

Pagtutol

Written by

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INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM, MANILA - 1973, EARLY MORNING

A black screen. No sound except for the SCRATCH of a pencil hitting paper. This builds and builds until--

WHIFF. JASMINE, 16 in ragged overalls, blows across the page. A pencil drawing of a beautiful beach sunset.

Jasmine writes on a small crate using a bucket as a desk. Every square inch of her walls is covered with drawings.

She levels the page to her eyes, letting the sunlight shine through it. All is at peace.

BANG! Rapid machine gun fire DROPS her to the ground. MUFFLED FOOTSTEPS outside her room build and build. SLAM. The door bursts open.

In walks MARISOL, 55 and in a maid's uniform. She is youthful for her age and with piercing eyes like a hawk's. She methodically walks over, as if not in danger, and picks up the paper.

MARISOL
(in Filipino)
Son of a bitch.

She crumples the drawing and throws it out the window. Jasmine watches it fall into a narrow alley surrounded in every direction by crowded houses.

Jasmine sighs.

MARISOL
It's almost 9.

Outside her window, an ELDERLY WOMAN cries in the distance, holding the lifeless and bloody body of her DEAD SON.

INT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER

Jasmine and her father, JOSE, 64, pack into a CROWDED smokey jeepney, a public bus system. There is barely enough room for their bodies, let alone two giant grocery bags.

On her bag, Jasmine furiously sketches. Her father notices.

JOSE
(harsh, smoking voice)
Well *Frida*, your latest masterpiece...

He rotates the bag into view: it's Marisol with the body of a cockroach. He chuckles.

JOSE (CONT'D)
A bit harsh, don't you think?

His warmth isn't reciprocated.

JOSE (CONT'D)
She loves you, you know. We both do.

Jose rustles her hair. Finally, her harsh exterior breaks.

JASMINE
I know you do, *Tatay*. It's easy to forget that she does.

After a beat, she hugs him.

BLARING HORNS from ongoing traffic interrupt the moment. The jeepney decelerates to a standstill.

JOSE
Hana,
(loudly)
What's the hold up?

A few curious PASSENGERS stand to peer outside the car. Others BANG on its roof. Jasmine's eye catches sight of a beat-up white van directly next to her.

Inside, a BEARDED MAN argues aggressively with a YOUNG BOY around Jasmine's age.

Jasmine taps Jose. He doesn't notice.

The boy SHUTS his door. He wears heavy robes unnatural for the tropical climate. A large gold emblem of a hammer is patched onto it.

He pulls out a crucifix necklace and prays to the sky.

The bearded man exits and sprints in the opposite direction.

Jasmine and the boy make direct eye contact--

BOOM. An explosion erupts. Cars fly in every direction, including the jeepney. Back and forth it goes, flipping over for an eternity.

It comes to a stop in a shallow reservoir, upside down.

Inside, a barely living Jasmine struggles to keep her eyes open. Darkness.

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - DAYS LATER

The familiar SCRATCHING of a pencil. Jasmine lies unconscious in her bed. At the foot of it, her brother EMILIO, 21, sketches on a notebook.

Jasmine bolts upright, HYPERVENTILATING and regaining her surroundings.

EMILIO

(worried)

Whoa, whoa, Jazz. Calm down, it's just me. You're all right now.

Bandages cover her arms and legs. Her face has multiple cuts throughout. She winces as she attempts to stand.

EMILIO (CONT'D)

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

He puts his notebook down and hands her a glass of water.

EMILIO (CONT'D)

Drink up. It'll do you good.

Jasmine GULPS it down with clear signs of pain. She takes a deep breath and lays back in bed.

EMILIO (CONT'D)

You had us worried sick, you know?

JASMINE

(glares)

How long have I been out?

Emilio pauses, staring at his pencil.

EMILIO

(sighs)

About 2 days.

She hyperventilates once again.

EMILIO (CONT'D)

You're gonna need to stop doing that.

He POURS her another glass. She repeats the process.

EMILIO (CONT'D)
Just, talk to me. What do you
remember? What happened?

JASMINE
(pauses)
I remember seeing a man...well, he was
just a boy, really. Maybe even my age.
(gulps)
And then, everything turned black.

EMILIO
Is that all?

She gazes at the various drawings along her room.

JASMINE
No. He looked at me. Dead in the eyes.

A portrait of herself, different from the rest, catches her
eye. Signed at the bottom is the name: Jose Poyatos.

Jasmine's voice dies out. Her eyes widen.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
Dad!

She leaps out of bed, stumbles, THUD. She knocks a lamp over.

Emilio catches her and lays her back down. He puts a finger
to his mouth. Shut up. Outside her room: ominous FOOTSTEPS.

EMILIO
(whispers)
Mom hasn't handled things well.

Jasmine leans closer to him, less than an inch from his face.

JASMINE
Is he--

He pauses. Unsteadily, he nods.

EMILIO
Everyone is but you.

Jasmine tearfully glances away. She ducks her head under her
pillow and suffocates herself with darkness.

She SCREAMS her sorrows away into the pillow.

EMILIO (O.S)

Here. Whenever you're ready, take this. It's probably the best therapist you could ever get...or afford.

Off screen, soft footsteps move away from Jasmine and her door gently closes. She pokes her head out. Emilio's sketching notebook lays beside her.

A sketch of her sleeping self is on the cover. She turns to a new, blank page.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jasmine sits head down on a small dinner table as Emilio cooks by a stove. A frying pan CRACKLES.

He brings it over, still burning, and DROPS it without grace.

EMILIO

It's not much, but it's something.

It's fish sticks. She lifts her head up and smiles.

JASMINE

Merci, chef.

Jasmine clears her plate in seconds. A bright light fills the room from an outside window, interrupting her.

A car door SLAMS. Emilio stands and motions for Jasmine to stay put.

The front door CREAKS open and Marisol staggers in, still in her work clothes. She supports herself using a nearby wall.

MARISOL

So, you finally decided to join us.

JASMINE

Mom, I--

Marisol comes up and squeezes her cheeks. Emilio stands behind like a watch dog protecting its owner.

EMILIO

She woke up this afternoon. I would've told you, but you were knocked out.

Marisol shoots a piercing glance back at him.

MARISOL

(slurs)

Look at the three of us. One happy

(pauses)

and whole family.

EMILIO

Are you drunk?

MARISOL

I'm celebrating. It's not every day
your daughter returns from the dead.

Marisol reaches into a cabinet to grab a glass and a liquor bottle. She begins to pour.

JASMINE

Nay, you've had enough.

Marisol abruptly stops. She comes face to face with her.

MARISOL

(laughs)

Look at you, already back to your old
self.

Marisol downs the drink in one big gulp. She SLAMS the glass on the table and promptly walks out.

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jasmine tosses and turns in her bed, a pool of sweat forms underneath her.

CRASH. Broken glass. Jasmine's eyes shoot open. CRASH. She tosses her covers aside and bolts up.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jasmine cautiously sneaks down a narrow hallway. Only a faint candle provides any source of light.

An indistinct MOANING pervades the scene. It grows louder as she continues her walk.

A CREAK from Jasmine's foot sounds like a thunderous clash. The moaning stops.

Jasmine pauses, unsure of what to do. She pushes a slightly ajar door to find--

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marisol is sprawled on the toilet, unconscious and SNORING. Empty bottles fill the floor space. A picture frame lies face down with broken glass around it.

Jasmine bends over and carefully picks it up. She wipes off some of the debris. It's one of her parent's wedding photos. She slips it into her pocket.

Jasmine lifts her mother's head up and places a towel under it. She BLOWS out the candle.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MANILA - MORNING

Jasmine and Emilio saunter through a BUSTLING flea market. MERCHANTS all around offer counterfeit bags and jewelry.

Emilio's eyes are glued to a map.

EMILIO

(spins around)

We're going the wrong direction.

JASMINE

(spins with him)

You said that 5 minutes ago.

Emilio nearly runs into an angry MOTHER.

EMILIO

I need more support, Jazz. We're a team, remember? I'm point guard, you're my catcher.

She looks at him like he has half a brain.

JASMINE

Just give me the map, idiot.

She snatches the map and they carry on. They turn into a narrow alley with a few HOMELESS PEOPLE along its walls. Jasmine stops herself.

JASMINE

You have to be kidding me.

Emilio nods with a sly grin.

EMILIO

Who said hidden treasure was

EMILIO (CONT'D)
supposed to be easy to find?

He strides right in. After taking a deep breath, Jasmine follows.

The farther they walk, the farther from civilization they seem to be. Finally, turning the last corner, the treasure is revealed to be...

A brick wall.

EMILIO
Tah-Dah!

JASMINE
(disbelief)
Emilio, I'm supposed to be resting! I
don't have time for jokes--

He takes a bow, glides over, feels around for a bit, then suddenly ELBOWS it. It collapses with ease.

Emilio smiles one last time and jumps inside the hole he's created, out of view. Jasmine runs after him, she picks up some of the rubble. It crumbles with ease in her fingers.

She has no choice but to smile. She dives right in.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The siblings stand in the middle of a nearly pitch-black warehouse. They look like creatures floating in space.

Emilio shines a flashlight at the floor.

JASMINE
What're you looking for?

EMILIO
What do you think? The loot.

Eventually, he shines it on a box with a giant X drawn on it. He puts his face right next to Jasmine's. I told you so.

EMILIO
X marks the spot.

He wrenches it open and finds a large lever. He CRANKS it. BANGS ring like a wave from up above until the warehouse is flooded with light.

Surrounding the siblings in every direction are countless pieces of graffiti. Jasmine can only stare, mouth agape as she takes it all in.

EMILIO

This... is the treasure room.

Jasmine runs to the nearest wall and puts her hand against the paint. She runs alongside it, staring at each piece.

JASMINE

What is this place, Emilio?

EMILIO

An abandoned warehouse. Squatters took it over a few years back. And now, it's the greatest art installation on the planet.

She is stopped by an especially striking piece. It depicts a baby holding countless balloons, floating up.

Under the drawing is a scribbled word: *Pagtutol*. Next to it, a mysterious symbol of a circle with a triangle inside it.

JASMINE

(mispronounces)

Pagtutol?

Emilio joins his sister.

EMILIO

You need to work on your Filipino, Jazz. *Pagtutol*. Resistance. The only living street artist still working in Manila. He's a legend.

Jasmine glances at her brother, then returns to the piece in front of her. She does a 360 and sits down.

JASMINE

I've never heard of him.

EMILIO

That's because the only people who have, are the only people who matter.

Emilio rests next to his sister. Jasmine lays her head on his shoulder.

JASMINE

I want to make one last stop before we
go home.

INT. BENNIE'S STORE - AFTERNOON

Jasmine and Emilio enter a dusty and densely packed art
store. It's darkly lit and empty.

From out behind the counter, BENNIE, 18, busily writes on a
piece of parchment. He doesn't acknowledge their entrance.

His long black hair is tied in a pony tail.

BENNIE

I heard you were dead.

JASMINE

(beat)

And you still look dead.

She walks right up to the counter. They glare at each other
with intensity. A slight smile suddenly forms across
Jasmine's face which then breaks into laughter.

JASMINE

(hugs him)

How are you, Bennie? How's your
father?

BENNIE

(lets go)

He's...

His father glares from behind him.

BENNIE

...fantastic.

JASMINE

That's good to hear. I wanted to take
a quick look around with Emilio.

