maybe the shadows are our souls?

Steve- Son please... it's probably just matter, dark matter being blocked from light-

Chris- Everything is about matter with you... what do you think is blocking the light?

Steve- maybe our conscious is creating images

Robin- That would be the suggestion I'd go for...

Steve- Thank goodness someone agrees with me, Robin you're an unlikely angel!

(They watch Steve still working on the Fennel and looking at a formula on the Super-Atom and then walking away with a clipboard)

Steve- That's unusual...

Robin- What?

Steve- I don't remember ever using a clipboard making the Fennel 2062... funny how you forget things isn't it-

Chris- Enough talking dad tamper with the instructions, he's gone make the most of it...

Steve- You're right...

(Steve's shadow walks over to the desk and looks at the sheet of paper and looks confused)

Chris- What's the matter?

Robin- Excuse Me Steven, are you ok?

Steve- yeah...

(Steve's shadow starts walking out of the basement)

Chris- Dad what are you doing? DAD? Your shadow, where are you going?

Robin- MR PALMER?

Steve- Just let me do this; I need to check something...

Chris- Dad you're going to mess up the mission... the whole voyage!

Steve- I need to check outside...

Chris- Why are you doing this?

Steve- Just please... stop contacting me...

(Shows Robin's shadow walks up slowly to a whiteboard with the formula for the Super-Atom written on it and how it is made)

Robin- My god, this is it... wow... the greatest discovery man ever made... leading to the greatest voyage in human history... if I make it alive, that's the name of the book I'm going to write about me!

Chris- Sounds good Robin

Robin- Thank you Chris, nice to see a man appreciate the creative side of a human being these days!

(The white board has the formula $(E/2=(m7c/2)^2)^3$ where E is Uranium fission. And M is predicted mass of the universe using the Quantum physics theory of time (founded 2045) and that when the atoms are split it creates a new atom type, very weak atom that can't build structures, one negative energy, one positive energy or, matter and anti-matter)

Chris- What does the formula mean do you think?

Robin- It means if an atom can travel at 7 times the speed of light and that atom is formed through Uranium fission and then it can be halved you're getting nearer and nearer an atom that can cause unbelievable results. But when something travels at that speed it naturally splits... what your dad did was simply realise the

potential for the negative and positive results and fuse them together, that created the Super-Atom... your dad must have spent years building this formula, and this idea...

Chris- Looks like he just messed around with Einstein's theory of relativity...

Robin- All theories have to start somewhere... and the more people that look at theories the more they find, the more the theory evolves...

CUT TO:

(Still shows Steve's shadow walking around the empty house he lives in and normal Steve walks past him and shadow Steve becomes nervous that he'll be found out)

Steve- You can't see me! I'm just the human mind...

(Steve looks at the shadow intensely and looks baffled but then carries on)

Steve- What... do you not want to ask about me... I'm a shadow with no body for god sake... how focused was I on this project? (Laughs to himself) Surely you're not gonna just walk away from this... (Normal Steve walks off unnerved by seeing the shadow)

(Steve now quickly heads for the front door and as he opens it he is sucked away from it and back into the basement and towards the dark shadow in the room where they found themselves at the start)

Steve- Chris... Chris? Where are you? SON! (As he falls back into the basement)

CUT TO:

(In an empty room with a green carpet, it shows a small black baby crawling into the room and smiling and laughing. It crawls towards its milk and can't make it to it)

(As it gets close to the milk the room expands and the baby can't reach the milk bottle)

(It keeps trying for the milk and can't get it and eventually Robin walks into the room and picks the milk up and gives it to the baby)

(Robin just smiles as the baby enjoys the milk)

CUT TO:

(Robin wakes up with Chris and Steve again in sizzling heat that he can't feel but can see the clear clouds of shivering heat as he wakes himself up and Chris and Steve do likewise simultaneously. They notice the sun is incredibly close compared to what they used to. The sun is more white than yellow and looks like its burning out)

Robin- Oh my-

Chris- Whoa... where are we?

(It's a world filled of burning molten lava reminiscent of the Early stages of Earth. They are aren't on anything in particular, just floating in the burning lava)

Steve- Why aren't we burning to death?

Robin- We don't physically exist back in this time?

Chris- Of course we do... we exist, that's why we're here... that's why we know where here...

Robin- God Steven, your son is a right believer in all but science...

Steve- Tell me about it... he's never been a science fan really... always been more of a soulful type...

Robin- I did try and teach him the background behind your super-atom formula though!

Chris- You don't know me at all dad don't make it out like you do!

Steve- There's a reason I know very little son... you don't make an effort...

Chris- I make a whole lot more effort than what some kids do with their dads!

Steve- OH come on champ... give it a rest!

Chris- Why do you call me that... you know I don't like it?

Steve- This is what I mean... always having a go at me for being a father figure... I call you champ because I feel like I'm your friend if I call you that!

Chris- You're not my friend, you're my dad, I suggest you act like one!

Steve- Oh that is rich (laughs to himself)

Robin- Guys... more serious matter at hand... we're stranded... I don't know why we're here... I don't know how we can get out

Steve- It obviously a glitch in the Fennel 2062 system, it will fix itself soon! In fact, you sort it out, tats why you're here, you should know what's going on!

Robin- How... you tampered with its destruction... I build machines to do with physics, have done my whole life, I don't build metaphorical mind transferring machines do I?! It doesn't exist anymore does it... you destroyed it... we're stuck here until it decides otherwise would be my guess

Steve- I never tampered with it...

Robin- What?

Steve- I never did anything...

Robin- I thought that's why you went upstairs in the house to sort it out...

Steve- No of course...

Chris- Really?

Steve- I don't want to destroy it, humans are supposed to find out about it... they are... it's the next stage in evolution; you can't just treat it like mouldy bread!

Chris- I'm gonna kill you dad... I can't believe you... you dragged me back in time to this mess... to try and help the future of our race and you didn't do anything!

Steve- The instructions to destroy them were already there, I just left them... they've always been there... I invented instructions on how to build and destroy... I just didn't want to be the cause of its ultimate destruction... the Fennel will still exist... no matter what we do!

Robin- That's why we keep going back in time further and further... to the point where humans don't even exist... life doesn't even exist... who knows where the Fennel will take us next?! I have a wife and family to get forward to, my newly born child... I swear to god if they are affected by this, then I will-

Steve- I just didn't want to tamper with my greatest creation... I thought I could, but no... it's everything I've ever believed in, it's all I've ever striven towards, my own piece of entrepreneurship... and everyone loved it, still do... I can't ruin that!

Chris- What in case you lost the one thing you actually care about in life?

Steve- Don't give me that... of course I care about you... I love you more than machines... those machines are what I have built towards my whole life... to destroy one would be like hurting you-

Chris- You have hurt me... you lied to me, I thought we were coming to help the world, help humanity and despite knowing the results, you thought you'd do what you did anyway... you're a coward, a liar... you're no father!

Steve- This isn't about how great a dad you think I am, Chris... this is me showing you an emotional side to me... I care about you, your mother, and my machines, it's all I have in life... you don't think I'm upset to be stuck here too... there's no getting in the way of a man's dreams and man's principles... not when that man is me!

Robin- Steven... I'm not happy with you either, this has been a waste of time, and feels like it could be the end of our lives... because now that the Fennel is still built there is no way of returning to the present... the Fennel will send us further and further back in time! Great machine as it is... you have made a bad error of judgement and quite frankly I'm trying to remain calm

Steve- Stop talking, you're a mechanic of physics, why don't you fix the mess wherein, who the hell do you think you are, you only turned up five minutes ago, do not judge me!?

Robin- I can't fix air... you give me the Fennel and I will happily fix it I told you this... but there is nothing to fix here...

Chris- I believed in god dad... but you know what, I don't think god would make someone who would tamper with his perfect earth so much!

Steve- I built the perfect world... the perfect machine... it was the rest of us humans that made the machine an enemy, not me... the universe obviously has a way of thinking... and it thought it's time to teach humans a lesson... and it's done that through the Fennel, and it is us who are suffering first evidently

Chris- The Universe can't think for itself... it isn't a human, that's what makes us so damn special... we have a mind, not just matter... someone does the thinking for the universe, it can't just magically work on its own

Steve- We are not special being Chris, and it isn't magic, its science and knowledge... that's what makes us so damn powerful... we have both matter and mind... we are greater than the universe Chris... but no you don't listen to me... you sit in your room... growing in weight and not caring about the world outside the dark sweaty smell of that bedroom...

Chris- I hate you dad...

Steve- Don't say that-

Robin- Shouldn't say that!

Chris- I'm not taking orders off you anymore... I hate you

Steve- You never took orders off me anyway... I'm a great father to you... Chris please?!

Chris- I HATE YOU!

(They are sucked away again into a circular clear hole and escape the molten lava state world)

CUT TO:

(Chris is swimming in a pool of unclear, murky water completely nude with another human, a female also fully nude and as he steps out of the pool the water becomes clearer and clearer as he walks away)

CUT TO:

(The next scene is in sheer blackness with small bubbles of clarity that are completely see through, they however see through to cloud after cloud of blue sky. The bubbles float around the shadows imprinted in the darkness, despite their being no light the shadows still remain of the characters)

Chris- Dad! But I can't swim!?

Steve- What? I know... what are you telling me that for, Son, where are you?

Chris- I don't know... I was swimming... where's Robin?

Robin- I'm here...

Steve- Where's here Robin?

Robin- next to the bubble!

Steve- I can't see a bubble...

Chris- Oh there dad, the bubble of light... over here, look!

Steve- I can't see it...

Chris- Follow that black smear on the floor!

Steve- What black smear, I can't see any of what you're talking about!

Chris- Just... ok its ok... what's the bubble Robin?

Robin- I don't know... should I touch it?

Chris- How close are you to it?

Robin- Very close... I should be able to touch it!

Chris- Yeah but you only have your consciousness...

Robin- Yeah but surely if I imagine me pressing down on it, it will pop?

Steve- I honestly have no idea where anything is, all I can see is black... Don't be converted Robin, you know your consciousness can't make tangible things change, you are not a supernatural being... you are a scientific invention

Robin- I'm gonna pop it...

Chris- Ok be careful!

Steve- It's not gonna work!

(The bubble just pops seemingly untouched as Robin can't be seen doing so, it was him who did it though and nothing happens other than darkness falls over the bubble)

Robin- Done it!

Chris- That's funny, I thought it would pop... it just was overcome by darkness... where the hell are we... someone?!

Voice- Human! (Loud echoing voice)

Steve- Whoa... ow that's loud... did you hear that?

Robin- Hear what?

Chris- I never heard anything!

Voice- Steven Palmer...

Steve- Yes!

Robin- Who are you talking to?

Steve- Am I dreaming again?

Voice- This is real... you should not be here...

Steve- How do we leave?

Voice- You can't!

Steve- Surely there must be a way?

Voice- There is no way out... there is no such thing as an escape... you need matter for that... this is a matter free zone... you need atoms and elements to escape, without them nothing is tangible, nothing exists to escape from!

Steve- is this before the universe even started?

Voice- It is whatever you think it is!

Steve- Tell me!

Voice- Steven Palmer... this is a conversation dictated by you...

Steve- What the hell does that mean?

Voice- Human, they are not supposed to travel this far in time... no being on earth was supposed to...

Steve- So we have, we have travelled back in time to the beginning of the universe... what are you gonna do to us... will you punish us, for simply using a creation that the universe made possible, the Super-atom?

Voice- There is no universe where you are... no beginning, no end, just an unknown; the super-atom was to destroy you! We knew the one thing that could kill you beings off is temptation, and you abused the temptation to use the super-atom

Chris- What's going on Dad?

Steve- Then what are you?

Voice- I'm just a voice... that no one else can hear except you...

Steve- What does that mean?

Voice- I'm going now... think about it... don't let science tell you everything... use your morality, the values to teach your son, it's time to use them

Steve- No don't go! Tell me the truth of what is going on, and not riddles!

Voice- One of the men with you... is a rebel... and you have the power to send him to where he belongs...

Steve- Who is it... it's not my son is it?

Chris- Is what not your son dad?

Voice- You know who it is... a traitor... a rebel... stay true to who you think it is... do not change or be bias in your decision... it's an important decision, choose wisely

Steve- Decide for me!

Voice- You may not like my decision... how can I decide anyway... you're the powerful one...

Steve- Why am I powerful?

Voice- More powerful than I could possibly imagine... you dictate what I say, and do!

Steve- What the hell are you?

Voice- The question should be, who do you put in hell, the angel... or the human?

Steve- I don't know... they both have flaws... but they both mean well!

Voice- This voyage was not one of coincidence, nor of accident... it was a quest of purpose and identification... it's time to find out why you came on this voyage... the purpose of not only you, and them... but every living thing in the universe!

Chris- Dad... are you ok?

Robin- He's having a senior moment... we have bigger things to be focused on like how in god's name are we getting out this mess where in... no one can help us...

(The voice ends and Steve is shown a number of flashing lights and sparkling memories mushed up into mirages and dreams crushed into Technicolor, this scene lasts for 3 minutes with music ringing in his ears, memories include dreams from earlier he eradicated, and him as a child blowing candles on his birthday and giving a pebble to his new son Chris as a baby. The day he discovered his creation the Fennel, he isn't in his basement but instead with his wife Angela when he discovers it)

Steve- Music... I can hear music... my favourite song... my earliest memories! (Lucy in the sky with Diamonds by The Beatles) (Steve just laughs as he sees the lights glitter in his eyes and a number of historic events quickly flash past his eyes)

(Suddenly he feels he's floating in space and looks panicky and sees a large asteroid come towards him and quickly he then returns to where he was before, in a normal state of mind still unaware were exactly he is)

Steve- Lucy... Lucy, sky diamonds...

Robin- Steven, Mr Palmer... are you ok... you're just singing to yourself...

Steve- yeah... well no... I don't know what's going on!

Robin- I know creepy isn't it? We thought you were going senile

Steve- No its not creepy, its magic!

Robin- Who were you talking to?

Steve- I think I was having a discussion with myself... going a bit mental I think... like you said!

Chris- Sure it wasn't a higher force dad?

Steve- No... he claims I'm higher than him... I was right, we've evolved too much, and this trip is a warning that we are advancing too quickly as a race!

Chris- You always think you're right dad... well you're not, I'm arguing with you on that... what more evidence do you need to confirm that a higher force invented the world we live in... what more?

Steve- No... it's a big bang, you'll see... it will happen soon

Chris- How soon

Steve- I don't know!

Robin- Really, is that what the voice told you?

Steve- He told me that we were at a stage before the universe ever existed... as far as I know... he wasn't very clear, but that's the god damn message I got...

Chris- How do you explain seeing bubbles and darkness then, Mr Scientist, without matter?

Steve- I don't know... I have no explanation, matter's always been the answer...

Chris- Well you can't use that answer anymore can you?!

Steve- But how can I hear you without matter... how is this happening... sound waves... they shouldn't exist, right Robin?

Robin- Yeah they shouldn't not without matter...

Steve- Then where the hell are we... it has to be at a point before life began and time began... because there is no indication that time exists where we are here...

Chris- Dad I believe you, we are in a state before the universe ever began... but you have to change your beliefs... matter did not create this... the big bang doesn't just suddenly happen magically... it can't... who knows how long we've been in this trance for... million, billions of years perhaps!

Robin- Maybe we're just a sleep and sharing a dream, that happens sometimes... I've heard it happens

Steve- No, don't say that Robin. We are in an unknown world of time... we can do without stupid suggestions...

Robin- You've just said that you just had a discussion with someone who evidently wasn't there... you're the one going senile here... not me, I've been nothing but nice so far Mr Palmer, but damn it, I'm losing my patients with you!

Steve- Stop questioning me, the pair of you... stop rebelling against my thoughts...

Chris- Dad stop telling us what to do!

Steve- This isn't right... I can't see anything... literally nothing...

Chris- Dad are you sure you can't see the bubbles... just a few floating around... there right there, right in front of you surely, there's loads of them, they're as common as the stars in a night sky!

Steve- No... why can you see... we don't have eyes?

Robin- It's just your mind making things up. We're all going crazy, oh how I long to see one of them stars, the moon, the sun, any indication of life beyond you two!

Steve- My mind... my mind... no... you can't have a mind without matter, life cannot exist without matter... without atoms... I deny it...

Robin- I think it's time to let go Steven sir...

Steve- What?

Robin- Where in a world were matter doesn't truly exist, but yet we can still communicate... we must be dead

Steve- No, you don't live on after death, or before birth... it doesn't happen, we are not some spiritual bullshit... we are human beings who live, create and die... and maybe evolve... but I'm starting to question that now! Where we are is simple... let's just presume anyway, we are at the stage before the universe began... the Fennel took us way too far back in time... but we can still make it

Chris- Were so much more than life and death dad... open your eyes...

Steve- I haven't got any... there is no matter...

Chris- Open your mind then

Steve- The mind isn't real, it's not tangible... it doesn't exist... it's just our brain allowing us to think... not spiritualise, it allows us to feel pain... and emotion, but it does not count as soul for any sort of afterlife or anything religious like that...

Chris- How do you explain it THEN?

Steve- I don't know- but science will have answer... and don't argue with me Chris, it was only a few hours ago you were sitting in your room showing no interest in human values

Chris- Yeah because of technology, because of science, it destroyed us dad... when you felt the sweat of that lava before life even began... explain it...

Steve- There was matter then, there is none here... apart from those bubbles that you claim exist... even if humans had minds it wouldn't be that powerful...

Chris- What are dreams then dad?

Robin- Guys!

Steve- Stop questioning me!

Chris- Dad you wanted me to come on this voyage so that you could bring clarity to my life, meaning, purpose... and I'm glad you did, it's my turn to help you...

Robin- Guys... something calling us... look can we all see it!

Chris- Yes!

Steve- Yes

(It's a load of white crawling towards them slowly and taking them all under its wing)

Robin- This is it, confirmation of death, I told you!

Steve- Light... matter, I told you... I knew there had to be an explanation! This is the start of the universe

Chris- how can there be light... there's no source of light here... someone is playing tricks with us!

CUT TO:

(Shows a teacher at the front of a class discussing physics of Einstein's theory of relativity to the class)

Teacher- (British woman) Albert Einstein was famous for many things, but his greatest is the theory of relativity. It changed our understanding of space and time, and this will never be proved wrong, no matter what humanity may find in the future.

Relativity, what is it? Succinctly put, it is the notion that the physics law are the same everywhere. We here on Earth obey the same laws of light and gravity as someone in a far off corner of the universe.

The universality of physics means that history is provincial. Different viewers will see the timing and spacing of events differen-

Steven Palmer... wake up!

Steve- (Steven now a younger version of himself is asleep in class but wakes up) sorry miss... $E=MC^2$ squared... boring, we know it's a load of baloney...

Teacher- You're a cocky one you, aren't you?

Steve- When you can be, may as well be it!

Teacher- Certainly hope your children don't grow up to be on the edge like you... sleeping in class, questioning theories we know are correct, playing sports like other children when you obviously have the capacity to be a great scientist

Steve- Tell you what I'll do I'll use Einstein's theory, and develop it further, evolve it if you like...

Teacher- you really do think of yourself as a genius don't you, you may have the academic skills, but without effort, you're a wasted soul... bet you don't even know the meaning of the most important discovery of recent times, evolution!

Steve- If I don't I will find out the real definition of it... how about that?
(Smiles)

CUT TO:

(All three have their shadows on mirrors)

(The room is filled with mirrors from top to bottom and it is a never ending 2D world of shadows repeating over and over again)

Steve- Where's the light coming from?

Chris- You don't need light where we are dad... just need to imagine that light exists somewhere

Steve- That's very sweet but you need light to see into a mirror, to see reflections... to see your shadow...

Robin- Maybe you don't... maybe it's just a 2D world... the world before the universe was created as a 3D object, maybe we are alive after all?

Steve- We were never dead... The universe has 10 or more dimensions... you honestly think we are going through levels of dimensions?

Robin- It's just a suggestion?

Steve- Well I don't need your suggestions, no one does... we need to think how we can get out of here...

Robin- You seem stressed... maybe you should get a Fennel to take something off your mind maybe replace it with happier memories... oh wait a minute you actually can because you lied to me, to us... your own son even, the Fennel still exists.

Chris- Come on guys!

Steve- You son of a bitch... don't you question the way I interact with my boy... my champ!

Robin- Oh come on Steven, you're never gonna win father of the year are you... you're pathetic, you chase theories, you linger onto them like a vengeful grudge... you persist over thinks that wrong, I've been into science my whole life too... but you know what I've given up on it... I believe that there is more to life than laboratories and space... it took me some convincing, but have a heart to be convinced

Steve- Then you're dumber than I thought and more fickle, I thought you wanted to learn off a master of science... turns out you just wanted to argue with him... rebel!

Robin- rebel, who do you think you are... Chris rebels... you don't control me, you control your son more so yes... but not me... Chris doesn't give a hoot what you mention to him, what theories come out of your pathetic mouth... you found the super-atom, you destroyed humanity, well done... congratulations... won a Nobel peace prize... so! Let go of your achievements and listen to your son... he's more open minded than anyone I've met under the age of 50... everyone else has become zombies of their former selves... believing in all this science rubbish, well I fell for it too... it's this! (Shadows points to the mind in the mirror) this is the thing that

can power humanity... not your stupid theories and atoms... where are they now... there not gonna get us from A to B... it's our mind that'll get us there, and I'm fed up of your SHIT! And now it's too late, our chance has gone!

Steve- so you've changed your tune... eager to learn five minutes ago it feels like, now you question everything I've ever worked towards... I love my son... don't you ever tell me that I should raise him differently... treat him differently, I'm a father, I want what's best or my boy... I believe that the brain is incredible, but you make out like it's some messiah that should be respected, grow up Robin

Robin- Is that why you brought him on this voyage... to show him how you're a liar... or what you call love...

Chris- You're a liar dad...

Steve- I never meant to hurt anybody though...

Chris- Well you have, you've hurt all of us... none of us will see the ones we love anymore... you and me won't see mum anymore

Steve- You said mum... (Chuckles to himself)

Chris- So?

Steve- You wouldn't understand Chris...

Chris- of course I wouldn't... I don't understand anything that goes on in that head of yours, your mind, it must be purely science all the time in that brain of yours...

Robin- Not only have you ruined our lives... you've ruined humanity... you've ruined life... well done, and now we are back in time and we have nowhere to go!

Steve- If I could turn back time...

Robin- (laughs ironically) The irony of life hey... what a paradox we got ourselves into... makes you think doesn't it... what is time... what is backwards and what is forwards?

Chris- I think its dependant of evolution!

Steve- You don't mean that!

Chris- I do dad... I never said I never believed evolution... I just never believed how we were truly put here to start it and what the next stage was... but by the looks of things were gonna find out soon!

Steve- (smiling) I thought I knew the next step... turns out I was wrong, and I'm so sorry!

Robin- but we certainly know how it all ends for humans, we can predict that no problem! Thanks a lot Steve!

Steve- SHUT UP! (His shadows runs after Robins and they fight and as they fight their bodies begin to reappear and pain can be felt and their skin returns and

every smash on the mirror leads to cracks that widens and everything appears more real)

Chris- Oh my god... oh my god! (Laughing and smiling) stop it, look at yourselves... you have your bodies back!

Steve- Do not question me again... or my love to my son!

Robin- If it wasn't for you, I'd be at home peacefully enjoying my perfect life... in a less than ideal world... you bastard!

(The mirror cracks fully and a hole appears that Steve is hanging on to by a shard of glass and underneath him is pure blackness)

(Chris quickly tries to run to his father's aid)

(Robin pushes Chris away)

Steve- Come on... we've taken it too far... look were normal now, we have our bodies back see!

Robin- (contemplates)

Steve- Robin, for god sake, help me out... please!

Robin- You know you're not as great as I thought you were... I thought you were gonna be wise... an idol... you're just an ignorant, arrogant and smart alec freak of a father figure...

Steve- Robin... please, tell me all this after you help me!

Robin- No, because then you won't bother listening to me... I thought you'd be quite intelligent, but you must lack real common sense to attack me like you did...

Steve- I knew you would do this, the voice said you'd rebel... I did what was best for my son!

Robin- The voice... stop dreaming Steven, you know it's funny... on the outside this is all tangible... real, on the inside, deep inside of me, I'm thinking this is all just a dream... I'll wake up (laughing) I mean I haven't possibly gone so far back in time that life has never existed and the universe, hasn't even started... because that's an impossible voyage... I am either dead... or I am dreaming... so I can kill you right now... and it won't matter

Steve- You're not going to though

Chris- It's not an impossible voyage Robin...

Robin- Listen I don't argue with you... this is between the real adults...

Chris- I'm 24...

Robin- Give it a rest, your just a baby compared to us... no, I'm fed up dreaming I wanna wake up... and if this is hell, I wanna bloody see what heaven is...

Steve- Please! You're making a big mistake

Robin- You know I thought I'd be a terrible father, I thought I'm gonna struggle to cope... but I will be a damn sight better than you... you've actually eradicated a fear of mine, and I thank you for that (sarcastic)

(Cracks start appear all around them)

(Robin grabs Steve's hand)

Robin- You deserve this... you have ruined my life... you cocked up the mission, you deliberately put all three of us in danger, even your own son... and now I have no idea whether I'm in an abyss or what... now that's a sentence I thought I'd never say... an abyss would be clear cut compared to where I am now!

(He lets go of Steve and he falls into the blackness)

Chris- What the hell are you doing?!

(Chris attacks Robin and Robin tries to explain whilst getting hit)

Robin- I'm sorry... it's just us two now... we are the ones who are true to ourselves... we've never lied, we don't deserve this... your father was the bad guy in all this, it was supposed to be a simple mission which he cocked up

Chris- No... he was the guy who was doing the only god damn good thing... he tried to save us... not destroy us... its everyone else who did that! Everyone else took advantage of the Fennel, my dad warned us...

Robin- But we can go back to them... sure it will be a rough ride but the Fennel is still there, still helping humans... let's try and get back

Chris- There is no going back... how the hell do you expect to go back, the Fennel isn't here anymore... we've been moving forward in time, doesn't that suggest that the Fennel is on some level none existent anymore?

Robin- Who destroyed it then?

Chris- Maybe the universe... maybe the guy who sent us on this mission cocked up... why else would we have our bodies back?! But it doesn't matter now... you let my dad go

Robin- I had to, it's all his fault, ALL OF IT! I'D DO IT AGAIN IF I HAD TO! HE MADE ME QUESTION MY OWN BELIEFS... WELL DOIN GHTA GAVE ME MORE CLARITY OF THE ANSWERS I'M LOOKING FOR!

(Chris walks away and cracks begin to grow larger and larger and eventually smash causing the pair of them to fall into the blackness like Steve)

(They are still seen in full, despite there being no light, their clothes and their bodies can be seen, Chris notices his father in the distance not too far beneath him. He looks for Robin as well, who isn't there anymore, he's vanished)

(Chris falls and catches up with Steve who is seemingly just standing up without falling and Chris remains at the same level as him)

Chris- is this real... I thought I'd lost you dad?

Steve- I love you champ... I really do...

Chris- Where's Robin?

Steve- That bastard... I don't care where he is... snake!

Chris- Why do we have our bodies back?

Steve- I don't know... what's that in the distance?

(They both look over at a small flashing light growing bigger as it gets nearer them)

Chris- It looks like light

Steve- Actually... it looks like a reaction... a chemical reaction!

Chris- Do you think... do you think the universe has begun?

Steve-I don't know son... I really don't know, and you know what, I don't how it's happening if it is!

(More reactions appear and more explosions of rocks hitting one another happen around them for miles and miles)

Chris- Are we dreaming again dad?

Steve- None of this is a dream... this is history, a voyage into humanity before time began... (Long pause) and this is matter at last working its magic in our universe

Chris- Dad?

Steve- Yes

Chris- I almost forgive you... for not destroying the Fennel... everything happens for a reason

Steve- Fate?

Chris- Yeah, but you don't believe in that do you?

Steve- People change Chris... people change, anything's possible! (Smiles at Chris)
I don't know why I force my opinions on you, we're all different that's what makes us special!

Chris- Sounds like something I'd say!

(Bundles of photons and energy react around them causing mass explosions that they don't feel but can see brightly)

Chris- It's like the world's biggest firework display...

Steve- yet gunpowder doesn't exist yet... this is beautiful, but humans can make this happen whenever they want, this type of reaction... it isn't that rare to us is it?!

Chris- I know what you mean dad, where in a place of pure majesty and mystery and yet it all seems far too familiar...

(They both just stand there watching the reactions happen and explosive colours happen all around them)

Steve- I'm sorry...

Chris- Yeah, I know... (Aghast from the show in front of him)

Steve- I fell asleep in class when I was a kid too, you know why?

Chris- Why... you're a hypocrite!?

Steve- Because I was too clever for all that education crap... too different from everyone else to care... and I was happy being that way... I was more inventive than that, I wanted to make something else, my own piece of history... I wanted explanations beyond a text book, so I dreamt about it... even when playing a sport, I'd be thinking of my own theories, not the ones I needed to know... and I think... it might just be hereditary!

(Chris laughs)

Chris- maybe! I dream of cycling all the time, because no matter how many times I try I can't perfect it in reality...

Steve- Join the club Champ! (Smiles) it sucks! (They both laugh) then again I always ride it in my dreams!

(Suddenly rocks and rain begin to pour on them and a storm comes and they get drenched and blown away by force gale winds)

Steve- What's going on Chris?!

Chris- Its some sort of great storm!

Steve- What does it mean?

Chris- I don't know

Steve- Think, you're the one with the powerful mind... don't leave the answer to ambiguity... imagine the explanation for it!

Chris- I can't hold on for much longer (They are holding hands so they don't lose each other)

Steve- Don't let go... keep tight hold... (He pulls himself up his arm and they hold onto each other and hug whilst trying to avoid the hail stones and the pouring rain)

Chris- How long is this gonna last?

Steve- I don't know... it's our consciousness... may only feel like a few seconds, but it will billions of years perhaps!

Chris- I think we're more than just conscious now dad... this is really us... no more lonely shadows... we're here...

Steve- Try and dream of a happier place... dream of heaven Chris... most likely that's where you're gonna end up, you're the only one who truly believed in religion still, right or wrong, you still had your human values...

Chris- I didn't dad... I never did... but you did, and like me you let the Fennel, the Super-atom take them off you, just like the universe planned, we've all been played, you wanted to help the race of humanity grow and develop... that's human values dad... progression!

(The weather calms down and they stop shouting through the storm)

Steve- It isn't progression... it's the values matter can't touch, like love... creativeness... sociability... our minds! And you have them!

Chris- I never found them independently then... it must be hereditary... (Smiling)

(Snow begins to fall at an extremely heavy rate and covers them in blankets of snow and they shiver from the cold)

Steve- what's... what's that d'you reckon?!

Chris- What? (Looks behind him to see a ball of fire and gas like the sun but really small that it can fit in a human hand)

Steve- It's a huge atom?

Chris- it looks like the sun?

Steve- Its whatever you want it to be (laughs)

(Chris tries to pick it up but can't instead removes his hand and Steve laughing at him try goes to pick it up himself and does it with ease and can manipulate it to do as he wishes)

Steve- Not quite fully independent then... still need dad to do the grafting?!

Chris- It was the heaviest thing I've ever attempted pick up... how are you?

Steve- I don't even know...maybe I'm mighty (laughs)

Chris- Ha-ha maybe...

Steve- Then that would make you Nazareth... but then again all that nonsense doesn't exist!

Chris- Such a cynic... open your mind dad... (Smiling)

Steve- I'm proud of whatever you believe in, because after what's happened here... I think we're all way off the mark... Even living the start of the universe has created more mystery than clarity

Chris- Do you think we'll ever tell anyone about this?

Steve- Yeah sure we will... we'll be back home soon, in the present day, enjoying life thanks to this in my hands (More stars appear behind him and a rocky planet, meant to be Earth, but very small)

Chris- It's as if they've all been created perfectly already dad... is that earth...

Steve- Yeah before it was in the right position away from the sun... (He places the earth the right distance away from the sun) I wonder why they're perfectly formed already?!

Chris- Creationism?

Steve- No, even that wouldn't make it this perfect to start...

(Suddenly all the stars and rocks head towards a certain spot in this dark matter filled world and it forms a spiral hole where everything in this new existence heads towards)

Chris- What's going on now?

Steve- I don't know but... it seems everything's attracted to that... including us (They get dragged towards it) I wonder what's on the other side...

Chris- Where about to find out

Steve- Thank gravity... it exists in some form or another no matter where you are in time... or the universe!

Chris- I'm starting to question time dad...

Steve- Likewise... hold my hand, I'll keep you safe!

Chris- No dad... I'm not a kid!

Steve- A big fat kiss for good luck then!

Chris- Ok... (Kisses him) thanks for a good big boys day out (They both laugh)

Steve- Let's see what's on the other side!

(They are both at the entry point of the unknown and Steve is sucked in and so is everything else before it closes its entry to Chris)

Chris- Dad!

(Chris look behind him to see up in the skies above, which is pure blackness a place of pure fire and burning which is unknown to him but he can hear screams coming from the distant fire)

Chris- Dad! (Elongated and the screen goes pure black)

CUT TO:

(Shows the asteroid from earlier in the film heading towards a certain Earth this time and it is very close to the ground and the asteroid is actually Chris, the

earth is full of greenery and people in the distance having sex in the wild and he hits a tree, an apple tree and falls down holding an apple in his hand, the scene ends with him hitting the floor presumably dying)

CUT TO:

(Chris wakes up again completely naked)

Chris- I'm alive... I'm alive

(He feels himself to check he is alive and can stand up and see the planet he is on is one of solidified molten rock all around him with small ponds of water, clear as day)

Chris- Dad... dad, where are you?

(Confused and thirsty he goes to the nearest pond and starts to drink out of the pond)

(After he quenches his thirst he sees something in the corner of his eye and he walks up to it cautiously and confused)

Chris- What the hell?

(Chris sees the number 5, the exact same as the one that is on his front door in the real present day before the voyage began)

Chris- 5? How is this?

(Rubs his eyes out of tiredness and begins to walk fully naked, nothing untoward shown)

(He looks up at the sky and sees the sun shining bright and closer to Earth than usual)

(He sees a human shaped figure in the distance and runs towards it preying it isn't a mirage)

Chris- Hello... who are you? (Shouts from a distance)

(Angela turns around fully clothed and walks over to him and offers him a robe)

Chris- Mum... (Crying) mum?

Angela- Hi Chris...

Chris- What are you doing here?

Angela- Welcoming you

Chris- to what?

Angela- to planet Earth... you're my special little guy... don't ever think that me or your dad would ever leave you... or ever mistreat you... or not love you!

Chris- Sure you do... that's why dad has lied to me this whole trippy experience is it hey?! I've missed you mum (crying)

Angela- we're always going to be with you in your mind and heart... although your father doesn't believe in the intangible, he's not religious or anti-science at all... but he would change for you, I would change for you, you're our future and we love you... your father would never truly lie to you, in the future you seemingly left behind, clones were created to try and destroy the Fennel as a last resort, but it was futile, your father left the instructions of destruction on the table and explored the other clones. In trying to solve the problem we as humans went further into the hole we were digging ourselves

Chris- Why did he lie to me then?

Angela- He didn't lie, he just didn't tell you that the mission was a failed one... he never wanted you to give up...

Chris- Am I home, is this home?

Angela- This is just a dream... none of this is real... it's your mind, this is the power you possess like every human to manipulate everything you want in your life... use it!

Chris- Please if this is a dream mum, take me home!

CUT TO:

(Chris awakens and the scene is shot through his own eyes and his dad is there and Chris can't say anything, despite wanting to)

Steve- Heya guys... do you mind leaving me alone with him for a bit... I need to have a father and son one to one?

(All other people in the family leave)

Steve- Thank you very much... thank you (smiling) family wanted to just check up on you... I'm so proud of you, and this is the best day of my life... being united with you... I'm sure you've had a traumatic time to get here, but I will not let anything bad happen to you from now on... I mean I don't think I'll ever let you out of my sight (smiling) I'm so proud to have created you... the perfect design in my book... I'm gonna give you this seed, because I know you will... you will lose it... but have a feel, take good care of that... blimey it's a sunny day today... that bloody sun, I wish it would just set already, I can barely see your face through the shade... me and you, were gonna explore one day, explore big time, father and son, for now though let's just make the most of each other's company hey... champ!

(Steve begins to cry with a mix of joy and almost sadness)

Steve- I just love you... one day you're gonna realise that matter is the reason we are all here, and nothing can overpower it, not even humans, were not good enough... you're not like the rest of the kids in this family, you're mine, you're gonna be a scientist or a deep thinker... not one that is absorbed by technology, but one that creates new technology... my great son, but god damn it I'm gonna try and evolve humanity into something greater than matter... it's one thing knowing of it, it's another thing wanting to beat it... who doesn't wanna be the next Einstein, or Newton... Palmer... sounds good doesn't it, Chris Palmer, you'll do great things, I hope and deep down I kind of know!

(Gives him the seed under his pillow)

Steve- There you go anyway... one day people will wonder what a super-atom is... and you can say to them, my dad gave it to me under my pillow, because it doesn't truly exist... it's all in here (points to his head) but if it takes that little lie to get me and you to bond, then I would lie a million more times, just in case we don't agree on life aspects, this pebble will bring us together, a true super-atom... first things first, what we will debate, not everyone agrees with my opinions, but that's what humans are, walking opinions!

(Steve begins to talk with an over voice of the scene that follows)

CUT TO:

(Chris wakes up again and can move freely and look where ever he wants. He however again doesn't exist in body, his shadow is on display but it's his conscious that is making him aware of his surroundings. He first of all checks for the seed which he sees and holds it in the air with his mind)

Steve (o.v) - Remember this analogy that I always use for the universe and humanity. We are meant to evolve not thrive. We are meant to discover not create. We were given minds like no other to discover. Powerful minds that can dictate a lot. Minds that develop and grow stronger and stronger. The universe is the buffer bar on an Internet video, humanity is the video catching up so it buffers. Humanity has caught up with the universe too quickly. What happens when this happens? A higher force, an unknown higher force, clicks on the refresh button at the top of the page and we all start again and hope this time, it works... we could either be the smartest or the dumbest specimens ever... by being too clever we destroyed ourselves. But we're given another chance, in the future. You can't travel back in time, conscious or not Chris... time doesn't truly exist, but this is the future, life after the Fennel!

Chris- (He moves the seed (pebble) with his mind and places it in a water pond)
Now I wait!

Steve (o.v) - (However the sound of Steve's voice is identical to that of the voice Steve heard before the universe began) Let evolution restart... let's make the most of this repeated chance through the only piece of matter strong enough to penetrate the old universe and the new universe, the only thing that has bacteria on it to evolve... Chris... let your mind plant humanity's new future, a future we won't destroy this time... you are the next stage in human evolution, we are all the next stage in evolution, a purpose that all humanity can be proud of, our next stage is upon you... independence... I know now of the truth, my son was right (says it proudly)... because if you're right then I can see you once more... the mind truly is a force greater than matter!

(Chris reforms as a human again, and not just a conscious, he then proceeds to smile at the pebble as it floats down to the bottom of the deep clear pond, he then walks away and sits down near a large lump of stone near the pond and looks up at the sun and the many other stars in the far distance and closes his eyes and the scene fades out)

End Credits:

“It may be said that, so far from having a materialistic tendency, the supposed introduction into the earth at successive geological periods of life – sensation, instinct, the intelligence of the higher Mammalia bordering on reason, and lastly, the improvable reason of Man himself – presents us with a picture of the ever-increasing dominion of mind over matter”

– Sir Charles Lyell, 1863

The End

Julien's trip

Julien remained blissfully unaware of the presence of a large creature just a few floors above him. Despite his objective being to guard Maurice's room in case any of the guests try to interrupt the serious conversation he was having with his younger brother, his mind wandered. With his hands behind his back and a nonchalant stride with every whistle he breathed out, he was by the stair case of the ground floor leading to the next level of the first floor before he knew it.

The sounds of doors cracking, walls breaking, jeeps crashing and animals roaring was heard, but nothing was new about these sounds, Julien just presumed they were coming from the various movies in the cinema. The sound was also mellowed by the sound proof walls that were implemented throughout the four story building. Julien's knowledge of the cinema itself was rather scarce, despite his high reputation within PRB constructions as a managing director; he was very ignorant to learning anything of the cinema. All he was knowledgeable on was the geography of it, how to get home to Venice, and what was on each floor. He could never forget how to get home; he would look forward to it every day. Excited to go home to his wife and two 12 year old twin daughters, his wife was stunning, far too attractive to be with him, that's what he always thought anyway. Whenever he'd tell anyone about his family they would look at him confused and baffled as if he was making them up.

Julien also had an idea of what creatures lay outside of the cinema following the Vander Dredd disaster, however this didn't stop him from taking his job for Lucas very serious as did all the PRB construction worker, risking their lives on a daily basis for Lucas's business plan to work.

Once he had approached the stairway he stopped whistling for a moment, his hands remained firmly behind his back and he creaked his neck one side and then the other. He was checking behind him in case anyone saw he was slacking on the job, but he was bored, so his mind began to journey to other places. He broke his hands apart and scratched his forehead, and then with his lips he tucked in his large caricature-esque front teeth that looked far too large and foolish to be genuine or real. His blue eyes flickered and he took the first step and despite an initial slip, he carried on all the way to the top.

On the way up the stairs he finally noticed something that he had never realised was there before. He could see that in the multi-coloured mosaic wall of the stair case corridor was two glass cases embedded within each side of the corridor walls. The right one was a case that included an old camera, very old. It was like a museum artefact with an explanation of what it was next to it on a plastic panel.

'Zeiss Planar 50mm F0.7 lens'

Used by Stanley Kubrick in films such as 'Barry Lyndon'

Then Julien's head span to the left and he could see an old prop from a film.

'Brown Fedora hat'

Used in the film Raider of the Lost Ark by Steven Spielberg, worn by Harrison Ford.

Julien wasn't too amazed by what he saw, in fact he questioned whether the artefacts were genuine originals, or whether it was just one of the lies Lucas made to try and make the cinema seem even more interesting and therefore more profitable. Soon it caught Julien's attention that he had no idea what either of them films were, he had never heard of them, his knowledge on films was quite poor.

After making it up to the first floor Julien wasted no time in transporting further up the cinema towards the second floor, still completely unaware of the Nanulak. As he made his way towards the next flight of stairs he saw a shadow fly overhead. The shadow was that of one of the vulture like creatures circling the building, and it was flying directly above and could be seen blocking the bright sun through the glass dome ceiling.

In that moment Julien didn't panic, he just instead was confused as to how long noon lasted in this place. The days always ended but he wasn't too sure how, the sun never seemed to move, and then suddenly it would be gone and the moon would sort of automatically just replace it.

Maurice and Lucas

Maurice and Lucas both take turns having sips of their whiskey. Every sip they each take is met with a sigh and a satisfying gasp. Maurice's gasp however much louder than Lucas, much more satisfying, he was so old that he could feel the blood thinning in his veins. His skin was after all now like tracing paper, the wrinkles making it seem thicker.

Lucas looked like he had captured Maurice's old age like a disease since his conversation with him had started, such as the stress of knowing that his plans for a profitable cinema could be destroyed. The repercussions if a guest was to die yet again on a visit would be more severe this time.

The extension was built to be completely sound proof so that Maurice couldn't hear the potential travesty that would go on at the cinema, and so in case it opened for business he wouldn't hear the paying customers chatting outside his door. Another back handed gesture of kindness by Lucas towards his frail older brother.

Maurice saw the flame was dying out and so he gets up pushing his thin blanket off of him and onto the rug on the floor. He leans over with his crooked back and picks up the only log he can find that isn't too big for him to carry and throws upon the fire. The log crackles and spits small molten balls towards the rug. Maurice picks up his blanket and covers himself like it's a towel covering his naked body after a shower. He comfortably sits back down and returns to his whiskey.

'You won't listen to me will you?' Maurice breaks the silence between the two of them, 'It is like trying to tempt the devil not to sin' he begins to admit defeat; every word said is a struggle for the old man.

'Why do you think I am evil?' Lucas asks sincerely, his eccentric personality has evaporated with the drink.

'I don't think you are evil Lucas, I think you are doing an evil thing' Maurice explains, 'the difference between you and I is that when I found this place' he coughs 'I thought nothing about money, or profit margins, the faces of the children who saw this so called magic, dangerous magic occur' Lucas rolls his eyes. 'I was more intrigued by how I felt about it, I was mesmerised, amazed, blown away, and I had to show the people who matter to me most, that's why I showed you this place'.

'Well that is lovely' Lucas says sarcastically, 'sadly I don't believe the rubbish that just came out your mouth, you expect me to believe that you showed me this place to amaze me, to share a moment with me. You just never thought that this place could be made profitable until I said it, and then after that you got jealous that you didn't think of the idea first.' He finishes.

'No' Maurice frustrated, 'of course I thought that it could potentially be something more, but you're acting on it, I would never have acted on it'.

'You were just too old to act on it, and yet you make me feel terrible for trying to do something with it' Lucas points to him 'we're not all old and frail like you Maurice' he takes a final sip of his whiskey. 'You know what really impresses me about you' he pauses for Maurice to acknowledge 'is that you make me out to be the bad guy here, when you just put all them lives at risk'

'All them lives, Lucas there's only a few people here, and they're not at risk, Malcolm will not let anything happen, I told him, so don't worry' Maurice explains and then argues 'and besides, the amount of them builders that have died because of your ignorance, its beyond obscured, mother never raised us like this'. Lucas looks at him in disbelief with the way a man who prides himself on the English language just misused the word obscured, Lucas began to consider that Maurice really was edging towards death.

'Don't drag her into this, she raised us to be successful men, not pathetic old explorers who venture and find something only to give it up because they're too weak'. Lucas grows more and more passionate.

'Well' Maurice raises his voice and struggles to keep the tone loud 'She never raised killers either'.

'Well that makes us both failures' Lucas replies. 'At least with my failings I'm trying to be something more, not trying to hinder my brother'.

Maurice just laughs to himself 'You're lost, you are lost' he looks to the fire for a moment, he watches the logs form a familiar looking object or face, 'do what you want, don't worry about me, don't worry about the children, the families, the ethics, the characters, its effectively a zoo here, you just think about the money, and the glorious things you can spend it on'. Maurice looks deeper into the fire and can see the eyes of hell in front of him. 'I don't deserve this punishment from my younger brother'.

‘And they’re it is’ Lucas stands up like a clown at a circus ‘whoopie we finally got there, the sympathy cry by Maurice’ He claps ‘I was wondering when you’d do that, upset because I have left you behind in my project, disgusted by being Zuckerbarged by your own younger brother’.

The fire crackled louder as the pressure raised in their conversation and Lucas’s clear anxiety was on show. Lucas after standing up from his chair just begins to slowly prance around it, each step he took was met with a struggling gasp for air by Maurice. The moment of silent wondering seemed to go on for a lifetime, but it was only a matter of a few seconds before Lucas came back with more hurtful words.

‘What are you going to tell the pearly gates when you die Maurice?’ Lucas brushes his grey hair to the side with his strong hands. His eyes flickering quickly and his brows focused right on Maurice intimidating for a response. Maurice however, doesn’t respond, he appears too weak and too disinterested to satisfy Lucas’ question. ‘That’s right ignore the question Maurice, I’ll tell you what you’re going to say’ Lucas stands closer, almost directly in Maurice’s face, he is now the aggressor in the conversation no doubt. ‘You’re going to tell the angels up there that you had plans, you had ideas. You wanted the wife, the kids, the good career, maybe even the millionaire lifestyle, but failed. The angel will ask why did you fail? And you’ll reply with, I was too scared, I was too nice. Then the angel will ask would you like to come heaven? The angel opens the pearly gates, people laughing; you can hear the carnival atmosphere of heaven beyond the clouds. And you’ll say, only if it’s alright with you. The gates will shut, and the angel will respond, ‘no it’s not alright; you’re not as perfect and as clean as you would like to think you’ve been in life. You haven’t got the bottle to just run through the gates’ Lucas moves his face away from Maurice’s, Maurice is now looking on the brink of meeting that angel. ‘The worlds a nasty place, you got to a bit nasty to be successful in it. When an opportunity comes along you take it even if it fails. Surely your younger brother doesn’t have to tell you that’ Lucas walks towards the fire and stares into it.

‘You were a nice man before I showed you this place’ Maurice tries his best to argue.

‘A nice man? You didn’t even know me, you didn’t show any interest in me’ Lucas laughs to himself, ‘I made my money selling overpriced life insurance to customers whilst trying to make a successful acting career’ His volume raises in frustration. ‘I then became a film critic who criticised every film I ever saw because I was jealous I wasn’t acting in it’. ‘You think that was me being a nice man, that’s just what the world thinks is me being nice. Deep down I was ruining lives, whereas here I’m trying to enlighten people’s imagination. Make a difference in the right way’.

‘By putting people’s lives in danger, by ruining families whose fathers never return because of you forcing them to work, seeing them as animals as appose to humans’ Maurice manages to pick himself up slightly from his grouch.

‘You think people who work on oil rigs and work at war and all them jobs, people who work in coal mines, people who work in small huts on Apple iPhones, you think the big companies give a damn about them. Do you think Shell cares about the lives it ruins. They say they do, but they don’t. The world is about money Maurice’ Lucas discusses further ‘and you either accept it and play the game, or you end up like you, sat in this room, this tomb, waiting to die whilst being shouted at by your younger brother about how you weren’t mean enough, how you didn’t take the opportunities that came to you. You think anyone’s ever made an honest dollar in their lives. Think about it, the world’s

economy is built on liars, built on death, poverty, hidden agendas, soulless businessmen, and soulless politicians. If you're not careful you get left behind, like you.' Lucas twirls and dances as he ridicules the life of Maurice. Eventually he catches his own breath and realises that Maurice is really struggling to cope with his illness, now unable to cough.

Lucas senses that is only a short while before Maurice, his older brother and only remaining family member, takes his last breath.

Julien's fate

Julien's curiosity was met with the loud snores of a sleeping giant bear on the second floor. The ball of fluff and muscles wrapped around itself in a foetal position sleeping tightly. Julien's face painted a thousand words of worry and panic. His face green and sickly, his teeth very much on show, more goofy than ever. He quickly placed his finger across his chest and prayed to the heavens as he sneaked by a carnivorous creature that he had never witnessed before in his life.

As he crept by the backside of the large animal he noticed its bowling ball sized fluffy, tail begin to move, almost wag in excitement. Julien then quickly glanced at the large animal's eyes which remained firmly shut, the nose of the animal puffing out air in two second intervals. The beast must have been dreaming.

Julien had little idea as to where the creature had come from, but presumed it was from one of the many films in the cinema. However as he watched it dream, he wondered whether these characters have more depth to them than Lucas, and himself had originally thought. Perhaps these many characters had a consciousness that went beyond the script they based their lives on. Could it be that whilst the movie wasn't playing they were in fact living their own lives and would entertain when called upon like circus freaks?

After giving it a few seconds thought, Julien decided to keep moving, and then after seeing that the next staircase was far away began to consider heading back to the safety of the ground floor where the Venice exit off the island was close by.

He was about to take a step onto the next staircase towards the third floor but then stopped and planted his right foot alongside his left and turned around to head back to the ground floor. He slipped beyond the bear with anything but ease. At one point he was about to fall right on top of him but as he shook forwards he managed to just pull himself backwards against the wall making a slight bang, not enough to wake the monster. As he finally made his way back down the stairs, with every step being so careful, he gave a final glance towards the Nanulak who remained asleep, but on the brink of waking up.

Feeling claustrophobic by the small stairway corridor and the gatekeeping bear behind him, he took every step with courtesy. The first step, silent. The second step he took towards the next floor below, even quieter than silence. The third he approached the same way. However this time it was met with the loudest of bangs. A thumping of glass on the brink of shattering coming from above. Julien hesitated, he dared not look behind him but his curiosity forced him to.

Having looked behind him he saw a shadow of something overtake the bear which was quickly waking up. The shadow was coming from the glass dome ceiling a few floors above. It was what looked like from a distance a man sliding down the dome. As the body slid a trail of blood followed before eventually the body fell clean off the dome and towards the ground outside, the shadow going with him. Julien immediately suspected the Vulcans had caused the death to what must have been a fellow PRB builder.

Not giving himself time to mourn he noticed the bear now awake, and slowly making its way towards him growling and panting. The Nanulak opened its jaws wide and crept towards Julien on the stairs. Julien didn't hesitate now, he just ran, and soon tripped down the stairs turning it into a stylish forward roll stunt that gave him extra breathing space away from the Nanulak that chased him down the thin corridor. The bear's large presence smashing the walls and making them cave in from the damage.

Julien having little time to spare quickly ran into the closest double doors he could find on the first floor. The Nanulak found itself lodged in the stair corridor and as he roared it shook the walls surrounding him and allowed wriggle room, but not enough for a swift exit from the stairway corridor. After a short while however Julien could tell it would escape. He found himself entering Screen Room Six.

After making sure the doors shut behind him quickly by pushing them against the rather forceful hinge that allows the door to come to a slow close, Julien turned around and quickly made his way to the safest place he could find, the film right in front of him. He knew he was risking it, he had no idea what the film was, the rating or genre. All he could hear was the quiet breeze coming from the movie in front of him and the sniffing of a large creature on the other side of the door.

The movie demonstrated a pleasant scene of a grassy hill in what looked like countryside in northern Europe or Britain. As he stumbled up to it with his heart beating quick, and his sweat sliding down his neck, he seemed relieved that he had picked a screen room that had what looked like a peaceful setting for its movie.

Although the film looked to lack any threat at all to Julien, he was still incredibly hesitant as to whether to enter or not. He dipped his foot in and out of the movie screens ripple like a toddler checking the temperature and depth of water for the first time.

His mind was soon made up by the small shed of light that entered the corner of his peripheral vision. It was stemming from the door being pushed slightly open by the nose of the Nanulak at the far end of the screen room. The growls confirmed that Julien either faced certain death, or the risk of it, so he took the safer option and entered the film. He threw himself right into the ripple head first and took no prisoners in his quest to enter the film before the Nanulak could catch his scent. In the click of a finger, he found himself submerged into cinema, for real. He was in 'Three Scars of Our Planet'.

"The Three Scars of our Planet"

By Max Smith

(Shows the title on a black screen in purple writing 'The three Scares of our Planet' The title slowly fades away and more credits appear as the screen fades out from being pure black to showing a man sitting at a desk with a large tube beside him that is of the right size to contain a human body, it is steamed up beside him and as the camera zooms in on the man typing on his computer, a woman begins to narrate)

Drianna narrating- The world is different now in 2069, things have happened which you human beings couldn't possibly understand but where at one stage involved in, there is no such thing as time travel or lightsabers. We haven't invented a super computer. The reason is simple, we skipped all that, we have done and are now doing more amazing things than the current human brain could even comprehend. Our A.I is beyond anything you have ever seen. The great question is, whether or not this is helping us or hindering us in our fight for our planet.

(It finally zooms in on the man, who is dressed as scientist and is named Professor Klaus Denham; he is typing up a report on his latest invention and is sending it to the president of the United States. The steam clears in the tube beside him and it reveals a robot, Robots are shaped as just smaller than humans, average around 6 feet, they have crouched backs and are pure metal alloy apart from their hands, feet and hair on the top of their head. The feet and hands are covered in mutated human tissue. They have a nose, mouth which doesn't move when they talk and ears. They also have three eyes, two of which are to see, the other a camera for the humans to look. They are very strong machines. The robot however isn't switched on in the scene, which ends with the professor saying the words)

Klaus Denham- Oh yes, the Fosterbüton lives (He sticks on a label on the tube which reveals the spelling of Fosterbüton. He then flicks the switch beside him and the Fosterbüton lifts its head to show it's awake and alive)

CUT TO:

(It shows a man communicating with his computer in the NASA space centre. It reveals on the computer as the camera spins a Ghoul (An alien life form from the planet Stellioplaneta) They are similar structure to an ape, bent backed, however they have scaly skin in the parts that aren't hairy, but also have very straight faces which are similar to that of a human, but hairy and they haven't got ears, and they also have smaller eyes and a larger mouth)

Man- I strongly think you should reconsider your attack Xyrex! (Of Chinese origin)

Xyrex- Oh yes, I agree, it would be a catastrophe to conclude our relationship with a war, wouldn't it? I don't think we should know any more about one another; let me speak to your leader (posh deep, blocked nosed voice)

Man- Leader of the army or the leader of humans?

Xyrex- For goodness sake Chi, I mean the leader of Xyerapians (pause) the humans.

Chi- Oh, when you gonna learn we don't know Ghonguage? I'll go get him now

(The camera remains fixated on the face of Xyrex who waits patiently)

President Jared- Hello Xyrex, we speak not for the first time

Xyrex- Ah Jared, a pleasure as always, tell your little assistant Chi to learn my language next time he speaks, it's disrespectful. Anyway to the real serious scenario I am contacting about, when you moving planets?

Jared- (Lost all authority by the lack of president in Xyrex's name for him) Once the Fosterbütons make our express, project Curiumite will commence, why?

Xyrex- Just being friendly and caring, we are allies after all aren't we?! You know those crop circles weren't for nothing

Jared- Well don't think about attacking now, we won't allow you that easily to take our bountiful planet.

Xyrex- Oh of course not, we wouldn't go behind an allies back, especially a Xyerapian, I mean that's just scandalous, you're not superior enough in the mind to deal with such an attack

Jared- (Shrugs off the comment) I reckon in about 3 months, we shall move...

Xyrex- sorry I don't know what 3 months is!

Jared- Wow slightly hypocritical right there Xyrex, for you it would be Trex months

Xyrex- Ah yes, Lopex, Quex, Trex. I know, what you mean now, you know I haven't learnt the human counting system yet.

Jared- We all forgive you

Xyrex- So then, these Fosterbütons, what are they, what powers do they possess I'm intrigued?

Jared- They possess a lot of powers, that's all you need to know, we don't want to let ourselves open to an attack by you do we, you know our allies?

Xyrex- Ha, will I have to travel down to earth myself to find out?

Jared- I wouldn't do that

Xyrex- Well you are a weak leader then aren't you, you lack trust!

Jared- I'm just sensible, don't invade or else as you know a war will start, and I can't see you winning

Xyrex- Ah yes, the mind games, I can see us slowly moving away from the word allies and more towards enemies

Jared- Enough of the nonsense, we were never allies, we were always enemies.

Xyrex- I really want things to work between us two great races, but your principles are just too strong aren't they, your planet is perfect for us, and we will have it, you know how much we Ghouls love nitrogen, and your planet is rigged with it, of all planets in this universe, yours is the one we all desire, I tried to be subtle, but it's obvious you want us to attack you

Jared- Ha, well I don't think our 78% quite lives up to your 98% nitrogen now does it?!

Xyrex- Ah yes, well at least we are not invading the humidity of Curiumite

Jared- Nothing wrong with a bit of hydrogen, so when you invading then? (Acting smug)

Xyrex- (Laughs to himself) we shall leave that a surprise, but it is happening, and when I take control of your pathetically run Desiderata, you will be the first person I slit via the throat.

Jared- Earth, its earth, not Desiderata, we have Fosterbütons, bring on the army, if you do, then your family might just be at risk, including little Xylozone Quex

Xyrex- Don't threaten my son, he's more important to our planet than you could possibly imagine

Jared- What you gonna do, invade me, chow! (He smiles and turns off the monitor and ends the call)

(Shows Xyrex twist in his floating chair in his large hallway of a room to his assistant Xykol)

Xyrex- Chow?

Xykol- I don't know sir, couldn't tell you

(Xyrex then looks at a ghoul)

Xyrex- Chow?

Ghoul- Could be a sign of war or peace sir

Xyrex- Don't talk rubbish Xynail!

Xynail- Sorry sir

Xyrex- Don't say sorry either, Xykol, Xynail, round me up some Yabbies and some Billers, and get my lover, Xygail, thank you

CUT TO:

(Shows Jared looking on standing with Klaus Denham watching the Fosterbütons finishing off the Curiumite express)

Jared- So they seem quiet

Klaus- They are when they're working (German accent) they lack sociable skills, you must talk to them

Jared- Oy, Fosterbüton... (No response by the robot turning the wrench on the train/rocket)

Klaus- No sir, they have names, on the back of their battery chip. He's called Liam

Jared- Liam, that name died years ago, no one's called Liam these days

Klaus- Yes sir, that's the idea, they have old style names so they can't be confused with humans. (Jared shrugs his shoulders)

Jared- Liam...

Liam- (In a typical Microsoft Sam accent, with a slight German accent) Yes

Jared- Wow lack of manners, my name is Sir, Liam!

Liam- Hello sir Liam pleasure to work for you

Jared- Yeah ok, just sir, not Liam, is my name

Liam- Sorry sir... what service do you require?

Jared- There not that amazing are they really?

Klaus- Well sir, they've built this, the Curiumite express, look at it (Huge train with rocket boosters on each side, around thirteen on the train, it is also shaped like a rocket with wing)

Jared- Ok so they work hard, couldn't keep them as pets could you really? Got as much personality as a pig out of mud

Klaus- They are not like that, they will one day rise as their own race on their own planet, they have free will with the flick of a button, that's my hope one day to let them free.

Jared- Ok, so how many have you made?

Klaus- I made one, then he made one, and then they both made two and so on, there should be around five million by now. If everything runs smoothly however, by the third decade there should be more robots than humans, give it a century the world will be unable to fit all of them on, so obviously I placed a life expectancy on them, 44 years

Jared- Ok and you installed the rules I asked into them, because I have a feeling this time the ghouls may well attack are beautiful planet. They've been threatening for a while with their little signs throughout history, but the war may actually happen very soon

Klaus- yes, the problem is, their main function is to save the environment, make the atmosphere liveable again, I never concentrated hard on the rest of the rules. Maybe if we had used less fuel and carbon emissions we'd be more prepared for a such a war, but you'll have to accept that the ghouls will be ahead of the game in that department

Jared- But the rules are there?

