

UNDUE CASCADE

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1 **WHITE VOID**

1

A symphony of MECHANICAL WHIRRING, INDUSTRIAL DRONES, and LEVERS BEING PULLED rises, LINGERING.

The symphony then fades, the sound cools, crushed by distance.

Overture of synthesizers, distant and ambient, with female and male chorals descending, coupled with a focal point of TUVAN THROAT SINGING, ERUPTING.

The overture lingers for multiple minutes, then fades.

As the natural sounds of the earthly world enter, PUNCTUATING through the overture and the white void.

The overture breaks apart, dismantles, leaving only the natural sounds of the earth and white...

DISSOLVE TO:

2 **EXT. NORTHERN WYOMING LANDSCAPES - DAY (COLOR)**

2

The multitude of environmental sounds rise.

Midday, we cut through multiple landscapes.

Some show the plains of Southern Wyoming, while others are mountainous.

Rolling green hills, clear blue sky and stark white clouds.

SUPER: "WYOMING, 2048"

Atmospheric impacts strike, then repeat RHYTHMICALLY.

Vague humanoid synthetic voices BELLOW and then repeats, RHYTHMICALLY.

DISSOLVE TO:

3 **BLACK VOID**

3

lines of white text materializes:

**"Therefore, just as sin came into the world through one man,
and death through sin, and in this way death came to all
people, because all sinned.**

- Romans 5:12"

TUVAN THROAT SINGING ERUPTS.

The text GLISTENS in a way, as the environmental sounds become overrun by dark ambient soundscapes.

Then the symphony of YELLING, SCREAMING, MOANING, and the overall sounds of SUFFERING rise.

Soundscape lingers for an uncomfortable amount of time until abruptly ending-

CUT TO:

4 **EXT. CREEK - DAY (COLOR)**

4

It is afternoon, the creek emerges.

The area barren, the only hints of life being small pockets of ferns and wildflowers. Water trickles and gurgles.

We linger and pan across the border of the creek, that of muddy soil.

A BODY is seen laying face first in dirty ragged clothing.

The body is male, and seems to have been in this position for quite some time.

Only detail is BLACK, MINIMALIST TIMEPIECE on wrist.

Panning up from the corpse is a man in a black suit (30s), the BENEFACTOR.

The BENEFACTOR looks and presents himself in a way that allows him to seem out of place.

Overlooking the creek and corpse, he notices the timepiece in a SOMBER realization.

The BENEFACTOR is shown to be holding a black sack in his hands.

Then he looks up, looking at the surrounding landscape.

The sounds of gentle, FLOWING WATER coupled with the sound of GUSTING WIND and BIRDS CHIRPING, lingering.

CUT TO:

5 **EXT. RAIL YARDS - LATER (COLOR)**

5

The rail yard sprawls, a desolate expanse with rusted tracks weave a tangled web through the vastness.

The BENEFACTOR treks away from the tracks and abandoned train cars.

A DISTANT TRAIN HORN is heard.

The distant wail of the train horn PIERCES the silence.

He turns around and looks down, The body from the creek side, facing upwards.

Its faced covered and tied with a black sack.

The BENEFACTOR turns around, walking away from the body and abandoned train cars.

Next to the head sacked body is a BUSINESS CARD, the card is a silky cream color and texture.

The card has classic serifs and timeless elegance, lends a sense of tradition.

The card's printed text reads:

"44°49'43.0"N 106°53'47.8"W"

A train horn BLARES with each passing moment, freight trains rumble past in opposite directions, sound BUILDING...

The head sacked body starts to VIOLENTLY shake, CONVULSING.

A ascending and uncomfortable symphony of FEMALE chorals rises.

It becomes intertwined with the sounds of DEAFENING TRAIN HORN.

Both sounds RISE, It's sound growing louder with each passing second-

DISSOLVE TO:

6 **BLACK VOID**

6

TITLE: Undue Cascade

Text GLISTENS, then fades. Soundscapes LINGER, then SILENT.

CUT TO:

7 **INT. AZRIEL'S OFFICE - DAY (B&W)**

7

A business casual dressed AZRIEL sits in his office, GLARING at a single envelope.

AZRIEL KITHMANN (40s), a relentless ambition with opulence and sophistication, yet something beneath the facade.

The sleek, modern office gleams in the noon sunlight.

The envelope he GLARES at, sealed, GLARES back at him.

With curiosity and dread, AZRIEL TEARS it open. He INSPECTS the document.

INSERT - Indictment Notice Letter (U.S. Department of Justice)

AZRIEL folds back up the document, laying it back on his desk.

AZRIEL LOOKS up, placing his HANDS interlocked on the desk.

CLOSING his eyes, he sits there in silence and simply breathes.

SUPER: "1. Unforeseen Consequences"

As he sits there with his eyes closed and breathing, the multitude of environmental sounds such as BIRDS CHIRPING, FLOWING WATER, GUSTING WIND, and WIND CHIMES rise.

CUT TO:

8 **EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY (COLOR)**

8

AZRIEL SITTING on the side of a river, looks towards the vast emptiness of the rural surroundings.

As we look at AZRIEL we see in the distance behind him a BLURRED, ILL-DEFINED FIGURE walking towards him, without AZRIEL'S knowledge.

BIRDS CHIRPING, FLOWING WATER, GUSTING WIND, and WIND CHIMES linger.

CUT TO:

9 **INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - DAY (B&W)**

9

AZRIEL strides purposefully through the sleek corridors, his footsteps echoing against the polished floors.

His stride masks, as AZRIEL continues to walk down the corridor he LOOKS behind him, over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

10 **EXT. WYOMING & MONTANA STATE LINE - DAY (B&W)**

10

Both a flat and yet mountainous area, the scenery holds two figures, FBI AGENTS BELOV (30s) and SCHERBINA (30s).

Agent BELOV, glasses on face, a hardened enforcer.

Commanding, he surveys the terrain, wiping nose.

Beside him stands agent SCHERBINA.

SCHERBINA harbors a silent rebellion.

SUPER: "2. Questionable Ethics"

Standing, they stare at the Montana state sign, the Wyoming state sign in the background.

CUT TO:

11 **EXT. RANCH - DAY (B&W)**

11

The Wyoming wilderness is expansive.

In the distance, the yampa River cuts through.

AZRIEL'S ranch sits in the desolate terrain, the dry American West.

AZRIEL stands outside, in front of his ranch, STARING out.

As the gusting wind hits AZRIEL, it BLOWS his hair and cloths.

AZRIEL turns towards his ranch, heading inside.

CUT TO:

12 **INT. BATHROOM - DAY (B&W)**

12

Fluorescent lights glow. AZRIEL stands before the mirror, his gaze fixed upon the hollow void, his eyes.

His attention shifts to his HANDS, the veins beneath the surface.

For a moment, he is transfixed by the sight.

With a shaky exhale, AZRIEL lowers his hands and returns his focus to the mirror-

Abruptly, AZRIEL tears his gaze away from the mirror and exits the bathroom.

His footsteps echo against the wooden floor.

CUT TO:

13 **INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (B&W)**

13

The hallway stretches out, narrow and confined.

Family photos spread all over the walls like a spider web.

AZRIEL walks down the hallway, the ambience of the creaking house GROANS.

CUT TO:

14 **EXT. OPEN FIELD - DUSK (B&W)**

14

AZRIEL STRIDES through the tall grass of the open field that surrounds his ranch.

He comes to a stop, his gaze falling to the ground before him. The tall grass SWAYS gently in the breeze.

A metallic CLICK reverberates through the air.

MONTAGE OF SCENIC VIEWS:

But amidst the tranquility of scenic views, a distant GUNSHOT echoes across.

It hangs in the air for a moment.

Then the gunshot's auditory evidence disappears.

Sounds of atmospheric impacts strike then repeat RHYTHMICALLY.

FADE TO BLACK:

15 **BLACK VOID**

15

Suddenly all the sound cuts out completely.

Softly, a off-putting distorted electronic bass plays.
 Harmonically humanoid screech ERUPTS-

CUT TO:

16 **EXT. OPEN FIELD - NEXT DAY (B&W)**

16

POPPING, AZRIEL'S eyes open.

He RISES unsteadily to his feet, his gaze darting around.

Hesitant, he steps forward.

In the distance, near the riverbank, A FIGURE dressed in a sleek black suit stands out against the natural backdrop.

AZRIEL draws closer to the riverbank, the figure becomes clearer, the BENEFACTOR.

The BENEFACTOR stands with his back to AZRIEL, his gaze fixed on the waters.

His posture is rigid, hands clasped behind his back. AZRIEL comes to a halt.

BENEFACTOR
 (turning)
 This is a fine spot...

AZRIEL stares at the BENEFACTOR.

The BENEFACTOR turns to face AZRIEL fully.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)
 You don't remember me, do you?

AZRIEL stands there, not reacting, confused.

The BENEFACTOR turns around, facing the river once again.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)
 ...You have forgotten far more important.

Both stand there in silence.

CUT TO:

17 **EXT. RIVERBANK - LATER (B&W)**

17

Both AZRIEL and the BENEFACTOR stand on the river bank.

The river flows rapidly, dark storm clouds in the distance.

BENEFACTOR
 (points at storm)
 There's a storm coming, fierce as
 fire.

The BENEFACTOR steps forward.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)
 And all I have for you is phrase.
 (pause)
 Unforeseen consequences...

The BENEFACTOR steps backwards.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)
 This is causality, a risk that to
 even know of it's true nature is a
 hazard, to cause harm.
 (pause)
 To look at our lives and say were
 different, when we're not.

AZRIEL steps forward to the BENEFACTOR.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)
 It will open the right doors.
 (pause)
 Some of the wrong one's too.

The BENEFACTOR presents a BUSINESS CARD, the card is a silky
 cream color and texture, one we have seen before.

AZRIEL inspects the card, the card reads on the front:

"Vicarious Reality"

AZRIEL flips the card to the back, the back reads:

"40.5163° N, 108.0880° W"

AZRIEL looks back up at the BENEFACTOR. The BENEFACTOR GONE.

CUT TO:

18 **EXT. SOLITARY ROAD, NORTHERN WYOMING - DAY (B&W)**

18

A narrow, two-lane road cuts through.

The black asphalt stretches forward, disappearing into the
 horizon.

Arid, rocky terrain with brittle sagebrush.

Jagged rock formations rise sporadically from the earth.

We pan then zoom down, revealing behind the road, a vast canyon.

The landscape plunges, cracked earth winding through the valley floor.

A sprawling chasm stretching, accentuating the rugged contours and the jagged edges of the cliff faces.

We linger in the canyon, environmental sounds rise.

Panning over crevices in the canyon.

Suddenly, the sounds of faint whispers grow.

Slowly the whispers become more of a low pitch.

Whispers become dark, stretched out, evil...

The screen starts to slowly fill with gray.

Gray becomes more distinct on the screen, filling all around.