BENNIE

(ushers her away)

Be my guest.

Jasmine takes her brother by the hand.

On each shelf lies row upon row of art materials: canvases,
charcoal, brushes, anything you can think of.

There is absolutely no ordering to the shelves. But, among the chaos are a few hidden gems.

Emilio COUGHS and covers his mouth.

EMILIO

How can you find anything in this dump?

JASMINE

It's not a dump, it's disorganized beauty.

EMILIO

You are so pretentious.

She takes a Renaissance art book off the shelf and leafs through it.

Jasmine puts it back and fidgets with different tools. She drops a paint can and it impossibly rolls to another aisle.

She follows it until CLANK. It bangs into a cabinet. Jasmine bends over and picks it up. Gazing in front of her, something hidden but shiny catches her eye, many shelves up.

She stands on the cabinet base to lift herself up. Grabbing the mystery object, she comes back down with it to find...

An ornate golden case containing a set of pastels. It's unlike anything Jasmine has ever seen before.

Emilio comes into view.

EMILIO

There you are. Hey...

He sees the gold and becomes equally transfixed.

Jasmine turns it over and blows on it. An engraving, all in Filipino, appears in bright red font and lights up to read:

This is a ticket to a new life. Create your masterpiece, and your wishes will come true.

Emilio and Jasmine look at each other.

JASMINE

Bennie!

With an inquisitive expression, he walks into their aisle.

BENNIE
How can I help?

JASMINE
How much is this?

BENNIE
(smiles)
Let's see...

Looking closer, his smile fades away. He takes a step back and straightens up. Something is wrong.

BENNIE
(gravely)
Where did you get that?

Jasmine glances at Emilio, uncertain.

JASMINE
It was on your shelf. Why, is it not for sale?

BENNIE
No, actually, it's not.

JASMINE
(pauses)
Oh, well, that's okay.

Jasmine offers it to Bennie.

BENNIE
(pushes it away)
But, I want you to have it.

JASMINE
Huh?

BENNIE
You've been through enough recently.
It's the least I could do.

Jasmine hugs her friend tightly, then lets go.

JASMINE
Thanks, Bennie. I owe you one.

Jasmine and Emilio push the door open--

BENNIE
(startles)
--Just, one more thing.

The siblings pause and whip around to him.

BENNIE
When you finish your *masterpiece*, come
back here. Okay?

Jasmine confusingly nods and exits the store. Bennie gazes at them out the window, his eyes wide and fearful.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A darkly lit, modestly furnished room. Marisol perches like a vulture in the dark. She wears a bath robe with her hair up. A cigarette in one hand and a glass of whisky in the other.

LAUGHTER outside the front door builds until it SWINGS open. Emilio and Jasmine tumble in, wide smiles on their faces.

FLICK. A light switch.

The siblings freeze. Eyes wide, they await their judgement.

MARISOL
(to Emilio)
What the hell is wrong with you?

EMILIO
With me?
(gestures to Jasmine)
There are two of us, Mom.

MARISOL
She's supposed to be resting. And you
take her out all day without telling
me where?

Marisol glances at Jasmine. She appears to be holding something behind her back.

MARISOL (CONT'D)
Jasmine, you're being awfully quiet.

Jasmine stares away in a mix of fear and uncertainty. She begins to walk away. Marisol grabs her arm.

MARISOL (CONT'D)
If you're hiding something from me, I

MARISOL (CONT'D)
I will find out. Understood?

Jasmine nods, refusing to make eye contact.

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Breathing heavily, Jasmine shuts her door. She rolls up her pants sleeve to reveal the golden case stuffed in her sock.

A smile on her face, she scrutinizes it once more. She flips it over. The written Filipino text has disappeared, along with her smile.

JASMINE
What the hell--

A fast BANGING on the door causes Jasmine to drop them.

MARISOL (O.S)
Dinner!

Jasmine goes to the foot of her bed, ducks down, and pulls out an old shoe box.

Inside, a motley crue of prized possessions: stamps, a ragged doll, a medal, etc. She places the case inside and slides the box back where it came from.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jasmine, Emilio, and Marisol sit on opposite sides of the dining room table. They eat in silence.

Emilio CREAKS his chair back obnoxiously.

EMILIO
As thrilling as this dialogue we're
having is, I'd prefer some music.

He turns the dial of an antique radio. STATIC buzz quickly turns into a monotone RADIO VOICE.

RADIO VOICE (V.O)
--3 civilians were killed today after
another bombing in the capital
district.

CLANK. Marisol drops her fork. She shakes her head in disgust and says a prayer silently.

RADIO VOICE (V.O., CONT'D)
Though their identities are still
unknown. It is being reported that all
three were government officials.

Emilio moves the dial to off. Marisol finishes her prayer and
does the sign of the cross.

MARISOL
(towards the sky)
Lord, when will people learn? Innocent
lives lost...and for what? Nothing.

Emilio returns to his seat quickly, ready to argue.

EMILIO
Nothing? It's for freedom...basic
rights! *Nay*, everything that's
happening right now is for a reason.

MARISOL
You really believe that?

EMILIO
You don't?

She's silenced. Marisol turns this time to Jasmine.

MARISOL
And what do you think?

EMILIO
Don't bring her into this, *Nay*. She's
just a kid.

JASMINE
(defiantly)
I am not!

Jasmine folds her arms. Emilio is surprised by her reaction.

MARISOL
As far as I'm concerned--

Marisol pauses. She stares right at her son.

MARISOL (CONT'D)
If you support the resistance, you're
you're no better than the people who
killed your father.

In disbelief, Emilio laughs to himself while shaking his head. He pushes his chair back, stands up, and walks off screen in silent anger. SLAM. He's out the front door.

Jasmine stares at her mother incredulously. She follows her brother. Another SLAM.

Alone, Marisol gulps her wine, her eyes regretful. She takes out a rosary and prays.

EXT. HILL - MOMENTS LATER

Jasmine sprints up a grassy hill. She is far from the urban jungle of her home.

She reaches its peak and comes to a stop. Sweat drips down her forehead and HEAVY BREATHING consumes her. A warm yellowish glow is cast across her face because--

The most spectacular panoramic view of Manila lays before her. Everything from the projects to the downtown skyscrapers are in her eyesight.

Nearby, Emilio sits on a wooden bench in silence. He smokes a cigarette and takes it all in.

Jasmine silently slides next to him. He doesn't even glance.

EMILIO

(points outward)

What do you think... of this?

JASMINE

(confused)

How could you tell it was me?

EMILIO

I'm sorry I have to break this to you,
Jazz, but you're not exactly a ninja.
Now, answer my question.

She glares at him. Then takes a moment to look out.

JASMINE

(sighs)

Well, it's beautiful. It's home.

Immediately he tosses his cigarette on the ground and squashes it with his foot. He finally turns to her.

EMILIO
Look closer.

Surprised by the seriousness of his tone, she squints, unsure of what to be searching for. Then, she GASPS.

On every street corner, soldiers stand armed and positioned. No civilians are in sight.

EMILIO
You call that home?

JASMINE
(frightened)
What is this? What's happening?

EMILIO
This is our life now...
(lights another cigarette)
Unless, we do something about it.

Emilio reaches his arm out to pull Jasmine in closer. She refuses his arm and recoils.

JASMINE
You say that as if...as if two KIDS
could do anything to stop this!

EMILIO
(calmly)
Jazz, you're the most gifted person I
know. You're an artist first... then a
kid.

He reaches his arm out once more. This time, she accepts.

EMILIO (CONT'D)
Maybe that golden box thing was right.
You could be our ticket out of here.

Jasmine stares blankly into the stars, unsure of what to do with the pressure just put on her.

JASMINE
Don't be ridiculous... besides, I
haven't drawn once since the accident.
I don't think I have it in me anymore.

EMILIO
You just need inspiration. You can't
make a masterpiece without it.

The two lay still together in near silence. SIRENS blast from the city below, but they are only distant voices.

JASMINE

(suddenly)

Emilio...tell me about our island. I want to dream about it tonight.

EMILIO

(smiles)

Again? I thought by now you would've memorized every detail.

JASMINE

I have, but when you say it...it sounds like I'm hearing it all for the first time again.

Emilio motions for her to rest her head on his lap. She accepts.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

What'll be on the island, Emilio?

Jasmine looks up at him, a floating head among a blanket of stars. He smiles back at her.

EMILIO

That's a hard one to answer, Jazz. We'll have it all. Anything you've ever wanted, anything you've ever deserved. We'll live off the land. And We'll support ourselves, just you and me.

Jasmine beams at him one last time before closing her eyes.

EMILIO (CONT'D)

I'll build us a hut. You can gather coconuts every morning.

(dreamy)

We'll be kings of our own kingdom--

SNORE. She's fast asleep. He laughs to himself and takes one last drag from his cigarette before putting it out.

EXT. THE MANILA MET - DAY

A massive line of TOURISTS and LOCALS is formed outside a massive concrete slab of a building.

A SECURITY GUARD stands by its glass doors. The COUPLE at the front show him their tickets and proceed.

Next is Jasmine. She takes a step. The guard eyes her.

SECURITY GUARD
Ticket?

JASMINE
Funny story, I don't have one, but--

SECURITY GUARD
No ticket, no entry. Back of the line.

JASMINE
But--

The guard points in the opposite direction. Before she can argue, the next VISITOR pushes her out of the way.

Jasmine turns away, discouraged. A CUSTODIAN catches her eye as they walk through an EMPLOYEES ONLY exit. She stops, takes a looks around, and moves towards it.

INT. MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

Jasmine runs down a hallway filled with contemporary Filipino art on both walls.

The echo of her FOOTSTEPS sound like thunder. ANGRY VISITORS scowl at her.

She slows down and stops. Finally, she can take a look at the beautiful art around her.

Jasmine explores every room and every wall. No sculpture or tableau goes unnoticed.

She enters a smaller room that is NEARLY EMPTY. Along its walls is the title:

Life in Color

Inside are beautiful, colorful recreations of ordinary scenery, like life itself was put through a filter.

A portrait of a young woman wearing an elegant hat filled with distortions and vibrant colors catches her eye.

Jasmine straightens her back and changes her facial expression to mimic the elegant woman.

Underneath the painting is a quote.

JASMINE

(reading)

We self-protect ourselves too often
with a false sense of reality.

Jasmine's eyes widen as she reads.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

The sooner we can accept its
harshness, the sooner we can rid
ourselves of this mental incubation.

The final sentence is all in bold, on its own line:

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Reality is... loss.

Jasmine steps back and ponders. A faint smile forms across
her face. She has her inspiration.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S)

Hey! You!

The guard BURSTS through the door. Jasmine GASPS and runs in
the only direction she can.

They run from room to room, hallway to hallway. All of which
we've seen before, but in a completely different light.

Jasmine finds herself in the main corridor she sprinted
across when she first entered.

The guard trails behind, but is slowed down by continuous
CROWDS of tourist groups.

Jasmine sees an obnoxious herd of SCHOOLCHILDREN running
around her. She grabs one of their hats unnoticed.

The guard spots a GIRL with identical black hair and a
similar outfit. He places his hand on her shoulder.

SECURITY GUARD

Gotcha.

He turns her around. It's a long-haired boy with a look of
sheer terror across his face.

The guard closes his eyes, embarrassed. He takes one last
scan in the crowd of children, shakes his head, and retreats.