Klaus- Yes I installed the four golden rules, Kill alien life forms on sight, keep prisoners in prison, never create a more powerful life form than humans or play god, but replicate one another to build an army, keep the atmosphere clear and plant seeds and never run on fuel EVER! I took care of it

Jared- You're a good lad Klaus, a very good lad. What happens if a prisoner escapes?

Klaus- They won't bother, as they will be killed on site by a Fosterbüton. They will also protect the prison guards with their lives, so don't worry about that either.

Jared- What's with the blue light?

Klaus- That is for identification amongst potential future robots, which I hope to soon develop.

Jared- Always a step ahead, love it Jared.

Liam- Sir, we are finished with our project, we shall begin on planting seeds and cleaning the ocean

Jared- My god, their brilliant, good lad Liam

Klaus- You're welcome, I've been dreaming of making these for a long time

Jared- I've been dreaming of you making one of these for a long time. Liam...

Liam- Yes sir!

Jared- Can you rally all beings apart from prisoners and tell them the good news. Thank you.

Liam- Absolutely sir, I see you are in a rush to proceed to the destination; I shall pick up the pace

Jared- So elegant

Klaus- What's with leaving behind these prisoners?

Jared- Well I thought, what's the point in having evil criminals running around our new planet causing havoc, when we can get rid of them, keep them here, let them rot, even the light criminals don't deserve to be on our new planet, they might help if the aliens invade too, a good move for all

Klaus- I suppose so...

CUT TO:

(Shows families and single people trying to push their way into the doorway of the Curiumite Express, the robots keep it all in check and people try and get their kids into the train first to meet them later, some people try and get their pets into the transportation, however it is forbidden)

Man with dog- Excuse sir are dogs allowed

Fosterbüton- No, you must leave all useless objects

Man with dog- He isn't an object, he's my pet, let him on, make an exception

Fosterbüton- No sir, I must escort you on now, no dispute; get on transportation to your new destination.

Man with dog- What about my rights, he's my only love, I love my dog

Fosterbüton- I am sorry, rules are there for a reason, jump on! (He picks him up and places him on gently)

(It then shows planes flying past in their numbers transporting people to the NASA space centre for the Curiumite express. People do continuously panic, even though they know the reasons for the leaving of the planet. It shows people still walking into the Curiumite express and Jared looks on with a large strong man with the physique of a bouncer called General Cooker)

(It also shows in the background on a screen the news demonstrating the reasons for the move to another planet and how to efficiently go about getting on the Curiumite express)

Jared- So then 60 years of research, and this is where it's got us, a war with another planet.

Cooker- Yeah well, if they dare try to attack are planet, we will kill at any cost

Jared- See that's what I like about you Cooker, you're ruthless, we need that in a leader.

Cooker- Yeah well I didn't get these scars on my face from nothing

Jared- Yeah, they're disgusting

Cooker- What? (Aggressively)

Jared- Nothing, nothing

Cooker- I can't believe this is actually gonna happen, been waiting for a war like this for a while

Jared- Don't be surprised if it turns out being an empty threat by Xyrex, or a damp squib

Cooker- It has a name?

Jared- Well yeah, but its best you don't know that, makes you more ruthless, best not to give any of these aliens identification

Cooker- I'll happily hunt them down anyway. It does seem silly though that were leaving to try and save the environment and yet where gonna get invaded anyway

Jared- Like I said, it's an empty threat, and if it isn't then we fight for our planet, it may not be inhabitable as such, but we can god damn try to keep this planet secure.

Cooker- What happens to the prisoners?

Jared- Its ok, in 12 years we'll be back, in 12 years, the air will be delightful, no fuel, no hole in the ozone, it will be fresh, like grass in summer (He sniffs in) Then we release the prisoners that deserve releasing, heck they might come in handy if we go to war

Cooker- Suppose so, and the prison guards?

Jared- They don't know about the potential invasion, they don't need to know, the Fosterbütons will sort the ghouls out anyway

Cooker- Ah there she is, our main soldier ey, Sinister

Sinister- Cooker, Mr president

Jared- Oh she is fine isn't she, maybe she should stay at a distance cause she is hot

Sinister- Yeah ok

Cooker- Jesus sir, that was horrendous

Jared- Oh come on

Sinister- So we beating some alien ass or what?

Cooker- Whoa calm down sinister, we need to wait for an invasion first ha-ha

(Sinister's phone rings and she answers it to a woman called Drianna)

Sinister- Hey Drianna, ha-ha yeah I know (She walks away)

(Jared walks off and into the Curiumite Express and Cooker watches him go and the queues have died down to just a few pets being taken away by the Fosterbütons, Cooker takes a deep breath and walks into the train and the Fosterbütons say goodbye to them, and Cooker gets comfy next to Jared and Klaus who are the main men behind the project)

Cooker- How do we know these robots are reliable and secure Mr President?

Klaus- (Interrupts) only if their switch is turned off in the Florida space centre which we are at can the Fosterbütons turn against us, but who's going to flick the switch ey

Jared- You never told me that?

Klaus- Well I was hoping one day like I said to allow them life amongst themselves, they are wonderful machines, far more intelligent and complete than humans, and it would release them from their torture if the switch was turned off

Jared- This better not screw up Klaus, because it will be on your head, I was voted in as world leader from my presidential reign and I will not be held responsible for your stupidity

Klaus- Trust me in 12 years, the world will be brand new again, unless the aliens have a master plan up their sleeves we don't know about, we will be fine, everything will be fine

Sinister- Hey Cooker, my seat numbers here apparently

Jared- Who where you on the phone to?

Sinister- God he weird (Quietly to Cooker) Just a prison guard, my friend Drianna, not going to see her for a while am I!

Jared- You never mentioned the aliens did you?

Sinister- What no of course not, I wouldn't want to risk my life now would I?

Jared- Ok, ok, let's get the hell out of here

(They relax and the Curiumite Express flies past the Fosterbütons blowing them away slightly as the pace of the machine is brutal, going at 5,449,800mph. People wave off like it's a cruise ship to the robots and pets, and some people get emotional. Although not explained in the film the Fosterbütons create the Curiumite express by using a train shaped rocket that is made by multiplying the force speed of a train with the maximum speed of a rocket in full acceleration. The rocket power used is connected to the train at the back and there are multiple ones on the side, the shape of the train allow it to fly through the air with ease, but is not on a track. Instead it is direct and is almost propelled towards its destination with no real control but it works. No human being even Klaus knows how the Fosterbütons build it, it is only they and they do not explain to human forms)

(Shows in the Curiumite Express on the back of every chair a small monitor showing the eye view of their own Fosterbüton; this is seen due to the camera third eye on the Fosterbütons)

CUT TO: STELLIOPLANETA

(Stellioplaneta is a planet that is mainly purple and red instead of green and water is hardly there, but enough that life forms can grow and live on it. The atmosphere is 98% nitrogen and 1% hydrogen and 1% other elements including Oxygen. It is dominated by the Ghouls, as seen earlier, they do however have their own types of animals, all species on the planet are evolved from a type of bacteria which leads to lizards, so every specimen is scaly like a reptile. Stellioplaneta is around 200,000 light years away and was discovered by the Hubble telescope many years ago, the ghouls are considered the cleverest life form ever to contact our earth)

(Xyrex, the leader of the Ghouls is talking to an assistant, Xykol Quexlopellopex-Lopelx-Trex-Lopexus-Complex)

Xyrex- It seems our friends of many a year ago on Desiderata are leaving us for a new planet, you know what that means Xykol Quexlopellopex-Lopelx-Trex-Lopexus-Complex

Xykol- Don't call me by my full name, its disrespectful, I have an inkling of what we do next, we attack them?

Xyrex- Ah you're wise after all Xykol, and I will call you whatever I want, don't be a cretin. Just because you're ranked 21,309th in line as the humans would call it.

Xykol- Is that how they pronounce my name, Quexlopellopex-Lopelx-Trex-Lopexus-Complex, 21,309? That's pathetic

Xyrex- Ah yes it is, do you feel underappreciated these days?

Xykol- Slightly sir, I mean I'm your assistant, I've worked hard my whole life, and I'm not next in line, seems little harsh don't you think ha-ha

Xyrex- You weren't born into my close family, in fact far from it, it isn't an award of merit it is an award of family and gratitude. Stop whining!

Xykol- For goodness sake, when do we strike then?

Xyrex- Give it Quex years, do you agree?

Xykol- I don't know, I'd go for either Powelex or Gex years!

Xyrex- Good idea, Powelex years it is, bring in the Yabby!

(Two XyY ghouls walk in with a Yabby in their possession, a Yabby is part of the Yabbies race, They appear as small bodied insects on a human toddlers scale, they have a very small head due to their lack of intelligence and have developed on their planet from flying organisms and are rumoured to be able to fly at top speeds of quicker than the Curiumite express in the right atmosphere. XyY ghouls are large forms of ghouls which are used as hunters and soldiers in battle, they are however unnamed in the film but do possess names)

Xyrex- Ah cheers men!

Xykol- I'll let you do the talking!

Xyrex- Yes you will, just go away, stand over there!

Xykol- Alright, gee whiz talk about rude

Xyrex- So then Yabby, you know why you're here?

(No answer)

Xyrex- Name Yabby?

Fred- Fred

Xyrex- Fred?

Fred- Yes Fred (Speaking in a scarred pathetic voice) Please release me and my brothers in the cell

Xyrex- Ha, I can't do that, I need information, that's why I got you from... what eh planet called?

Fred- Ramachan, my planet

Xyrex- That's it, we could do with you on our side to fight the human embassy on Desiderata, as well as their little robots, who I think are quite threatening to us

Xykol- Where's that come from?

Xyrex- The humans seem too confident, they would never normally promote war, and as I have basically bluffed my way to this war by saying we have a strong army even though some of the population follow the Ling religion, so they don't even like fighting at war the weird things, against their religion or something silly like that, can't we all just be garths on this planet

Fred- I have no idea what you just said and I don't really want to get involved, my people come in peace, I come from big family, let me go home

Xyrex- Ok, so you won't fight?

Fred- No, I don't wish to be a member of war

Xyrex- Ok well will you go to Desiderata find out about the Fosterbütons?

Fred- I really don't think...

Xyrex- Listen, we need you to, what is your problem?

Fred- I can't breathe on Desiderata

Xyrex- Oh for... why is your race so pathetic?

Fred- Hey, I can't live in hydrogen, not my fault

Xyrex- Ok so what if you wear a mask of some sort?

Fred- Why do I need to go?

Xyrex- We need robots god damn it, those Fosterbütons are special should have seen how smug Jared was a few months ago about them

Fred- My race can be very clever when we put our mind to it...

Xykol- Ha-ha, funny joke Fred, we all know you Yabbies are thick as a Xytopiapoth

Fred- Ok, I don't know what one of them is, I'm going to ignore you, I will help but only building you your Zostergurons or whatever they're called. And only If you release my brothers.

Xyrex- Ok, I'll trust you, by the way they're not called Zostergurons, they're called Fosterbütons...

Xykol- No I reckon call them Zostergurons, bit of originality in there ha

Xyrex- What do you reckon you quiet chaps (Directed at the XyY they shrug their shoulders and agree with the name) Ok Fred (Release his hand cuffs) get building, the wars in Powelex years, which means time is evanescent. (Fred gets escorted out and Xykol approaches Xyrex again as Xyrex' wife enters with his son Xylozone)

Xykol- What we doing with the Yabbies after?

Xyrex- Let them go, they seem peaceful enough, let them help us first though. Ah Xygail, the love of my life, Xylozone, how you doing champ (Xylozone runs up to him and hugs him and the scene ends) Xykol, if they're not going down to Desiderata to find out about building the Fosterbütons, then send them Billers I asked for!

Xykol- Will do, what are Billers by the way?

Xyrex- Oh for goodness sake, see this is why you are useless, they are those tiny little fish things, look, Xylozone go get a picture of one, we have loads of them in the hallway outside, behind the glass (Xylozone gives him a picture) thank you son, look

Xykol- Oh one of them, ok, and these are useful?

Xyrex- Yes they're very clever, did you not learn anything in school, these little things have been allies for years

Xykol- But they're tiny

Xyrex- Yeah but they are clever; they will tell the Yabbies how to build one of those things, the robots

Xykol- OK, just had to say (Smiles)

CUT TO: AFTERNOON- PRISON- NORWAY, OSLO 4 Year later

(Shows a man in a prison, lying on his bed playing with a nut cracker and slowly dozing off to sleep before he is awoken by the sound of a guard smacking his crowbar against the metal bars of his cell and waking him fully up, Cash is a man who has a scar across one side of his chin and has one blue and one green eye, as well as a great set of hair, he is of African- American origin, unlike his adoptive sister Drianna, who is white skinned)

Jazz- Rise and shine boys, rise and shine Cash!

Cash- (the man in the cell) Good morning Jazz, how are you today?

Jazz- I'm ok, now come on breakfast awaits you

Cash- Oh I'll be there shortly my friend

(He washes his face in the sink and walks out of the cell and follows Jazz's footsteps. As he walks down the corridor he sees some people he is familiar with in the prison)

Cash- Alright Frazer?

Frazer (A fellow prisoner) - Yes Cashy boy how are you?

Cash- Not half bad ha-ha

Frazer- Have a good day

Cash- Will do! Ey Wolf, how are you my son?

Wolf (Guard)- I'm perfect Cash, now shouldn't you be in the medical centre taking your pills?

Cash- Ha-ha, no my friend, that's Fraser, he's the one with the mental issues, bless his soul, I'm dry me, desert dry

Wolf- Oh right, carry on... FRAZER

(Cash carries on walking into the canteen and walks past a woman guard)

Cash- Drianna! (In acknowledgement)

Drianna- Cash, good sleep? (Drianna is a woman with style and good looks, she always looks professional and wears little make up and has distinctive blue hair)

Cash- Yeah, delightful, happy to be alive to be honest, my heart was aching during the night; I honestly thought it was the end

Drianna- Well, probably the stress ey

Cash- Yeah don't you know it sister...

Drianna- Shhh, don't shout it

Cash- I whispered it, chill the hole Dri...

Drianna- What you having for breakfast?

Cash- Same as always, lovely sneaked in roll by the gracious hands of my family member

Drianna- Not today Cash sorry, my managers in today

Cash- It's alright in a couple of days, I'll be able to have all the sausage rolls I want ha-ha

Drianna- Don't guarantee it, the plan might not work

Cash- The plan will work

Drianna- there's a lot of stuff you don't know about the outside world since you been in this place

Cash- Doubt much has changed

Drianna- I'll leave the surprise for you to find out

Cash- Listen Dri, just tell me, surely in 14 years not much has changed, technology hasn't changed since I was born

Drianna- No, I can't, too much to tell, you been in here 14 years, what's wrong with a bit longer of waiting

Cash- I don't know, just excited I guess, freedom at last

Drianna- I'm only helping you cause I believe you never did it

Cash- And you're my sister

Drianna- Not blood related though are we

Cash- No, of course not look at us, no one would believe us if you told them ha-ha, but I love you as if you weren't my adoptive sister, you know that

Drianna- I don't know, prove it by leaving me to my job now (Smiles)

Cash- Ok, listen Dri, all you need to know is, I never took or dealt drugs, why would I risk everything, I mean obviously things were hard when mum died, but I would never turn to drugs, you can trust me (Smiles)

Drianna- Yeah I believe you, go on now, get your oatmeal! (Gives him a hair clip)

(Shows Cash escorted back to his cell after his breakfast, where he drops his hair clip into his pillow case, the bars are then closed on his cell)

CUT TO: OUTSIDE AFTERNOON

(Frazer is pondering at the sun and looks on at the fence that shields him from freedom)

Cash- Frazer, you ain't getting all deep again are you?

Frazer- I'm just thinking how I deserve to be here and why I feel sorry for myself?

Cash- Did you kill that family back 20 years ago?

Frazer- Yeah but I was young and I have a mental problem, schizophrenia isn't easy to shake off

Cash- Doesn't drive you to murder though does it?

Frazer- What about you Cash?

Cash- What about me?

Frazer- Do you feel guilt for what you did, do you feel rehabilitated after 14 years in this dump?

Cash- No, I never did anything, there must be some evidence out there to prove it

Frazer- I think your honesty proves it, I think in a way though you have still been rehabilitated, or at least changed, you have made friends here (Points at himself) and have worked on your body, you were very skinny when you came in here, but you are lacking trust

Cash- How if I never did anything can I still be in this crappy place?

Frazer- You were a live wire when you entered prison, now you're normal

Cash- listen Frazer, I won't be here for much longer, I'll be leaving soon, don't tell anyone of the guards, especially Jazz, he don't seem too keen on me

Frazer- No I won't, who you leaving with... I mean, how?

Cash- I don't know the full plan yet, but Drianna does

Frazer- Drianna's beautiful

Cash- She's my sister, she is beautiful, hands off (Joking) So I won't be round here anymore to protect you from Poser and his lot anymore (Shows a group of large weird looking prisoners staring at Frazer and Cash)

Frazer- Well, you did me proud no matter what

Cash- Cheers man

(The group approaches them)

Poser- Alright sissy's (Skinny compared the rest of the group but they all work for him) Cashy boy, step aside!

Cash- No (he punches him in the face and they have a slight fight and tussle before guards come along and stop it)

Jazz- Oh boy, Cash, not again... you ain't getting away again Mr, you'll be solitary confinement again boy, come on

Cash- Oh you have no idea (He spits blood from his mouth) tell them off, they're the ones who bully Frazer, whack them with your stick

Jazz- I'll whack you again if you don't shut up and get inside, get inside, sorry for the inconvenience Poser!

Poser- It's alright Jazzy pants, we forgive and forget don't we Frazer?!

CUT TO:

(Shows Jazz walking down the corridor shouting 'Lights out' and Cash is in the same position as earlier with his nutcracker and stays awake despite the turning off the lights. He is disturbed a moment later after jazz leaves the area of the prison his sister Drianna, around 1 minute after Jazz has left)

Drianna- Psst... oi... Cash (Whispering)

Cash- Yeah, ready?

Drianna- Yeah come on be quiet (She opens the cell and allows him to walk out of the prison doors with her, as they get outside she grabs Jazz by the neck and tells him to not say a word) Don't say a word!

Jazz- Whoa, Drianna I won't I swear, what are you doing?

Drianna- I need to do this, I need to let Cash see my... our father again, he never deserved to be in here

Jazz- Ok, ok just go then (Crying for sanity)

Drianna- And the gun Jazz?

Jazz- You have one!

Drianna- AND THE GUN JAZZ!

Jazz- Ok, ok (Gives her the gun) There, you satisfied?

Drianna- And the keys to the car!

Jazz- But you have a car!

Drianna- Ok, good point, Cash get in the car (Faces the gun in Jazz's face)

Cash- Ok which one?

Drianna- They all work!

(Cash gets in a car as Drianna retreats facing the gun at Jazz)

Drianna- Stay cool Jazz, you will live if you stay cool, I'm sorry (She jumps in the car and turns on the engine and drives off)

Jazz- (On his walkie-talkie) yeah send back up, prison guards escaped with prisoner, get all Fosterbütons on the case

Drianna- put your head down Cash; we don't want them seeing you!

Cash- What seeing me? (A bullet comes through the window, the bullet is shaped the same as the curiumite express and has been designed by the Fosterbütons and can cut through solid gold, but has poor resistance) what the hell was that?

Drianna- That's a Fosterbüton! (Shows the Fosterbüton on the top of a hill looking directly at Cash) Now put your head down!

(They continue driving)

Drianna- They can sense you are in the car due to the tag on your ankle

Cash- so why not blow up the car? Why haven't you told me about this?

Drianna- Believe me it will take longer than you think to explain... let's just say meeting up with dad will take a long time, we're in Norway, he lives on Curiumite

Cash- What's... what's Curiumite?

Drianna- I'll tell you later, when we have time, they won't blow the car up because I'm in it, they are programmed to never kill a prison guard, but fugitives they will kill in an instant

Cash- (Now crouched down so isn't in sight) So what do they do, keep prisoners at bay, is that why none of us prisoners know about them? (Quivering)

Drianna- No, they weren't built for prisoners, they were built to save mankind

Cash- Mankind, from what?

Drianna- Let me open the window (She rolls down the window) Breathe it in!

Cash- Ok (Takes a deep breath)

Drianna- Notice anything?

Cash- It's fresh, there is a yard in the prison, I don't notice the difference really

Drianna- That's because the only people who use cars on this planet are guards, the only people who use electricity are guards, the only people who eat crops are

guards, when you went into prison 14 years ago, there were 8 billion people on this earth, now, try 8 million people

Cash- So what about the cyborgs, don't they use energy or what?

Drianna- The Fosterbütons use no means of fuel or environmentally damaging substances, they run on their own, controlled by a computer in Florida, and that's where we are gonna go

Cash- Why?

Drianna- (The sun rises in the background) To meet our family, we need to get to NASA, and then take the curiumite express to our new planet

Cash- Ok forgive me, but this is a lot to take in

Drianna- I know, but it's a long road trip, I'll explain all in time

Cash- So what's this then? (The bullet fired by the Fosterbüton)

Drianna- That's a Galle-bullet, it can fire through gold, silver, platinum, anything, it was created by the Fosterbütons and is connected to most of them, their quite intelligent, the only weakness to the bullets is it is weak when it hits windows, it immediately stops flight

Cash- So why did he shoot me then, can't be that clever?

Drianna- Well next time he shoots there won't be any window think about it

(She smiles at him)

Drianna- This should be a nice smooth journey as long as we are away from the main places the Fosterbütons work, obviously it's not the end of the world but we have to be careful, I don't know exactly how much protection I offer you, here's a map (Shows a map of the places marked out where the Fosterbütons are and their target on their journey, shows Norway, Germany, Britain, Asia, USA and South Africa are dominated by Fosterbütons, and that the main prison in the world is in Oslo, Norway where Cash was held)

Cash- Can we put on the radio?

Drianna- Yeah sure

(Cash puts the radio on and classical music comes on)

Cash- What is this?

Drianna- Oh yeah we've gone full circle, people ran out of ideas, so were back here, to the Mozart days, plus it allows full concentration for the Fosterbütons

Cash- Ok, so music's dead, what else has happened in the last 12 god damn years?

Drianna- cinema doesn't exist anymore, no humans to allow it to, and only our specialised televisions can be used so sorry, and no internet, ever!

Cash- When do humans come back?

Drianna- Well the plan should be finished in 8 more years

Cash- What about the other prisoners?

Drianna- Well the ones who have been bad are already in prison, no one can commit a crime on Curiumite because they know the consequence is death by Fosterbüton, and as for people allowed out of prison, they are released and thrown straight into the Curiumite express where it explains the whole thing to them

Cash- So what is the Curiumite express?

Drianna- I don't know bro, I was one of the ones who didn't use it, I'm voluntary here, I've never used it, I stayed for extra protection if the plan fails and mainly to get you out, but they don't know that, I mean 22 years for smuggling cocaine apparently, that's a ridiculous sentence especially when you're innocent. (Smiles) No more questions now though Cash, you're my little brother and you've had a tough time, have a sleep, everything's gonna be ok, you got a clean conscience on Curiumite, just need to remove the tag, it's gonna be an easy ride don't worry!

Cash- Cheers Dri... thanks so much (He starts dozing off with his head bent down out of view)

CUT TO:

Xyrex- Are these blooming things done yet Fred?

Fred- Give em two more minutes, get your speech or whatever out of the way and they'll be done

Xyrex- Useless, absolutely useless

Fred- Shut up (Xyrex turns and gives a dirty look)

(Shows the ghouls all get into their own version of the Curiumite express, built by the Zostergurons, Xyrex is the first to enter and beforehand has a speech)

Xyrex- My people, we speak Xyerapians up there on Desiderata as a mark of respect before we fight, the Xyerapians won't be there at first, they are too busy between the Orion, on their hydrogen planet, we strike while they are not ready, we kill all that moves, we show no respect during war and battle other than through speech not violence however, lets gain control of the planet we have desired for so many millenniums

Fred- Its ready, can I go home now? (Xyrex ignores him)

(Everyone cheers and follows Xyrex into the Desiderata express, also entering the transportation is the animals of Stellioplaneta, which are only seen quickly by the audience and whose identities will be explained more in detail later)

(The Zostergurons also get in position whether it be in the train or guarding it, they are similar to the Fosterbütons but contain different powers, they also have a blue light as oppose to the red light of the Fosterbütons, they are also processed with a woman's voice, unlike the Fosterbütons who are men, but the Zostergurons are a stronger force)

Xykol- So sir, where are the family?

Xyrex- They're safe, Xygail is in the back with some XyYtes!

Xykol- The XyYtes sir? But you can't use them at war!

Xyrex- No of course not, they'd kill everything including our new planet, they're just to protect the family, the most important thing in the universe is Xylozone, if anything happens to him then, well we may as well call it a day, and maybe even release a few XyYtes

Xykol- Sir, Xylozone was speaking to me before, he's frightened, he's a young Lopel-Guex boy for goodness sake, I think you should have left him on home turf

Xyrex- No, he needs to see what he will control one day

Xykol- I'm just saying it's a lot of pressure for a young boy

Xyrex- Oh for Xyrant sake shut up, you're not even assistant to the throne you have no say here, the Garth religion states I must take my heir with me to battle

Xykol- ok I get that just let me explain my reasons for my opinion...

Xyrex- No you've said enough, the XyYtes are dealing with my family, they won't be touched with them around, ten times stronger than any Xyouless being

Xykol- I would've put robots on guard

Xyrex- What did I just say, Xyouless are ten times less powerful, XyYtes are the strongest ghoul on our planet, you couldn't ask for more

Xykol- Ok fine, how long till we get there?

Xyrex- The Zosterguron told me around Quex to Trex weeks

Xykol- Ok, so what do we do about Fred and his brothers?

Xyrex- The Yabby, I told you not to bring him

Xykol- No you didn't, you told Xyolonion not to bring him, but I was speaking to him and he said it was ok to bring on board

Xyrex- Well Xyolonion is an absolute idiot, you should know this by now, he's the opposite of great that boy, useless!

Xykol- So what's the big deal?

Xyrex- Big deal is, they helped us build the Xyouless and now you are bringing them to a planet which they cannot live on, Desiderata has far too much hydrogen, use the brain you were given by Xyrant

Xykol- Its ok, we can just give them masks or something, it's fine

Xyrex- You deal with the mess, for goodness sake I can't believe you had one job

Xykol- Sorry sir!

(Silence and then Xykol leaves to sort it out with the Yabbies)

CUT TO:

(The Yabbies sit in the back of the express on their own patiently, there's four of them)

Yabby- Fred what's going on?

Fred- I'm hoping that we are going home, but I must admit you can't trust these so called allies as far as you can throw them, I feel like we're in a polite way screwed over

CUT TO: DAYTIME

(On Curiumite Jared is checking up on his home planet)

Jared- So then, is our planet improving at all, better had be it's been four years?

(Man with no name is working on the computer looking at the camera footage given to them by the Fosterbütons)

Man- Yes, we have good news on the atmosphere, it has been improved and the ozone layer is rebuilding sir

Jared- Swell, tell me any hiccups at all?

Man- No apart from a prisoner who escaped a few days ago, but don't worry sir, the Fosterbütons will get him

Jared- What? Why do you say it so god damn casually?

Man- Because its fine

Jared- No it isn't, a prisoner knows of our plans, why is he not dead already?

Man- well the Fosterbütons haven't got him yet

Jared- They haven't- They haven't got him yet, how can this be, I thought they were superior to all human beings, I want him killed immediately, he could bring the whole establishment down, everything was perfect, get Klaus in here

Man- Sir it won't affect our plans, the atmosphere will still rebuild as normal don't worry

Jared- I just want the plan to go perfect, any slip ups and we'll be right on the end of an alien invasion, I don't want us humans to go through a war, in fact I don't even want my humans to know there's a threat, sort it out!

Man- Sir the alien invasion will come first to the Fosterbütons, I mean they can...

Jared- I don't care, sort it, stop relying on the stupid robots

CUT TO:

(Shows a room with a massive table and leaders of the world around it, including Jared, Cooker, Sinister and Klaus)

Jared- Ok, we have a prisoner who has escaped as you know, and we are at threat with alien life form, the ghouls want our planet, but were not gonna let that happen are we?

Russian Leader- I never knew of an invasion (stereotypical Russian man)

British Leader- None of us did (Stereotypical British man)

French Leader- We promote this American and he causes a war with other planets, what is this, I knew I should've been world leader, the Curiumite project would've run much smoother with me (Stereotypical French man)

Jared- Yes I know it isn't a great situation, which is why I've called Cooker in here, and Professor Klaus

Cooker- Sir

Klaus- Sir

Jared- Right Klaus, how good are these Fosterbütons, will they kill this prisoner who has escaped quickly?

British Leader- A prisoners escaped as well, well that's just great

Klaus- yes absolutely, he should be dead already!

Jared- Well don't just say that

British Leader- Give us reasons

Klaus- Maybe a prison guard has let him escape, therefore the Fosterbütons will be very careful, they can't kill a prison guard, it's not in there nature

Jared- Can't you stop the rule for a couple of minutes so they can kill both?

Klaus- No!

Jared- What do you mean no?

Klaus- They can build their own robot that can, but again the rule is they can't build a robot more superior than that of humans, I could always go down to earth and switch off their programmer, but that puts everything on earth at risk, even the environment although this mentality towards the earth may not change, rules go out the window if the switch is tampered with.

Jared- Ok, well, we'll have to head down there ourselves... Cooker get your...

Man- (A man comes behind him and whispers in his ear) Sir we can confirm invasion

(Jared looks up at the sky)

Jared- As I was saying, Cooker get some men together, we're going to war!
Confirmation has reached us, let's get cracking!

CUT TO: EVENING

(Shows Drianna still driving in Norway, it is very bumpy and they are in the middle of a mountain range)

Cash- Do you wanna stop?

Drianna- Good timing (As she pulls up next to a building which is unused for a while but preserved and looks brand new)

Cash- Wow, it looks brand new!

Drianna- the Fosterbüttons for you, they preserve everything, everything is clean here now.

Cash- Ok, so where are they, are they gonna kill me?

Drianna- No, Where in Tromsø they don't inhabit here, it isn't the right time of day, they only work in places that are light, and this place is never anything other than dark, hence the lack of weed on the building, what plant can grow without sunlight?

Cash- Ok, so no Fosterbüttons here?

Drianna- Not in this urban city no, so just relax (She flips down a blanket and lies down to look at the stars) Come sit with me, I'll show you where dad is (He joins her on the blanket) Look up (She points) See the Orion formation of stars?

Cash- I can't remember, I've been in prison for so long

Drianna- It's the belt, three lined up stars, our planet, Curiumite is between the two stars, the centre and the one on the right, if you look really closely, you can see a flicker, that's Curiumite's star

Cash- Wow, what's it called?

Drianna- It's unnamed, humans are coming back to live here soon once everything is fixed, and then in 100 years, we will go back to Curiumite for another 12 years and so on...

Cash- Do you know anything of Curiumite?

Drianna- No, it's a mystery to me, I've heard only that it is made mostly of hydrogen and oxygen; apparently there is more than 2/3rd of water, that's shocked me

Cash- I'm quite shocked by the whole thing really, it's all new to me, I feel like I've fallen into a dream (Pause)

Drianna- Well don't worry, as long as I'm here, the Fosterbüttons can't touch you, we'll be to NASA soon, now let's get some sleep, come into the car, it's safer, just in case

CUT TO: EARLY MORNING

(Cash and Drianna are still sleeping in the car and Cash soon awakens and looks outside and walks straight back into the car, the sun is out but the place they are at isn't very light, still too dark for Fosterbütons to work at)

Cash- Drianna... Drianna

Drianna- What?

Cash- I'm gonna take a walk

Drianna- Its dark, and it's not very safe, use your brain Cash

Cash- But this, air, you gotta make the most of it

Drianna- Listen the fresh air will be here all the time now, just get back in the car (Drowsy)

(An explosion comes from the mountains in the distance and comes close to hitting the car)

Cash- What the, you said the robots wouldn't try and hurt us!

Drianna- The Fosterbütons won't, I don't know what that was

Cash- Damn there's another (An explosion happens even closer to the car) Quick drive, drive

Drianna- Ok... ok, just calm

(They drive off and explosions still happen behind them as they drive away)

Cash- Drive quicker...

Drianna- I can't the tyre came off

Cash- Oh god let's get out then and run

Drianna- It's risky

Cash- No it isn't, it's the right thing to do, come on (She obliges and they run away up to the mountains)

(Shows a Ghoul with XyYs beside him and a large gun which fires red lights that are only visible to the man in possession of the gun, and explode on impact)

XyY- How the hell did you miss with a Xynade? (XyY are only distinguished by a different hair colour to each of them, the two in the scene are ginger and blue, only the blue one talks)

Ghoul- Oh shut up, who do you think you are a bounty hunter?

XyY- Yes

Ghoul- Well go on take control, go get the Xyerapians then

XyY- Fine, I will come on, follow me

Ghoul- wait where's...

XyY- Where's?

Ghoul- Xylozone?

XyY- with Xyrex isn't he?

Ghoul- No Xykol told me to protect him, oh no, find him, forget about the Xyerapians, they can die on their own (They hurry away looking for the emperors son) Quickly we must find him (Panicking)

CUT TO:

(Drianna and Cash quickly approach a mountain and a cave)

Drianna- Oh my

Cash- What was that?

Drianna- I don't know, maybe, the switch of the Fosterbütons has been turned off or something!

Cash- What?

Drianna- There's a switch which when turned off, in the NASA centre, will cause the Fosterbütons to ignore all rules and become their own species if you like

Cash- Why would we make a switch that would do that?

Drianna- I don't know, only Professor Klaus Denham knows

Cash- Ok, well who would have switched the button off?

Drianna- Humans, they must have, nothing else out there could've

Cash- Well what do we do?

Drianna- We can't really do anything, we wait in this cave and hope the humans save us I suppose

(Shows them enter the cave about 18 feet from the ground in a mountain)

Cash- Which hey, they won't because I'm a fugitive, and I wasn't supposed to know about any of this for the stupid reason that we may rebel against the idea well no wonder we'd rebel!

Drianna- Calm down, you ain't helping anything

Cash- Right ok, I'm calm... wait a minute, I thought you said the robots don't go into darkness, why is that?

Drianna- They can't live, they need solar power

Cash- Ok, so they shouldn't be here then should they, it's too dark

Drianna- Well yeah, but- oh I don't know cash

Cash- So it isn't robots, it must be humans, so there's no point in staying here in this cave!

Drianna- There is (A noise is heard and they both get scarred and run closer together) Oh my god, what the heck was that? (a loud breath can be heard)

Cash- Just stay calm, where's your gun?

Drianna- (A figure appears in the shadow) is it a monkey?

Cash- I don't know what it is (A young ghoul appears, its Xylozone Quex)

Drianna- Oh my, shoot it, please!

Xylozone- No (Quiet soft voice, which is yet to break and is childish like)

Cash- What the hell are you, do you come in peace?

Xylozone- Yes, I'm not a... monkey, I'm a ghoul

Cash- Oh my god, a ghoul, were being haunted

Drianna- What do you mean, where are you from?

Xylozone- If I tell you, do you promise first of all not to shoot me, and then not to tell my dad?

Drianna- Yes

Cash- I don't know Drianna he seems too edgy for me

Drianna- You seem edgy shut up, you'll scare him away

Xylozone- I am from Stellioplaneta

Cash- This is funny, take off the costume

Xylozone- No costume, just me

Drianna- So what's Stellioplaneta?

Xylozone- My father said you knew all about us!

Cash- Us?

Xylozone- Yes the ghouls, I suppose we'd be called aliens to you would we

(Pause)

Xylozone- Kind of like how we call you humans Xyerapians!

Cash- I'm gonna shoot him!

Drianna- No don't, leave him, he's innocent look at his face, he's quite cute, so is there many of you here?

Xylozone- Yeah it's an invasion, I think you may be caught up in it, I believe the Xyerapians will be up here shortly to battle my father and the other ghouls, we have Lopex cot Gex Lopeliate, 1.5 billion in your language, soldiers of our LopelLopex Lopeliate, 11 billion in population!

Cash- Wow, whole new language ey

Drianna- I knew there was something fishy about the Curiumite project.

Xylozone- Can I ask, why is it called Curiumite?

Cash- Listen buddy, we should be asking you the questions, not the other way round

Xylozone- Sorry

Drianna- cause it's made completely of Curium the element, it's as common as wood on this planet

Xylozone- Or Nitrogen at my home? We love Nitrogen

Drianna- yeah suppose so if there's a lot of it, so who's' your dad?

Xylozone- He's the leader of the whole ghoulish race, I'm next in line to become leader, but I'm pathetic I can't withstand a battle not even beside my dad

Cash- yeah ok, Drianna, I'm feeling slightly threatened, should we leave? He's obviously trying to have us on, lets go

Xylozone- I'll help you side track the war if you like on your way to...

Drianna- The Curiumite express, it's a long way away from here, we want to meet our family on our new planet

Xylozone- My planet is three times the size of Desiderata; I think I can handle it

Cash- Desiderata?

Xylozone- Sorry, earth, ha! With me by your side, no ghouls will try and hurt you, anything to escape the war that's about to happen on your planet... and with me with you no ghoul will touch you (smiles)

Drianna- Ok, but listen, your race might get beaten by our Fosterbüttons, just warning you

Xylozone- Ah, that is why we built our own, again don't tell my dad I'm telling you this

Cash- You what? Ok Drianna I'm having the craziest day of my life, can we just leave the cave?

Xylozone- Yeah I'm warning you now, your race doesn't know but the Zostergurons, our Fosterbüttons, you can tell the difference, they are going to turn that switch off my dad mentioned, don't know what it does, but I've heard big things happen

Drianna- Ok, right the journey might be a little harder than expected then, shall we get going he-he? (Cash looks at her in disappointment and gets up with her to walk out of the cave into a slightly lighter environment, but still dusky)

CUT TO:

(Shows Xyrex in the white house where Jared used to work, he is talking to his Ghouls and pointing at a map, the map is shown clearly, and it shows all the areas

in which the aliens have invaded. They have invaded Alaska, most of Canada, Brazil and Argentina, and slightly Norway)

Ghouls- Why this building?

Xyrex- Because it was Jared's old building, the Xyerapians love this building it's like our Xypium, you know where I live on Stellioplaneta, so by being here it gives us some extra authority so shut up

Ghoul- Sorry sir, I was just intrigued (respectful)

Xyrex- Ok, so we have invaded Brazil first, and we are spreading slowly to Canada (pronounced wrong) Argentina (pronounced very wrong) and Alaska, oh and we are in Norway too, ok that's good, good progress, right have we released the Zostergurons yet?

Ghouls- No not yet

Xyrex- Well release them then!

Xygail- Keep dominating Xyrex, you're really pretty when you do that

Xyrex- Ok Shalop my love

Xygail- Hey, don't call me a Shalop, not in public

Ghouls- Guys we are here, please, get a room

Xyrex- Come on my Ghouls release the Zostergurons, we need no unfair advantage given to the Xyerapians, well do it quick before they get here...

Ghouls- Yes sir

Xyrex- Those Xyerapians didn't know a good planet when they had it, they ruined the environment my sweet Xygail, well we will take it from them and treat the planet the right way, our way

Xygail- Little Xylozone will have a great life here as leader, won't he?

Xyrex- Yes he will-

(He is interrupted by Xykol shouting to the ghoul and the two XyYs from before who let Xylozone go)

Xykol- You did what?

Ghoul- Sorry Kol, we just looked away for Lopex seconds

Xykol- You thought you could look away for even half a Lopex second, for goodness sake

Xyrex- What's the problem?

Xykol- Nothing sir!

Ghoul- We lost the boy, Xylozone your son sir

Xykol- Ha, listen you stupid ghoul do you wanna be treated like the Yabbies, cause they ain't enjoying drowning right now in this terrible atmosphere

Xyrex- Xykol, I told you to look after the boy!

Xykol- Yes I know

Xyrex- So where is he?

Ghoul- Busted!

Xyrex- (Xyrex pulls out a Stranglegun shaped like a thin piece of plastic it tortures the person it fires at. The ghoul is struggling to breath and falls to the fall in pain) WHERE IS HE?

Xykol- Listen sir, you don't have to use a Stranglegun on me, come on, you don't even have to shout, you know only Yabbies know how to use that

Xyrex- Yeah well they built a lot more stuff that you don't know how to use, which I do including those Zostergurons, so stand still...

Xykol- No please... sir!

Xygail- Shooting him isn't gonna help (Worried)

Xyrex- Stay out of this!

Xygail- No he could be an asset, let him fight for his right to live

Xyrex- Oh this is why I love her, that's a great suggestion, Xykol, you better find the boy, and you better kill a lot of Fosterbütons whilst doing so, and throw a few humans in there as well, if you could kill the human prisoners that would be handy too

Xykol- Just anything to let me live

Xyrex- Xygail has saved your Xyrant forsaken life

Xykol- Thank you

Xyrex- Why you still here, get out of here!

(Xykol walks off and gives a face that shows his anger and looks as if he may betray them)

Xyrex- Why didn't we just kill him?

Xygail- Innocent till proven guilty, you don't know his intentions, let him play his hand and then you react

Xyrex- But the boy will betray us, you know that

Xygail- I don't know anything, this is between you and your rivals, I know nothing of battle

Xyrex- Right anyway where was I... ah yes, my sweet Xygail, I'm going to go

Xygail- To war?

Xyrex- Hopefully not, hopefully I would've found Xylozone beforehand, wish me luck

Xygail- You don't need it (They kiss)

CUT TO: NASA

(Shows the Zostergurons flicking the switch for the Fosterbüton to be turned into a machine that thinks on its own, it isn't an easy process and the scene lasts for two to three minutes of them trying to find out how they switch the button off)

(Once the switch is turned off, the camera shows some Fosterbütons in various major cities turning and immediately going against all rules and begin to collect metal to build a force stronger than humans. The Zostergurons are shown meeting up with some Fosterbütons in America and they begin building stronger robots)

(It shows the Zostergurons watching on as some Fosterbütons begin to kill some Ghouls, and the ghouls look in shock as the Zostergurons soon join in, the ghouls are killed instantly no matter where the bullet hits them due to the Fosterbütons bullets being the strong Galle-bullets from before)

Ghouls- Help us!

Zostergurons- Sorry... we are unable to compute

Ghouls- We are your masters we order- (Gets killed)

Zostergurons- But you are no longer our masters, you are only our inventers, we are the masters of this planet Desiderata

Fosterbütons- We are meant to kill all life form, all life form

Ghouls- (Puts up little resistance) Get away, leave me alone! (The robots circle him in the corner)

Fosterbütons- This will be quick and painless for you our creator!

Ghouls- Leave me alone, I order you- (Killed)

CUT TO:

(Shows Cash, Drianna and Xylozone approach the seaside of Norway which looks onto Britain in the distance; it can be seen due to the earth's now clean new atmosphere)

Drianna- Here we are

Cash- Suppose that's good news

Drianna- it is, and there's a boat

Cash- Why wouldn't there be, I suppose a boat hasn't been touched in years

Drianna- Cheer up will you!

Xylozone- You have ships too?

Drianna- Yeah, but I don't think they are the same as your ships

Xylozone- Yes, yours run on Hydrogen and oxygen, ours is very much used in the air, Nitrogen

Cash- Oh look we got someone who studies Chemistry here

Xylozone- As you come to have contact with us Ghouls, you'll find although physically we may not be stronger, we are more capable in the mind than you Xyerapians, but I'd say we are lazier than you

Drianna- Is that what you call humans?

Xylozone- Yes

Cash- Ok so there is a god, let's set up the boat, lets the hell out of here, I can see Britain

Xylozone- What is god?

Drianna- It's our religious figure, a symbol of hope to all the believers who are human

Xylozone- Oh my, like Xyrant on Stellioplaneta?

Drianna- Well I don't know maybe

Xylozone- Yes we have two religions on our planet, Garth and Ling, I follow Garth as do all the ghouls fighting on earth, we don't communicate with the Lings

Cash- No one cares

Drianna- No I do, carry on

Xylozone- well it's pretty complicated, you kind of have to see it to know it, it's weird, I'll explain some other time, and what is hell?

Cash- (Whilst sorting out the boat) Its where you go after you die if you have been bad in your life, committed sins

Xylozone- But you use it so passively?

Drianna- Maybe down the line we humans have lost respect for religion

Xylozone- We have religion, we have sports, we have music, we have entertainment, we're not that different are we really

Cash- Yeah apart from we look different and you're all trying to kill us, and you don't have soccer (Sarcastically rejects his claim of similarity)

(A bullet hits very close to Drianna's foot)

Drianna- Oh my god, run onto the boat quickly (The Fosterbütons and Zostergurons aim at them from the hill top)

Xylozone- Oh, run (Drianna picks him up and takes him onto the boat)

Cash- (They begin to float off and slowly speed up) its ok, the Fosterbütons can't come in water can they Drianna?

Drianna- No they can't, but they're not supposed to attack me either

Xylozone- the Zostergurons have done their job and flicked the switch I think

Cash- Yeah well, looks like we got away (Shows the Fosterbütons staying by the water scarred to go in and shoot at them trying to hit them but got that far)

Xylozone- Ok, well you got lucky there, if it was the Zostergurons you'd be dead

Drianna- Why?

Xylozone- They don't die in contact with Hydrogen, my father told me, they are incredibly weak when shot but Fred made them water resistant

Cash- Who's Fred?

Xylozone- Just a Yabby, big friends with my dad, at least I think they are friends

(Both Cash and Drianna look at each other in confusion but don't ask further questions)

Xylozone- When you get to Britain, I think you should fly to America, it sounds more risky but it isn't, the Zostergurons will be in the water

Cash- For goodness sake, I can't be bothered with this

Drianna- Oh Cash stop being so negative

Xylozone- I am excited about the prospect of seeing this NASA centre, we landed in Washington unfortunately (Pronounces it wrong)

Cash- It's not great, but I am excited about the prospect of seeing dad again, its Washington by the way

Xylozone- Oh is that how its pronounced, sorry

Drianna- I miss dad too can't wait to see him again and everyone else in the family, I miss everyone (Breathes heavily)

(They ride off on the boat toward Britain, it's very gloomy conditions and it looks hostile as they cross the water, the air is now not as clear and it is due to the invasion and the turning of the robots)

CUT TO: DUSKY

(Shows the prison in Oslo that Drianna and cash have just left a few days earlier, the same people as before are there, Fraser is talking to Jazz in the yard, they are all unconcerned by the escape as they think the Fosterbütons will deal with it)

Jazz- You seem to know this Cash, where is he?

Fraser- You think you'll get answers outta me, you're wrong, he's innocent you know that, let him be

Jazz- Listen my mate, I don't think you understand, I can have you killed if you don't tell me where he is

Fraser- If I knew, I wouldn't tell you, but I don't know

Jazz- Listen, come on, I know you know, was it Drianna?

Fraser- Doesn't take a genius to know it was her

Jazz- You must know why she'd put her life at risk for him

Fraser- I don't know

Jazz- Tell you now, they're dead anyway, I just wanna know the details

Fraser- How can you be so sure?

Jazz- Trust me, I know (He grabs Fraser and calls for back up) and trust me, you, me and all of the people in this Oslo prison will be dead I don't know the details of Cash's escape, so I recommend you tell me now

Fraser- get off me please, I know nothing (The wall is blown away and out of the cloud formed by the explosion comes Xyrex)

Jazz- What the hell (coughs as people behind him shout they can escape before recognising Xyrex)

Xyrex- Hello, I come in peace, ha-ha. You haven't seen a little version of me anywhere have you?

Fraser- What the...

Xyrex- No... come on then my ghouls, they are useless, assassinate them!

(The rest of the ghouls and XyYs walk behind Xyrex and begin shooting the prisoners and guards dead)

Fraser- Please, I don't deserve this! (He is backed into a corner and Xyrex approaches him)

Xyrex- Why would you be in prison then?

Fraser- Please

Xyrex- (A ghouls comes behind him) Have you seen Xykol recently?

Ghoul- No sir, why?

Xyrex- (looks angry) He's stirring things up, he's ruining the operation, I had a feeling he'd do this, kill this guy, I need to find my Xylozone... and kill Xykol, he's had his chance! (He walks away and the ghoul lines up a shot on Fraser, Xyrex has no long gone as the ghouls take formation to shoot)

Ghoul- Pitiful Xyerapian being, pathetic!

Fraser- Please! (Helicopter can be heard coming down and humans run out as it lands and shoot all 7 or 8 ghouls which are in the yard of the prison, they then approach the ghoul about to shoot Fraser)

Ghoul- Listen I'm sorry, I didn't mean to annoy you, I'm sorry! (General Cooker shoots him and his army walk behind him)

Cooker- Yeah whatever! You ok Fraser?

Fraser- How do you know my name?

Cooker- We know all the prisoners

Fraser- Why?

Cooker- Because they are part of the mission, we can't allow any to live

Fraser- What?

Cooker- There's too much explaining to do, it isn't very ethical, sorry (He shoots him, nothing is seen apart from the presumption he is dead) Right then men, you know the task, kill all prisoners, and any ghouls you kill well that's an added bonus, but priority number one is kill the prisoners and then the ghouls, hopefully the Fosterbütons will have already killed most of the ghouls by now, come on men get to work? (He talks to his device which shows footage of Sinister) Sinister how's Brazil?

Sinister- Good, where doing well, surviving!

Soldier- How do we follow the prisoners again?

Cooker- Sorry Sinister gotta go! Being interrupted, the tag... they all have tags (Shakes his head in frustration)

CUT TO:

(Shows Cash, Drianna and Xylozone on a boat approaching Britain and Cash is looking at his tag and I trying to take it off)

Cash- This annoying god damn tag!

Drianna- Here you are, stop it, you are never gonna get it off with your bare hands

Cash- Yeah well I can try!

Xylozone- If I had a shooter from my planet that could work, but I don't

Cash- How is that helpful?

Drianna- Actually a Fosterbütons gun would come in handy

Cash- yeah well we don't have anything like that, so just leave it!

Drianna- So what do Zostergurons do then?

Xylozone- What do you mean?

Drianna- What type of...

Cash- Are they gonna kill us?

Xylozone- Oh yes, maybe if I'm there they might not, I don't know!

Drianna- How do they kill humans?

Xylozone- They release toxin-Nitrous

Cash- What the hell is that?

Xylozone- I'm not too sure, I think its poisonous to you humans though, my father said it was a way of making the planet more inhabitable for the ghouls race

Cash- So they don't use guns?

Xylozone- They can't function with shooters I don't think, I'm just going by what I've seen though

Cash- How do we know you're not lying, how do we know you aren't trying to get information on us, you could be a fraud

Drianna- Cash, don't

Cash- No, look at him, he looks innocent, whys he trying to help us and giving us information that will affect his dads attempts to take our planet?

Xylozone- I've done nothing, I just ran away I got scarred; I don't want to move planets

Cash- Isn't that sweet, I think we should tip him into the water Drianna, get rid of the little beggar

Xylozone- But I can't swim

Cash- Oh of course you can't, you've just invaded a country filled with water, and you can't swim, another lie

Drianna- Oy leave him alone (Cash grabs him)

Cash- No, he can swim alright, I just don't want him on this journey, he's holding us back

Xylozone- I'm trying to help

Drianna- Leave him alone (Pulls Cash away)

Cash- Drianna, it just so happens he is the son of the guy leading this invasion, are you not a little bit suspicious, and a little bit confused as to what is going on?

Drianna- No I believe he's trying to help us

Cash- Too forgiving and accepting, he's an alien!

Xylozone- Please Cash, I mean no harm, I want to avoid the war, that's my motive, and I really don't want to live on this miserable planet

Cash- So you can't swim?

Xylozone- never learnt, my race can swim, we live in an atmosphere where hydrogen is common, I just never learnt

Drianna- Why?

Xylozone- age limit is LopelGuex

Drianna- What age is that?

Xylozone- 16 to you

Drianna- How long do you tend to live then?

Xylozone- Around LopexusTrexlopel... 130 years to you

Cash- That long?

Xylozone- Yeah, it's because we have a high Nitrogen percentage in our atmosphere, it's good for the old bones ha

Drianna- Wow, how much Nitrogen?

Xylozone- I think it's around 89% of the atmosphere

Cash- Damn, how do you know so much then?

Xylozone- I, we all do a lot of work in school, nearly every ghoul my age knows of our history with other planets and details on them

Drianna- So why are you lizard like?

Xylozone- Sorry lizard?

Cash- Scaly?

Xylozone- Something to do with bacteria we... I wanna say *evolved* from

Drianna- Yeah evolve is the right word

Xylozone- Again though you'll have to visit Stellioplaneta when this war is over and you can see all of our traditions and history

Drianna- Yeah maybe ha-ha, hey look Britain (Shows the approach the shore) Where here

Cash- Great!

Xylozone- Can we go to Buckingham place?

Drianna- Not really, bit busy with a war right now, how do you even know about it?

Xylozone- My race have been in contact with you for millenniums, Buckingham palace and the queen are like your crown jewels aren't they?!

Cash- Rubbish, how have contacted us for millennia without anyone noticing?

Xylozone- We have been contacting you through signs for years, and through recent technology we can talk to you via screen, did you not know that?

Cash- No that's why we asked

Drianna- You asked!

Xylozone- Yeah your president is Jared, no?

Drianna- Yeah, he is, so Obama used to talk to you?

Xylozone- Yeah, well not me personally, but my father and his father, JFK, Lincoln, King George v, even the Queen

Cash- How do you not know who god is then?

Xylozone- Well I'm very young for a start, and we never communicate to you about anything other than war and planet control and obviously language and traditions kind of. Never wondered where the Stonehenge's came from? (Smiles)

Drianna- We just accept that they're there really

(They reach shore and get off the boat)

Cash- Right we have one gun between all three of us, so let's make the most of it

Xylozone- We haven't invaded here, so you're safe from Ghouls

Drianna- There are Fosterbüttons though, I reckon we should stay in the mountains, see (She points at them in the distance, the mountains are covered at the top by clouds)

Cash- Let's go! (Face looking serious as the other two follow)

CUT TO:

(Shows on Curiumite many humans trying to find out whether their families are safe on Desiderata/ Earth)

Human (a brother of a man who's in prison on Earth) - Is my brother ok, he's a prisoner

Human (a young boy who wants to know how his mother is who is also in prison) - Is my mother still ok!

Human (A mother who wants to know how her son is at war on Earth with the aliens) - My son has gone to war there, tell me he's alright

Jared- Everyone just calm down, this will all be over very shortly

Human- Why aren't you there fighting?

Jared- I could say the same about you, I'm scarred, like you... I'm sorry, it will be over soon, the Ghouls will be destroyed by the Fosterbüttons! Sorry again!

(Jared turns to his assistant whilst people chant and jeer him calling him 'useless and pathetic')

Jared- Sort them out with their problems please!

Assistant- Yes sir! NOW EVERYONE CALM DOWN!

CUT TO:

(Shows a bunch of Ghouls settling down in Brazil, as the Cristo Redentor looks over them all set up like it's a refugee camp; it shows Xykol and two other ghouls settling into beds)

Ghoul#1- What do you reckon that statue's meant to be?

Xykol- I don't know

Ghoul#2- Did both of you not listen in History?

Xykol- Don't be cheeky

Ghoul#2- Xykol you are a cheeky fella you know, were saving you out here, Xyrex probably by now wants you dead, you haven't even looked for Xylozone, you just ran off

Xykol- Shut up; go on tell me what is it?

Ghoul#2- Its Jesus Christ, like some leader on this planet to the humans

Ghoul#1- Wow, that statue is the leader of the whole world

Xykol- he doesn't mean the statue, you idiot, he means the person that the statue represents, isn't it?

Ghoul#2- Yeah, guys, I miss my family

Xykol- I have no family on earth, I've dedicated my whole life to being next in line and I'm not even close, the name says it all, Quexlopellopex-Lopelx-Trex-Lopexus-Complex in line.

Ghoul#2- Yeah well, at least Xyrex will talk to you

Xykol- Not anymore

(Pause)

Ghoul#2- I'm looking forward to getting home, getting a nice glass of Hydroglitics and taking my family to a Quench game

Xykol- The tickets cost like Trex kols, that's a lot of currency

Ghoul#2- It's worth it for my family, I love them, I can't wait to see them again

Ghoul#1- Will we bring Quench down to Desiderata when we win the war, because I'd like to see my children go to a match on this planet.

Xykol- I presume so, I hope we don't win though, the humans have made their own sports down here, it's quite evil to take it away from them

Ghoul#2- But if we earn it, who cares! Besides loads of humans are primitive anyway, they don't even like sports, they don't even live in houses, all too busy living like wild animals and stuff

Ghoul#1- Will we bring our currency as well?

Xykol- Yeah

Ghoul#1- My child said his first words the other day, they were human words... you know because I've been practising Xyerapians language, he's picked it up

Ghoul#2- That's cool

Ghoul#1- I reckon when I get back, he'll be speaking Ghonguage hopefully

(Pause as they try and sleep)

Ghoul#1- I reckon the humans have treated this Earth wrong, it's beautiful here, but they treated in such a way that we deserve it more than they

Xykol- I don't think we do, I think it's unnecessary what we're doing, I don't feel either deserve this planet

Ghoul#2- You all for it until a few days ago, what happened?

Xykol- I realised that from looking at all the empty huts and houses, humans have lives too, and they still will when they come back, we may be wrong in invading them... if anyone should have this planet out of the two it should be humans, but I feel even they don't deserve it, but it should go down to history I suppose

(They go to sleep)

(They are then reawaken by an explosion outside, both ghouls and Xykol run outside to check what it is. It is humans fighting with Fosterbütons and Zostergurons)

Human- (a human approaches the ghouls in the tent) Let me in! (They let him in) thank you! I never knew the Fosterbütons were against us, what happened- (Shocked to see aliens)

Xykol- Come on guys you know what to do! (All three pull out guns and run out to attack the robots and leave the human in the tent)

(A small battle breaks out and the robots look in control as the ghouls try to attack, all 30 of them staying at the camp site are involved in battle. The humans try and fight both but struggle)

Human- Cooker, what should we do?

Cooker- Its ok, we have Juggernauts at home, go on then fight for your life until they get here!

Human- But sir- (Gets shot)

(They continue war and Cooker kills a few robots and then a few Ghouls and humans begin to get a foothold, the floor is on fire from the explosions and Cooker soon runs off with some men after the battle dies down. The battle lasts for a few minutes)

Xykol- (Looks for the ghouls #1 and #2) where are you?

(It appears all robots have retreated or have died, as with the humans)

Ghoul#2- I'm here (Dying)

Xykol- Oh my, where's Xyton?

Ghoul#2- he died immediately, tell my family I love them! (Xykol gets teary eyed)

Xykol- Listen, who shot you?

Ghoul#2- The Zosterguron... (Dies)

Xykol- (begins to cry and then the Zosterguron who killed Ghoul#2 steps up behind him to shoot him and Xykol turns around) You...

Zosterguron- Sorry for your loss, I must kill you now! (As it goes to shoot a dark skinned human woman comes behind the Zosterguron and kills it by shooting it in the head, its Sinister)

Xykol- Thank you, you know it's easier to pour Hydroglitics over it?

Sinister - don't care, I killed it didn't I? Where's that Cooker gone (To herself)

Xykol- You did, what's your name? (Still emotional and shocked)

Sinister - Sinister White- I'm a soldier, I shouldn't really talk to you, I should shoot you but seeing those tears in your eyes, makes me realise you ain't half bad

Xykol- You're very trusting Sinister, thank you (Stands up)

Sinister - Name?

Xykol- Xykol Quexlopelloplex-Lopelx-Trex-Lopexus-Complex, just call me Xykol though!

Sinister - Ok Xykol, wanna walk round with me, I got no army anymore and my general ran away in typical fashion he's a loser

Xykol- Yeah I'll walk round with you, just one second (He places a flower from his top pocket on ghoul #2 body) Xyrant blesses you my friend! So what's the aim of the journey?

Sinister- Ok, well don't walk too close to me, cause I can't 100% trust you, I feel like going to find my friend is what I should do really until I find some fellow soldiers, my friends are Drianna and her brother Cash, so you joining me?

Xykol- I don't understand a word you just said, but yeah it's the least I can do, you more or less saved my life (smiles and Sinister looks at him weirdly and walks off with him trailing)

CUT TO:

(Shows Cash and Drianna in the mountains of Britain with Xylozone, Cash has begun looking at the walls art and reads it)

Xylozone- So where are we officially now?

Drianna- In the mountains near London (pause) Where the Queen would live

Xylozone- Ah right, see I always was told that London was full of big buildings

Drianna- Yeah it is, but on the outskirts it's not the same, it gets very hilly... mountainous

Cash- Shhh, please (He reads the walls hieroglyphs)

Xylozone- What is he doing?

Drianna- He's a training archaeologist, well not anymore, he went to jail, he knows what he's doing

Cash- it says if I can get this correct, starting to feel the pressure a little bit, 'The storm will last a millennium, the storm will contain... sorry it will involve- Death, triumph and... I don't know that one- The storm will involve three elements at battle, the inhabitants, the invaders and the... artificial'

Drianna- What's the word you couldn't read?

Cash- I don't know what a man holding a bow and arrow and being pulled by both arms from different species means.

Xylozone- So we are the inhabitants and you are the invaders?

Cash- Very funny, it's obviously the other way around, stupid

Xylozone- But surely soon when the Zosterguron release enough Nitrous-toxin the world be more inhabitable for us ghouls.

Cash- You'd like that wouldn't you?

Xylozone- Sorry!

