

HORIZON: ZERO DAWN – SAMPLE SCENE – SAMIR VEEN

Aloy and Sylens exit the Zero Dawn Project Facility, just having learned the truth about the humanities fate a thousand years ago. Aloy sits down on a large boulder. She looks beat. Sylens is agitated, he stays standing, moves back and forth while he talks, gesturing animatedly with his hands. Sun is setting over the desert, their shadows are long. Those of Sylens arms sweep over Aloys still and troubled face.

SYLENS: The ignorance. The stupidity. All that violence, the sacrifices, the red raids, the wars. For stupid fantasies. Ignorant fools.

Aloy doesn't look at Sylens, but stares in the distance. On the horizon the skyline of Meridian.

SYLENS: *(cont.)* If they would only know.

ALOY: I don't know if it would make a difference.

SYLENS: Of course it would.

ALOY: I don't know if anyone would even believe it.

SYLENS: Why wouldn't they? We did.

ALOY: They stand to lose so much.

SYLENS: Didn't we?

ALOY: Not like the Sun priests, the sun king, the high matriarchs. They have devoted their whole lives to something that's... all their power comes from things that will turn out to be untrue.

SYLENS: Yes. We will free the people of all of it.

ALOY: How?

SYLENS: The Eclipse, our machines, with you. We're stronger than they are.

ALOY: I've seen many a violence. It changed nothing.

SYLENS: But this is different. This isn't about a power struggle or about religious fanaticism. If we did away with all their superstitious ignorance, we could have a society based on research, on science, on knowledge. Where asking questions is not frowned upon, where curiosity is seen as a virtue. We could have laws independent on narcissistic shamans and priests claiming that they can see the messages in the sun or hear the word of the one true god. We could have justice, equal laws for everyone. We could have peace.

ALOY: Yeah. Peace. Prosperity. I heard of a man a thousand years ago, talking of the same things. A man with equal beautiful words about peace and progress and a slight thirst for power causing an apocalypse. A thousand years ago.

SYLENS: Yes. Because of ignorance as well. It was a design flaw that caused life to be extinct, not a vision. Arrogance, no failsafes. But we know, we won't make the same mistakes.

ALOY: I doubt it.

SYLENS: So you see this world, with all that is wrong, all this cruelty based on lies, arrogance and ego's, you might actually wield the power to change it, and you won't? You won't even try?

ALOY: You want to force people to agree with you under threats of death? How does that make us better than they are?

SYLENS: Because we are right.

ALOY: The mad sinking believed the same, till the very moment he died.

SYLENS: But he wasn't, that's the point. We are. You talk like truth is a matter of perspective, but it ain't. Something is either true, or it ain't.
The tribes, the religions, allmother, the Banuk shamans, it's all lies, fantasies, it's stupid people telling themselves stupid stories to make sense of the things they don't understand. And then they banish or kill anyone who questions them. It doesn't have to be that way. Men made these machines, we can do it again. Think of the possibilities, the riches! There will be no more draughts, no more famine, no more miners lungs, no more accidents, no cripples. No more hard work. Everyone could have a home as big as a palace. There will be no wars. No tribes, no religions. No scarcities. There will be nothing left to fight over.

ALOY: I don't know Sylens.

SYLENS: What not?

ALOY: The religions, the tribes. I don't think they are the cause of violence.

SYLENS: Then please tell me, why do men fiercely scream the names of their gods and tribes and loyalties while murdering their fellow man they perceive as enemies?

ALOY: I think they are more.... Excuses. Not the cause.

SYLENS: Then what is?

ALOY: I don't know.

SYLENS: You make a weak case for your views Aloy.

ALOY: Yeah. Probably. Well, *you* know the truth, and you still talk about violence. So I guess you don't make a very strong case neither.

SYLENS: I talk about justice, about setting things right. That's something else entirely.

Sylens looks at Aloy. Studies her expression as she stares into the distance. Hesitates. Then tries a different approach.

You think I like it? You think when the Eclipse started killing and raiding, I could sleep at night? You think a thousand faces haven't haunted my dreams? Faces of people I've never even known.

We can make it right. We can make it all right. We can. We can make a world better than this one. It might be hard.

Brutal.

Maybe.

But it will be worth it, for hundreds of generations to come.

ALOY: Yeah. Glorious violence for a right cause. All violence is always for good.

SYLENS: You sound bitter.

ALOY: I am.

SYLENS: You're just scared. You have a chance at making a better world, of doing good, real actual good, once in your life, and you are just scared you will fail.

ALOY: I am. Scared shitless. I still won't join you Sylens.

Aloy gets up without looking at Sylens. Mount's up.

SYLENS: Where are you going?

ALOY: To the sacred lands.

SYLENS: For what?

ALOY: There is still some things that don't make sense. And... maybe, help them to... never mind.