FADE TO:

19 **GRAY VOID**

19

The color persists, almost like a space, a VOID.

Distant human voices also persists, carrying a eerie, spectral quality.

They are soft and indistinct, more felt than heard.

Their words unintelligible, blending into a murmur.

The whispers ebb and flow, sometimes swelling in volume as if they're drawing closer.

They begin with a crackling interference, like a broken transmission struggling to reach through a vast expanse.

The voices emerge momentarily, distorted and fragmented.

There's a repetitive, robotic cadence to them, as if the voices are stuck in a loop.

The voices are trapped in a perpetual state of distress, trying and failing to convey their message.

Then fading away, as though retreating into the void.

Moaning voices enter, almost asking for help.

Low and mournful, laden with a sense of pain and despair.

The moans are drawn out and fluctuate in pitch.

Sometimes rising into agonized wails that taper off into silence, almost cavernous echo.

The gray wheezes, sounds linger till-

CUT TO:

20 **INT./EXT. CAR ON CITY STREET - DAY (B&W)**

20

Agents BELOV and SHCHERBINA sit in a nondescript car, parked along a desolate city street.

Industrial landscapes persists.

The buildings lined and cracked, some with broken windows.

Agents BELOV and SHCHERBINA both holding folders, examining papers.

In the background, a BLURRED FIGURE, indistinct, stands across the street, gazing at one of the dilapidated buildings.

The figure turns and walks away down the street disappearing into the industrial landscape.

SHCHERBINA turns to stare at BELOV. He stares, staring, almost if at the viewer.

Mechanical whirling ambience grows.

CUT TO:

21 **INT. OFFICE SPACE - LATER (B&W)**

21

A dimly lit office space. Agents BELOV and SHCHERBINA, sit at a cluttered desk strewn with paperwork and financial documents.

Agent BELOV, scanning stack of papers.

His fingers drum lightly on the desk, jotting down notes on a yellow legal pad.

Agent SHCHERBINA, sits across.

He highlights sections of documents, putting them in folders.

The folders are thick, with a multitude of documents, letters, cards, and legal pads inside them.

The soft hum of fluorescent lights, punctuated.

CUT TO:

22 **INT. BASEMENT - DAY (B&W)**

22

The basement of AZRIELS ranch, a dimly lit tunnel.

Shafts of sunlight filter through the small, barred windows.

Boxes and crates are stacked haphazardly.

AZRIEL'S moves among the clutter.

CUT TO:

23 **INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER (B&W)**

23

Soft ticking of an antique clock.

AZRIEL sits in an overstuffed armchair, his gaze fixed on some distant point beyond the window.

The TICKING becomes a metronome.

CUT TO:

24 **EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY (B&W)**

24

AZRIEL walks from his ranch leading to a secluded overlook nestled amidst the rugged terrain of a ditch area.

AZRIEL pauses at the edge of the overlook.

In the small ditch area, the BENEFACTOR squatting, putting out a fire.

The ditches walls lined with past shooting targets, laced with bullet holes.

AZRIELS head SNAPS towards the BENEFACTOR, staggered.

The BENEFACTOR walks by AZRIEL.

AZRIEL
You haven't been paying attention to
the news, have you?

BENEFACTOR
Only if you have the time my
friend... time...

The BENEFACTOR walks off into the distance.

AZRIEL looks down in dismay.

CUT TO:

26 **INT. DINNING ROOM - DAY (B&W)**

26

Natural light filtering through lace curtains.

Agents BELOV and SHCHERBINA sitting across from the
ACCOUNTANT (20s).

The ACCOUNTANT stares at the two agents, blank face.

ACCOUNTANT keeps STARING, lingering.

Agents BELOV and SHCHERBINA stare back, lingering.

CUT TO:

27 **INT. OFFICE - DAY (B&W)**

27

The ACCOUNTANT sitting in front of a cluttered desk.

AZRIEL
(O.S.)
Judgment from someone...

AZRIEL walks into office. The ACCOUNTANT looks UP.

ACCOUNTANT
Hello...

AZRIEL paces. The ACCOUNTANT'S eyes follow AZRIEL.

ACCOUNTANT (cont'd)
The dream?

The ACCOUNTANT looks around, fidgets with pen.

ACCOUNTANT (cont'd)
 ...Manifestations of our subconscious
 thoughts and fears, or prophecies and
 omens.

AZRIEL, touching his face, scratching head.

AZRIEL
 What are you talking about?

The ACCOUNTANT Looks down.

AZRIEL, fumbling and fidgeting with his hands.

ACCOUNTANT
 I can't help you understand, I'll say
 that as colleagues.

AZRIEL
 ...But what is it?

ACCOUNTANT
 Is or will be?

CUT TO:

28 INT. DINNING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (B&W)

28

Returning back.

BELOV
 ...The evidence against your former
 employer, frozen solid.

SHCHERBINA
 (scribbling notes)
 Wyoming? ...and Montana?

ACCOUNTANT
 Nuclear energy, he wanted to bring
 more funding to nuclear in the
 western states.

BELOV
 (curiously)
 And this German businessman he was in
 contact with?

Silence after the question is asked.

ACCOUNTANT
 (sigh)
 Paul... Müller

Agents exchange a knowing glance.

ACCOUNTANT (cont'd)
Our mutual friend...

CUT TO:

29 **EXT. CITY OUTSKIRTS - DAY (B&W)**

29

Desolate industrial landscape, factories, rail yards, rolling hills.

Puddles all over ground, thunder storm near.

Suddenly, AZRIEL APPEARS midair, landing in a puddle.

AZRIEL lies on ground in fetal position, his eyes dart around.

The industrial landscape looms ominously, industrial soundscape persists.

Music from a distant Quinceañera, lingers softly.

AZRIEL struggles to his feet, then stumbles forward.

AZRIEL

(V.O.)

As a child I never fully understood the sacrifices my father had to make for his family. Till this day I still don't really understand...

Following, he weaves through the industrial landscape.

CUT TO:

30 **EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (B&W)**

30

The industrial street, mechanical ambience grows.

AZRIEL walks without purpose down the industrial street.

As AZRIEL continues, his gaze is drawn to a dilapidated industrial building, standing, staring.

Behind AZRIEL, a nondescript CAR parked at the curb, its windows tinted.

AZRIEL tears his gaze away, looking around, disappearing down the street. The car remains...

CUT TO:

31 **EXT. ROAD - DAY (COLOR)**

31

Paved road stretches out, dust rising in the distance.

The sound of a MOTORBIKE GROWLING comes from afar.

A black motorbike emerges from a dirt trail, kicking up a cloud of dust.

The RIDER, dressed in all black, blends seamlessly.

His black full face helmet reflecting the bright sunlight.

The bike roars onto the paved road, accelerating.

Pulling back, shows the RIDER as a small dot on the empty road.

CUT TO:

32 **EXT. FRONT LAWN - DAY (B&W)**

32

AZRIEL and the FAMILY FRIEND (60s) walk up the drive way.

The FAMILY FRIEND exudes comfort and familiarity.

As AZRIEL and the FAMILY FRIEND walk up to the front door of the FAMILY FRIEND'S house, they are in conversation.

AZRIEL

...Hard to find the silver linings sometimes.

FAMILY FRIEND

Reminds me of your father, always found the silver linings.

The FAMILY FRIEND pats AZRIEL on the shoulder.

FAMILY FRIEND (cont'd)

Everyone knew that...

(pause)

And how is Jonah? I heard he is teaching at the University of Wyoming.

AZRIEL'S smile fades, unspoken anxiety.

AZRIEL

I... I don't know.

FAMILY FRIEND
 (ignoring
 uncomfortableness)
 You know, Jonah always looked up to
 you, admired you.

AZRIEL
 (hesitates)
 I... I wish things-

FAMILY FRIEND
 (interrupts)
 Were different? You made
 such a difference in his
 life?

The tension GROWS.

AZRIEL
 (voice cracking)
 What?

The FAMILY FRIEND expression hardens, in the state of
 JUDGING.

FAMILY FRIEND
 I wish you never grew up...

AZRIEL'S stares at the FAMILY FRIEND, in disbelief.

CUT TO:

33 **EXT. FBI OFFICE - DAY (B&W)**

33

The FBI office, a modern monolithic structure amidst a
 industrial landscape.

City rumbling.

Agents BELOV and SHCHERBINA stand outside.

Another FBI agent (30s) approaches, his face weathered, his
 frame scrawny. This is BIG BROTHER.

BIG BROTHER walks around both BELOV and SHCHERBINA.

Staring into both of their eyes, BIG BROTHER looks for
 something.

All three silent.

BIG BROTHER steps in, whispering into BELOV'S ear.

BIG BROTHER
 Time and place matter...

Stepping back, BIG BROTHER heads back into the FBI office.

BIG BROTHER laughs as he walks away.

Agents BELOV and SHCHERBINA both look at each other.

SHCHERBINA looks into the distance where the BIG BROTHER walked off to.

SHCHERBINA
What did you think of bookkeeper?

BELOV
...Obliquity.

CUT TO:

34 **EXT. RAILROAD HILL - DUSK (B&W)**

34

The railroad hill is bathed in an otherworldly half-light as the sun dips below the horizon.

The only sound is the distant rumble of machinery and the mournful cry of a lone train whistle, softly, distantly.

At the base of the railroad hill, AZRIEL, disheveled and bewildered, navigates through the tangled debris.

Suddenly, he trips over a coil of rusty barbed wire, his body crashing to the ground with a sickening THUD.

The fluttering of birds ERUPTS.

Dirt and grime cling to his clothes.

AZRIEL goes for the summit of the hill.

Finally, he reaches the crest of the hill, he stands there for a moment.

With a sudden surge of fear, AZRIEL starts to run, footsteps echoing loudly against the metal rails.

The landscape shifts and changes around him.

Turning from a railroad on a hill to a railroad bridge.

The river below ROARS like a wild beast.

AZRIEL continues to run across the bridge frantically-

CUT TO:

35 INT. COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - DAY (B&W)

35

Standing at the front of the lecture hall, JONAH KITHMANN (30s), weary yet earnest.

JONAH'S eyes scan the room, his movements lack assuredness instead, there is hesitance.

JONAH
(pointing)
Remember upcoming lab thirteen, alpha
particle range & energy loss.

The lecture hall is filled with the soft rustling of papers and the gentle tapping of keyboards.

JONAH (cont'd)
Review sections nine through ten in
the textbook, and if you have any
questions, don't bother me outside of
class.

The students begins to shuffle out of their seats.

The ambient noise of the lecture hall gradually diminishes as students file out.

JONAH left alone in the quiet.

He looks up at the empty lecture hall in front of him, he stares at the emptiness.

SUPER: "3. Deductive Reasoning"

He exhales heavily, making his way towards the door, up the lecture hall stairs.

CUT TO:

36 INT. COLLEGE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (B&W)

36

JONAH steps out into the empty hallway, walking down towards the exit.