Drianna- Ignore him, Cash will you just shut up and leave him alone

Cash- Tell you what Drianna if you weren't family I'd genuinely be getting angry now, how ignorant are you? He's a little weasel following us around leading us to our deaths, doesn't take a trainee archaeologist to tell that, speaking of which I could contact Greg my team leader back at home about what that word is!

Drianna- Listen, why don't you just go sit away from us, you are really being disrespectful now, I'm up to here with it, I understand you may be confused and little angry with the whole situation but Xylozone is not trying to kill us, he is trying to help us

Cash- (Raising his voice) He's an alien, he can go on about being a ghoul as much as he likes, he is an alien, he is a stranger to us, for god sake do you not read that? Not only is he an alien, he just so happens to be the son of the alien

leading an invasion against the human race and you expect us to trust that little thing, too nice if you ask me, or maybe it's gullibility

Drianna- Look, just leave him alone, look at him, he's innocent-

Cash- (No one is there) Where is he?

Drianna- I don't know

Cash- Brilliant, so then we wait for him to jump out at us and kill us now then?

Drianna- Just stop for goodness sake, you're like a broken record- (A cry of help is heard coming from Xylozone)

Cash- Hear that, he's down there (He runs towards the scream) come on then, he's your best buddy, come on!

(Drianna rolls her eyes in almost anguish, they both run towards the dark and see a fire and manage to get towards it and find a robot, a Fosterbüton with a purple light rather than blue, holding Xylozone and trying to push him onto the flame)

Drianna- Hey get off him!

Cash- (Pulls out a gun) Listen you better let him go!

Foster- Mam, I will do as you wish, as for you sir (He pulls out a gun and goes to shoot and Drianna gets in the way before he fires) I don't understand! (Soft German accent)

Drianna- What you doing?

Foster- Mam, I suggest you move so I can destroy the fugitive, do you not agree?

Drianna- No its my brother!

Foster- But my mission, my programming is to kill him, and him (Points at Xylozone)

Drianna- Wait a minute... what exactly is your mission?

Foster- I am assigned to kill any fugitive, alien or threat to the Curiumite project, and I finally found you Cash Owen, the humans want you dead, and I tracked you down to this exact spot, now mam, please move out of the way so I can destroy him and the alien

Cash- Listen buddy, I think you got it wrong

Drianna- What's your name? You're different to all the others

Foster- Foster... I am the original creation of my late father Klaus Denham, now please move (He points the gun again)

Drianna- No I order you not to, you're the German version aren't you?

Foster- Yes, the original of my kind, I have my own computer system

Drianna- Ok, so you don't respond the way the other Fosterbütons respond?

Foster- I do not, I also lack conformity skills, I do as I wish when I wish

Drianna- Right then, well can you please not shoot my brother, or my friend?

Foster- But my job is to...

Drianna- I order you not to take your job forward, stop!

Cash- Oh my word, can we just kill him, I'm dying over here! I literally can't take any more of this ludicrous rubbish

Drianna- Shut up!

Foster- So, am I an asset to you then mam?

Drianna- Yes absolutely, you can help us

Foster- Help you to what, what am I useful in?

Drianna- Getting me and my brother to the NASA space centre, to get to Curiumite

Foster- But I can only go a certain radius and then I must stop

Cash- That's fine, just don't shoot me

Foster- I suppose company would be most appreciated on this lonely planet, is our mission of killing aliens abandoned?

Cash- No, you still-

Foster- I wasn't asking you, prisoner! Mam?

Drianna- Yes you can still kill alien life form apart from Xylozone!

Foster- This little one?

Drianna- Yes

Xylozone- And my father!

Foster- I don't think I would resist my temptation to destroy your father with my bare hands

Xylozone- What, why (Teary eyed)

Foster- Shall we go then mam?

Drianna- Yes, and my family and friends

Foster- OK, I suppose so

Cash- What were you doing in a cave?

Foster- I was trying to kill you (Long pause)

Cash- Foster you don't by any chance know how to get this tag off do you?

Foster- Yes I do, but my mission doesn't wish of me to do so

Xylozone- Those robots are trying to kill Cash out there

Cash- Cheers Xylozone, but yeah they're trying to kill me... so take it off!

Foster- Let us get to safer ground first, thank you! (Cash shrugs his shoulders at Drianna and Xylozone and they follow Foster) I will get you to NASA efficiently and effectively, anything to protect you mam!

Drianna- Call me Drianna!

Foster- Dri-an-na... Drianna

Drianna- Good

Cash- Yeah he's a genius, come on then Xylozone (sarcasm)

CUT TO:

(Shows Xyrex walking through the refugee looking camp that Xykol had left a few days previous, the fire has gone out and Xyrex feels the ground to see if the trail is cold, he is still looking for his son and for Xykol who has betrayed him, he is with two XyYs and three Xytopiapothes. They are A mix between a frog and bear and an eagle and they are used as mainly domesticated animals on Stellioplaneta, but can also be used during combat, they make a scream noise when they are angry)

Xyrex- Ok so it's cold... no one has been here for a while!

XyY- (They talk like they have a low IQ) If you don't mind sir, I think you may be looking in the wrong place

Xyrex- Where should I look then? Go on!

XyY#2- I agree, maybe in the Europe!

Xyrex- The Europe, oh yeah cause I know exactly where that is, not only have I never been here before but it is named after the Xyerapians so how do you expect me to just find Europe?

XyY#2- Sorry sir

Xyrex- No its alright, you're only trying to help- Oh hello (Notices a piece of Xykol's uniform and his customary gun) He's been here, my old friend

XyY- The backstabber

Xyrex- Yeah the backstabber, Xykol, and his friends, look at them laying their all dead, useless all of them

XyY#2- If you want sir we can kill Xykol, whilst you focus on finding your son?

Xyrex- Please will you just shut up, do you not think I've thought of that, I want to be there for when he is killed, if my son is dead on this god damn planet, I will personally throw that useless 'friend' into the Xynardo!

XyY- You can't do that to him!

Xyrex- Oh do you like it do you, do you fancy it?

XyY#2- Sir no one needs the Xynardo right now

Xyrex- I will find them, both... and when I do I will hug one and I will kill one, that's the aim, the war, meanwhile is not important, the prodigy is all that matters

XyY- What about to the Xyerapians?

Xyrex- It's not my job to kill them, that is why you are here, to end the war and to earn the planet, stop turning to me for advice, you don't see Jared getting his hands dirty do you? For Xyrant sake

(The Xytopiapothes become unsettled, and scream annoyingly loud as they see something move in the bush)

Xyrex- Hey, shut them up, shoot them or something!

XyY- Can't do that!

Xyrex- Well go in the bush and find out why they're so unsettled then

(They walk in and XyY#2 gets attacked by a Jaguar that jumps from the bush)

Xyrex- Oh my... it's a big XyHypoth ha-ha... go on attack him ha-ha

XyY#2- Please help me! (He's getting savaged as the Xytopiapothes try to help him, one of which follows XyY and Xyrex)

CUT TO:

(They are away from the scene of before)

Xyrex- Ok, get out the way (He pulls out his large gun and shoots at the Jaguar, the jaguar is hurt and runs away but more come out from the bush) Ok, now we should leave and let the Xytopiapothes deal with it, come on (XyY follows him, but XyY#2 is still brushing himself down and is then attacked by an anaconda)

XyY#2- Oh for goodness sake! (He is killed but it isn't seen because they have left the scene)

XyY- Should we not help him?

Xyrex- as you gain experience my friend, you'll find out that people who die, die because they are weak, it's the ruthless ones who live, trust me (He turns back around to face a Zosterguron)

Zosterguron- Hello Xyrex!

Xyrex- Erm... who gave the Zosterguron a woman's voice, FRED!

(The Zosterguron puts a gun in the face of Xyrex, Xyrex starts to panic and XyY throws himself in the way of the bullet)

Xyrex- What the... (He shoots the Zosterguron and it does nothing, he then pulls out a bottle of Hydroglitics as the robot approaches and pours it on it which kills it instantly. A Xytopiapothe comes to attend to Xyrex who is panicking) Ok boy (He strokes it like a dog)

CUT TO: WHITE HOUSE

Xyrex- Why the heck did my Zosterguron just attack me?

Ghoul- Sir I was talking to Fred the other day and he said this may happen

Xyrex- What, that my own robots would spire against me

Ghoul- Sir you're very lucky we got you and saved you

Xyrex- Well could you perform the miracle of getting my son back?

Ghoul- No sorry sir

Xyrex- You are useless (Shoots him with the Stranglegun) Oy, you

Ghoul (different) - Yes sir!

Xyrex- Get the Yabby, I need to ask him about this!

CUT TO:

(Xyrex Is still in the white house waiting, and is looking at his Desiderata express outside)

XyY- Here you go sir, the Yabby you asked for

Fred- Fred is my name but thank you for getting my species correct (Talking through a mask)

Xyrex- You've got some explaining to do Yabby!

Fred- Listen Xyrex, I wasn't really given conditions to build state of the art robots like the humans did, I just built with what I got, the Zostergurons are dependent machines, so they act upon how other fellow machines act, so they are useless to you now, did I not tell you that?

Xyrex- No, you are stupid, you are pathetic, you are useless

Fred- I'm not useless (pause) you asked me to do something, and I did it, built a robot that you used to your advantage, the unfortunate thing is, you've lost your own robots whilst doing it and have built a bigger force to be reckoned with, maybe if you had let me go back to Ramachan with my family I may have built better robots

Xyrex- Are you threatening me?

Fred- No, were allies, I just really want to go home, I think you should tread carefully because all artificial intelligence will work against you now

(Pause)

Xyrex- Ok get the little fella out of my sight, he's a nuisance, take him back to Ramachan, listen you haven't helped the Xyerapians at all have you?

Fred- I don't know who they are!

Xyrex- The humans?

Fred- Oh no, not at all, we Yabbies, we ain't traitors, we just linger around trying to find a decent meal and a decent living condition, we're not ones who would betray, have fun with your war with the humans anyway, because I don't think you stand a chance against the robots (He is escorted out and presumably sent back to Ramachan)

CUT TO:

(Shows Jared sitting in his large hut on Curiumite looking out of the hole that is a replacement for a window, so far the planet is still yet to be as advanced as earth in terms of living conditions. Jared is approached by a man who works for him; he is his assistant from earlier)

Man- We appear to be doing well I have been informed sir!

Jared- Good to hear, the only slight problem I have is why haven't we won yet?

Man- Sorry sir!

Jared- No, I mean why? We are the more superior race, no race in the universe is stronger than us, are they?

Man- No sir, of course not, we are the greatest of them all, but like I said we are winning the battle, soon we will win the war just relax and take it easy...

Jared- I would, but the only problem is that Klaus has gone and had an aneurysm

Man- Well I suppose it was never going to be ideal

Jared- Well you think, I mean I understand dedication to the job, but to run yourself to death's door is just too far, lonely fella

Man- Well like I said sir, the war is in our control, Klaus or no Klaus

Jared- See I get the feeling you're just a yes man, one that deep down considers me lazy sitting here watching my men get killed for our planet, well I'm not

Man- No of course you're not sir

Jared- Stop agreeing with me, there's robots out there that you could be killing to protect our planet, but instead you are here kissing butt, get *your* butt down there... NOW!

Man- Sir I can't just go on my own...

Jared- Oh really have we humans not thought of that yet, I said get down there, fight for us humans, you say we're doing well, how about we finish the other lot off, come on, what you waiting for?

Man- No, I suppose... I suppose you're right (He turns his head in confusion and walks away)

Jared- (To himself) I'm great... I'm good at my job (He smiles and nods and lights a cigar) you deserve to watch tele in fact (he puts the television on and it shows the start of a film, Benedict solution with a sci-fi looking title)

CUT TO:

(Shows a desert area in Mexico, and Sinister and Xykol are walking across the sand with the wind blowing fairly strong)

Xykol- So where are we now sorry?

Sinister- We're in Mexico, just below the United States

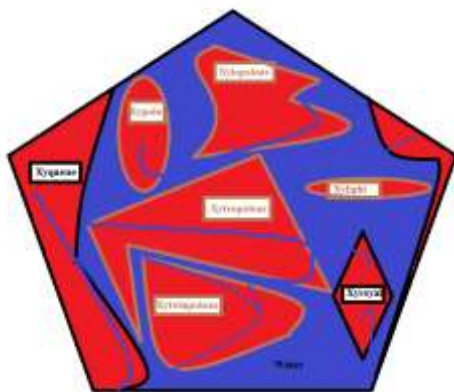
Xykol- Are you from the United States?

Sinister- No, I'm from Barbados

Xykol- Where is that, Europe?

Sinister- No, it's an island just off Brazil, we would've walked alongside it before perhaps, where are you from?

Xykol- I too am from an island... let me show you (He pulls out from his pocket a scrolled up map)



Sinister- Wow, its... different!

Xykol- I live here on Xyqueue, beautiful place, always hot, nowhere near as cold as here, its freezing here isn't it?

Sinister- I don't know we get used to it, it's hot for us now, 27, 28 degrees, so why are some black and others blue, you know on the labels?

Xykol- Ah, well the black means that we inhabit the area, we use all our technologies that by the way are more advanced than yours, were clever than you humans

Sinister- Yeah whatever ha-ha

Xykol- We understand sarcasm, see we are clever... so anyway the brown is to represent that that is where our animals live, for instance the XyHypoth or the Xyloth, also other ghouls live there but they are different to us, a lot more primitive and they follow a different religion it's all political really

Sinister- What are the XyHypoth are Xyloth?

Xykol- Our most famous animals, everybody knows them

Sinister- Ok, so like how we have dogs and tigers and elephants?

Xykol- Yeah suppose so

Sinister- Lack of water on...

Xykol- Stellioplaneta, we don't need water like you humans, we live on our high levels of nitrogen thank you very much, oh and it's called hydroglitics on our planet

Sinister- Why you telling me this?

Xykol- Being friendly, us ghouls are actually quite friendly when you get to know us (Smiles) where all very close on our planet

Sinister- Ok, but why you telling *me* this?

Xykol- Well I don't exactly care for this war anymore, I get little respect from my leader, Xyrex, he treats me like, is it dirt you say here?

Sinister- (Laughs) Yeah, dirt!

Xykol- Do you wish to tell me your death year?

Sinister- What?

Xykol- Death year, don't all females have their name depending on the year they are predicted to die?

Sinister- No, that's disgusting

Xykol- Well I grew up with it so to me it's normal

Sinister- Ok well we just have names here what about males how are they named?

Xykol- They are named through their order of ranking to be crowned the leader of the ghouls race, Xyrex our leader, would be Xyrex Lopex, and his son, the one that I *lost* is called Xylozone Quex, meaning 2.

Sinister- Oh my gosh, you lost him?

Xykol- Yeah kind of, but I'm not doing any of Xyrex's dirty work anymore, I'm fed up of being pushed around, it's a good temperature on this desert now isn't it?

Sinister- don't seem concerned that you lost him?!

Xykol- My concerns are for my race, to me that boy is just like any other ghoul, not anything special, I hate the way we rank ghouls in terms of Importance, I am the most important in my opinion, but yeah, it's hotter now

Sinister- Well actually I'm too hot now, could I have some water please? (No answer) Hydroglitics then please?

Xykol- Why yes you may (He hands it over and she takes a sip before spitting it out)

Sinister- I agree by the way, with the ranking, we humans do the same, why must there always be hierarchy (takes a sip and spits it out) That is disgusting, that's not water

Xykol- Cause it isn't its Hydroglitics (He smiles)

Sinister- You're really annoying aren't you? (She laughs)

Xykol- Yerp, I was a comedic actor or entertainer as you humans would simplify it to, when I was on my planet for a period before joining the Westwards

Sinister- Westwards?

Xykol- Yeah like your version of it would be the army

Sinister- Oh ok, why westwards... doesn't matter actually

Xykol- So what's Curiumite like?

Sinister- Actually it isn't great, but it will have to do

Xykol- And where do you live on this planet?

Sinister- Somewhere very mountainous, no names have been decided yet for the places, we've only been there for 4 years, it hasn't got the heritage of Earth or Stellioplaneta

Xykol- Or Ramachan!

Sinister- Don't know what that is, but oh well

Xykol- The planet of Yabbies, no? The oldest planet to have had contact with fellow planets, really no idea?

Sinister- Don't have a clue

Xykol- Oh my word, I need to show you, they're just the most awesome things in the universe, you'll love them trust me, they have a lot of contacts, I'm surprised humans aren't one

Sinister- I look forward to it

(They smile at one another. But they are soon disturbed by a gang of Ghouls)

XyY- Get down on the floor, NOW!

Xykol- Hey, what the heck are you doing?

XyY- She is a threat and must be killed, Xykol have you gone soft?

Xykol- No of course not, but you can't just shoot all humans, they have feelings

XyY- Xyerapians having feelings (Slowly one by one they all laugh) please, Xykol stand away please, we have a job and that is to kill all Xyerapians that stand before us and this planet

Xykol- I'm not moving!

(Some fellow weaker ghouls whisper in the ear of the head XyY in Ghonguage with subtitles 'can we just shoot them both')

XyY- No of course not, now Xykol is a good friend of mine, he knows when to stand aside, which is now, move!

Xykol- No, Sinister stand up!

XyY- Oh she has a name does she (looking angry) tell you what here's me defending you despite what Xyrex tells us about you losing Xylozone, you're just as bad as the Xyerapians aren't you?

Xykol- If that's the case shoot me (XyY looks around and signals for them to shoot by shouting 'Fire' in Ghonguage, pronounced Hangel)

(Xykol ducks as Sinister pulls out a gun and shoots the XyY in the face killing him instantly. Xykol then begins to also shoot at the ghouls who are weak, the humans soon run over the hills to join in and shoot all the ghouls, a mini war breaks out between the two races and Xykol and Sinister run away towards an old gas station, they hide under the desk of the shop attached to the gas station)

(It shows 2 humans walk in with Cooker, the humans have presumably won against the ghouls, they begin searching for Xykol)

Cooker- They have one of our soldiers, where is he?

Human- I don't know man, is he over here (Xykol and Sinister get scarred)

Cooker- I don't where they are but find them, if you don't find them, blow the building up

Human- But you'll be killing our own

Cooker- I don't care, find her then!

(Suddenly a large version of a ghoul enters the building and pulls the human who was about to find Sinister and Xykol out of the building and the human screams as he is pulled away)

Cooker- What the... Shoot it down!(It is a XyYtes a stronger and more masculine version of the XyY, they are never shown clearly, so there face is still slightly unknown)

(Cooker runs in panic to his helicopter which flies away before the 8 foot beast can grab it. Cooker shoots as the helicopter flies away)

Cooker- Yeah Jared, send down the Juggernauts, we're gonna need nuclear assistance sir! Why? Cause they got a monster thing man!

(Sinister and Xykol walk out the building slowly to find that the XyYtes had gone as had anything else living from the battle)

Sinister- Ok what was that?

Xykol- It was a XyYtes, a genetically modified version of a XyY, the thing about to shoot us before, XyY are actually ghouls who are special at fighting in wars, told you we were ahead of the game in terms of technology

Sinister- You are by the looks of things but it was never really a competition, will it come back?

Xykol- There's a lot of them, they weren't meant to be released but Xyrex seems to have gone a little too crazy, oh well, come on we have some human friends of yours to catch (winks and points out to the distance where behind the blowing sand reveals a motorcycle) a vehicle?

Sinister- Yeah a motorcycle, lets hop on it!

Xykol- Do you know how to drive it?

Sinister- (Revs the engine) Oh yeah (Drinks some water that she got from the gas station)

CUT TO:

(Shows Xylozone, Drianna and Cash following Foster who knows where he is going to find the coast of Britain to fly to America)

Foster- Come on this way! Do you wish to fly or sail?

Cash- Obviously fly!

Drianna- He means we'd like to fly

Foster- Ah right well I can't really compute tones so I couldn't tell the difference

Xylozone- How do you know where you're going?

Foster- Ah little child, I'm sure we are heading in the right direction, as I am able to map out my every move thanks to my super intelligence which both your races don't contain... and the fact I can see the coast over the hill

Cash- How do we know you won't just lead us to an attack?

Foster- Well let's just say if it was just you Cash, I would've killed you already, but because of the sweet talking Drianna here, your life was spared, or maybe your death was suspended perhaps

Drianna- Foster, are you coming with us on our trip?

Foster- Yes if I'm invited, I think I will be of help, there's the helicopter (He points) I honestly don't know how you expected to make it there without the assistance of a robot!

Cash- Listen (He grabs Foster) we get it, you think you're more superior, you're just our toy, stop being so big headed, it could get you killed (Foster manages to grab Cash and thrown on the floor and points a gun at his head)

Drianna- No!

Foster- You don't mess with a robot, especially one with no rules other than to protect the guards of this planet, so I suggest you trust me and don't argue with me (Foster helps Cash up) now then shall we?

Xylozone- You just got beat up

Cash- Oh ha-ha shut up kid!

Drianna- Cash!

Cash- What... sorry Drianna!

(They continue walking for a while towards the coast which is around 500 yards away)

Cash- So Foster, who do you hate more humans or aliens?

Foster- I work for the humans, I must kill any alien in sight, except for you of course Mr Quex, you're a specialty

Cash- No good point, good point

(Foster turns around to Cash with a gun pointing at him again)

Cash- Not again?!

Foster- Duck! (Cash ducks in surprise and Foster fires at Fosterbütons who are in their numbers)

Cash- Holey-

Foster- Run, I will fend these off, I can take these trust me

Drianna- But-

Foster- Go, trust me

(They run off and as they run towards the helicopter, Xylozone notices Zostergurons walking out of the water and towards them, they quickly get closer to the helicopter)

(It shows Foster shooting as the Fosterbütons approach him)

Foster- I'm sorry my brothers! (He still shoots and throws bombs that are automatically inside of him and can be released at will)

(As most robots approach him he begins to use his fighting techniques and it works well but the amount of numbers begins to increase and more run over the top trying to fight down Foster. Foster plants a Caddymore (strong claymores which can blow up 2 square acres only robots possess such weapons when they blow they release green nuclear blasts which destroy anything in the radius that isn't covered and

the explosion has low penetration) Foster runs towards the helicopter but is pulled back by some Fosterbütons and Foster tries to wriggle free)

Cash- Erm... do you know how to fly a helicopter?

Drianna- No

Cash- What the hell, ok so... we- tell you what, buckle up (they all strap in quickly. And slowly the chopper lifts up and there is a lack of control over the helicopter) Whoa, how awesome was that? (Xylozone begins to get upset and scared) Hey my driving ain't that bad I'm not a complete idiot, I'm an archaeologist don't forget kind of, don't cry (he smiles at Xylozone and Xylozone looks more assured)

(Suddenly a smack can be heard on the helicopter and its Foster who climbs into the helicopter to the relief of the three in the chopper)

Foster- Sorry I am late mam

Drianna- its ok Foster

Cash- are they all dead?

Foster- I think you may know the answer to that cash, no! A lot are about to be destroyed though look! (They look out the window) Let me take control of the machine (He begins to steer as they look out the window at the caddymore that blows up most of the Fosterbütons, and Foster escaped just in time)

Foster- May I ask mam, what are they? (Points at the Zostergurons)

Drianna- I think Xylozone would be better explaining that

Foster- Yes Mr Quex?

Xylozone- They are Zostergurons another type of Xyouless... sorry, robot... they can go in water and aliens... us sorry, we invented them

Foster- Ok, so they are brothers?

Xylozone- No they would be your sisters

Foster- Ah ok, well then thank you

Drianna- They look a lot greater than you Foster

Foster- Well don't be surprised if my brothers make something a lot more fierce now that the rules have been suspended, my guess a Costerate

Drianna- What's that?

Foster- My now late father, Klaus told me before he left us, that it will cause an apocalypse on earth, unless humans use nuclear warfare, a prophecy that could yet be fulfilled

Drianna- Ok, more reason to go Curiumite, so let's get there

Foster- Yes mam

Cash- Wont it run out of battery?

Foster- Like I said its handy you walked into me, I can recharge it whilst flying, I'm very versatile Cash!

Cash- Thanks for that

Foster- For what?

Cash- For saving my butt back there, I owe you one

Foster- You owe me nothing but your trust, I am not out to kill any of you, not anymore, whatever Drianna wants I will do my best to fulfil that desire

Cash- Well thanks (Smiles)

Foster- You are welcome Cash! (He looks and shakes his hand) Drianna use this (give her a sharp instrument which is shaped like a pizza cutter but is blue due to its acidic rim and can burn through any object apart from gold and platinum)

Drianna- What for?

Foster- if I'm not programmed to help Cash, you can help him, cut off his tag, but be very careful and I mean very, very careful, it's a Galle-cutter

(Cash smiles at Foster)

(The scene ends showing Drianna carefully use the tool and the helicopter riding off into the clear sunset)

CUT TO: NEW YORK AFTERNOON

(Shows Xyrex looking out at the Statue of Liberty in the open air contemplating as his wife, Xygail approaches him and holds his hand)

Xygail- He'll be ok, he's out there

Xyrex- He won't be safe, he'll be with the Xyerapians, do you realise what they'll do to him?

Xygail- Are you sure these Xyerapians are all that? I mean they can't be heartless

Xyrex- From what I've seen they're as ruthless as us

Xygail- Listen, I think you should calm down, think instead of running to war with every living organism you can find

Xyrex- It's in our nature, I can't control what is innate to me

Xygail- Well for Xylozone's sake, you better start, compose yourself, just think, please!

Xyrex- What do you think I should do?

Xygail- Tell Jared the war is off, we're going back to Stellioplaneta, that's where our roots lie

Xyrex- You have no idea do you, I can't just give up, too much Nitrogen in the air for the humans to live here in harmony now, the Zostergurons release it every second...

Xygail- Do you realise how stupid you sound, you talk about these Zostergurons like they're your child, they are not, your child is out there with Xyerapians potentially getting hurt, hope to Xyrant it isn't happening, and it probably isn't, but it could, and you standing here contemplating your next move at war to get this planet, isn't helping, its hindering, and of course may be helping us get the planet but do we ghouls care that much or is it just you?!

Xyrex- Xygail! Don't take that tone with me, I have to do this, this war is essential, listen I love you, but sometimes you can be so ignorant, do you realise what this war means? We have been building to this for 5 millenniums, whether it be writing on the wall, Stonehenge's, crop circles, or even through the wonder of the computer system, we have always communicated, to try and see which race is the best, they develop from apes, we develop from lizards, they play football, we play Quench, they have a president, we have an emperor, they speak human, we speak Ghonguage... they have Desiderata, we have Stellioplaneta, but they have Curiumite now, they have thrown all history aside for selfish reasons, they have moved away, so we deserve their planet, and as for Jared, well he just sums up the Xyerapians, lacking intelligence, unmotivated, lazy, greedy...

Xygail- Defiant?

(Xyrex gives a look of disapproval and looks out at the statue again)

Xyrex- I just want to do things right by my father, my grandfather, and so on...

Xygail- You can, you can protect your family instead of being hell bent on getting Desiderata

Ghoul- Sir, we released the XyYtes (Runs in panting)

Xyrex- Ok, why did you do that? (Angry)

Ghoul- Because we got scared, but the big news... we found Xykol (Smiles)

Xyrex- Well, bring him in (Happier) bring forth the traitor

Ghoul- Yeah, we don't actually have him, he's still out there, and he is currently with a Xyerapien

Xyrex- Ok, why did you tell me that news, get out there and bring him to me, and the human, oh and bring him to me alive, I want the traitor to know why he is going to die... I'll be at the white house

Ghoul- Where's that?

Xyrex- It's where Jared used to live (Smiles) figure it out for yourself, Coming Xygail?

Xygail- I can't believe you sometimes

Xyrex- Come on! (She rolls her eyes and follows him)

CUT TO:

(Shows Jared land on earth in the NASA centre and all of his guards protect him and manage to move him safely into a vehicle)

Man- Good to see you got here well sir

Jared- Yes well, if you want a job doing, you have to do it yourself don't you? Can you tell me where the hell our juggernauts are?

Guard- They're here sir, ready and waiting with their nuclear arms

Jared- Ah excellent, well now that I'm here I have to keep things in check don't I cause Cooker is useless

Guard- Cooker is currently fighting in Mexico

Jared- Did I ask? (pause) Right then so these Juggernauts, they are to destroy what exactly, I've heard they're good?

Guard- It's no concern sir, they possibly won't be used, they are more of a ostentatious type of soldier, you know they make us look over the top which is good.

Jared- I asked what they are for, and where are they?

Guard- They are to fight a larger type of robot that we have witnessed in the mountains, our juggernauts are ready and waiting don't worry

Jared- Ok (Stressed) everything seems in check then, good

(He gets in his expensive car and is driven towards the white house)

Jared- Yes take me to the white house please, and make it quick, I need to get everything in order

Guard- So how was Curiumite for you then sir?

Jared- Very peaceful until this happened, can't believe it really, can't they just have their own planet and have done with it?

Guard- I know sir, it's ridiculous.

Jared- I mean, I just want a peaceful life you know? Where it's not over complicated by aliens ha-ha, ALIENS can you believe it?!

Guard- Yes sir

Jared- I admit though, I suppose this is more fun ey

Guard- Yeah, well more fun ha-ha

Jared- Yes, well shouldn't you be fighting right now for your planet?

Guard- Well no sir, I'm protecting you

Jared- From what, there is nothing out there that can hurt me

Guard- Well the many ghouls is quite a threat

Jared- Ah yes, you're right, you're on the ball, I like that, makes me feel safe... tell me have you got that fugitive yet?

Guard- No, but we got all other prisoners

Jared- Ah right, well make sure you get around to killing that man sooner rather than later, don't want his family to see him, he could cause us a bit of bother if he makes it to Curiumite

Guard- Surely there are more worrying things going on sir?

Jared- No, I don't think you should question me, I know what I'm doing

Guard- If you're sure sir I follow you 100% of the way

Jared- Can we get to the white house a bit quicker please, thank you! Bloody drivers ey (Smiles)

CUT TO:

(Shows Xyrex in the white house with Xygail and ghouls guarding him along with a few XyYs)

Xyrex- Could get used to this, couldn't you Xygail, you know a ready-made planet for us to just live on, do you agree?

Xygail- Yeah, and maybe a son as well (Ironically)

Xyrex- Will you stop, I'm dealing with it, the more you make me feel guilty the more I begin to doubt we'll get him back so just Shhh... please

Xygail- So what's more important then, your son or the war, if you had to choose?

Xyrex- Listen your attitude is getting on my nerves, in a minute I'm gonna ask you to leave

Xygail- I'm your wife

Xyrex- yeah I haven't got time for domestics, a lot to do a lot of people to see and that

Xygail- You know what forget it, I'm going back to Stellioplaneta, you deal with what's important, yeah (Incensed) (She walks off in a mood)

Xyrex- Come back Xygail, come on, come back... she'll be back, don't worry she'll be back

XyY- Maybe it's for the best if she doesn't sir, you don't want her disturbing our mission

Xyrex- maybe it's best if you shut up with the mouth (Silence) Thank you, and can one of you please check up on where the hell Xykol is, he should be brought to me by now, Xyrant do I have to do everything?

(Jared pulls up in a car outside the white house and walks up towards the room where Xyrex is situated and is sitting in his chair)

Jared- Get yourself ready fella (To himself and then takes a deep breath)

CUT TO:

(Shows Sinister and Xykol on a the motorcycle still riding past a sign that is now rusted saying welcome to Florida)

Xykol- So then Florida?

Sinister- Yeah, the sunshine state

Xykol- is this where NASA is?

Sinister- So you know about NASA?

Xykol- Yeah, everyone on our planet knows about NASA, it's a vital part of our education, do you never get taught about us on Desiderata?

Sinister- What's Desiderata?

Xykol- Sorry, Earth

Sinister- Oh right, no we never even knew we had contact with alien life form it's one of this world's best kept secrets I suppose.

Xykol- You know when you have chance to and all this is over, you should come to Stellioplaneta really, we have gas masks and things so you can visit. It's a beautiful place

Sinister- Is it better than here?

Xykol- Cleaner, I'd say cleaner (Laughs) it's a lot more red and purple, instead of green like you have, we have red vines and purple plants, but it's nice, very hot as well

Sinister- How hot?

Xykol- About Powelex-Lopel daily, so forty degrees Celsius when coldish to you

Sinister- Wow, that's hot

Xykol- We are technically cold blooded lizards, but we are more human like than lizard like, like how you are more ghoul like than ape like. Bear in mind there isn't much water either, and we know how you humans love your water

Sinister- Yeah we do, so why didn't the war happen on your planet then?

Xykol- Well because we are the selfish ones who want your planet, we all didn't feel it was right that you got two planets and we only got one, thinking back I realise that it was mostly just envy really

Sinister- So technically the robots should get this planet

Xykol- It would be fairer I suppose, but as you say hell... with it ha-ha

(They approach a bunch of robots securing the path through to the next stage of the road)

Sinister- Oh god here we go

Fosterbüton- We are sorry no access allowed (Pulls out a gun and goes to shoot before Sinister shoot it)

Xykol- Move Sinister!

(Xykol starts shooting more Zosterguron and Fosterbütons that are trying to kill the pair of them. Soon the robots begin to take control and grab both of them)

Xykol- Just stay calm Sinister!

Sinister- Xykol, look!

(Ghouls come over the hill and the robots turn their attention to the large number of ghouls and XyYtes running over the hill)

Sinister- They've come to save us (Breathes a sigh of relief)

Xykol- Hmm...

(The ghouls destroy the small amount of robots and then collect Xykol and Sinister)

Sinister- What's going on?

Xykol- Hey, put her down, leave her alone

Ghoul- Sorry Xykol, the boss said we had to bring the girl too (laugh in his face)

(Xykol then whacks him and the Ghoul shakes it off)

Xykol- I'll ruin that face more if you put us down you ugly Quay

Ghoul- Oh you little, do you want to be fed to the XyYtes or what? (The XyYtes roars) don't call me an ugly Quay

Xykol- I'm so sorry Sinister

Sinister- It's alright, we'll get out of this

Xykol- Hey Xytope shouldn't you be living with the Lings or something?!

Xytope (A ghoul)- I'd be very careful son, you may work yourself into trouble if you keep using that type of talk

(They are dragged away in a vehicle that only the ghouls drive and are taken to the white house to see Xyrex)

CUT TO:

(Foster slowly lowers the helicopter down to ground level over New York City. New York is now more like a garbage tip and a dusty desert than a city, no more large

skyscrapers; the war has had its effect on the planet. Cash enthusiastically goes to get out of the vehicle)

Foster- No Cash, wait there, I will go check if the ghost is clear

Drianna- You don't have to do that

Cash- Rather him than me

Foster- Yes mam, it is down to me to see if the ghost is clear, after all I am merely just metal, you have soul mam

Xylozone- I don't want him to die

Cash- He won't, he's a robot he's smart, he wouldn't go out to a warzone unprepared, what the hell has happened to New York

Drianna- Yeah he's fine, it's a dump out there

(Shows Foster checking and seeing a dead Fosterbüton on the floor, but Foster shoots it in the head to make sure, Foster looks up at the sky and listens intently and walks back towards the helicopter)

Foster- I think we should stay here for a while, a battle is happening all around us, but we can't stay in the helicopter, we need to be as inconspicuous as possible, under there by the Fosterbüton will do (he points at a small untouched shop in the middle of rubble)

Cash- Works with me as long as were all safe

Drianna- Yeah sure, Xylozone you coming sweetie

Xylozone- Yeah, I'll be there now (He runs after them)

(Later that night they are sleeping near the doorway of the shop and lights are shining through the window, Foster is awake and is looking out of the window keeping Drianna safe)

Foster- I think we should wake up now!

Cash- What?

Foster- the Costerates, I fear they are round the corner; another battle will take place here shortly

Cash- Let's get the heck out of here then (he gets a gun ready) don't know what the big deal about these Costerates are but whatever...

Foster- You'd be better off using a water pistol than that against my kind

Cash- Ha, you're funny, you make jokes, come on Drianna get up

Foster- Xylozone, get up, Cash, have this!

Cash- What is it?

Foster- It's a box containing Galle-bullets, you should know what they are, can cut through metal like gold, and also Hydro-bullets they are basically explosive water grenades, good for killing... my kind

Cash- Cheers man

Xylozone- What's going on?

Cash- Just come on all of you, get prepared for a fight

(They start going out the front door and then a Costerate appears from behind them and destroys the building they were just in, the Costerates are a strong larger form of the robots which have a green light and are built to attack just Ghouls and Humans; due to the effort spent on its strength they have no speech. They are also very stupid and will follow their target to wherever they may go)

Cash- Ok I see the big deal now, so how do we kill these Foster?

Foster- Right the water won't work on these, I suggest at this point we run (They all run away quickly as the Costerate approaches and chases them knocking buildings out of the way, it is around 14 feet tall) Don't worry, he will die out soon, they don't like the sun, they can't deal with it!

Drianna- When exactly is it going to die? It's pretty dark

Foster- Quick everyone go left at the water (They all oblige as they approach the water and the Costerate falls straight into the water)

Cash- Ok so it's dead?

Foster- No, It is still there, it will be back up soon, I suggest we continue running (The Costerate gets up quickly but as it gets up a XyYtes attacks it and begins to punch it to death, the XyYtes are just slightly smaller than it, the Costerate however then fires a Galle-Bomb at it and blows it away before more XyYtes come along, as Cash, Drianna and Xylozone stand in awe of the fight) Shall we go?

Drianna- Hmm... What was that bomb?

Foster- Ah, a Galle-bomb, the most deadly of bombs in this universe, our father came up with the idea

Drianna- Klaus?

Foster- yes, our father

(The fight continues and slowly but surely the XyYtes get the Costerate to the floor, the Costerate is reluctant to give up though, suddenly small humans, larger than normal and covered with armour come along and fire nuclear weapons at the two enemy races, the juggernauts also use Flamboys, a large nuclear rod that is used as a magnet to attack robots and allows the juggernauts to swing robots around on the rod)

Foster- What are they?

Drianna- Even I don't know, but I think they're human

Xylozone- Oh my race are losing

Cash- It's not a game Xylozone (look of disgust)

(One of the juggernauts looks directly at Cash from a distance)

Cash- Maybe we should go!

Foster- Its ok we removed the tag

Cash- I think he still might know about me though (They slowly start to run away)

Drianna- You're just paranoid

Juggernaut#1- Hey, inform Cooker, we got ourselves a fugitive

Juggernaut#2- Will do, should we finish this first? (They are still fighting the XyYtes)

Juggernaut#1- Yeah, just don't forget to tell him, an elephant never forgets a face

CUT TO:

(Shows Jared about to open the door to his room in the white house but his phone rings and he answers it quickly)

Jared- Hello, yes I know but why didn't you just kill him Cooker? Yeah well tell them to stop fighting, this fugitive will be the death of me, because if the humans back on Curiumite realise this project has failed do you honestly think I will remain in charge, you are ruining my life right now Cooker, sort it out!

(He puts the phone down and his guards open the door for Jared as protection only to get shot at the door by ghouls and hold a gun to Jared)

Jared- Oh no (Puts his hands up)

Ghoul- What does that symbol mean?

Ghoul#2- He's doing some religious thing put them down!

Jared- No I'm giving up, I'm letting you take me, so go on get on with it

Ghoul- Ok, come with us, I think Xyrex will be interested to see you

Jared- I'm sure he will

(Shows Xyrex sitting in a chair looking worried about the war, he is also eating a Xyloth (A mix between a lizard and a turtle, however very small and are treated like chickens to humans) and turns around to have a sip of Hydroglitics offered to him by a ghoul)

Xyrex- Ah yes that's good, very edible. Now cook me another

Ghoul- Sir I think you may be having a bit of a mental breakdown, I don't think eating is a solution

Xyrex- Shut up (Smiles)

(The ghouls bring forth Jared to face Xyrex)

Xyrex- Ah, Jared (Delighted) Brilliant, good job fellas, how is my predecessor to the throne of Desiderata?

Jared- Hello Xyrex, not too bad, you're looking well

Xyrex- Ah fantastic (he begins talking to one of his ghouls in Ghonguage with subtitles) Go get him a water

Ghoul- Aren't we going to kill him?

Xyrex- Perhaps, just get him a water, make him feel at home, we don't want him to feel hostility now do we

Ghoul- yeah, just a hydroglitics is it?

Xyrex- Yes- No, sorry a water (winks at Jared)

Jared- So then, what you doing in my chair?

Xyrex- Wow, you've changed your tone, over the computer you seemed very big, very authoritative now that I see you I see you are nothing more than an intelligent, kind of, pathetic leader... I don't know now what we were scared of ha-ha

Jared- Your mind games don't scare me!

Xyrex- Ah yes but my gun (Pulls out a massive shimmer-ray launcher, a large machine gun rocket launching laser gun) should do

Jared- Yes it does increase my blood pressure slightly

Xyrex- Good answer ha-ha... (Water is brought over) ah thank you

Jared- Cheers

Xyrex- Cheers?

Jared- Oh yeah, it means thanks

Xyrex- Hmmm, cheers ha, cheers, I like it (Speaks to the ghoul again) Leave the room, Now! (They obey)

Jared- What did you say?

Xyrex- Ah that is the beauty of learning the language of the planet you are invading, you know everything being said

Jared- I suppose I couldn't be bothered learning the language

Xyrex- Its Ghonguage but whatever (smiles) Please drink up

Jared- (He drinks it and spits it back out) What the heck is that?

Xyrex- Its water!

Jared- That ain't water, taste like raisin juice

Xyrex- That would be Hydroglitics then, god damn ghoul soldiers, they really are useless sometimes, you gotta do everything yourself round here

Jared- It's disgusting

Xyrex- It's our source of life actually, like water to you

Jared- Yeah I don't care, what I do care about is when you are hoping to end this war, because let's be honest all that's happening is where losing civilians, and beings are losing family members, and I quite frankly am losing my title of leader, so please lets end it with a handshake (Puts his hand out)

Xyrex- See, I wish I could, but I think some of your humans may have my son, he's been gone now for at least two weeks, I could do with taking him with me, see I've given up wanting your planet now, what I want is the people who have my son dead, and my son safely returned to his father, the war in turn will be postponed, and I think you know the rest of my wishes

Jared- Well how the heck am I supposed to find out who has your son? You've ruined the planet, it's a big garbage pile now, how can I find a baby ghoul in that (points at the burning rubble outside the window that is smashed) Everything we humans have built over the years you have destroyed in a few months, for shame

Xyrex- Find a way of finding him before you actually lose your planet, not to us, but to those metal things, the Xyouless (Jared looks confused) the robots!

Jared- I'm not going to be able to, it's nearly impossible

Xyrex- Oh trust me you'll find a way. It's very worth it

Jared- No deal (Xyrex pulls out the gun again and puts it right in his face)

Xyrex- Well in that case, find out or I shoot your head off, and the war will still continue even after my son is found, actually that sounds pretty damn good to me, don't you agree?

Jared- Hmm... give me time to think (Smiles and a knock is heard on the door as a ghoul pokes his head in)

Ghoul- Sir, we have more humans here, and someone who you will want to see

Xyrex- Blooming heck, send them in, this better be good, I haven't exactly had the best of blooming weeks so far

Jared- You like that word blooming don't you?!

(Shows outside the room Xykol and Sinister with hands tied being escorted in to the room with Jared and Xyrex ready and waiting)

Xyrex- Oh hello, this is too good, welcome back Xykol

Xykol- Xyrex

Xyrex- Its sir to you but whatever, oh you don't realise how happy I am to see you, goodness gracious, please sit down, guys kill the girl!

(The ghouls go to shoot Sinister and Sinister looks scared)

Xykol- No, don't kill me instead

Xyrex- What is this? Hold your fire ha-ha, always wanted to say that... are you telling me you two, ewe... ha-ha that ain't sweet

Jared- Hell no...

Sinister- No, no, no, no, no we are not-

Xykol- No, but we are friends, good friends

Xyrex- Yeah, cause you can be, Xykol, goodness, why don't you just go kill yourself, you really are useless

Xykol- I don't care, kill me if you want, I'll admit it now, I feel happier when I'm with Sinister than anyone else, humans have more soul than most ghouls

Xyrex- Look around you, humans did this, they destroyed our beautiful planet, love the way you never mention Xyouless do you

Xykol- It's the humans planet, not ours, it's about time us ghouls realised that, in fact the robots deserve it!

Xyrex- you would say that! So how's this relationship going to work then, long distance or... ha-ha

Sinister- Shut up

Xyrex- Hey listen Xykol you better shut your gal's mouth

Jared- Hey, come on Xyrex let them off

Xyrex- Oh Jared, you have no idea, this idiot lost my son in the first place

Jared- Ouch

Xyrex- yeah, and for this he must die, so then Jared, would you like to do the honours (hands him a gun) shoot her, shoot innocent Xykol while you're at it, but don't be too forceful, I know how excited you humans get when you hold a gun ha-ha

Jared- Oh you know us well (He shoots the ghouls who are holding Sinister and he then runs off screaming) Run Sinister run!

Xyrex- Oh dearie me, Jared get back here you little man (Jared has left the room and gunshots are heard as he shoots ghouls who try to stop him leaving)

Sinister- Erm... Xykol?

Xykol- Why didn't you run?

Xyrex- Oh why didn't you run ha-ha? Big mistake (pause)

Xykol- You leave her alone

Xyrex- I'll deal with her after, you're all that matters right now, I don't care what happens to that stupid girl (He points his gun at Xykol and he remains brave)

Xykol- This won't magically bring back your son, there's something more, why do you want me dead so much?

Xyrex- Yeah I know, but I hate your face (Smiles)

Xykol- Why not just shoot my face then?

Xyrex- Because I want to kill you, silly!

(Suddenly Cooker comes through the window behind jumping from a helicopter with two juggernauts, meanwhile it shows Jared get back into his car and drive it himself towards NASA to get back to Curiumite and to try and find Cash)

Xyrex- Oh for goodness, right who invited you?

Cooker- Jared called!

Xyrex- Oh well in that case, you're fully welcome (sarcastic) I said no add ones where welcome to the party, but he obviously didn't listen (He fires his shimmer-ray at last and it blows up the whole building, and releases a nitrous-toxin gas that makes Sinister ill and Cooker grows weaker, the juggernauts are ok because of their armour and chase after Xyrex)

Xykol- Sinister, oh my word, you ok, come on (He picks her up and walks her out of the burning building) Come on wake up, we'll make it, don't forget I've got to take you to Stellioplaneta, remember, you want to go still don't you... answer me, come on wake up! (He puts her down and she coughs as she slowly awakens)

Sinister- Xykol, you saved my life

Xykol- Well I didn't really, I kind of just got you out of a burning building, was no biggy (Smiles)

Sinister- Is everyone ok?

Xykol- I think everyone escaped apart from that general guy

Sinister- Cooker? Oh god we gotta go save him

(Shows Cooker slowly dying from the nitrous-toxin)

Cooker- You did good kid, you did good (he slowly starts to lose consciousness before a Zosterguron walks in and picks him up through the flames. The Zosterguron looks at the hydroglitics on the floor and turns away looking scarred and whistles as it walks away from the building)

(Sinister and Xykol see the Zosterguron walk out with Cooker lying over its shoulder and they hide away from it behind a rock)

Sinister- Do you have a gun?

Xykol- No, but I do have a bottle of hydroglitics, what do you think?

Sinister- I don't, I don't know to be honest, give me the hydroglitics I need to save him!

Xykol- No... let's just hide (They stay as the Zosterguron walks away with Cooker) (Sinister begins to get a persistent cough) that's the nitrous-toxin, we haven't got much time to get you to safety

Sinister- How are you going to get me to Stellioplaneta then?

Xykol- Well when I'm leader ha-ha, I'll get you a one way ticket, you can be my assistant

Sinister- Leader?

Xykol- Yeah if all goes according (Smiles)

CUT TO: STELLIOPLANETA

(Shows Xygail land back on Stellioplaneta, site Xyroyal, she is welcomed with open arms and people treat her nicely as she breathes in the air and looks on upset. It shows as she settles into her room in her floating large hut in her massive bed, which resembles more of a dog bed than normal bed)

(She then looks at Xylozone's bed and cries)

(She walks down to the fountain of Hydroglitics the next morning and drinks from it as people ride past on floating cars, and the music they are listening to is punk metal, and their own pop music, they have also invented slight time traveling head bands which are being sold beside her, as well as cures to cancer and heat strokes advertised in the window of the floating chemist across the road)

(Everything is named with a 'Xy' in front. This scene is deliberately to completely set the scene for Stellioplaneta so the audience know of what the Ghouls have come from; they are a lot closer as families than the humans and are apprehensive about their family members who are fighting at war, it shows that the planet is a lot more technically advanced than earth and it also looks more healthy, with purple growing more than green on earth. The advancement in technology however is only in the rich parts of Stellioplaneta, whilst other islands live completely primal and don't use technology)

CUT TO:

(Shows Foster leading Cash and Drianna to their destination, he is riding Xylozone on his shoulders, they are running across what now looks like a desert but is actually the city of Columbia)

Cash- Are we nearly there Foster?

Foster- No actually this is Columbia (Points at the sign that states the city) this is the last major city you reach down the east coast before you come to Florida, so if we just journey a bit further- (Foster stops)

Drianna- Why have you stopped?

Foster- Take Xylozone, I'll try move (He tries really hard but just can't) I think I may know the problem

Cash- What is it?

Xylozone- (upset) what's happening?

Foster- I think I may have done what we robots call the wall, my signal to my computer in Germany has reached its minimum, I can't go on

Cash- Why the hell did he build something that loses signal?

Foster- So I would never get lost from home, father never wanted me to get lost, I can easily track back from here

Drianna- So do we just have to leave you?

Foster- Yeah I'm obsolete to you now, not ideal I know but I can only apologise, I will be able to one day hopefully develop a chip to allow me to access to more areas in the universe

Cash- Can't I carry you, come on?

Foster- You can't I'll die, my current chip will terminate itself, I'm sorry (An echo of footsteps can be heard and things blowing up in the distance) I think you should go, just run away, run straight down this path and it should lead you to a sign that will indicate your destination, I will hold them off as long as I can, good luck! (Foster produces a slight tear)

Drianna- You can cry?

Foster- Don't touch it, its poisonous, hydrochloric acid!

Drianna- Good bye Foster (Hugs him)

Xylozone- Good bye Foster (Hugs him)

Foster- Good bye mam, Xylozone

Cash- Come here (He hugs him) Good bye man, good luck with holding them off, see you around friend?

Foster- I hardly doubt our paths will cross ever again I hope it may happen when I get a new chip off a fellow robot, if our paths do cross then it will be gold, good bye, it's been a pleasure protecting you... sir! (Pause) Now go! Protect yourselves, run!

(They all run away and Foster stands there before walking back with a large Galle-grenade gun facing potential threats that are getting closer. After around 20 seconds of waiting, Costerates appear with Zostergurons and Fosterbütons to Foster's surprise. Foster shakes his head and fires at them blowing up some of them but some get through and they grab him and take his weaponry off him to Foster's dismay, the robots don't however face the gun at him and instead place their batteries into him to allow him to become stronger)

Fosterbüton- say Mr Foster, why you hurt us, are you hurt?

Foster- What sorry? (Shocked)

Zosterguron- We mean no harm to our new king, are great father is dead, why have you not heard?

Foster- No

Costerate- You are leader of us metal machines, you where next on the throne to Professor Klaus

Fosterbüton- Surely you know that?

Foster- Yeah, I knew that (lying)

Zosterguron- What do you wish for us to do?

Foster- Win the war of course (Reluctant)

Fosterbüton- A good choice (They cheer) Sir do you realise how long we have searched for a new leader, you keep knocking us away, we need direction, we have been just killing anything

Foster- Yeah well I had no idea about your pursuit of me I apologise, but listen to me, don't ever touch Drianna Tucker, Cash Owen or Xylozone Quex, they have more than enough to worry about, tell the others about this news! In fact Costerates, help them, they are down the path, chase them and escort them to their destination safely!

Costerates- Sir it is not processed that we are to help any enemy; we can only avoid killing them

Foster- Ok, so they're on their own, anyway, avoid killing them!

Robots- Yes sir!

Foster- How many of us are there?

Fosterbüton- around 80 million worldwide

Foster- It's not enough

Fosterbüton- We are currently making more

Foster- Ok good, good (Still surprised)

Zosterguron- Mr Foster, father, I found this human specimen unconscious, should we kill him or use him as we did with the other? (It's Cooker)

Foster- Use him, what other? Anyway we have a war to win; our father wanted us to have our own plant, let's do him proud, the war for this planet has only just begun!

(The robots cheer as Foster contemplates his next move)

Foster- (to himself) could do with getting that new chip as well!

CUT TO:

Jared- (Shows him on the phone in his car trying to contact Cooker) Come on Cooker pick up, pick up your phone... listen stop here please!

Driver- (Human) yes sir, why?

Jared- To get a signal, I think Cooker may otherwise be dead

Driver- I would just presume he is to be honest, I mean surely you would of heard off him by now

Jared- Really? Damn, I'll go try anyway, stay here (He walks outside to what appears to be an old shop, called 'B triple S' in the middle of nowhere in the city of Columbia, he walks behind it holding his phone above in the sky to get better signal, and the phone begins to work) Listen if you get this message Cooker call me, we are heading to NASA, join us when you can, thanks bye (Sighs)

(Jared walks back to the car)

Jared- Ok then driver, take me to NASA, I think you're right he's dead (The car moves away, and Jared begins to develop a persistent cough similar to Sinister)

CUT TO:

(Shows Xyrex running away from the Juggernauts still, and he hides behind a bus shelter and watches the juggernauts hunt him down. Slowly the juggernauts find out where he is and Xyrex is exhausted from running so he confronts them)

Xyrex- Listen guys, I know were not best friends here, but we're all beings here, let me go!

Juggernaut- Sorry we can't allow it; stand still, any last words? (He points the gun at him)

Juggernaut#2- Oh my so cliché

Juggernaut- Shut up (He is about to pull the trigger before 2 XyYtes appear to fight the juggernauts, Xyrex then slowly moves away from the scene and is then escorted by ghouls to a type of transportation that is a floating car similar to that on Stellioplaneta shown earlier. The Juggernauts just about fight off the XyYtes but have already failed their mission as the floating car (Xyport) has already driven off with Xyrex inside)

Juggernaut#2- Just saying, that was your fault

Juggernaut- How?

Juggernaut#2- Any last words, come on really?! If I get killed for that I am taking you to the grave with me, telling you!

(In the Xyport)

Xyrex- Thanks for that, I needed that

Ghoul- What's more important sir is we know exactly where your son is!

Xyrex- Really how? Where?

Ghoul- A XyY spotted them walking down a path towards Florida

Xyrex- So their heading to NASA too, Jared's going there, I can tell, ok so why didn't he just grab my son and who's them?

Ghoul- Well the thing is, there was a lot of Xyouless

Xyrex- So?

Ghoul- Well he said around Lopellopel

Xyrex- That many, ok, well we'll have to just beat them to NASA wont we?

Ghoul- I suppose that would be a way of picking up Xylozone

Xyrex- Well then, speed up, come on! (The Xyport speeds up by floating higher and lowering quickly)

CUT TO:

(Xykol and Sinister are walking through a city still standing as normal, Atlanta, just above Florida, nothing has changed in this city as no attack or battle has happened here. It looks untouched and is yet to feature a war, and on its main train track, it leads to Orlando in Florida if they take the right route. They see it and approach it)

Xykol- Oh my I'm tired now

Sinister- I'm getting weak too, I could do with sleeping

Xykol- Yeah think how I feel?

Sinister- Why?

Xykol- Well whilst you humans need 8 hours a night, we need 12 or else we can't function properly

Sinister- So you are likely to lose the war aren't you?

Xykol- Nope, because as you have just shown through coughing, you can't defend yourselves well when breathing in Nitrous-toxin

Sinister- Ok fair do's, so we're even (laughs)

Xykol- Yeah suppose we are, look a track

Sinister- Yeah, it's a train track, it takes you straight from Atlanta to Orlando

Xykol- Well that's perfect

Sinister- Not really, I would never know what track to take and when

Xykol- We ghouls research your planet inside and out at school and we are pretty mean pioneers of your planet, I'll know where to go, I didn't drag you to Atlanta accidentally did I?!

Sinister- I suppose

Xykol- Come on (Gets excited and runs onto the track) Come on, the quicker we go the healthier you'll be

Sinister- Ok (Smiles and runs after him) Are you sure the trains aren't running?

Xykol- Trust me I haven't seen a train running, how could it?

Sinister- well the Fosterbütons maybe

Xykol- Well then let's be careful then, come on (Run again) whenever I feel a lack of energy I become energetic, it works every time, I tell my body to wake itself up

Sinister- Yeah lets run then (The run together, the camera zooms out and shows a train gaining on them quickly, being driven by a Fosterbüton, Zostergurons don't know how to drive them)

(After messing around slightly both Sinister and Xykol them stop to hear the train in the distance they check the edge of the track which is now around 25 feet up in the air and too high to jump and live)

Xykol- Oh no, now we panic, run!

Sinister- Man! I'm fed up of running away from things

Xykol- (Contemplates) Wait there I've got an idea, it might work, but I don't know, get back! (He points and aims the gun that Xykol found off a dead ghoul as he lost his own gun earlier at the oncoming train and faces the gun at the Fosterbüton driving it, and starts to shoot it numerous times it gets closer, the train then slowly begins to stop as it approaches both of them, the Fosterbüton is terminated and when the train stops they both breath a huge sigh of relief)

Sinister- Well done Xykol

Xykol- Thanks, got a mean shot on me when I want-

(Then more robots are heard leaving the train via the window that Xykol shot through)

Fosterbüton#1- Kill the human!

Fosterbüton#2- Kill them both now!

Fosterbüton#3- No the human only!

Sinister- KEEP SHOOTING! (Xykol shoots at them as they approach them but can't fend them all off, so they both run away from them but can only get so far)

Xykol- Sinister!

Sinister- What?

Xykol- Go, I'll stay here (He holds up a grenade and looks upset)

Sinister- No

Xykol- I wasn't asking, go! Promise you'll go Stellioplaneta for me

Sinister- Of course I will, anything for you (She kisses him on the lips) I love you!

Xykol- (wipes the tear from Sinister's eyes quickly as the robots approach) and I you (Smiles) go! (Silently)

(Sinister runs away and Xykol stands up waiting for the robots and pulls the trigger off the grenade and runs into the crowded area of robots and it blows up behind Sinister who quickly glances at the flames and goes teary eyed before running away further and no robots are to be seen)

(Later that evening it shows Sinister looking up at a sign saying 'welcome to Orlando' she continues her brisk walk towards NASA, but she does stop however when she sees a small rare building untouched, and she goes for a sleep, she settles into a comfortable position and begins to cry about Xykol and looks lonely)

CUT TO:

(Shows Cash and Drianna walking with Xylozone walking over a large mountain to discover they are just a few miles away from NASA. They look at one another and smile)

Cash- We're nearly there now

Drianna- It's been quite a journey, let's not jinx it

Cash- Yeah fair enough

Xylozone- So is this NASA, this is what you have been trying to get to?

Drianna- Yeah this was the aim Xylozone, thanks for helping us

Xylozone- No I hardly helped, it was your own reluctance that got you here

Cash- Still Xylozone... thanks! (Smiles)

Drianna- Ok Cash don't be too nice, he may hug you ha-ha

Cash- No I mean it, you have been helpful, thanks

Xylozone- Oh Cash (Hugs him) Thank you for saying thank you (He begins to cry)

Cash- Ok don't get cheesy on me, we still have our journey to conclude, so what's the approach here?

Drianna- Well, I think many humans will be guarding this centre, because I think originally Fosterbütons would've guarded it obviously that plan failed though

Cash- I think I'd rather they were robots; they don't want me dead as much

Drianna- I think everyone wants you dead Cash

Xylozone- By the sounds of it

Cash- Right then, what should we do?

Drianna- I think we should... I don't know

Cash- Come on brains

Xylozone- Why not just get your shooters out and run towards them?

Cash- Yeah the thing is we're not very good fighters with guns to be honest; we're just normal people, even me, despite the uniform

Drianna- Cash, I know, you never had any involvement in what you were prosecuted for, you weren't involved I can tell for sure now, only the judge and jury didn't see it, father knows you're innocent, trust me, everyone knows of your innocence

Cash- So my name is clear, yet people still want me dead it's quite a predicament

Xylozone- I know you wouldn't do it Cash!

Cash- Thanks kid

Drianna- Do you wanna just shoot at them, charge like Xylozone said?

Cash- Oh god Xylozone, you really have made things difficult haven't you?

Xylozone- Sorry

Cash- You ready (Gets gun ready) it's about time I lived up to my name as a prisoner and learnt to really use one of these

Drianna- (reluctant) I'm ready, Xylozone you stay here, we don't want you getting hurt or seeing any of this

Xylozone- I've seen an awful lot already ha-ha

Cash- Well don't follow, you could get mentally scarred, if you haven't already of course

(They approach to charge and a car stops beside them and Jared steps out of the car with the driver remaining in the car, the driver is a ghoul but Jared is yet to notice that his driver from before was taken away from the driving seat and replaced by a ghoul)

Jared- Right, Cash Owen?

Cash- Yeah, are you Jared Henry?

Jared- Yeah, I have been all over the country looking for you in fact the planet looking for you kind of, now, you are the fugitive?

Cash- Erm...

Jared- Is that...(panting) Xylozone?

Xylozone- Yeah, why?

Jared- Oh my word, do you realise how wanted you are, please come with me!

Cash- What about me?

Jared- The humans will deal with you in a minute cash don't worry

(Shows the ghoul looking in shock at Xylozone)

Drianna- Wait a minute!

Jared- No Xylozone come on I know where your father is, come on!

(He turns around to witness the ghoul step out of the driver's seat to point a bizarre weapon from Stellioplaneta at Jared shaped like a banana)

Ghoul- I'll be the one who shot the leader of the human race, and saved the Ghoul emperor's son, I'll be a miracle worker, give me the boy!