Jasmine is now near the front of the crowd. She pushes through the main doors and embraces the sunlight.

EXT. RESERVOIR - DUSK

Jasmine stands motionless at its border.

In front of her, an upside down and wrecked Jeepney bus, covered in graffiti with its windows blown out. Behind her, a busy intersection with HORNS blaring from traffic.

She is at the site of the accident. Nothing has changed.

Fighting away tears, a determined look forms. She sits.

Jasmine pulls her sketching notebook and a broken pencil out of her pocket. Slowly, she begins to draw the bus.

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laying on her bed, Jasmine stares at her drawing. It is impossibly realistic. The only thing missing: color.

MARISOL (O.S)

Jasmine!

Jasmine stashes her notebook under her pillow, just in time--

Marisol bursts through the door, holding yet again a nearly empty glass of whiskey.

MARISOL

Hey.

JASMINE

Hey.

MARISOL

(slurs)

Where've you been?

JASMINE

Out.

Marisol stares at her daughter impatiently.

MARISOL

Don't forget about dinner.

Jasmine nods, but her attention is elsewhere. Marisol eyes her with suspicion before exiting.

Relaxing, Jasmine takes her notebook out once more. She hops off her bed and searches under it for her shoe box.

Carefully, she takes it out and lifts up her golden case like it's the ten commandments.

Jasmine opens the case for the first time. Together, the pastels are a beautiful menagerie of color.

She picks a red shade, nearly identical to the color of the jeepney. The moment she presses it on the paper--

--Marisol reopens the door. Now, with a full glass. At first unassuming, she processes what's happening and downs her drink before eerily smiling.

MARISOL

So, this is what you were hiding...

With surprising quickness she moves towards Jasmine and snatches the notebook from her hands with ease.

JASMINE

No!

Marisol's smile fades away. Her eyes widen with shock. She drops her glass, CRASH.

MARISOL

(angrily)

What the hell is this?

JASMINE

Mom, I can explain--

MARISOL

You think you can turn your father's death into some...art project? Did you even care about him?

JASMINE

Mom, you're not thinking rationally right now.

MARISOL

(crying)

You don't know what I've been through these last few days.

(shakes her head)

You didn't deserve him, and he didn't deserve a daughter like you.

Marisol's hand clenches into a fist. She winds it back, almost robotically.

Jasmine leaps out of her bed before it can land.

She wrenches the notebook back away from her mother in a tug-of-war battle. Jasmine wins, but not entirely. Her drawing is ripped in half.

Jasmine steps back in disbelief. The two pieces of paper float and fall to the ground between them.

As if a spell has been broken, guilt fills Marisol's face completely changing her demeanor.

MARISOL

Jasmine, I didn't mean--

JASMINE

You think I haven't been traumatized?
I was there when he died, Nay. I'm not
taking advantage of his death, I'm
helping myself move on from it.

Jasmine runs out in complete disgust.

Marisol is motionless. She crumples to the floor, fixated on her hands and the actions they've just committed.

She puts her head between her knees in despair.

EXT. HILL - MOMENTS LATER

Jasmine sits in complete darkness except a white glow across her face. Tears fall with ease. She doesn't bother wiping them away.

It is impossible to decipher where she is. Until--

Familiar SIRENS fill the scene. We now see that she sits on the same bench on the same hill as the night before.

Finally, she uses her shirt to clear away the tears, collects herself, and takes out her notebook and the pastels.

She FLIPS until she reaches a new page.

JASMINE

You can do this, Jasmine. It's
just...a masterpiece. How hard could
that be?

She shuts her eyes in concentration. Nothing. In frustration, Jasmine throws her case. It lands in the grass in front of her, upside down.

The engraved lettering on it reappears.

Jasmine inches towards it, both scared and excited.

Picking it up in her hands, we see the same quote promising Jasmine a ticket to a new life.

Determined, she returns to her bench, takes out a pastel and draws. This is her first time using them.

The more she draws the more confident her strokes get. A smile forms across her face. She is in her element.

And then...RIP. She crumples the page she was working on. It's thrown to the ground. Not good enough.

Jasmine scans the sky, searching anywhere she can for inspiration.

TWEET, TWEET, TWEET. The sound of a bird emanates from a gigantic tree: a rainbow eucalyptus.

Jasmine heads over to it. A small hummingbird is trapped inside of a narrow crevice. It struggles and struggles, pushing and pushing, until... it stops.

The TWEETS stop with it. It's trapped for good.

BAM. A slightly bigger bird rams through the crevice, creating a gaping hole for both to go through. The two fly off, headed seemingly straight for the moon.

Jasmine smiles. THUNDER crashes. It starts to pour. She ducks under the tree in front of her and sits at its trunk.

Jasmine FLIPS to another page. This time, she knows exactly what to do.

With immaculate attention to detail, she cranks out a drawing of two birds escaping a bird cage. But, they are no ordinary birds. They are swans, but rainbow colored and with wings nearly four times the size of their bodies.

She signs her signature on one of them and faces it to the sky.

JASMINE
What do you think, Dad?

She hugs her notebook. She's accomplished her goal. This time, no one can stop it.

THUNDER booms. It starts to pour.

JASMINE
(to the sky)
It looks like it'll be just you and me
tonight.

Jasmine lays down, resting her head on one of the roots near the base of the tree. Quickly, she falls right asleep.

EXT. HILL - NEXT MORNING

Jasmine is fast asleep. A giant, rusty iron bird cage is directly next to her. In the skies, the two out-of-this-world birds Jasmine drew the night before are alive and flying.

Jasmine rolls over. BANG. Her head hits the cage. Her eyes open. She sees the cage. She closes her eyes again. Then...

They shoot open. She bolts upright, inspects the cage, lifts it open, taps on it.

WHOOSH. One of the birds flies directly next to her head. She has to duck to just barely avoid it. She SHRIEKS.

She comes out from under the tree and stares at the two birds flying in unison. Her jaw drops.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
No...

She notices something seemingly written on one of them, as if by hand. She squints to find:

A copy of her exact signature across its body. Jasmine GASPS and walks back in a trance.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
You're not...you're supposed to be
in...
(looks at her notebook)
...there.

She looks at the cage as if it was a vampire.

JASMINE

Holy shit.

She takes off running.

INT. BENNIE'S ROOM - DAY

In a small closet-turned-room, Bennie sits on his bare mattress. There is no other furniture.

All his focus is on a ring he fidgets with in his palm. It's silver, with an emblem of a triangle inside of a circle. This should look familiar, it was found next to *Pagtutol*'s name in the abandoned warehouse.

An incessant KNOCK rouses him. He opens his door.

INT. BENNIE'S STORE - CONTINUOUS

It opens up directly into his store. The KNOCK persists.

BENNIE

(shouts impatiently)

We're not open!

He puts on a shirt as he continues walking. The knock continues.

JASMINE (O.S)

I think you can make an exception.

Bennie stops.

BENNIE

Jasmine?

He UNLATCHES multiple locks before swinging the door open. Outside, Jasmine looks like she's just seen a ghost.

BENNIE (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

JASMINE

No, and you have a whole lot of explaining to do.

She walks right in, not waiting for an invite.

INT. BENNIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bennie paces back and forth as Jasmine lays on his bed.

BENNIE

Okay...okay, okay, okay.

They make eye contact.

BENNIE (CONT'D)

Okay.

JASMINE

Is that all you have to say?

BENNIE

Look, this is not an everyday kinda situation for me.

JASMINE

I woke up to one of my drawings almost slashing my throat! Do you think that's an "everyday" kinda situation for me?

Bennie stops pacing.

BENNIE

Really? What did you draw?

JASMINE

I'll show you.

She takes out her notebook and leafs through to find her drawing. Every page is now blank.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

What? I swear it was just here!

BENNIE

(laughs)

God, this is giving me deja vu.

Jasmine looks at him incredulously.

JASMINE

Can...can you do *this* too?

BENNIE

Of course. Isn't that why you're here?

JASMINE

I'm here because you sold me these damn things!

She takes out the golden case. He smiles and picks a yellow one. He draws on the concrete ground below him.

Almost immediately, a butterfly flies out of the floor, making Jasmine GASP and stand.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Bennie, what is... that? And, why can I do it too?

BENNIE

Just...relax, Jasmine. The others will fill you in. You'll get answers soon.

JASMINE

The others?
(eyes widen)
Who are the others?

He smiles at her and takes off his ring. He flicks it up into the air for her to catch.

She does so and inspects it curiously. A look of recognition grows across her face.

EMILIO

I hope you didn't have any plans today, you're in for a hell of a ride.

She inspects it curiously, trying to decipher it.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The same symbol is next to the *Pagtutol* street art that captured Jasmine and Emilio's attention in the warehouse.

JASMINE

Pagtutol...you took me to meet
Pagtutol, the street artist.

We now see Jasmine and Bennie stand in that same warehouse.

Bennie smiles at her, then let's out a barbaric HOLLERING sound. It echoes all around them.

After a beat, the sound repeats. Only, it's not coming from Bennie anymore. It's all around them.

WHOOSH. CRISANTO, 40 with spiked black hair and a leather

jacket rides just over their heads on top of a giant bald-eagle. He YELLS with delight.

After this, a wave of PEOPLE enter, ranging in age from 10-70, each using a different entrance. SOME ride birds, OTHERS ride water buffalo, horses, anything you can think of.

ONE person comes in on a surfboard, generating its own water underneath it out of thin air.

Each person stops about 10 feet in front of Jasmine. Their transportation all fade away into thin air. Together, about 30 people are packed into this room.

TALA, 32, with dyed pink hair in a white satin dress steps forward among the pack. She stretches her arm out to Jasmine.

TALA

Welcome to Pagtutol.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Alone in the warehouse, Jasmine, Tala, Bennie, and Crisanto now sit in a circle. They all look at Jasmine encouragingly who struggles to make eye contact.

TALA

You must have about a million questions floating through your mind.

JASMINE

My entire world was just flipped upside down this morning. So, yes I have some questions.

CRISANTO

I like her already.

Jasmine looks at him strangely.

JASMINE

I thought you were taking me to Pagtutol?

TALA

He did.

JASMINE

Pagtutol...the person. Not, whatever this is.

CRISANTO

We're one and the same.

Jasmine looks at Bennie for reassurance. He nods her on.

TALA

When I was about your age I found my
pasan too--

JASMINE

Pasan?

CRISANTO

Your golden case.

TALA

We all find ours at different times. I was 15. And for ten years I thought I was the only one like me. Then, one day I read about a man riding a dragon into the sky and everything I knew turned inside out. I knew I had to find him. That's how I meant Crisanto, here. Together, we formed *Pagtutol* and found everyone we could just like us.

Eyes wide, Jasmine takes this all in.

JASMINE

But, why? Why find the others?

TALA

We had no other choice. Marcos had just declared martial law. People, our loved ones, were dying every day from starvation. These powers might seem like a nice, fun gift, but you need to remember you weren't chosen randomly.

Jasmine's demeanor gets more serious. She looks at her pencils inquisitively.

TALA (CONT'D)

You were chosen to help this world, to give each and every person the life that they deserve. You had nothing, and now you have everything. It's your turn to give it back.

JASMINE

I didn't ask for any of this! What

if...I don't want to be one of the
"chosen ones." Who even chose me in
the first place?

Crisanto stands and grabs a spray paint can.