He makes his way to the two door exit and entrance.

As he is about to head out, a FLYER taped to the door grabs his attention.

He pauses and stops, grabs the flyer, and inspects it.

The flyer is a white 8.5" x 11 promotion.

The flyer has huge text that reads:

**"Help undo the cascade of sin
Turn to Jesus Christ and his teachings"**

Smaller text reads:

**"Heaven or Hell
The choice is yours
Meeting in student halls
25th - 28th (7:00 - 9:00 pm)
Romans 5:12"**

JONAH has a smug face about the flyer.

He places the flyer back onto the door, heading out of the lecture hall.

CUT TO:

37 **EXT. SIDE OF LONE ROAD - DAY (B&W)**

37

A solitary road cuts through the terrain, DIVIDING it into two starkly contrasting worlds.

On one side, the earth stretches out flat and endless.

On the other side, majestic mountains, jagged peaks.

On the side of the lone road that leans towards the flat side, stands the BENEFACTOR.

He stands with his back to the mountains, facing out towards the flat expanse of desert.

AZIREL approaches from behind, the BENEFACTOR turns to regard AZIREL.

BENEFACTOR

Welcome to the high desert, its plateau.

(pause)

How was town?

AZRIEL

...It was fine.

BENEFACTOR

Really?

(pause)

I find that questionable.

(pause, leaning in)

What I find more questionable is how you steal and lie so easily, but respect other moral codes.

AZRIEL turns towards the BENEFACTOR, ill-mannered.

AZRIEL

One day the true and proper official will judge my actions, and morality.

BENEFACTOR

...Oh they will, and they shall.

(pause)

All of your family members believers?

AZRIEL

Were...

BENEFACTOR

(insolently)

...Nothing but a arbitrary imposition anyways.

CUT TO:

38 **EXT. OPEN FIELD - LATER (B&W)**

38

Off from AZRIEL's ranch, AZIREL and the BENEFACTOR stand side by side.

BENEFACTOR

You are living in the worst period of capitalism in a hundred years.

AZIREL turns towards the BENEFACTOR confused and somewhat shocked.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)

...In a way.

AZIREL's shocked expression calms down and continues to listen.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)

Companies promised to organize the rules of information and privacy, then sold ad's against it.

(MORE)

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)

(pause)

Other companies used algorithms to reinvent profits of the twenty first century and society's wealth has drifted upwards to a dense of core elites, whose rule has become so hyper critical and self-parenting that it can barley maintain itself.

The BENEFACTOR walks in front of AZIREL.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)

So when we look back at the last few years it will be understood that the ruling class has had a obligation to their legitimate lies by creating public institutions that serve a social good.

The BENEFACTOR pauses and looks around.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)

Control needs infrastructure to occupy public space, to descent. Various factions have attempted to ride this wave, all have not succeeded outside of the tech and energy barons, who steered it, like the one you created and worked for.

AZRIEL stands there for a moment, then clasps his hands and takes a deep breath.

The BENEFACTOR kneels and squats down, fumbling and throwing rocks.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)

Take a look around and you'll see the world and it's people attempt to grasp the turmoil of themselves.

The BENEFACTOR stands back up, staring out into the distance, then turning to AZRIEL.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)

Only through confession can the path become clear. You must place your hand upon the stove.

They both stare at each other, the BENEFACTOR walks by AZRIEL and pats him on the shoulder.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)

I'll see you around.

AZRIEL turns and looks at the BENEFACTOR walking away in the distance

AZRIEL
For my sake I hope you don't.

AZRIEL stands in field, ALONE.

CUT TO:

39 **INT. COURTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY (B&W)**

39

The room is modest, with sparse decor.

BELOV sits at the desk, writing on papers.

Then he folds the papers, slipping them into a yellow padded envelope, the envelope full of other papers.

BELOV then seals the envelope, pressing it, continuously.

CUT TO:

40 **INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (B&W)**

40

BELOV walks purposefully down the corridor, holding the yellow padded envelope. His footsteps echo in the empty hallway.

The hallway stretches out, long and unyielding. Liminal music, drifting in the background.

CUT TO:

41 **EXT. COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS (B&W)**

41

BELOV strides out of the courthouse doors, holding it open for KATHERINE (20s).

She walks out with purpose, her high heels clicking against the pavement.

KATHERINE is impeccably dressed.

Authority and sophistication, the need to prove herself.

As KATHERINE walks out in front of BELOV, she captures his attention just from her looks.

BELOV
...And how are you Katherine?

KATHERINE chuckles as she just knew he would try to talk to her.

KATHERINE
Just fine, how are you? and your work?

BELOV
...Water through cracks.

KATHERINE
Are you drowning in ten feet of water or ten thousand?

BELOV'S head turns in confusion.

He gives a awkward look and then walks around KATHERINE.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
(stern)
...Where's Shcherbina?

BELOV stops in his tracks and turns around slowly.

BELOV
(uncertain)
Got a letter from his dad, I don't know, I don't particularly care.

KATHERINE laughs and walks towards BELOV

KATHERINE
That's exactly what I'm talking about.

KATHERINE then starts to laugh hysterically, almost erratically.

Her laughing lingers, uncomfortably.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
...you think you're... so different.

BELOV looks around embarrassed.

Her laughing stops abruptly. KATHERINE walks up to BELOV and leans in.

KATHERINE (cont'd)
Take the time to look deeper, and you'll start to see uncomfortable reflections.

KATHERINE then walks away, high heels click on ground.

CUT TO:

42 **INT. JONAH'S OFFICE - EVENING (B&W)**

42

The office is cluttered with books and papers.

JONAH, weary-looking, sits at his desk, doing paper work.

The door creaks open, and a COLLEAGUE (30s), a fellow professor, stands in the doorway.

JONAH looks up and notices his COLLEAGUE.

JONAH
(bothered)
...What?

The COLLEAGUE steps inside, then staring at JONAH.

COLLEAGUE
...Sirens in the distance.

JONAH pauses for a moment, face darkens slightly.

JONAH
What?

The COLLEAGUE stares, lingering.

COLLEAGUE
Everything going on right now?

JONAH sighs, then leaning back into this chair.

CUT TO:

43 **EXT. OPEN FIELD - DUSK (B&W)**

43

The sun setting over the lush green field.

In the distance, stark hills and a single railroad on hill.

The railroad hill transforms into an old bridge spanning a fast-flowing river.

The bridge, cloaked in graffiti.

The BENEFACTOR stands in the open field with AZRIEL walking towards him.

They meet in the middle of the field.

AZRIEL

Why do we keep meeting like this?

BENEFACTOR

It's puzzling, I can't seem to remember. You tell me...

Tension palpable, silent moment.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)

...Something secret steers us.

The BENEFACTOR gestures towards the bridge

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)

Shall we walk?

They start walking side by side.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)

(walking)

Through probable longevity you have increased probability of dark energy events.

AZRIEL and the BENEFACTOR look at each other.

AZRIEL

(walking)

What?

BENEFACTOR

(walking)

Did you think of that before you shot yourself?

AZRIEL stares at the BENEFACTOR.

They reach the base of the hill, and the bridge looms above them.

AZRIEL

What are you talking about?-

BENEFACTOR

(threatening)

Good people don't end up here...

The quick reply throws off AZRIEL, The sounds of a pond and frogs can be heard in the distance.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)

Rather than keep on your path, you sit and linger in the consequences of your actions, that's a uncomfortable feeling. You linger in the echos of an event cascade.

AZRIEL turns away from the BENEFACTOR and looks at the dark empty distance.

AZRIEL then turns back around to face the BENEFACTOR, but no one is there.

The BENEFACTOR vanished, like he wasn't even there to begin with.

AZRIEL starts to panic and walks forward heading more to the base of railroad hill.

CUT TO:

44 **EXT. RAILROAD HILL - CONTINUOUS (B&W)**

44

The railroad hill is bathed in an otherworldly half-light as the sun dips below the horizon.

The only sound is the distant rumble of machinery and the mournful cry of a lone train whistle, softly, distantly.

At the base of the railroad hill, AZRIEL, disheveled and bewildered, navigates through the tangled debris.

Suddenly, he trips over a coil of rusty barbed wire, his body crashing to the ground with a sickening THUD.

The fluttering of birds ERUPTS.

Vague humanoid synthetic voices BELLOW and then repeats, RHYTHMICALLY.

SHCHERBINA'S FATHER

(V.O.)

Dear Shcherbina, I remember when we once though that our deepest fears were upon us.

Dirt and grime cling to his clothes. AZRIEL goes for the summit of the hill.

SHCHERBINA'S FATHER (cont'd)

(V.O.)

It can be easy to assume calamity won't occur.

(MORE)

SHCHERBINA'S FATHER (cont'd)
Such dismissive certainty both
shields and undermines your true
significance.

The landscape ahead is shrouded in darkness.

SHCHERBINA'S FATHER (cont'd)
(V.O.)
We have not spoken in quite some
time. I know how rough the past
couple of years have been on us and
everyone else.

Finally, he reaches the crest of the hill, he stands there
for a moment.

But there is nothing. Only the empty expanse of the
railroad.

AZRIEL standing still...

SHCHERBINA'S FATHER (cont'd)
(V.O.)
And as your father I need to tell you
how proud I am of you. Everything you
did then, and everything you do now.

With a sudden surge of fear, AZRIEL starts to run, footsteps
echoing loudly against the metal rails.

SHCHERBINA'S FATHER (cont'd)
(V.O.)
life is a succession of choices and
consequences.

The landscape shifts and changes around him.

Turning from a railroad on a hill to a railroad bridge.

The river below ROARS like a wild beast.

SHCHERBINA'S FATHER (cont'd)
(V.O.)
So wake up and smell the ashes.
(pause)
Knowing you, as a man will not live,
nor die in vain.

AZRIEL continues to run across the bridge frantically-

CUT TO:

45 **EXT. POND - DUSK (COLOR)** 45

Vague humanoid synthetic voices BELLOW and then repeats, RHYTHMICALLY.

A serene pond, framed by dense grass.

The croak of frogs punctuates the silence, crickets chirp persistently.

A BLACK-CLOAKED FIGURE materializes at the edge of the clearing, moving slowly and deliberately.

The figure's movements are unnaturally smooth, eerily calm.

The figure progresses across the landscape, the stillness of the scene becomes almost palpable, ghost-like...

CUT TO:

46 **EXT. GRASS FIELD - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)** 46

Vague humanoid synthetic voices BELLOW and then repeats, RHYTHMICALLY.

The sky is now deep. The field stretches endlessly, a sea of tall grass.

The BLACK-CLOAKED FIGURE reappears, emerging from the shadowy folds, moving with the same deliberate slowness.

The hills stand sentinel in the background, the figure traverses across the field, hypnotic...

FADE TO WHITE:

47 **WHITE VOID** 47

Night time environmental sounds linger such as wind and the buzzing popping sounds of water and frogs.