(Xylozone is handed to him by Jared)

Jared- Listen, we don't want any problem, I've got my fugitive, don't worry, I'll go

(The ghoul goes to shoot Jared but Cash shoots the ghoul before he can do anything)

Jared- Jesus, you gave me a heart attack

Cash- Sorry

Jared- But you saved... my life, thank you (Xylozone runs back to cash and Drianna) Listen I'll call off the search, you can go to Curiumite, thank you (he talks to his radiophone in his car and his blown away by the event that just took place) call off the search for Cash, don't argue just do it, thank you

Cash- So you gonna tell your men to let us through?

Jared- I would if humans defended NASA, but you'll find they're ghouls, sorry, anyway I gotta go (he gets in the car and drives away)

Cash- No wait! Damn it, now what do we do?

Xylozone- Use me, it seems I'm wanted by all Ghouls, use me as a shield

Cash- That's very funny but it won't work (stressed)

Drianna- yeah it will, let's try it

Cash- If you're sure Xylozone? (Reluctantly)

Xylozone- Anything to save you and get you safely home, you've been like siblings to me here, I thank you for that

Cash- Let's try it, let's do it

Drianna- Xylozone, we will make sure you are safe though

Xylozone- That's fine they won't shoot me, I'm the heir to the throne

Cash- Ok, let's get ready then (He looks up at the sun beaming down at them) Lets go home, our new home

CUT TO:

(Shows Xyrex pull up in his Xyport and getting out to all the ghouls, XyY and XyYtes who wait for his orders, around 4000 ghouls' line up outside NASA, Xyrex stands in front of them all)

Xyrex- They'll be here any minute men, now I ask you all, get my son back!

(The ghouls begin to cheer and get their countless amount of different weapons ready for battle)

Xyrex- Good, now I will look for the leader of the Xyerapians race, Jared will not escape us, good luck

(Cuts to Jared driving down the road towards NASA, before seeing all the ghouls outside and stops, he waits for a second to contemplate and then drives straight at them, running over some of them, the XyY and XyYtes watch on but don't chase him, as they are too focused on the task at hand with Xylozone, Jared quickly exits the car and runs towards the Curiumite express, and Xyrex sees him and follows him)

XyY- Shoot him!

Xyrex- No, leave him to me

CUT TO:

(It shows Sinister still lying in the same position as in her previous scene, but she is awoken by noises outside the building, which sound like robots, slowly they come closer and open the door, she gets nervous and hides behind a metal cabinet, The Fosterbütons come closer and after a tense look for her, they find her behind the cabinet and chase her outside where she is ambushed by more robots, Zostergurons and Costerates. She stands no chance as the robots try to get her and she runs away but there's only so long she can get away from them for and she has no weapon)

Fosterbüton- Please mam, you must stop, we must kill you

Sinister- Please (She is in a corner as they approach and aim their weapons at her)

Zosterguron- Human to be terminated, now-

(Suddenly an explosion happens behind them that catches their attention and they turn to face the explosion, and it shows the robots getting shot down and sprayed with water and hydroglitics, as Xykol appears from the dust of war)

Sinister- Xykol (amazed)

Xykol- I told you do as I say (Smiles) come on, quickly

Sinister- But I have so much to ask-

Xykol- That's for later

Sinister- How did you kill the big ones?

Xykol- Nuclear weapons now come on!

Sinister- How did you...?

(She shakes her head and runs with a smile following him towards NASA with many robots broken on the floor as they run across)

CUT TO:

(Shows Cash, Drianna and Xylozone ready, Cash has Xylozone at gun point as part of the plan and they slowly make their way down to NASA, Drianna stands behind Cash as protection. As they approach and the Ghouls realise they face their guns at them and Cash stops with Drianna)

XyY- Hey, there they are, let him go!

Cash- We will negotiate

XyY- No time for it, shoot him and the woman behind

Cash- Listen, I will do it, do you want your future leader killed before it even begins, no I don't think so

XyY- You won't kill him, give him to us, if you kill him we end your life too

Cash- hey, me and my sister here, we don't want to live on this planet with its inhabitable air, we want to go to Curiumite, but if you don't let us then we may as well (coughs) die, so don't think we haven't got the minerals to shoot this little ghoul dead

XyY- Hmm...

Ghoul- Just shoot them both

XyY- No use your brain they seem serious

Ghoul- Tell Xyrex See what he'd do

XyY- No, we need to make the choice, the boy is too valuable, let them free! Bring the boy down slowly, and we will let you go free to Curiumite

Cash- Sounds more like it

Drianna- Cash (Whispers) Here that? (The sound of robots echoing as they charge)

Cash- yeah, just follow my lead

(They walk down to the ghouls and hand Xylozone over)

XyY- We are men of our words, you can walk (He stands to the side and they walk through as the ghouls begin to realise that many robots are running over the hills to fight) oh, get ready ghouls, this could be our final battle (Deep breath and turns around to see a gun pointing at his face by Cash)

Cash- Let the boy go

XyY- he belongs with us, fellas... fellas (No one listens as they are all too focused on the war) take him (Knowing that Xyrex is in the NASA centre anyway)

Cash- Pleasure doing business (Smiles and shoots the XyY in the face)

(He releases Xylozone and Xylozone follows Cash and Drianna into NASA)

Xylozone- Thank you for saving me from the war, you didn't have to shoot him though!

Drianna- its ok Xylozone, we don't want you to suffer, you're too young for all this, we don't want him following us and nicking you again do we

Cash- yeah, we don't leave anyone behind in our journey Xylozone, you're a good kid

(Xylozone smiles and looks heart felt by what cash has just said)

(It then shows the robots attacking the Ghouls in a war with humans flying above shooting down at them, the characters are nameless but the war is fearless and everyone is going hammer and tongs in battle, the robots come out on top over most of the XyY and ghouls however the XyYtes keep battling hard and end up getting the better of the robots until the Costerates come along and destroy all in their path. Humans try to fight them but struggle and end up flying away when they run out of ammo, whilst the Juggernauts appear with nuclear weapon but there are many more Costerates now that there are juggernauts, and the juggernauts realise this and end up running away after a few casualties. The robots run supreme in the war and it shows Foster walk between them all and stand on the top of the hill after victory in the battle, the war is screened for 6 minutes of action)

Foster- We have won this battle my brothers and sisters, and now the earth will belong to us now, thank our god, not our father, Klaus Denham, in all his power for making us the most superior of beings, we are the inhabitants of earth now, we are the largest most gracious scar of them all.

(His speech continues as the film reveal another scene happening)

(Cash and Drianna are running through different corridors to try and find the Curiumite express and Xylozone just follows. It then shows behind them Xykol and Sinister behind them who have managed to sneak in after the war and the robots where too busy listening to Foster's speech which is still on-going. Cash and Drianna finally find a sign saying 'go left for the Curiumite express' and stare for a while as Sinister and Xykol catch up with them, Sinister pokes Drianna on the back, and Drianna turns around to see Sinister in amazement)

Foster (o.v) - This war has shown me you are agile and flexible in battle, and this keeps us in good stead for when we attack Stellioplaneta, and we take the ghouls for everything they have, and judging by that performance, we will take Curiumite too, we are the most powerful, we are the most independent, and now we are the best led, soon you'll learn that wasn't a war, that was merely a battle for an invitation to the war, we must develop and build and prepare ourselves, thank you

CUT TO:

(Jared is running towards the Curiumite express and it shows robots on the floor terminated and Jared quickly runs past to enter the Curiumite express but is pulled out by Xyrex)

Jared- Jesus Xyrex

Xyrex- See I want to let you live but unfortunately you are really annoying me, where's my boy, as you promised?

Jared- Listen I just want to leave this planet, I give up with all this, I will take my punishment on Curiumite

Xyrex- No, you'll take it now, you've tried to be so big headed this whole time look where it has got you (He points a gun at Jared)

Jared- Whoa, listen, you can let me live, come on

Xyrex- You humans are all the same, you treat things with disrespect until you realise that the power isn't in your hands, you are all the same, and you are never different at all in anything you do, it sickens me, a complete lack of variation, well guess what I've risked a lot for this war, and I am not about to lose that or my son, whilst you're still breathing (He goes to pull the trigger)

Jared- I know you won't do it (confidently)

Xykol- (walks round the corner) Xyrex! (Xyrex turns to face Xykol with the gun still facing Jared) Look at you

Xyrex- Ah Xykol, pleasure to see you again, have you brought my son?

Xykol- Yes.

Xyrex- What? You have, where... where is he?

Xykol- Xylozone come here (Xylozone comes from round the corner)

Xylozone- Daddy

Xyrex- (looks on in astonishment and begins to shed a tear) Xylozone... come here (drops the gun and puts his foot in the air for Xylozone to place his hand on, as it is a sign of affection on Stellioplaneta) I can't believe it, I love you, where have you been? (Then he hugs Xylozone)

(In the background)

Sinister- What the hell are they doing?

Cash- Don't know

Xykol- it's like how you hug, we Zab each other

(Xyrex and Xylozone are still in the same position)

Xylozone- I have been through so much daddy, I have seen so much, I'm so happy to see you again, can the war end please?

Xyrex- (Cries and struggles to talk) I... I... lets go home, let's go see your mother, she's on Stellioplaneta

Xylozone- I love you daddy

Xyrex- Oh Quex, you are so loved- who are your friends? (Aggressively) Are these the ones who stole you?

(Jared is on the floor looking confused and fed up and notices the gun but doesn't react)

(Cash, Sinister and Drianna reveal themselves behind Xykol)

Xylozone- No they helped me find you

Cash- yeah we did

Drianna- He's a good kid

Xyrex- But they're humans?

Xykol- They're also beings, they're not all psychopaths sir

Xyrex- You can shut up, I'm not through with you yet, you can pull the wool over their eyes but not me...

(Jared suddenly stands up behind Xyrex and point the gun at him)

Jared- Everyone stop being friendly, it's not keeping in with the tone of the war is it exactly?

Xykol- The war is over the robots won!

Xyrex- No... no, no, no

Cash- Whoa, Jared, put it down

Jared- Oh, who do you think you are, you save my life, and you think you now own me, I am the leader of the human race, I am the president of our civilization, don't you dare tell me what to do, and none of you reach for your guns or weapons or I shoot all you, this isn't some kind of happy reunion ok, cash like is said, you'll be free on Curiumite and you and Drianna have been like heroes on this journey, but don't take liberties, I suggest you get on the damn Curiumite express and we get off this planet, cause I am quite frankly not able to take this air much longer (Coughs) come on (Cash, Drianna and Sinister say goodbye to Xylozone and Xykol)

Sinister- Goodbye Xykol (she hugs him) I'll miss you always

Xykol- I... love you

Sinister- Love you too (She walks off to the Curiumite express where they can no longer see where the rest of them are)

Jared- Come on hurry up

Xyrex- Come on Xyerapians, do as the guy says

Drianna- See you Xylozone, nice meeting you, good luck

Xylozone- I'm scared, leave him alone, leave my dad alone

Drianna- Listen, he'll be fine, don't worry

Xylozone- You promise?

Drianna- Yeah, double promise

Jared- Come on, before I double kill him!

Drianna- You should be ashamed Jared (As she walks past Jared and sits in the Curiumite express by the window looking worried)

Cash- Xylozone... it's been a pleasure, I hope to see you again one day

Xyrex- say goodbye to him Xylozone! (worried by the gun to his head)

(Xylozone hugs him instead and Cash smiles)

Cash- Come on that's cute and that but... reputation to keep and that

Xylozone- Love you Cash, this has been the most enjoyable of months, 4 is it... of them in fact

(Cash walks past Jared giving a dirty look and walking onto the Curiumite express)

Cash- If god is my witness...

Jared- Oh you have no idea what this alien has put me through

Cash- All I'm saying is if you weren't a human, you'd be very lucky to be alive

Jared- I know I'm gonna look the bad guy, but it's for the best, you'll think about it and you'll realise this is true, these Ghoul's have killed so many, we need to stop this from happening, and what better way than killing their leader?! Right then, sorry to love you and leave you, but got a ride to catch, Xyrex... it's been a pleasure, Xykol, take Xylozone out of the room for me please!

Xykol- What?

Xyrex- Xykol!

Xykol- Yeah?

Xyrex- You take good care of my boy, you teach him well yeah? (tear running down his cheek)

Xykol- Yeah ok, why?

Xyrex- Just go, for my boys safety, and tell Xygail I love her, bye Xykol

Xykol- Ok... anything sir (confused and turns to Xylozone and smiles) come on Xylozone

Xylozone- But daddy

Xykol- The humans are going to take him for a while

Xylozone- I love you daddy (Shouts)

Xyrex- JUST GO!

(He pulls Xylozone round the corner and away)

Jared- You know I have to do this?

Xyrex- As long as you know that I had to do what I did (teary eyed) we have to be careful don't we?

Jared- Goodbye Xyrex (He shoots Xyrex; nothing is seen except for Jared standing there with a gun that is Smokey from the bullet just fired, He walks off towards the Curiumite express and sits away from the others and looks out the window and takes a pill for an ulcer, and tries to sleep as if he's done nothing wrong)

Cash- I can't believe you!

Jared- When a feud has lasted this long a conclusion had to happen, that boy, Xylozone when the time comes will understand, I've just saved his life

Cash- How?

Jared- You'll see, in good time, trust me

CUT TO:

(Shows Xykol running with Xylozone)

Xylozone- Where we going?

Xykol- Don't worry, we are going back to Stellioplaneta, the war on Desiderata has finished, we'll go see your mum again, it will all be alright, I promise (he does the Zab to Xylozone)

CUT TO:

(Shows Drianna looking outside the window with Cash and Sinister talking to each other)

Sinister- So are we going to be safe now?

Cash- I presume so

Sinister- earths a mess I don't think we can live there anymore can we?

Cash- No, I'm relieved in many ways that prison was awful ha-ha

Sinister- Seems pathetic now when you think about it, prison

Cash- Sinister, you know me, you're an old family friend, you know I wouldn't do a thing like what I was accused of?

Sinister- Listen Cash, it was a cock up, everyone knew you were innocent; it's only Drianna who believed hard enough to get you out, anyway you're out now, there isn't anything to worry about

Cash- Well I'm happy to be out and I can't thank you enough Drianna, what a journey, hey sis... sis?

Drianna- Yeah (looks out at the ground that they are above and seeing it now flat and looking filthy and like a dump, but the robots are still there and walking around in packs slowly rebuilding in a more technological way than the humans built their cities)

Drianna (o.v) – The world is different now in 2069... technology isn't as you'd expect, we have no teleportation machines, we have no time travel, we have no floating cars, and we have lost our own planet to an artificial scar, but we have a new planet... how long can we keep this one? (Shows Drianna smile out of the window, and then skips to Foster leading his robots and Xylozone and Xykol running to the Desiderata express, and then comes back to Drianna's scene as the film ends)

THE END

The air is cleaner than any air Julien had ever breathed in his life. It felt as though the whole Earth had been cleansed. He presumed it was Earth, but it could have been anything, he was after all in a different universe now. He took time to look around and assess his options ahead. All he could see were clear skies, one or two clouds, perfectly shaped, like they had been drawn onto the sky canvas. He can't help but smile, it's like the clean air was a drug to his lungs, releasing all kind of endorphins in his brain as a result.

Julien strokes the plates of grass on the floor as he walks up the hill and the grass felt fake, not like artificial grass, but like it was made out of feathers. The grass however was solidly stuck within the ground, he tried to pull out a plate and simply couldn't, with all his strength. The world seemed like it had no pollution, no noise even.

As he reaches the top of the hill he begins to hear something for the first time, the noise of two people discussing. He pokes his head over the hill and sees who is making the noise that echoes in the clean air. He sees two humans, a man and woman, and a small reptilian looking monster. However the humans seem to be with it, not confused or baffled by it.

The quiet conversation does however become more aggressive as it goes on. Julien watches on as they stop for a while at a wall and begin to read it. He hears the mention of Buckingham Palace which suggests to him that he is on Earth, but perhaps in a Science Fiction movie. This causes him to rethink his plan, he looks behind him and can't see the ripple, the scene has changed and he is stuck looking for a way out. He knows he isn't safe in this genre for long.

The small monster and the man begin to argue about what the little reptilian thing actually is, the man calls him an alien, whilst the small creature stands offended and the woman defends the said alien. After arguing for a short while, Julien ignorantly decides to head down the hill towards them, he politely jogs and they don't notice him.

At one point the man from the film looks directly at him running and carries on talking as if Julien isn't there, trying his best not to break character.

'Excuse me. Excuse me!' He shouts loud enough for it to disturb the scene. The man stumbles over his words like an actor failing to recite his lines successfully. Eventually the naturally aggressive character which is named Cash responds in anger.

‘This isn’t right, who are you?’ Cash holds his tongue from swearing in front of the infant alien.

‘I need your help’ Julien begs, he is however completely ignored and Cash continues to walk as the other characters follow, Julien just watches his potential salvation drift away. ‘You have to help me’ creepily he gets absolutely no assistance, but can hear Cash speak to the two characters out of his normal trait behaviour ‘he’s an intruding viewer, I hate them’. Julien tilts his head like a dog hearing something interesting. He then wonders again, like he did with the large bear, whether these characters actually have a conscious. They seem to know who he was; he was after all an intruding viewer.

Just as the idea of thought and consciousness enters the mind of Julien once again and he dwells pensively on it he sees a shadow of a figure stand right behind him. It is completely silent, the sun beaming bright, the air still clear and beautiful. He can tell by the shadow the Nanulak hadn’t followed him, it wasn’t as large, but it was as terrifying.

Julien looked at the three characters drifting away into the distance, the backdrop of an abandoned London ahead and multiple winding roads and trees covering tall buildings. In a film about war between planets and machines, he found himself dwelling whether there was an inner war between characters and viewers in the cinema that he had been working in.

Thinking of his family, his wife and two children he turned to face the figure standing directly behind him. It was a robot from within the film, looking deep into Julien’s petrified eyes. After thinking of his family for what could have been the last time, he too stared into the robots soulless eyes, and suddenly saw life in it. The life of something alive, the life of something that had a purpose in life, and it wasn’t to entertain, it was to live. In that moment he wasn’t looking at a character, he was looking at real metal, a real machine. He did think of the robot as a conscious robot, he saw it as a conscious being in the same way that he saw the previous three characters and the Nanulak before. He saw them all as lost puppets, puppets that wanted to be free from their ropes, and able to live a life unplanned.

Julien marvelled whether this would be his last breath, and whether the character in front of him was conscientious enough to spare him his life?

Axe Man

If the cinema wasn’t claustrophobic enough to its guests, then where Jessica, Joel and Conan found themselves now was sure to make them feel uncomfortably large. If the lack of space they were in wasn’t enough to strike fear into them, the darkness certainly would. The only ray of light shining through the venetian blinds that stroked their faces as they felt pinned to the wall behind them in a small closet. The light was coming from the moonlight that was full outside the bedroom window of the room that they were hiding in.

They all knew they were hiding, but had no idea what from. Still with the Nanulak’s large furry body freshly stained in their minds, they couldn’t help but think of that whilst trying to find out where exactly they were now.

Conan looked around through the gaps in the blinds of the closet to try and find a sign of a ripple to get back outside of the film world.

‘Where are we now, I want to get out of this tight spot?’ Jessica asks rather loudly.

‘Be quiet’ Conan whispers, ‘by the looks of it I’d presume we’re not in a nice place’

Conan continued to look around and soon made out certain features of the room. It looked like a room of an American teenager from the 1980s. The Lava lamp lit up on the bed side cabinet, the gloop moving in all kinds of directions. There was a poster of Gun’n’Roses on the wall, and a poster of the original Terminator besides it. The bed wasn’t made, the sheets were filthy and needed good ironing, not just put back together. The pillows were located all over the place. It was certainly in Conan’s mind a boys room.

‘I think we should leave, and try and find my sister’ Joel thinks his plan is fool proof and mainly he is concerned for Jocelyn now.

‘Yes, I know, I’m looking for the thing’ Conan hesitates and thinks, trying to remember the name Joel gave it, ‘the Phantom ripple’ Conan smiles towards Joel and the smile half creeps both Jessica and Joel out as his smile is lit up by the small gap in the blinds. In that moment they notice Conan’s teeth are far from perfect, although his actions of late would suggest that he was the perfect person to be with on this journey. If they can call it a journey.

‘Any luck?’ Joel asks.

‘You can look as well Joel, god’ Jessica stops a reply that wouldn’t be unrecognisable from the type of reaction the person whose room they were in would have. Jessica then plants an eye out of the gap in the blinds and looks hard, blinking every so often from the brightness of the moonlight. Joel sees them both looking out and decides to rest his back against the wall and let them handle it. He decides, there isn’t much point in him looking too.

The door to the bedroom begins to open, the knob is twisting. The three guests panic. The white wooden door swings slowly open, the creak deafening. Once the rusting hinge stops shouting, a sound of people cheering and partying can be heard coming from what seems like downstairs in what is now presumably a two floor house to the guests.

The large flashes of multiple colours shine through to the room and then are soon blocked by the white door as it is shut partly by the young woman who had just entered the room. The young woman is around the same age as Jessica and Joel, possibly a few years younger. Conan’s assumption that this is a boys room is put to bed by the woman walking around the room and exploring like she knew where everything was.

Despite her routing around the cupboards and drawers like she owned the room, she did seem relatively baffled by the state of the bed. ‘Oh disgusting’ the woman exclaims as she throws the folded bed cover back to make it more even and covers the rancid yellow stained pillow. With that Conan’s assumptions were then confirmed, he was right, this wasn’t her room, it must have been a boys, perhaps the one hosting the party.

Now that the guests knew of the party downstairs they couldn't not hear it, the constant ringing of Michael Jackson and Prince in their ears, for Jessica and Joel the music was old fashioned now. They would think, why care so much about artists who were dead, move on, catch up with modern times, no one listens to the king of pop anymore. Conan however couldn't help but shimmy to the music, to him this was just before his era, but he knew it well enough to really appreciate the artistry behind it.

Joel and Jessica rolled their eyes as they watched the woman begin to dance on top of the bed. She shook her head forwards letting her hair flow over her face. Her eighties outfit looking so out of style to Joel and Jessica, yet Conan found it endearing, nostalgic even that's despite him being too young to truly remember the eighties. 'He's dead, get over him, put something else on' Joel demonstrating his opinion pathetically. Conan didn't argue however he just glanced, with a look of stupidity towards him, Joel realised his error and simply mimed 'oops' he sunk into his shoulders and backed away from the blind doors.

The woman stopped dancing for the quickest of moments and then carried on, she had heard something, but it wasn't what she was supposed to hear. Remaining in character she continued to dance.

The music coming from the party downstairs began to mute to a faint sound, Joel, Jessica and Conan all heard the music lower, the woman continued to dance as if the music was still playing. The film's diegetic music had changed. The tone of it not for the better. The three of them began to hear a slight bumping noise. The noise associated with a Jaws, or a slasher walking up the stairs. Every step the bump getting louder, but it was to a beat. The beat that they could hear as clearly as the music downstairs just a few seconds earlier.

Jessica moved away from the blind door and began to lightly caress Joel's right hand with her left index finger out of nerves. Joel liked it, but was confused. Joel wasn't too sure what she was nervous about. The index finger of Jessica's turned into a full hand as the beat got so loud it was literally outside the door. Grasping tightly to Joel's right hand she whispered 'I think this is a horror film' Joel took a deep breath as Jessica carried on 'And I think the killer's just outside the door, hence the score' Jessica hesitated at first whether to use score or music, but then quickly realised that Joel was definitely aware of what a score was.

Conan was the only one to realise out of the three of them that the music had stopped downstairs. Despite it being quiet before, it had now completely gone off and there were slight screams from downstairs, as though something awful had just occurred. Conan began to panic, and the young woman stopped her awful dancing routine on the bed and went to check what the screams were. As she stumbled towards the door tipsy from alcohol consumption, she knocked over the lava lamp and it landed almost politely on the floor without smashing.

The woman then went to open the door and as she opened it she felt force pushing it towards her at a fast pace, like a gust of wind had just overcome it. The door slammed her backwards and she fell onto the bed and panicked. The guests watched on mouths open, petrified. They were caught in a conundrum as to whether to help by risking their own lives, or to leave her as that is what the film had intended, the script must say she gets attacked. Conan thought, to

intervene would be foolish of them, she would come back to life eventually and do the torturous scene all over again, and again, and again.

Soon emerging from the open door leading to the corridor outside the bedroom was a shadow, a large shadow, of a figure around seven foot tall. The shadow stretched to her on the bed and she screamed. The scream was not genuine, it was terribly acted. The slightly forced desperate pleads of 'someone save me' was far too cliché for Joel and Jessica to really believe it. Jessica had never found slasher films scary, she used to always say they had lost their pulling power in Hollywood due to the lack of authenticity of the blood and gore. Joel meanwhile would argue with friends that he had become desensitised and inured to all horror due to the high frequency of violent images on the internet these days. However as the screams of the woman began to vibrate the blinds in front of them, and the smell of the sweat of fear entered their nostrils, they began to feel a slight sensation of thrill. Conan however was not amused by any of it, he remained very quiet and concerned as Joel and Jessica seemed to treat what was happening as a fake situation, but in 4D. it was however, very real.

The figure slowly entered the room and revealed itself; behind the manly figure it dragged a two foot long Axe across the laminate flooring of the corridor and the blade of it caused a screech of screams behind it. The Axe eventually was dragged onto the carpet where it cleanly ripped the wool apart. The man wielding the axe was wearing clean, shiny black boots, a pair of ripped black jeans, and a quite comforting jumper, with red stains all over it. It was however the mask of the man that really evoked fear into not just the woman in peril, but the three guests as well. It was wearing a gas mask with red filtered circular eye glasses. The mask caused for the man to make no noise. The only noise he could make was the axe following behind him. There was no hair on the man either, he was bald at the back and the masks straps covered some of that baldness. The gas mask was black and damaged, but this made no difference to the man's ability to breath, it was as though he didn't need to breath. He took a few steps towards the woman, still screaming and rolling about on the bed.

It was obvious to the watching guests what she could have done something to get away easily, simply backwards roll off the other side of the bed and run out of the window that was already open. However it did not take the guests long to realise that she was destined to die, the film had written this to be her final scene, her stupidity would get her killed. Jessica attempted to dig her head into Joel's shoulders, but ended up head-butting him as he uncourageously did likewise and tried to burrow his head into her chest as well. They both exclaim and the scene is only slightly disturbed. The Axe Man continues its relentless march towards the young girl on the bed. Whilst Joel and Jessica argue, Conan looks for the ripple so he doesn't have to witness the brutality about to take place. He is unsuccessful in finding any escape route.

Jessica meanwhile, seeing a fellow woman in danger, decides to act. She moves out of the closet doors and Joel grabs her arm. Jessica shakes him off her 'let go!' and then continues on to the woman on the bed. Conan and Joel now exposed to the Axe Man and disturbing the film completely decide that they may as well help Jessica out on her quest to rescue the woman.

The Axe Man remains silent and looks at them with a tilted head. Confused by what is going on he knows he only has one duty and that is to make sure that the woman's life is ended by his axe. Jessica drags her away and towards the window. The woman begins to ask 'what on earth are you doing?' in her most Shakespearean attempt of melodrama possible.

'You are a terrible actor by the way' Jessica tells the woman and then pushes her out of the relatively large gap in the window and she lands in a bush in the front garden of the house. Joel then tells Jessica to follow and Joel edges towards the window too. Conan meanwhile tries to halt the Axe Man with a rolled up poster that has not yet been stuck on the wall. Conan simply pokes at Axe Man whose axe is wielded in front of them for the first time and chops the poster in half. Still on opposite sides of the bed, Conan has time to then follow Joel out of the window and Axe Man sees the gap is too large for him, so decides to run after them in a different route. Axe Man runs out of the bedroom door and the large boots bang every step of the way down the stairs.

The Axe Man surprises them with his pace as he manages to get to the front door of the house in time to witness them running down the road. The woman continues to beg 'let go of me, I'm supposed to die, who are you?' Jessica holding her arm tightly ignores her for the moment and continues to run towards a ripple about 50 feet down the large, spacious and empty suburban road.

Conan and Joel soon overtake them but don't leave them behind and as they exit the film through the ripple they see the shadow of the Axe Man fast approaching them behind. Joel looks behind as the others leave; he pushes Jessica and the woman out of the film to make sure they get out safely, Conan leaves as well. He sees Axe Man only a few yards from him still scraping the Axe behind him causing the tarmac to scrape his axe to make it more blunt and powerful. Joel with a red face of panic then exits the film and the Axe Man sees his moment to take a swing towards him.

Knowing he has a chance of catching Joel and beheading him his blade swings rapidly towards Joel's neck, Joel can feel the wind whip in the air as the metal of the blade cuts a gust across his face. Joel however exits the film relieved that it was the wind caused by the blade that hit his face rather than the blade itself which just trailed behind his head and neck by an inch.

Joel joined the others who waited watching him escaping with anticipation and worry. Jessica breathed the biggest sigh of relief as she saw him narrowly cheat death, without having time to stop and ponder they continue to run out of the screen room and the sound of the axe ripping the carpet was closely following them.

Joel felt a cold sensation hit the back of his head, something he had never felt before and as he ran he felt his head. He bit his bottom lip as he ran in sorrow and anger 'he cut my thing off' referring to his ponytail, yet no one acknowledged, and the woman from the film now even joined them in running from Axe Man. It was as though she had a new purpose, a new determination to live now she had exited the film she called home.

As the screen room door shut behind the four of them scurrying, the door is then flung open again by the mighty crash of the axe being swung by the Axe man. The axe then fell to its usual position on the floor, with the blade cutting through the carpet dragging along behind his quick heavy footsteps.

Seeming to capture the mood, the lights of the cinema flickered, mainly through coincidence rather than suspense. The light of day had become dark; the moon was shining bright and full.

Axe Man continued to chase, and the three guests were only slightly distracted by the sight of the stairs. To the woman with them nothing had changed, because none of this world existed to

her a few minutes ago. However for the three guests they could see that the stair case had been destroyed by a monster sized creature, they correctly assumed it was the bear.

When the four of them got down to the first floor they were now on the same level as Screen Rooms Four to Six. Joel began to run towards Screen Room Six, dragging Jessica along with him as they held hands tightly. The woman began to enter Screen Room Four, a room that Conan had previously explained his detest for due to it having a premise based on dogs. Conan therefore quickly pulled the woman by the hair, the woman too confused by what was happening to complain greatly just simply accepted the pulling and moved with Conan to Screen Room Five.

Jessica saw Conan go into Five and felt safer with Conan, the thought that came over her was that he seemed to understand this place more than Joel. Sure Joel understood movies, he could quote, he could hold a camera, but Conan was a package, he was solid and more muscular and more street smart. In that split second Jessica demonstrating Joel's rather weak tendencies, pulled him towards Screen Room Five.

The axe wielding maniac hadn't yet fully made it down the stairs and therefore his vision was impaired by the purple concrete wall covering the corner that the others hid in as they entered the room. By the time Axe Man had made it downstairs and had clear view of the whole floor, they had gone and the door shut behind them. They had escaped, but for how long?

Axe Man continued to wander the corridors scraping his weapon terrifyingly. His silent demeanour would stop at each poster advertising films beside the screen rooms. His head would slope to the side as he struggled to fully comprehend what it all meant. The grim figure would walk up and down pacing the corridor waiting for the guests to reveal themselves. It would notice the staircase leading to the ground floor was also destroyed like a tornado had just run through its tight passage stairway.

One of the posters the Axe Man looks at with ignorant intrigue is the movie poster for Screen Room Five displaying 'Verpo and Their Sovereign' another 18 rated movie.

Jocelyn leaves the two PRB guys to find Joel

In a crowded projector room, Pablo remains fixated on the movie the projector is showing in front of him. 'Matter' had reached its moment of conflict, and it would soon be followed by its moment of climax, or at least that's what Pablo thought, however the picture follows a rather more ambiguous route as it reaches its finale.

Leonardo is drifting away slightly, he can feel himself falling asleep and is highly content as Jocelyn snuggles into him for comfort. Leonardo's large tanned arms secure her more. With his hard hat removed his hair although greasy from sweat, looks good, and his eyes familiar blue as Jocelyn looks up into them. In that moment for the first real time, Leonardo looks into her eyes and sees more than just colour, he sees a sparkle. An innocence that he didn't think she had, he thought at first that she was merely a strict business woman with a domineering persona. Leonardo however felt a need to protect her, not out of masculinity but out of something deeper. He just gives her a

smile and she smiles back, however with concern in her grin. He can see that she is still deeply concerned for her younger brother's safety.

The cheeks of Jocelyn were rosy and lit up by the reflecting light of the projector bouncing back off the window. 'Are you married?' Jocelyn asks abruptly. No hint of nervousness, no sign of anxiety when she asked, it was like she couldn't help it, like an innate impulse, like she was simply breathing out. Leonardo was slightly startled, but only slightly, he knew a question was coming, he could see by the look in her eyes.

'No, I'm divorced actually' Pablo remains entranced in the movie and can't hear them discuss quietly. 'I got divorced one and a half years ago'.

'What happened?' Jocelyn asks again abruptly, however with a smoother tone.

'I've been working here so long I must've just forgotten what the reason was' he then goes on 'it wasn't always a bad place here, there wasn't always disasters. There was a time when you could go outside and breathe in the air, and look around and see an untouched forest'.

Jocelyn looks at him confused, how on earth could he have forgotten the reason for his divorce, something definitely didn't add up, 'What exactly happened?' Jocelyn sits up.

Leonardo responds to the question, but Jocelyn was asking with the intention of finding out more about his divorce, 'Well, Lucas wanted to turn this place into an incredible business venture, he felt he could create a safe, yet thrilling resort. A place where families could come and see the most incredible things come to life. I mean imagine a child seeing its favourite movie characters in reality, you know seeing a pirate, or a real alien or something. Sadly it was just too dangerous, we at PRB all knew it was, but we're all quite loyal you know.' Leonardo's Italian accent continues to fade in and out of his story.

'Why are you so loyal to him, I thought you had your own plans for this place?' Jocelyn recollects something that Leonardo mentioned before.

'Yes I did, so did Pablo, and we were going to try implement it if Lucas's original plan had failed, and it had, but sadly he's still around, we thought if his original plan failed, then he probably would have died with it, or given up altogether, but he's obsessed with this place, he wants to, he needs to make it a success, I for the life of me can't understand why'. Leonardo begins to grow angry and frustrated as he explains.

'What was his original plan that failed then?' Jocelyn asks settling into Leonardo's arms again, Leonardo can feel their connection but neither mention anything.

'Well, when he found this place' Leonardo is quickly interrupted.

'He found this place?' Jocelyn was sure that Lucas mentioned Maurice had been the one who found it.

'Yes' Leonardo carries on, 'the movies available were not exactly, well they were this type of film' He points up at the projector as it shows 'Matter'. 'This is not the type of movie anyone wants to enter, a dangerous drama about a time machine, I don't even really get what it's about. People want

a thrill, but they want to be safe, that's what he always said. One day whilst drifting the corridors he found on the top floor a storage cupboard. What was inside, made him rethink his whole philosophy'

'What was in it?' Jocelyn asked curiously, her eyes widened and her head perked up. Whilst Leonardo explained Jocelyn would tie her hair back, playing with it through seemingly nervous behaviour.

'A camera, a bunch of costumes, a tonne of film reels with labels on them of different films, a whole shelf dedicated to sequels of films from within this cinema. Three Scars of Our Planet Part Two. Verpo Two. There were some superhero movies in there as well, more horrors, more gangster films, cowboy films, animations. Lots. Didn't take Lucas long before he realised what power the camera possessed. Didn't take Lucas long before he realised why the costumes were there, and what movies they were from. Didn't take Lucas long to live his dream and make a few movies, he always rambles on about how he wished to be a director from a young age, the next Tarantino, or Scorsese. Then he makes a film like Vander Dredd, which is not within the category of cinema that either of them directors would even touch'.

'Vander Dredd, I've heard that a lot now, what is that?' Jocelyn ponders and then asks.

'It's Lucas's creation, his big movie, the blockbuster that this cinema deserved, the blockbuster that would just thrill people, but safely'

'Safely, the flying vulture things outside, he thinks that's safe?' Jocelyn is baffled.

'He misunderstood, he is misunderstood' Leonardo shakes his head with his eyes lightly closed.

'Do you hate him, Lucas I mean?' Jocelyn asks standing up and brushing herself down as she turns her head away from Pablo and Leonardo who are alarmed by her sudden stance.

'I don't hate him, I can't physically hate him. I work for him, does anyone like their boss really?!' Leonardo asks rhetorically. Pablo suddenly sees them both standing up and follows suit, it's only in that moment that Jocelyn realises they are both almost, if not exactly the same height as each other. She thinks little of it and doesn't look too closely into it. She actually becomes more baffled by Leonardo's turn of phrase.

'Boss? Not very Italian word is it?' She asks with a smile and then turns around before he can respond, Leonardo did seem to have a response as he opened his mouth but saw her walking away so decided not to answer.

After following her out of the projector room he was too shocked to ask where they were going when Jocelyn put her hand out for him to politely grasp. In that moment Jocelyn's face lit up as the light from outside of the dark projector room shined through the small opening of the door. Her smile of delight and her eyes flickering, she looked like a teenage girl with a crush. Leonardo took her hand and then quickly let go before rubbing the sweat of his palms on his overalls. It was as if for the first time Jocelyn had seen a hint of nervousness in Leonardo.

'Let's go get my brother, please help me' Jocelyn doesn't beg, she commands civilly, she turns her back on Leonardo and Pablo who simply follow.

'I'm scared' Pablo whispers in Leonardo's ear.

'We'll be alright, we keep her safe ok, you hear me?' Leonardo makes it imperative to Pablo.

'I can't hear you, say it again' Pablo plays up to his deafness at convenient times for himself.

'I'm not repeating it, I know you heard it' He walks away and shouts it extra loud 'you're hearing isn't selective'.

Pablo then looks on confused, he genuinely didn't hear Leonardo this time and just gives up and follows them out of the projector room and into the screen room that is lit up brightly by the film playing. Pablo continues to walk behind them with one eye on 'Matter' in case he misses something important in the film.

Verpo

"Verpo and their Sovereigns"

By Max Smith

Opening credits:

(Besides a pool on a roasting hot day as it always is in Wathes, Vearth, two men sit there in suits despite the warmth, one in a smart dressing gown like costume that looks smart enough to wear to a dinner party, the other in even more unusual clothing. The two men are black yet the clown has Purple powder and green lipstick all over his face and no black can be seen, he is dressed in a rubber gimp-like suit, the other is bald and old with hunch shoulders and a fat physique. The older man's face is yet to be seen by the audience but his presence is known as the clown/Entitainer talks to him with respect and honour and much frustration, whilst they converse children's laughter is heard all around them with yells from mothers and fathers who are playing in the pool besides them, and the palace like building to the left of the screen shot is shadowing the two men in conversation built out of muddy stuck sand that has been carved over many years and almost pyramid like)

Wvack (name unknown to the audience as yet, his voice is husky yet loud) - Mr Brin... my guardian... the sovereign, it is an honour and privilege as always to be invited to this gathering... as a friend! I know I'm just your jester but I see that as a gift in this world, I know how lucky I am... the idea that I'm in with the Sovereigns, it gives me great pleasure... and I worked hard for it, really hard!

(Long pause)

Wvack- Every day I live to try and impress you and your two fellow sovereigns, who of cause lack the experience but gain the knowledge through you... you complete them both... in a way you complete me... without you there is no me and hope one day that I will become a sovereign myself, I don't expect to, but I hope...

(Long pause)

Wvack- I know you see me as an entertainer... a man who falls into the category of freaks... I never chose this... I was born into those freaks, and you pulled me out, like a father... a man of authority... you helped me escape the nuisances of this world, and I thank you greatly for that!

(Old man nods)

Wvack- I could have been one of them Farmer boys, but you stopped me from promoting myself to that bunch of snobs and so I ended up here... near the top... speaking to the big man always looking over me, the sun shining bright as I sleep in this palace of a village... I am eternally grateful and respectful and loyal because of that, this favour you gave my life simply will not be forgotten and cannot be overestimated... and to see you so sick... It kills me, and if I could make you feel as great as I feel I would swap roles with you now...because without you... I'm not accepted within this vicinity, without you... I would be a clown, nothing more and nothing less

(Long pause)

(The camera finally shows the old man to be Steve Brin, known as just Brin, in his bizarre clothes that everyone at the party seems to be wearing, even the young boy, and woman in smart clothes also, almost gangster like and with a voice that is soft and gentle for a man of such power, with a slight New York accent to it)

Brin- You know... I'm sitting here listening to you... and I can't decide, despite my intelligence what you're trying say to me... can you simplify it please!? Why must everything be a riddle that comes out of precarious mouths... just say it, it's as if you can't shake the clown out of your system... please a summary, it's all I ask Wvack?!

(Long pause and Wvack suddenly shakes and looks at the sky and looks back at Brin)

Wvack- I suppose what I'm trying to say is, I understand you're going to die... eventually, maybe soon... let's not get away from that, we all know it... I just needed to thank you, I mean it could be your last birthday today... I have to thank you and I needed to tell you that if you ever needed a replacement, I feel I will one day be able to replace you!

Brin- Its clear now what you mean... I... you can't just replace a sovereign who has ruled over Wathes for over 50 years... and you can't just become a sovereign... you need to grow into one... where powerful men, very powerful, we're royalty, you're born into it, not given it, you can be chosen but only naturally... and you come here on my birthday to say your peace and you've said it... so please Wvack, enjoy

the celebration for me, don't think about the future, it will all take care of itself...

Wvack- Will I ever be a sovereign?

Brin- Can you rule and change at the same time, that's what a sovereign does... enforces change, by leading his men to believe the same as him, and an entertainer like yourself has never done such a thing as become a sovereign...

Wvack- I know it would be a long shot sir... but I feel ready to take over as one of the three sovereigns, I knew being from a different background would be a tricky way to become a sovereign, but I just thought I'd ask (He stands up and starts to walk away)

(Brin rolls his eyes)

Brin- Like I said... change is a necessity for being a leader... and you becoming a sovereign, would be a change!

(Brin smiles and Wvack skips away to see his wife who is beautiful and isn't like a clown at all and more like everyone else at the party)

(Brin then as he watches his wife in the distance playing with his young grandchildren, smiles and rubs his chest and coughs frequently)

(Suddenly his wife sees him struggling slightly and approaches him)

Brin- You look beautiful playing with our grandkids... Michelle

Michelle- Steve (only person who calls him Steve) why are you outside, you're struggling aren't you?!

Brin- I wouldn't miss my last birthday would I?

Michelle- Who says it's your last birthday?

Brin- The heavens... it'll end soon, so why not make the most with my grandkids, my kids, my wife... (Strokes Michelle's face)

Michelle- Where are Bill and Sergey?

Brin- They left me to my devices today, they knew how much it meant, they're good sovereigns like me... we are meeting the queens sometime in the near future... to try and decide who my replacement should be!

Michelle- Why not one of your children, pick one, the oldest, why not Francis?

Brin- Michelle, you know the rules... I can't just pick a family member; it needs to be earned as well as passed on... someone who all the sovereigns respect, including the queens!

Michelle- Well they don't respect anyone who isn't female! And even then they aren't too friendly!

Brin- You've always had it in for them though haven't you?! (Smiles)

Michelle- You're a bastard sometimes Steve!

(Brin laughs)

Michelle- (crying slightly) Hey kids get over here give your old man some loving, it's his birthday and he's lying there in the shadows all alone!

(All the young grandkids run over screaming with joy and then the two older adults who are son and daughter to Brin and Michelle walk over as well, son is called Francis and daughter is called Lynn, both have lovers, everyone in the family is black as is everyone from Wathes)

Brin- Everybody... Erm... everybody smile Wvack do please take the photo of my family

Wvack- Yes Mr Brin!

(He takes the photo and quickly runs in to be involved)

CUT TO:

(In a large mansion like room, a conference like atmosphere is taking place with lots of wine and discussion going on, sitting at the top of the table is a man called Brunt, and his nephew called Chul, who is a reclusive character who keeps himself to himself, he is around 20 years of age. Brunt has a strong moustache and a strong voice that can be echoed over and over again by the large room, he sits in front of many men being served by women for drinks and food, the women don't discuss much, they just do as the men ask. Everyone is in tuxedo like suits, looking almost gangster-like mixed with royalty in suited-like robes, as they sit around with cards close to their chests, the scene centres around Brunt and the people sitting beside him whilst various conversations happen across the large table)

Vernie- (weird but loyal, a strange voice that squeals and he seems out of place in his trumpy cheap robe that does nothing to resemble a suit) what have you got?

(Long pause)

Vernie- Brunt, what have you got?

Brunt- If I told you that... then it wouldn't be a fucking game would it?!

Vernie- I'm out, you can tell me?

Brunt- Just let it go, you can see when I win!

Vernie- What if you don't?

Brunt- (laughs) Vernie, I always fucking win!

Jude- (Strong large man, he shares a similar moustache to Brunt but not the same harsh personality) what about the other day?

Brunt- What happened the other day I wasn't watching?

Jude- You lost!

Brunt- Oh well like I said I wasn't watching... who gives a fuck!?

Vernie- Where's the boy?

Brunt- He's in his room, why?

Vernie- I just thought he was gonna come down and you know... be one of the men!

Brunt- No, he will soon, he'll learn one day! However as the days go on I do fear that he isn't living up to his billing

Jude- Will he though... I mean he doesn't seem to care about joining in with us?

Brunt- No, his father was the same at his age, he grew into it you know, his childish horse riding phase was embarrassing, yet he was changing his ways, he was becoming like me... it's a shame, but I swear he was!

Vernie- Still can't believe his father was shot!

Brunt- I know his mother likewise... must be hard for the kid, it'll take him a while to get over such tragedy... But I'm helping both get over them and grow into the man he is meant to be... Brin chose him

Jude- Do you think he might-

(Long pause)

Brunt- Go on you started Jude, you may as well finish...

Jude- He might try a Farmer boy phase like his old man?

(Brunt throws his wine at Jude and Jude looks down upset but accepts his punishment)

Brunt- What is the rule?

Vernie- I'm sure he's sorry Brunt!

Brunt- No he's a big man, he can fight his own battles... what is the fucking rule... when you're in this house... this mansion of mine... the four walls I built from scratch, what is the fucking rule?

Jude- I'm sorry... I should hold my tongue and think before I speak!

Brunt- You're DAMN RIGHT YOU SHOULD!

(Everyone stops talking and turns to the top of the table)

Brunt- OUR SOVEREIGN, OUR MAIN SOVEREIGN IS HAVING HIS BRITHDAY CELEBRATIONS NO MORE, no more THAN 300 FEET UP THE ROAD... you mention a Farmer boy again in this house Jude... you know what will happen?

Jude- I'm sorry...

Brunt- Sorry wont swerve the bullet away from your face... will it? WILL IT? Farmer boy... there animals, the lot of them, they have no place being mentioned here, not after they poisoned my brother, Chul's father and his mother...

Jude- No... I won't mention them again!

Brunt- And to say my nephew, potentially could be like that, be one of them... a fucking FARMER BOY! I'm angry I'm not gonna lie to you!

Jude- I'm sorry!

Brunt- DON'T SAY FUCKING sorry... don't say it unless it comes from the heart... (Shouts down to the rest of the table) A FARMER BOY (Starts laughing slightly) HE CALLED MY NEPHEW A POTENTIAL FARMER BOY (everyone laughs as well as Jude who slowly cracks a smile) you sir, need some fucking help!

Vernie- He could always be an entertainer?!

Brunt- (laughs) Imagine he was one of them... at least he'd have slightly more dignity than a child on horseback... he could even be a peasant (they all laugh) can you imagine that shit... a peasant...

Jude- You could dress him up as a clown if he was an entertainer like Wvack!

Brunt- (laughs) Yeah... Wvack, what a desperate lucky son of a bitch he is ey... the fact that he could potentially be a fucking sovereign... not worth thinking about!

Jude- I went to the bookies the other day actually to have a bet on the Scruple... you know, little accumulator!

Brunt- You never win those things!

Vernie- That's not true my cousins wife, she won on the Scruple and she knows fuck all about it...

Jude- I through on some money and I saw special odds for Wvack to be the new sovereign... fuckin listen to this 5 to 1 on... basically this kid has got it in the bag, but of course then there is your nephew, he has a chance as well!

Brunt- Yeah I thought so, wonder when I'm gonna get an offer, I'm well liked, powerful... respectful!

(Man from the other side of the table speaks up)

Louis- (cool voice) but you ain't different are you... the one thing that Brin goes on about is change, he wants change... too many of these sovereign are power crazy, he wants someone who will be difference, change the way we live, stop the dispute between us parties... jack the lads like us, they want someone different, who isn't gonna solve problems with a gun... none of us are different... we are all just the same shit recycled... to be a sovereign Brunt, you need to change, but you just lead the pack of individuals who act the same as the generation before, and then before them!

Brunt- Listen pipe down Louis... I'm happy to be out of the fucking slams, I worked hard, and betrayed a few people to get to where I am now... I'm satisfied with my current position... truly I am

(Long pause)

Brunt- I'M BLESSED, I am blessed, we are all blessed

(Every man yells)

Men- Amman to that!

Vernie- (stands up coughing) Erm... gentlemen, the ladies are here with our dinner... show your appreciation for them by selecting one of them to take to bed tonight, just hands off the beautiful one I've got my eye on right now... enjoy your night, to Brin on what could be potentially his last ever birthday... a great sovereign, who gave us the freedom to do what we want to do! The man who gave us a world without rules, but a world we rule

Brunt- It's a lovely speech Vernie, not like you!

Jude- Yeah where did that come from?

Vernie- The heart Jude... the heart, just felt right

Brunt- (laughs) someone get me a gun so I can shoot this little guy, he's killing me!

(They are all laughing and then they are disturbed by a knock on the door and it slowly opens as everyone falls to silence and watches the door creak open)

(Chul Jobs, is a tall yet skinny smartly dressed young man with blue jeans and a swade jacket on with a bizarre multi-coloured shirt underneath, he wears these clothes often throughout. He has a deep voice and has a slight beard on his chin that resembles half a goatee)

Vernie- Erm, Brunt, what the fuck is he wearing?

Brunt- I have no idea don't look at me, I don't dress him... Chul, pleasure of you to join us!

Chul- Hi, I heard a lot of talk about me so I thought I'd come to see what you wanted...

Brunt- Someone's ears where burning weren't they?!

Chul- Just thought I'd check up on why you're talking about me if that's ok!

Brunt- Did your parent not show you what manners where before they died... Chul you do not, do not come into this room when we have company and interrupt in such a rude and unnecessary manner... dressed like that, I tell you this because I want you to learn...

Chul- I suppose I just wanted to know what you were saying about me, was it glowing reviews or what?!

Brunt- I think you need to know where you stand boy... sidestepping that, what are you wearing, come on (He stands up and walks outside with Chul and stands there in front of him with everyone in the room quietly listening in to their conversation)

(They both stand there with Brunt much taller than him it seems)

Brunt- You know I have been saying nothing but good about you tonight, I'm in a good mood, its Brin's birthday, potentially his last, a commiserating celebration... I've been saying that you could potentially become a sovereign if you tried, you come from a good background, healthy background, you are no, Farmer boy (angry) or

entitainer... like Wvack, (rolls his eyes) and you certainly are not a peasant... but you are different... so I look at you with hope... AND YOU WALK IN HERE... WITH THE ATTITUDE OF A FUCKING TRAIN WRECK... WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU WEARING HUH?!

(Chul goes to answer but is slapped in the face multiple times)

Brunt- ANSWER ME! Typical, the stupid little kid doesn't have an answer... yet he comes in to our celebration late because he's playing with his toys that daddy left him, upstairs... your daddy's dead, he ain't coming back, stop feeling sorry for yourself and grow into the sovereign that you could be... and stop wearing that shit... you fucking embarrass me and if you give me the same amount of shame and humiliation again then you will be out and left to dry with the Farmer boys and entitainers of this world... you understand?

Chul- (tears run down his cheek) Uncle Brunt... fuck you (He turns around and walks upstairs)

Brunt- I DO THIS FOR YOU! I want you to have a better future, I've raised you like my own son... and you speak to me LIKE THAT!

(Brunt walks back into the room and is approached by a woman waitress with his desert for him)

Brunt- Thank you Jai... sorry you all had to here that, thirty grown men listening to our conversation... I think you have some more growing up to do!

Vernie- I wouldn't push him too far brunt, it could blow up!

Brunt- The sooner something blows the better... we Wathes have only got one another, no one else lives in this world... only us... I need to leave something behind... my own kids didn't come, but that guy, Chul, he did... he came to me for a reason, I certainly hope he lives up to the reasons why I now guard him! Anyway as you all know, I'm visiting the sovereigns tomorrow... any questions that you wish for me to ask... political or anything... we need to change for the better future, not dwell on the past! Anybody?

CUT TO:

(Shows the three sovereigns of Wathes sitting there with a large empty hole window behind them and the sun shining brightly and looking very large and the heat of the world they live in dwelled by the air conditioning rumbling in the corner of the room)

(the three sovereign are in a row waiting behind a table for the appropriate person to enter the scene, Brin sits in the middle of the three as the oldest one, whilst to the left of Brin is Bill Byung (A bizarre man with a creepy voice and persona, he has a tattoo on his forehead of a sinister symbol in the Wathes world) and to the right of Brin is Sergey Gates (A man of passion and kindness compared to the other kings, he is a musical man who is very laidback compared to other sovereigns, his voice is very drowsy and speaks slowly and monotone))

(The three are talking amongst themselves with Brin looking almost fed up by the conversation and a knock is heard on the door)

Brin- Please enter!

(Wvack comes into the room)

Wvack- A Brunt is here to see you all!

Brin- Brunt... send him in!

Sergey- Please?!

Wvack- Yes absolutely sir!

(Wvack turns and aggressively orders Brunt)

Wvack- They will see you now!

(Brunt approaches the sovereigns slowly)

(Awkward silence)

Sergey- Hello Brunt!

Brunt- Sovereigns... pleasure (he bows to them)

Brin- Why have you come to our presence wearing colour?

Brunt- Sorry sir?

Brin- The handkerchief... its red... you are a man who only wears black... a rich man, or are you an entitainer... is there something you are not telling us, Verpo's these days, they confuse me?

Brunt- No sir, I'll get rid of it immediately...

Bill- I think you need to be careful next time... as one of the main men in this world you must follow the simple orders... it's really not difficult to wear the clothes we order is it for a man of your prestigious self!

Brunt- No, I can only apologise...

Brin- You know, when you say get rid of it immediately... what do you think the word immediately means... are you not speaking literally?

Brunt- Sorry sir (he removes the handkerchief) where should I put it?

(Brin tiredly pokes Sergey)

Sergey- Oh yes... just give it to me!

Brunt- Yes sir, here you are! (Places the handkerchief in his hand and Sergey places it under his desk)

Sergey- Now that you have been interrogated and made to feel unwelcome, I can only apologise for that, please discuss what you were going to when you entered the room!

Brunt- Seriously sir, it was no bother. What Brin wants, Brin gets, its fine... I was just going to-

Bill- What do you mean what Brin wants, Brin gets?

Brunt- I meant no disrespect!

Brin- Bill... leave it-

Bill- Yes fine!

Brunt- I'm sorry... now as you know... I am highly thought off amongst the upper class suited men of Wathes... I gain a lot of respect and people voice their opinions at me, so I can pass them on to you!

Sergey- And a fine job you do as our main minister... our spokesman... what queries do you have?

Brunt- Talking to Vernie, you know who Vernie is?

Brin- No but continue!

Brunt- He thinks that the decision on the next sovereign should be released earlier than when you are planning on releasing the information, I don't agree with him, but it's just one opinion!

Bill- How dare he question our way of working... it's an important decision... what's his name Vernie... where does he live?

Sergey- I agree with the Brunt, Bill... we should release the information earlier... were leaving our men beneath us down by not sharing important information... I mean the peasants need not to know... but the entitainers and suits do!

Brin- The pair of you please... first of all we can't give any information unfortunately... we are no closer to knowing who the new sovereign will be, whoever it will be though, I can tell you will follow Sergey's orders, he is the my main replacement at the top... it could be a peasant for all we know... it has to be a natural fit... Wvack is trying hard, but I don't know whether a clown can lead our great world in the future, I'm still deciding... but Bill people can voice opinions as much as they want... you know more than anyone it's about change... for the better! Any other questions Brunt, I'm sure you didn't walk all the way up the road to ask just that?

Brunt- Yeah... it's about my district... you see... my Erm... my district is weak... I was hoping to maybe increase the size of it... I feel that 1200 men isn't enough... we need more... otherwise people see each other as threats... and we need togetherness... otherwise the Farmer boys and entertainers will start to grow as a force... we can't allow that!

Bill- Grow as a force... they'll never be a force... they haven't got guns like you have... the mentality that you have... you men won't allow them will you... surely?

Brunt- I don't know... I can't guarantee anything anymore my sovereigns, even women appear to be growing more of a knowledge on their rights in this world!

Sergey- What does that mean?

Brin- It means that change is an inevitability... we cannot pretend this isn't going to happen, eventually something will happen... what our good friend Mr Brunt is

trying to say is he needs more support from us, Brunt what you're saying to us, is you are weak... weaker than we give you credit for... you've made it to the top, but you fear that the future will see you hit rock bottom, all I can say is, do not worry... you will not become a peasant, like Bill said you have a different mentality, a rich mentality... a surviving mentality... this is important-

Brunt- Thank you Brin sir!

Brin- But all you men in suited robes are the same!

Sergey- Nice bit of reassurance there... what about the horseback men and entitainers... how strong are they growing?

Brunt- Well those Farmer boys... I don't care to look, but the Entitainers... we can see Wvack is the favourite to take over as a new Sovereign... they are growing as a force, when the only sovereigns in the past have been of our rich heritage, the suited robes of Wathes... what happens when he takes over and allows his clowns to take control...

Sergey- I can see why you would be concerned!

Brin- Do not worry about Wvack, he was raised by our kind, he knows what we expect from a sovereign... and there is no guarantee he is going to be a sovereign... don't worry... and who says we can't connect as one, be together?! All of us?!

Brunt-Because there are no rules that say we have to get along, only hierarchy!

Bill- Any more concerns Brunt... our minister?

Brunt- No Bill... no more queries my sovereigns! Thank you! (He starts to walk out)

(He is then stopped by a question from Brin)

Brin- How is the boy?

Brunt- Learning!

Bill- That's a lie... why do you lie?

Brunt- What?

Bill- We know that Chul is not learning, he is rebelling... and it's because of you Brunt!

Brunt- Listen with respect my sovereigns, Chul Jobs is my biggest priority... he's all I live for!

Sergey- I believe he is struggling to adapt to your way of living!

Brunt- Yeah well his father was a horseback ruler... he chose his way in life... like I chose mine... it takes a lot of work to change one from a Farmer boy mentality to a man like me... he never wears robes, he never once sat there and listened to our meetings, he shows little interest... he's never used his aggressive manner that I now, and you all know his father and I are famous for... he trots around like a man in heels... you can't change who he is, I've tried, but it doesn't mean I will give up on him

Brin- You say you have tried everything?

Brunt- I've tried most techniques... I did everything you asked me to do... I even asked THEM how to change him... they wouldn't answer!

Brin- You mean they refused to talk! Why would they speak with men who threaten their lives whenever they ask a favour?

Brunt- Yes I suppose you're correct!

Bill- He's always correct, we are always correct

Sergey- That's a serious allegation Brunt are you sure, are you sure you tried your hardest with the horseback men? (Trying to get him to change his answer)

Brunt- yes!

Bill- Well we'll deal with them in the appropriate manner wont we!?

Brunt- How?

Bill- What are you, our minister in a suit, or a fucking peasant lost in a high up position in some robe!?

Brunt- Like I said I'm trying, just please... I'm begging you just let me keep working on him?!

Brin- He's a good kid... Chul Jobs... his father, your brother... he had his own beliefs and he stuck to them... I believe this kid could go a long way as a suited Verpo... but you need to try harder with him... he has good blood please?

Brunt- Yes sir... thank you again!

Sergey- Good luck

Bill- Yeah it's time to get tough Brunt!

(Wvack opens the door for Brunt)

Wvack- Yeah time to get tough (bragging)

(Brunt pulls out a gun on Wvack and Wvack cowers away slightly)

Brunt- (laughs) How's that for getting tough, fucking entertainer... clown! Scum!

(Brunt walks out and Wvack nervously laughs and looks at the sovereigns who looks disappointed)

CUT TO:

(Shows Brunt walking into a large car, a large convertible that's black like all the cars in Wathes. As he drives off the camera zooms completely out of Wathes showing the world with blatant differences in ways of living, there are hills with tents all over it and many horses grazing. Whilst in another part there are slums and rubbish disposed by the upper classes, the Horseback men, entertainers and Suited Robed Verpo's. The Entertainers live in massive tent like buildings, smaller than those of the gangsters shown earlier in the film but still satisfactory

enough, bigger than an average circus tent, and they are painted exuberant colours that shine out when Wathes is looked at from a far)

(The camera then moves a long distance away to a cliff edge with no sign of life near is as the desert of sand becomes a desert of snow and the snow decreases slowly to become ice as the camera moves further an further down the cliff edge to another place of civilization hundreds of miles down the cliff side at the very bottom)

(This is the land of the Shivers, everyone lives in Igloos and everyone who lives in Shivers Igloo area is rich and female, the males are exiled to the four large mountains around the vicinity of rich females. The scene zooms in on a woman standing at a podium overlooking thousands of women in the freezing conditions, all well dressed and warm and all of which white as are the men, similar to how the whole of Wathes are black Verpos)

(The woman at the front is a spokeswoman for the Queens who hardly ever make speeches)

(The woman is called Yaho)

Yaho- Hello fellow Verpo's... welcome to our daily meeting in the early morning of Shiver... as you all know the queens will not be attending this speech today, but they will soon-

Woman- You said that weeks ago!