CRISANTO
Boy, wouldn't we wish we knew.

She looks at him helplessly.

JASMINE
How am I supposed to be a savior for
others when I can't even figure my own
life out. I don't know what makes
me... happy, maybe nothing.

Crisanto tosses her the can.

CRISANTO
Try something for me. Go to that wall
over there, close your eyes, and think
about the happiest you've ever been.
Then...draw.

JASMINE
Just draw?

CRISANTO
Yep. Simple, right?

She awkwardly stands and shuffles over to a blank wall. She
takes a deep breath and turns back to the group, they look at
her encouragingly. She closes her eyes.

JASMINE
I don't even know how to use this
thing--

CRISANTO
Shut up. Trust yourself.

She takes another deep breath. For a beat, she is still.

EXT. JEEPNEY - DAY, PAST

A flash of her and her father's last embrace, then laughing.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

SPRAY. In a trance, she paints effortlessly, eyes shut tight.

She stops and DROPS the can.

The rest of the group come over to view.

CRISANTO

I think you're wrong, Jasmine. You
know exactly what makes you happy.

Jasmine opens her eyes. They widen with recognition.

In front of her, a silhouette of a nuclear family: Mother,
Father, son, and daughter. She slowly moves up to the father
figure and puts her hand on its chest.

JASMINE

(under her breath)
I'm gonna bring him home.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MANILA - NIGHT

Tala and Jasmine saunter casually in a deserted area of
abandoned buildings as the other members of Pagtutol race
ahead of them. All of them wield spray paint.

A few stop at a wall and spray away.

JASMINE

(sarcastic)
Is this where I prove myself worthy to
be in Pagtutol?

TALA

Actually no, your determination exam
comes in the Fall.

Jasmine looks at her surprised.

TALA (CONT'D)

I'm joking. Tonight is completely for
you. A chance for you to see what
you're getting into.

JASMINE

And hopefully a chance to change my
mind before it's too late.

TALA

Fair. Pagtutol only works because each
and every one of us believes in what
we do.

Jasmine stops to look at the work of a LITTLE BOY. It's a sunflower along the sidewalk. She smiles at him.

JASMINE

And what is that exactly?

TALA

Resistance through peace. It's our only rule. Resorting to violence makes us no better than the people we aim to defeat. We fight through other means, through our art.

JASMINE

That seems a little...ideal.

Tala responds silently with a smile. They walk to a ladder leading up to a building rooftop.

Tala motions for Jasmine to go up. She looks back at her confused, but only receives a nod. She starts her ascent.

EXT. ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Jasmine climbs the last rung onto a nearly barren rooftop. Tala follows quickly behind. The only other object near them is a giant water tower.

Jasmine walks directly under it, staring at the gargantuan structure above her.

JASMINE

Tala, how far can I go with these powers? I've seen what you've been able to create, but what are my limits?

TALA

What kind of limits are you thinking about?

JASMINE

Well, my Father died recently in a car crash. I don't know if Bennie told you. And--

TALA

You want to bring him back.

Jasmine pauses, surprised she understood.

JASMINE

Yes.

Tala stares directly into Jasmine's eyes trying to gauge her motive.

TALA

It's possible. But, it would require training. And, lots of it.

JASMINE

(interested)

I'm ready. Whatever it takes.

Tala eyes her suspiciously.

TALA

I think you might have been right.
Maybe you're not a fit for Pagtutol.

Tala begins to leave, heading for the ladder.

JASMINE

Wait, what? You're just gonna leave?

TALA

Is there something else you need?

JASMINE

At least give me a reason why. I mean, minutes ago you were asking me to join. Why the sudden change?

TALA

I told you that each and every one of us is here because we believe in a common goal: to end this war. No one is being forced into staying.

She motions to the people under her.

TALA (CONT'D)

They can leave whenever they'd like.

JASMINE

I promise you, I won't leave.

TALA

I'd like to believe that. But, you wouldn't be here for us. You'd be here for yourself, for your father. You're

TALA (CONT'D)
a loose cannon, and frankly, not worth
the risk.

The two stare at each other for a beat. Tala starts to head out again.

JASMINE
Tala? Before you go, can I ask you one
more thing?

Tala stops once more. She nods.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
If everyone down there is like us, why
isn't anyone using their powers?

TALA
Because we're not defined by them. You
don't have to be a superhero to make a
change in this world. We want everyone
to know that.

She disappears as she heads down the ladder.

INT. EMILIO'S ROOM - DAY

Emilio SNORES in his bed. Jasmine pokes his nose. He covers his face with his blanket. Jasmine pokes harder.

JASMINE
Wake up! Emilio!

EMILIO
(groans)
What could you possibly want at this
hour?

JASMINE
It's 2 in the afternoon.

He pulls the blanket off and checks his watch.

EMILIO
Excuse me for wanting to sleep in on a
Saturday.

JASMINE
It's a Tuesday.

He stares uninterested back at her and lies back down.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

I know how to bring Dad back to life!

His eyes shoot open, but with trepidation.

EMILIO

Okay, so you've gone completely bat
shit insane.

JASMINE

Give me your arm.

EMILIO

What?

Jasmine forcefully takes his arm and holds it out over the
bed. She rolls up his sleeve and takes out one of her
pastels.

She starts to draw.

EMILIO (CONT'D)

And how exactly is giving me a tattoo
gonna bring Dad back to life?

Jasmine ignores him and keeps drawing. After a few moments,
we see she has drawn another bird, identical to the ones she
drew into reality moments before.

She puts her finishing touches onto it and backs off. She
looks at her brother excitedly while he still scowls.

JASMINE

Voila.

EMILIO

This...is what you woke me up for?

He shakes his arm at her.

JASMINE

You'll see. Just, be patient.

The two stand in complete silence looking at Emilio's arm.
Nothing happens. He looks at her with impatience, she is
still focused on the drawing.

After a few long beats, he rolls his sleeve back down.

EMILIO

Listen, Jasmine. You're very funny and

EMILIO (CONT'D)
all, but I'm not exactly in the mood
for jokes right now. Especially, not
ones about dad.

JASMINE
(defensively)
I wouldn't joke about him!

EMILIO
Jasmine. Get out of my room. Please.
I'm asking you nicely.

Jasmine stares at the drawing with disbelief. She suddenly
rushes towards him.

JASMINE
Let me just try one more thing--

EMILIO
(angrily)
Jasmine. Out!

He points towards his door. In a mix of despair and anger,
Jasmine sullenly steps out. She SLAMS it.

Alone, Emilio tries to scratch the drawing off with his
nails. No luck. He shrugs his shoulders and lays back on his
bed, closing his eyes.

We zoom in towards the drawing. His arm moves into the
sunlight. Suddenly, the bird, as if a moving image, begins to
slowly flap one of its wings.

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jasmine draws something unseen in her notebook. She lifts it
up and blows loose eraser marks away. It's a water buffalo
drinking from a reservoir.

CRASH. A glass breaking. She stops. Her head shoots up in
attention. She walks carefully over to her door and opens it.

Sticking her head out, she sees her brother is already in the
hallway.

They look at each other and head out together.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

With caution, Emilio and Jasmine enter their kitchen. Inside,

an unseen figure from the dark faces away from them, towards the sink. They walk up to them slowly.

Emilio puts his arm on their back.

EMILIO

Hey!

They whip around. It's Marisol. She holds two empty liquor bottles in her hand. She SCREAMS and drops them both.

MARISOL

Emilio! Why would you sneak up on me like that?

EMILIO

To make sure we weren't about to get murdered.

She smirks at her son.

JASMINE

Mom, what are you doing with those?

She points at an array of liquor bottles all in the sink. Each one is empty.

MARISOL

What I should have done a long time ago.

Jasmine's eyebrows raise.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

It's time I turned things around. For me, and for us.

EMILIO

Turn things around?

Marisol holds up two of the empty bottles.

MARISOL

I'm done drinking. For good.

The siblings glance at each other.

JASMINE

You're quitting?

Marisol nods her head. Jasmine runs up to her and hugs her.

Surprised, Marisol smiles and hugs her back.

Emilio stands idly by, suspicious of his mother. He makes eye contact with her and walks out of the room.

EXT. UPTOWN - DAY

Emilio and Jasmine exit a Jeepney bus. They walk down a narrow road. Various stores are along their sides. This is a much wealthier area than their own.

Both of them carry large rice bags.

EMILIO

I don't buy it.

JASMINE

I know you don't. But, what more do we have to lose. If we don't give her the hope to get better, than who will?

EMILIO

I've been burned too many times time in the past to think like that.

JASMINE

Well, I haven't. Maybe when I'm your age I'll become just as bitter and cynical as you.

Jasmine pouts at him.

EMILIO (CONT'D)

Look, I'm not saying she's hopeless. I just don't want you to get your hopes up only to be let down. That's all.

They come to a stop in front of a post office. Emilio digs through his pockets and pulls out some change.

EMILIO (CONT'D)

We need stamps. I'll watch the stuff.

JASMINE

(sarcastically)

How gracious of you.

Jasmine takes the money and pushes through the glass doors of the office.

Emilio watches her through the glass. He sits on one of the

bags.

INT. POST OFFICE - SAME TIME

Jasmine browses the office. In her tattered clothing, the EMPLOYEES give her dirty looks. She smiles back at them.

Then, she finds the stamps and takes a few of them.

EXT. UPTOWN - SAME TIME

Emilio still sits on the bag whistling. A sudden SIREN catches him off guard. Behind him, a police car pulls up next to him.

A middle-aged POLICE OFFICER with a large mustache exits. He is of a much lighter complexion than Emilio and Jasmine.

He carries a baton already in his hand. He gets uncomfortably close to Emilio and inspects him without saying anything.

EMILIO

Can I help you?

POLICE OFFICER

(snickers)

Yes, I think you can.

Inspecting some more, he taps his baton on one of Emilio's rice bags.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

You pay for these?

EMILIO

What, you mean my groceries?

POLICE OFFICER

Your groceries, huh? Take a look around. Do you see anyone around here that looks like you?

EMILIO

And what does that have to do with anything?

The officer bends over to him, taking off his sunglasses.

POLICE OFFICER

Don't be a prick kid. Tell me who you stole the rice from, and I'll let you

off with a light beating. This time.

EMILIO

My sister and I bought this, with our own money. We were just passing by to get some stamps, but I think we'll be leaving now--

He puts his baton to Emilio's chest.

POLICE OFFICER

You're not going anywhere without talking first, *putang ina mo*.

Emilio tenses up. He glares at the officer but remains silent.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Now, I'm gonna ask you once more: who did you take these from?

Emilio continues glaring.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

I'm gonna give you till the count of 3.

Emilio says nothing. The officer just grins widely.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

1.

Emilio breathes heavily, controlling his anger.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

2.

His hand clenches into a fist.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

3.

INT. POST OFFICE - SAME TIME

Jasmine drops a few coins on the post office counter.

JASMINE

Salamat.

She grabs the stamps and turns towards the exit. Through the glass, we can see the officer punching an already beaten-up

Emilio laying on the ground.

Jasmine drops the stamps and runs out of the store.

EXT. UPTOWN - CONTINUOUS

The officer has just finished his beating. He wipes blood off his hands and onto his pants. He bleeds around his eye.

Speechless, Jasmine stands back. They make eye contact.

POLICE OFFICER

You better watch your fucking brother
before he gets himself killed.