Then, it is over run by the symphony of MECHANICAL WHIRRING, INDUSTRIAL DRONES, and LEVERS BEING PULLED.

CUT TO:

48 **INT. DARK OFFICE ROOM - NIGHT (B&W)** 48

A dim light reveals an eerie room.

The room is minimalistic, void-like atmosphere.

In the center stands BELOV, stiff and upright, as if at attention.

Oppressive silence, ominous hum.

BIG BROTHER walks in, echo footsteps.

BIG BROTHER circles BELOV, slowly, deliberately, his eyes scanning every inch.

His gaze is cold, not human, PERPETRATING.

BIG BROTHER stops behind BELOV, inhaling deeply, savoring.

BELOV struggles to maintain his composure.

BIG BROTHER steps again to the front of BELOV.

BIG BROTHER leans in, lips brushing against BELOV'S neck.

NIBBLING then kissing, the intimate act is laced with malice.

BELOV begins to WEEP, face contorts, a mixture of pain, disgust, and helplessness.

BELOV'S lips quiver as he starts to mutter, his voice barely a whisper but growing in intensity.

BELOV
(softly)
I'm sorry... I'm sorry... I'm
sorry...

BIG BROTHER'S ministrations become more fervent, then whispers into BELOV'S ear.

Loud breathing erupts all around.

BIG BROTHER
Something secret steers us...

BIG BROTHER then LICKS BELOV'S face, bottom of chin, to mid cheek bone area.

CUT TO:

49 **INT. COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - DAY (B&W)**

49

The lecture hall is silent.

Rows of empty seats stretch out, leading to a large blackboard covered in half-erased equations.

We see JONAH and his COLLEAGUE standing together at the front.

We intersect their on going conversation.

JONAH
So weather its by my choices
or the work of God-

COLLEAGUE
(piqued)
Yes! God or you! Nothing
else huh?

JONAH
...Only God can help now, I ensure
hope, so I pray.

JONAH leans against the desk. COLLEAGUE looks around frustrated.

COLLEAGUE
Your reasoning is deductive. General
statements, then inferring to reach
certain conclusions.
(pause)
You have no idea about the world and
it's inner workings.

The COLLEAGUE grabs a marker and walks to the white board.

He then writes on the white board "**Deductive Reasoning**",
UNDERLYING it.

The COLLEAGUE then sits down in the empty lecture hall.

JONAH notices, then turns to the COLLEAGUE.

JONAH begins to walk up the lecture hall.

JONAH
(annoyed)
Yes, because you know everything.

JONAH storms up and out of the empty lecture hall, leaving
the COLLEAGUE alone.

CUT TO:

50 **EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT - DAY (B&W)**

50

The parking lot, surrounded by a imposing, window-tinted government building.

Liminal music, drifting in the background.

Industrial soundscape forefront.

BELOV takes a slow bite of a sandwich.

SHCHERBINA eyes scanning the documents.

BELOV

Just Jonah?

SHCHERBINA looks towards BELOV, glaring at him.

SHCHERBINA

(shrugs)

...Probably not a problem.

BELOV

Employed in Laramie?

SHCHERBINA

...A unexpected anomaly.

CUT TO:

51 **EXT. FIELD, NORTHERN WYOMING - DAY (B&W)**

51

A vast, barren landscape, with a BLACK-CLOAKED FIGURE walking throughout it.

It floats like a ghost.

All directions, a sea of cracked, sun-scorched earth.

In the foreground, a solitary PUMP JACK stands.

Its mechanical arm moving rhythmically up and down.

It groans and creaks with each movement.

A monotonous, METALLIC symphony that resonates through the empty air.

The wind, a constant, whispering force.

Distant thunder rumbles occasionally, though no storm is in sight.

CUT TO:

52 **INT. JONAH'S OFFICE - DAY (B&W)**

52

The room is dimly lit. JONAH sits hunched over, reading.

Putting a bookmark in the novel, and taking off his glasses, he straightens up, rising from his chair.

JONAH walks towards the office door, just as his hand reaches for the doorknob-

The phone on his desk rings, PIERCING the silence.

JONAH FREEZES, his body tensing.

Phone continues to ring.

He walks back to the desk, sitting down again, letting it ring until finally, the sound stops.

JONAH lets out a slow, shaky breath, his eyes closing.

FLOWING WATER, BIRDS CHIRPING, GUSTING WIND, and WIND CHIMES are heard.

CUT TO:

53 **EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY (COLOR)**

53

JONAH is walking, slowly and thought out.

His appearance is messy with his face having a NOSE BANDAGE with the surrounding area bruised with spots of dried BLOOD.

Looking towards the rural flatness of his surroundings, JONAH can see a river.

FLOWING WATER, BIRDS CHIRPING, GUSTING WIND, and WIND CHIMES are heard.

CUT TO:

54 **INT. COLLEGE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (B&W)**

54

JONAH after ignoring the phone call, walks out of his office, walking down the hallway.

From behind a student calls for him.

STUDENT 1
(O.S.)
Mister Kithmann!

JONAH turns around, facing the student-

A STUDENT (20s) a women who seems to be dressed in a rush and can't seem to take a breather, clearly busy.

STUDENT 1 (cont'd)
I was hoping to catch you. Didn't think I would make it to your office hours.

JONAH
(unamused)
Basically didn't.

Student pauses for a awkward moment.

STUDENT 1
I resubmitted the lab, the alpha particle range & energy loss.

JONAH begins to step back, ignoring the student, in disgust.

JONAH begins to walk backwards faster, making it obviously he wants nothing more to do with this conversation.

STUDENT 1 (cont'd)
...Just wanted you to know, make sure everything is fine.

JONAH waves off the student, now walking down the hallway.

The door behind is open and closed, loudly.

JONAH pays no attention to this as he assumes it is the STUDENT 1 leaving.

It isn't until he hears a unfamiliar voice call out for him.

BELOV
(O.S.)
Mister Kithmann!

He turns around and sees FBI AGENTS BELOV and SHCHERBINA, both holding folders.

JONAH
(to self)
...Fucking cocksucker.

JONAH begins to slowly makes his way to the two agents, the agents do the same.

They meet in the middle of the hallway. All three silent, staring at each other.

BELOV

Hello mister Kithmann, I am agent Belov, and this is my partner agent Shcherbina from the federal bureau of investigation. We would like to ask you a few questions about your step-brother Azriel.

JONAH stands quiet, body language hints to him saying yes-

CUT TO:

55 INT. UNUSED LOUNGE AREA - DAY (B&W)

55

BELOV

(snapping)

Do I have sucker written on my forehead?

BELOV and SHCHERBINA stand opposite of JONAH, it is as we have caught ourselves right in the middle of a altercation.

JONAH

Oh my fuck...

BELOV

(holding up folder,
pointing)

We have to examine any possible routes? You are most probable.

JONAH stands there, baffled in silence.

JONAH

Are you some deaf moronic cunt?

BELOV stands in silence, not reacting, although his anger is about to burst-

Suddenly, BELOV punches JONAH, STRIKING him straight in the nose.

A loud yelling physical argument erupts from the three of them.

BELOV
 (shoving JONAH)
 YOU WANT MORE YOU FAGGOT
 FUCK!?

JONAH
 (shoving BELOV)
 YOU SON OF A FUCKING BITCH!-

JONAH is grabbed by BELOV and attempts to shove him away.
 The three of them intertwined in a physical altercation.

SHCHERBINA
 (grabbing BELOV)
 HEY! HEY! COME ON! WHAT THE FUCK!
 COME ON!-

CUT TO:

56 INT. BASEMENT - DAY (B&W)

56

AZRIEL, rugged in appearance, shuffles through the clutter, his eyes scanning for something specific amid the mess.

He reaches an old, wooden chest, its surface scratched and scarred.

With a creak, he opens it.

AZRIEL'S hands dive in, pulling out various items with no real importance.

AZRIEL'S attention is then drawn to a small, torn photograph. He grabs it.

INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPH

The photograph shows two American soldiers in the Afghanistan desert.

One is AZRIEL, a strong, resolute man.

Beside him stands another soldier, anonymous and haunting, in an M40 field protective gas mask.

He turns it over, the back of the photo reads:

"January 26, 2018"

Azriel flips the photo back and forth, silent.

He reaches back into the drawer and finds a small, tarnished cross necklace.

He picks it up, examining it closely.
Silent tears stream down his cheeks.

CUT TO:

57 **INT. KITCHEN - DAY (B&W)**

57

AZRIEL sits at a table, the photograph and cross necklace placed gently in front of him.

A single sheet of paper lies next to them.

The phone dials, each ring echoing in the silence of the room.

The phone continues to ring, no answer.

He slowly lowers the phone, placing it back on the table with a soft click.

He sits there...

The room remains silent.

CUT TO:

58 **INT. JONAH'S OFFICE - DAY (B&W)**

58

JONAH sits slumped in his chair, his face a testament to the violent encounter.

A large, white nose bandage covers his nose, the surrounding area bruised and marked with spots of dried blood.

JONAH steps out of his office.

CUT TO:

59 **INT. COLLEGE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (B&W)**

59

The door closing behind, he walks slowly down the hallway.

A pin board completely covered in the religious christian flyers from before.

Staring, he picks up one of the flyers, folds it and places it in his inner jacket pocket.

Making his way down the hallway, JONAH runs into the COLLEAGUE.

Both stop in their tracks.

COLLEAGUE
You think you'll find anything?

JONAH nods his head slowly, then walking away.

COLLEAGUE (cont'd)
How far can you go off theory lone?

The COLLEAGUE remains still.

JONAH continues, exiting the building. The COLLEAGUE watches him.

CUT TO:

60 **EXT. BUS STOP - DAY (B&W)**

60

Gray overcast.

JONAH sits on a worn metal bench.

His right hand cradles his bruised nose, covered by the bandage stained with dried blood.

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN approaches sitting next to JONAH.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN looks around then focuses on JONAH with a curious gaze.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
Excuse me... Jonah?

JONAH looks up, startled, clutching his nose.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (cont'd)
Didn't recognize you for a moment,
what happened?

JONAH
(awkwardly)
Just a... a little accident at work.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
(chuckles)
Dark energy factor, huh? Must be.

JONAH'S eyes widen slightly, confused and apprehensive.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (cont'd)
Still working at the college? Went
back to school myself, nearly done
with my dissertation.

JONAH
(forcing a smile)
That's... nice.

With a flourish, the MIDDLE-AGED MAN produces a thick sheaf
of papers seemingly out of thin air.

The pages are slightly crumpled, covered in dense text.

He THRUSTS the dissertation into JONAH'S hands, JONAH flips
through the pages.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
Have a read!

They are filled with text, but it's all in Russian, with
random blank pages interspersed.

JONAH
I... I can't read this. It's all in
Russian.