(The women start to gossip)

Yaho- I only say what I'm told to represent to you all... I'm sorry... now this is a meeting to basically lay down the rules flat out for you all again, because some of you seem to think that going up into those four mountains (points them out and everyone looks around) and having sex with men and reproducing is perfectly normal and natural... it is certainly no longer natural in this world... and you know all this... think of the diseases that could kill us off as a race, thanks to those men... the queens want to know... how it is then... that despite the sovereigns ruling, we are still finding and sentencing women to death for performing this wrongful act? You know the rules... please don't let us kill more of our own, because of ill advised decisions!

(Women gossip again)

Yaho- Now why any of you are treading into the mountains is beyond me, you know the danger men cause to us women, they have a history... let's not allow this historic evil way of living let loose again... Of course as you now surely know... many large viruses live in those mountains too. And the frozen lakes around them... pure evil in all kinds of shapes and sizes... let's not lose more of our kind to this evil... thank you, that is all now please... enjoy the rest of your day whether you be working, building, relaxing or enjoying... just remember who the sovereigns where who gave you this freedom!

(Woman in crowd talks to the person next to her as Yaho stands miles away on the podium)

Woman- What freedom? (All the women are well dressed and warm and all Verpo's in Shiver are white)

Woman#2- Exactly!

(Yaho turns back to see her best friend Haim, a beautiful, elegant white woman with bizarrely uncommon blonde hair and large blue eyes)

Yaho- Hi Haim- didn't realise you were watching?

Haim- yeah I never tend to miss your speeches... I'm proud of how far you have come, I'm just so full of envy for what you have achieved!

Yaho- I know... its good... but I kind of wish I was down there sometimes, I feel like the other Verpo's, the other women tend to try and undermine me, they have to realise my opinion couldn't be any more different...

Haim- How different? I feel that the Queens opinions on how to make us a stronger race is more or less spot on!

Yaho- Oh come on... everyone knows, even me, that the ideology behind these two witches idea of freedom is sickening... and between you and me... I always have sex with men!

Haim- Oh Yaho... I know all that... I see you kissing men more often that you do speeches!

Yaho- To be fair I don't always do speeches... I do share it with 6 other women! But I do kiss a lot... especially in the mountains; you can get a boy to do anything for you up there...

Haim- I don't get why you would risk all you've achieved for a small fling with a man

Yaho- Everybody else does it, why can't I join in, I was always so focused on becoming a spokeswoman like my mother that I never truly bent rules and enjoyed myself!

Haim- But it's hypocritical and like you just made clear in your speech its potentially death!

Yaho- For having sex... its certainly should not be the death penalty... forced to drown with the viruses... it's not my idea of justice... is it yours?

Haim- Well no of course not... but I would never have sex with a man, and so never suffer that punishment!

Yaho- Again?!

Haim- Excuse me?

Yaho- Again, you'd never sex with a man... *again!*, is that not what you mean?

Haim- Please... Yaho, you may want to talk a big game behind closed doors but I for one am too nervous to speak anything of that sort... the queens could be listening!

Yaho- If the sovereigns where listening right now... I'd be dead already... trust me, I see deaths happens at the click of a finger at times... it isn't pleasant... how's your new job anyway?

Haim- Unrewarding, dissatisfying, to say the least, shall I go on?

Yaho- No I can't imagine there is much satisfaction in building igloos for unwanted children!

Haim- Unwanted... no the children are wanted... but the sovereigns don't allow us to keep our children... you should know that, you're a spokeswoman!

Yaho- Oh yeah, well its flexible, you are allowed to keep them, the sovereigns told me, it's a flexible rule depending on the situation, also if they are all male then why are you bothering to help them, they all end up in the mountains

Haim- Is that what they say is it?

Yaho- Erm, yeah, that's the truth!

(Haim whispers)

Haim- Between you and me... no, if you keep your offspring, a snitch will tell and then so called justice will be done in another way... you never hear of families who have more than one child! The child always has to be a girl, so if you have a son, they get killed... most likely, may as well give them a good time whilst they are alive

Yaho- I never hear of families anymore! But I suppose we better make the most of the life WE have been given, we get treated well... it's great to be a female in this world

Haim- Well that's because the sovereigns have declared that any male who has more than one child with a woman is to be killed immediately and the second child also!

Bet- (Appears from the shadows of the room) that's rubbish?

Haim- How, that's what I heard?

Bet- They don't just kill the second born anymore, they kill all new-borns... why wouldn't they... allow a potential baby to grow and rise against their dominance over us!

Yaho- How would you know Bet your same age as us?

Bet- I'm a spokeswoman!

Yaho- So am I?

Bet- Well I was told that, and have you realised that kids are very quickly becoming older and older... we were lucky... so we were... very lucky!

Haim- This talk of a lack of future for us all scares me, who's going to take on our names and history?

Yaho- You never want sex anyway... you're just frigid!

Haim- I am not frigid... I just don't see the point in risking my life...

Yaho- Come the mountains tonight, find the man of your dreams and have a baby with him... its simple science!

Haim- No... what's the point my baby would get killed and so would the man of my dreams, if such a things exists!

Bet- Why not.... We're all going!

Haim- Its illegal for a reason and it is not something I wish to partake in!

Bet- You can't make sex illegal forever...

Haim- What about with other women?

Yaho- You know you can't... the sovereigns see that as a sign of weakness, they oppose all homosexuality...

Bet- See its disgusting... what are we supposed to do... rot and never do what's most natural?

Haim- Well you two have fun up in the mountains on your own picking your escorts... I'm going to go home and read in my nice warm igloo with my mother, and enjoy a night in, because I can, and others can't unfortunately, and that is the way of the world, so let's make the most of our blessings!

Bet- Read... in this weather... its above freezing... come out and enjoy yourself!

Haim- No!

Yaho- Suit yourself... but everyone's going... everyone!

Haim- I wouldn't be invited anyway... I'm not one of the spokeswomen!

Yaho- What and you think where liked do you... all we get is abuse by females, but up there we're gods... especially to the men when we use our charm... come on, what do you say?

Haim- No... and that's final

CUT TO:

(Shows the mountain in the background as Haim looks out at them in awe and reads her book looking through the pane of ice)

(She looks upset and suddenly starts feeling unwell an throws up outside of her igloo)

(She looks up at the stars confused by what has happened and why she has become ill)

CUT TO: Wathes

(The scene is back in Wathes, it is easy to tell the difference, whilst one is dark and white, the other, Wathes is a yellow, orangey world of sand and the sun shining bright instead of the moon of Shivers)

(It shows many Verpo's (humans) dressed in similar gear to that of what Chul was wearing earlier, Farmer boyesque clothes. No matter what age they are all dressed uniformly, except for the women and girls who are dressed in rags and never tend to leave the houses, or for the Farmer boys, the barns. The females are very much domesticated like old fashioned wives)

(The scene concentrates on one family in particular who seems to be the most domineering family)

(A wife and two kids, and the man is apparent to be the main Farmer boy who everyone seems to look up to in the scene at least)

Cindy- (Wife) Where's your hat?

(As Victor goes to leave his barn for a gathering with his fellow Farmer boys at the saloon)

Victor- Oh my, your absolutely right... oh and my badge?

Cindy- Do I have to get it again for you? (With a smile)

Victor- No... I'll get it you relax Cindy... take it easy... (Kisses her)

Lisha- I'll get it dad!

Victor- Lisha... don't its ok!

(Lisha is a young 7 year old girl)

Lisha- But I want to

Victor- You don't know where my badge is though

Lisha- But I can get your hat!

Victor- You can get my hat... so I'll tell you what I'll do...

Lisha- What?

Victor- I'll race you up those stairs right there... in three... two

(Long pause)

Victor- One!

(Victor walks up behind an excited crawling Lisha as she belts it up the stairs)

(Cindy looks on with a righteous smile)

Victor- Slow down you're going too fast! (Appeasing her race)

(Lisha runs into his room to get his hat and Victor notices as he retrieves his badge from high up on the cabinet, his son standing in the doorway of the bathroom looking down and upset)

Victor- Champ... what's the matter?

Champ- What oh hey dad!

Victor- What's wrong with my little man, you've been down for days!

Champ- I'm ok

Victor- Is it because I'm promoted... is that what it is... I lead a bunch on horseback... you don't have to worry champ... I ain't leading them to war or anything!

Champ- I know... but yeah it kind of is that... dad I'm nervous for you... I mean does this mean you're a sovereign now?

Victor- (laughs hysterically) A sovereign... no of course not... a sovereign. Do you know what a sovereign is?

Champ- Someone who leads our world... don't you technically lead ours, I've heard Verpo's get obsessed with the power and it can turn even the most delightful person evil!

Victor- Champ... I do have more power... but only over our neck of the woods... a sovereign is two maybe three tiers above me at the moment... one of us can't be a sovereign... it's not allowed... we just don't suit the role, they're evil... and we are survivors... that's the difference, we differ too much

Champ- What are you then?

Victor- You could say the opposite to a sovereign, I've lived my whole life building up against the way the world works... Wathes have lived like this for too long... sovereign, three normal Verpo's dictating our lives because they have the god damn Verpo gangs protecting them all!

Champ- So are you about revolution then?

Victor- Where did you learn that word?

Champ- just overheard it one day and learnt it!

Victor- I forget how old you are sometimes... How experienced

Lisha- Found the hat dad...

Victor- Hey I found the badge! Come on then, see me out... I have to get this little thing sewn on!

Champ- So dad, you're not a sovereign then?!

Victor- What did I tell you... we can't be sovereigns... it doesn't work like that, we oppose everything a sovereign stands for, only those Suited heartless Verpo's can become sovereigns, and the clown who jesters for them!

Champ- Can a Suited Verpo become a Farmer boy like us!

Victor- Yes son... they can become a Sandman, don't call ourselves Farmer boys... we're more than that, our identity is Sandmen... but god why should they... if they become poorer and less respected then yeah they can join us... but we ain't too high son, not on the food chain... to say the least... you never tend to get a man leave the suited Verpo's for anybody... we just have to excuse there evil! see you later anyway kids!

Champ- Bye dad...

Victor- You happier now... me and Champ had a little talk!

Cindy- What about?

Victor- Big boys stuff... Bye Lisha... bye honey

Lisha- Bye daddy!

Cindy- Bye sweetie... have a good first day with that finally sewn on... you wearing it tonight!

Victor- If you're lucky I'll be home tonight!

Cindy- Hope so president sandman, just don't go shooting anybody or starting conflict now... it's not worth it

Victor- I aim to bring only peace as you know

(The both laugh and kiss and the two kids look away and Victor walks off and gets on his horse and rides off into the bright sunset)

CUT TO:

(Shows in the evening with the noise of roars in the distance which are seen as normal nightly noises in Wathes, a saloon like bar, called Smokes, around 7 or 8 horses are tied up outside the bar)

(Inside Smokes Victor sits there being spoken to by an old man who is wearing the same clothes as the other 20 men in the bar served by a woman behind the counter)

Jim- This is an official sign that you are taking over my mantle as the leader in our revolt against the sovereigns if you so wish... I hereby declare I am hanging up my boots and that Victor will lead our party of brave men... show your appreciation please!

Victor- Thank you (everyone stands up and claps and shoots their guns in the airs)

(The guns are 8 bullet revolvers)

Victor- Seriously... (talking over the shots) this is an honour... my family are so proud, it is me who should be proud... my son is growing to believe the same as us... that we are more than just sandmen... or FARMER BOYS... we are Verpo's, we are all our own sovereigns, and with my help... we will become equal in this world again, not through war, but through adventure, cooperation and respectful agreements!

Man- You do realise you're talking about the Sovereigns here and the Suited robes with guns!?

Victor- yes, I know it won't be easy... but there is a chance... never let anyone or any event allow us to change our mind-set, as it is the only way we as a party can progress...

(Whilst he talks a man called Herman sneaks into the back of the bar in rags and the smell catches the nose of a few people who look around and stare at him with a look of disapproval)

Victor- I hope to continue the great work started by this beautiful man, thank you Jim... we are special men, together, we are nothing alone! Together we are all Verpo's!

(Everyone cheers)

(Jim just smiles as he looks up to Victor)

Victor- Now let's just drink for the last night for tomorrow we begin our assault on the Sovereigns, and our political slurs become tangible answers to our poverty like state!

(Herman laughs to himself at the back)

(Everyone celebrates and drinks their black beer, flat looking and thick they drink in large gulps like a milkshake)

(They all dance on tables and Herman remains in the same position this time sitting down on the chair at the back away from everyone else)

(Victor walks up to Herman after much whispering and unknown discussion with two or three fellow Sandmen in the bar)

Victor- Hi... mind if I take a seat?

Herman- Don't get too close... your nose might run off...

Victor- You give off a scent I'll give you that!

Herman- Well you should all know... its Verpo's like you who have done this to me!

Victor- I'm newly employed as the leader of these men... I'm not the reason you are in rags... I presume you are-

Herman- A peasant... yeah... how'd you guess?

Victor- the teeth (laughs) I'm just kidding, it's a joke!

Herman- I know I get jokes... I'm not an idiot, despite what the rumours are, we know what left and right is!

Victor- Funny (laughs to himself) Why are you here?

Herman- I was just exploring...

Victor- You type like exploring don't you?

Herman- We get by... gets boring sleeping all day as its all you can do

Victor- yet you never truly explore... you know of us, you communicate a lot with entertainers who dominate you, make you feel small... but you don't explore anywhere else beyond that point... you live by the coast... and you don't truly live up to your stereotype do you... and sometimes that isn't a good thing... I admire the discovery

side of your kind, and you deserve more respect than you get! Especially you, considering how far you have come to drink here

Herman- thanks, we deserve shelter, and clothes, food... we deserve for our wives to not have to live fighting for food for us, we should provide it for our children!

Victor- Do you have kids?

Herman- No!

Victor- How do you know, if you don't mind?

Herman- I have a little brother!

Victor- What his name? (Gestures at one of his sandmen to give him a gun and he takes it off one of his men)

Herman- Roudersoul!

Victor- Beautiful name!

Herman- What are doing with that?

Victor- Nothing... but what you're going to do, is take it! (Gives him the gun) take it back to where you belong... one day you will belong here, believe me I'm fighting for equality... across us all... it's not going to be easy... but helping you on my first day isn't a bad start is it hey!

Herman- You're too nice... nice people get nowhere! You're the best of a bad bunch (smiles)

Victor- I'm hoping that change will be upon us soon... this world can't get any worse... it may as well get better mightn't, can't go on like this, full of hatred!?

Herman- Thank you

Victor- No thank you... for exploring... that gives you people a real identity... otherwise, pardon me for saying you are just peasants!

Herman- I don't want my little brother to live that way!

Victor- Well teach him... teach him to rise above all this... did you hear my speech... it was my first one so it wasn't too good, but I got my point across!

Herman- I heard the end... you should be proud! But don't feel sorry for yourselves so much, life for you lot ain't too bad

Victor- Thank you... now before you go... care for a pint of Grealish (points at his pint of black beer)

Herman- What is it?

Victor- Alcohol... with water... and lots of other herbs and spices... its lovely, beautiful drink... but as for the ingredients, no offence but I can't tell anyone other than Sandmen just yet!

Herman- What are sandmen?

Victor- Oh sorry, you call us Farmer boys even we have never ridden a cow before, don't you... apologies!

(A car pulls up outside, black and representing the suited Verpo's pulling up and the four men, including Wvack, walk out slowly and look upon the bar)

Victor- Herman, If there's one thing apart from that gun you should take from this daring trip to our part of this world, it is the satisfactory sip of this drink now everyone, EVERYONE!

(Everyone turns around to watch Herman drink his first sip)

Victor- Watch!

(He takes his sip)

Herman- (he pulls the glass away after the sip and breaths a massive approval like sigh) that's some tasty-

(A slam is heard as the doors are slammed open by the Verpo in suits and Wvack walks in with a mini gun and fires down the whole place hitting most of the people in the bar, some fight back and one suited Verpo is killed but only one, and the Farmer boys suffer a heavy loss due to the sheer power of the artillery at the Suited Verpo's disposal)

Wvack- Where's the main man! Where are you, fucking Farmer boy! Come on men (the gangsters follow behind him) Speak up!

Jim- I am the main man! (Lying there with blood down his face)

Wvack- Oh we have a winner... hello there (grabs the man's face) want me to wipe the blood away? Here you go (He wipes it away and puts a gun in his face) Now I've been sent here by-

Victor- get your hands off him!

Wvack- Oh hello... didn't notice you there, you were behind the door, no guns?

Victor- No!

Wvack- Hands in the air? Well this is easy... shoot him boys!

(No one does anything)

Wvack- I said shoot him boys, not my orders... the sovereigns!

(still unmoved)

Wvack- Oh for fuck sake, I suppose this is why I'm going to be the next sovereign then isn't it... I'm the only one who uses his fucking initiative around here... pardon the language (laughs)

(Wvack shoots Victor in the chest)

Suit- What about the tramp?

Wvack- Tramp?

Suit- Yeah the Peasant?

Wvack- Don't know what he's doing here, what you doing here you rat?

(Victor is moving slightly)

Herman- I was just leaving!

Wvack- Good, well piss off then, there's nothing to see here anymore that concerns someone of your intelligence...

(Herman stays)

Wvack- Did you not hear me? Take one of those fucking horses outside and get the fuck away from here now, NOW! (He faces a gun at him to scare him away)

(Herman runs out and rides a horse to safety with a gun still in his pocket)

Victor- Why you doing this?

Wvack- There's a young man, in rich town, where we all live... just below the sovereign's palaces... I actually live in the palace being a future sovereign myself... but this young man is the nephew of one of our main ministers... and he has fallen to your pathetic way of living, or so it would seem, I want your boss here to tell me how we can stop him-

Victor- (laughs) it's not a choice!

Jim- It's the way he wants to be... you can't change that!

Wvack- but we will... mark my words... Brunt will not allow his nephew... to become a Farmer boy like you!

Victor- Or an entitainer (smiles) cause that would be the worst!

Wvack- Entitainer... never heard of it!

Victor- it's who you are... its why you'll never really be a sovereign, you've been lied to!

Wvack- You better watch your mouth...

Victor- Why, are you going to kill another innocent man?

Wvack- Questioning my authority... I think that's very guilty if you ask me (He shoots him dead) Now then Jim was it? You're coming with us! (He puts a sheet over his head and the scene ends)

CUT TO:

(Chul is in his room with various links to the suited Verpo's on his wall but under his bed he looks at toy horses and a rodeo hat, similar to that of what Farmer boys wear)

(Chul looks up angrily at the suited Verpo in the poster and rips the poster down and as he does it a knock is heard on his bedroom door and he quickly hides the ripped remains near his Farmer boy like possessions under the bed)

Chul- What do you want?

Brunt- Unlock the fucking door!

Chul- It depends what you want?

Brunt- I just wanna talk, uncle to nephew... come on Chul let me in, I've got a surprise for you!

Chul- I'm not a kid... go away!

(Brunt shoots the lock of the door and walks in anyway)

Brunt- You need to watch that tongue... now sit down on the bed!

Chul- You're insane!

(Chul sits down as he backs away)

Brunt- what's this? (Sees the ripped poster) oh I see!

Chul- It was an accident!

Brunt- Bet it was... I BET IT WAS (he points the gun at his mouth and puts the gun inside his mouth) you think you're so fucking clever... not abiding the rules... what you are is an embarrassment, to me!

Chul- Please (talking through the gun)

Brunt- What?

Chul- Please?

Brunt- I can't hear you... (He pulls the gun out and Chul looks petrified) stop looking so scared... it's how your father looked most of the time, and look where that got him!

Chul- Don't say that about him! (Upset)

Brunt- I'm sorry I shouldn't of... you see what happens though when you show some force and power... you scare people, and people do as you say... that's how the sovereigns gain so much respect... they don't hold back, but they strategically use force to get to where they want to be!

Chul- I don't care about power... I really don't, I just want to enjoy my life... and living here with you, having to do everything you tell me to do, it's not enjoyable... I want to be someone else... I want to be a Farmer boy! I wanna be a member of the horsebacks

(Brunt laughs to himself and stares at him)

Brunt- Do you even realise how much effort I put into you... when you were young, because I knew you had potential to be a sovereign, your father had the potential you had... more than me, but he chose the weak life, he felt like women were more respected in the life he chose... here their slaves... he used to always say it...he stud up... did your dad, he was different, didn't follow normal code... hence why when he was offered to be a sovereign... he said no (laughs), he was too different... I

just don't want you to be the same, this world is ready for change, the rich are gonna get richer, the peasants are gonna get poorer... and that's the way we want the change to happen, the sovereigns become more powerful and we Suited Verpo's become powerful likewise! You just don't realise how lucky you are to be born into the life you could lead!

Chul- My father sounded like a man who cared!

Brunt- He was a good brother... taken away from us by evil... by Farmer boys!

Chul- They wouldn't do that!

Brunt- Chul you have known this since the day they were killed, these Farmer boys, hunted down and killed your father and your mother! And you wanna become them?! Think what your parents would say

(Long pause)

AND YOU WANT TO BE A PART OF THAT?

Chul- I don't know what I want to be... I never have, who ever does? I always thought I could be an entertainer!

Brunt- You're born into the life you live, you're not a clown... look at you... you're a sovereign... you're royalty, embrace it!

(Brunt stands up and starts to walk out)

Brunt- Now take that shit off and put a suit on... grow into a man, stop being a child, a sinner...

Chul- I can't!

Brunt- Ever used one of these before, I bet you haven't?!

(Shows him his gun and lets him use it)

Chul- They're heavy!

Brunt- Keep it... explore with it, feel it and soon enough you will use it and when you use it, you will have made up your mind on what you want to be... don't disappoint me!

CUT TO:

(Shows Chul leave his house and Brunt is in the kitchen with a few of the men he was friends with from before discussing the sovereigns with respect)

Brunt- I told the boy, I spoke to him... it won't be too long now, trust me!

CUT TO:

(Chul is walking through the large gates that surround the small colony of suited Verpo's, there are many other colonies of suited Verpo's but they are miles away and Chul just walks seemingly into the sunset on a large sand filled desert with large birds covering the sun they fly over it)

CUT TO:

(Late at night with the sound of crickets in the desert area with slums all around and desperate peasants everywhere looking for money or food with flies circling everywhere)

(Herman rides up quietly on his horse and the fellow peasants look on in amazement)

Jug- A horse... a horse!?

Herman- (tells him to keep down informally)

Jug- How?

Herman- I took a risk and I also got one of these (shows him his gun)

Jug- (laughs) holy shit... you hit the jackpot, where did you get them?

Herman- a bunch of Farmer boys in a shoot-out... and I ended up with all their stuff

Jug- You had a shoot-out and won with Farmer boys?

Herman- Yeah, pretty damn impressive yeah

Jug- its good... are you keeping the gun?

Herman- If by that question you're suggesting I'm giving it to you, then you are mistaken... I'm giving it to Roudersoul!

Jug- He's a sleep!

Herman- Well I'll just have to wake him up then wont I? (Smiles)

Jug- Don't disturb him... he needs his sleep!

Herman- Why do you care Jug... shouldn't you be a sleep old man?

Jug- Don't be rude... little shit ball!

Herman- I'll be as rude as I want, I got myself a horse!

Jug- Who says the horse is a loyal one... hey?

Herman- Jug go to sleep...

Jug- Let me in your slum!

Herman- No... I'm letting Roudersoul share a bed with you!

Jug- You think I'm ill don't you?

Herman- You are ill... I can see the drips from your nose... don't want my little brother being infected with anything, and especially word of poison... from your son!

Jug- My son is a fine boy... and my daughter is the perfect partner for Roudersoul... you know it too!

Herman- Don't know... maybe she is... can she clean, can she cook?

Jug- You know you are unbelievable... you the bottom of the bottom and you can't let Roudersoul enjoy his life... you're too clingy...

Herman- I'm not too clingy... I want my little brother to be safe no matter what... its being protective!

Jug- Overprotective!

Herman- Oh what do you know anyway!?

Jug- I know because I have experience!

Herman- Fine whatever I'm going!

(He walks off into his curtain covered slum)

(He walks over slowly to Roudersoul and strokes his hair, Roudersoul is a teenage boy with a bowl headed cut and massive brown eyes, and like everyone else in Wathes he is black)

Herman- Mum and dad would be proud of you kid... (He gets the gun out and places it on his bed side table that is higher than his bed he is lying on) I'm gonna teach you the world that mum and dad can't now... sleep well (Herman just walks outside and looks up at the night sky)

Jug- What are you doing Herman?

Herman- I'm thinking about what you said... me being overprotective... its time I let him explore the world like I do... Wathes is a massive place... and he's only seen this place... a couple of slums and your ugly mutt!

Jug- Not very nice... but I agree show him the rest of this place...

Herman- I'm gonna teach him about the stars and let him dream a little... don't want him to be a peasant like me for his whole life...

Jug- Or me... I wish I had a big brother like you Herman... I know, I know I give you stick, but you are good to him!

Herman- Thanks, means a lot (He continues to look at the stars and half smiles)

CUT TO:

(Shows the sun shining bright as always in the morning as it rises and Roudersoul is awakened by the shining light through the curtain of the slum that point directly in his eyes)

(He wakes up lethargically and tries to sleep again but ends up just waking up and wipes the flies off him and sees his gun beside where he is lying down)

(He grabs the gun and looks at it in amazement and strokes it and then places it in his pillow underneath his head where he is lying down still)

(He looks over his shoulder to see Herman sleeping beside him peacefully before opening his eyes slowly and smiling before closing them again and rolling around to sleep some more)

(Roudersoul then gets up and walks outside to see the sun rise and Jug is sitting there still watching him move)

(Roudersoul takes a seat on the sand and just watches it rise and looks back to Jug, smiles, and then turns back to see the sun again as the large birds fly over past it shadowing the sun)

Jug- You know you can go blind staring at that thing for too long?

Roudersoul- I know... sometimes I think it would be worth it so you can take on the sun, stare right into its very soul!

Jug- Certainly not I'll give you that!

Roudersoul- What do you think it is?

Jug- The sun... who cares... it's just a big yellow ball in the sky, don't mean nothing...

Roudersoul- There has to be more to it than that!

Jug- What do you mean?

Roudersoul- Well... why do we even call it the sun?

Jug- Beats me... just a name, a simple, straightforward name... why do we have names?

Roudersoul- Because we got them off our parents!

Jug- Well maybe we just thought the sun sounded right!

Roudersoul- Wouldn't you like to find out how we came to naming it the sun, instead of just finding simple excuses for its origin?

Jug- Don't be rude, I'm older than you... your future father in law!

Roudersoul- I wasn't being rude... it was a genuine question!

Jug- Oh well in that case I apologise...

Roudersoul- And also... I don't think I'm ready to have a girlfriend yet!

Jug- Of course you're not, it was a joke... you're a kid... you don't even know what true love is yet!

Roudersoul- Well... I will do though!

Jug- Oh you will in good time!

Herman- He'll learn what in good time?

Jug- Oh hi Herman, just saying to the boy here, he'll know what true love is one day wont he, but not yet!

Herman- Oh yeah, don't be drumming true love mush into his head... he's a 11 year old kid...

Jug- I know... he couldn't feed a family!

Herman- Hey my family are fighters we can make it on our own... like us two have!

Jug- You have... you both have!

Herman- Besides where are your kids? (Nicely)

Jug- Behind me (in the tent behind)

Herman- Oh you on duty... I was wondering when it would be that time of the fall again!

Jug- Yes... the wife is in the slum, I'm in the cold night duty... protecting the family... only for a few more night though!

Herman- its particularly cold today isn't it?

Jug- Yes... very not warm you could say... sun is further away than usual through I think this morning (The sun is massive as it looks upon them)

Herman- Want to see something cool Roudersoul?

Roudersoul- I've seen the gun, thank you... it's a big thing to give me, are ou sure I'm mature enough?

Herman- Nope... but it wasn't the gun anyway... you know how I say one day I want you to drive a car?

Roudersoul- Yeah (excited)

Herman- Well why not start off on a horse look! (He drags him around the corner of the slum and Roudersoul looks excited as he sees the horse tied to a cactus by rope)

Roudersoul- Wow for me?

Herman- Yeah, well not yet... give it a few practice runs, then you can actually ride it on your own properly... but let me teach you first!

Roudersoul- (Looks amazed and happy and then angry) Herman, did you steal him?

Herman- No of course not... I found him...

Roudersoul- You don't just find a lone horse... even I know that!

Herman- Fine he was a gift off a Farmer boy!

Roudersoul- You saw Farmer boys?

Herman- Yeah...

Roudersoul- Aren't they evil and aggressive to us folk?

Herman- No... you shouldn't stereotype everyone from a certain area to be anything, everyone's different Roudersoul...

Roudersoul- Looks like other people are interested in the horse!

(A bunch of scruffy peasants who look like troublemakers starts harassing the horse who isn't enjoying them as they pinch and push it)

Herman- Hey, guys come on back off the horse!

Roudersoul- Yeah leave him alone!

Herman- Roudersoul go away, I'll deal with it!

Roudersoul- But I wanna...

Herman- ROUDERSOUL go away, just for a minute!

Thug- What are you gonna do about it if we don't leave the horse Herman?

Herman- Just leave the horse alone... my brothers horse!

Thug- You know I spoke to my brother the other day and he said you get quite nasty back in the heyday?! True?

Herman- I was a thug, like you... but I grew up... I've got responsibilities!

Thug- What to raise that little shit...

Herman- Don't speak about my brother like that please!

Thug- What... so you just give it all up... you're a good guy now, you can't just change, come on where's your adrenaline gone... what about if I steal the horse!

Herman- Then I'll hurt you!

Thug- What if my boys here take the boy too, oh yeah I went there?

Herman- Then I kill you all!

Thug- Give us a break Herman... (He laughs) you're more pathetic than what you where when you were a thug... its embarrassing how you used to be one of us!

Herman- No, I was friends with your brother, we had more respect for our elders back then!

Thug- Respect isn't a word associated with a world with no rules!

Herman- There is a hierarchy and I realised that thugs where the bottom of the peasants... that means if you die... no one gives shit!

(Roudersoul appears with the gun)

Roudersoul- Get away from the horse!

Thug- Shit lads back off... he's got a gun, where the hell did he get that from... I haven't seen a gun in my life since I was a boy and a Farmer boy visited us... how?

Herman- ROUDEROSUL... PUT IS DOWN NOW!

Roudersoul- But my new horse?

Herman- NOW!

Thug- Please!

(Roudersoul places the gun down on the floor)

(The thugs run for the gun and instead they get beaten up by Herman who makes sure they go nowhere near his brother and they eventually run off)

Herman- Don't ever go near my brother again, you understand?

Thug- You have a fucking peaceful life with you horse and your guns... what else you got a Suited Verpo's house, a Sovereigns lifestyle... if you don't want stuff to get robbed... go live in a rich part of the world... why hang around here?!

(The thugs runs off into the number of slums to the side of where the fought)

Herman- Get here Roudersoul... ROUDERSOUL get here!

(Roudersoul slowly walks towards him head down)

Herman- Look at me... look at me Roudersoul!

(Roudersoul looks at him)

Herman- Now give me the gun!

(Roudersoul hands him the gun)

Herman- You're not getting this back in a hurry... what were you thinking?

Roudersoul- I thought you needed me?!

Herman- No... you need me, I don't need you... not for protection anyway... don't put yourself in danger like that again... the gun was supposed to be for your eyes only... not thugs... how stupid do you wanna be?

Roudersoul- I'm sorry...

Herman- People will be after me if you keep stuff like that up... and they will have no mercy!

Roudersoul- I'm sorry!

Herman- (looks at him and hugs him) just be warned ok... and get on the horse... we'll go for our first ride on it!

(They both get on and ride off towards large sandstone cliff)

Roudersoul- (He gets off the horseback and walks to the cliff edge) wow I've always seen this cliff in the distance, I never thought it was so high!

Herman- Come away from the cliff... its high isn't it?!

Roudersoul- You don't seem as happy as me-

Herman- Amazed?

Roudersoul- Yeah!

Herman- I'm not... I've seen better, higher, more beautiful... there's a lot more to this world than those slums suggest... I hope you explore than Jug and his family do... they don't do anything, they settle for less... you're not gonna be like that!

Roudersoul- I can see the slums, I never realised there was so many of us peasants!

Herman- yeah, lots of us... you only see the small population... explore you sight further and you can see look closely, entertainer tents... the slums for the entertainers!

Roudersoul- They have slums, I thought they were higher up than us?

Herman- They are... they call their slums circuses... Wvack is from just beyond those circuses... you've heard of Wvack?

Roudersoul- The clown who became a sovereign, everyone's heard of Wvack... everyone talks about how he dreamt big and made it!

Herman- He's not a sovereign Roudersoul... come on... he's an assistant at most... but I saw him the other day... and he is as daring and one minded as people believe he is...

Roudersoul- You saw him... how?

Herman- I see a lot Roudersoul, a lot more than other peasants... and you know people say he's a criminal... don't listen to them... I'm not saying you should be nasty or evil... but in this world there is no law... therefore no crime, how can you have criminals... we live by just a few laws and they are the ones the sovereigns make... and they only favour the rich and powerful, who are willing to kill anyone to get to the top or screw other people over...

Roudersoul- Who's the most famous you've seen?

Herman- I don't wanna say... you shouldn't know at you age... you'll think I'm some kind of vigilante or something!

Roudersoul- I don't know what that is!

Herman- Just a word for being different... I'm not different; I'm just more adventurous you could say... it's a good trait though!

Roudersoul- How do I become a sovereign, if I wanted to!

Herman- Everyone wants to be one... meaning you may as well not bother... I'm sorry... I always wanted to be one... its more than just being ruthless... cold, calculated... its being that something different!

Roudersoul- I'm different!

Herman- how?

Roudersoul- I'm going explore further than anyone has ever done on this earth before!

Herman- You want to be a pioneer?

Roudersoul- Discover new things... like my brother! (Smiles)

Herman- You mean with your brother, we'll do it together!

Roudersoul- Yeah, make mum and dad proud!

Herman- (a small tear appears) yeah... sure! Love you Roudersoul! I need to show you something!

(He stands up and drags him to the edge of the cliff again)

Roudersoul- What is it?

Herman- You see out there (points at the coast)

Roudersoul- The water... it surrounds us!

Herman- No... only that third of the world... only where the sun appears from... the sun comes out of the water to set in the sky... you should never go near the water...

Roudersoul- Why?

Herman- You think some of the creatures on our lands are evil... try the water... viruses... they aren't nice... but out there as the sun sets for the night to draw in, I always notice that little white thing in the sky over there (points the opposite direction)

Roudersoul- Wow I can see it!

Herman- Too big to be a star... too small to be mighty... but when you are high up you can just make out the top of it... what is down past that white spec I don't know... I would love to find out!

Roudersoul- it's so far away and its past the Entertainers, Farmer boys and suited Verpo's to get to it!

Herman- I know... but I would like to try one day, when you're older of course!

Roudersoul- How long would it take?

Herman- 8 years... that's what Jug told me, and you know he's experienced at lying, it might take less time than that!

Roudersoul- The water looks closer though, can't we just explore the water-

Herman- No... it's illegal to for a start, one rule the sovereigns have made clear is that going near the water is forbidden... promise me you will never go there, for you own safety?

Roudersoul- I promise!

Herman- Now what I didn't tell you was that travelling beyond the sovereigns living quarters, which is where we would have to go to reach that white spec... is also illegal! But less dangerous surely!

Roudersoul- Herman even I can see it's dangerous... who knows what nature will destroy us with, and the people as well, they stereotype us as much as we stereotype them!

Herman- You're right... you're too young, you don't understand how much I want this... its fine, ignore me, I'm just excited, I feel like a kid again... anything to feel young again makes me happy, come here!

Roudersoul- What now?

Herman- (emotional) just come on give us a hug!

(The hug in front of the lowering sun on the cliff edge and the scene fades out)

CUT TO: SHIVER

(The moon shaped white object that Herman and Roudersoul where idolising over is in the sky all alone and the camera drops away from the full moon to show Haim travelling through the pain barrier, she holds her stomach and stops in the snowy blizzard to throw up in the trees, there is no leafs on the trees at all, whilst in Wathes only brown fallen crispy leaves exist)

(She looks upon a light in the distance in a mountain cliff edge and is aiming to make it up to there)

CUT TO:

(She makes it up there now very ill and wondering what I wrong with her and as she walks into the cave just off the cliff edge a man is there sitting beside a fire which is letting the light out for her to follow)

Haim- Leon? LEON?

(She shouts over and over again and the man is unmoved, he stares deeply into the fire meditating, he is a large bulky, white man with a beard and ragged clothes)

Haim- Please Leon?

Leon- (panics and screams a manly scream) ah... who is it?

Haim- Its Haim, do you remember me?

Leon- What are you doing here?

Haim- I've come to talk to you, I'm ill I don't know why... surely you do, you know why we are all sick!

Leon- It could be the karma, the karma of forbidding us to the Shadow Mountains?!

Haim- No I'm very ill... I don't understand why?

Leon- Maybe you *should* take a seat?!

Haim- Thank you

Leon- Sit by the fire if you are ill, heat is the best cure... it destroys the evil that is making you this way!

Haim- No... I can't!

Leon- Why not?

Haim- You... (Struggling with pain) you know why?

Leon- Oh I'm a male... males and females, we can't even come close to one another!

Haim- Yeah!

Leon- How am I supposed to check on you then... see if you are ok, better hurry up... the order will be here soon to find you and if they do... the sovereign will show no mercy in killing you... now let's get this over and done with, this is hotspot for snitches like your friends!

Haim- My friends... what do you mean?

Leon- The ones who do the speeches... can't be trusted... we all know what they want... they want to be queens, like all of you do... don't you want to be one?

Haim- What, no, of course not... I don't like the system... but don't tell anyone, why should two people dictate all of our lives?

Leon- Exactly... it's a disgrace... but no one is going to stand up to it... you know why?

Haim- Why?

Leon- Because there is no chance of winning... only dying... now come here, let me check on you

(Haim walks over to him by the fire)

Leon- Your mother still always comes to me you know... she was a St... she used to say to me that I was only the only person she would break the rules for... kind of like you... you don't break other rules do you?

Haim- No of course not!

Leon- I loved your mother... I love you... no stay still!

Haim- Ok Leon... (He rubs his hand on her face and checks for curses)

Leon- No curses for my girl... good start... have you been throwing up?

Haim- Yes...

Leon- That's unusual... normally people have some form of curse in their nose if they are throwing up... tell me you have eaten well recently?

Haim- No... I haven't had anything for days the queens don't allow us poor folk to eat more than three times a week, because of the potential for poisoned foods ruining our society...

Leon- Ok and as we all know, it's another rule that is a pointless exercise by pointless leaders... I'm getting worried now, let me feel your stomach!

Haim- Erm... ok!

Leon- And relax... just trust me!

(Leon feels and looks stunned and sweats slightly)

Haim- What's the matter?

Leon- Just stay still my love! (Seems spooked)

Haim- Ok (Gets comfortable)

(Leon stands over her and goes to stand on her stomach and Haim rolls out of the way and gets her arms trapped under his foot)

(Haim screams in pain)

Haim- What are you doing?

Leon- Please Haim... my daughter you must let me kill it!

Haim- (stands up and backs away to the cliff edge) what are you doing?

Leon- I must kill it before it kills us!

Haim- Kill what?

Leon- You have a baby in there... you're pregnant... my daughter!

Haim- Don't call me that Leon... you'll blow the cover...

Leon- If you don't get rid of that thing, you will be killed... please let me kill it!

Haim- No... back off... its painful... I won't allow it!

Leon- Abort it, ABOUT IT NOW!

Haim- No... I can't be pregnant, you must have it wrong!

Leon- Keep it down, the echoes will spread to the village... don't let the snitches hear you... I do not want my (whispers) daughter to be tormented and killed like the other fools who get themselves in your situation... oh Haim, how could you do this to me, your mother, she'll be so upset!

Haim- You did it!

Leon- it was different then, it was allowed, men and women could have sex, could create life... not now... its suicide now!

Haim- I never had sex... never!

Leon- (laughs hysterically) Don't lie to your father!

Haim- I haven't I swear... I would never... I never break rules, trust me I'm your daughter!

Leon- I wish I could, I'm only going by what I see... and I want to protect you... you have so much to offer, you're ruining our life by having this child!

Haim- If I am pregnant, by some miracle... I am not allowing you to take him off me!

Leon- Him... you'd bring a son into this world... this lonely world... look at me, you don't think I've thought of throwing myself off that cliff a million times... you don't think I'm considering it now!

Haim- You wouldn't!

Leon- I thought I brought up a girl who wouldn't break the rules and put her life in danger EVER!

Haim- Brought me up? You never brought me up... mum did, you just gave in to the powers that be and lived up here in solitaire, you never fought for us!

Leon- I never fought for you... I never, fought for you? (Tear builds up)

Haim- I'm sorry, mother tells me all the time of the effort you made... I shouldn't have said it, and I will raise my baby to act the same as you, brave and wise!

Leon- Go!

Haim- I'm sorry father

Leon- GO!!

(Haim backs away and walks away holding the small bump that suddenly is more noticeable after the revelation is revealed)

(Leon looks into his fire and cries and holds his face in regret)

(Haim slips down the mountain and slides to the bottom where a man is standing)

Haim- What are you doing here?

Man- I'm sorry, I'm going back... I just fancied a wander, please don't tell anyone I was here... sorry!

Haim- Just don't hurt me!

Man- I mean no harm I swear!

Haim- Just go and leave me please!

(The man runs away like an athlete into the snowy cliff edge)

(Haim breathes heavily shaken up by the man she just saw and still looks in pain by the pregnancy)

CUT TO:

(Haim is sitting there in silence with her mother and best friend from earlier sitting around one another in a circle in the igloo drinking wine)

Yaho- thanks for the hospitality Ackie!

Ackie- Very welcome, good to see someone appreciates my home made wine...

Haim- What oh sorry... I'm enjoying it yes... burns your throat a lot though!

Ackie- Its extra strong, warms the blood up...

Haim- Cant we just wear more layers...

Ackie- You kids these days...

Yaho- I saw my father the other day!

Ackie- Did you, that's incredible... such a brave girl, at least you visit yours, our Haim, never visits her father!

Yaho- Yeah he was delighted to see me... he seems happy in the mountains... I certainly enjoy visiting him, those males always have parties don't they?

Ackie- I wouldn't know, I lived in a time when men where very much n accepted part of culture, but things change... people now have to break rules to be with their loved ones... it's a shame...

Haim- What advantage does it give us?

Ackie- Us, no advantage at all. But our sovereigns like the power... and more Verpo's means more chance of someone rising up against them... their perfect world could get crumbled by new births of people looking to revolt!

Haim- So you condone Yaho going into the mountains?

Ackie- Of course Haim, you know all this, I would love for you to go into the mountains, every female has to, to see their father, their loved ones, to enjoy life... just don't do something silly that will ruin your life!

Haim- Like you, you mean, get pregnant with a daughter?

Ackie- No that wasn't ruining my life... that completed it, but I certainly would like you to get pregnant, it puts us all at risk!

Yaho- So how do you, you know... survive pregnancy then?

Ackie- Why, you're not thinking about it are you, its suicide!

Haim- Everyone says that, isn't it meant to be beautiful?

Ackie- Not anymore... its suicide... if you ever find yourself pregnant, the pair of you... have the bump destroyed immediately... its not worth death!

Haim- But say if like Yaho said you were pregnant and would like to keep it... because you have grown attached already to it... how would you survive, say your seemingly close to giving birth?

Ackie- As my daughter Haim, I'm impressed with such questions... your father would be proud!

Haim- Don't think he would be!

Ackie- What?

Haim- Nothing... just haven't seen him in a long time!

Ackie- Oh, neither have I, it's been well over 1000 moon rises!

Yaho- Go on Ackie, how do we young women survive pregnancy, just in case!

Ackie- You girls worry me!

Haim- Just tell us!

Ackie- Don't speak to your mother like that... first of all do not drink wine, a big no, no! (Haim spits the wine out of her mouth into the glass subtly so no one notices) and unlike me when I was pregnant with you Haim... I would run as far away from here as possible... it was accepted when I gave birth, but now if you did such a thing... you would be killed immediately and so would your child and the man responsible would be hung and quartered in front of everyone... so yeah run away basically!

Haim- (shaking uncontrollably) I'm going outside now just for some fresh cold air!

Ackie- Are you ok love?

Haim- Yeah... just I need to talk to you in private... sorry Yaho!

Yaho- No worries!

(Ackie follows Haim outside and they look reasonably warm despite the snowy blizzard like conditions)

Haim- I'm sorry mother... I had to get out of there to tell you this... Yaho might be a snitch... I saw father last moon rise and he warned me about people like her... wanting to be sovereign so they will betray anyone to be one of them!

Ackie- You saw your father, why?

Haim- That's the thing... I was feeling ill and I needed to speak to someone other than you... I didn't think you would understand!

Ackie- Understand what... you were ill?!

Haim- No, I'm pregnant!

Ackie- What?

Haim- I'm having a baby, feel the bump, I never noticed it until father said it!

Ackie- Call him Leon, don't blow his cover... you have no father... I can't believe you are this!

Haim- I don't know how it happened, I have never gone near a man!

Ackie-Lies!

Haim- I swear!

Ackie- What did your father say?

Haim- He tried... (Crying) He tried to kill my baby... he tried to stand on my stomach!

Ackie- And you didn't let him?

Haim- No, I want the baby... I'm attached to it!

Ackie- You're a young girl, you're my girl... you can't have... how, why?

Haim- I'm sorry!

Ackie- You see them leafless trees... the forest, its misty... you used to play in it in the daytime, because the in the night-time its dangerous... remember?

Haim- Yes!

Ackie- That will lead to out of the village, there will be a few more villages to be weary of, but try stay away from civilization... and find the frozen lake called Froude... its safe there, no snitches, no sign of sovereigns... no men to hunt you... and have the baby there!

Haim- Really?

Ackie- Yeah... I can't look at you right now... I can't even watch you try and raise a child... because it's like staring death in the face!

Haim- But I'm your daughter?

Ackie- A daughter wouldn't do this to her mother and father... now you have directions... Go! Please... have a good life... I might see you again one day!

(Haim cries and Ackie is not allowing her to cry on her shoulder and shrugs her off)

Ackie- What are you waiting for? GO!

(Ackie slams the igloo door in Haim's face and Haim holds her bump and sees a couple of older women walking by the igloo talking and they see her alone and as they see her Haim runs away into the misty woods quickly)

CUT TO:

(Shows Chul still wandering but this time in different surroundings, he isn't in his suit so that all the locals recognise where he is from but he is in the land of the Farmer boys it seems, as many people ride past him on horseback)

(Chul sees the huts that all the locals live in with relatively small doors and large horses outside tied up)

Chul- Where's the greenery?

Farmer boy- Sorry?

Chul- Oh I was just talking to myself!

Farmer boy- Did you just ask where is all the greenery?

Chul- Yes... it was more just a question to myself though!

Farmer boy- You're not from round here are you?

Chul- But I want to be!

Farmer boy- (laughs to himself) follow me kid, my names Dez... take my lead, got on the back of here!

Chul- Sure?

Dez (formally Farmer boy) - 100% now get on!

(Chul obliges and he rides the horse out of the mini village of huts)

CUT TO:

(Dez rides up to a small brick building, the only building made out of stone, sandstone for miles)

Dez- Holt! Good girl!

Chul- What is this?

Dez- It's a place of sanctuary... you wanna be like us... you gotta know about this!

Chul- Why are you doing this, why are you showing me this?

Dez- You just seem like the type of kid who meant it... where about in Wathes you from?

Chul- Oh I'm an orphan, I'm not a 100% sure of my routes!

Dez- Oh... you're not a suited are you?

Chul- A suited, what's a suit... oh no of course not, I wouldn't show my face here if I was!

Dez- Good... because if I showed this Gorge to a suit... the whole town would want my blood not alone yours!

Chul- Gorge?

Dez- That's what this building is called... people come here on horseback and talk to it, ask for wishes... it's a symbol of hope!

Chul- Oh... that seems- well... I don't know!

Dez- Crazy... bizarre?

Chul- Kind of (guilty)

Dez- Its fine... people who aren't one of us don't understand at first... try explaining this to an entertainer... they will be mined blown... have no idea of the complexity of Verpo's, even though they are Verpo's themselves, that's true insanity... it is bizarre... we wish to a rock... it's not come from anything... we just feel into doing it that way... underneath that building however... is moss, you know what moss is?

Chul- Yeah its green!

Dez- Exactly... we do have greenery here, I presume that's why you asked about greenery before!

Chul- Yeah... sure... that's why! So who built this small thing?

Dez- No one knows... and no one knows its true purpose... it probably doesn't have one, but isn't it better to believe it does!?

Chul- Yeah for sure... can I touch it?

Dez- No... only sovereign can touch it... and if you did you'd get killed by a sovereign immediately, or by their suits!

Chul- I don't think I would! (Smiles)

Dez- Why not you?

Chul- Oh er... because I'm not going to touch it that's why!

Dez- You seem a good kid... you know those guys who live in the palaces and mansions who have the lush gardens of grass and green Gigabytes... they don't know what life really is about... they think they do... they just know guns, swear words and hatefulness, they don't appreciate us for instance... they don't care they are hated, just as long as they live better than the ones who hate!

Chul- Are they that bad?

Dez- The Sovereigns are the top of the tree... and the ones below them are the worse... they do anything to suck up to them... just a few days ago, I heard across town that in a saloon a famous entertainer turned Suit... called-

Chul- Wvack!

Dez- How do you know?

Chul- Everyone knows Wvack don't they?

Dez- Suppose so... even peasants have heard of Wvack, he's quite the famous one, but he came a killed one of our main men from across town and stole the predecessor, his whereabouts still unknown... I sure as hell hope they haven't harmed that old man!

Chul- What was his name?

Dez- Jim...

Chul- Weird name!

Dez- Old fashioned!

Chul- So what about Wvack... what's his story?

Dez- I can't explain it here...

Chul- Why?

Dez- It's a complex story, and I don't feel I know the true story... want to go the saloon up the road?

Chul- Sure!

(They walk towards the horse)

Chul- It truly is beautiful round here isn't it?!

CUT TO:

(In the horse ring (a place the watch horses race and drink, kind of like the races) Chul is drinking with other Farmer boys who have taken him under their wings)

Bette- Come on Chul... what's your money on? (tall lanky man)

Chul- Erm... I'll go for Dez!

Dez- Thanks Chul... told you this little guy was a goodin'

Bette- Ok so we have Tool going for a third win in a row, but Dez well backed!

Chul- Why don't you race Bette?

Bette- Me... me (He laughs and everyone else joins in) that alcohol has gone straight to your brain... I can't ride a horse... I'm a peasant!

Chul- What do you mean?

Bette- I can't afford a horse... I'm lucky to be even accepted by these lovely people... everybody else in this town hate the skin on my bones, but these lovely men took me under their wing, when I visit that is!

Tool- Yeah and he visits a lot, I tell you!

Chul- That's ridiculous, you have just as much right as any of us do to ride a horse!

Tool- Dez you never mentioned how little he needed to drink before Dutch courage came along... step away from the horse!

Chul- No come on, it's not fair that little, well tall Bette here can't ride a horse of his own!

Dez- Chul, seriously don't create a situation!

Chul- Why not, I feel like everything in this world is a farce... why cant we all live equally!

Tool- Well if we all lived equally the world would be less perfect than what it is now!

Chul- I disagree

Bette- Chul you have to just accept it I'm afraid!

Dez- Why tell him that Bette... we were having a good night and you blurt that shit out... now he wants to ride a horse... he can't ride a horse! IT'S THE RULES!

Bette- I know... I'm sorry I shouldn't have said anything!

Dez- I think you should go, leave a couple of dark times and come back soon yeah, just for now!

Bette- I'm sorry!

Chul- If he goes I'm going with him!

Dez- Chul I've only known you two minutes, I like your style and your determination, it'll get you far, but I'm not gonna go running after you if you leave, I'm sorry!

Chul- Fine!

(A voice is heard echoing in the distance)

Wvack- Now then, now then now then... Please, let's not discriminate shall we!

Dez- What the hell are you doing here?

Bette- Wvack it is an honour (He kneels down)

(Wvack smiles and looks at the kneeling Bette)

Wvack- (A vehicle pulls up behind him) Impressed?

Dez- We prefer traditional horses!

Bette- Are you insane, I would do anything for one of them engines!

Wvack- Well so did I, and now look at me... Domino bring Jim out!

Dez- Jim... which Jim?

(A suited Verpo called Domino pulls out an old man with a bag over his head and he takes it off and Wvack just laughs with a gun in his hand)

Wvack- Now then Farmer boy... give me the young man!

Dez- Young man... do you mean Chul? (scared)

Wvack- You know who I mean, of course I mean Chul... hand I'm over!

Bette- Absolutely sir... Chul you know where you stand, go with him!

Wvack- Yes Chul... come into the car!

Dez- No, wait a minute... Chul will decide for himself, you can back off!

Wvack- (laughs) Do you realise how stupid you are... do you?

Dez- I know I'm loyal and I want Chul to make his own mind up... I believe in him... he's a good kid!

Bette- You've only known hi two minutes... let him go, and keep us alive!

Dez- You're a peasant anyway... you're lucky to still be breathing round these parts!

Wvack- Oh domestics... It doesn't matter about this argument, or the fact your friend has done a runner and left you two fighting it out quite frankly... all that matters is that we get Chul... and if we don't we kill Jim!

Dez- You won't do that... surely your evil ends somewhere!

Wvack- I'm not evil... I'm just following orders so I can give out my own... that's the way the world goes I'm afraid!

Chul- You can leave alone Wvack!

Wvack- Domino in that case... kill the old man, rock these Farmer boys worlds!

Dez- No you can't!

Domino- How?

Wvack- Slowly!

Domino- No problem (He gets the rope and puts it round Jim's neck and pulls the sheet off his head to reveal it is the right Jim from earlier and he strangles the old man slowly)

(As the man's face goes redder and redder Dez's opinions changes)

Dez- Chul just go with them... you've been chosen... just, just leave this behind, do as they say, we don't want to lose another old fashioned Farmer boy... GO!

(Wvack hears the shout and gets out of the car calmly and pats Domino on the shoulder and Domino stops)

Wvack- You see what happens when you run away from home Chul... Brunt gets worried and when he gets worried, the sovereigns get worried... and when that happens people die... be careful next time... you're not a kid anymore... now come, the sovereigns want a word!

Chul- What about? (Shaking)

Wvack- I don't know do I?

(Wvack winks at Domino and gets in the car and drives off with Chul in the back)

Bette- He was one of them... and you let him into this village?!

Dez- Do not judge me! Why you still here anyway... we're not friends anymore... you were a coward!

(Domino walks over with a gun behind his back)

Dez- How are you going to get home?

Domino- I'm walking!

Dez- Seems an odd choice!

Domino- I like a sunny day like this!

Dez- Are we free to take the old man and go?

Domino- Sure you are... take him!

Dez- Thanks!

Domino- You know you need to be more careful next time... he was inches away from death right there... and messing around with a future sovereign... that is stupid!

Dez- A sovereign, he's just a kid!

Domino- He was chosen, don't matter how old he is... you're born into these things!

Bette- What about Wvack... he's the famous entertainer who is to become a sovereign is he not?

Domino- Him... you kidding, his the little bitch boy... he ain't gonna be a sovereign... he's being lead on so he doesn't go ape... when he finds out though, he'll either deal with it and remain powerful as a right hand man, or go mental and get himself thrown away with the other entertainment garbage... and you lot!

Dez- Wow... I almost feel sorry for him (laughing with Bette)

(Domino laughs)

Domino- I wouldn't!

Dez- Why?

Domino- Because he's just sentenced all you innocent people to a death behind the future sovereigns back!

Bette- What?

(Domino smiles as he shoots Bette, Dez and Jim dead)

(A car arrives on the scene from behind a building in the distance and Domino walks in the car and it drives off)

CUT TO:

(Wvack drags Chul politely into a large boardroom with the three sovereigns sitting there as if they were waiting for Chul)

Chul- get off of me!

Wvack- Should I?

Sergey- let go of him!

Wvack- Yes sir!

Bill- Leave Wvack... just for a short while

Wvack- Yes sir... yes sirs (He bows and leaves)

Bill- Who is this kid... why are you special boy?

Chul- I'm not... I don't want any of this... let me go back to where I feel I belong!

Bill- The place with no power?

Sergey- Stop questioning him Bill!

Bill- I'm interrogating him Sergey... he has to learn how to deal with it!

Brin- He doesn't have to learn anything... he is the one I chose for a reason...

Chul- Oh you chose me... for what, slaughter?

Bill- No he fucking idiot!

Sergey- What Bill means is... he chose you because of the way you are... your background as you know... you are a son of Farmer boys... but raised as a 'gang Verpo' by Brunt... for a reason, he believed you could be a sovereign... and you are, he would've had the opportunity to have raised his own kids to be one... but he couldn't have children, so he put his faith in you!

Bill- But don't be naïve... your uncle ain't all that special!

Sergey- Yeah Brunt does have some evil in him... like all of us... but he expresses it commonly!

Chul- I've got no evil in me at all, only hope!

Brin- No evil... you just need to wait till you have some power... that's when you know your evil, because you can be... at the minute, you have nothing... to be evil with, once you make enemies and have weapons and power... that comes with it, we'll see whether you're evil... I chose you because of your background... Farmer boys are notoriously the perfect balance of good and evil and you already at the age of 19 seem to have that trait... you'll be a good sovereign!

Chul- I don't want to be a sovereign... I don't want any of this rubbish!

Bill- You have no choice!

Brin- No Bill he does... he absolutely does... if the boy doesn't want to be a sovereign... if we want to live a normal life like everyone else... that's fine... I've no qualms with that!

Bill- Surely you'll be disappointed?

Brin- Disappointed no... not for me, but for him!

Chul- Well prepare to be disappointed for me then!

Sergey- What do you want to be then Chul... we've tried hard to get you here... what is it you want?

Chul- I want to be like my mother and father where... before they were killed! Doesn't Wvack deserve to be a sovereign more than me anyway?!

Bill- No, he's an entertainer a jester at most... you'll be his boss... he'll do anything for you... the bridesmaid and never the bride!

Chul- You can't just lead him on!

Brin- I'm not leading him on, he has been treated his whole life like a sovereign... what more does he want?

Chul- I'm gonna go anyway!

Bill- YOU DO NOT JUST LEAVE THIS ROOM!

(Wvack is outside trying to tell an unknown character that he can't go into the room)

Brunt- Hey is it ok if I talk to you about the boy? Oh he's here, Chul where have you been?

Chul- I went on a walk!

Brunt- Don't run away like that again!

Chul- get out of my sight Brunt, you just use me, you're no uncle, just a fucking fraud!

Brunt- DON'T YOU TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!

Brin- How did he get... get in here so easy? (leans over to Sergey)

Sergey- I don't know!

Brin- Can you leave just me and the boy in the room and walk far away with everyone please?!

Sergey- yeah sure... Bill come (whistles and points outside)

(They walks out and Brunt who is angry also leaves just Chul alone with Brin)

Sergey- Wvack... be careful next time yeah... don't let anyone walk into our room... not even yourself, ok?!

Wvack- I'm sorry... I should know better!

Bill- especially if you want to be a sovereign!

CUT BACK:

Brin- Take a seat! (Chul sits down in an uncomfortable chair) No not that one, my one, give it a feel!

(Chul obliges)

Chul- What about it?

Brin- Is It comfortable?

Chul- No!

Brin- Probably isn't... is it, does it make you feel different?

Chul- Yes!

Brin- Wow... well you know this is the first time I've talked to you ever kid and I gotta say, you're honest and I like it... you're different, you're a nice change... a change is what I'd call you!

Chul- you think?

Brin- I know... I've been a sovereign for almost 40 years... respected to the upmost a Verpo can be for 40 years... even by the queens!

Chul- Queens?

Brin- Yeah, in a whole other part of the world. No one else knows about, except for us, no one dare explore beyond where Wathes ends, because of the fear we have created to those who live under our allegiance!

Chul- A new world, do you visit it?

Brin- No... we never meet them... unless if something catastrophic was to happen... but that is yet to happen in my 40 years as a sovereign!

Chul- What's catastrophic!

Brin- Someone finding out about the other world and not becoming a sovereign... we'd have to make sure that person is stopped!

Chul- So you have given me no choice... I have to be a sovereign yeah... otherwise you'll get you men to kill me?

Brin- No...I told you because I knew... I was confident you would be a sovereign!

Chul- I'd rather die... than go against my mother and father!

Brin- You don't even know who they are!

Chul- They stud for good, better than you sick people od... the amount of rubbish Verpo's have to put with around this world and all along you have other worlds that you know about, run by queens and you don't tell us just so you can dominate us!

Brin- We can dominate everyone anyway, I don't like being told no, I'm not used to it... we could have all the peasants killed if we wished, but we keep them alive out of good will!

Chul- I'm going (He starts to walk out)

Brin- Brunt... killed you mother and father Chul! Your very own uncle, your fathers brother... your carer since their death...he killed them so he could have you! To stop you becoming a Farmer boy... you deserve to know! (he smiles as Chul's back is turned to him)

(Chul stops at the door)

Brin- You haven't got the power for revenge in your position... wouldn't you like to have that power?