The officer spits on Emilio who appears nearly lifeless except his heavy breathing.

He walks back into his car and drives away. Jasmine runs to her brother's aid and holds his head in her lap. She glares at the trail of smoke left in the car's path.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Tala speaks to a group of young Pagtutol members. Crisanto BURSTS in, breaking up the scene. He's drenched. We hear it RAINING outside.

TALA

Crisanto, can I help you?

He grins with excitement.

CRISANTO

You need to take a look at this.

She looks at him uneasily.

EXT. WATERTOWER - DAY

Crisanto and Tala stand in front of the same water tower that she and Jasmine stared at the night before.

Now, every inch of the humongous structure is colored in paint, together creating a mural of arabian jasmines, the national flower of the Philippines.

Written near the top, in giant red letters: "End this hatred. Bring us back."

CRISANTO

What do you think? One of us?

Tala smirks at him.

TALA

Not yet, but she will be soon.

CRISANTO

You mean Jasmine? I thought you said she wasn't ready.

TALA

Something must have changed her mind.

They admire her work for a beat.

TALA (CONT'D)

I trust you'll be able to find her.

CRISANTO

Me?

TALA

Her training starts tomorrow.

Crisanto grins back at her.

EXT. RAIN FOREST- DAY

Jasmine miserably carries many large paint cans wrapped around a large wooden stick using her back. She sweats profusely.

Crisanto idly saunters ahead of her, he whistles sprightly, in a completely different state than his partner. Jasmine's heavy breathing drowns it out.

She looks around her, tree after tree. They're in the middle of nowhere.

Jasmine slips onto one knee. She struggles to bring herself up, but falls once more.

JASMINE

Hey.

Crisanto doesn't skip a beat.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Hey!

Crisanto stops and turns around. He laughs and walks over. He pulls out an apple and eats it in front her.

CRISANTO
Looks like you're having fun already.

JASMINE
Help me.

CRISANTO
Sorry, Jasmine. But that's not how this training works.

JASMINE
So, you're gonna just leave me here then?

CRISANTO
(bites apple)
Now you got it!

He turns back around and keeps walking. A snake slithers past Jasmine's foot.

She shoots up and quickly moves forward.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Jasmine clears the very last few trees of the forest and walks directly into a serene and empty beach. The sand is white and the waves are perfectly calm.

She spots Crisanto meditating near the border of the water. Jasmine walks over to him and drops the paint cans onto the sand. She collapses.

JASMINE
Oh, thank God.

In an instant, Crisanto lifts himself up.

CRISANTO
Great, you've made it. No time to waste!

Jasmine GROANS.

CRISANTO (CONT'D)
Today is about the basics. Because, frankly, you don't know anything.

JASMINE

Thanks.

Crisanto starts to draw a large square around Jasmine in the sand.

CRISANTO

Transportation. One of the easiest and most important uses of our powers. Sounds straight-forward right?

JASMINE

(unsure)

Yes?

CRISANTO

Wrong.

Crisanto finishes the square.

CRISANTO (CONT'D)

Your task for today. Figure out a way to get from this square.

He motions all around her. Then he points out into the ocean to an island a few miles off-shore.

CRISANTO (CONT'D)

To that island over there. Swimming is against the rules, obviously.

With hesitation, Jasmine takes a rock and hits one of the paint cans to begin.

CRISANTO (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JASMINE

Painting?

CRISANTO

We're here to train your powers, not to doodle. Take out your *pasan*.

JASMINE

Why did I lug 5 paint cans through a rain forest if I wasn't gonna use them?

CRISANTO

It was a long walk. I needed some way

CRISANTO (CONT'D)
to entertain myself.

Jasmine glares at him for a moment before taking out her pastels. She reflects for a beat on what to draw before putting the pastel to the sand.

Crisanto goes back to meditating. He looks out to the sea, away from Jasmine and takes a deep breath, enjoying himself.

WHOOOSH. Above his head, Jasmine rides high and gracefully on top of a griffin: half eagle, half lion. He smiles from below.

She lets out a WHOOO with a look of excitement across her face. Below her, a clear blue sea that looks straight into a coral reef, like there was no water at all.

The griffin lets out a SQUAWK before slightly rotating its body.

JASMINE
Whoah there buddy, for a second I
thought you were gonna--

Before she can finish, the griffin continues rotating, doing a complete 360 as Jasmine hangs on for dear life, SCREAMING along the way.

When the animal finally goes right-side up, Jasmine looks traumatized.

EXT. REMOTE ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

The griffin comes to a stop on the shore of the smaller island Crisanto had directed Jasmine to.

Jasmine jumps off of it, directly onto the sand. The griffin spreads its wings and puts its front legs into the air, as if posing for a movie.

Jasmine hugs it. But, slowly, as if pixel by pixel, the griffin fades away.

JASMINE
No!

Eventually, no trace of evidence of the griffin is left behind.

Discouraged, Jasmine sighs.

CRISANTO

You'll get used to that feeling soon enough. Nothing we create is permanent. It lives and dies with our need for it.

JASMINE

How did you get here so fast?

CRISANTO

A griffin is quite a showy mode of transportation, but not the most time efficient.

He takes out an electronic key and clicks a button. BEEP BEEP a motor boat behind them locks before immediately fading away as well.

CRISANTO (CONT'D)

So, I might as well ask, how has your first day of training been?

JASMINE

I want to know more.

Crisanto grins at her.

CRISANTO

That's what I like to hear.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

a) EXT. FOREST - DAY - Jasmine and Crisanto train via a series of different creations. Some of them backfire.

b) INT. EMILIO'S BEDROOM - DAY - Emilio opens Jasmine's door. It's empty. He reads about militant resistance movements.

c) INT. GUN STORE - DAY - Emilio goes in and buys a pistol.

d) EXT. FARMLAND - DAY - Emilio shoots various objects: cans, bottles, etc. At the end, he shoots a bird clean out of the sky.

e) INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - Jasmine gathers all the pictures of Jose that she can find. She arranges them on her desk and forms a collage of his face.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. EMILIO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Emilio holds his pistol into the air, admiring its silver and shininess. He sees his reflection through it.

His face is still heavily bruised.

Fast FOOTSTEPS are heard outside his door, coming closer. He quickly wraps the gun in a towel and puts it on a shelf.

Jasmine immediately opens the door to his room.

She comes in out of breath, a wide smile on her face. She shuts the door and sits on the ground.

JASMINE

I haven't seen you in forever.

EMILIO

No. You haven't.

He hardly looks at her. Jasmine's smile disappears slightly.

JASMINE

How have you been?

EMILIO

Nothing to complain about.

JASMINE

I mean I wouldn't say that. You have everything to complain about.

EMILIO

It's...not important anymore. I've moved on.

Jasmine stands up.

JASMINE

Not important?
(stares for a beat)
What did you do?

EMILIO

Huh?

JASMINE

Something's up. You're acting different.

Emilio only gives her a few moments of attention. He then turns away from her and starts reading one of his books.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
Great. Just ignore me.

Jasmine notices the towel in his shelf. Quickly she jumps up and grabs it.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
Hey, what's this?

EMILIO
(eyes wide)
Jasmine, no--

Too late. She unravels the gun and immediately drops it in surprise. Emilio grabs it and stuffs it in his pants.

EMILIO
Are you crazy? You could've shot yourself!

Jasmine turns to him sternly.

JASMINE
Emilio. Why do you have a gun?

He sits back down at his desk.

EMILIO
Because...I'm tired, okay? I'm tired of wanting things to change around me but being unable to do shit about it. I'm tired of being useless.

Jasmine pauses, this information hits her like a bullet.

JASMINE
Emilio, there are other ways to help without resorting to mindless violence.

EMILIO
It's not mindless if it has a purpose.

They stare at each other for a beat.

JASMINE
Dad wouldn't have wanted this.

EMILIO
Dad's dead.

JASMINE
Because of people like you!

That stings. Emilio turns away from him. Jasmine cowers back.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
Emilio, I'm sorry...

EMILIO
Just, get out of my room, Jasmine. I
want to be alone.

Jasmine nods. She takes one last look at him before exiting.

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jasmine cries lying on her bed. She doesn't move.

GUNFIRE can be heard from outside her window. She buries her face into the pillow. The GUNSHOTS persist.

She gets up in anger and heads to her window.

JASMINE
(out the window)
Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

She SLAMS the window shut and falls back on her bed.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
Where's dad when you need him?

Jasmine walks up to her walls and begins pulling drawings down onto the floor.

She picks one off that catches her attention. It is crudely drawn, as if done by a child. It's a picture of Emilio and Jasmine fishing on a pier.

It's titled at the top: *On our island, we can fish for anything*. Jasmine breaks her emotional slump with a smile.

Jasmine takes out her case and pulls out a few pastels. She grabs a baby-blue one and draws a straight line across her bedroom wall.

She takes a step back and smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jasmine is busy drawing. Now, we see that she's drawing a scene of a beach.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jasmine wipes her colorful hands on her shirt, staining it. She looks at her drawing: a fully detailed creation of her and Emilio's island. She draws a hut among elegant palm trees, surrounded by wildlife and vegetation.

The sound of GUNFIRE is quickly drowned out by OCEAN WIND and SEAGULLS. Jasmine, smiling to herself, closes her eyes. We stay on her for a beat, seeing relaxation seep through each pore of her face.

EXT. ISLAND - SUNSET

Jasmine's eyes shoot open. She now sits in sand. Scanning the view in front of her, she sees the same palm trees and hut she drew just a few moments ago. She stands.

She raises her eyes to the sky: two seagulls fly high above her.

She looks down, a wave of water now washes through her feet. When the current goes away, we see a tiny hermit crab stuck in the sand, struggling with its legs in the air.

Jasmine crouches down towards it.

JASMINE
Here you go, buddy.

She lifts it up and puts it on its feet. It scurries away.

DOLPHINS are heard in the distance. She quickly turns towards them and sees two bottle-nosed dolphins diving into the air, directly in front of the large, red sunset.

Jasmine smiles and runs into the water. Quickly, she can no longer stand, and begins to swim, but struggles.

JASMINE
Wait for me!

After swimming for many beats, she catches a brief glimpse of the waters in front of her. The dolphins are no longer there. Their noises have left with them. The sky is now pitch black.

Jasmine promptly stops and treads water in the middle of the ocean.

JASMINE

Huh?

The sound of an EXPLOSION seemingly hits next to Jasmine's head, making her duck hopelessly under the water. It is only a sound, nothing actually lands near her.

Scared, she stays under as long as she can, holding her breath. Eventually, she gives out and comes back to the surface. The GUNFIRE and EXPLOSION sounds are even more intense than previously. They build and build until--

Jasmine turns around. A mile-high wave is coming right for her and is about to hit.

Jasmine takes a deep breath and closes her eyes once again.

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jasmine gasps for air while her eyes shoot open. She wakes up still on her floor, surrounded by her fallen drawings.

She grabs the crude picture of her and Emilio fishing and puts it to her eye sight. Then, she lowers it.

Her drawing of the island has already disappeared. Jasmine sighs.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jasmine stands outside her brother's door, KNOCKING. No response.

She KNOCKS again. No response. She leans towards the crack in the door frame.

JASMINE

(whispers)

Emilio...I need to talk to you.

Nothing.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...for everything I said. I

JASMINE (CONT'D)
didn't mean any of it.