JONAH hands the dissertation back, the MIDDLE-AGED MAN takes
the papers, peering at them through his glasses.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
(puzzled)
Oh, I didn't realize...

The MIDDLE-AGED MAN keeps the dissertation off to his side.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (cont'd)
So where are you heading? What are
you up to?

JONAH
Heading back home... things to do.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
Ah, things get messy when you go
home.

JONAH looks at him again in confusion and apprehensive.

The distant sound of a bus approaching grows louder.

JONAH stands, ready to board. The MIDDLE-AGED MAN also
stands abruptly, extending a hand toward Jonah.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (cont'd)
 (smiling)
 Pleasure seeing you again Jonah.

JONAH hesitantly extends his hand.

Suddenly, the MIDDLE-AGED MAN SNEEZES violently.

A spray of snot flies, splattering JONAH and the dissertation.

JONAH recoils in shock and disgust.

Papers flutter around them as the bus pulls up with a hiss.

JONAH
 (infuriated, wiping
 his face)
 What the fuck!

A chaotic flurry ensues.

The bus doors hissing open.

JONAH tries to clean himself.

The bus driver honks repeatedly, impatiently.

The MIDDLE-AGED MAN fumbles with the snot-covered dissertation, papers slipping from his grasp-

CUT TO:

61 **EXT. COLLEGE BUILDING - DAY (B&W)**

61

Agents BELOV and SHCHERBINA walk briskly towards a modern academic building.

SHCHERBINA
 How do you think this will go?

BENEFACTOR
 Can't say, ...we're interlopers.

They reach the entrance of the building and head inside.

TRACKING:

62 **INT. COLLEGE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (B&W)**

62

As they step inside, they almost collide with STUDENT 1, the student, flustered, looks up briefly.

STUDENT 1
 (sheepishly)
 I'm so sorry.

BELOV glares at the student, who quickly exits through the same door they entered.

They continue down the hall, where they spot JONAH KITHMANN walking ahead, his back turned.

BELOV
 Mister Kithmann!

JONAH stops abruptly and turns around.

He mumbles something under his breath, inaudible.

BELOV and SHCHERBINA approach him.

They meet in the middle of the hallway.

All three silent, staring at each other.

BELOV (cont'd)
 Hello mister Kithmann, I am agent Belov, and this is my partner agent Shcherbina from the federal bureau of investigation. We would like to ask you a few questions about your step brother Azriel.

JONAH
 (annoyed)
 ...Okay, follow me.

JONAH turns and leads them down the hallway.

JONAH pushes the door open, stepping inside, holding it for the agents.

BELOV and SHCHERBINA follow.

TRACKING:

63 INT. UNUSED LOUNGE AREA - CONTINUOUS (B&W)

63

SHCHERBINA closes the door behind them.

BELOV
 You had released a statement after the charges went public, have you still not had any contact with Azriel Kithmann?

JONAH
...I have not.

Silent, BELOV and SHCHERBINA exchange a glance.

BELOV
...You think the world was made for
you huh?

SHCHERBINA turns to BELOV alarmed.

JONAH
(confused)
Like I've said, I have not had any
contact with Azriel in years.

BELOV keeps his gaze fixed on JONAH.

SHCHERBINA
(passive aggressive)
Your statement established potential
for dark energy factors, a sense of
entanglement.

<p>JONAH (annoyed) What are you two talking about?-</p>	<p>BELOV (angry) You're blinded!</p>
---	--

SHCHERBINA turns again to BELOV staggered.

SHCHERBINA
(whisper)
What the fuck are you doing?

SHCHERBINA turns back to JONAH

SHCHERBINA (cont'd)
Contact and encounters with Azriel
could be a siren in the distance,
inadequate for your posterity.

JONAH
(shocked)
You guys are making no
sense. like I've said-

BELOV
(snapping)
Do I have sucker written on
my forehead?

JONAH looks around in disbelief.

JONAH
Oh my fuck...

BELOV
(holding up folder,
pointing)
We have to examine any possible
routes. You are most probable.

JONAH stands there, baffled in silence.

JONAH
Are you some deaf moronic cunt?

BELOV stands in silence, not reacting, although his angry is about to burst-

Suddenly BELOV punches JONAH, STRIKING him straight in the nose.

SHCHERBINA grabs BELOV and attempts to pull him back, away from JONAH, trying to calm BELOV down.

A loud yelling physical argument erupts from the three of them.

BELOV
(shoving JONAH)
YOU WANT MORE YOU FAGGOT
FUCK!?

JONAH
(shoving BELOV)
YOU SON OF A FUCKING BITCH!

JONAH, grabbed by BELOV, attempts to shove him away.

The three of them intertwined in a physical altercation.

SHCHERBINA
(grabbing BELOV)
HEY! HEY! COME ON! WHAT THE FUCK!
COME ON!

JONAH then successfully pushes BELOV and SHCHERBINA off and JONAH grabs his nose, groaning in pain.

JONAH
GODDAMN IT! MOTHERFUCKER!

SHCHERBINA and BELOV step back.

JONAH (cont'd)
 (out of breath)
 I got a phone call.

They look at each other.

BELOV and SHCHERBINA then turn to look at JONAH.

JONAH (cont'd)
 (out of breath)
 I got a phone call, the caller ID
 came from the town me and Azriel grew
 up in. He owns our old ranch out
 there.

BELOV and SHCHERBINA look at each other.

CUT TO:

64 **INT. COLLEGE HALLWAY - DAY (B&W)**

64

SHCHERBINA stumbles down the hallway by himself.

As he walks down he sees a pinboard with a plethora of
 Christian religious flyers.

He grabs one.

Then two individuals, clearly not students, walk up to
 SHCHERBINA.

Individual 1 (20s) dressed sluggish.

Individual 2 (20s) well dressed, business.

As they near SHCHERBINA, he looks increasingly nervous.

He tries to veer away but ends up walking right into them.

INDIVIDUAL 1
 Whoa, watch it!

SHCHERBINA
 (flustered)
 Uh... sorry...

Awkward silence.

Both individuals then stand there, STARING at SHCHERBINA.

as they stare at SHCHERBINA, SHCHERBINA'S discomfort becomes
 more palpable.

INDIVIDUAL 1

I have been laid down in a pit of
darkness and the shadow of death.

INDIVIDUAL 2

For the days of my life have vanished
like smoke, and my bones are parched
like ash, and let all my impurities
be as fuel for that fire until
nothing remains but the light alone.

SHCHERBINA grows more confused, worried.

INDIVIDUAL 1

Thy will be done, Oh Light of Lights.
I bless the glory of thy greatness.

INDIVIDUAL 2

Therefore, just as sin came into the
world through one man-

SHCHERBINA THROWS his hands in the air, unsettled and
flustered, turning away.

SHCHERBINA

Oh the fuck!?

INDIVIDUAL 1

Would you fuck a pussy covered in
bees?

SHCHERBINA stumbles quickly down the hallway, towards the
exit.

INDIVIDUAL 2

(O.S.)

I pray do never turn away thy light.

As he tries to walk away a distorted scream PIERCES through,
coming from a closed door just a few feet away.

SHCHERBINA freezes, staring at the door.

He glances back at the individuals who seem oblivious to the
noise.

SHCHERBINA hesitant, goes to open the door.

As he opens the door, HARSH, static noise.

The door opens, SHCHERBINA looks inside to see the room
dimly lit.

SHCHERBINA sees another version of himself getting his cheek licked bottom to top by BIG BROTHER.

LONG, unnatural tongue.

Both BIG BROTHER and the other SHCHERBINA turn to stare at SHCHERBINA.

Their eyes locking onto him.

CUT TO:

65 **EXT. COLLEGE BUILDING - LATER (B&W)**

65

BELOV paces, distraught.

SHCHERBINA exits the building distraught as well.

Walking up to BELOV, SHCHERBINA holds a Christian religious flyer in his hand.

SHCHERBINA
Look at this, posted all over the
halls.

BELOV stops, taking the flyer, inspects it.

BELOV takes off his glasses.

He then hands the glasses of his face and the flyer to SHCHERBINA.

BELOV
Take these please.

SHCHERBINA takes the items.

BELOV (cont'd)
Thank you.

Quiet-

BELOV (cont'd)
FUCK!

SHCHERBINA TEARS the flyer in half, then quarters.

SHCHERBINA Hands the glasses back.

SHCHERBINA
...You shouldn't have done that.

BELOV
Do I need a ethics lesson from you?

SHCHERBINA
...Your ethics are questionable.

BELOV
I can't believe I punched that
fucking retard in there.

BELOV starts walking away from the building.

SHCHERBINA takes a moment, then follows BELOV.

CUT TO:

66 **EXT. DOWNTOWN BUS STOP - DAY (B&W)**

66

A bus pulls to a stop.

The doors fold open, and passengers begin to disembark.

Vague humanoid synthetic voices BELLOW and then repeats,
RHYTHMICALLY.

CUT TO:

67 **EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY (B&W)**

67

JONAH moves at a leisurely pace, absorbing the sights and
sounds of the barren industrial area.

Vague humanoid synthetic voices BELLOW and then repeats,
RHYTHMICALLY.

SHCHERBINA'S FATHER
(V.O.)
Your fate, with all of it's
associated hopes and fears, is a
natural human instinct.

CUT TO:

68 **EXT. MEADOW - DAY (COLOR)**

68

A wide expanse of wildflowers.

Vague humanoid synthetic voices BELLOW and then repeats,
RHYTHMICALLY.

The vibrant colors of the flowers.

Reds, yellows, purples, and blues against the grass and rolling hills.

The wind WHOOSHES gently and BUZZING of bees.

SHCHERBINA'S FATHER

(V.O.)

Which to remind you son, is in a way,
our true enemy. Instinct allows us to
think for ourselves at most, to stray
from a greater purpose.

CUT TO:

69 **EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - DAY (B&W)**

69

The carcass of a deer lies, half-hidden by the tall grass.

Vague humanoid synthetic voices BELLOW and then repeats,
RHYTHMICALLY.

In an advanced state of decay, flies buzz around the exposed
flesh.

The rib cage partially exposed.

BELOV, overlooking, his eyes unblinking as he STARES at the
carcass.

SHCHERBINA'S FATHER

(V.O.)

But inseparable from straying away is
it's dark consequence, sin. It's
unreasoning impulse's, like a
wildfire, rage uncontrollably.

CUT TO:

70 **EXT. ANTHILL - DAY (COLOR)**

70

On dirt and sand, tiny tunnels and entrances.

Red ants STREAM in and out.

Vague humanoid synthetic voices BELLOW and then repeats,
RHYTHMICALLY.

Lingering on the surface of the hill, capturing the
ceaseless movement of the ants.

SHCHERBINA'S FATHER
 And on the day of judgment for all
 us, find comfort in the fact we
 cannot master ourselves... as a
 individual or as a species.

CUT TO:

71 **EXT. DENSE TREE LINE - DAY (COLOR)**

71

The BLACK-CLOAKED FIGURE stands motionless beside the trees.

