

MY EARTH

(sample pages)

by
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INT. LEVIN'S APARTMENT - MID MORNING

Levin is flipping his very large television through an electronic guide. There are nine stations all open at once.

He highlights one of the channels, an INTERVIEW TUNES IN.

There is an interview between a JOURNALIST and a SENATOR.

JOURNALIST

Senator, how do you place a law on a persons behavior as not being a benefit to society?

SENATOR

Our model is designed to minimise the friction and conflict between all citizens. Moving forward, this will allow everyone the chance to participate in society.

JOURNALIST

How far have you projected this model into the future?

SENATOR

We believe the long term impact will begin to reshape our society within a projection window of four to five years.

JOURNALIST

Yet at no time are you ever looking to abolish the current state of currency or even religious bias, the sources of our greatest conflicts in history.

SENATOR

Frankly, I find that statement inflammatory. This is the exact style of thinking that will soon bring with it well justified penalties and convictions.

The Journalist turns and looks behind the Camera filming her.

JOURNALIST

Senator, thank you for your time.

Levin selects another channel.

A Male, Location Reporter is holding a microphone to the mesh grill of a police car. Protestors are leaning against the mesh.

PROTESTOR

...and it's that I'm now forced to justify my protest is contributing to society because it helps to provide a balanced argument to the introduction of these new laws...

Levin selects another channel.

An ELDERLY GENTLEMAN is standing in front of a camera.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

...what I don't understand is why they need to prove that society is designed to keep people in it.

Levin selects another channel.

An OVERWEIGHT BUREAUCRAT is sitting in front of a YOUNG TV HOST on a cable television show.

BUREAUCRAT

...a lot of fear and anxiety can be easily avoided by understanding that we have put thought and research into this policy and into these laws. We haven't simply spent two weeks in some retreat throwing together some kind of election promise.

YOUNG TV HOST

But your stupidity in saying that simply demonstrates how manipulative and for want of a better term, fucking evil this implementation will be!

Levin SWITCHES OFF the TELEVISION and looks around the apartment.

Cardboard boxes are stacked on the floor and near the entrance.

He looks down at the table. There are files and notes sitting in front of him. He picks up the remote control again and SWITCHES ON the TELEVISION.

BLACKOUT.

A faint red light begins to pulse out of the darkness. A second red light, smaller also begins to pulse.

SLOW FADE IN.

INT. RAFE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rafe's apartment is an old, disused shipping communication tower overlooking the beach and shipping docks.

Red signal buoys are slowly pulsing far into the horizon.

Rafe is looking out the window to the ocean.

He walks over to his bed and plugs the audio player into a small stereo.

Rafe SWITCHES ON the STEREO, climbs into bed and turns off the light.

CALLIOPE'S WHISPER fills the room.

INT. CHAREKS APARTMENT - NIGHT

Charek is staring at the blurred, spinning gun in front of him. The monitors displaying the automated tasks.

INT. LEVIN'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Levin is asleep on the couch. Empty beer bottles, a pizza box and ice cream tubs are scattered all over the table.

The television is on mute, the vision flooding Levin's entire sleeping body, table and couch in the darkness.

There is a QUIET SNAP and the FRONT DOOR OPENS QUIETLY.

EVE, 30's, moves silently into the apartment.

She takes her shoes off and approaches Levin's sleeping body, her arms folded across her chest.

She crouches down in front of Levin, her arms over her knees, watching him.

After a moment, she takes three keys off her key chain and places them next to a beer can, the pizza box and an empty tub of ice cream.

She slowly moves back to the door, slips on her shoes and takes one of the boxes with her.

The DOOR QUIETLY SNAPS SHUT.

INT. RAFE'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Rafe wakes abruptly.

Swinging his legs out of bed, he SWITCHES on the LIGHT.

Rafe opens a sketchbook, grabs a pen and starts drawing.
He stops and looks at the open page.
Rafe grabs some clothes off the floor.