(Chul considers and storms out)

(Brin holds his chest in pain and sits in the uncomfortable chair reminiscing about when he was Chul's age)

CUT TO:

(In the slums of where the peasants live it is night time and most are asleep but some, like Roudersoul are awoken by the noise of the 'Thugs' of the peasant area of Vearth, at night they dominate the streets and make it a dangerous place at night whilst in the daytime, they tend to stay away)

(Roudersoul wakes up besides Herman, he looks at Herman sleeping)

(Roudersoul then slowly creeps out of the bed and takes the gun and places it in his cloak (what he wears for clothes like the rest of the peasants) he then walks outside and leaves the moonlight shining through the curtain that covers the slum and it shines on the empty space left on the bed by Roudersoul)

Roudersoul- I'm just exploring Herman (he whispers almost to himself)

(He walks outside and bumps into a young girl and her brother, both children a couple of years younger than Roudersoul and twins of Jug's, the local neighbour)

(Roudersoul is given a shock by them as he didn't know they were there)

Roudersoul- I thought you were thugs, what are you two doing up?

Synth- We could ask you the same?

Kun- Yeah?!

Roudersoul- I'm older!

Kun- That doesn't mean thugs won't hurt you If they see you?

Roudersoul- Believe me they won't... even if they want to!

Synth- Why, what makes you so sure?

Roudersoul- I just am!

Synth- If you're sure...

Kun- He doesn't have a clue... did you forget the nature that's out there at night?

Roudersoul- Yeah well... I'll be fine!

Kun- Nature will kill you, some of the things out there!

Roudersoul- You don't know anything... you haven't discovered... explored or anything...

Kun- That hurt my feelings... you trying to say I have no purpose?

Roudersoul- Of course not... you're a younger kid than me... you have plenty of time to make something of your life and you Synth... but don't get in my own way of making a name for myself!

Kun- Well... just being a friend... friendly neighbour!

Synth- Yeah... our father wouldn't let us walk out at night to who knows where... there's no light to show you direction!

Roudersoul- I'm not going far... I just wanna go see the stars!

Kun- You can see them from here!

Roudersoul- But I heard that by the water... you can see them clearly. They move, and it's the most amazing thing in the world apparently!

Kun- Can we come then?

Roudersoul- No... I don't want any blood on my hands if it does all go wrong, which it won't, but just in case!

Kun- Who died and made you the thrill junkie...

Roudersoul- Myself, when I realised how shit the conditions are we live in, were the worst of the worst... seen as scum of the earth, generalised as a group of uneducated robots with no emotions!

Synth- Where did you learn that word?

Roudersoul- What word?

Synth- Shit... strong word!

Roudersoul- I thought the suited Verpo's always use it... why can't we speak like them?

Kun- Where not as powerful as them!

Roudersoul- Exactly... who makes the rules?

Kun- Sovereigns!

Roudersoul- We live our lives according to their rules... it's not fair!

Kun- Now who sounds like the kid?

Roudersoul- Whatever... I'll see you at sunrise!

(He starts walking off)

Kun- Good luck, I hope you are ok!

Synth- Yeah old friend... see you next morning!

(Roudersoul turns around and tells them to keep it down in case it wakes up the adults of the slums around them)

(Roudersoul continues his walk and the scene ends with him fazed looking up at the stars move in the sky against one another, and hearing the noise of troublemakers in the distance)

(In the background in the distance also, Synth and Kun enter their slum with Jug sleeping just outside of it)

CUT TO: OVERCAST DARKNESS

(Roudersoul is in a bunch of tree trunks with no life anywhere in sight, not even on the leaves which appear dead)

(He crawls through the load of twigs and falls down a small slope and lands beside the huge lake that stretches for ocean distances it seems but Roudersoul is unable to see beyond the mist in the distance, he goes right to the edge of the water and stare up at the stars moving in the sky into one another in an interacting communicating type way and he wonders what they are doing)

(Roudersoul apprehensively approaches the water and touches it and shakes but smiles)

(He begins to stroke his hand through the water and besides him he realises a boat is there, he approaches the boat)

(As he looks in the boat he panics away after seeing a skeleton in there of a Verpo who tried to sail the boat into the distance)

(As he panics he backs off and starts to slowly return to where he came from, but on his way he realises in the corner of his eye that there is a sign of life in the boat, a small green leaf, the only one he has ever seen, greenery is rare in this world, he slowly returns and as he goes to grab the leaf he hears a mass roar that echoes the trees to almost fall over)

(Roudersoul quickly grabs the leaf and runs away and as he gets up the small hill his foot is grabbed by an reptilian arm coming out of the water)

Roudersoul- gets off, let me go home! (He quickly gets the gun out and shoots the arm, the arm subsequently lets go and the roars gets even louder and the water begins to rise into a mountain shape as the seemingly monstrous being moves out of the water)

(Roudersoul doesn't dare look at it and instead tries to escape)

(The monster is revealed to be a large feathery reptile with distinct facial features of deep black eyes and a huge tongue and a long neck with two legs and two long arms; it is around 80 feet tall)

(Roudersoul runs far enough that he can then look back at its might staring at him)

(The monster roars again and it blows Roudersoul down the other side of the hill and he rolls away into a ditch)

(The monster reaches its long neck over the hill to look for Roudersoul and finds him in the small ditch and stares at him before reaching out to Roudersoul with his tongue and wrapping it around his lying body and begins to pull him up)

Roudersoul- What are you, a demon?

(He slowly moves further and further off the ground and Roudersoul shoots his gun and hits the monster dead on in the eye and the monster drops him and screams with pain)

(Roudersoul quickly gets up and runs again as the monster slams its fists on the floor to try and hit him. Suddenly another tall monster appears, and then another both look slightly different and more scary looking and they roar at the angry original monster and they almost calm him down and they drop back into the water and Roudersoul runs all the way home not even considering the stars anymore, he is in such panic)

(He hears the final roars of the monsters as they drop back into the water and he looks relieved to see them disappear)

CUT TO:

(Herman wakes up and looks to see Roudersoul has gone missing and runs quickly outside in a panic)

Herman- Where is he?

Jug- Who?

Herman- Jug, where is my brother?

Jug- I don't know!

Herman- what's happened, where is he... Roudersoul! Roudersoul... MY BROTHER!

Jug- He's probably gone for a walk!

Herman- Oh a casual walk at night... with all the thugs... sure... I'm going to be ok about that aren't?!

Jug- Don't get rude!

Herman- Just shut up! ROUDERSOUL!

Kun- He left...

Herman- What?

Kun- Last night he just went for a walk!

Herman- Where... why didn't you stop him?! (Angry)

Kun- I wasn't supposed to know! I thought you were ok with it?!

Herman- Well I'm not where did he go?

Kun- I can't remember!

Herman- You little scum, tell me where he is!

Jug- Leave the boy alone!

Herman- No Jug... you tell the boy to help me find my brother!

Kun- I honestly don't know!

Herman- You call yourself a friend of Roudersoul a friendly neighbour Kun... no... not until you tell me where he is!

Kun- I'm sorry... I don't know (cries)

Synth- He went to look at stars... he was bragging about how he was older than us last night... so he proved it!

Kun- Yeah that's right... oh yeah I remember... he went the lake!

Herman- Is that meant to be funny... you making me laugh... funny jokes... the lake, THE LAKE... he wouldn't go the lake!

Synth- He did to see the stars I don't know why... he was acting weird yesterday!

Herman- I took him on a trip and he took it well in his stride, I blame myself... brought back memories of his, our mother and father... oh what have I done?!

Synth- Why what's wrong with the lake?

Herman- Evil surrounds that lake!

Jug- Everything Is wrong with that lake, never a good story comes out from that lake... it's the where the viruses... its where they feed and live... and try to escape this world to hurt others!

Herman- He must of gone there to see the stars, to see the comunilation... my father used to always tell him about and I must of brought he idea up for him yesterday...

Roudersoul- (Appearing in the scene) You did... I wanted to see it in clear darkness for myself, it was beautiful!

Herman- You idiot... you IDIOT... don't ever go there again!

Roudersoul- Oh come on it was...

Herman- NO! Never again... get in the slum!

Roudersoul- But you get to-

Herman- get in the slum now!

Synth- Oh Roudersoul you lived... you where stupid doing that yesterday, really where!

(Roudersoul doesn't reply and just walks in the slum and lies down on the bed and whilst on his bed pulls from his robe the green leaf that rightfully earned and puts it back in the robe and keeps the gun there too)

Jug- What are you going to do now with him?

Herman- (laughs) I don't know!

(The scene zooms out to a tall mountain and the thugs from earlier in the film looking down at them all in their town envious and in deep thought)

Thug- (man asks the on thinking and staring down at them) What are you thinking Myer?

Myer- I'm thinking that little bastard oughta be taught a lesson in manners... what are you thinking?

Thug- I'm thinking they could both be taught a lesson and if we teach them both, we get our horse and gun!

Myer- Exactly and jump on the ladder and climb towards (Looks over the other direction towards richer lands) Power!

(Myer then pulls a small shard of metal out of his robe and it shines in the sunlight)

CUT TO: Dark evening in Shiver

(The camera drops from the view of the moon shaped object in the sky of Shiver that has quickly replaced the sun from the last scene)

(It drops beyond the blue dead trees in the snow and beyond the nocturnal eyes in the shadows that represent very large owl like creatures. Haim is sitting with her back against a stone in the darkness of the forest called Denton)

(She sits there half-awake listening to the noises of screams like women and babies being attacked)

(Despite being scared she tries not to show it and rubs her stomach which is hardly even big enough for the audience to see)

Haim- Why won't you grow?

(The screams of the distance appear to gain on her and it wakes her up and she aggressively walks on through Denton)

(She can see in the distance in the mountains a number of fires lighting up where men inhabit their own land in the Shivers)

Haim- How I wish to be in that warmth! I don't belong here, in the wild, I'm not supposed to survive out here... where do I go from here?

(She walks off towards a frozen lake which when the camera zooms out of the forest is revealed to be around 500 feet away through the forest with the biggest of mountains surrounding it)

(The scene ends with a quick view of the surroundings to reveal animals of a bizarre nature, as well as many Grey wolves, a pack of mammoths, a pack of hairy rhinos and a sabre tooth tiger on the hunt for the other animals in the food chain and ignoring Haim who is just next to her and Haim doesn't notice it in the darkness)

(The large bizarre animals consist of huge insects and gigantic hairy birds)

CUT TO:

(Haim's mother, Ackie climbs up to the same mountain edge that Haim visited her father at earlier, but it is completely dark until further down the tunnel like cave that leads for ages. The flame once lit where Leon was living is now out and Ackie searches for him)

Ackie- Leon?

(She checks the ashes of the fire)

Ackie- Oh no... LEON? Where are you?

Voice- He's dead (echoes from the dark)

Ackie- I beg your pardon?!

Voice- (a large man who has a boyish charm steps into the bit of light from the moon on the edge of the cliff)

Ackie- Don't lie to me... who are you?

Voice- I'm Thorn, his son... who are you?

Ackie- An old friend... what happened... I don't believe you?

Thorn- He killed himself... through himself off the edge of that cliff over there... it's a popular place to kill yourself (he points at the tall mountain besides the one there at)

Ackie- You seem so... so relaxed about it... he never told me he had a son!

Thorn- Well he does... and I have just about gotten over the loss... but at the end of the day, how long can I be upset for... I hardly ever saw him... this world isn't one to get upset and cry over, it's one to survive in, if I was seen crying or getting emotional... then I would be killed... that's how things are around these parts... maybe not where your evil comes from!

Ackie- Evil?

Thorn- yes... Females... Queens dominating the world we live in, out casting us to the shadows of the mountains... where it's cold and dark and dangerous... no food to hunt, only to be hunted... you don't think that's evil... waiting for the next sabre Tooth

to come along so you can either die or thrive... you pushed us to a place where even woolly mammoths wouldn't dare cross... and you don't call that evil?

Ackie- It never used to be like this!

Thorn- I can't even see my own son... my female companion wasn't allowed to have her own son... she was killed along with my baby son

Ackie- Well she knows the rules and so do you... you have to live by them, it was selfishness on your part by the sounds of it!

Thorn- Oh a big gob have we... you don't know me and you judge me... leave, give your explanation as to why you want my father and go!

Ackie- Well Thorn as you are Leon's son... and you obviously care so much for him (sarcastic) I used to have him as my companion... and we had a child!

Thorn- Thank you... now you can leave... I don't look at the past... even if you said you where my mother I wouldn't care!

Ackie- I don't believe you are my son... but you have a sister... a disgrace of a sister who got pregnant... but I regret how I reacted I came up here to tell your father... but he can't hear me now... but I pushed her away and now she could be dead... I came for Leon's help... can you help!

Thorn- You don't realise who I am do you?

Ackie- Leon's son, like you said! My daughter is by the frozen lake in the town of Denton

Thorn- (laughs) Leave!

Ackie- Why, why you showing me so much disrespect?

Thorn- LEAVE... I don't care about my sister, or you or my father... all I care about are the people who join me in my beliefs... now get away from me, now... NOW!

(Ackie backs off and Thorn walks back into his cave)

CUT TO: SUNRISE

(Haim looks up at the light with no sun, but the sky evidently growing brighter and brighter and she sees in the distance women walking through the forest and she quickly hides away behind a dead log)

Woman- What was that?

Woman#2- Just an animal!

Woman- I heard a cough though!

Woman#2- Animals cough too!

(Haim looks at them move away and she suddenly feels pain from the baby, a contraction and she screams in pain and the women look around and start to walk towards her and she tries to keep in her pain)

Woman- Trying to tell me that was a mammoth or something?

Woman#2- Now that wasn't... that was a Verpo...

Haim- Please (keeping in her screams) please stop contracting?

Woman- (Getting closer) Its definitely someone out there... hello, are you ok whoever you are?

(Haim sees a green leaf similar to the one Roudersoul found earlier near the frozen lake just near the end of the woods)

Haim- A Giga... a Byte-Giga... (She slowly starts to crawl over the dead brown leaves around her and the rustling noise of the leaves means the women know now of her position)

Woman- Over here... look!

(She finds her and rolls her over and Haim is still in agony)

Woman- You ok, what's the matter?

Haim- I'm... I'm...

Woman- You're what, can we help you?

Haim- No, you can't help me... you'll get in trouble!

Woman- What are you talking about?

(Woman#2 sees something move in the trees)

Woman#2- Erm... France... something just moved... I'm scared!

Woman- Why can't we help. You're in a lot of pain...

Haim- Please leave me alone... you'll be killed if you are seen!

Woman- Oh my... I know what's wrong... you're contracting... you're pregnant!

Woman#2- Seriously France... there's something here that's scary... lets go...

Woman- WE Can't let her get away with a child can we... come on... come back with us... you need to be punished... otherwise they'll be chaos!

Woman#2- Leave her alone and let's go!

Woman- No she is pregnant... it's the rules, without rules we may as well just give up now!

Haim- Please... (Struggling) Just leave me!

Woman- Why, what's the plan have the baby and then just die... cause that's what's going to happen?

Haim- I just want my child to be born, now leave me...

Woman- No you shouldn't have had it with a man, you know the rules (A roar is heard from the dead trees)

Haim- What is it now? (Struggling throughout)

Woman- Viruses!

Woman#2- No it's not... that's quieter than a virus... it's a tiger!

Woman- it's a virus, look where by the frozen lake, that's where they live...

Woman#2- Look behind you!

(She looks and sees a sabre Tooth tiger staring right at them and it roars at them and they run away and the tiger chases them into the distance and then comes back as the women run away from the scene and the tiger looks at Haim and pushes her with its nose to help her to the lake and Haim collect has the Byte-Giga in her sights and she crawls with the small aid of the tiger which then runs away and leaves her on her own)

(The scene ends with her in pain but making slow progress towards the lake)

CUT TO:

(Shows Brunt in his large room again with all of his many followers and fellow suited Verpo's sitting there listening to him talk)

Brunt- I have spoken to the sovereigns and they announced to me that change is upon us... what that change is... well depends on the health of Brin!

Jude- What is the state of Brin?

Brunt- Not good... as far as I can see, it's critical!

Vernie- Oh no...

Jude- Who will be the new sovereign... don't say Wvack... he can't lead us, we are above him in the food chain!

Brunt- Don't be ridiculous... only one of us can follow in their footsteps!

Vernie- In the room?

Brunt- No I mean one of our kind...

Jude- Like the kid... like Chul Jobs?

Brunt- Mr Jobs... please... it's a proud name... doesn't appear to want his opportunity that has been given to him... he appears to follow his parent's silly traits...

Jude- He needs to mature is all... eventually he'll become big enough to lead!

Brunt- Not about capability in leading Jude, it's about wanting to lead... Now as I said we are preparing for the death of a great... a man who fought a virus off with his bare hands... or so it is rumoured, a man whose father was a peasant, but he was a man... a true great who selected the great sovereigns of today, Bill Byung and Sergey Gates, his mother was a married one to one of us... a ganged Verpo... and left

with bravery to create the child that is Brin... who grew into a leader of us... of them all in this world... it will be a sad day when he passes... but as I said... a day of change, freshness and new hope for us all... a true great

(Everyone claps and shoot their guns in the air)

Vernie- Erm... Brunt?

Brunt- Not now!

Vernie- Brunt, the boy?!

Brunt- Hmm... (he turns around to see Chul standing there looking small and petrified) what do you want?

Chul- Can I talk?

Brunt- Of course you can- Once you take those silly clothes off!

(Everyone slightly laughs)

Chul- Please... just between us two?

Brunt- Fine... this better be important!

(He follows Chul outside)

Brunt- Why do you shake... you're a young adult... act like one!

Chul- I'm sorry!

Brunt- What are you apologising for?

Chul- Stop being this way with me... I want to tell you something!

Brunt- Go on!

Chul- Well... as you know I discussed with Brin about becoming a sovereign, he tried to persuade me!

Brunt- I know... he also informed me that you had politely refused... you realise that was our ticket... to fame, immortality... the Verpo's of this world would have respected us more... I would've been even higher than I am now... minister is great but we could have been sovereigns... no one could be higher than us!

Chul- We?

Brunt- Well you... but I would've been the guardian, the man who taught you everything... but you ruined it!

Chul- My mum and dad taught me everything... tell me how they died again?!

Brunt- Yes of course... your mother and father obviously taught your life and how to be who you want to be... but it's not who you are... I've told you how your parents died a number of times!

Chul- Tell me again!

Brunt- Killed by Farmer boys... shot dead and betrayed by them...

Chul- Betrayal caused them to die yeah?

Brunt- yes, how many fuckin times!

Chul- Just wanted to know again... well here's the news... I've decided that if I didn't become a sovereign, then more people will die as I search for my real meaning in life... I know it was you who sent Wvack looking for me all those times... and I know how much this means to you... so I will become a sovereign! I returned to Brin later that day and talked with him and told him then... I would follow in his footsteps!

Brunt- Really? (Pure shock and delight)

Chul- I feel I'm ready now!

Brunt- Come here... come here (He opens his arms open for a hug and when he does he kisses the top of his head) that's my boy!

(Chul look genuinely happy and a tears runs down his cheek)

Chul- I'm gonna make the world fairer, make it a better place!

Brunt- You can do it all now... please let me take you to the rest of them and show them their new sovereign!

(Everyone stops talking when Brunt walks into the room as they show respect to him and behind him follows Chul)

Brunt- Stand up for your minister!

(They all stand up)

Vernie- What's going on?

Brunt- And now bow for your new sovereign!

(They all bow and look on in shock)

Jude- What happened, what changed?

Brunt- The boy saw sense... didn't you?

Chul- Yes, now please don't just bow to me... I don't deserve that

Vernie- Why you do... you're the fucking shit... you're the big boy... the most powerful of men

Chul- One of, and I'm not even officially one yet, not until Brin dies... so please... the power means nothing, treat as a normal Verpo

CUT TO:

(Brin is lying on his death bed as his disease has grown considerably worse of late and as the sun sets his family surround him with the feeling this is the end for Brin)

Brin- Michelle... pass me my water... and open the curtains!

Michelle- Are you sure light is what you need?

Brin- yes... I need to see my kingdom before I leave it... make sure it's how I want it to be... and see the full white sun appear in the sky in the distance to symbolise the new year, and for this in particular occasion... the new... era!

Graun- (Brin's son) Any last requests dad?

Brin- No... you be a good son and help the sovereigns, if they ever need it... you are one of the few Verpo's in this world... who can get treated like a Sovereign without being one... make the most of it... help Chul grow into the type of sovereign I was!

Graun- Anything for you pa!

Brin- Be strong for your sisters, your children, like I was for all of you, but unlike me, concentrate on being the best family man you can be... Lint... and Rose... my daughters... I love you both so much... keep yourselves out of trouble

Lint- We will... that's from both of us!

Rose- (nods and smiles with a tear, she can't talk)

Brin- You must go now... I can see the end... and I have important visitors to attend to before I can say my final goodbye to you all (crying slightly)

Michelle- Yeah come on guys, let your father finish his business, he's still a sovereign!

Brin- Send the queens of Shiver in Michelle darling!

Michelle- Will do Steven

(The queens walk past the family and into Brin's room)

(The queens are very tall and ginger with freckles and innocent faces but a stern personality, both look similar but one is old than the other and noticeably so and more direct and evil with orders, the older one is called Ranlett Shih, nicknamed Eve and the younger one is called Stanley Flint, nicknamed Vil)

Brin- I thought it would be strange if you didn't visit me (smiles)

Eve- Is this the end old friend?

Brin- I'm afraid so... it would seem

Vil- Can we do anything for you, anything at all?

Brin- No... you can do something for your Verpo's though, go easy on them, they don't deserve the way you treat them... otherwise they will rebel and revolt!

Eve- With respect Brin... I think the way we lead is fair and firm!

Brin- No, that's the way I lead... introduce new queens to your world... why is it only ever two of you and it always runs in the family... mother and daughter... you

want opinions to vary from sovereign to sovereign, not remain the same throughout history!

Vil- I think you need to rest, stop stressing over us, we're fine!

Brin- I worry about you... we can't let our worlds meet ever... otherwise chaos will be caused!

Eve- Who says it won't one of your own Verpo's who looks for an escape to our world... hey?

Brin- Because me world is fair!

Vil- You're in denial... this isn't a fair world, neither is ours... we just need to make the most of our power whilst we have it and try and make Verpo's lives better if we have time!

Eve- Brin we will leave you to rest in peace... now please, a nice goodbye!

Vil- Bye Brin, you will be missed!

Eve- Yes I concur with that comment!

Brin- Girls, before you leave, take one piece of information before I die... changes... changes are inevitable... don't show naivety and expect them to never appear... it took me a while to accept that it was happening and its only when you are dying you truly realise... it does and it will happen eventually!

Eve- Goodbye Brin!

(The queens leave and suddenly Wvack appears in the room standing behind Brin with blood all over him)

Wvack- Where you going to say goodbye?

Brin- Oh Wvack... hello (Doesn't look at him as he doesn't have the energy to turn around)

Wvack- Don't hello me... I believe I'm not a sovereign, you lead me on!

Brin- I never lead you on... I just never committed to it!

Wvack- You lead me on Brin...

Brin- What are you going to do to me... I'm a dying man?

Wvack- Nothing... (Breathing heavily)

Brin- Who have you killed Wvack?

Wvack- How do you know?

Brin- I can hear your breath... I know what that means... I know you very well Wvack... you've been like a son to me! And my rule as you know, is never keep it in the family... I can't make you a sovereign Wvack!

Wvack- I'm not telling you who I killed!

Brin- ok... as long as we are ok... I don't want to die on a sour note with anyone... take good care of Chul, he needs your experience and help to become a great sovereign... he's only young!

Wvack- I think he'll be ok... you picked a good one (smiles)

Brin- Bring my family back in here please Wvack, my last favour to you!

Wvack- Yes anything... (He walks off)

(Brin's family come back in commenting on the blood all over Wvack)

Michelle- Ok Steven?

Brin- Of course I am... my family are here... I have a successor, and I had a predecessor... everything in my life has been perfect... I just hope that eventually everyone's lives can be, I believe Chul will make that happen more than I could!

Graun- Is this the end Pa? (Everyone getting emotional)

Brin- Hmm... (In agreement) close the curtains... seen enough now plea---se

(Michelle closes the curtains and they all hug him and his grandchildren join in too saying goodbye and Brin's eyes slowly close to symbolise his death and the start of Chul's reign as a sovereign)

(The camera zooms out of the large mansion to show the moon like object in the sky with fireworks going off to celebrate the full moon, which happens rarely and is treated like New Year's Day with everyone not knowing the news of Brin's death yet, everyone celebrates, no matter what race they believe in they celebrate as one for the full moon)

CUT TO:

(Shows Haim by the lake trying desperately hard to get through the pain barrier to have her child)

(The frozen lake is surrounded by screams louder than Haim's own but are unknown to anyone what the screams are)

(Looking on at her from a distance that she can't see them, is three men, one of which Thorn from earlier who has lead the other two men to his sister who he care about)

Haim- Please just get out... get out of my body! I just want to see you!

(She lies down in the position she believes is the most comfortable and the lake reflects her like a mirror and shows her mirror image and she looks unimpressed by the way she looks in the mirror and behind her she sees a wolf and she panics but remains still and tries not to move too much)

(The wolf is growling and snarling as more wolves arrive and the pack is as large as 5 and they surround her)

Haim- I will not let you take this moment from me... leave me alone! Leave me you pets of the queens... you slaves to those witches...

(The wolves quietly move forward towards her)

Haim- Why don't you go die and become prey to a Sabre... that's all your good for, evil like you!

(The Wolves sit down around her and wait for her to give birth)

Haim- Go away you're not having my child... I've heard what you do

(The wolves look on confused and ignorant)

(Haim crouches over in pain again)

(The wolves howl into the night sky and it echoes to other wolves who then howl as well and eventually it leads to the ice castle with the two queens/witches to the men of Shiver who then listen to the scream of the wolves)

Eve- A baby?

Vil- It would appear so!

Eve- Near a frozen lake, near Denton lake it would appear by the wolves howls!

Vil- She is alone... the wolves will take care of the child...

Eve- not necessarily... it depends whether it is male for female...

Vil- It is a female giving birth

Eve- But what of the child... Brin dies and a new one life is born... I just wonder?!

(Yaho is standing in the same room preparing a speech)

Eve- yahoo, confirm to the world of a new born and we want it found and if a male, we want it dead... if a female... we want it to live in this castle of Denton... it is a lucky child if a female is born...

Yaho- And what of the mother?

Vil- The mother will die... she can't live giving birth with no appropriate aid!

Eve- Announce it Yaho!

(Cuts back to Haim giving birth with the wolves surrounding her and as they approach closer Thorn appears with his two men alongside him, all big and muscular with spears and attack the wolves)

Thorn- You back off, you foul witches mess (The wolves attempt to howl but they are hit often by the men who eventually fight them to the deaths and scare the minor wolves away, the leader of the pack remains, larger than the rest)

(The wolf has only eyes for the new-born baby who Haim is still struggling in pain delivering)

Thorn- You will not harm this being, or my nephew that may arrive from her!

Haim- Nephew?

Thorn- Back off fowl witches mess!

(The wolf attacks Thorn and the men surround the wolf who holds his won and bites off one of the men's arm)

Thorn- No... are you ok?

Man with one arm- (screaming) just kill him!

(Thorn kicks the wolf off him into the middle of the misty frozen lake)

(The wolf struggles to recover from the impact of the fall on the ice and slips as it gets up)

Thorn- is that everything?

(The wolfs scream of pain is like the one of in the forest earlier)

Thorn- Haim I presume?

Haim- I think your nephew might be coming! (Tears as she struggles to push one last time)

Thorn- Yes I say that as I am your half-brother... I knew I had one, I was always to scared to see what you would say to me if you met me... but after your mother revealed you were pregnant... I had to help... naturally as a brother; I can't let this aby die in his new mother's arms... not my sister's arms

Haim- Are you going help me live after the birth!

Thorn- I can't... you know I can't... but I will treat you baby with the upmost resect and raise him as I see fit of a king...

Haim- What if it is a female?

(Pushes again)

Thorn- It can't be surely?

(The wolf is preparing to attack again)

(Haim has the baby whose umbilical cord is then cut off by the spear in Thorn's hand, the baby is half cast and a girl)

Haim- (struggling to breath and bleeding a lot) What is it?

Thorn- It's a beautiful (crying) unusual girl!

Jinn- You crying sir? (One of the men, with both arms the other is aiding himself)

Thorn- yes... my niece has been born, my very own queen... your very own queen Haim

Haim- Thank you for saving me, but I'm in too much pain to care for you being my brother...

Thorn- We will look after her!

(The ice begins to melt and the wolf as it runs towards the child falls into the water that has been melted, the phenomenon confuses the characters)

Thorn- What is happening?

Haim- Hmm...

Thorn- the ice... it melts after the child... it must be the colour she is... I have never seen such a thing before!

(Haim is struggling to respond and closes her eyes but isn't yet dead)

Thorn- We will wait with you and let you rest before you reach peace... we will protect you so you can die pleasantly...

Haim- Why not help me, like you help your friend?

Thorn- He is a man... and although I protected your child... if I brought back a woman of your age... it would be chaos... and a risk, we might not be able to save you anyway, I'm sorry Haim!

Haim- I don't know you... I don't care to know you... give me back my child!

Thorn- I can't, she will die in your arms, it's nonsensical... we need to protect the child and do what's best for it, she's a special one! You need to rest... embrace death!

(Haim tries to cry but doesn't have the energy. Thorn gives her the baby)

Thorn- Hold her again, let her be her mother until death do you part!

Jinn- It's the least we can do!

Thorn- Exactly!

CUT TO:

(Myer and the rest of the thugs are seen walking in a pack of around 12 towards the slums of Gargin where Roudersoul's home is with Herman)

(Myer leads the way with his shard of metal in his hand and the rest carry tools that they have found on the desert floor, like rocks and cactus plants)

CUT TO:

(Herman and Roudersoul are sharing the same bed as always and Roudersoul is stroking his leaf and still has his gun in his side of the bed, Roudersoul is quiet and upset)

Herman- You know I was thinking today... where my gun went... do you know?

(Silence)

Herman- Probably not... silly question... have you ridden the horse... I suppose you don't know how, how about I teach you, if we were gonna explore to the white sun in the sky all that distance away, where gonna need to be able to ride a horse at some point...

(Silence)

Herman- (getting impatient and upset) You know it will be weird, when we go and explore, leaving all this behind... your friends, Jug... I always thought you and Synth would fall in love and become companions... so did Jug, so did even Kun... he was very much in agreement that you two would have been perfect for one another, you would have looked after her well, but we're gonna leave all this behind, because let's be honest who wants to live in this shit hole? (Smiles)

(Still silence as Roudersoul puts his leaf out of sight)

Herman- Come bro... give me something to work on, I'm sorry I snapped at you, but you shouldn't go anywhere near the one place I told you to stay away from!

Roudersoul- Why not... you said explore, discover... do something with my life?!

Herman- Yes I meant not to ruin it by getting yourself killed!

Roudersoul- Am I dead?

Herman- Don't be ridiculous... I've apologised for snapping at you... I just want to talk to my brother, not the child who thought he was big enough to take on viruses

Roudersoul- I'm sorry then... I am... I should have listened to you!

Herman- Next time, please do, it might just save your life... experience is an important thing... you're old enough to think for yourself, but not old enough to decide for yourself, just accept it, just for a while, and when I'm old and senile then you can boss me around (smiles and Roudersoul laughs)

Jug- (pulls the curtain entrance open and pokes his head in) Herman... come out here for second!

Herman- It's the middle of the night, can't it wait?

Jug- Well unless if you didn't exchange words with Myer the other day then no, it can't wait!

Herman- What? (He gets up and walks out)

(When he gets outside he looks to where Jug points and sees a mass of 12 people running towards them in the distance)

Jug- Are they after you, cause they are heading this way and I certainly didn't piss them off?!

Herman- I don't know... I presume so though

Jug- How can you be so calm, these people are psychopaths...

Herman- They're just desperate... I used to be like them...

Jug- Yeah desperate Verpo's who seemingly want your blood... come on you got like 2 minutes before they get here... what are you gonna do? Are they after Roudersoul?

Herman- Just get your family safe... warn them and keep Synth and Kun indoors!

Jug- I will... do you need my help?

Herman- No (calmly) I don't want you to get involved, if you get involved, your family get involved, can't have that on my conscience!

(Jug starts to rush into his slum)

Jug- If you're sure?

Herman- Go!

(Herman walks into his own slum to wakes tell Roudersoul)

Herman- Roud... Roudersoul?

Roudersoul- Yes?

Herman- I need you to run away... it's not safe here!

Roudersoul- Why, what's happened?

Herman- The thugs have returned and they... they aren't too happy (smiles and laughs ironically) please quickly take the horse and just go, find the white sun... don't come back... it's not safe anymore...

Roudersoul- You're not coming?

Herman- No... its better off if I stay!

Roudersoul- Why?

Herman- If they can't have you, they at least need me... otherwise they will follow and follow for revenge... its me who they are after for betraying them... I don't want you to be dragged into it!

Roudersoul- Your past can't be that dark?

Herman- Oh but it is... if you asked mum and dad, they'd tell you, I was a nightmare... but I'm doing the right thing... go!

Roudersoul- I can't ride a horse...

Herman- Just jump on it and hold tight and let it take you... you think I know how to ride a horse (smiles)

Roudersoul- I suppose you better have this then?

(Gives Herman the gun and he gives it straight back)

Herman- I knew you had it... no you keep it... I will likely not need it... but you will... enjoy the journey I never got to take!

Roudersoul- You will one day?

Herman- Yeah... hopefully, but I don't want to promise anything (tears runs down his cheek) Be safe now GO!

(Roudersoul sees the gang of thugs running towards them closer now and quickly jumps on the horse and rides away)

Thug- Who is that on the horse Myer?

Myer- I presume it's the younger one of the Schnied family... which means the older one is still for the taking!

Thug- What if he has a gun?

Myer- Then he will run out of bullets... it's the risk you have to take to teach a guy a lesson round these parts!

(Herman walks outside and sees Roudersoul awkwardly travel away on horseback and smiles and blows a kiss and looks at the thugs running towards him)

Myer- Ok then... so it's just the big brother is it?

Herman- Yes...

Myer- And his gun?

Herman- No... no gun!

Myer- easier than we thought then boys!

Herman- I suppose so

Myer- So we kill you and then kill little Roudie!

Herman- You'll never catch him!

Myer- You're right he'll kill himself, you realise what's out there... nature will deal with scum like him! and we deal with scum like you!

Jug- The only scum around here, is the Verpo's who make us feel unsafe to walk around at night... and feel a foot tall... that's what scum is!

Herman- Jug I told you to stay in... for your families safety!

Jug- I'm not staying in and letting a friend of mine, a neighbour die... this world may not have rules, but it has an order and those holding the weapons and looking smug are at the bottom of that order... and therefore bellow us and I'm not letting them take our innocence anymore!

Myer- let's kill the old man then as well!

(More people appear in the distance and Herman looks at them getting closer)

Herman- Who's side are they on Jug?

Jug- I have no idea... but maybe they heard us shouting!

Myer- Or us stamping our way towards you... looks like we have a civil war men... put the women away! (Smiles)

Synth- Don't think so!

(She stands there happy with her father by her side and the other men and women joining in on either side)

CUT TO:

(Wvack after leaving the mansion that held the dying Brin gets in his usual car with a dead body in the back wrapped up in cloth)

Wvack- Sitting comfortably... of course you are (smiles and laughs) entertainment the useful way of gaining power!

(he drives off down the dark sandy road and pulls up in the middle of nowhere with a figure in the distance dressed differently to Wvack and the other suited Verpo's and sovereigns, he is dressed as a Farmer boy with a tie and black smart pants on with sunglasses on as well)

Wvack- I did as you commanded... (He pulls the body in the car to a hole in the ground besides the shadow of the man who is standing alone)

(As Wvack goes to throw the body in the hole he is stopped by the man who begins to talk to him, it is Chul Jobs)

Chul- No... before you throw it in there... please let me say my peace!

Wvack- Sorry absolutely!

Chul- You don't tell anyone about this... this is your and my little secret... if you tell anyone I will have you killed and if not exiled back to where you originally came from, because let's be honest you should be with the other entertainers of this world... but instead you are potentially the next sovereign!

Wvack- I've heard that before (laughs)

Chul- I'm not a liar though... I'm honest... so if no one finds out about this, you will have the power eventually to banish those who question you... who call you a clown instead of a Verpo!

Wvack- won't someone ask about it?

Chul- of course they will... you just smile and get on with it... if anyone begins to think it might have been you... just kill them, that's the type of world these sovereigns have created... why would I change it?

Wvack- So just smile and kill anyone who questions... what if it is a sovereign?

Chul- Hmm... give me the body!

(Wvack hands him the body and he takes the cloth of the bodies head to reveal Brunt dead and has his eyes cut out)

Chul- So you can't see the boy created by the beings you killed (He looks upset and throws the body into the hole) thank you Wvack!

Wvack- Anything for you sir!

Chul- I'm not a sir!

Wvack- Brin is dead...

Chul- What? Why didn't you tell me?

Wvack- He only died on my way here, I visited him just before he died

Chul- A good man, when's the funeral... he deserves a real burial unlike some!

Wvack- Undecided yet, I think that's for the sovereigns to decide!

(Wvack seals the hole with Brunt in it with sand nearby as Chul walks to the car)

(Wvack soon joins him)

Chul- Done?

Wvack- yes (he begins to drive)

(Chul looks out the window at the fireworks for the full moon)

Wvack- So you didn't answer my question... what if a sovereign asks the question about Brunt's death?

Chul- Then I will deal with it... just like how I will organise Brin's funeral... and just how now it is ok for you to call me sir... Brin was right... it's good to be a sovereign... (Winks at Wvack and Wvack smiles through frustration of not being one himself)

Wvack- Yes it is sir!

CUT TO:

(Roudersoul is still riding the horse who looks exhausted and decides to give the horse a rest and stops near a very large circus like tent and sees a bunch of clowns dressed similar to Wvack, they look at Roudersoul in a bizarre, unwelcoming way)

(Roudersoul looks at the horse)

Roudersoul- I'll go fetch water for you?

(He walks towards the tent which is complete darkness inside and the scene ends with Roudersoul looking behind him before entering and seeing over the mountains and various different lives people are living the full moon slowly moving back behind the mountains and the sun the other way behind Roudersoul rising very slowly and he looks down at the sandy ground and pulls out his green leaf subtly and then smiles and puts it back in his robe)

CUT TO:

(Haim is still by the frozen lake and her clutch on her baby is vanishing as she grows closer to death and the wolf appears to try and escape the lake)

Thorn- Back off you Birth Demon!

Haim- Hmm... (Struggling to live) take her... take Kiln!

Thorn- Who?

Haim- Kiln!

Thorn- Kiln! It's a beautiful name...

(Thorn takes Kiln and holds her in his arms and smiles down at her crying as much as the baby)

Thorn- She's special Haim... she's strong like you where I can tell!

(Haim is unresponsive and as the wolf drags itself out of the lake it is dragged back in by a tentacle of virus)

Thorn- The viruses are coming... lets go men (They quickly walk off to safety in the mountains just besides the lake of Denton)

Thorn- Kiln... you beautiful baby... the start of something new...

(Whilst Thorn talks it shows the sovereign Queens sitting next to each other on their thrones watching young Yaho demonstrating her speech to the rest of the women of Denton)

New rules... out with the old... the death that hits us all

(It then shows Sergey and Bill sitting next to each other with an empty seat in the middle and they look straight in front as something)

But affect so little... as we live our own lives, but sometimes a death can spread further than a new life... and sometimes a new life can spread further than death, change happens for better or worse and eventually we all have to grow into a new era

(Shows Chul take his seat in the middle of Sergey and Bill with a stern face with everyone else who has come to the coronation in the room bowing down to him and the other two sovereigns)

The End

Conan finally has a smoke- follow on in multiple chapters him smoking, Lucas saying sod too.

Conan, Jessica, Joel and now a new young woman all remain tight knit together. They have entered the film 'Verpo and Their Sovereigns' in a scene in which the large lake in front of them is frozen. There is something strange in the air of this film, almost fantastical. As if the air they are breathing is unearthly, it is not as crisp as the real world's air, it is a lot more thick, like a lingering, unwanted stench. Linn, the girl they rescued from the previous film, doesn't seem to be able to tell the difference in environments; the other three do but soon grow accustomed to it. The branches of the trees have frosted and the small lumps of snow occasionally falling. Any sign of life was none existent. Slightly differing to that of the wood that surrounded the cinema, although this place seemed lifeless, it was obvious that life was once here. The evidence could be seen through the footprints of animals in the snowy floor that was otherwise virgin.

Jessica is the first to analyse the footprints, she drops to a crouching position, applying pressure to her knees and strokes her hand gently across the imprints in the snow. Not taking her

long, she realises that these are relatively bigger than the animals she was used to encountering. Her first thought being that it was perhaps the makings of the Nanulak that had been furiously chasing them earlier. She waves her hand that is shivering in the cold.

Conan is quick to acknowledge her silent call. Conan seemingly unaffected by the cold just got on with it, it helped that he was wearing multiple layers, and a hat to cover his hairless head. Meanwhile Joel was practically hugging Linn to within an inch of her life for warmth. This single act made Jessica not quite jealous, but certainly take note. She quickly turned a blind eye and focused on Conan and his quest to find out what type of wildlife lived within the contents of the film they were in.

‘What do you reckon it is?’ Jessica asked quivering through partly the temperature, and partly fear.

‘Well doesn’t look like something we want to come across, like a wolf or something?’ Conan looks at Jessica for reassurance, she gives him none and turns to face Joel and the young woman looking overly comfortable.

‘Will you two knock it off!’ Jessica bursts out an angry demand. ‘It’s not that cold’ as she shivers and crosses her arms tightly like an addict gone cold turkey. ‘I want to leave, now!’ Jessica continues to command.

Conan rises to his feet again after wiping the paw print away with the rest of the snow. ‘I think we’re at the point where we are not safe, no matter where we are’.

‘I am freezing cold though’ Joel interrupts with a finger in the air and a left foot forward. ‘I would rather be eaten alive I think than freeze to death’.

‘We could walk?’ Conan suggests. No one replies, however Jessica does place her hands on her hips rather unimpressed with his suggestion. ‘Ok fine, here’ Conan takes his long trench jacket off and throws it at Jessica ‘you have this’.

‘Hey, what about me?’ Joel looks perplexed.

‘You...’ Conan thinks for a few seconds, ‘in fact, Jessica give the new girl the coat, what’s your name new girl?’ He asks with a smile so she doesn’t get intimidated by his interrogation.

‘Erm...’ she stands in front of the three of them, her right leg shaking from nerves and the cold, ‘my name is Linn’.

‘Ah lovely, very eighties name’ Conan then walks over to Linn and gives her his coat. Linn takes it in her hands and then warps it around her, she makes little effort to put it on properly, and immediately she feels the benefits of it, the warmth soothes her muscles and makes her feel so much more relaxed. Linn feels psychologically more adept to speak to them now.

‘Again, what about me?’ Joel stands with his arms out.

‘And me now too’ Jessica barks.

Conan sighs, he looks up to the sky fed up, this is not his day, he is too tired for their nonsense, and too tired for their misunderstanding. ‘You two have each other, a hug warms people

up. Nothing warmer than the comfort of a hug, nothing colder than loneliness'. He walks over to the frozen lake and presses his foot against it testing how frozen it is. It begins to crack immediately, proving that the temperature isn't too cold that they'll perish from it any time soon.

Joel and Jessica look at each other and contemplate what Conan just said. It wasn't like they hadn't both thought about it, it wasn't as though they hadn't connected with their hands and the slight flirtatious action every now and again, but for some reason this moment was awkward. They didn't want to go in for the kill and just hug. Neither wanted to show their cards. Jessica innocently kicked the snow and her cheeks became bright and rosy. Her shy blood made her warmer anyway without Joel's comfort. Joel didn't know where to look, his eyes were zapping in all kinds of directions.

'You look.' Jessica stops, takes a deep breath and with a shiver continues, 'you look better without the ponytail'.

Joel suddenly looks shocked, petrified even, he quickly checks the back of his head and feels nothing there. He pulls a face of annoyance which turns to a smile as he realises it isn't the end of the world 'oh yeah, I forgot about that' He chuckles and Jessica remains fixated on him with a cheeky smile.

The moment is soon disturbed by Conan's roaring voice coming from the frozen lake. 'So tell me Linn, what's your character all about then?'

Linn would always speak with erms, constantly interrupting the flow of her conversations. 'Well, erm, I am twenty-two years old, erm, and I live with my parent, erm, but that's not where you met me, you met me at, erm, my friend's house, he was having a, erm, party'.

'Ok then, don't want to do me and the two kiddos here a favour and tell us about that evil things weaknesses?' Conan asks whilst tying his laces tightly.

'Erm, yes sure, erm, talking about Axe Man I presume' She waits for response but carries on 'I don't know what his weakness is actually, I just know his erm, name, and his erm, his weapon of choice, which he erm, kills all my friends with. Sorry'.

Conan begins to laugh with pity 'its ok dear, don't worry. So no weakness?'

'Oh he has one, I just don't live long enough to ever see him die, erm, he always, erm, kills me in the exact bit you saved me. Actually now that I'm erm, out here, in a different world, erm, its quite torturous, erm, knowing when exactly you're going to die erm, it saddens me in fact' Linn speaks through the cold, her breath can be seen in a cloud of sadness leaving her mouth and her eyes bright red and a tear slowly freezing as it runs down her cheek.

Jessica finally having plucked up courage to place her arm around Joel, received a gentle warming arm around the waist back. 'You ok?' Jessica asks with sincerity.

'No, erm, I'm really not, I wish, erm, I wish you hadn't saved me, at least then I would never have known there was erm, another life out here, another version of myself. Erm, I want ignorance, I want to go back, take me back home, erm, please' Linn begins to panic and beg.

'Look Linn, it's not safe for you or us to take you back' Jessica begins to explain carefully.

'No, I want to go back now' Linn stares at them all, glaring with frustration.

'Well look we're not going back' Conan stands up after tying his laces and with his short sleeve shirt on there isn't a goose pimple in sight. 'You can make your own way back by all means, but let me tell you, if you die out here, you die for good, no restarting the movie, this is the real world, do what you like, we're not taking you back, we saved you after all'.

Joel and Jessica look baffled, they don't know how to react, they feel sorry for Linn but also agree with Conan.

'To be fair, I am frightfully cold here, and I am slightly concerned about my sister, only slightly, but concerned' Joel talks to Conan with much trepidation.

'I'd presume your sister will be fine, she's with Lucas' Conan reassures him.

'Yes, she was, but I don't know if she still is, I mean there's a big bear running around the cinema, and a guy wielding an axe, the cinemas not that big' Joel explains slowly and rather patronisingly to Conan.

Conan puts his hands on his hips take a deep breath and replies 'look, I don't know what more I can do, I'm trying to keep us all safe. I'm not used to having this much pressure put on me, I live on my own for goodness sake, the only person I ever really have to care about is me. This is new territory' he walks towards them and they all naturally head towards the same spot where they found the original paw print. 'I want to go home, I really do, I want you to find your sister safely, I want Jessica to cheer up' Jessica smiles slightly 'and Linn I want to get you home too, or at least a home where you're not dying every ninety minutes, doesn't that sound good. I am trying'

'We know you are' Jessica puts her hand on Conan's shoulder and reassures him and for the first time they help him out as he feels overwhelmed by everything that has happened.

'Yeah dude don't sweat it' Joel playfully says trying to act cool in front of his crush.

Linn remains silent and shaken up by everything. Whilst she looks around for a sign for a way out of where she is, Joel suggests that they should head towards another part of the film world that they are in 'speaking of sweat, I ain't sweating, I'm shivering, shall we move to a warmer place around here, it looks warmer up there' He points up to a cave on a mountain in the not too far distance with a small flicker of light exiting it, presumably from a flame.

As the three guests move onwards, Conan looking defeated still, Jessica turns to Linn who remains stationary 'Linn you coming?'.

'Erm, I don't know, I think might erm, stay around here erm, and see what happens' Linn replies.

'No you're not, come on, don't be silly, you're not going to die when you're with us you hear me' Jessica tells Linn, 'this isn't a script anymore, well what surrounds you is, but we are real, and so are you now. Come on' She puts her hand out for Linn to grab and they begin to walk towards the flickering lights of the cave on the mountain no more than 3 miles away.

As Joel walks he begins to prance to the song he is singing. He is singing the song 'Send me on my way' by Rusted Root. A song that is quickly picked up by Jessica who, still clenching Linn's hand tightly pulling her along, displays her knowledge on the record, 'oh yeah from Matilda!' she says assertively.

The song is disturbed by Joel's laughter, he halts singing it completely and turns to face the pair of women following behind him, and Conan is way out in front. He gives a sheepish look towards the pair of them even though Linn has said nothing. Linn however does look in the opposite direction, attempting to avoid eye contact with a dismayed Joel, her furtive look gave away guilt, but it wasn't necessary, it was Jessica Joel sneered at.

'Don't you know anything, the songs from Ice Age' Joel laughs as he speaks trying hard not to give away that he is actually very disappointed in Jessica.

'What's Ice Age' Jessica asks releasing Linn's hand.

'The film that the song is from, send me on my way is from Ice Age' Joel explains.

'No it ain't, it's from Matilda' Jessica argues, 'look I studied film, I think I know a bit more than you, I'm meant to be a film critic' She wags her finger at him.

'Just because you studied film doesn't mean you lived them though, it's from Ice Age' Joel begins to walk away from the confrontation.

'Erm, excuse me, I haven't lived them? I'm in one right now' she holds her hands out.

'Oh I was just' Joel getting angry, but not to the point where he were to lash out and have a full blown argument, instead he mellows the tone down and makes a light hearted comment 'I was just trying to make a dramatic statement, let me have that!' he walks away impressed with his management of the situation.

Jessica is left smiling at him walking away with a swagger, his fluffy crown on the back of his head from where his ponytail once grew is an eye saw, but is seen as irrelevant in Jessica's eyes. She bites her bottom lip and seems absolutely smitten, and she has no idea why. Linn soon blocks Jessica's view of Joel walking away and in that moment Jessica shakes her head and realises where she is, she's in a movie, she's in a movie, she is in a movie for god sake, and she has her vision to the man she has known for a matter of hours blocked by a character from another movie. What on Earth is going on?

At the front of what was now becoming a mini wandering pack of lost souls making their way through each film of the cinema, was Conan, who after hearing the discussion just had to enter in with his own point, 'I bet none of you even know who sung that song?' the question is met with a large silence, the whistling of the blizzard wind is all that can be heard and Conan doesn't look back, he just grins ear to ear with glee as none of them know. He smugly walks on and upwards towards large 80 foot tall Oak trees with snow dripping into water on top of them.

Despite Conan's fearless approach to just about everything, Jessica and Joel remain nervous, and keep close to one another, Linn meanwhile appears to have her mind elsewhere, she really just wants to go home. Linn just wants to return to the old routine, she had a scheduled life, she knew

everything that was going to happen and she grew to not love, but admire the habit. Linn struggled to think of anything to say to spark a conversation, it wasn't in her nature. Her character in Axe Man wasn't one to create much in depth discussion. Now without a script to go by, Linn felt completely out of her comfort zone, she felt herself lack depth and belonging. It was like a new beginning for her.

'Come on, everything will be fine, you'll find your way' Jessica tells Linn who wanders like a lost soul. 'So Linn what's your favourite movie?' she asks trying to put her at ease.

'I was never given one, my character doesn't have that sort of depth to her' she explains.

'My sisters is Goodfellas, and mine is Godfather, so we have quite the argument in the household' Joel announces his own opinion.

'So Joel, do you want children?' Linn asks, and Jessica looks at her shocked.

'Where did that come from?' Joel asks in utter astonishment.

'My character asks people that all the time' Linn explains.

'You don't have to be your character anymore, you can be who you want to be, that thing, is not going to get you, not when we're here' Jessica holds Linn tightly and speaks directly to her, 'In a way you're free now'.

Jessica lets her grip go and carries on walking; she journeys down the trail of green flattened grass and melted snow that had been created by Conan's relentless pursuit of stomping and hacking through the wood with his bare hands. Linn lifts her head up and then looks towards them all and follows with a bit more pride than she had previously.

'S... so out of interest, do you want kids?' Jessica asks Joel with a slight stutter.

Joel laughs for a few seconds and finally replies in jest, 'steady on, we've only just met' he then speeds up his walk to catch up with Conan 'hey Conan wait up'.

Jessica then tuts to herself 'grow up!' as she sees Joel turn a corner towards Conan and out of sight behind the trees.

Linn following behind her is now the one resting her hand on her shoulder for comfort, 'you erm. Like him?' Linn asks precariously still.

'No, not enough spark' Jessica replies in short.

Suddenly Jessica and Linn can see Joel running back towards them. He is panicking and Conan is not too far behind, throwing his arms in the direction opposite to where they were going, 'RUN' Conan's voice croaks as he shouts and then during a panting fit he explains 'there's a ripple phantom curtain thing on the other side of the lake'. Jessica and Linn begin to panic and stay still for a moment and Joel and Conan rush past them. Each of them grabbing one of the girls by the hand and pulling them, Joel grabbing Jessica and Conan clenching Linn. Jessica however shrugs his hand off him 'I can look after myself' she exclaims as she stands in the snow. She can see the ripple of the screen and freedom from the film not too far away on the other side of the lake.

She is suddenly however jolted into a run again when she hears the howl of a large animal not too far away. The adrenaline of fear pushes her into a quick jog that speeds up to a sprint. The howl grows louder and closer. She thinks back to the paw print and hopes that judging by the size of it, the howl is not stemmed from that creature.

As Jessica follows the rest out of the film through the ripple, she quickly glances behind her and sees the creature chasing them.

The animal is a large wolf, its eyes sharp yellow and clear as day behind the falling snow. The wolf just stands on the opposite side of the lake with its tongue dangling from its mouth and an evil stare. The wolf pats its front paws on the snow in a playful way but remains scarily fixated on Jessica as she leaves.

Jessica has the feeling that the wolf is merely scaring them all away from something else, and had no intention on actually catching them. The wolf was like a guard dog with no bite. The wolf gave off a howl and looked towards the sky and then redirected its sight towards Jessica who by this point had left and was nowhere to be seen in 'Verpo and Their Sovereigns'.

Maurice dies

With the fire logs crisping towards their end, and the flame dying, the wood turning to grey ash, the eyes of Maurice are wincing and locked upon the fireplace. His old crooked, dishevelled body sunk deep now within the leather chair. Lucas has sat back down and simply watching Maurice fall to a final sleep, there is little he can do. He just picks at the metal bronze nail heads buried within the leather chair he is sitting on. His fingernails pluck the nails hard and it creates an annoying sound that even begins to infuriate Lucas.

Lucas continues to watch Maurice, each breath becoming more and more drawn out. Lucas rolls his eyes 'Will you just die already!' he picks at the leather harder as if he is nervous.

Maurice continues to fight for his life, but he can't look at Lucas. The last thing he would want to see in this moment is this malevolent version of the brother that he loves, and once respected and treasured. Maurice manages to murmur 'you truly have been overcome by greed, the mind and the power of this place, haven't you?!' He asks rhetorically, however he does expect a response out of his younger sibling.

'We've been over this brother, a hundred times, I'm not going to change. I want this place to be my stepping stone to greatness, my paved way to being rich, being a successful man in the eyes of our mother' Lucas sighs with every word.

Maurice struggles to keep both eyes open and his eyebrows of his left eye begins to slouch over his left vision completely. 'It was my discovery, and not only did you take it, it took you, it ruined you' He says shedding a small tear, the tear that would potentially be his last. It could have so easily been a bead of sweat stemming from the heat of the fire burning his dying face.

'Nothing ruins me you hear, nothing. I chose to let this place overcome me, I would die and I would kill to make this place a success, it is my project, doesn't matter who found it. It's about who can sell

it.' Lucas argues and continues to be incensed by his older brother, who with every comeback he hears from Lucas makes him more and more satisfied. The anger of Lucas is converted to energy for Maurice, who simply smiles every time he hears his younger brother argue.

'You did kill, you have killed, all them poor construction workers, you think they don't have a soul. They have just as much soul as any of your guests. Are you happy they're dying?' Maurice asks, this time however far from rhetorical.

'They are not the same, you took it too far Maurice, you put our guests in danger, not me!' Lucas breaks to rub his lips to dry them, 'Those PRB men, they work for me, you can't seriously suggest to me that they have a soul. You think I'm so evil because I've caused a couple of deaths, the world isn't nice Maurice, there is no heaven, there is no hell, only here and now. After you're gone, all you have is legacy. And I sure as hell don't want my legacy to be as meaningless as yours, so yes, I've done what I had to do, but I would never put innocent men in danger like you have.' Lucas responds with a passionate rant.

His rant is wasted however as he looks at Maurice crippled over, his eyes now firmly shut, and his mouth open, a slight dribble leaks onto his clothes. His skin has become whiter already, his lips becoming bluer. Maurice is no longer Maurice, he is a sitting corpse, or as Lucas put it, a legacy.

Unsure how to respond Lucas does check for a pulse, but feels nothing. His fingers shake as he feels for it, and then his lip begins to quiver. 'You stupid man' he shakes his head beginning to look sympathetic and his mouth becomes filled with saliva, yet his lips remain dry. 'You stupid, stupid man' he exclaims again and suddenly he bursts out a few tears. Who was the stupid man, was it referring to Maurice, or himself.

Lucas looks up at the clock, still resting his left index and middle finger on his dead older brother's neck, and notices half an hour has passed in the room since he first entered. The clock ticks with seconds a lot slower than in the real world. He can see the witness marks scratched across it and begins to reminisce, not entirely sure what about, but he is, he has that look in his eyes of nostalgia. He finally releases his fingers from Maurice's throat, backs away, and apologises to his brother. He doubles checks the flame of the fire is definitely dying out and leaves.

Jocelyn knows how to escape (noticing the eyes)

As Jocelyn leads the way for Leonardo and Pablo to follow her through the wreckage of the once pristine cinema, the two PRB construction workers remove their pens from their top pockets of their blue overalls. Stumbling through the second floor of the ripped carpet floor, and the scraped and clawed purple and orange walls caused by a great monstrosity, Leonardo and Pablo both click their ball point pens into action and begin to write their names on the wall.

In big bold letters:

LEONARDO & PABLO

GRAZZI

Scrolled across the wall between Screen Room Eight and Screen Room Seven, the most damaged wall on the floor. The scrapes could have been caused by a number of possible creatures or ominous characters, the Nanulak, the Axe Man, something else. The three of them were still very oblivious to what exactly had gone on to cause such ruins in the cinema. It looked to Jocelyn like a hurricane had swept through the fairly narrow 10 foot wide corridors of the second floor and as she made her way down the crumpled stairs; she saw a not too dissimilar pattern occur on the first floor corridor.

After writing their name into the Blockbuster Cinema's history, Leonardo quickly taps the back of Pablo's head, and shook his head Jocelyn's way as if to follow. Despite the cinema's size it seemed as though both Axe Man and the Nanulak had disappeared or where in hiding. There was no sign of their presence anywhere, only of their legacy, the carpet ripped up to demonstrate a trail in which the Axe Man had gone.

Leonardo noticed this and quickly caught up to Jocelyn and stopped her following the trail any further. 'Look the trail, it looks threatening. Perhaps we should stay away from where it leads?' Leonardo looks into Jocelyn's concerned eyes, and Jocelyn looks into his deep blue ones again. The deep blue that never changes, like the Mediterranean Sea, constant and ever present blue. The white around his eyes was always the same; he never had a single red vein in sight. She was absorbed by his eyes, but it was only his eyes she was overcome by.

As Pablo also caught up shaking his head like a dog with an ear infection, she noticed that his eyes where incredibly similar, in fact identical. Their facial shape was similar, but apart from that, there was nothing else that represented one another. Their teeth where different, Pablo's where more yellow, and Leonardo's much cleaner; Pablo didn't have olive skin like Leonardo. Both of them however seemed to struggle to fit into their overalls, Pablo more so than Leonardo. Where they just very similar body types, or maybe they were wearing different sized PRB uniforms.

Either way in that moment both of them reminded her of the first time she laid eyes on Lucas. He was wearing glasses the first time he saw him and this just magnified his eyes, deep blue, like the Mediterranean Sea. It was the first real time she had noticed that Pablo and Leonardo where perhaps brothers or related in some way. Jocelyn did seem to have feelings for both of them, more so for Leonardo due to his personality. She felt she connected with him on a deeper level, it was easier after all as Pablo couldn't really hear too well anyway.

'Are you two related?' Jocelyn asks them both collectively as she stands right in front of the ripped up movie poster "Patch".

'Related? No, we just work together, both from Venice though' Leonardo explains, in his clean Americanised-Italian accent. He swipes his hand through his dark greased back hair and turns to Pablo.

'I'm sorry I didn't hear' Pablo says acknowledging that Leonardo wants him to also respond to Jocelyn's question.

Jocelyn just shakes her head and feels herself turning silly, 'it's ok, just had a moment. It might be that you're both from the same region in Italy, I don't know.'

The conversation is disturbed by the ripping sound of carpet coming from downstairs on the bottom floor. The bottom floor is a lot larger in area than the floor corridors above it, and the ripping actually grows closer in volume and then becomes quieter. They can track how far the Axe Man is by the noise he causes.

‘Something’s downstairs, how do I get out of here?’ Jocelyn asks in a panic, she is torn between interest and fear; she has little idea what is causing the tearing noise.

‘Screen Room One, that’s how we go home after a shift’ Leonardo responds. He pauses for a moment and waits for the noise to restart again as it halts for a moment. ‘I presume that’s the only way’ He carries on.

Suddenly the noise becomes a painful screech across slabs of concrete tiles. The racket is ringing in the ears of the three of them and strikes terror into their hearts. This time the noise is definitely getting louder and closer, almost like the tormentor is scraping up each step towards them on the first floor. They have to think fast, they can’t possibly go down to the ground floor in this moment. Not at least without knowing what is exactly causing the noise, they can tell however it is not a positive sound.