Vague humanoid synthetic voices BELLOW and then repeats,
 RHYTHMICALLY.

CUT TO:

72 **INT./EXT. CAR ON SIDE OF ROAD - DAY (B&W)**

72

BELOV and SHCHERBINA sit in their car, in quiet
 contemplation.

Outside the windows, endless fields.

BELOV
 How was it?

SHCHERBINA
 (looking out)
 What?

BELOV
 The letter?

SHCHERBINA turns his gaze towards BELOV.

BELOV (cont'd)
 ...Must not have gone well then.

SHCHERBINA
 ...Nice of you to assume.

BELOV smirks.

BELOV
 Some people would kill for a letter
 like that from their father.

A tense silence fills the car.

BELOV (cont'd)
Ok... What does your father do for
work?

SHCHERBINA
(sighs)
He's retired now. Spent most of his
life working as a lineman in Northern
Wyoming. Blue-collar work. He loved
it.

BELOV snickers, shaking his head.

BELOV
Is it really blue-collar if he likes
his job?

SHCHERBINA turns to face BELOV, his eyes cold.

CUT TO:

73 **EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - DAY (COLOR)**

73

The road stretches out, bordered by endless fields.

The distant silhouette of JONAH, walking slowly along the
side of the road.

The RIDER, stationary on his bike, Its engine off. The RIDER
watches from a distance.

CUT TO:

74 **EXT. BERLIN STREET - DAY (B&W)**

74

Berlin street is bustling.

The WAIL of European ambulance siren in the distance.

Walking along is PAUL MÜLLER (30s), A confident businessman.

He approaches a sleek, modern building. He enters.

CUT TO:

75 **INT. MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (B&W)**

75

The room is SLEEK with a large table in the center, the room
is silent.

PAUL sits at the head of the table, across from him is an GERMAN LAWYER (40s).

The GERMAN LAWYER places a thick file on the table.

He opens the folder, unfolding, and flipping through papers aggressively.

GERMAN LAWYER
(in german)
Your connections have not gone
unnoticed.

PAUL'S silent, the GERMAN LAWYER leans forward.

GERMAN LAWYER (cont'd)
(in german)
You need to prepare for the
unintended consequences.

PAUL
(in german)
Preparing? Believe me that is no use
here.

GERMAN LAWYER
(in german)
This is a complex situation.
(pause)
You are young, a lot ahead of you. Do
you want to die in prison?

PAUL
(in german)
...Certainly not.

The GERMAN LAWYER nods.

CUT TO:

76 **EXT. RANCH - DAY (B&W)**

76

The ranch is quiet as dust swirls around.

BELOV rummages through the trunk of his FBI-issued car.

He pulls out a bulletproof vest with "FBI" emblazoned in bold letters.

He heads to the front of the car, beginning to wrap the vest around himself, securing the straps.

BIG BROTHER from before approaches BELOV.

BIG BROTHER walks around BELOV, inspecting him, staring into his eyes.

BIG BROTHER then WHISPERS something into BELOV'S ear, something we cannot hear, then walking away.

BELOV turns to see SHCHERBINA, also wearing FBI bullet vest, reading a letter in his hands.

BELOV watches him for a moment.

CUT TO:

77 **EXT. RANCH - LATER (B&W)**

77

A thick fog rolls in, bringing with it a steady, misty rain.

BELOV stands with SHCHERBINA, growing puddles on the dirt path.

SHCHERBINA
My grandmother stole a painting in college.

BELOV turns to look at him, confused.

SHCHERBINA (cont'd)
She was in a political science class, and this was during late sixties so a lot of the men in the class were draft dodgers. The professors turned out to be a registered member of the communist party. Once my grandma found this out, she hated him. So last day of class she took that painting out of his room.

(pause)
This area reminds me of that painting.

BELOV
...Feels like a celestial setting.

SHCHERBINA turns to BELOV

SHCHERBINA
Do you believe?

BELOV
...No, never have, never will.
(pause)
People have been trying to tell me what to do my whole life.

(MORE)

BELOV (cont'd)
 What to do, what to say, what to
 think. No... no, I'm tired of it.
 (pause)
 I can't imagine it any other way.
 Once I am dead, I will rot, and
 nothing will be left of me. Pitch
 black for eternity.

SHCHERBINA stares at BELOV.

CUT TO:

78 **EXT. SMALL CHURCH - DAY (B&W)**

78

A lonely CHURCH stands at the edge of a near-deserted town.

The church itself is a humble structure.

The BLACK-CLOAKED FIGURE stands by it.

White, slightly peeling paint, and years of exposure to the
 elements.

In the distance, foothills, their outlines sharp against the
 sky.

Patches of vegetation where it clings to the slopes. A soft
 wind stirs.

Drone of cicadas rises and falls in a rhythmic sense.

Wind chimes twinkle softly.

Distant ranches with grass fields, horses stumbling about.

Their outlines barely visible against the rolling fields.

The sky vast and open, scattered clouds drift lazily.

CUT TO:

79 **EXT. ABANDONED MOTEL - DAY (B&W)**

79

Glaring light over the desolate landscape.

The BLACK-CLOAKED FIGURE stands by it.

The MOTEL sits in shambles at the edge of a parched town
 edge.

The motel is overrun by a chaotic tangle of weeds and tall, unkempt grass that has pushed through the cracks in the asphalt parking lot.

The landscape around the motel is barren and rugged, with scrubby, dry bushes and patches of sparse, sun-bleached vegetation struggling to survive in the arid soil.

The asphalt is faded and broken, littered with scattered debris.

A row of dilapidated doors lines the front of the motel.

Each door is a different shade of neglect, some hanging loosely on their hinges, others swollen shut from years of disuse.

The BLACK-CLOAKED FIGURE turns towards the expanse and heads out, leaving.

Beyond the motel, the landscape stretches out in a desolate expanse.

We LINGER on motel.

CUT TO:

80 **EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - DAY (B&W)**

80

The road stretches infinitely. Puddles dot the uneven asphalt, the wet ground glistening.

JONAH trudges along the cracked, wet asphalt.

In the distance, a faint rumble begins to grow.

In front of JONAH, the sound of an approaching car becomes more distinct.

Then a car, nondescript, speeds past JONAH.

For a brief moment, he catches a glimpse of TWO SILHOUETTES inside, both male.

Their faces obscured by the vehicle's speed.

JONAH pauses, watching the car disappear down the road, it's sound fading.

He remains still for a moment, then resumes his walk.

CUT TO:

81 **GRAY VOID**

81

Return to GRAY.

Distant eerie human voices emit again.

Spewing out, voices and whispers, robotic, with a crackling interference, fluctuate again.

Low and mournful, distorted and fragmented.

They speak, asking, but no one hears them.

Repeating fragmented phrases or isolated words over and over. The effect is both mechanical and mournful.

This time, accompanying the voices is a faint but persistent static hum.

This background noise fluctuates in intensity.

Sometimes crackling with bursts of white noise or distant electronic beeps and chirps.

Cutting through the ambient noise is a sharp, electronic precision.

High-pitched whine that ramps up in frequency and volume, akin to a siren winding up.

Followed by a rapid sequence of electronic tones and beeps.

The tones have a synthetic, cold quality.

like a corrupted transmission...

Linger.

FADE TO:

82 **EXT. SOLITARY ROAD, NORTHERN WYOMING - DAY (B&W)**

82

Returning in the canyon.

Eerie voices and whispers from the gray void dissipate.

Open in the stillness, the canyon walls rise high.

Scattered sagebrush and hardy cacti cling to the rocky soil, defying the harsh environment.

We ASCEND, leaving the canyon, rising above, puling back.

Bringing us back to the solitary road from before.

Asphalt cutting across the endless desert.

The road still appears deserted, stretching into the horizon.

We drift to the left, revealing TWO WHITE CROSSES by the roadside.

They stand stark and somber against the barren backdrop, paint chipped and weathered.

The crosses are adorned with simple, weather-beaten adornments.

A faded bouquet of artificial flowers, tattered ribbons fluttering in the wind.

We hold on the two white crosses for a seemingly eternal moment.

CUT TO:

83 **EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY (B&W)**

83

AZRIEL wanders among the headstones, visiting a Jesus Christ statue, STARING.

He then approaches a weathered grave, the one of his late father.

In the distance, flashes of lightning crackle, a low rumble of thunder. A approaching storm...

Footsteps crunch behind AZRIEL.

BENEFACTOR

(O.S.)

End of the line.

AZRIEL slowly turns to face the BENEFACTOR.

The BENEFACTOR walks until he stands beside AZRIEL at the grave.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)

A good deed in a weary world.

AZRIEL

...Nice to see you.

AZRIEL walks over and sits on a bench in the graveyard.

AZRIEL (cont'd)
(sitting)
Different stories with the same
ending?

The BENEFACTOR follows, sits as well.

BENEFACTOR
(credence)
Not always, stories are just stories.

AZRIEL turns to face the Benefactor fully.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)
Some believe the fate of our worlds
is inflexible. This included you and
your father.

The BENEFACTOR gestures towards the gravestone.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)
I disagree.

AZRIEL
Some perspectives are more dangerous
then others.

BENEFACTOR
...Let me ask you something.
(pause)
Does everything happen for a reason,
or are things merely left to chance?

Their gaze meet, unflinching, the BENEFACTOR chuckles.

AZRIEL
...I...I don't know.

BENEFACTOR
You shouldn't know.

AZRIEL looks back at the grave, the storm now almost
overhead.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)
And your german partner, caught
fleeing authorities in a free port in
Southern Ukraine. He will be
extradited back to berlin.

AZRIEL looks surprised as the information of PAUL is oddly
predictable.

AZRIEL

And now?

BENEFACTOR

(stands up)

Let me offer you a contingency...

The BENEFACTOR glances around.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)

(stepping back)

And in the meantime, this is the end
of the line for me and you.

The BENEFACTOR turns around away from AZRIEL, now facing the
warm sunlight, WALKING into it.

AZRIEL

(stands up)

It's over? Just like that?

The BENEFACTOR turns around, still walking.

BENEFACTOR

That second chance... not everyone
gets it.

The BENEFACTOR turns back around, walking into the distance,
consumed by the sunlight.

The sound of a helitanker flying overhead rises, AZRIEL
looks up at it, but not the BENEFACTOR.

AZRIEL takes a deep breath, the storm swirling above.

Rain begins to fall, soaking through.

AZRIEL turns and looks down a lonely path surrounded by
headstones.

He stares down the path.

CUT TO:

84 **EXT. FLAT PLAINS - DUSK (COLOR)**

84

Flat plains stretches out to the horizon.

BENEFACTOR

(V.O.)

You look afraid, don't be afraid...

CUT TO:

85 **EXT. POND WITH HORSES - DUSK (COLOR)** 85

In a narrow valley, its water glistening under the sunset.
Horses with their movements slow.