INT. ADVERTISING AGENCY - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Rafe crosses the foyer. Ambient lighting glimmers in the dark and silent agency.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Rafe SWITCHES ON his COMPUTER and sits down at the desk.
Beyond his partition, behind a large brick wall, a glow is coming from an office.

INT. SAMUEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Samuel is in his office, working.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rafe logs in to his computer. He SWITCHES OFF the MONITOR and walks across to the kitchenette.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

Ontrah appears on the curb at the end of the street. He looks across the road and promptly walks straight toward the entrance of the Advertising Agency.

Ontrah SCANS a KEYCARD at the entrance LOCK.

INSERT - KEYCARD SYSTEM

The keycard system shows a number but no photo. The identification reads

"SYSTEM BETA TEST SCANNER"

ONTRAH

Hears the CLICK of the DOOR and PUSHES THROUGH the DOOR into the foyer.

INT. KITCHENETTE - CONTINUOUS

Rafe is staring at the COFFEE MACHINE, SLOWLY FILLING a MUG.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE

Ontrah moves into the open plan office and curves around the shadowed walls. He disappears behind a large pillar as...

RAFE

Returns to his desk, SWITCHING ON the MONITOR, bathing his face in a florescent glow.

ONTRAH

Crouches low and edges along the wall to Samuel's Office. He glances around the opening.

Samuel is seated with his back to the door.

RAFE

Maximizes a window on the computer. He glances at his sketchbook.

INSERT - SKETCHBOOK

In large bold letters a storyboard sketch of an advertisement with the words

"BEHIND YOU"

Filling the centre of the page.

WIDE SHOT - OPEN PLAN OFFICE

Rafe continues working. Ontrah edges into Samuel's office.

INT. SAMUEL'S OFFICE

Ontrah edges through the doorway.

MED. SHOT - SAMUEL

Stops writing and tilts his head toward the door.

ONTRAH

Stops. Caught. He straightens up.

SAMUEL

Closes his book and leans back in his chair.

SAMUEL

Am I the first or the last?

ONTRAH

Surely you know.

SAMUEL

I know your voice.

ONTRAH

Look at me.

SAMUEL

No.

ONTRAH

You exposed yourself, Father. Why now?

SAMUEL

It was time.

ONTRAH

Time for what?

Ontrah steps closer to Samuel.

SAMUEL

I can see what's happening, what we are becoming. This is the only way to ensure it will never happen.

ONTRAH

Stop elevating your importance, Father. Where is she?

SAMUEL

You'll never find her.

ONTRAH

She's an abomination.

SAMUEL

No. She is pure. I never did anything to her. She is how she came into this world.

ONTRAH
That's not possible.

SAMUEL
One day, you'll understand
another point of view.

ONTRAH
You always were the wrong man.

SAMUEL
You always were the right one.

ONTRAH
See you on the other side,
Samuel.

Ontrah lunges forward and grabs Samuel by the neck.

He pulls Samuel up and backwards, SLAMMING his BODY to the FLOOR, the chair, lurching back under the weight of Samuel's body.

Samuel's NECK CRUNCHES into the TOP OF THE CHAIR as it HITS the FLOOR.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE

Rafe stands up rapidly, quietly climbs onto the desk, cautiously peering over the partition.

Rafe sees Ontrah leaning over Samuel's body.

Rafe ducks and climbs off the desk.

In a panic, he looks around his desk and THUMBS the POWER SWITCH on his PARTITION WALL.

The COMPUTER INSTANTLY SHUTS DOWN.

Rafe grabs his gear and crawls deep under the desk.

INT. SAMUEL'S OFFICE

Blood is flowing slowly out of Samuel's mouth and onto the thick, pristine carpet.

His eyes roll into the corner of his skull.

SAMUEL
(sotto)
Calliope.

Ontrah stands up and steps back from the body.

He slams his foot into Samuel's chest.

Ontrah looks around and sees a coffee mug on the desk. He picks up the mug and drains it.

Ontrah puts the mug in his jacket and leaves the office.