As the moon shines bright down over them through the domed shape glass ceiling, every now and again being intercepted by the large Volkans flying over, they decide to act fast and enter Screen Room Five.

Without saying a word to each other, Pablo finally takes charge of a situation without even knowing. He is blissfully unaware of the noise that is terrorising the other two, but he does decide on his own accord to enter the Screen Room. Jocelyn and Leonardo quickly barge their way in too. The light of the corridor seeps through into the darkness of the screen room and slowly the screen room is overcome again by darkness as the door closes shut behind them.

Jocelyn’s emotion turns from panic to relief however as he sees right in front of her four people hiding behind four of the chairs in the auditoriums back row. The four of them of course being Conan, Linn, Jessica and her young brother Joel, alive but far from safe and sound. Jocelyn and Leonardo look on confused as to why they are hiding in the first place, the screen behind them is showing a peaceful setting of a winter’s day in a wood.

Jocelyn looks at Joel and just mimes the words ‘I’m sorry, I’m so sorry’. Joel puts his arms out and doesn’t say a word, he just waits for her to come and hug him. ‘Why did I bring you here’ she says angry with herself.

‘It’s ok’ Joel comforts her.

‘So this is Joel then?’ Leonardo questions with a smile, ‘she’s been worried sick’.

As Jocelyn hugs Joel extra tight as if to never let him out of sight again, she begins to fondle the back of his head. Slightly confused she backs away comically, nothing too serious etched across her face, more confusion. ‘Excuse me, where is the man bun, ponytail thing, whatever it’s called gone?’ She asks, presuming that he had complete control over its disappearance.

'Oh it got chopped off' Joel smiles, slightly annoyed 'I know how much you liked it' he sarcastically implies.

Jocelyn looking relieved looks at Jessica, who catches her eyes, 'did you have something to do with it?' Jocelyn asks ready to praise.

'No but I'm relieved it went' Jessica replies.

'Yes it was chopped off luckily, as if it weren't the pony tail, it could have been my head' Joel begins to explain, 'a large man with his axe, he took a final swing for me and just missed me, and cleanly swiped off my beautiful hair' he tells rather humorously.

Jocelyn in that moment puts two and two together to realise that what was scraping the carpet and concrete floor the level beneath her, Leonardo and Pablo before was presumably that same man with the axe.

Linn watches the two of them hugging and smiles, she is still shaking from her running from whatever was following them in the last scene of the movie they had just exited. Conan, sat next to her, stands up and acknowledges the three of them, especially Jocelyn. Jessica remains tight against the back of her chair hiding, concerned in case the worst happens. Yet Jessica does puff her cheeks in Jocelyn's direction and scratches a smile. Catching Linn's eyes are Leonardo and Pablo however, she doesn't know why, but she has a feeling that they have something to hide; something innate inside her causes her concern. Linn does remain quiet however along with the others after the initial surprise and relief of the reunion, unknowing of what could be lurking outside of the screen room.

(Go into more detail when editing)

Axe Man again

To the amazement of Lucas, who, still mourning his brothers passing away, was able to creep out of the room of his brother's corpse without seeing anyone, or anything.

He surprised to find that Julien was not keeping guard, despite him clearly ordering him to leave. Julien was never one to actually listen to Lucas, and he knew that, he really knew everything about his character so it really shocked him that he would listen to his orders so adequately.

Not knowing where Julien was, whether he was safe or why the sudden character change, Lucas seemed to become unfazed very fast. He had a mission, and that was to get back to the real world and leave this world behind. It wasn't without trepidation, or disappointment, he felt he had left the cinema down, like he had failed the building like it had personality of its own to allow it to judge him.

Also baffled by the disappearance of Pasquale from his post at the kiosk, again a very uncharacteristic move by him. Lucas thought to himself, 'he's supposed to be incredibly reliable, he

must just be dead'. He poked his bottom lip out and shook his head like he had no concern about Pasquale or Julien's safety what so ever, like they were soldiers at war and their deaths where to be expected. 'Oh well' Lucas incredibly quietly whispers to himself, almost miming it.

Lucas let the door that he was keeping open close slowly so not to creek behind him. He didn't know exactly what was out there, but he had a feeling something dangerous had escaped some of the films, judging by the mess that was left on the cinema's ground floor. The couches where ripped in the centre of the floor, the carpets had a trail of rips throughout and the fabric was trying to flap back over like it was freshly cut.

Lucas noticed that there were also large brown hairs scattered across the carpet and over by the kiosk there was a loud grunting of something large sleeping. Lucas didn't dare go check on what it was, he could tell it was large and dangerous just by the noises it was making, and he mustn't disturb it.

He however knew that whatever it was snoring behind the counter of the kiosk and out of sight would not have been the cause for the rips in the carpet; they looked far too neat to be from a monster of the animal variety. He wasted no time examining it however and as he walked towards the staircase, again showing little concern for where Pasquale had gone, he heard a scraping on the walls as something made its way down the stairs.

Lucas could soon see the image of a shadow enlarged by the direction of the lighting moving step by step towards the ground floor. The shadow was dragging a large object behind it. Lucas panicked and turned to face the glass front of the building to perhaps exit that way.

He was then struck with more fear as he could see awaiting outside for him, a line-up of Vulcans, all with their wings covering themselves as a shield, and waiting for the perfect opportunity to enter the building. The only thing keeping them at bay was their innate fear of glass, a characteristic given to them by whoever made the film. Standing in front of the Vulcans as a ring leader was a man, 6 foot 1 inches, arms folded, in his purple metal jump suit, and purple cape flailing behind him. He was holding a small baton shaped bar in one hand and his face was covered by a mask, a purple metallic mask of a plague doctor that represented something similar to a vulture like beak.

Lucas, knowing he was stuck between a rock and hard place, or death and death, quickly ran into the only place he could seek shelter and a hiding place. He ran towards the restrooms, and for a split second was torn between women or men's, eventually he chose women's on the account that there would be more cubicles in there and more chance of hiding safely.

The Axe Man finally arrived on the bottom step of the stairwell and looked around the ground floor, it vision spanned the whole area. It saw the numerous Vulcans outside and the figure of a man in costume stud there, and thought little of it. They were not his main priority, for he was hunting, hunting the woman he was set out to kill in his movie script, he was trying to sniff out Linn.

After seamlessly sidling his way into the women's toilets like a naughty school boy, he then tiptoed his way towards the far end cubicle closest to the window and the sink. The toilets seemed tighter to him than he remembered them being, perhaps it was the stress of the situation. The window of the toilet was kept firmly shut just in case of the Vulcans that flew outside.

The toilet had a fresh smell to it, unused, maybe only once or twice by guests. There would be no reason for PRB builders to use it however, they were all men. Lucas made sure not to set off the overly sensitive hand dryers attached the wall across from the five cubicles.

Already unlocked he just pushed the cubicle door open slightly and then crept in and sat politely on the toilet seat. He shut the door and locked it as quiet as a mouse. He then just waited, his heart was rapidly beating, his pulse was the opposite of Maurice's. Every little noise set of a worry and a surge of adrenaline, the simple noises like the tanker behind him filling up with water, or the whisking wind outside.

Lucas in his moment of reflection began to ask himself the question of who he'd rather be killed by 'the creature he could hear snoring or the man with the axe, or the birds outside'. He shook his head as if he were foolish to think such nasty thoughts, and then stopped suddenly and realised that he really didn't want to die, especially to the purple man and his birds outside. He heard, he knew the type of pain that people go through when they attack, it was unthinkable it could happen to him.

The more he thought about it, the more he began to sweat, the more he began to prey for a stroke or a heart attack to finish him off. Anything other than the hauntings of this place, the place he built up, the place he believed in. 'Frankenstein wasn't killed by his own monster' he argued in his head. Lucas then stopped thinking and in absolute silence he breathed out a sigh, a sigh of resignation, he knew he'd screwed up. He would never admit that Maurice was right, because that was always up for debate, but he knew somewhere along the line he had taken his idea too far. Knowing he had made mistakes, didn't lead him to any sort of regret though, it was just acknowledgment.

Lucas story revealed- (Flesh out more when editing. Feels a bit odd)

A long awaited call from his older brother Maurice. Lucas answered it after two rings so as not to seem too eager to speak to him.

'Oh, 'ello, 'ello, hello' Lucas answered the call with the first words he had said to his older brother for a number of years. For a while the line seems dead as Maurice doesn't carry on the conversation. Suddenly after a sharp intake of breath he begins to talk, 'I apologise I'm a bit speechless you see' in his deep American accent, that can be easily distinguished from his younger brothers native British accent.

'Just a quick courtesy call really' Maurice dances around the subject, 'to just say that I have found something pretty amazing, and I thought I'd share with you'.

'What's the catch here bro, haven't spoken to you in a while, why me?' Lucas asks with an eyebrow raised. Maurice coughs, his sickness that would eventually lead to his death had already grown its roots by this point it seemed. However it would be the best part of a decade before death would finally catch up with him from this point.

'Well I have stumbled across this camera, this amazing thing in LA' Lucas soon interrupts.

'Look don't phone me up showing off about your life in LA, I'm doing just fine in the movie business over in London, don't worry' Lucas lies through his teeth, he is struggling to pay his rent and is literally signing a contract to do voluntary work at Phototime UK as they speak.

'No, believe me, you'll want to come look at this, I swear to you' Maurice begs. Lucas doesn't take too much persuading, as soon as Maurice argues further 'there could be money in it, lots of money' Lucas was sold on coming to LA to see what the fuss was about. Maurice at the time saw the cinema as a profitable venture, but as time went by his appetite to create money from it became less and less enticing.

Lucas was shown the cinema, and in an instant fell in love with everything about it. His reaction far from mirrored Maurice's initial response. Lucas seemed overcome by it all, as if he had just witnessed the most incredible thing in his or anyone's life, like he'd just seen Jesus Christ in the flesh and spoke to God. Maurice's reaction was more like he had just seen the best film he'd ever seen.

Within an instant Lucas was planning on where he could put the kiosk and where he could put the models and figures of characters gone by to make the cinema more appealing and therefore more profitable. Within a week he was knocking on Maurice's door with business plans and forecasts.

Maurice, beginning got fall out of love with idea, refused to return the cinema for a short time, he would even go near area code 323.5 in case he accidentally stumbled into the island again. Lucas soon persuaded him however to return. With roles reversed, Lucas phoned up Maurice wanting to share a plan with him.

Lucas was on his way home from the cinema at the time of the call. He didn't exit the cinema to get home the way in which he had told his guests they could get home. There was no sign of Venice, no entering Screen Room One, it was like there was a second way to get home that he didn't tell anyone about. A way that only he and Maurice knew.

This seemingly alternative way home was to use the largest camera in the spare room on the fourth floor. It was a camera with a pad on it with numbers of 0 up to 9, like a calculator, and an option to place decimal places. The camera looked as if it was used often, the numbers had been smudged off slightly by the amount of usage from Lucas and Maurice.

The camera would in fact be a teleportation device that could take you to any area code you typed into it. Lucas quickly typed into the camera, that he and Maurice would call the 'phone home' after E.T. the numbers 323.5 for the area code in LA where the original camera is found to take them to the cinema in the first place. Each number Lucas typed would coincide with his phone trying to gain reception and contact with Maurice.

'Yes' Maurice answered with a blocked nose.

'I've got something to show you, you have to come back to the cinema' Lucas ordered him with a hint of desperation. 'This is gonna be huge, I'm not fooling mate' Lucas tempts Maurice, 'it's about the other cameras, you know in that spare room on the **third floor**. Turns out they do have a

purpose, wait till you see what I've done with it. It'll save us so much money, and this cinema will look glamorous in no time. Who know what else we can achieve with what I've discovered'.

Maurice managed to fight his way through his ill condition and through Area Code 323.5 he made his way to the cinema for first time in months to see what Lucas had been up to whilst he was away and neglected all that was to do with the cinema.

Upon Maurice's arrival to his already much changed discovery, he was shocked to find that Lucas was waiting outside for him. Leaning against large mossy stoned pillars beside the **three** step staircase leading to the entrance, Lucas simply moved to the side in a welcoming way. 'Are you excited?' Lucas seemed emphatically eccentric on this occasion, his persona had changed from when Maurice had last seen him. It was almost suspicious, Lucas' change in personality.

Lucas skipped up each step and walk towards the open doored entrance. The glass covering the front of the building was no longer stained with muck, it had been cleaned. Maurice looked at the glass and presumed it was cleaned by Lucas, however it was absolutely spotless, surely he couldn't have cleaned it all himself.

Maurice followed Lucas up the steps, with each one he had to hold firm his left knee as he felt pain in it. He looked up with envy as Lucas could dance around and act like a fool with no concern for injury or wearing a way of cartilage from old age.

'So' Maurice takes a breath and lets the pain in his knee fizzle out, 'you want to show me something? This better be good, I'm in a lot of pain here'.

'You will not be disappointed, and don't worry; I've got people working on a little room for you on the bottom floor, so you don't have to take the stairs anymore. I thought about you don't worry' Lucas reassure Maurice, Maurice just simply looks away and sighs.

'So you have people working on this place? Do you realise that they could just steal the idea for themselves, this doesn't work, it won't work Lucas!' Maurice tries to calm Lucas' excitement.

'Oh don't be such a negative Nancy'-

'Call me Maurice' He interrupts quickly

'Stop being a negative Maurice, no one is gonna steal this plan. Trust me.' Lucas begins to explain, 'You know the cameras in that spare room, the room with the costumes, and the 'Phone Home'?'

'Yes I recall, I recall the costumes' Maurice then thinks for a second, 'the helmets, the overalls, the PRB uniforms'.

'Exactly' Lucas says clicking his fingers, 'well guess what, one of the cameras, brings whatever it films to life'.

'Carry on' Maurice orders Lucas to explain further, purely out of intrigue as to what Lucas has done, not due to excitement or potentially using the camera.

'So what I've done is, I've created my own film... Oh, oh, there's a green screen as well... Think of the movies we could create for our viewers to come and see, and enter.' Lucas can barely string a

sentence he's to overwhelmed by his discovery. He quickly runs over to the female restroom door. He opens it up and out comes a man in PRB overalls and helmet.

'I used Screen Room One' Lucas explains 'you know, because there was no film in there, so I made a film for it, I call it Venice. And the characters are all me, dressed up in different costumes, with different make up on, one of the PRB characters is a fine make-up artist, I made sure his character was quite the feminine kind.'

'There must be around Eight different versions of myself walking around this building right now, working on different things, all of them know I'm in control, the script clearly states, "They work for Lucas" but also, "Maurice"' Lucas smiles and Maurice looks disgusted.

'You have raised clones?' Maurice asks not wanting to know the answer.

'No, they're not clones they're not real, they're just characters from a film'. The PRB man lifts his head up and reveals himself to be Leonardo, now noticeably similar to Lucas in height and his eyes. 'Where's Pablo, Leonardo?' Lucas asks.

'Pablo... PABLO' Leonardo shouts so he can hear.

'Ah yes, forgot, Pablo's a bit deaf, I gave him deafness'. Lucas laughs off.

'You're insane.' Maurice exclaims.

'Insane, no I'm not.' Lucas becomes defensive and quite upset.

'You think these people aren't real, they're clones, do they bleed?' Maurice asks sweating with panic.

'One of them may have entered a film he shouldn't have, they're not always too safe and reliable, some do wander. He got shot by remember the film Kali Knox with the cowgirl?'

'I recall' Maurice stares at Lucas angrily.

'Well yeah, he entered there and got shot, they took him to Venice but obviously, Venice doesn't have a real doctor, I mean they're all just character I made up and acted as'. Lucas can't help but laugh like he is oblivious to anything he has done wrong. 'So yeah they do bleed and they do die, but they're just characters'.

'They're clones, you've raised clones and you've employed them to do dirty work for you, risk their lives for you, and think and feel like they're living real lives' Maurice explains 'you're torturing them'.

'Oh calm down will you, stop being so dramatic' Lucas grows frustrated with Maurice's lack of understanding, 'now who's insane, you think these guys are real humans. Please!'.

Maurice looks down towards the patchy carpet floor, not yet fully relayed. He blows his cheeks out and eventually brings himself to look back up at his younger brother. In that moment he doesn't see his younger brother, he sees a monster in his eyes. He shakes his head with confusion, he is so torn, so compelled he is to stand up for the PRB construction workers that he feels it necessary to defend them against this younger brother. He soon closes his eyes firmly.

'I don't even know what I'm defending anymore, this is beyond my comprehension' Maurice points at Lucas who looks at him half smiling. 'What I do know is, I don't like it one bit, and I'm going to leave you to it'. Maurice begins to walk towards the spare room upstairs where he knows the 'Phone Home' is so he can go back to his lonely life.

Lucas puts an arm across him and stops him, 'you think I'm going to let you go home to your sad little life Maurice. No chance, I want you to stay here and watch us, watch us two become rich and successful'. Lucas defends himself 'so I broke the rules a little, think about what's in it for us. I don't want to be forgotten Maurice, I don't want to be lonely anymore' Lucas's eyes glisten with tears 'I want to be a success; I want us to be a success. I don't like being a nobody'.

'You're condemning these clones of yours to the same fate, that's not fair' Maurice shoves his arm out of his way.

As Maurice takes the first step up towards the first floor, he can see a figure at the top of the stairs heading towards him. Each step the figure takes he looks more and more familiar, it's another version of Lucas acted out as a PRB builder. This time an uglier version who is introduced to Maurice. 'I don't think Julien will let you leave, will you Julien?' Lucas asks Julien knowing the answer full well.

'I have to make sure you're safe Maurice' Julien responds, not with a robotic tone, but one filled with emotion and purpose. 'It's my job'.

'Up to you Maurice' Lucas gives him an ultimatum 'you either embrace what I'm doing here, or you remain a prisoner and watch me'.

Maurice looks glaringly at Lucas as he is escorted away towards his currently constructed room. Lucas looks back with his hands out in desperation 'they're just staff, numbers, they don't have feelings, they're just here to help us make this place better. To make us more money' After no response from Maurice Lucas again loses patience, 'oh for goodness sake cheer up, I'm doing this for us, you know for a big brother, you're not so supporting'.

Lucas remains in a constant stare as Julien has his arm around Maurice's shoulder and opens the doors to his cell. The room is under much construction and the lighting is flickering on and off as Lucas sees his brother disappear into the shadowy darkness of his new room.

(Describe Malcolm's appearance, or if not check whether his background is revealed earlier)

Linn reveals that Leonardo and Pablo are both characters

Joel manages to ease away from holding hands with a shaken up Jessica, still nervous about what chased them out of Verpo, he then heads towards Jocelyn and reunites. He stands over an exhausted Jocelyn who looks emotionally and physically drained by the whole experience so far. Joel sits beside her, initially resting his back against the chair and lowering his knees allowing himself to slide down to her level.

'Everything ok?' Joel asks deeply concerned.

'I'm so sorry Joel, sorry for bringing you to this and putting in you in danger' Jocelyn apologises with perfect sincerity.

Joel laughs slightly 'you don't have to apologise, I'm a big boy, may not always act like it, but I am. I was more concerned about your safety'.

'I'm fine' Jocelyn assures him smiling, 'thanks to these two' she points up at Leonardo and Pablo who remain awkwardly tense, uneasy by the situation of meeting new people.

'Oh yeah, these two, the PRB guys?' Joel asks.

'yeah' Jocelyn's eyes widen 'there's something about them though, they both seem similar in the way they look, yet I find Leonardo' pointing to him 'very attractive, his eyes, but they're similar eyes to Pablo's'.

'Look sis, I don't want to hear about your crushes. No one is good enough for you in my eyes, let's just stick to that' Joel looks away as he responds in disgust by the conversation.

Everyone remains quiet in their chatter, just in case there is something terrible outside. The seven of them all feel a presence of sorts haunting them. Linn still remains the quietist however, as she ponders why she finds Leonardo and Pablo so peculiar compared to the others.

Conan finds himself listening into Joel and Jocelyn's conversation and can't help himself but impart some of his opinion 'can I just say' he begins to speak openly in a quiet tone but so everyone can hear 'that Joel over here, is a stand up man. Jocelyn, you should be very proud of your little brother, he's a good kid'.

'Better without the ponytail though' Jocelyn jokes.

'I miss it' Jessica then states but no one knows if she is being serious or not except for Joel who looks at her and smiles. 'It's better than a bald patch like I have now' Joel argues.

Linn suddenly, amongst the small laughter and sniggering, stands up with realisation. She gasps and covers her mouth with amazement. It has all just clicked for her, she had a feeling in the back of her mind and now she knew why. 'You're like me' she points at Leonardo and Pablo.

Jocelyn suddenly sees Linn figure in the corner of her eyes 'who is this girl by the way?'. No one responds, they all wait for Linn to finish.

'You're like me' Linn repeats. 'You're like me' she repeats once more.

'What is me?' Jocelyn asks again frustrated and scared for Leonardo and Pablo.

'She a character out of this horror movie we saved' Joel explains.

'The one with the axe guy following us around' Conan completes Joel's summary.

Looking slightly unimpressed Jocelyn gets to her feet 'did you realise she was weird and had a repetitive nature to say things over and over again?' she asks rhetorically.

'What film are you from then?' Linn asks innocently to Leonardo and Pablo.

'They're not from a film like you girl, they're builders and engineers from Venice' Jocelyn stands in front of them as if she is defending them.

'We're from Venice' Leonardo answers Linn.

'Venice' Pablo repeats without hearing that Leonardo had already replied to Linn.

'See' Jocelyn stands corrected. 'There are loads of these PRB guys in this cinema, all helping Lucas with is evil regime to create this dangerous place, not these two, they want to fightback, they don't like him'.

'No, no. They are characters from a film like me' Linn tries to explain.

'Ok, was she like this when she first met you guys too?' Jocelyn asks her brother, Jessica and Conan, all of which make their way to their feet.

'No' Conan bluntly responds.

'She didn't' Jessica answers also; Joel remains silent and decided to just watch what unfolds with intrigue and half feeling bad for his sister. 'So when you say you're from Venice, the place Venice, or the film called Venice?' Jessica asks them.

'We're from the place Venice' Leonardo answers.

'See' Jocelyn interrupts before Leonardo completes his response.

'Which is set within the film Venice' Leonardo finishes.

'Venice is where we live, but it's also the only place we can possibly live, this is all fake to us' Pablo explains.

'We have friends in Venice, a hospital in Venice, it is Venice, just a scripted version, we are real, we just have traits that make us who we are, like you guys' Leonardo makes everything clear. 'We may not have any history to tell beyond the couple of years we've existed, but we still have flesh and bones, and memory and personality'.

Jocelyn out of shock takes a few steps back and looks deeply upset and falls into Joel's arms 'you're not real, you're not real. I feel sick, I feel sick. How are you not real? HOW!'

'we are real, just not from the same place you were from, we're imposters if you like' Leonardo tries to defend himself.

'Who, who are you then, you look familiar, tell me why you look so familiar!' Jocelyn asks with furious red eyes of sadness.

'We were made by Lucas, we are Lucas, he acted as us, and this is what he created, us' Leonardo explains with a slight glaze in his eyes, Pablo remains half oblivious due to his hearing.

Jocelyn swallows a hard lump in her sad throat and takes a deep breath 'it makes sense now, your eyes, I recognised them, the both of you, the same height, same features underneath the wigs' she begins to cry 'the fake skin tone, the fake... everything fake. I'm embarrassed, I'm shocked, I'm upset'.

Joel hugs Jocelyn tightly. 'It's ok' Joel reassures her.

Jessica slowly makes her move over to Pablo and asks 'so how do we get home then?' Pablo doesn't hear her, but she just asks again as oppose to approaching Leonardo who looks deeply saddened by how he had let Jocelyn down.

Pablo hearing Jessica second time replies 'Venice of course, that's how we get home'

'yes but how do we get home?' Jessica asks again with no response 'US. How do we get home?'

'Stop shouting at me' Pablo loses it, 'I don't know how you get home, we go to Venice, where my family live, where my dentist is, where everything is happy and rosy and where I know I won't lose friends and colleagues to this ghastly world'. Pablo shakes uncontrollably with anger.

'Ok sorry' Jessica apologises with attitude.

'You don't know what it's like to be a puppet to some weird man's little game' Pablo tells Jessica, 'we just want to live in Venice and be safe in our world. But we have traits that don't allows us freedom, we have to do as he says that man' he directs his hatred towards Lucas.

Jocelyn breaks from Joel's clutching hug of sympathy to argue against Pablo 'ok then, well as you're not real you can tell us how to get home. You're not real! We, discounting Linn, are real human beings. And we want to go home, we're not characters from a movie, given certain traits and personalities and looks. We have memories and childhood, we won't stay the same age for the rest of our live and we know how to love. Now Leonardo, get me and my friends home now!'

Leonardo lifts his sad head from his hands to reveal his face again 'god you look so much like Lucas now I know' Jocelyn tells him with anger.

'I only know how to go to Venice I'm sorry' Leonardo tells her 'I thought you'd all want to go to Venice, it's safe, it's the only place I could think of taking you all that would keep you away from all of this'.

'Venice. Isn't. Real. Not the one you think of' Jocelyn explains it clearly to him.

'Let's everyone just calm down' Conan begins 'I have been here before don't forget, and I have gotten home before, now when Lucas used to say Venice was a way home I used to believe that too. However the way I got home, was through something they called 'Phone home' but it was always Maurice who gave it to me. I have no idea where they keep it, it's like a small camcorder'.

'Ok perfect, well we'll just find that then' Joel seems happy, but it is short lived as Jessica grabs Joel.

'Yes but how do we find it in this massive building'. Jessica keeps Joel's feet on the ground.

'Haven't thought about that yet' Joel smiles and Jessica just shakes her head and laughs to herself all giddy.

'It's downstairs on the bottom floor, near the kiosk' Leonardo rather deflated clarifies the whereabouts for them. Pablo notices Leonardo's depressed demeanour and puts his comforting arm around him tightly.

‘Where by the kiosk?’ Conan asks with one foot forward ready to make a move out of the screen room hastily. Neither Leonardo, nor Pablo respond.

‘Leonardo!’ Jocelyn exclaims as if he is no longer a human to her, more an animal, even a pet. ‘Conan asked you, where is it?’

‘Don’t talk to him like that Jocelyn’ Jessica can’t help herself but find it quite insulting. Jocelyn just simply gives Jessica a sly look and then returns her eye contact to Leonardo and his comforting co-worker Pablo. Joel gives Jessica a friendly nudge as if to say *‘leave them to it’*.

‘I don’t know where the Phone home is! OK!’ Leonardo responds frustrated. ‘I’ve seen whereabouts Maurice used to get it from, the kiosk and that’s all the information I have’.

Linn soon makes her way over to both Leonardo and Pablo. She rubs the shoulder of Pablo and raises Leonardo’s deflated chin and looks to them both with sadness and empathy. Whilst the three of them share a collective moment of familiarity, the guests make a decision to move.

‘It’s time we got out of here, come on!’ Joel separates from Jessica and places his hand on his hips, mimicking many famous heroes from films gone by. Jessica can’t take him seriously and laughs to herself covering her mouth with her right palm. ‘What are you laughing at?’ Joel asks seriously.

‘Nothing, you’re a hero’ Jessica replies, ‘you’re Buzz Lightyear or something’.

‘I can be’ Joel winks and Conan rolls his eyes and quickly whispers in his Joel’s ear ‘leave the heroic leadership to me, you’re not ready yet kid’.

Joel’s posture shrinks in disappointment and he follows Conan to the screen room’s double doors with a weight of embarrassment on his shoulders. ‘Jocelyn’ Conan tries to gain her attention, ‘let’s go home, come on’. Jocelyn obliges, but not before giving a look of disapproval towards Pablo and more importantly Leonardo.

Leonardo catches her glimpsing at him with critical eyes, he decides to confront them eyes ‘I’m not going to apologise for being what I am, you liked me for what I was, you liked Pablo, and we liked you, we didn’t judge. I will, we will never apologise for what we are.’

‘You, are nothing, you don’t exist’ Jocelyn replies and walks away towards the double doors where the other guests are stood ready to listen for any possible threat outside.

‘Linn’ Conan tries to get her attention but she is entranced in an emotional hug with Leonardo and Pablo. ‘Linn, are you coming with us?’ Linn looks up at Conan and shakes her head to say no. Conan accepts it, he doesn’t argue, he allows her to make her own choice. With that the groups separate once more into guests and characters.

After listening out for any noise that displays danger to the guests, they all agree on the decision to leave Screen Room Five. Parting ways with the huddling trio of Linn, Pablo and a disheartened Leonardo who are left in the dark room only lit by the screen behind them showing a new scene from “Verpo and Their Sovereigns”.

Axe Man returns

Outside of Screen Room Five in the first floor corridor, the four guests have their back firmly placed against the wall. They all look around, Conan and Joel taking turns in controlling the situation. However Jocelyn and Jessica appear to be the only two who can hear a low pitch penetrating noise.

The noise is as quiet as a cat alarm, but the ringing of it causes quite a shiver down the two guests spines. 'Can you hear that?' Jocelyn asks to which Joel shushes her as he and Conan make movements away from them both to see if it is clear at the top of the staircase leading to the second floor.

'Why are they checking up there?' Jessica asks, 'are they idiots, we're not going up there'.

Jocelyn and Jessica both hold their ears and bend over in pain as they can hear the noise getting louder, and this time it catches Joel's attention. As the noise gets closer it becomes more apparent what it is. It is the sound of a blade scratching against glass. It's not a screech, it's more of a stroke. Like the blade is being elegantly flailed across the panes of glass down stairs. The glass that is protecting the cinema from the evil outside it.

Conan returns after a quick check where he found no sign of the Axe Man at the top of the stairwell leading to the second floor. 'He's not up there!' Conan confirms.

'Yeah we know, we can hear he's down stairs, scraping the glass' Jocelyn audaciously reacts.

Conan doesn't say anything in return; instead he just makes a slight movement towards the stair case leading to the ground floor. Every step taken is crucial and careful. However it still manages to make the floor boards creek underneath the shredded carpet. After the long loud creek of the wood ends, Conan looks behind biting his bottom lip with nervousness.

Jocelyn and Jessica both wave the two men further along miming the words 'DON'T STOP!'.

Conan does carry on, meanwhile Joel losing his cool mimes back them 'YOU COME ON!' he then turns his head away shaking but smiling.

The women on their tiptoes do eventually follow carefully, they quickly catch up and due to their delicate steps the creek of the floor boards are kept to a minimum.

Now just fourteen steps away from the ground floor and within a few feet of the monstrous man that has followed them for long now, the smiles etched across their nervous faces turn to fearful shakes. With every step they take in the claustrophobic coffin of a staircase they all seem to grow more and more petrified.

With the walls of the small staircase corridor scarred by history of axe wielding and carnivorous monstrous attacks upon them, it just added to the worrying anticipation that the guests had when they reached the bottom. They each carefully grabbed onto any part of the railing that hadn't been tampered with or destroyed. The occasional slip from a clumsy Joel was inevitable but every time he slipped Jessica would grab him and minimize noise.

Six more steps to go and the noise of the axe scratching against glass had moved onto the floor again, creating a familiar ripping noise through the carpet. This time it was accompanied with the noise of hissing coming from the Axe Man's gas mask.

Conan who himself is only four steps away from the ground floor can hear the Axe Man so clearly now, he can feel him only a matter of two or three feet away behind the concrete wall that blocks his peripheral view. Conan knows he has to make a choice in this split second, he can either be a decoy to allow the others to run to try and find the device to get the home, or he can risk all of their lives by continuing to creep towards a man wielding an axe.

Conan stops on the third step, he looks back to Joel, Jessica and Jocelyn and laughs to himself, Joel looks at Conan shaking his head 'don't!'. Conan grabs Joel's shoulder firmly 'I'll be alright!'.

Conan in that moment decides to run out onto the ground floor. The three of them remain shocked as they watch him risking his life for their safety, not for the first time. They see him narrowly miss the swing of the axe as the axe impales the ground of the last step. Conan just hops over it in time.

The axe is quickly lifted back up and moves out of sight of the three of them again. 'Why did he do that?' Jessica panics.

'So we can go look for the thing that gets us home' Joel explains. 'Come on' he says urgently.

'He's a distraction?' Jocelyn asks impressed by his bravery.

Conan keeps running away from the Axe Man who follows him dauntingly with the axe trailing behind him. He catches up quickly and Conan tries to enter Screen Room One to Venice, but to no avail. He tries to force it open but can't. The Axe Man swings his axe towards him and Conan just about rolls out of the way.

The next room Conan thinks to hide away from Axe Man is Maurice's room. It takes the Axe Man no time at all to join him in the room, but takes him time to find him or sniff him out. Conan sees the body of Maurice on the chair and hides behind that exact chair and can still smell the smoked wood from the fire. He can hear the loud footsteps of the Axe Man's leather boots creeping closer towards him.

Conan looks for a weapon, but all he can see is a black iron fire place poker from a companion set besides the fireplace. He considers grabbing it, but instead remains very quiet as the Axe Man seems to be moving away judging by the volume of his footsteps. Conan takes a deep breath but tries to remain silent.

He quickly glances underneath Maurice's chair to see if he can see any sign of him. He sees that he is standing directly in front of Maurice's corpse, no more than twelve inches away from Conan. He remains hidden and silent.

Conan begins to prey to himself, he doesn't know why, he was not religious, nor was he spiritual, he believed in nothing, but believed and feared that death was going to hurt and he didn't want to experience it today.

He looks around more for any potential way out, but can't see any route. He rubs his eyes firmly in frustration and sadness; he can see that there is simply no exit from this. His mind became overwhelmed with imaginations of how painful this death was going to be. He thought to himself momentarily, 'well at least he was a hero' this was little consolation to him however. The act he performed was truly altruistic, being a hero was never what he wanted, but he really appreciated Jessica and Joel. That alone made his death worthwhile to him.

He quietly rested his head onto the back of the chair and rolled his eyes. He then just waited. One second, two second, three second. The hissing noise never changing pitch, Axe Man remained unmoved, almost obsessed with Maurice's dead body.

Conan began to ponder why the being hadn't either found him and destroyed him yet, or why he hadn't given up looking for him and fled to kill the others. Conan debated in his head whether Axe Man was trying to figure out if Maurice was dead yet or not. Conan then quickly tested the weight of the chair with his corpse sitting on top of it. He gave it a nudge and it wasn't too heavy. He then smiled and thought 'good thing I haven't got Joel's tiny arms'.

He got both hands ready; he placed them under the chair and prepared himself to fling the corpse at Axe Man to suggest there was life in Maurice yet. Conan before doing so apologised loud 'sorry Maurice' loud enough so that Axe Man could hear, but wasn't given enough time to be distracted by the flung corpse that headed towards him.

Immediately Axe man's reaction was to slice away at the body of Maurice as he showed signs of being alive. Whilst the axe was being wielded and the man was distracted, Conan makes a quick run to the door and shut it and locked it from the outside. Conan didn't dare look behind him at any moment; he can only imagine the gore and limbs that would have been thrown around in that room in that particular moment.

Nanulak helps and guests escape

Joel, Jessica and Jocelyn seize their moment of freedom away from Axe Man who is now locked in Maurice's room. Conan has his back against the door exhausted, he looks up to the large glass dome and the brightness of the full moon makes it unbearable to stare at for too long. Joel and Jessica together run to the kiosk and Jocelyn is caught like a rabbit in the headlights when she notices at the entrance a large guard of Vulcans.

All these bird like creatures standing five or six feet tall beside the central figure of Vander Dredd still with his arms folded, waiting for his moment. Jocelyn looks terrified by what she can see, she glances back to Conan who looks to her and shrugs his shoulders like there isn't much more he can do.

Jocelyn begins to slowly walk towards the glass wall entrance to get a better look at the man and the creatures. Vander Dredd unfolds his arms and gives a delicate sarcastic knock on the glass. Jocelyn almost trips over the couch as she tries to figure out what it is about the purple caped man that is so majestic. As she wanders closer she bites her left index finger nail with nervousness.

Meanwhile Jessica and Joel become startled as they look behind the kiosk counter, they find themselves in the presence of the large bear again. The Nanulak is fast asleep still, every snore echoing and vibrating the glass box that conceals the popcorn. They both begin to back away as the last thing they want to do is wake him up.

'It's there!' suddenly Jessica points in excitement, she remains quiet however so not to disturb the bear. She points towards the cash till and beside is the Phone Home.

'What is, oh the device thing, how do you know what it looks like?' Joel asks very sceptical.

'You dufus, Conan said that it looks like small camcorder' Jessica replies sarcastically.

'Dufus?' Joel looks confused.

Joel immediately begins to attempt to stretch across the Nanulak to reach the device. However he is yanked back by Jessica.

'What are you doing?' Joel whispers.

'What am I doing, what are you doing, gonna get yourself killed' Jessica whispers back but slowly increases her volume as the sentence becomes more angry.

'Well one of us as got to do it' Joel tells her. 'Hey be my guest' Joel invites Jessica to do it, 'I want to go home'.

'Really?' Jessica pulls a face of disgust.

A long pause follows, 'no not really, of course not' Joel says laughing.

The rapturous snore of the Nanulak continues as they bicker.

Conan looks over to them, and whilst Joel's attention turns to Jocelyn's wandering eye towards Vander Dredd, Jessica shakes her head at Conan and mimes 'we can't get it'. Conan with the little energy he has left just half clenches his hands and then rolls his fingers back out and rubs his face.

Not given the time to just vent frustration Conan is interrupted by a large, loud bang against the locked door. He quickly cowers away and then another knock is heard. The axe's blade penetrates the door fast. As the axe chops off a portion of the door piece by piece, it gives Conan time to run over to Jocelyn and get her away from the sight of Vander Dredd and Joel and Jessica soon join them by the crème coloured couches in the centre of the ground floor. Standing tall by them is the model of Darth Vader looking similar in stance to that of Vander Dredd. Jocelyn then finds herself hysterical, she just laughs as she diverts her eyes from Darth Vader to Vander Dredd and sarcastically exclaims to herself 'original!'.

Eventually a small portion of the centre of the door caves in and out pokes the head of Axe Man. The Axe Man looks left, then right, then straight on and sees them by the couch. He then pulls his head away and resumes swinging the axe backwards and forwards at the door until the gap is big enough for him to waltz through.

The four guests all remain glued to the couch as they watch Axe Man walk towards them, there isn't much more energy in them to run. Joel suggests the toilets. However the toilets are little too far away as Axe Man would be able to catch them.

After a short while staring at them and eyeing them up, he brings forward his right hand chucks the axe, the spiralling blade cuts the head of the Darth Vader model off. It also narrowly misses Conan's left arm, it just brushes the right leg of Jessica however and slices it and makes it bleed.

Axe man wanders up closer and picks his axe back up. He ominously lifts up the axe. He lifts it high above his head ready to chop down upon the four of them. Jessica holding tight her wound is not the only one to notice something else approaching them. He face turns from a wince of pain to a bizarre feeling relief. The Axe Man begins to drop his towards them and as he does he is attacked by the onrushing Nanulak, ow awoken from his slumber.

For a short moment Joel is overwhelmed by it, and whilst the other three run off immediately towards the device to go home, he stands and watches the two monsters fight it out. Jessica eventually however comes along and pulls his arm and Joel follows not without looking behind him three times to see who is winning the fight.

The Nanulak has tight hold of the Axe Man's left arms in its jaws. However the Axe Man swings his axe with his remaining right arm to pierce through the large bears left thigh. The bear lets off a crying roar.

The bear shakes off the Axe Man and the man flies into the model of Jaw's head. The Nanulak, now with the axe impaled into its thigh tries to shake it out but can't. The bear cries with pain, but also gets angrier and stands on its hind legs and roars at Axe Man struggling to get himself back to his feet.

The bear runs towards him and pats him down more with its paws. The Axe Man is helpless as the Nanulak gives him no chance to breath and his head is banged around by the bear's monstrous sized paws. The Nanulak then grabs Axe Man with its jaws and pulls it towards the glass door entrance and swing him one last time and Axe Man's body flies out of the cinema through the glass.

The glass completely shatters due to eh weight of the body of Axe Man's. Following this the cinema is invaded by a swarm of Vulcans and carefully stepping behind them is Vander Dredd who stands next to the couches and looks at his birds flying around causing destruction to what was once a presentable cinema.

The Nanulak simply walks out into the fresh air of the forest that surrounds the cinema. No interest one another, Vander Dredd directs his birds away from the bear and the bear simply growls and roars at the body of Axe Man and then runs deep onto the bushes of the forest with the axe still tightly crushing against its thigh muscle. His large figure making the whole ground shake and the now destroyed cars wobble from the thunderous footsteps. The bear is back in a homely habitat.

Now in the vacated space left by the Nanulak, there is the Phone Home device that the guests crave to go home. Conan is quickly fiddling with the coding of the Phone Home device. He

quickly types in Area Code 323.5. 'Grab me anywhere. Now!' Conan imperatively states and the three of them grab hold of one another and in the click of a finger, they disappear. No fading out, they were at the cinema, and in an instant, they are back in the world they're used to.

(Possibly flesh out on edit)

Vander Dredd and Lucas

Still hidden away in the cubicle of the women's restrooms is a panic stricken Lucas. His world crumbling around him, all that had built can be heard tumbling down outside. He rests his head in his hands and just breaths heavy, and with a shiver he eventually lifts his head up. He stands up from his toilet seat and stands in front of the door of the cubicle.

He takes one deep breath and slowly unlocks the door, his hand quivering as he does so. He walks up to the mirror by the sinks and washes his hands. He makes sure to soak his hands in soap before rinsing with cold water, not yet heated by the boiler. He brushes his now greasy grey hair back with his undried hand. He shakes his head in the mirror and looks deep into his own deep blue eyes. Eyes that have become so recognisable to those guests of his. His eyes have been seen by many, on many occasions, on many characters. But these eyes he looked at where his, they belonged to him.

He doesn't blink once, he just stares and his can see his pupils dilate. 'Look what you did?' he begins to talk to himself like a schizophrenic. 'You ruined the only good thing in your life' the tap still running. He slams his hands on the white porcelain rim of the sink in anger.

'You screwed up, just like your brother, you're living a lonely life, and you death is going to be even lonelier'. His eyes become red with sadness 'you greedy bastard!'.

He glances up at the small restroom window still closed tight. No sign of any life outside it. He then looks around the restroom for possible ways of ending his life, but sees no way out. He can hear the screeching of the Vulcans, a noise he has become familiar to. He reaches into his pocket in desperation that their might be a pair of glasses to fend them off with fear.

He looks up at the window again and considers smashing the window to claim some glass. He can't reach it, he tries desperately hard. His human stasis can't reach, and never will. He hears banging growing closer and closer, so he quickly moves back into the cubicle and locks up.

He savagely bites his thumb nails right off in fear. He even makes them bleed. Then he just waits, his shaking stops, his quick heavy breathing relaxes out, he has entered a meditating, accepting state.

The door to the restroom slams open, and with the opening the noise of the screeching of the birds increases in volume massively. Lucas doesn't cover his ears, what's the point. He instead listens to the noise and has a surprising sense of pride, he created that noise, he created those monstrous birds, he created Vander Dredd. The failed filmmaker, the wannabe director, he did alright. He made a film, not bad for a guy who couldn't get paid a cent at Phototime like Jessica.

The noise he was immensely proud of in that moment became quieter again as the door shut behind whoever had just entered the toilet. The one who had entered was Vander Dredd. His cape tickling the tiled floor, and his boots making seamless noise he marches towards the closest cubicle.

Vander Dredd then pulls out a small baton from his folded arms. The baton then flips into a larger weapon, a big long metal like, black pole in which he destroys the first cubicle door with. He sees that Lucas isn't there. Then out of anger Vander Dredd speaks, 'Where are you?' in a calm, relaxed, posh tone, a British tone, a voice just like Lucas if it was masked by a voice changer.

Lucas remains silent.

Vander Dredd then slams open the next cubicle, and is slowly making his way to Lucas. Lucas can hear each cubicle getting destroyed and each one means that Vander Dredd is a step closer to finding him. All kinds rush through the head of Lucas, 'what is he going to do to him?'.

Lucas wished in that moment that he had never created Vander Dredd, that he had never created the PRB construction workers, that he had never messed with the camera that he found, that he had never seen profit in this incredible discovery, he wished that he had never seen this incredible discovery.

A tear built up in Lucas' eye, and he still remained still in his toilet seat. He then thought he may have actually created a trait in the character Vander Dredd that made him not kill him in case this situation ever occurred. Perhaps there was salvation for him. He just had to wait and see.

His cubicle was next. And Vander Dredd stood next to it for a few seconds, they felt like a lifetime to Lucas. Lucas could see the boots of Vander Dredd underneath the door. It was definitely him, the rustic look of the boots from the costume he found covering the camera.

Still running through Lucas' head was that he had failed in filmmaking, just like the people before him. Not the people before him in Hollywood, but the people who had discovered this place before he and Maurice ever gazed eyes upon it. The number of films that are written with amateurish techniques, overused plot devices, and unoriginal ideas were all perfectly exemplified by the movies that were in the cinema. His was simply no exception. Vander Dredd was as unoriginal as any villain in cinematic history, and even Lucas his creator couldn't bear to think that he was anything short of a flop.

The door is battened down by Vander Dredd ruthlessly. The wooden door crumpled like cardboard and Vander Dredd's shadow emerges from the dust and debris. His purple plague doctor mask stares right into Lucas' soul. Lucas remains hopeful that he won't kill him and he'll spare him.

'I knew I'd find you eventually!' Vander Dredd tells Lucas. His head tilts and Lucas just refuses to look at him.

'Now tell me, how do I and my Vulcans get home?' Vander Dredd asks politely with a soothing voice.

Lucas looks up at him impressed by his voice, and by his acting. He then tells him 'Screen Room 13' and smiles.

Vander Dredd nods at Lucas as if to say thank you 'Much appreciated' Vander Dredd walks away and clicks his fingers.

Lucas can breathe a sigh of relief as Vander Dredd leaves him alive. He then gets up to follow Vander Dredd out of the restroom and head towards the Phone Home. However replacing Vander Dredd who has already disappeared, presumably home to Screen Room 13, is three Vulcans standing in the door way ducking their heads to get inside the rest room.

'No... please!' Lucas begs as he backs away into a corner, panicking now for his life after feeling relief just seconds before. The Vulcans waste no time in jumping on top of him and claw at him and bite at him. Each one takes turns at pecking at his slowly deceasing body. Lucas can't say anymore words, he can't even let out a scream, before a couple of seconds have past he is no more. The Vulcans rip each limb off one by one, and then proceed to fly in and out of the cinema with a leg or arm in mouth.

After a tortuous playtime with Lucas' mangled corpse, the Vulcans then hear the click of Vander Dredd's fingers once more and they follow him towards Screen Room 13 to go home. Flying in behind the legacy of a **six foot tall**, Lucas framed character.

Kali Knox

An hour or so has passed, and the noise of destruction, death and panic is over. In this moment of eerie silence in the cinema, Leonardo and Pablo escort Linn back to her home, her home being Screen Room Nine where things for her would never be the same.

She was conscious now of a world outside of her scripted life structure. She wouldn't go back to her world and act in the same way ever again. How could she? She would return to her friends and some of which her family and would be a completely different person. She was no longer just a character; she was a person, with her own opinions, and an ability to develop her own traits. Traits not given to her by a filmmaker like Lucas from years ago.

Linn would never know who created her, although it was possible to see. Behind the white door on the third floor revealed a list of all previous filmmakers who had entered the cinema, and whom had used the cameras available to them. At the bottom of the list was the name Lucas Cage., it read;

LUCAS CAGE- CREATED: VANDER DREDD & VENICE

The list, gleefully read allowed by Pablo to Leonardo as they stood outside Kali Knox's screen room, room Twelve.

FRANCESCA WEAH- CREATED: NANULAK

PAUL LAMBERT- CREATED: AXE MAN & EMRE

GILBERT HARRIS- CREATED: COLYSEUM & MATTER

The list would go on but Pablo would be interrupted by Leonardo's urgency. Pablo would look at the list for a final time and ponder about the dates in which they were all created. He rolled it up and placed it in the room and followed Leonardo as he entered Screen Room Twelve to see the Kali Knox film.

'So why we doing this?' Pablo's Italian accent never wavered. Leonardo looks deeply into the metal bullet he has grasped in his hand, the bullet gifted to him by Jocelyn before she left him forever.

'Because we lost friends to this one, its only right we pay them a visit' Leonardo replies. Pablo doesn't fully hear what he says, so he just goes with it. They enter the screen room with little trepidation. The room bright from the screen, the western backdrop of the Kali Knox film is almost blinding to the pair of them. Venice was never this bright in their movie.

Pablo takes his helmet off and then his overalls. With plain clothes he looks at Leonardo who follows suit. They smile and feel a sense of identity. They feel a clean slate in their lives. No longer bogged down by the responsibility of being a PRB construction worker. They no longer follow a script, their creator had died, though they didn't know this for sure, they could feel it in the back of their minds that he was gone.

Now free from ownership, they seek a different path in life. The path they would follow would be to expand on their plan they discussed with Jocelyn earlier. Perhaps it would work, perhaps it would fail, but it would be their own makings. Their creation. The created had become the creators.

Leonardo still felt incomplete however, he still longed for the return of Jocelyn, so he could show himself to be a man, rather than a character. He knew however that this would never happen and reunited moment would be as likely as him living in the real world, working as a taxi driver in New York, or on scaffolding for the Empire State Building.

'I want to go watch Matter again' Pablo states as they approach the screen of Kali Knox.

'Again? You've seen it' Leonardo argues.

'I want to see it again' Pablo responds like a child.

'You like that film huh?' Leonardo asks smiling.

'I think so, I guess so, I don't know. I think about it a lot' Pablo says confused.

'Yes, its nice liking things. I like a few things too. I never thought I could, I never knew it was possible'
Leonardo puts his arm around Pablo's shoulder and escorts him into Kali Knox, 'let's see what this one is like hey'.

"Blockbuster's Kali Knox"

By Max Smith

(The opening is a camera film rolling across the screen with various different genres and universes from movies inside it, sci-fi, horror, slap-stick comedy, action, western and so on. The film continues to show different films until it shows a full moon and the camera zooms in on it and the movie begins)

DARK EVENING:

(The full moon is bright as ever and the camera then lowers to reveal its two characters in the opening scene)

Western Backdrop

(It zooms in towards a shack)

(The shack is a lot larger than the rest of the shacks and saloons and stations on the street)

(As the camera zooms it reveals a woman speaking to someone in a chair with their back to the scene)

(The woman is a suffrage called Leona and she is speaking to a figure, a woman that seems in power)

Leona- Deed is done. May I have your blessing now?

(Next to the woman who is in power is an assistant who she whispers to as a spokeswoman)

(Spokeswoman is called)

Caz- You always have my blessing... (listens to her again whispering) but what you don't have yet is freedom, you have to establish that on your own

Leona- But Mrs Knox, how do I develop this freedom you speak of... I feel so trapped in this male order, set me free please, show me the way

(Long pause no response)

Leona- How much more blood must I shed to show you, to prove to you that I completely in your control

(Caz listens to Kali whisper)

Caz- You are not in control if you believe you must always do Mrs Knox favours

Leona- But I did it to show loyalty, show honour, respect... I killed many men, me and my suffrages did so

CUT TO:

(Shows 5 suffrages (women working for kali Knox) in a basement with a bunch of beer barrels and they begin setting fire to them and move on up into the main bar)

Man- (In the bar having a drink) what the hell are these bitches doing here?

Woman- What no Leona?

Leona- We'll play a game

Man- Oh yeah, you and what strength

Leona- The strength of five bodies against your one

Man- What are you talking about, the bartender's a man as well, two men won't be defeated by five girls

Leona- Won't they?

(The bartender is revealed to be held at gun point by one of the suffrages)

Man- Yeah whatever, I'd run along now children the sheriff will be here any minute

Leona- The sheriff, we all know he's scared of kali Knox and the anti-feminists

Man- You all think the same don't you, you can make some type of big point by using violence and extremist behaviour... recruiting people through psychology and persuasion to get where you want. You're just another victim of kali Knox's powers of persuasion, another cog in her project to eradicate men from society

Leona- It's not as simple as that... don't say things like that about Kali Knox, she is revolutionist

Man- Do you really believe that... hey, DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE THAT?

(Leona sticks a gun in his mouth)

Leona- I believe in whatever I want to believe, and I believe n Kali Knox's philosophy, if men mistreat women, then we will react, now let's play that game

Bartender- Just do it man

(Man tries to talk through the barrel of the gun)

(Finally Leona removes it)

Man- You're being brainwashed love... you'll see, this is all just a phase

Leona- Well you won't see if you don't play the game

Bartender- For god sake what's the game, I don't want to die?

Leona- Sit down, both of you sit down

(They both oblige)

Leona- We're gonna play a bit of cards

Bartender- Oh god (sweating and nervous)

(The man seems calm as anyone)

Man- You truly are brainwashed aren't you?!

Leona- Enough

(Leona flips a card out and shows a King of hearts)

Man- Oh you do that so ineloquently, women should never be allowed to deal cards, it's a sport you know, women can't play sports

Leona- (laughs) I'd be careful

Bartender- What do you want me to do?

Leona- Higher or lower

Bartender- Lower (with a gun pointed at his head)

(Reveals a 3 of spades)

Leona- Well done

Man- You can count

Leona- Perhaps its Dutch courage, but if you don't remain silent from the sarcastic comments, I might just make a new game, how accurately can I shoot you in the face

Man- (long pause) Higher

Leona- (reveals a 7 of diamonds) very good

Suffrage- I can hear a horse and cart outside

Leona- They can wait

Suffrage- it might be the sheriff

Leona- He can wait, Kali would like us to just leave these two burn to death, she wants us to teach a lesson, not just kill

Suffrage- But you might not have a choice, let's just stop the games and get out of here

Leona- No!

(Points back at Bartender)

Leona- higher or lower?

Bartender- I don't know

Leona- What's your name?

Bartender- Jim

Leona- Jim, what a boring name, higher or lower Jim?

Jim- Why do you ask?

Leona- People are more likely to do things for you when you say their name, so Jim please, pick higher or lower

Man- I think he'll wait till the sheriff comes in here!

Leona- By which point this place will be burning down, see the smoke (points at the cellar door)

Man- Pick one quick Jim

Jim- Higher (Nervous)

Leona- Here we go (She reveals a 5 of spades)

Jim- Please

(Leona without mercy shoots him dead and turns her attention to the man)

Leona- And what's your name? (man is unmoved)

Man- I'm nameless to sick people like you

Leona- We are doing the right thing, it's you who is sick nameless man, well you're about to die nameless!

(Shoots him in both legs)

Leona- Let's go!

(Man panics and can't move from the pain and the place starts to burn down)

(Leona and the Suffrages leave the scene and the police slam open the door and this makes the whole building engulf in flames and the sheriff looks on from his cart)

CUT BACK:

Leona- So after this act, am I therefore free?

Kali- (Turns to face her) You know freedom isn't something you earn, us women are not free, we can never earn freedom, we give ourselves freedom, freedom is given to us, I give you freedom... do with it what you will (long pause) teach others of your journey (smiles)

KALI KNOX (title appears)

CUT TO:

(Shows a man who looks like a sheriff walking from the distance towards a rather tall building)

(It turns out to be his office, he is sheriff Gray, his first name is Lance)

(He has a grey beard and thinning hair on the top. He is constantly chewing on something, or smoking something)

(He is appreciated by men and feared by women who try to cross him)

(He walks into his office and sits down and rests his feet upon his desk and just awaits something to happen)

(He lights up a cigarette and then is disturbed the moment he lights it up by his assistant)

(His assistant is a man a few years younger than himself and wears glasses and is a pushover at first)

(He is called Jack)

Jack- Sir (peeking through the office door)

Lance- What cant a man have two seconds to himself around here?

(Long pause and Jack looks a little frightened)

Lance- Jack, I'm messing around with you. What's the problem?

Jack- Oh I see (laughs out of politeness) you have deputy Kate for you downstairs, want me to send her up?

Lance- Yes I would like you to send her up, has she filled in the papers I asked for?

Jack- I don't know

Lance- Just send her up

Jack- Yes I will, thank you sheriff

(He then just sits back and waits)

CUT TO:

Jack- (approaching Deputy Kate downstairs) he'll see you now

Kate- Will he?! (innocent, blonde, cute and young around 21 years old she is in her deputy sheriff uniform)

Jack- Yes he will, but he won't wait around, so I suggest you hurry up

Kate- Cool (smiles and then returns to sucking on her lollipop)

Jack- I'd finish that before I go up

Kate- I thought you said he wouldn't wait around

Jack- Cheeky

Kate- How'd you think I got the job (smiles and walks on still with the lollipop)

CUT BACK:

(Lance is still waiting and finally Kate knocks on the door and creeps in)

Lance- Come in- oh help yourself

Kate- Hi Lance, am I late?

Lance- Yeah... no you're right on time in fact, welcome, how was your sleep?

Kate- Good

Lance- Ready for a big day today?

Kate- And why is that?

Lance- Whoa, whoa, are you ready for a big day?

Kate- Yes always, be a useless deputy if I wasn't now wouldn't I?

Lance- There's a bit of heavy weather coming to Lakin

Kate- What kind of weather

Lance- Hurricane Kali, not heard of it?

Kate- No, why would I, I only the town of Lakin?

Lance- Let me explain, tell me again do you drink? (as he holds the door open for her to walk through)

Kate- No. Come on Lance, you know I don't drink, you know I don't sin

Lance- Of course you don't, but your husband?

Kate- If you wanna ask my hubby out on a date, be my guest

Lance- How about all three of us meet up tonight in the local, I need to tell you all about a woman, and her sheep

Kate- Women can't be shepherds Lance, come on

Lance- they certainly can in this town... (He winks) I'll see you tonight

CUT TO:

Caz- (approaching Kali Knox who is looking away out of her window in a tall building from earlier peering over a town that is destroyed and dismantled and burnt, thanks to her and her suffrages) kali, they've been warned

Kali- They... I presume you're talking about the town of Lakin?

(Spins around to face her)

Caz- That's the one, I sent the new girl Leona to do it!

Jayne- (Also in the room but in the shadow) you sent the new girl?

Caz- Quiet Janet

Jayne- Jayne, you know full well its Jayne... why you send the new girl?

Kali- She needed to learn how we run things Jayne, now please, just relax

Jayne- I'm sorry Kali... I would never argue with your decision, I had no idea

Caz- So shut up

Jayne- you know Caz you really are a friggin-

Kali- Please my suffrages don't tamper one another's self-esteem, we're a team all of us, in it together, for a better future for us all

Jayne- Again sorry Kali

Kali- Its ok Dear... so you sent the new girl?

Caz- Yeah

Kali- Even though I asked you to send her?

Caz- I know but I thought I was helping her bed in?!

Kali- No you don't against what I want you to do!

Caz- You're right, punish me, I deserve it I'm sorry... please just teach me a lesson

(Kali stares at her and fires a bullet at her leg)

Kali- That'll heal in a couple of weeks, get some water on it

Caz- Yes thank you Kali (through the pain but smiling)

(Kali looks at Jayne and smiles and Jayne smiles back)

Kali- We attack lakin in three days, but a bandage on that thing and tell the suffrages the news (Caz hops out to tell them) Jayne come here (puts her arm round her shoulder) you're my girl... my number 1, you take care of them won't you?!

Jayne- I will... you sure you'll be ok leaving this all behind?

Kali- Cause I will be knowing I got you protecting my ass (smiles) no run along, run, run!

(Kali goes and sits back down in her chair, looks around the room and looks at her chest to see a badge of the symbol of her organisation which is just two K intertwining)

(She touches it and looks tearful)

CUT TO:

(Lance and Kate are in the bar and Kate's husband soon arrives)

Kate- hey Lance are you on the beer already?

Lance- Am I ever, of course I'm not, toxin free since 43'... it's just water, same for you?

Kate- Please, but a beer for Yul

Lance- Yul is your husband right?

Kate- Yes

Lance- Just checking, don't wanna be buying a beer for any random person in this town

Kate- I'm sure they wouldn't accept that anyway, not from the sheriff, they'd surely buy you one

Lance- Indeed, hey there's James and Franc, how is the happy couple?

James- Very good thanks, just thought I'd bring the wife out for a couple of drinks, bit of the sunset, kids are driving us crazy...

Franc- Yeah we had to get a babysitter in

Lance- Good to see you're out looking good, in the next few days just be a little cautious, rumour has it there's a few mishaps that might happen

Franc- Do tell?

Lance- I don't wanna scare you

Franc- Go on

James- Franc, he said he can't so he can't, now go powder your nose or something

Franc- Ok baby (kisses him and leaves)

James- Ok sheriff so what is it?

Lance- Good try James, I ain't telling you either, you think I only tell men of the family things, no both parties should know all information, or none of it... but there's your hint, I'll leave you with that

James- Ok (Confused and walks to the bar)

Kate- Wont he listen in now though!

Lance- If he dared listen (shouting) to our conversation then he would be arrested on the spot, and a wanted sign for 1,000 dollars would go above his head so fast... dead or alive!

(James pretends he's not listening and starts whistling)

Lance- he'll be gone soon

(Kate laughs)

Kate- Impressive

Lance- it's what power does, you'll have it one day

Kate- Fat chance

Lance- big chance, you're deputy to me, that means you're the second most powerful person in this town, and you earned it... you're an intelligent girl Kate, raised up to the top, and when I pop my clogs you'll be right in there

Kate- let's hope it's not too far away then (laughs)

Lance- Very good (Chuckles)

Kate- So tell me, hurricane Kali... were you referring to Kali Knox?

Lance- Oh she is getting an unwarranted reputation isn't she?!

Kate- I don't actually know what she does, I just know she isn't good news for some reason, tell me

Lance- truth is her story is quite long, so I'll tell you the interesting bits

Kate- best kind of stories

Lance- ok well she- oh- Yul, how are we?