BENEFACTOR
(V.O.)
...This is a dream...

CUT TO:

86 **EXT. EMPTY VOID - DUSK (COLOR)** 86

An expanse of land so flat and barren it seems otherworldly.
The ground is cracked and dry.

BENEFACTOR
(V.O.)
...The last dream you may ever have,
for nightmares are coming...

CUT TO:

87 **EXT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE - DUSK (COLOR)** 87

An old farmhouse, its paint peeling and windows boarded up,
stands in the middle of an overgrown field.

The roof has partially collapsed.

Wind howls.

CUT TO:

88 **BLACK VOID** 88

Pitch black all around.

Suddenly, from the darkness the BENEFACTOR appears.

REVEALING himself.

BENEFACTOR
I wouldn't want to wake up either,
but unfortunately, you must-

FADE TO WHITE:

89 **WHITE VOID**

89

The symphony of MECHANICAL WHIRRING, INDUSTRIAL DRONES, and LEVERS BEING PULLED rises.

Sounds LINGER.

CUT TO:

90 **INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY (COLOR)**

90

We return to the meeting room, sleek and modern.

PAUL sits at the head of the table, across from him is an GERMAN LAWYER.

We fall into the middle of their conversation that we have seen before.

GERMAN LAWYER

(in german)

You need to prepare for the unintended consequences.

PAUL

(in german)

Preparing? Believe me that is no use here.

GERMAN LAWYER

(in german)

This is a complex situation.

(pause)

You are young, You have a lot ahead. Do you want to die in prison?

PAUL hesitates.

PAUL

(in german)

...Certainly not.

GERMAN LAWYER

(in german)

You knew, yet you did nothing. A dark energy factor.

The LAWYER shakes head, stern.

GERMAN LAWYER (cont'd)

(in german)

...Something secret steers us.

Panning, to the side line of the room, UNVEILS the ACCOUNTANT, sitting there, listening.

HIDDEN CONNECTIONS...

CUT TO:

91 **EXT. RANCH - DAY (B&W)**

91

Dark clouds loom overhead, a CHAOTIC mix of rain, wind, and fog.

Dirt and debris swirl in small storms, desolate.

FBI agents BELOV and SHCHERBINA walk away from the ranch house.

CUT TO:

92 **EXT. FLAT PLAINS - CONTINUOUS (B&W)**

92

BELOV trudges through the flat plains, coat flapping violently in the wind.

Rain pelts down, with the wind kicking up walls of dirt, creating small storms that momentarily obscure his vision.

CUT TO:

93 **EXT. MARSH - CONTINUOUS (B&W)**

93

BELOV and SHCHERBINA carefully navigates the marsh, making the water sink their feet in deep.

Dust devils dance around.

CUT TO:

94 **INT/EXT. ABANDONED FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS (B&W)**

94

SHCHERBINA approaches an abandoned farmhouse, charred and crumbling.

He steps inside cautiously. Dust and debris swirl in the drafts.

He moves methodically, searching, but finds nothing.

CUT TO:

95 **EXT. RIVERBANK - CONTINUOUS (B&W)**

95

BELOV walks along the riverbank.

As he descends closer to the river he spots a FISHERMAN, feet and calves submerged in the water.

Fishing despite the weather, the man continues to his fishing.

BELOV stands there for a moment, observing the FISHERMAN. He then turns, making his way back up the hill.

CUT TO:

96 **EXT. HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS (B&W)**

96

The storm now stopped, BELOV and SHCHERBINA converge at the top of the hill, leading back to the start of Kithmann's ranch.

SHCHERBINA
Anything?

BELOV
Nothing, could have looked better.

SHCHERBINA starts to walk away, then turns around to BELOV.

SHCHERBINA
Go fuck yourself.

BELOV
...Beg your pardon?

SHCHERBINA
I'm so sick of the way you talk.

BELOV
(turning)
What the fuck are you talking about?

BELOV looks away, walking away.

SHCHERBINA
When the bell rings?-

BELOV
Please shut the fuck up.

BELOV turns back around and walks back towards SHCHERBINA.

SHCHERBINA picks up his coat off of a truck that is parked near the garage house of Kithmann's ranch.

SHCHERBINA
Who will answer?!

SHCHERBINA walks away, laughing.

SHCHERBINA (cont'd)
Don't talk to me about dictates of
conscience.

SHCHERBINA KICKS a sheet of glass next to the truck, knocking tons of things over, creating a ruckus of sounds.

SHCHERBINA (cont'd)
(looking back)
Something secret steers us.

BELOV stares in disbelief, yet contemplation.

CUT TO:

97 **INT. DINNING ROOM - DAY (COLOR)**

97

Returning back to this moment in time, BELOV and SHCHERBINA interviewing the ACCOUNTANT.

ACCOUNTANT
Our mutual friend...
(pause)
He believed the world was made for
us, that blinded him... and us. It
was a dark energy factor, caused
entanglement.
(pause)
Something secret steers us...

CUT TO:

98 **EXT. HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS (B&W)**

98

BELOV then looks at the mess SHCHERBINA created next to the truck.

A glass sheet, with one major hole in it.

One large impact area, lines of crack spewing from the one impact in the glass sheet.

The hole itself is small, almost unremarkable, but it is the epicenter of a chaotic web.

Lines radiate from the impact point in a COMPLEX, almost delicate pattern.

CUT TO:

99 **EXT. SECLUDED AREA - DAY (COLOR)**

99

The motorbike WEAVES through a dense secluded area. The motorbike stops at a small clearing.

The RIDER dismounts, surveying the area.

CUT TO:

100 **EXT. SECLUDED AREA - LATER (COLOR)**

100

The RIDER squatting in front of a makeshift fire pit, small fire crackles softly.

Reaching into his jacket, the RIDER pulls out a yellow padded envelope.

He opens it and extracts a bundle of papers. He flips through the papers, inspecting them.

After a moment, he feeds the papers into the fire.

FLAMES reflecting in his visor.

CUT TO:

101 **EXT. OPEN FIELD, RODEO - DAY (B&W - COLOR)**

101

The rodeo bustling next to a open field, freshly soaked from a recent downpour.

The distant rumble of thunder.

A MASSIVE AMERICAN FLAG waves majestically on a towering flagpole.

The screen fades from black and white to color revealing the flag being vibrant and bold, dancing in the gentle breeze.

SHCHERBINA'S FATHER

(V.O.)

And nothing will soothe your spirit
more in times of pain.

In the background, the distant sounds of the rodeo can be heard, the faint cheering of the crowd, hollers of cowboys, and the crackling voice of an announcer over an intercom.

SHCHERBINA'S FATHER (cont'd)

(V.O.)

Nothing will open the heavens more.

The RED from the American flag starts to spread and fade in.

Slowly, the red fills the entire screen, consuming every corner, becoming more intense.

FADE TO:

102 **RED VOID**

102

The screen is now a solid, bright red, exact shade from the American flag.

It pulses subtly, if it's BREATHING.

SHCHERBINA'S FATHER

(V.O.)

Nothing will... Nothing.

The distant sounds of the rodeo continue-

Suddenly all sound stops.

SYNTHETIC HUMANOID VOICE

Biological... diegesis... cessation.

Vague humanoid synthetic voices BELLOW and then repeats, RHYTHMICALLY.

SHCHERBINA'S FATHER

(V.O.)

Love, your father...

(pause)

Oh Light of Lights, I bless the glory
of thy greatness through the
darkness. I pray do never turn away
thy light.

The symphony of YELLING, SCREAMING, MOANING, and the overall sounds of SUFFERING enters.

The soundscape lingers for a uncomfortable amount of time until abruptly ending-

CUT TO:

103 **EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY (COLOR)**

103

The sun shines brightly, illuminating the graveyard.

Droplets of water from a recent rainstorm glisten on the gravestones.

The BENEFACTOR, walks with measured steps, deliberate and calm.

AZRIEL stands alone by a particular grave.

His back is to the BENEFACTOR, the BENEFACTOR approaches him.

SUPER: "4. Omega Station"

AZRIEL hears the footsteps and turns around, meeting the BENEFACTOR's gaze.

BENEFACTOR
Welcome to Omega Station.

AZRIEL nods.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)
A good deed in a weary world.

AZRIEL's expression softens, a hint of a smile.

AZRIEL
...Nice to see you.

CUT TO:

104 **EXT. GRAVEYARD - LATER (COLOR)**

104

AZRIEL and the BENEFACTOR sit together in the graveyard.

BENEFACTOR
Rather than offer you the illusion of free choice, I will take the liberty of choosing for you.

AZRIEL
...And now?

The BENEFACTOR notices a BLACK, MINIMALIST TIMEPIECE on the wrist of AZRIEL.

A detail he notices and REMEMBERS.

The BENEFACTOR stands up.

BENEFACTOR

Let me offer you a contingency...

(pause)

This is causality, a process of cause and effect, consequences and growth, the present.

The BENEFACTOR glances around.

BENEFACTOR (cont'd)

(stepping back)

And for me, omega station is where I get off.

The BENEFACTOR turns around, facing the warm sunlight.

The BENEFACTOR walking then stops, expecting a call out from AZRIEL, yet he hears nothing.

The BENEFACTOR turns around to look at AZRIEL but sees no one.

The bench they sat at empty, like no one was there to begin with.

SUPER: "4. Finite Gain (U4+)"

The BENEFACTOR looks in confusion, glancing around.

The sound of a helitanker flying overhead rises, the BENEFACTOR looks up at it, but not AZRIEL.

He then turns back around, walking into the warm sunlight, CONSUMING him.

CUT TO:

105 INT. CAR - DAY (COLOR)

105

BELOV and SHCHERBINA driving down a lone country road, surrounded by rural open area, silent.

Suddenly, a figure appears on the side of the road. A man trudging, heading straight.

The car zooms past him, giving neither agent enough time to make out more than a fleeting detail.

A BANDAGE ACROSS THE NOSE...

Both agents glance at each other, then attent back to the road, the figure now far behind them.

CUT TO:

106 INT. COLLEAGUE'S OFFICE - DAY (COLOR)

106

The office of the COLLEAGUE is quiet.

The walls are adorned with academic certificates and photos.

As the COLLEAGUE writes, the door creaks open softly.

A STUDENT (20s), peeks in hesitantly.

COLLEAGUE staring at STUDENT 2.

STUDENT 2 steps in, closing the door behind him.

He stands near the desk, a little awkward.

STUDENT 2

I just wanted to stop by and let you know I'm leaving for my mission soon.

COLLEAGUE

Oh yes, I heard that was coming up.

STUDENT 2

To Belarus.

STUDENT 2 reaches into his pocket and pulls out his LDS name tag.

He hands it to the COLLEAGUE.

The COLLEAGUE takes the name tag, inspecting it closely.

COLLEAGUE

Belarus? wow.

STUDENT 2

Two years...

He turns it over in his hand, noting the cyrillic script.