INT. OPEN PLAN OFFICE

Making his way to the exit, Ontrah stops and turns around looking across the office, stopping on Rafe's desk.

RAFE'S POV

From under the desk, Rafe sees Ontrah through the hanging cables and the chair.

ONTRAH

Walks out of the office.

Rafe slowly moves from under the desk and gets to his feet.

He looks over the partition into Samuel's office.

Samuel's body is lying unnaturally. His neck twisted and a piece of bone protruding from behind his ear.

Rafe looks away, grabs his gear and leaves.

LOW ANGLE - WALL SWITCHES

CAMERA MOVES onto the power buttons running along the wall of the partition.

Rafe's computer is the only switch in the off position.

INT. CHAREK'S APARTMENT - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Charek is sitting in his chair, drawing. The gun spinning silently.

It slows and stops, pointing at him.

Charek spins the gun again.

A BUZZ EMITS.

The video screen in the corner of the ceiling flicks on.

Rafe is on the screen and is KNOCKING HARD on the DOOR.

Charek pulls on a cable. The gun and crucifix disappear into the ceiling.

Charek opens the door.

CHAREK

Rafe, come in. What are you doing up at this hour?

RAFE

Charek, I need your help.

(beat)

I fell asleep listening to the girl. I woke up with an idea I needed to word on, so I went to the office.

CHAREK

What do you need, are you trying to get access to a pitch list?

RAFE

Charek, someone killed the priest.

CHAREK

What?!

RAFE

Someone came into the office while I was there. I didn't know he was in the office. There was this...violent noise. I hid under the desk.

CHAREK

Were you seen?

RAFE

Not yet, that's what I need.

CHAREK

You want me to edit the tapes.

Rafe starts to look relieved.

RAFE

And the pass logs, yeah.

Rafe sits down on the couch.

CHAREK

Your adrenalin has fried you, crash. I'll wake you later.

RAFE

Thanks.

Charek sits down at his desk and adjusts one of the monitors. Rafe leans back and closes his eyes.

BLACKOUT.

DREAM SEQUENCE - EXT. DESOLATE LANDSCAPE - DAY

A GEIGER COUNTER CRACKLES.

The sun shines harshly on a long straight road running alongside an enormous, low, cracked and worn, white circular building.

Crumbled in parts, there is no foliage near the structure. There are broken paths and power lines all connecting to the gleaming white surface and base.

In the distance a lone figure is walking along the road.

RAFE

Is walking slowly toward the building.

CHAREK (V.O.)

Rafe...

END DREAM
SEQUENCE

INT. CHAREK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

RAFE'S POV

CHAREK

We've got a problem.

CHAREK

Projects the security camera footage onto a wall.

CHAREK (CONT'D)

This is the footage of the agency.

The security camera footage at the Advertising plays on the wall. The time signature ticks through with the images.

Rafe is nowhere to be seen.

RAFE

It's perfect. Where's the problem?

CHAREK

I haven't erased it yet.

(beat)

So either you dreamed the whole thing, or --

RAFE

I am fucking dead.

CHAREK

I'd say you've got about seventy-two hours before they find you. Rafe, no matter what happens, you must turn up to work on Monday.

RAFE

Wow, its already tomorrow.

CHAREK

I can find who accessed this and where from but it's going to take time. Stay here if you want. They will already know where you live.

Rafe glances apprehensively at Charek.

CHAREK (CONT'D)

They don't know me and they don't know what I do.

INT. ONTRAH'S APARTMENT - MID MORNING

A chat window is open on Ontrah's laptop. There is also footage of the security camera video feed being copied from a server. Ontrah types...

IN THE CHAT WINDOW

Host> I can't trace this.

Guest> This is inconvenient.

Host> Maybe it's not him. It's not coming from his house.

Guest> That we know of. If he believes he can edit the footage, that shows skill.

ONTRAH

Looks carefully at the footage on the screen. He types...

IN THE CHAT WINDOW

Host> If this is someone else, I will find out.