Kate- Yul, hiya loverboy how are you?

Yul- I'm good sheriff, Mrs Karsh, how are we?

Kate- Not yet, will be in a couple of weeks

Yul- damn right Kate (kisses her)

Lance- she's already started calling you her husband Yul...

Yul- The love is strong man, that might be why... but god damn, let's not talk about that, all I've spoken about is wedding stuff recently, wanna beer? (His voice is hoarse)

Lance- Already have one for you big guy

Yul- You legend, that's why he's a great sheriff... better be like this Kate

Kate- I will if you continue to be a great gunslinger

Yul- I mean I can try but... the more beers I have, the more kids I have the older I get, I'm gonna get tired you know

Kate- Terrible excuse, you're just lazy

Yul- men do all the work around here (sits back with his beer)

Kate- Sure they do...

Lance- Now, now we all do equal amounts

Yul- yeah, a hell of a lot more than some towns god... it's all women in those joints now

Lance- Oh yeah

Yul- Yeah, that kali Knox, she's changed the game, someone's gotta stop her

Lance- Oh really

Yul- Yeah, god knows where all the men have gone, probably gonna come here

Kate- Speaking of kali Knox and how great women are, Lance was telling me something do continue

Yul- Oh sorry, yeah, yeah go ahead sheriff apologies

Lance- Well as you just heard, she's a bit of a, well she's a massive, in fact she's the biggest feminist that I know at least...

Kate- A feminist, that's all she is a feminist... god you get feminists all the time, there's a few in Lakin

Yul- Not like her though Kate

Lance- Yeah she's erm... a little bit more violent, she doesn't want equality, she wants the whole... she has an agenda against men and what they stand for and she thinks that by getting rid of men and just having women is the way forward

Kate- But that's ridiculous, kids can't have fathers, what happens to children? The future?

Lance- They just keep a man, a slave, but they don't, they being her followers, don't believe that men are needed, fathers are not needed

Kate- But that's ridiculous...

Lance- I know... but people are falling for it, hence why I'm gonna tell you everything about her... so just both of you relax, chill... in fact let me get you another beer! (He stands up)

CUT TO:

(Shows a small girl and her parents outside a town called Easton)

(The town is about as busy as Lakin, but instead of an even amount of women and men, it is almost all men)

30 years ago

Mum- Come on kali hold my hand

(The horse and carriage goes by and they can cross to their home)

Kali- Daddy is this our new house?

Dad- It is honey yeah, do you like it?

Kali- it's big

Dad- isn't it just, and it's got the saloon down the road, perfect

Kali- is there a sheriff daddy

Dad- Yeah and he's older and more grumpy than me (smiles)

(Kali hugs him and he hugs him back)

CUT TO:

(Postman delivers post to their house)

Dad- what have you got for me today Mr postman?

Postman- Well it looks like a couple of bills but you know don't shoot the post man

Dad- Its fine, used to them

Kali- Daddy, is that the postman?

Postman- hello sweetie pie

Kali- Hi (shy)

Dad- Yeah look honey, he gave us our post

Kali- Wow, is it a birthday card?

Dad- Not this week honey, next two months I believe

Kali- Daddy my birthday isn't for a long time

Dad- I was talking about mine (kisses her on the head and makes sure she's safely inside)

CUT TO:

Mum- The bills are getting on top of us Mal

Dad- They're not honey, I'm sorting them out ok

(Kali is listening to them argue from upstairs)

Mum- How then?

Dad- I'm working my god damn ass off, working hard, you realise how many boxes I've made this week just so we can stay here... if you stumble across a god damn gold mine then please send it mine, but please don't put pressure on me

Mum- Mal it's been three months since you last paid any of the money off...

Dad- I know... I know

(Knock on the door)

Dad- hello who is it?

Postman- Postman!

Dad- Oh god, honey

Mum- Yeah

Dad- I'm gonna go for a while...

Mum- Where do you think you're going?

Dad- Kali, honey

Postman- Hurry up answer the door!

Dad- I'm coming

Kali- Daddy what are you doing?

Dad- I'm going somewhere for a while, I need money so I can buy a shoe shiner for you and new clothes and dolls. I'll be back though

Kali- You promise

Dad- Would I ever let you down

Kali- (Smiles) no

Dad- Exactly! (Kisses her on the head)

CUT TO:

(Shows kali's dad getting the death penalty by hanging and kali's mother there crying into a glove)

(she's the only woman in the whole area that is otherwise surrounded by men)

CUT TO:

Kali- Mom (now a few years older) when's dad coming back?

Mum- He isn't coming back kali, I'm sorry

(Her mum is in the arms of another man)

Kali- Why not?

Tom- Because your father is a let-down, he let down both you and your mother, he left you in the dark

Kali- You don't know that, you don't anything about me and mum

Tom- I know enough to know that your must have been a joke to have let her go

Kali- Mum why are you letting Tom bash my father like this?

Mum- Because he let us down Kali...

Kali- How did he let us down, is he alive?

Mum- Of course he is

Kali- Where is he then?

Tom- God don't you get it, he's gone, he walked out, he had bills to pay and he never came back, you go that?

Kali- Don't speak like that to me, mum tell him!

Tom- Yeah mum tell me

Mum- Look, I don't want this discussion again, I'm fed up of going around in circles Kali

Tom- Look I just want you to appreciate me as a good dad, hardworking... polite, good to your mother

Kali- You're nothing to me (stares at him) you might be to her, but nothing in here (points to her heart) is anything but loyal to my father, and it will love another man, until I see him again!

Mum- You're too young to think like that Kali, you're scaring me honey

Kali- Mother, daddy used to call me honey, not you!

(She storms out)

Mum- Where you going, Kali

Tom- Let her go, she's a nuisance, she'll know the truth one day

(Mum looks on guilty)

CUT Back:

Kate- She stormed out, how old was she?

Lance- Story is blurry, some say she was young as 8, others say she was hitting her teen years

Yul- What is true, and I know for a fact, is that she knows about her father's death now

Kate- Well if she knows about it, what would that mean for her mother

Lance- her mother's dead. Kali spent the next few years working as a cleaner, she used to clean bars and salons, all types of places, hardly made a dime, she was a homeless, lonely girl to be fair

CUT TO:

(Shows Kali on the streets with others, all women, no men)

(Shows Kali shoot a gun at a cactus)

Bobby- (A girl who is homeless like herself, but a good friend) good shot Kali

Kali- Thanks... I think I'm getting the hang of it

Bobby- Certainly are... I remember you couldn't hit a shoe at nose length, now you're shooting cactus' at that distance

Kali- Problem is Bobby, I keep on shooting at the same length, I never aim any further

Bobby- Try it now

Kali- Too scared I'll miss

Bobby- What's the worse that can happen?

Kali- (She reloads the gun and hands it to Bobby) I get angry

Bobby- You know I got word that there's a cleaning job coming up soon, might get us some money for more bullets

Terri- You're not gonna spend the money on bullets are you

Bobby- Of course we are girl, why wouldn't we?

Kali- Yeah, we wanna be cowboys don't we, they make money by killing some jackass up the road and ride horses all day they know how to make money

Terri- Yeah but ain't that dangerous?

Bobby- Care much (fires are a cactus)

Terri- Well... this town has loads of cowboys

Kali- Yeah that is fair, but cowboys, they die

Bobby- Right enough... what are you Kali?

Kali- A human

Bobby- You're damn right, and what type of human are you

Kali- A white one

Bobby- And what you got down there (point the gun at her crotch)

Kali- A vagina, what's your point?

Bobby- You know what that means?

Terri- Oh god Bobbi no, not this again, leave the poor girl alone, she tries this bullcrap on everyone

Kali- Go on

Bobby- you therefore are a young woman, or a girl yeah?

Kali- I am yes

Bobby- So why on earth are you referring to yourself as a boy?

Kali- Because they're called cowboys?!

Bobby- Don't act like an idiot, you're not one... do you like the idea of being a boy?

Kali- No I'm a girl, and I'm proud, I haven't spoke to a man, forever

Bobby- You wanna be cowgirl

Kali- But it's not called-

Bobby- Who's to say what it's called?

Kali- don't you have a husband?

Bobby- I had one yes, he died and there ain't a day go by that I don't miss him, but don't get me wrong I'm a lot more free now than I ever was with him

Kali- That makes no sense

Bobby- Love doesn't make sense... so do you wanna be a cowboy, or a cowgirl?

Terri- She's obviously gonna say cowgirl now

Kali- Yeah cowgirl, I wanna be a cowgirl, not a cowboy... in fact I don't know what I want to be (She stands up and starts to walk away)

Bobby- A man will get your head one day kali... believe me, I thought I'd hate men forever, but I ended up just needing to be with one... don't lose your touch with yourself, you are woman, and as long as you one of them, they can't enslave you

Terri- You're putting poison in her brain Bobby, why would you do that... since when did men enslave?

Bobby- You tell me a time they didn't?!

Terri- (Mumbles)

Bobby- What was that, oh silence is hear?

(Kali looks out to the far distance at men on horseback)

(She then looks back to the main town and sees men walking around and then looks to the train pulling up and sees men getting off it with wives under their grasp)

CUT TO:

(Kali walks in on her mother in her death bed surrounded by Tom and Dr Brown, a male doctor)

Kali- Mum... oh my god you ok?

Tom- She fine

Kali- I didn't ask you!

Tom- Is that a gun in your pocket?

Kali- Let me speak to my mother

Dr Brown- No lets not distress her

Kali- Who the hell are you?

Mum- he's the Dr

Kali- Mum... you ok?

Mum- Come here, come here (Grabs her face and pulls her in) I love you so much... I just tried to be a good mum

Kali- You were, you were great (She very shaken up)

Dr Brown- My god, my love you're shaking a lot, need a blanket

Kali- Does it look like I need a blanket? My mother needs warmth not me

Tom- Hey he's just asking

Kali- Can I not just have a moment with my mother?

Dr Brown- Sir if we can leave

Tom- I wanna stay with my wife, I'm her husband for goodness sake

Kali- She only had one husband

Tom- Oh you're just a kid, you don't understand

Kali- I'm 20 years of age... I'm not stupid

Mum- I think I'm coming to the end

Kali- No its not mum, no its not

Mum- I'm sorry

Kali- Dr... Dr sort her out quick

(She goes quiet and dies)

Tom- No... (Starts to cry)

Kali- Spare the crocodile tears... (Crying herself)

Dr Brown- it was her time, there was nothing we could've done

Kali- Bet there wasn't... you pathetic men are all the same, useless... not there for us when we need you, always there when we need space... enslaving us to the point where we die first... look at you, doctors, cowboys, managing bars, cutting hair... sheriffs... officers, you get all the jobs... what do we get

Dr Brown- Look I know you're upset but-

Kali- Upset? Me no, my mum just died, I'm not upset... I'm disappointed, not upset... not grieving... but angry (She storms out)

(Shows Kali walking away from the house towards small hill and gets to the top and just sits there looking out upset)

CUT TO:

Kali- I got an idea?

Bobby- Oh yeah what's that?

Kali- Well we ain't doing anything around here, and you getting any younger, I think we should live a little, with our guns

Terri- Oh no

Bobby- What become cowgirls?

Kali- Yeah... sure thing... lets do it

Bobby- What just rob a horse and go out and find a bunch of men and what?

Kali- Show we can do it (zealous) show we can be like the men are... you know I'm poor, we mind find gold, anything could happen, I need to get away from here

Terri- Kali... you need to calm down, your mother died, I know, but you're 20 years of age, going out there as a woman, with all them man, you could get raped, murdered, or worse, I can imagine they do worse

Kali- Why do we fear them... why are we fearing men... I say make them fear us

Terri- Not enough women have the same opinion as you to care... women like their lives, its only you who wants change... and even you don't really want change do you, come on, your mum died and you're emotional

Bobby- I don't wanna be a cowgirl, I was the same, heat of the moment, I aint good enough with a gun...

Kali- What's happened to you?

Bobby- Nothings happened?

Kali- Something has, what is it?

Bobby- Ok, ok... I found a guy, I'm moving in with him, I'm gonna do his cleaning and I'm gonna enjoy it (smiles)

Kali- You won't enjoy it... come on you're like me, you wanna do something make a change... we women, we stick together till the end

Terri- Kali, please just stop

Kali- (backs away) I don't believe it... you bitches... (Laughs) you bitches

CUT TO:

(A bunch of men on horseback get ready to go on a dead or alive hunt)

Cowboy- Right men, we gotta hunt on our hands in the far west... over those mountains, I thought about 15 should be enough of us. His name is Rodriguez Sali... he's dangerous, suppose they all are... are we ready?

Kali- Excuse me

Man- Hey it's a girl

Man#2- What you never seen one?

Man- Will not at one of these meetings no!

Cowboy- I have to admit, neither have I, what do you want?

Kali- Can I come? (They all laugh)

Cowboy- You sure you're up to it, I mean you're a woman, I don't want to put you life at risk, especially if you're a mother

Kali- Go on, I'll be on my best behaviour

Cowboy- It's not about behaviour... its more ability, is it worth you coming along and splitting the money with?

Kali- Why can't women do it, I need money and I'm a good shot

Cowboy- Prove it!

(She shoots at a bird in the sky far away)

Man- It's a god damn coincidence (shocked)

Cowboy- its impressive, but no, I'm sorry... you must have a husband or boyfriend that you can't let down

Kali- Nope... this is all me, the clothes on my back is all I own

Cowboy- Well in that case... a girl on her own with 15 men... my names Jesse... good luck and saddle up

CUT TO:

(Shows the cowboys and Kali going into the mountains on the back of 15 horses)

(Kali is on the same horse as Jesse)

Jesse- Right then, you boys go left, you boys go right and I'll go with Jerry here and Carl, come on boys lets go get ourselves a Rodriguez

Jerry- Hey Jesse, do you trust all them you sent away, what if they get him and claim the whole prize?

Jesse- They wouldn't dare... I got too much of a reputation

Carl- I think some of them aren't to be trusted

Jesse- I think there's a lot of people in this world not to be trusted, and I think I have the good people with me right here. We're men, sorry and a woman, we stick together to the end, fight for our name, our sons, fight for our continued freedom, in Kali's case fight for a home to go to.

Kali- You're quite the speaker

Jesse- Am I?

Kali- Passionate, you got these two eating out your hand so, must be doing something right!

Jesse- I don't know, I feel that sometimes, if you're mean enough they'll respond... but if you can show passion and commitment to what you want and what you're saying you can make just about anyone do anything

Kali- really

Jesse- Sure, the devil was a fallen angel, but at one point the all mighty thought he was good... you can make anyone do anything... if you care enough about it

Kali- Would you call yourself the devil?

Jesse- No

Kali- Reckon anyone from town can see us now? (Smiles at him)

Jesse- No, I reckon no one can see us, Jerry and Carl have gone too far, haven't followed orders... why, what do you want? Is it a kiss?

Kali- Maybe (She repositions to get in front of him)

Jesse- I wouldn't call myself the devil (smiling)

Kali- Why, would you not wanna be her?

Jesse- Her

Kali- Devils a she (She shoots him in the face dead)

Carl- What was that Jerry?

Jerry- I don't know this bounty hunter shit, I'm getting tired of it

Carl- Come on lets go back quick, Jesse might of got him

Kali- Guys (Running towards them from Jesse's body and horse beside him) guys he's been shot, Rodriguez shot him

Jerry- Rodriguez shot him... where?

Kali- In the face, straight on

Carl- It didn't hit you?

Kali- I must've got lucky, he ran that way in the cave!

Carl- I'm scared

Jerry- This little bastards getting it good

(They both turn away to look at the cave)

(As they walk away Kali shoots Jerry in the back of the head and Carl turns in shock and she shoots him too)

Kali- I must be a really bad shot, accuracy of a girl (She takes their guns)

(She then runs pretending to be a damsel in distress)

Kali- Boys help me! I need help

Man- My god you ok?

Kali- Yeah now that I found you guys I should be fine, anyone else here to help me?

Man- No did you get Rodriguez?

Kali- He's a myth (shoots him dead) you think I have a 15,000 dollar reward for a drawing... to men really are backwards!

(She whistles for the horse)

(She then rides to the top of the next hill and looks down at one of the other men looking for Rodriguez)

Kali- Right... (She aims for his leg from quite some distance and manages to get him)

(Someone else then holds a gun to her head)

Man- you think you'll get away with shooting all of us?

Kali- That man is hurt, he needs medical attention

Man- And what the hell do you know, homeless bitch?

Kali- I know that Rodriguez will finish him off if I don't

Man- You know where he is?

Kali- You can see him

Man- Rodriguez I mean?

Kali- Oh yeah, he right there! (Points in the direction behind him and he panics and looks and Kali quickly shoots him dead too)

(He gets on the horse and rides down to the man)

Kali- You'll be ok Rodriguez shot you, but I got you now, you're safe

(She puts him on the horse and rides back to the town)

CUT TO:

(Kali rides through the town with every man turning around in shock at the sight of a woman helping a man injured)

(The crowd can be heard saying 'how could this happen?')

Man in crowd- I gotta go get the sheriff!

(He runs away)

(Kali looks at the crowd in shock and the sheriff appears in the scene, an old grey bearded man called Jon)

Jon- Let me through, let me see with my own eyes, good god

Kali- Always surprised!

Jon- Get off the horse, god damn I said get off the horse!

(Kali obliges)

Kali- You see what happens, everybody, when a woman helps out, I saved that man's life, sure Rodriguez got away, but there are more bodies out there...

Jon- Like who?

Kali- Jesse didn't make it for one

Jon- My son, MY SON!

(Jon begins to tear up)

Kali- So you want to speak to me

Girl in the crowd- My god she's good (She is however the age of a woman)

Man- Don't use god's name in vein

Girl- Sorry husband

Kali- Lets have that chat then

Jon- Go get the mayor to talk to her, I need a moment, I want that body found, now! (Shouts)

CUT TO:

Man- (escorting the mayor, called Lou) this is the girl

Kali- Girl... you trying to patronise me?

Man- I'll patronise any god damn girl I want, you got that, disrespectful slave

(Kali laughs)

Kali- You kidding right

Lou- Leave it to me Matthew, I will deal with the girl

Kali- Now you're doing it want an example to set by the mayor

Lou- (closes the door) I know that you are seeing yourself as a hero right now, saving the life of one from almost definite death, truth is you're not a hero, you're a -

Kali- a female I know, doesn't look to good, when this town is dominated by men for the real hero of the hour to be woman, I get that

Lou- Ok, meeting adjourned then!

Kali- Take a seat

Lou- There is no need to, the meeting is over

Kali- I do think you need to... see I want a voice, I've been on the streets, I've been controlled by men my whole life, and I want a change, I just want a chance to express my change, I want us all to be equal as a race... not one person's better than the other bullshit... I want real equality

Lou- I cant give you that

Kali- And why not... is it because you're a misogynistic pig who controls and feeds off women's anxieties, fear... pain!

Lou- You have no idea what I do in my spare time

Kali- Ooo Lou, I wouldn't dream of knowing how you treat your 24 different women every night... some of which are girls aren't they?!

Lou- Call me mayor

Kali- Woman never called you Lou before... (Stares into his eyes)

Lou- you want a voice... I'll let you go from this meeting, and then you can spread your voice... but I ain't giving you any credit for saving a man's life

Kali- Doesn't matter everyone knows anyway... so you don't have to worry, women will know soon enough that men are no stronger... and you'll be 6 feet under, so don't worry about it

Lou- How does 3 months in jail sound?!

(Kali smiles)

CUT TO:

(Shows Kali three months later come out of prison with a book in her hand that she wrote whilst in there)

CUT TO:

(Kali is sitting in a soup kitchen listening to other women talking to each other about how great their lives are and their husbands used to be great people)

(There are around 10 women talking amongst themselves)

(Kali is getting disturbed by getting annoyed by their conversation as she tries to add to her book)

Kali- Do you have any idea what you are all talking about?

Woman- hey I know you, you're that psycho bitch who saved that man then threatened the mayor for women's rights

Kali- That's me

Women- You haven't got a gun on you have you?

Kali- I'm not allowed a gun anymore

Women- You're a freak

Kali- Am I...

Women- Yeah some of us are happy being our men's wives

Kali- You say it like you belong to him

Women- We do

Kali- Enough (She stands on a table)

Man- (Who controls the soup kitchen, he's a bit pathetic) can we sit down please kali, we don't want you in any more trouble!

Kali- This ain't the only town who treats its women this way, like slaves... there's plenty of them, but let's just get this town sorted first... I am running for mayor from this moment, and it is a rule that must be abided, I have my right to vote for myself in the next election, therefore I am a party, The SWR starts now

Woman- What does that stand for?

Kali- Strong women's rights, but it can stand for whatever you want it to, because that's what freedom is... men have brainwashed us all to believe we some type of animal or object to them, and we just accept it, we are no objects, we are humans, with human rights. Just because we got long hair, which I would happily cut off to prove that I am not just a woman but a human, and just because you have big boobs does not mean you do the house work... watching? (She picks up a knife off the table and starts cutting at her hair)

(She throws it into the crowd)

Kali- I'm done with being a slave to the system men put in place to benefit themselves, I wanna be in my system a woman's system, where we do exciting stuff other than stay at home and do nothing but chores so men are satisfied...

CUT TO:

(More in the crowd this time as the speech continues)

(The man tries to stop women coming in to see it and cant)

Kali- Let me get a woman from the crowd, what's your name?

(Jayne is in the crowd)

Jayne- Jayne

Kali- Come on up... look at all these women, all these people who have fallen for the charms of men and found themselves able to leave the house this once to come see me, now Jayne, do you have a husband?

Jayne- No

Kali- Why is that?

Jayne- Because they never think I'm good enough to be a wife

Kali- Why is it up to them Jayne?

Jayne- Because it just, because it is

Kali- Because it is people, there's no real reason, it's because we don't think we are superior enough... the truth is and keep this to yourselves, I shot Jesse, I shot Carl and I shot Jerry all dead... Rodriguez didn't even show up all them months ago... I killed them... because I am a woman, and I am stronger than men give me credit for, and I'd kill again for any of you people in here who believe in me

(People start to clap and cheer)

Officer- What the hell's going on in here? (a man)

Man- I tried to stop them coming in here, they're listening to her, she just admitted terrible things...I couldn't stop them I swear

Officer- Just shut up, everybody out, kali Knox, god she is one annoying bitch

Jayne- I think your interesting (smiles)

Kali- So surprised! The SWR welcomes you (Shakes hands with her)

Jayne- I've never shaken hands before, not very womanly

Kali- Cut that out

Officer- Come with me now, you'll be lucky if you ain't got the death penalty

CUT TO:

(Shows Kali Knox in the papers with death penalty? Above her name and a riot kicks off and the town gets trashed for her freedom)

CUT TO:

(Kali Knox is sitting in a cell and can hear what's happening in the distance and is too focused drawing to acknowledge it, she draws a |K as he symbol for her party/organisation)

Kali- never moving backwards!

(She rights as her slogan)

(Suddenly her cell is opened by Lou and Jon who let her out)

CUT TO:

[insert a few pages on her rising to being voted in as mayor and the men of the town who become enslaved. Includes a scene where Bobby becomes a suffrage and Terri is killed by Kali for not believing in their system]

4 pages

CUT TO:

(Jayne approaches Kali who is again admiring the town she grew up in as it is being built back up by women and besides it is a camp of chained up men)

Jayne- We own this town kali, we did it!

Kali- We did? We did!

Jayne- You did, with this (points to her symbol of the organisation and looks proud)

Kali- We can all do it... we are all strong!

Jayne- Yeah we are, you made us find out that we were though

Kali- And men are weak... too weak, we need rid of them all

Jayne- Sorry?

Kali- All of them they need to go, never moving backwards, always forwards!

(She walks off)

(Then Kali ponders at the massive banner of the symbol on it and everyone bowing to her as she walks in)

Kali- We attack the next town, and the next town and then next, until all men are captured for their sins and all women are freed from their slave lifestyles, women will pay for the sins of men no more!

(Everyone cheers)

(Shows a man who was a husband to a wife earlier in the film pleading with her for freedom)

Man- My love please, I don't deserve this

Woman- I can't show to be weak... what we had it was good, but now I'm a free soul, I deserve this

Man- You're talking like her, you're not her, you're not Kali, you're a decent person

Woman- Are you saying she isn't decent, that she isn't fair?

Man- You're blinded, brainwashed even by her propaganda, you got to see it my love, I haven't eaten in weeks (He is skinny and like other men is wearing rags)

Woman- You're blinded by your own self-worth and importance, just like all men are
(She shoots him dead)

Women- (In the crowd cheering her on for what she did) let that be a warning, you go girl!

CUT TO:

(A montage of them destroying various towns and what they think of as freeing the women who are slaves. They then go on to enslave the men in each town)

(The montage closes with a close up of Kali's eyes looking at a saloon on fire with men inside)

CUT TO:

(Yul is asleep and Kate is still intrigued by the story)

Kate- So she's coming here?

Lance- It appears so, Yul knew this as well, but I told him to keep it quiet, which as always he's doing a good job

Kate- Oh Yul wake up will you

Yul- What sorry, are you finished?

Lance- Truth is the story doesn't really end, we don't know enough about her, how true that story is, anything, she's just a myth... this is just what I heard from the sheriffs of other towns and what the papers say... one thing that is true, she can aim a firearm, better than your husband

Yul- I still don't believe that

Kate- To be fair, I could

Yul- Shut up honey

Lance- But the truth is, we treat our women and men equally here, so there si no way that women should have their head turned by her

Kate- How is she so persuasive?

Lance- She knows what she's doing (Being very serious) she will not stop until she has what she wants, she will give up until the women, her women take over as the dominant sex in each town she comes across

Kate- Wow

Lance- it's what happens when you mistreat a psycho, they come back to bite you on the ass in some way...

Kate- Well this crazy bitch ain't gonna be getting to any of us... we're a good community

Yul- Exactly the point that Lance is making here, sure you'll be ok, but will the not so powerful women be willing to kill their husbands for a bit of power, or even worse enslave them, torture them, like so many have done

Kate- But surely, men are a stronger race

Yul- They sure are

Lance- Men are not as forward as she is, and her persona alone drives ordinary women to kill, steal, torture... no man has that power in any town in any state

Kate- Scary stuff

Lance- We just gotta brace ourselves, Lakin is about to get damaged, let's just try and limit it

CUT TO:

(Shows around 100 suffrages on horseback with Kali Knox and Jayne leading the way as they head towards Lakin)

CUT TO:

(Shows someone looking out in the far distance from a high up position)

Man- Holy shit, warn the sheriff, warn the mayor, warn them all!

CUT TO:

(Lance walks into the mayor's office)

Lance- Ron... this is serious...Kali and her suffrages

Ron- The SWR, I knew they were coming, you warned me about them

Lance- Yeah they'll be here soon, around 80 of them

Ron- 80, I'm sure there's more than 80, I thought there's more than 100

Lance- Maybe only a few have come

Ron- or maybe a few have come early... look just make sure the town is safe, protect all the men and the women, just make sure they don't get tempted by them... keep Kate safe

Lance- Why Kate?

Ron- She's the future of this town sheriff, when you die, she takes over

Lance- I will

Ron- Oh and Lance before you go... please just make sure that- (He gets shot from a distance and it's a load of suffrages on horses but no Kali Knox, they are being led by Caz)

Lance- My god!

(Lance quickly turns to escape and sees Kali Knox standing in the doorway)

Kali- Well, well, you must be the sheriff?

Lance- How did you guess?

Kali- I have a keen sense of prediction, and I can read it on your badge (smiling)

Lance- (He covers it up) Oh

Kali- Oh don't cover it up for my benefit... its ok, I appreciate it, you worked hard to become sheriff... I mean man's gotta work hard to get anything haven't they?!

Lance- I haven't got time for this Kali, I need to protect my town from your attacks

Kali- Oh you think you can save Lakin... there are some things man can't do, you're not all mighty and powerful, even if you'd like to be (long pause) I mean after all, look at your mayor, he's in no state to protect your town is he, and he's a man, a let-down of a man, just like how you'll become a let-down of a man!

Lance- I wasn't born into this role to be judged by a tramp

Kali- A lady, but go on

Lance- I wasn't here to be lectured by a woman like she was my father... you're opinion means nothing around here and it isn't because you're a woman, it's because you're garbage, trash that kills for power and money

Kali- Money? (Laughs) you think what I do is for money... what stories have you heard, have you been listening to man's gospel again...(Laughing hysterically)

Lance- I know your backstory Mrs Knox

Kali- Oh Mrs Knox, haven't been called that in a while- in fact ever... you're polite, I'll give you that

Lance- Shocked that a man gives you respect?

Kali- Yeah I am actually, you know I might not actually destroy your little pathetic town now (smiling)

Lance- Enjoying humouring me?

Kali- Not really, you're boring me now (She pulls a gun out) oh you look shocked, a woman with power, oh my

Lance- You know nothing of this town, if you did you'd know that it's a place of equality

Kali- Equality isn't enough, not anymore

Lance- Nothings enough for you

Kali- Come on the, let's go lock you up in a position where you can see this town be brought down to its knees, all the men enslaved and the women free to become what they always dreamed of

Lance- Killers?

Kali- Oh you and your smart comments, come on lets go!

Kate- I don't think so (Kate has a gun to her head)

Kali- (rolls her eyes) there's always one woman who thinks life's perfect in her little town, typical... and what is your name?

Kate- Deputy sheriff

Kali- Oh a deputy sheriff (patronising) like what you've done with her sheriff

Lance- I like what I done with her too, take her away Kate!

Kali- That's it Kate do as daddy sheriff tells you to do, he'll abandon you one day when you're not needed, you'll see

Kate- Don't try your little games Kali, I know all about you

Kali- I thought it was Mrs Knox but ok

(Kali walks out at gun points)

CUT TO:

(Shows footage of the town getting destroyed by Kali's suffrages)

(Various scenes of them enslaving men and killing men)

Caz- Tell them what happened!

(Caz throws a man on a stage all wounded and bleeding)

Caz- Tell them all how you men are being treated fi you don't follow our rules

Man- (shivering from fear) shot immediately

Caz- Is that it

Man- Our sons, shot too, men are not the future...

Caz- Who is the future?

(Long pause)

(Jayne looks on concerned from a distance)

Jayne- What are you doing? (Whilst she releases a young man from her grasp) what are we doing?

Man- Women are the future

Man in crowd- (at gun point) you're all insane, we can live together, no one has to die- (He is shot dead)

Caz- Live together sure, but equally

Woman in crowd- This town is equal!

Caz- (She shoots the man she is abusing) sorry my love?

Woman in crowd- This town is equal and we will not allow you scumbags to mistreat our men who work and earn for us to have a good life

Caz- you're a brave girl, we could do with you as one of our suffrages

Jayne- You have no jurisdiction to make those decisions Caz

Caz- Oh Jayne please, Kali would want us to recruit

Jayne- You have no idea of this woman's intentions... and you called her a girl!

Caz- So...

Jayne- Just leave her!

Caz- (long pause) fine... happy now? (Woman walks away with her husband in the crowd)

Jayne- I'm relieved

Leona- What the hell just happened?

Caz- Jayne embarrassed me that's what happened!

Leona- Jayne why?

Jayne- You were being unreasonable

Leona- No different to any other town we've invaded

Jayne- You've only invaded two, so zip it, Caz should know better, I can recognise when a town is at peace, why are we trying to bring power to women when the power is already equal

Caz- Because women should have more power, and not embarrass one another, we are in this together

Jayne- In what together, killing lots of men who have families, who have wives who they treat with respect, that's not what I believe in

Caz- Have you told Kali this?

Jayne- I don't have to, she knows my opinion

Caz- No wonder she's trying to replace you

Jayne- Caz, you listen to me now... if you keep going on, I will have you removed from the suffrages so fast that you'll be begging for gold on the streets by night fall

Caz- Oh the frigging magic rise of Jayne from tramp to assistant suffrage has really gone to your head hasn't it?!

Jayne- I suggest you don't bring up my past again

Caz- Or what?

Jayne- Try me (points a gun at her)

Leona- What are you doing?

Jayne- Lowering my weapon... carry on

CUT TO:

(Kali is put into a cell by Kate and Lance)

Kali- Oh comfy cell... I haven't been in a confide space since I was just a regular woman (laughs)

Kate- You're insane

Kali- And you like it I can tell

Lance- That's enough... Kate keep an eye on her, any problems use this!

Kate- You're gun, the sheriffs gun?

Lance- Indeed, I'll get Yul to come and protect you too

Kate- Ok Lance I'll do my best

Kali- Yes Lance go save the day, god forbid your assistant could do it

Kate- I don't need you talking

Kali- Oh ok, fine

CUT TO:

(Lance is walking towards the town centre to make a speech whilst the battle goes on)

Bob- What's happening Lance?

Lance- What's happening is you and Henry are going to look for Yul, I have no idea where he's gone, but god damn it we need to find him

Bob- Ok

Henry- Ok

CUT TO:

Lance- (men are panicking as they hear of attacks by the suffrages at the east side of town) now then as you may have heard, there is an attack on the east, it is Kali Knox... but it is not the woman herself, it is her organisation, the extremist feminists of these lands... they are here... and they will soon be on our doorsteps, our mayor is dead (shock) but he would not want us to give up... we will sort this, we will shed more blood that needed, we are together, we are Lakin! (The men and women cheer) the women of Lakin, it is most important that you all stick by us, stick by your men and support us all the way, show these clowns what a real town of equality is like... for our families and future generations... let's not let kali's lies ruin our town like so many before, he judgement may have been right in previous towns, but not this one

CUT TO:

(Bob and henry walk into where Kate is guarding kali's cell)

Kali- Oh hello boys

Kate- what's going on?

Henry- Where is he Kali?

Kali- Who... or should I say whom?

Bob- Where's Yul? You knew god damn who we were talking about!

Kali- I don't know

Kate- Yul... why what's wrong with him?

Bob- He's gone missing

Henry- I'm sorry Kate

Kate- Where is he you bitch?

Kali- Look if I tell you will you let me out

Henry- Fat chance

Kate- Yes we will

Kali- Oh well in that case-

Henry- What are you doing Kate?

Kate- My husband, I wanna know he's safe

Kali- He's not safe per say, but he is alive... for now, he's on the mountain edge, just outer town... where the legend happened

Henry- Legend, what legend?

Kate- Where you shot those men?

Kali- Bingo... got it in one

Kate- You're sick

Kali- I'm not, I'm really not, I'm just determined to make a point, and the point is, he's only got half hour till he's pushed off that cliff, my suffrages won't be sticking in this boring town for too long

Kate- Why are you doing to this to me, my husband, my town?

Kali- I don't care about your town, you think I'm that one dimensional, no

Kate- Why are you standing around, go get him please

(Kali massages her shoulders)

Kali- Relax you seem tense

Kate- (Shakes her off) get the hell away from me

Kali- Where not that different you and I

(Bob and Henry flee the scene)

Kate- We are nothing alike

Kali- Both begin with a K, what's your second name?

Kate- I wouldn't tell you even I faced gunpoint

Kali- Come on this team of ours isn't gonna work unless we trust one another and tell each other everything

Kate- Go suck one

Kali- (smiles) not very appropriate is it

Kate- I'm not interested in what you gotta say to me

Kali- Come on think for yourself, stop letting Lance get into your head

Kate- He's not in my head

Kali- Well in that case, let someone in, you need guidance in life Kate, otherwise you go down a tunnel that will never end and before you know it you're dead

Kate- you're a piece of garbage

Kali- That's exactly how men describe me, you're not a man, you're a girl, I can make you a woman. I believe you know all about me?

Kate- All the good bits

Kali- It's not true, none of it...

Kate- Ok, fine doesn't change what you've done recently

Kali- you think I have motive in my life, between you and me, I don't give a flying vomit about feminism, women's rights, I don't care... look at me... Kate look at me. LOOK AT ME!

(Kate continues to ignore her)

Kali- Fine you don't wanna know the truth, suit yourself

(She sits down and just gets angry)

CUT TO:

(Lance still with his speech)

Lance- Now we have captured Kali Knox, she is no threat to us herself, but her followers, her terrorists are alert and ready to attack... well let me tell you, I will not let them attack our innocent civilians (people still panic)

Veronica- (a woman in the crowd) But what about women's rights and freedom amongst this town, surely it isn't right the way we are treated?

Woman- You're not from round here are you, you don't understand how we women are treated in this town?

Veronica- Obviously not, you must be so blind, where kali Knox locked up, surely we have a right to know

Man- I'm gonna kill this son of a bitch

Veronica- try me

Man- I will (he gets shot by a woman, Kelly)

Kelly- You better believe we're in town, and we want our leader back

Lance- You can never have her back, until we have peace in our town and we have my deputy's husband safely returned

Kelly- in that case see you in the mountains

Veronica- Yeah boys, see you up there (smiling)

(They get on horseback and ride away)

Bob- (He appears with Henry after the women ride away) what now Lance?

Lance- You go and save Yul

Bob- And you?

Henry- He's gonna make sure everybody's safe

Lance- Take the best gunslingers you got, we end this thing now, these girls are messing with the wrong town

CUT TO:

(Kali is sitting in her cell still with Kate sitting looking over her making sure she can't escape)

Kali- (looking at her bored) (She yawns)

Kate- You done then?

Kali- Oh deputy, I will be soon

Kate- My name's Kate

Kali- Is it... see you're right your name is Kate, when people want you to be Kate, no one around these parts want you to be Kate, they want you to be deputy, because that's all you can be

Kate- You've tried all this psychology with me, enough... I'm letting you escape

Kali- You don't understand do you deputy-

Kate- Kate

Kali- (long pause) deputy, you don't understand... I don't want to escape per say, I mean I wouldn't say no... but what I really want to see is you happy

Kate- Happy, then call me Kate

Kali- I will when Lance does!

Kate- He does

Kali- (laughs) no he doesn't, you're just a tool to him, an object... no one around here in this place really appreciates you, I've seen it... one of the few towns I ever got caught in and it's given me time to think over... you wanna know my conclusion is? (Long pause)

Kate- Go on intrigue me

Kali- You're a skivvy... a pathetic waste of space around these parts... a deputy. You're in here looking over a psychopath like me, whilst Lance is out there battling against women following my orders

Kate- Terrorists!

Kali- Well you can call them that... but I'd say we were activists. God knows you could do with some yourself

Kate- I'm doing my duty

Kali- Your duty... what's with all this duty talk I hear... deputy... I thought your name was Kate

Kate- I'm helping Lance, he's the sheriff and I'm the deputy, that's how it is, that's how it should be-

Kali- You're wrong... so very wrong (laughs)

Kate- I'm not going to let you get to me

Kali- Fair enough, I'll sit here in silence then

Kate- Ok

(Kali whistles)

Kali- Tell me your lover... is, does he treat you like Lance?

Kate- I thought we were being silent?

Kali- We were!

Kate- he treats me like a lover treats his woman!

Kali- His woman... His woman!?

Kate- Yeah I belong to him (stop is in realisation)

Kali- You belong to him do you, Jerard owns you does he?!

Kate- No, yes, well I don't know

Kali- Pity...

CUT TO:

(Caz is still in the mountains with the hostages)

Caz- Leona, get outside!

Leona- What should I say?

Caz- Pledge your allegiance you Kali Knox and tell them that we will be unmoved until we all have freedom and she is released!

Leona- What if I get shot?

Caz- Then the little hostages will lose their heads here... all of them (They panic)

Kelly- Or we'll make them do the god damn dishes (laughs)

Caz- Or even iron their own clothes

Kelly- And we won't thank you for it... then again, they probably don't think we have the strength of mind to actually shoot them

Caz- You're right... why would they (Caz shoots one of them dead) that oughta suade them

Kelly- Think that might just work

Leona- I'm going now

(Leona steps outside to Lance and his fellow officers who are on horseback aiming their guns towards them on the cliff edge)

Leona- we want kali free

Lance- Give us the hostages safely and securely and we will negotiate

Leona- We want to see kali Knox free and secure with us so we can leave this town before any hostages are freed!

Henry- Just shoot her Lance

Lance- Shut up... do you have the missing man, Jesse?

Leona- We may, or may not have Jesse

Lance- Can you be more helpful please

Leona- No

Caz- shoot him Leona

Leona- What?

Caz- Shoot the sheriff, show that we're serious

Leona- But I'll die

Caz- You don't want to let Kali Knox down, you're doing this for her, sacrificing yourself

Leona- I... I..

Caz- What are you waiting for?

(Leona turns to the men at the bottom of the cliff and opens fire)

(Leona shoots Lance in the shoulder and he falls off his horse, the horses flee and then Henry after seeing Lance shot quickly fires at Leona and gets her in the chest)

Henry- Where are you all going, get back here!

Bob- What Henry?

Henry- For god sake our Lance has been shot in the shoulder, someone get him into a secure place quick, and we need to all go up there and end this now

Bob- But we could die

Henry- That's the risk we take up when we do this job, we risk our lives to make sure terrorists like these are put to justice

Bob- He's right

Pete- he is?

Bob- I can't go back to that town knowing we gave into these bitches

Henry- You hearing this (shouts up to the suffrages) we're coming for you... you're reign of terror is about to end

Caz- Our reign of terror, yeah we're the bad guys, hearing this girls

(They all laugh)

Caz- Oh the hostages aren't impressed... time to put them on the edge!

(Caz then walks to the edge of the cliff where Leona is on the floor in a lot of pain from the bullet wound)

Leona- help me, Caz please

Caz- Hmm... we can't really afford to have any one dragging us down... I need to do this for kali, you understand?

Leona- What?

(Caz kicks her over the edge to her death)

(Caz then looks like she's crying and it turns to slight laughter)

Caz- Poor girl

Jayne- What did you just do? (Shocked)

Kelly- She did the right thing... she was a burden

Jayne- But she was one of us?

Caz- You wanna suffer the same, be my guest... or you can be enslaved by those foolish men, in that foolish town

Jayne- I think either way I'm trapped

Caz- Oh, you really have piped up haven't you?

Jayne- I think you're going crazy

Caz- Yes am I?

Jayne- Yeah, crazy that you will never be like Kali Knox

Caz- I am my own woman, she taught me that

Jayne- You're right Kali would never do what you just did to a Suffrage

Caz- She's not here is she, we're trying to get her back, so just let me lead

(She looks over the cliff edge at Leona's body and sees them coming closer and finding a way up)

Caz- They're coming, quickly get the hostages on the edge now

CUT TO:

Bob- (Helping Lance up) You ok Lance?

Lance- Do I look ok? No I'm not but you must go on, just help them out, bring them down

Bob- What are you gonna do, I can't leave you?

Lance- I'm going back to Kali Knox... I think you have this covered... I need to get aid

Bob- But let me help you

Lance- No you must stay here

Bob- You sure

Lance- Go... I'll make sure they don't get Kali Knox

Bob- (Nods) ok (He gets on his horse and rides past the men who are running towards the cliff) come on guys let's take the opposite sex down

(Lance watches on and starts to make his way slowly back to the town)

CUT BACK:

Jayne- Where are you going now?

Caz- Higher ground!

Jayne- Why?

Kelly- Hostages on the edge!

(Shows a quick shot of Jesse looking nervously over the edge down at Leona's body)

Jayne- Why you going to higher ground?

Caz- To get the sheriff

Jayne- Whoa, why must everything end in someone's death?

Caz- You are not in control here, and you are definitely not a true suffrage if you believe that man should be allowed to live, he might kill kali Knox when he gets back to town!

Jayne- But he won't, you know he won't, you just want to kill these men as some strange obsession with revenge for what your father did to you?

Caz- Don't you mention my father like that (staying calm)

Jayne- But you know its true, I'm sorry, but I don't think you should shoot him, he's an innocent man

Caz- You've gotten to know him too well, you really have

Jayne- I just know, I understand, we've all been brought up in our own ways and it's not as black and white as kali Knox makes it

Caz- Then don't follow her anymore... you can join the hostages

Jayne- I don't want to join anyone, I want to be Jayne again!

Caz- Fine, you do that, you get out of here... and we'll leave you to it... go on go

Kelly- yeah you non believer

Jayne- (She starts to walk away) she's got into your head

Kelly- yeah because we let her in to our heads, she showed us the way

Jayne- She isn't what you are meant to be, she's a psychopath

Caz- You take that back

Jayne- No

Caz- You take it back (Gets her gun out and starts shooting and Jayne quickly retaliates)

Kelly- yeah take it back-

Caz- leave it Kelly, she's mine, I'll get rid of her

Kelly- What should I do

Caz- get the others, be ready for the men

(Caz walks off)

Caz- Come out, come out wherever you are you bitch

(Jayne is hiding behind a rock scared with her gun in her hand)

CUT TO:

(Shows Kali Knox filing her nails with the wall and Kate just watching almost mesmerised)

Kate- You find a way don't you?

Kali- To what?

Kate- Survive?

Kali- I have to, didn't have a good bringing up as you know...

Kate- I don't know which one to believe

Kali- Do tell

Kate- well I've heard stories about your upbringing from different people, people rumoured that you would one day attack our town, and you were just some type of myth... hearing about your upbringing from you, it's a completely different story...

Kali- People just think I'm mad, I'm not, I'm me. I'm just who I was welded to be. A figurine of my messed up childhood

Kate- well by the sounds of it we had a very similar childhood

Kali- It does sound like that... I don't expect sympathy, too many people expect sympathy for things these days, just get over yourselves and rectify what went wrong

Kate- I suppose

Kali- You know you're a good girl Kate... strong willed, charismatic, a leader I can tell. A true reflection on your personality is the way you have stuck to your guns throughout our little chat here, throughout all the torture I have caused this town, you still find the decency to listen to every word I say... you still show the same intrigue you would a mother figure... I'd ask why that is? But I know the answer

Kate- And what do you think that it?

Kali- You believe every word that comes out of my mouth, its all starting to make sense to you, the craziness of your world you live in, and the simple fact that the world I live in seems somehow less crazy than your own. Now like I said, you are strong willed, charismatic and a leader... but not right now, right now you're a coward... too afraid to make a change in your life

Kate- you've tried all this, you won't get to me

Kali- you are and always will be in the shadow of men in this town. I was young and foolish like you once, but I learnt, I grew up fast and realised the world is

a horrible place, until you change it and make it your own. I may be the one in the enclosure right now, but in here (points to her brain) I'm free as a bird, whilst you remain trapped... free yourself!

Kate- You're good... you are good... I don't want to be one of your suffrages

(Kate stands up and walks up towards the prison cell and kali walks up to the bars to meet her)

Kali- Oh I wouldn't dream of making a talent like yourself one of my girls... you're your own type aren't you?!

Kate- I'm a deputy

(Kali laughs hysterically)

(Kate laughs with confusion before realising)

Kali- Ok deputy... promote yourself (stares at Kate)

CUT TO:

(Lance enters his town and sees it completely empty apart from a few fearful men and their mistreated wives)

Man- Sheriff... oh my god, you ok?

Lance- Out of my way please, I will be...

Man- You need attention

Lance- I need to see her

Man- Kali Knox is in her cell

Lance- No...

(He keeps walking wounded towards his office and where they both sit with kali locked in her cell still)

CUT TO:

(Caz is still trying to track down where Jayne has ran to)

(Jayne is at the tallest point of the mountain they are on and is hiding in a ditch)

Caz- (creeping up on her) come on Jayne, I'm sure all will be forgiven... Kali wouldn't want me to kill one of her faves now would she?

(Jayne nervously gets herself ready with her gun in hand and she places bullets into it)

Caz- Come on Jayne, we all know you're loved by her, so let's be honest we girls don't stand a chance in becoming her number one girl, why would we kill her number one girl, that would just make her wanna kill us

(Caz notices a shadow move and now knows where she is but toys with her)

Caz- Jayne where are you?

(Caz smiles)

CUT TO:

Kelly- ready yourself, they're coming (She tells the other two suffrages who prepare their guns for when the 5 men storm through on horseback)

Veronica- For Kali

Mari- For Kali!

Kelly- For us!

Veronica- For women!

Bob- (storms in) For men!

(The fight starts and Henry and Bob as main characters chase down Kelly. Meanwhile Veronica and Mari struggle to fend off the remaining men)

Henry- Where do you think you're going Kelly?

Kelly- Nowhere without killing you first (Goes to do it and is stopped by Bob)

Bob- Now why would you aim that gun at a man?

Kelly- Because he would've killed me

Henry- You know why?

Kelly- Because you men are all the same you want power, well you have none, and you have no dignity either

Henry- Well that makes two of us

Bob- Hang on a second here, we weren't the ones that came barging in shooting our guns, terrorising the people of our town... no we were happy with our live before you silly girls showed up

Kelly- Happy... you were happy, the sheriff was happy, but the women of your town, they can't stand you

Henry- Hey my wife loves me very much

Kelly- Does she, being cooked up in that lonely house whilst you go out and work for the sheriff, drink your beer and play poker?

Bob- I don't like your tone

Kelly- Don't you now, that's a shame, I'm not here for you to like my tone... I'm here to terrorise your town

Bob- Well you've done it now, you've shot the sheriff, you can be on your way

Kelly- I think I might just stay, Kali wouldn't want me to let her down now, she has strong belief and I respect those beliefs till I die

(It shows on the shadows of the wall her getting shot by Henry)

Henry- which is now

Bob- Jeez Henry

Henry- what I'm ending this now

Bob- yeah I get that but... the punchline, was awful

(Veronica manages to escape the other men and gets to the edge of the cliff to the men who they have hostage)

Veronica- Release kali!

(Bob and Henry turn to face her)

Henry- Now come on back away from the hostages

Veronica- Release my leader!

Bob- We will if we can have the hostages freed now

Veronica- No chance am I losing out on this one (She kicks one of the hostages down the edge of the cliff)

Henry- That's enough, please no more of this... what have we done to you?

Veronica- We know you have Kali, we want her released

Henry- We didn't start this

Veronica- Yes you did, you men started everything bad in the world, we're cleansing it

Henry- Who was that who said it, Kali Knox

Bob- She's delusional!

Kelly- You better watch that filthy man mouth of yours

Henry- I'm bored of this, why must we kill to prove our points, just talk to us, our town was at peace, why you attacking us?

Bob- They think they have a motive, we can see through them... you're just a bunch of sheep following a psychotic Shephard... she's walking you directly to hell and you're just following

Kelly- The devil?

Veronica- She'll welcome us with open arms and treat us right

Henry- You're insane

Bob- Please, just let us have Yul!

(Veronica takes the mask off Yul's head)

Bob- Please step away from him

Veronica- No (She points the gun at his head)

Bob- Don't do this

CUT TO:

(Caz and Jayne are playing cat and mouse and Jayne is managing to escape her temporarily)

Caz- I know you're there Jayne

Jayne- I screwed up Caz, I ruined you I'm sorry (from behind a boulder)

Caz- Huh?

Jayne- This all escalated too quick, this organisation, this terrorist organisation, I'm sorry I dragged any of you into it

Caz- What are you sorry about?

Jayne- For you killing innocent people

Caz- We've all done it

Jayne- Not this town, this town is innocent, I saw it from the moment I entered it, this is full of happy families, dad's, sons, mothers and daughters, all treated fairly, I never saw that when I was younger... my father left me, I never knew what happened to him... I was nothing, I was torn apart (She reaches for a gun) so many people I hurt, they deserved it, they really did, those men where evil... they didn't treat women right, but I thought it was all men, it's not all men, just a select few, a minority, and even we aren't perfect, we've been blinded by our self-righteousness... I can't do this anymore; I lost sight of why I started the organisation

Caz- You never started this!

Jayne- Well one things for certain I'm leaving it (She shoots Caz dead)

(She then begins to walk away from the scene where no one can see her)

CUT TO:

Kali- Why are you sitting here, when your husband is being held captive and you know exactly where he is, do you not love him?

Kate- I've been told to sit here and make sure you don't cause any trouble

Kali- God you women, think that everything man says is do... you can say no

Kate- I know that

Kali- Wanna know I became so powerful

Kate- I know all about it, you're rise from tramp to killer

Kali- (laughs) oh you heard that version of the story... there's a lot of rumours as to how I came to be... wanna hear the truth?

Kate- I'm interested anymore... I'm worried

Kali- Truth is, your husbands already dead

Kate- he's not my husband yet!

Kali- Hmm... don't think he ever will be, I'm sorry

Kate- why would he be dead already? (shaking)

Kali- I mean let's be honest, Lance took his time to send out his men to help out, he found out a while ago where he was, didn't look like he was in any rush. Maybe he wants him dead?

Kate- I think you should be careful

Kali- Well think about it... he's dead, you have no husband to defend you, he remains the sheriff until his son takes over, if he has a son, men continue to dominate the town, you're left as deputy for the rest of your life, in the shadows

Kate- I don't believe you

Kali- You don't have to, your free to do what you want, you won't have your emotions controlled by me, now do you wanna hear the truth?

(Kate doesn't respond)

Kali- Everything I've done to be where I am now, is all thanks to lies, you lie enough you become good at it and you can just about lie yourself out of any situation

Kate- Lie too much and you get caught out

Kali- Lie to little and you'll get caught out... I'm a woman who enjoys taking chances... you think I give a tiny hoot about women's rights?! Heh? (Laughs) truth is I couldn't care less... and all these people who think they know me because they hear stories about me... I had a father who disowned me, mistreated by men my whole life... could be true, but no... that's someone else's story

Kate- Who's?

Kali- Just a girl who was desperate, and in her desperation came to me for help to get her organisation off the ground, I always knew it would become terrorism... my favourite, terrorism, my favourite word, terrorising... my favourite emotion, terror... you know the difference between fear and terror? Fear can be just about anything, terror has longevity and it's extreme. This girl she wanted to make a point, hence she asked me to help, she'll realise soon enough that she isn't cut out for what is happening

Kate- Who are you talking about?

Kali- That's the thing, I could be talking about anyone, people get desperate, they get angry, they get misguided and then they become lost... this girl became lost

Kate- Why you calling her a girl?

Kali- I don't care about any feminism bull... I am in this for me... Kate you're looking Kali Knox here... I ain't got a motive; I'm just a freak like you said. The worlds full of liar's deputy...

Kate- In that case it appears you're the only one telling the truth

(Kali smiles)

CUT TO:

Bob- Please you're making a huge mistake

Veronica- Kali said you'd say that

Kelly- Just shoot him

(Yul panicking)

Veronica- I got to (She shoots him in the head)

Bob- You... why?

Henry- (Drops to his knees) I don't believe it

Kelly- Why, because Kali loves us and would die for us, kill for us, we believe in her

Bob- You're lost, all of you

(Caz's body drops on top of Kelly)

(Kelly in pain gets her off)

Veronica- Did Jayne do this?

Kelly- Where is she?

Veronica- Caz... oh my

(Bob and Henry flee the scene on horseback quickly)

CUT TO:

(Lance storms into the cell where Kate is looking after Kali)

Lance- Kate, don't listen to another word this poison is saying!

Kate- Why?

Lance- She will manipulate you, don't listen to her

Kate- Where's my husband?

Lance- I have the best gunslingers and cowboys on it, its fine

Kate- No cowgirls?

Lance- Come on, you ain't a feminist, don't be one of her suffrages?

Kate- I ain't... I never believe all that feminist bull... now where's my husband, I wanna know he's safe?

Lance- Yul is fine trust me

Kali- People lie Kate!

Lance- You shut up!

Kali- Oh not very polite!

Lance- Open the cell... Kate please open the cell!

(Kate obliges)

Kali- What are you gonna do, hit a girl (Laughs)

Lance- You'll be lucky if its only that! What have you said to her?

(Lance grabs her by the neck)

Kali- The truth... I told her that my backstory is all lies, conceived by people like you, to make me out to be some killer

Lance- That's because you are a killer!

Kali- Yes, but I don't kill with motive

Lance- Oh well that's ok then

Kate- Why did you lie about her backstory?

Lance- That's the story I've been told... anyway what does it matter?

Kate- I'm just surprised you'd lie

Lance- I was ill informed Kate, for goodness sake, won't you understand

Kali- you know you can get rid of me sheriff!

Lance- How much do you want?

Kali- You think this is about money, you think I care about gold, no... I don't care about that, I want something less materialistic, more problematic, I want freedom for a start... and then I want Kate

Lance- No... she's gonna be sheriff soon

Kali- (laughs) why do you lie to the poor girl all the time

Lance- I don't lie to her, why are you doing this?

Kali- Because it's fun... I'm twisted, I like twisted fun

Lance- You really are worse than the story suggests!

Kali- (laughs) then finish me, end it all

Lance- Oh I wish I could

Kali- You sheriffs are all just too much... I mess up your hierarchy and anarchy just flies off the handle... and you have no idea how to stop it, all you know is killing me wouldn't, check mate? (Puts her hand out for a shake)

Lance- You leave, and you never come back, you never terrorise my town again!

Kali- Oh I won't need to, plenty more towns around here, I have to say you're the most fair sheriff of them all (winks)

(She walks out and puts her hand out for Kate to grab it)

Kate- Is Yul alive Lance?

Lance- I don't know (looks away with disappointment) I don't know

(Kate is teary)

(She points the gun at Lance)

Kate- How could you let it happen?

Lance- it's not my fault, why blame me, blame her

Kate- She never pulled the trigger... and neither did you (She lowers her gun and walks out and Kali looks behind her to check Lance standing there alone and smiles)

CUT TO:

(Shows Lance walking the streets of Lakin with everyone mourning and crying and Bob and Henry stand there and hug Lance to commiserate him)

CUT TO:

(Shows Kate walking beside Kali not talking)

(They approach Veronica and Kelly with Caz dead on the floor)

Veronica- She's free... she's free

Kelly- It's good to see Mrs Knox

Kali- Please... now girls be polite, this is a new recruit

Kelly- What's her name?

Kali- Go on tell them

Kate- Kate

Veronica- Kate what?

Kate- Kate Karsh

Kali- Oh K initials there Mrs Knox, was that deliberate?

Veronica- Like Yul Karsh?

Kali- Yes I suppose it is... so anyway which one of you two pull the trigger then?
Who's getting promoted?

Veronica- I pulled the trigger

Kali- That true Kelly?

Kelly- I... I actually did it

(Kate shoots both of them)

Kali- happy?

Kate- No... avenged though somewhat

Kali- Were gonna have some fun... I'll show you the others, deputy (smiles)

Kate- Can I hear your life story now, the truth?

Kali- The truth isn't as interesting as the fiction

(They get on horseback that belonged to Kelly and Veronica and ride off)

CUT TO:

(Lance is in his office seemingly a few months down the line still looking at a picture of him drawn by Kate and a uniform she used to wear hung up)

Jack- Sherriff?

Lance- Ah Jack, to what do I owe the pleasure?

Jack- Someone left this downstairs for you (A letter from Kate saying sorry) Why is she sorry?

Lance- She isn't sorry... she is guilty... she left her post as deputy, she followed in the footsteps of evil rather than the footsteps of good. The problem with evil is it's a lot more tempting than being good... Lakin has changed, forever... there's no going back now, the young girls of this town will grow up idolising a Miss Kali Knox. (Shows girls wearing the Kali Knox badges and looking up at the sky as they hold it and idolising her together and boys laughing at them) she wanted to cause mayhem, she has, not visible now, but in the future it will be! I just don't understand, the Kali Knox I thought I knew could be reasoned with, there was reasoning with the version I saw. She wasn't even the main instigator

Jack- Well Who's the instigator if not Kali Knox?

(long pause)

Lance- I have no idea

(Shows Jayne with a husband in a town far away and a child playing)

Closing credits:

The End

Epilogue- Gertrude scripts

Flicking through the channels of her front lounge television set, Jessica was bored. She wasn't constantly thinking of the cinema and how it was better. In fact she thought back to the cinema with deep sadness and saw it as a nothing but a traumatic experience. However she did also thank it for demonstrating to her the importance of not asking for more.

She would still text Joel and refrain herself from ever asking him out, despite her obvious liking for him. Joel also never asked her out either, that is despite his obvious keenness on her as well. Both were just scared young adults, both too frightened to open up. Each channel she flicked by was in clear HD, but as she flicked she saw an advert for something greater than HD, the next step.

Every so often she would touch the screen and wonder, what if. It would never work, of course it didn't, she sometimes wishes she could forget the whole Blockbuster cinema, but she finds herself constantly reminded by the human races inability to stand still and appreciate what they already have, always looking to progress and make things bigger and better.

Her foster parents still neglected her, she still felt invisible, even when she returned she was asked 'did she enjoy her holiday?' to which Jessica just replied 'sure it was great' what was the point in expanding, no one would believe her and she sure didn't want to have to prove it and go back there. Her leg was treated by the hospital as an accident with a power tool. The scar remained.

She would still critique every movie she saw, but now she would do so with a clear view of what makes a film great, and what makes a film *great*. She never appreciated any film she saw at Blockbuster, she thought they were all recycled garbage that had been done a hundred times before. Perhaps that's what the cinema was going for, or perhaps people who found the cinema, were all wannabe filmmakers who failed.

Truth is when she thought about the cinema, she would never have a clear opinion on it; there was still so much mystery behind it. She thinks to herself every time that if she could go back there, she wouldn't run away as much, and would ponder and explore. Like a dream that you wake up from and desperately wished you hadn't just yet, so you could explore it further.

Jessica still marvelled over Conan's bravery, and would constantly write letter to him, he would never reply. He was a loner, but Jessica would be rest assured, he definitely would have claimed her letters, and read them. Just because someone doesn't reply doesn't mean they don't acknowledge them, or like them, some people are just different.

She was very much someone who felt she was there for no other purpose than to scrutinise, she was the modern day critic, the millennial who found inspiration from iPhone apps and selfies, a girl who found every film dull and boring due to the CGI, a girl who wanted more and when she got it, was quick to regret ever wishing for it. Such are humans however they always want more and Jessica still flicks the TV channels waiting, and wondering, 'when or if there is ever going to be a sequel?'.

The End.