COLLEAGUE

(to self)

Time...

(pause, looks up)

Recent conflicts of interest, travel advisories?

STUDENT 2

Probably not a problem.

COLLEAGUE

Hm...

STUDENT 2

I know what will steer us... Our mutual friend.

(pause)

Anyway, I just wanted to let you know that was coming up. I really enjoyed your class, thanks for everything.

COLLEAGUE's expression remains stoic, handing the name tag back.

COLLEAGUE

Thank you... kind words.

STUDENT 2 takes the name tag.

COLLEAGUE (cont'd)

Good luck.

STUDENT 2 nods, his smile widening. He turns and heads out the door.

The COLLEAGUE sits there, blinking, smile fading.

A subtle change in his demeanor.

He is the same as he was before, yet undeniably DIFFERENT.

CUT TO:

107 **INT. COLLEGE HALLWAY - DAY (COLOR)**

107

The hallway is deserted, dimly lit, stretching endlessly.

At the far end of the hallway, the COLLEAGUE.

The COLLEAGUE STRIKES his head against the wall.

Sickening thuds echo.

The COLLEAGUE keeps striking his head, robotically.

Ambient hum grows...

CUT TO:

108 **EXT. RANCH - DAY (COLOR)**

108

A gravel path leads up to the ranch.

JONAH walks up the path, slowly moving.

CUT TO:

109 **EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY (COLOR)**

109

JONAH arrives at the riverside, realizing AZRIEL is not here.

He walks closer to the water, his footsteps slow and heavy. He gazes into the river.

Suddenly, he looks to see a FISHERMAN standing knee-deep in the river, casting his line, unaware of JONAH's presence.

JONAH reaches into his pocket and pulls out a crumpled flyer.

The flyer for the Christian meetings at the college.

He TEARS the flyer into pieces and lets them fall.

The fragments catch the wind and scatter, fluttering away.

SUPER: "3. Finite Loss (U3-)"

JONAH standing in the open, turns, DISAPPEARING into the distance.

CUT TO:

110 **EXT. RIVERSIDE - LATER (COLOR)**

110

Shot of the riverside, the BLACK-CLOAKED FIGURE stands near riverside.

The figure is still, almost statuesque, lingering as the wind gusts through.

CUT TO:

111 **INT. OFFICE SPACE - NIGHT (COLOR)**

111

Dimly lit, BELOV sits at a cluttered lone desk. BELOV takes a bite of a half-eaten apple strudel.

BELOV now on the phone, standing, staring out window.

BELOV

(on phone)

I don't know, something about dictates of conscience, whatever that means.

(listens)

And for Kithmann, more possibilities now I guess. Kithmann raised money by selling stock to private investors. Started stealing by invoicing his own company for consulting work from a fictitious company, even when the grand jury was being collected in Cheyenne.

The dialogue from the phone, unintelligible to us.

BELOV (cont'd)

(on phone)

I've sent the files that I've finished, should hear from the district attorney soon. Now it could be fugitive status, extradition, suicide, unknown benefactors?

BELOV listens intently, occasionally nodding.

BELOV (cont'd)

(on phone)

No no it's not any better here. East of buffalo, they've failed to factor in dark energy possibilities. They can try to fill the void, but you just can't. If they knew the entanglement they would get themselves into.

(shakes head)

They think the world was made for them, their blinded...

BELOV, now sitting, hunched over, bucket in lap, VIOLENTLY VOMITING. He moans a pained sound, and mutters to himself.

BELOV (cont'd)

(to self)

What the fuck...

He wipes his mouth, his face pale and clammy.

CUT TO:

112 INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - LATER (COLOR)

112

BELOV shambles down a dark hallway, leaving for the night, the only light comes from a distant.

He slows down, his steps becoming TENTATIVE.

He stops, turning around to look down the hallway behind him.

SUPER: "2. Infinite Loss, Damnation (U2 ∞)"

Cut to, the dark void of hallway, like an ABYSS.

The symphony of YELLING, SCREAMING, MOANING, and the overall sounds of SUFFERING rise from the darkness.

Back to BELOV, the hallway is completely silent.

Ambient hum persists, as he stares into the void.

Back to the void, the sounds of suffering grow louder, more intense.

Screaming now in the forefront.

Multiple screams, layering over itself with multiple voices of different pitches.

Back to BELOV, face is bathed in sweat, breath shallow, silence deafening.

Back to void, The symphony of suffering crescendos, screams reaching a fever pitch.

The screams contort into a chaotic symphony, the sound quality distorts, cracking with intensity.

The sounds are relentless.

Background sound, crescendoing chorals, female and male, eerie harmony. Both beautiful and horrifying.

Back to BELOV, continuing to stare into the void.

BELOV tears his gaze, looking down.

All sounds soften.

The sound of a level pulling ERUPTS, MECHANICAL ambience follows.

BELOV then LOOKS up, then-

CUT TO:

113 **EXT. SOLITARY ROAD, NORTHERN WYOMING - DAY (B&W)** 113

We return to the canyon.

The landscape plunges still as cracked earth winds through the valley floor.

Eerie voices, whispers, and moans grow as the MECHANICAL ambience lingers, growing as well.

Disoriented, we turn quickly from the canyon to face the solitary road and the two white crosses.

Barren backdrop, paint chipped and weathered on crosses.

Then the symphony of YELLING, SCREAMING, MOANING, and the overall sounds of SUFFERING ERUPT as we-

FADE TO WHITE:

114 **WHITE VOID** 114

BELOV RUNS through the white void.

YELLING, SCREAMING, MOANING, and now LAUHGING, GROWING as he runs.

Screams pierce, keeping up in distorted presences, at forefront.

He keeps running through the white.

He then slows, stopping, looking around.

ACCEPTING FATE...

Soundscape grows, lingering. White consumes BELOV.

FADE TO:

115 **INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - NIGHT (COLOR)** 115

Returning back.

BELOV still stands in hallway.

Now back to staring into the void again.

The screams peak in distortion, becoming unbearable.

The sounds of suffering now with him, filling the hallway.
The darkness CONSUMES, pulling him in.

CUT TO BLACK:

116 **EXT. CREEK - DAY (COLOR)**

116

The creek flows of a pristine, vibrant spring surrounded by lush vegetation.

Narrow, winding creek with almost clear water that sparkles under sunlight.

The water meanders through a verdant landscape, creating small, gentle cascades over moss-covered rocks.

We cut through multiple shots of the creek, showing it from different areas. Some near grass, others near dirt road and inner town areas.

The creek flows.

117 **EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY (COLOR)**

117

POPPING, AZRIEL's eyes open.

Rising slowly again in the vast open field.

Disoriented, he looks around.

CUT TO:

118 **EXT. RIVERSIDE - CONTINUOUS (COLOR)**

118

AZRIEL shambles to the riverside, stopping at the water's edge, staring into the flowing river.

Sitting down, AZRIEL notices a FISHERMAN standing knee-deep in the water, casting his line, oblivious to AZRIEL.

In the background, a BLURRED FIGURE emerges from the field walking towards AZRIEL.

The figure gradually comes into focus, REVEALING JONAH.

JONAH's steps are deliberate, an expression of curiosity.

JONAH right behind AZRIEL, greets him.

JONAH

Hello...

AZRIEL turns, flickering of recognition and surprise.

AZRIEL

Hi...

JONAH looks up for a moment, then moves to sit beside AZRIEL. Companionable silence.

CUT TO:

119 **EXT. RIVERSIDE - LATER (COLOR)**

119

AZRIEL and JONAH both in conversation.

AZRIEL

So you just left? When you go back, transgress from the college?

JONAH

(shakes head)

Probably not a problem.

AZRIEL

(surprised)

Probably not a problem?

(sarcastic)

Should put money on that.

JONAH

...When I look back, especially with me and you, the memories just linger.

AZRIEL

All the good we did, all the bad we did, and we still ended up here.

JONAH nods, looks towards river.

JONAH

And especially with dad, being here, they all just come flooding back. And looking back with him, the thoughts and the choices I made, just stick with me.

AZRIEL

It's a uncomfortable feeling, isn't it?

(pause)

Is or will be now?

JONAH stares.

JONAH
I've been thinking the past few days.

AZRIEL clasp hands.

JONAH (cont'd)
I think about the last few times I saw dad. We were teenagers you know? Upset, juvenile, out of focus all the time, didn't care about the present.

JONAH chokes up.

JONAH (cont'd)
So many times I treated our father poorly, I'd like to think when he was gone on tour or even after his death I missed him every waking second, but the truth is-

AZRIEL
So many times, we didn't notice our father. As a child I never fully understood the sacrifices my father had to make for his family. Till this day I still don't really understand.

JONAH
...Even when he was alive, and even after he was gone, I barley noticed he left.

AZRIEL
For a long time I focused on our father's shortcomings, now that time has passed I can look back and realize he was just a person. A person with feelings and emotions, doing the best anyone could.

SUPER: "1. Infinite Gain, Paradise (U1[∞])"

They sit in silence for a moment.

AZRIEL (cont'd)
I wish I could tell you I was the great person you made me out to be when I was younger, but the truth is, I wasn't.

JONAH reaches into his pocket and pulls out a folded Christian religious flyer.

He hands it to AZRIEL, who takes it, unfolds the flyer, and inspects it.

JONAH

I remember seeing posters like that all time when I was kid, after church.

While holding it, AZRIEL looks up for the FISHERMAN, but the river flows undisturbed.

No trace of the FISHERMAN, like no one was there to begin with.

AZRIEL folds up the flyer, slipping it into his pocket.

AZRIEL reaches into his other pocket and pulls out the business card that the BENEFACTOR had given to him.

AZRIEL inspects the card, the card reads again on the front:

"Vicarious Reality"

AZRIEL flips the card to the back.

Now the back text on the card has CHANGED, now the back reads:

"Oh Light of Lights, I bless the glory of thy greatness through the darkness.

I pray do never turn away thy light."

He STARES at it and it's text.

JONAH (cont'd)

Through out my life after college, it was very common for me to take trips here.

AZRIEL LOOKS up, shifting his attention back to JONAH.

JONAH (cont'd)

I would sit here with you, and we would conversate about life and dad.

(pause)

What was different about this time, was that I didn't wake up afterwards.

Both turn to glance at EACH OTHER...

Silent, only the distant sound of BIRDS CHIRPING, FLOWING WATER, GUSTING WIND, and WIND CHIMES are heard, then abruptly-

CUT TO BLACK:

120 **END CREDITS**

120

Lingering, BIRDS CHIRPING, FLOWING WATER, GUSTING WIND, and WIND CHIMES establish, transmogrifying into alarming distorted synthesizers with female and male chorals, ascending and descending. A undertone of TUVAN THROAT SINGING.

Slowly, the symphony of YELLING, SCREAMING, MOANING, and the overall sounds of SUFFERING crescendos, then abruptly ending.

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