Nothing.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
I've been very emotional lately. We
all have. I just wanted to say...in
times like these, we can't turn
against each other. I don't think
either of us are strong enough to
handle that.

Jasmine looks impatiently at the blank door.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
Emilio?

She BANGS on the door more aggressively this time.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
If you could at least just say you're
sorry too--

She tumbles into the room. The door was open. Surprisingly,
it's empty. He's nowhere to be seen.

What's even stranger, the bed is stripped clean, and the
floor is spotless. Jasmine wanders in confusedly, taking a
look around like she's in a foreign land.

She walks up to one of his dressers and pulls one of the
shelves out. Empty. Quickly, she does the same with the other
drawers. All empty.

She walks over to the closet and opens it. Spotless.

Jasmine retreats to the door and takes one last look at the
abandoned room in front of her. She takes a deep breath
before breaking into tears and falling to the ground.

A door opens behind her. Marisol rushes out, still in a
nightgown.

MARISOL
Jasmine, what are you doing at this
hour?

She sees her fallen daughter. Worriedly, she pokes her head
through the door and her demeanor changes. She understands.

JASMINE

(crying)

Why did he go? Mom, why did he have to go?

She puts her hands on Jasmine's shoulders and comforts her as best she can. Jasmine hardly reacts.

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

For the first time this film, all is silent. No gunshots. No explosions. Just Silence.

Jasmine lies in bed, seemingly asleep. We close in on her face, her eyes are shot open. They are vacant, little movement behind them.

EMILIO (V.O)

I'm tired, okay? I'm tired of being silent, of being useless.

Jasmine closes her eyes in pain.

EMILIO (V.O.)

Just, get out of my room Jasmine.

Jasmine shakes her head.

EMILIO (V.O)

Get out!

Jasmine gasps, shooting up. She looks around, no one's there. She goes to her window and lifts it up, breathing in the outside air.

She takes out the crumpled picture of her father and holds it in front of her.

JASMINE

I hate you. This is your fault.

She crumples it back up in the palm of her hand.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Why'd you have to die, Dad? Why'd you have to die?

She falls to the floor, leaning her back on the wall of her room.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

What's happened to me? I'm yelling at
a picture of a dead man.

She unfolds the picture, now it is tattered, barely still
together.

Jasmine stares at her Mom in the picture. She grips the
picture more tightly. A clear tension enters the room.

RIP. She rips it cleanly down the middle, leaving one piece
with her Mom and the other with her Dad.

She takes the piece of her dad with her to the desk. We see
the piece of her mother on the floor, forgotten. Jasmine
steps on it inadvertently.

Jasmine positions her desk so that it was directly in the
moonlight. She sits down and props the photo up so that it
stands.

She starts drawing the outline of her father's face with a
pastel, but smudges a line and stops.

She rips the page and tosses it aside.

JASMINE

If I'm gonna do this, it has to be
perfect. It has to be the same as it
was before.

She puts the pastels down and grabs a pencil instead. Then,
she starts again on the outline.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Jasmine is in the same position, but a hint of sunlight has
replaced the moonlight glow.

Dozens of scattered papers with failed drawings surround her
island of a desk.

We see she is finally almost finished with one, making final
shadings around the face of her father. The drawing is eerily
photo-realistic, like she had taken a photo of her father to
begin with.

Drop. Jasmine finishes her last fill. She stands up, and
backs away.

JASMINE
Okay, any minute now.

She closes her eyes, expecting to hear a noise, something that her father has returned. We hold on her.

MARISOL (O.S)
Jasmine?

JASMINE
Dad!

Jasmine's eyes open. Her Dad is not there. Marisol has opened the door to her room. She's taken aback.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
Mom! Sorry I-- was having a nightmare.

Marisol looks at her standing daughter with confusion.

MARISOL
It's...okay. I'm sure you're going through a lot right now.

She comforts her with a slight smile.

MARISOL (CONT'D)
Anyways, um, I made breakfast, if you'd like to have some.

JASMINE
Yes, that would be really nice.

Marisol smiles back at her.

MARISOL
It's on the table. Whenever you're ready.

She closes the door. Jasmine rushes to her Dad's drawing and holds it up, eyes wide. Why didn't it work?

She puts the page to her head in frustration.

MARISOL
This isn't gonna work.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Jasmine, half-asleep, arises from her bed like a vampire awakening from their slumber.

She slumps into the hallway, reaching her hand out for the bathroom door.

She starts to the turn nob. At her feet, she can see light shining through the door way.

Confused, she pushes the door open in a hurry.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the same position as she was caught earlier, Marisol pours herself a glass of whiskey from a larger container, which at this point is nearly empty.

This time, Marisol is conscious for the confrontation.

She nearly spills her drink upon seeing Jasmine.

Standing still, Jasmine simply shakes her head and heads for the front door.

Marisol gathers herself quickly.

MARISOL
Jasmine, wait--

She runs out after her.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jasmine walks diagonally through a busy intersection, cutting off all directions of traffic.

Marisol, 10 feet behind her and still in her bath robe, speedily walks to catch up to her.

Several cars BLARE their horns at Jasmine and Marisol. While Jasmine unhesitatingly moves forward, Marisol embarrassingly turns to each car and waves a sign of apology.

Several DRIVERS YELL slurs and abhorrent remarks at the mother/daughter.

MARISOL
Jasmine! Are you crazy?

Jasmine doesn't turn around. Marisol rolls her eyes.

MARISOL (CONT'D)
If you wanted to kill yourself, there
are many easier ways to do that. Ways

that don't involve me.

Jasmine whips around. They stop in the middle of the intersection.

JASMINE

Oh, like what? Drinking yourself to death while your daughter is the only who suffers for it?

Marisol catches her breath.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

You're not better than me, Mom. Where do you think I got this from.

ANGRY DRIVER #1

Get off the road, you dumb cunts!

The mother/daughter in unison flick him off.

JASMINE AND MARISOL

Shut the fuck up!

MARISOL

You're right, I owe you an apology. Can I buy you a cup of coffee?

JASMINE

I don't like coffee, you know this.

MARISOL

Jesus Jasmine, it's just an expression. I just meant, I'd like to sit down and talk about this with you. You know, like civilized people?

Jasmine eyes her mother for a beat. She takes a deep breath.

INT. CHILDREN'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Marisol and Jasmine sit in the middle of a tremendously CROWDED children's restaurant.

KIDS of various ages run around in chaos laughing and running after each other.

On the plate in front of Marisol, a bowl of spaghetti. She cautiously looks around before picking up her fork. As soon as she does, a CHILD runs by and hits her elbow, sending her fork flying on to the floor.

Marisol looks at the kid in disgust, still unaware of the damage he's just done.

Jasmine laughs quietly. Marisol stares at her.

MARISOL
Of all the places, Jasmine. Here?

JASMINE
It's my favorite restaurant.

MARISOL
Maybe when you were 10.

JASMINE
I was happier when I was 10.

Jasmine starts to eat her own bowl of spaghetti. The two go quiet.

MARISOL
Look, Jasmine. What you saw this morning...it wasn't...um...

JASMINE
Yes?

MARISOL
It wasn't as bad as it looked.

JASMINE
That's good. Cause it looked pretty bad.

MARISOL
Losing your father was hard enough on me, as you know.

Jasmine continues to eat.

MARISOL (CONT'D)
And, I know I lost your brother a long time ago. I guess part of me thought that that was something I could repair some day. That, you know, he'd forgive me.

Marisol begins to break down into tears.

MARISOL (CONT'D)
And now...now I feel like I'm losing

you. We're not the same as what we
used to be Jasmine?

Jasmine stops, she looks at her mother directly.

MARISOL
I can't lose all 3 of you, Jasmine.
You're all I have, you're all I--

Jasmine rushes over to the other side of the table to hold
Marisol.

JASMINE
You haven't lost me, Mom. I'm here.

Marisol cries into Jasmine's shoulder.

MARISOL
I won't drink again, Jasmine. I
promise. Today was...today was an
exception. I don't know what got into
me.

JASMINE
Okay, Mom. I trust you.

The two stand for a beat. We now hear how quiet the
restaurant around her is compared to a few moments before.

Jasmine and Marisol look around, nearly every eyeball in the
place is focused on them.

JASMINE
What? You've never seen a crying
mother before?

END OF ACT 2

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pitch black. The house is still. A CRICKET creaks relentlessly.

THUD. Something has hit the window. CREAK. The closed window opens by an inch.

The CREAKS continue until it is half-open. A backpack is thrown through. Soon after, it is followed by Jasmine's silhouette.

She collapses onto the floor breathing heavily. She scans the room for any sign of movement. Nothing.

She wipes off sweat and fumbles around in her pocket.

FLICK. Jasmine holds a burning match and shines it over her bag.

Inside: a few articles of clothing, a spray-paint can, and an object wrapped in newspaper. She takes this out.

Unwrapping it, she reveals the object to be: the knife given to her from Tala. Her hand trembles as she raises it into the air.

Jasmine stares at her reflection. Only her eyes are visible. They are fierce, with complete determination.

She blinks. Her eyes are now plagued with uncertainty.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Step by step, Jasmine walks towards her Mother's door.

The only light is her match, illuminating her face so that it appears to float in the darkness.

CRUNCH. Jasmine GASPS and looks down. She has stepped on broken glass. The match goes out.

She crouches down and LIGHTS another match. The carpet is scattered with broken liquor bottles. Jasmine presses her finger to the floor and stains it with a brown liquid.

Jasmine stares directly at the door to Marisol's room in front of her. She twirls the knife in her hand.

JASMINE

Let's get this over with.

The match goes out.

INT. MARISOL'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Marisol is face-down on the floor in a deep slumber.

Jasmine stares at her with disgust, but doesn't make a move.

JASMINE

(sighs)

You haven't changed. Not one bit.

She finally moves, but takes time with each step. Each one THUDS louder than the last.

Jasmine crouches to Marisol and quickly turns her body over.

In her hands, we see that Marisol clings tightly to a bundle of papers.

JASMINE

Well, that's different.

Jasmine takes the first paper out and flattens it out.

We see a stick-figure drawing of Jasmine and Marisol holding hands. In big letters at the top: "My Hero."

Jasmine looks at her sleeping mother. Then back at her drawing. She stands back up and FLICKS on the light.

All around her, every inch of the wall is covered with Jasmine's drawings. She does a 360 in shock.

She stares at her reflection again in the knife with complete disgust for herself.

MARISOL

(groggily)

Jasmine?

Marisol lifts her head up. Jasmine hides the knife behind her back.

JASMINE

(off guard)

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to wake you.

MARISOL

I didn't think I'd ever see you again.

JASMINE

Mom, I'm... I, have to go.

Jasmine rushes out of the room. We hear Marisol CALLING out Jasmine's name.

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jasmine bursts into her room. Tears flood her face. She grabs her bag and steps through the window.

Fumbling through her pockets once again she takes out her portrait of her father. Her hands shake.

She closes her eyes. RIP. She tears it like she's cutting someone's throat. Somehow, she cries harder as the pieces of paper float away.

She takes a deep breath. A weight has been lifted off her shoulders. She looks at the moon. It's full.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MANILA - MORNING

Under a booming sun, a large crowd of obnoxious and loud YOUNG PROTESTERS, mostly college-aged, carry signs as they stomp down a barren road.

We see the street name: Capital St.

They stampede through like a herd of animals. Together, they walk so close together that they form a perfect unit. No single person stands out.

PROTESTER #1

Death to Marcos!

PROTESTER #2

Fascist pig!

Everyone YELLS similar political phrases. Together, they are a jumbled mess that is hardly discernible.

Along the sides of the street, a HOMELESS FAMILY stares at them with an air of sadness in silence. A row of ARMED GUARDS watch the protesters but don't budge an inch.

We zoom in on ONE soldier. He chews tobacco and stares behind sun glasses.

None of the stores along the street are open. They are all boarded up. No car is in sight. A dog BARKS at the people.

We now see Jasmine at the heart of this pack. She does not carry a sign and does not shout. She looks worried and out of her element, like a lost puppy.

An OLDER MAN next to her looks at her and smiles. They make eye contact.

OLDER MAN

Stay close kid, this isn't my first
rodeo.

He ruffles her hair. Jasmine doesn't smile back.

She is much shorter than everyone around her, but stands out because she wears a yellow dress.

She looks out past the group of protesters she's in. She makes eye contact with the same soldier. He spits out his chewing tobacco. She flinches.

EXT. CITY SQUARE - MORNING

The protesters have now arrived at the city square where the capital resides. But, they are blocked off by GUARDS.

The first line of defense uses riot shields to keep the most violent protesters at bay, who push forward with surprising force to move towards the capital building.

Armed soldiers stand behind all of this at the building's steps, threatening to shoot at any moment.

One MAN comes loose and gets past the riot shields. He is promptly SHOT by one of the guards and falls to the ground. His blood drips down the capital steps.

The crowd's intensity only strengthens. Jasmine looks around her. A YOUNG MOTHER holding her CHILD SCREAMS profanities. A group of middle-aged MEN painted in Filipino colors BANG drums.

The dog's BARKING gets louder. Jasmine puts her hand to her forehead and keeps her head down.

A GUNSHOT clears all of this noise out. This time, it wasn't from the guards, it comes from close to Jasmine.

People around her scream and duck. Jasmine tries to find the

source of the shot but fails to see anything.

More SHOTS fire back and forth. The protesters begin to clear out. Jasmine gets knocked to the ground.

EMILIO (O.S)
Get off of me!

Jasmine's eyes widen. She recognizes that voice. She gets back up.

She moves slowly through the crowd. Sometimes getting pushed by fearful protesters. Other times ducking through people to continue moving forward.

She sees the same mother comforting her CRYING baby. She sees a few trash cans on fire in front of her. The drummers are the only people not moving. They continue BANGING away.

Jasmine hardly reacts to any of this chaos, she is focused on finding her brother.

Jasmine trips to the ground again. She looks down. The older man who spoke to her at the beginning of the march is now shot and dead. Jasmine's eyes widen, but she makes no noise.

She gets up and moves with more haste. We see the row of police still standing guard.

JASMINE
(shouts)
Emilio!

She tries to make it through the guards, but they don't budge.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
Please. I think my brother is hurt.

She struggles more, but nothing makes them move. She is forced to look in between the soldiers with a limited view.

She sees: FOUR MEN lying motionless on the ground directly in front of the steps. They are all clad in red robes with a hammer symbol patched onto the front.

A pool of red blood connects every body.

Suddenly, one turns around. It's Emilio. Half of his face is drenched in blood. He takes out a pistol from inside his pants. No one notices.

She looks at the guards in front of her to see if any of them notice. They only stare at her blankly.

Emilio takes the pistol and aims it at one of the guards.
Jasmine GASPS.

Emilio whips his head over to Jasmine in surprise. His eyes also widen.

EXT. JEEPNEY - DAY, PAST

A flash of the suicide bomber that killed Jasmine's father. He wears the exact same robes as Emilio with nearly an identical facial expression.

EXT. CITY SQUARE - MORNING, PRESENT

Jasmine is speechless, breathless. Emilio lowers his gun but keeps his eye contact with his sister.

Jasmine puts her hand up and smiles slightly at him. He reciprocates with his own smile.

BAM. He's hit in the side of the head by a rifle. Blood pours out and immediately he is knocked out.

JASMINE

Emilio!

Jasmine pushes against the guards with a sudden burst of intensity. She slaps at them, but no luck.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Let me through you bastards!

She sobs but doesn't give up. She feels a hand on her shoulder.

She turns to see Bennie, who simply shakes his head at her.

JASMINE

He needs me!

BENNIE

There's nothing you can do about it now.

Jasmine shakes his hand off of her, and looks at him with uncertainty.

BENNIE (CONT'D)

He wouldn't want you to go after him.

Jasmine hardly reacts to the words, but stays put. She looks through the bodies of the soldiers in front of her.

Emilio's body is now on a stretcher. It is lifeless. He could be dead or knocked out, it is uncertain.

They throw him into the back of a police car and drive off.

Now the only protesters left, the guards in front of her move aside. She looks at them with disgust, then runs to the street the police car was on.

She stops and stares as she watches the rear of the car fade away from view in the distance.

BENNIE

Jasmine.

She snaps at him like she is about to punch him. But, quickly, she bursts back into tears and hugs him tightly. She sobs into his shoulder and SCREAMS.

INT. PAGTUTOL WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jasmine BURSTS into the empty headquarters and turns the LIGHT SWITCH. She is still gasping in shock.

TALA (O.S)

You know you're not supposed to be here, Jasmine.

Beat. Jasmine contains herself. Her eyes are red from crying. She wipes away one final tear.

JASMINE

I know, I wouldn't be here unless I absolutely needed to. I've lost everything, and everyone.

TALA (O.S)

And so you wish to fool me into giving you another chance? Is that it?

Jasmine snaps and composes herself.

JASMINE

(sniffles)

No, it's not that. I've made a lot of

JASMINE (CONT'D)
mistakes. At this point, too many to count. I should never have neglected Emilio, I shouldn't have given up on my Mother.

(pauses)
I've been so self-focused I forgot to think about anyone else besides...me.

TALA (O.S)
I have to say, Jasmine. Your words surprise me.

JASMINE
Look, I'm not asking you to forgive me, I know it won't be that easy. I just want you to know I'm sorry. I'm sorry for wasting your time, and I'm sorry for lying to you. You deserve a better soldier than me.

Jasmine takes out her golden case of pastels and DROPS them on the ground in front of her.

Jasmine waits for a beat in silence for a response. Giving up, Jasmine sighs.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
If you ever decide to forgive me, you know where to go.

She sullenly turns to the exit. But, Tala now stands in front of the door, blocking her path. She moves towards Jasmine.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
Tala?

Tala doesn't skip a beat. She walks over and hugs Jasmine tightly. Jasmine hugs back, she closes her eyes. They stand together for a beat.

TALA
You never lost us, Jasmine. You lost yourself.

Jasmine looks up at her and wipes away some tears. They break away. Tala bends over and picks up the pastels beside her.

TALA (CONT'D)
I think you'll be needing these.

A slight grin forms across Jasmine's face. She grabs the pastels from Tala and opens the case up. She looks up at Tala.

JASMINE

Let's end this war.

Tala grins and puts her arm around Jasmine.

END OF ACT 3

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

An emaciated and forlorn Emilio lies sideways, facing away from the metal bars of his cell.

Large BOOMS and EXPLOSIONS come from outside. He scratches at the cement ground he lays on, uncaring of the destruction around him.

A light sprinkle of dust lands in front of him. He looks up. The dust lands on his forehead.

Quickly, small rocks begin to drop from the ceiling instead.

We see they come from a large crack that's growing in the ceiling directly in front of him.

His eyes widen as he gets to his feet.

EMILIO

(sighs)

I guess this is it then.

The bars behind him RATTLE open.

JASMINE (O.S)

God, you smell like shit.

Emilio turns around to reveal Jasmine standing before him, wearing the hats of one of the guards. She takes it off and throws it to the side. She grins at him.

EMILIO

Jazz--

Jasmine runs to him and grabs him tightly. After a beat, they slowly break apart and Jasmine grabs his hand.

She lifts him up.

JASMINE

Let's get you out of here.

He resists. She stops.

EMILIO

Are you sure?

JASMINE

Yeah, why wouldn't I be?

EMILIO

I've hurt you more than I've helped you. I wasn't sure if you still wanted me around.

Jasmine hugs him tightly once more.

JASMINE

I love you, Emilio. You're my brother. It's my job to forgive you when you're being an idiot. Like now, for example.

Emilio smiles at her. They break apart.

EMILIO

I'm sorry, for everything.

Jasmine smiles slightly at him.

JASMINE

I know you are. Cause I am too.

Beat.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Now, c'mon. We don't have much time.

The two run out.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

In the massive hallway comprised of multiple floors and hundreds of prison cells, Emilio and Jasmine run through at its center.

The building is falling into pieces. Large chunks of stone tumble from the roof and the foundation.

EMILIO

You know, for the last 20 days all I could think about was this place crumbling into pieces. In my dreams I wasn't inside it when it happened though.

Jasmine smirks at him.

Fallen PRISON GUARDS and members of PAGTUTOL lie across the

floor.

EMILIO (CONT'D)

What happened here exactly?

JASMINE

It's a long story. I'll tell you when we get out.

EMILIO

IF we get out.

JASMINE

I'm not loving your attitude, Emilio.

The siblings reach the main entrance of the building, a large stone door. It's bolted shut. They push and bang on it. No luck.

Suddenly, a loose piece of the foundation begins to fall above the entrance. Emilio hears it then sees the piece. It's moments away from falling onto Jasmine and crushing her.

He runs and grabs her. Together, they just make it out of the stone's trajectory by a hair.

The stone lands, sending a cloud of dust into the sky. The two COUGH through it, wiping through the dust to clear it.

It clears. The stone has landed perfectly in front of the entrance. Any hope they had has now disappeared.

EMILIO

No!

He tries earnestly to move the stone out of the way but still, no luck. Jasmine doesn't move.

He pushes and pushes, but gives up. Panting, he turns back to Jasmine.

EMILIO (CONT'D)

Jasmine...I'm sorry. I never wanted you to come here. I never wanted you to risk your life for me.

Jasmine isn't even looking at him or the entrance. She's in deep thought.

EMILIO (CONT'D)

Jasmine? Do you hear me?

Jasmine takes out her case and grabs a white pastel. She runs over to the rock.

EMILIO (CONT'D)
Jasmine, why--

JASMINE
Emilio. Just shut up for a second.
Trust me.

Emilio catches his tongue, about to argue. He nods in assurance for his sister.

Jasmine quickly draws a water buffalo into the rock.

Emilio anxiously stares at the crumbling ceiling in front of him.

He dodges an especially large piece that lands near him. A ray of light casts upon him in the relatively dark space. He looks up, part of the ceiling has now completely collapsed, giving a small glimpse to the outside world.

Jasmine finishes her drawing and steps back. Emilio breaks and grabs Jasmine's arm.

EMILIO
Jasmine, we have to move--

A flash of white light consumes all of their vision. It blinds them for a beat.

It slowly fades away. Now, a giant water buffalo three-times the size of a normal one stands in front of them.

It brushes its hooves against the ground and BLOWS AIR through its nose.

Emilio turns ghost white. The animal bends down, offering itself to be ridden.

JASMINE
(grins)
Something wrong?

EMILIO (CONT'D)
It's one thing to take your word for it. It's another to see it happen in front of you.

Jasmine laughs and takes her brothers hand. She clasps her

hands together for him to step on.

He looks at her unsure. She nods him on. He puts his feet on her hands and she boosts him up. Struggling, he climbs to the center of the buffalo's back.

Gracefully, Jasmine climbs up by herself and sits directly in front of Emilio.

EMILIO

You've changed so much.

JASMINE

(laughs)

I'd hope so. Now, buddy,

(leans in)

Take us home.

The buffalo leaps, destroying everything in its path.

EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Across a green lawn about the size of a football field, the remaining members (about 20) of Pagtutol are spread out.

Many are injured, ranging from broken legs to bullet wounds. Those that are healthy are busy bandaging and caring for them.

A group of young girls hold onto each other in silence. No one says a word to each other.

Meanwhile, on the prison's outer wall about 20 feet high, we see Crisanto and Bennie busy at work putting up Jasmine's poster/mural of her and Emilio's island.

It is only about halfway up. While Bennie works on gluing it together with a brush from the ground, Crisanto does the same while floating high into the air on top of a giant eagle.

Tala stands a few feet back, directing them.

TALA

(shouts)

The guards called in the reinforcements 5 minutes ago. That only gives us about 2 minutes till they get here.

BENNIE

We're working as fast as we can, Tala.

BENNIE (CONT'D)

It can't be done in 2 minutes. Not to mention the fact that this building could collapse on us at any moment.

Crisanto points outward and grins.

CRISANTO

Maybe she can be of some help.

The other two turn to see where he's pointing. In the distance, they see Jasmine and Emilio on top of the water buffalo.

Tala can only smile.

TALA

She made it.

It gallops with tremendous speed until it stops abruptly in front of them. It lowers its back once more, allowing the siblings to hop off.

Once they do, the animal fades away until it's disappeared completely.

Emilio once again turns ghost white.

Tala runs up and hugs Jasmine. Bennie and Crisanto catch up with them.

BENNIE

Welcome back, loser.

CRISANTO

Way to go, kid.

Jasmine beams at all of them. She brings Emilio into view.

JASMINE

Everyone: this is...

TALA

Emilio.

She hugs him.

TALA (CONT'D)

It's great to finally meet you. We've heard so much.

EMILIO

Oh... it's great to meet you as well.

He pauses.

EMILIO (CONT'D)

And who exactly...are you?

JASMINE

This is my second family. We are
Pagtutol.

Upon hearing the name, Emilio's eyes widen. He takes another glance at all the people around him and smiles.

He hugs her again.

EMILIO

Thank you for keeping her safe. I'll
always owe you one.

TALA

Believe me, we needed her just as much
as she needed us.

They break away.

TALA (CONT'D)

Now, there's someone here you both
need to talk to.

The siblings exchange curious glances. Tala points out across the courtyard.

Marisol is wrapping a bandage for a YOUNG BOY. She doesn't notice her children's entrance.

Jasmine and Emilio look at each other in surprise. She shakes her head and turns back to Tala.

JASMINE

But, the mural--

TALA

Don't worry about the mural. We can
handle it from here. Go, she needs
you.

Emilio puts his hand out. Jasmine smiles and takes it. She takes a deep breath, and together they walk toward Marisol.

EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Marisol is still by the same child, who is now asleep on the grass.

She smiles at the boy.

JASMINE (O.S)

Mom.

Her head shoots up. Emilio and Jasmine stand in front of her. They keep their distance.

MARISOL

Jasmine! Emilio!

She stands and smiles at them. This warmth isn't reciprocated.

JASMINE

Come with us.

Jasmine turns and heads for the mural. Marisol makes eye contact with Emilio. He shrugs as if to say: "I don't know what she's doing."

INT. PRISON WALL - CONTINUOUS

The poster is nearly complete. Bennie and Crisanto are both in the air now, putting the finishing touches on it.

Jasmine stands a few feet from her creation. Slight tears form in her eyes.

Marisol and Emilio catch up to her. They stand on either side of Jasmine, standing in a line facing the mural.

JASMINE

Do you recognize it? The picture.

MARISOL

Of course. Its Luzon Beach. The southern shore by the reef edge. It was the first place you ever went to outside of Manila. I could never forget it.

Jasmine still gives her a cold shoulder. Marisol turns to Emilio, who nods her on.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

It was your father's idea to go. I insisted that you were too young, that you'd be swept away by the current. But, he fought me on it.

Jasmine turns to her mother.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

He told me, "this is something she'll never forget. We're supposed to help them make memories, not take them away."

(sighs)

You know how stubborn he could get.

Jasmine looks away, refusing eye contact. But, her attention is still towards her mother.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

I think in the last few years, I've lost sight of that, of what your father wanted for you. And, of what he wanted for me. At the end of the day, you're both your own people now. Even if I find your decisions to be...questionable. It's my job to support you, every step of the way.

EMILIO

That's all we ask, Ma.

MARISOL

I've been a bad mother. I'm ready to embrace that. But, I'm also ready to change. If you'll allow me, I'd like you to give me another chance.

Jasmine gives her mother her full attention now.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

Well, what do you say, Jasmine? Can you forgive me?

Jasmine stares directly into her mother's eyes for a beat. She has tears in her own. Then, she breaks and hugs her mother tightly.

JASMINE

We all make mistakes, Mom. But, we're supposed to learn from them. That's

JASMINE (CONT'D)
what makes us human.

Emilio puts his hand on Jasmine's shoulder.

EMILIO
C'mon, move aside, Jazz. I want in on
this too.

Jasmine laughs. He enters the embrace and the three stand in silence.

They hold for a beat.

A SIREN interrupts them. The family breaks apart. From every direction, a herd of police cars drive onto the courtyard.

Together, they completely enclose Pagtutol into a corner as each car comes into a stop.

Marisol motions for her children to stand behind her.

POLICEMAN (O.S)
(intercom)
Stop what you're doing! We will not
hesitate to shoot!

Bennie and Crisanto drop to the floor.

BENNIE
We'll deal with them, Jasmine. Work
your magic.

Jasmine looks up at the mural, now 100% complete. She smiles and nods at Bennie, who runs off with Crisanto towards Tala and the rest of the able-bodied members of Pagtutol.

They lay on the ground, with their hands behind their back.

MARISOL
Magic? Jasmine, what is he talking
about?

Jasmine smiles at her mother and takes her hand.

JASMINE
Let me show you.

MARISOL
Jasmine, don't you move. You heard
what--

EMILIO
--Mom. Trust her.

Jasmine smiles at her brother. Marisol shuts up and nods.
Hand-in-hand, the three walk directly up to the wall.

POLICEMAN (O.S)
(intercom)
This is another warning. If you make
another move, we will shoot.

We see Tala and the rest of the members laying on the ground.
In her hand behind her back, she clutches her own golden case
of pastels.

EXT. COP CAR - EXTERIOR

From across the courtyard, we see the OFFICER making the
call. Next to him, a SNIPER has his finger on the trigger,
ready to shoot.

We see that he is aimed directly at Jasmine's head.

SNIPER
(to officer)
They're still moving, boss. I don't
know what they're doing.

OFFICER
Take them out. It's not worth the
risk.

The sniper takes a deep breath and grips the gun like he's
about to pull the trigger.

We see through his scope. In the corner, a large black bull
runs directly towards him. He focuses on it. His eyes widen.

SNIPER
(shouts)
Get back!

It's too late. The bull, who towers over the cars and people,
plows through everyone. The cops SHOOT it, but the bullets
simply bounce off. Their SCREAMS are muffled by the
destruction.

We see the members of Pagtutol run forward, continuing the
attack. More and more larger-than-life animals, both
imaginary and real, run with them. This includes a lion, a

dragon, a buffalo, etc.

The cops continue to shoot back, but are helpless. The animals destroy the cop cars like they are nothing.

EXT. PRISON COURTYARD - SIMULTANEOUS

At the wall, Jasmine releases her mother's hand and moves an inch away from the wall.

We hear the DESTRUCTION and GUNFIRE behind them, but it is only in the background.

Smiling, Jasmine stares at the drawing of the sunset in front of her. She closes her eyes. Beat.

A warm glow the same shade as the sun in the drawing is cast on her face.

JASMINE

Why do we choose to live in this world
when we could live a life in color?

MARISOL

Jasmine?

Jasmine takes a deep breath, and steps forward. She walks directly into the wall, disappearing from sight.

Marisol and Emilio both gasp and run to the spot where Jasmine disappeared.

They bang on the wall furiously.

MARISOL

Jasmine!

They continue banging. No luck.

JASMINE (V.O)

Close your eyes, and walk through.

MARISOL

Jasmine! Where are you?

JASMINE (V.O)

You said you wanted to start
everything over, Mom. If you just walk
through, you'll get that chance.

Marisol looks at Emilio with uncertainty, who chuckles. He

closes his eyes.

MARISOL

Emilio, no--

He walks through, disappearing as well.

Marisol cries, unsure of what to do. Beat.

EMILIO (V.O)

She's right, Mom. Take the leap.

Suddenly, many members of Pagtutol run past her and dive straight into the wall. They all disappear. Marisol GASPS in fright.

Marisol turns around, the cop cars are all in pieces or on fire. There is no one left.

Quickly, another wave of cars enters the courtyard.

Tala, Crisanto, and Bennie join Marisol. Bennie takes her hand. They are the last ones left.

BENNIE

C'mon. We can do it together.

TALA

Your daughter is very special, Mrs.
Poyatos. You should be very proud.

Marisol whispers to herself and does the sign of the cross. She sighs, closes her eyes, and steps through.

The rest of Pagtutol disappears with her. Silence.

The new cop cars pull up in front of the wall. A few more COPS get out and stare at the wall.

They begin to fire aimlessly at it. They stop. Nothing happens for a beat. They hear a SHAKING.

The building finally collapses upon itself and falls to the ground.

The policemen leave just in time. After a cloud of dust clears, they are now completely alone in this courtyard among ruins.

There is no trace of Pagtutol left. The cops stare at each other stunned in silence.

EXT. LUZON BEACH - DAY

Marisol opens her eyes. In front of her, the most beautiful beach and sunset she could ever imagine.

She is at the exact beach depicted in Jasmine's mural.

We hear the OCEAN WIND and SEAGULLS in the distance.

On the beach, the many members of Pagtutol stand, laughing and playing in the sand and ocean water. Everyone's injuries are gone. They are all full of energy and in good moods.

She squints her eyes and through the crowd of people can see Emilio, Jasmine, and an unknown figure standing at the shore.

She moves over to them.

EXT. LUZON BEACH SHORE - CONTINUOUS

Marisol reaches out her hand onto Jasmine's shoulder.

MARISOL

There you are--

The unknown figure turns. It's Jose, her husband.

Marisol gasps and goes pale.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

Jose?

He grins back at her.

JOSE

Aren't you a sight for sore eyes.

Marisol cautiously approaches him. She touches his body and face, feeling him to make sure he is real.

JOSE (CONT'D)

This isn't exactly the warm embrace I was expecting.

Marisol pauses. She kisses him then puts her forehead to his. Then, they hug. Marisol sobs.

JASMINE

Welcome home, Mom.

Jasmine and Emilio join in. The family clings onto dear life

of one another.

Around them, the members of Pagtutol CHEER. The family breaks apart and joins everyone else in celebration.

We pan up to way above. We see the two birds Jasmine first drew into existence flying. They head straight for the horizon.

FADE OUT