

LONG LEGS:
B PLUS A

Scribbled by

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Trailer

EXT. FOOTBALL PITCH - MOBILE GAME - NIGHT

Tones and Hues of pixellated gameplay, 32-bit, then modern computer animation. Realistic and photorealistic football pitch, women's national and international team players in a competitive match. Two boys argue over who is going to win.

ROBERTO

I'm going to creeee-eam you

LORENZO

Forget it, Rob. You're going down

The two press buttons, squirm in their seats, then stand, but we cannot yet see anything but the gameplay.

ROBERTO

(cheering himself on)

(grunting)

Ha! Unh

Lorenzo crushes a few buttons, then brags

LORENZO

See, we got Tran -- Black Block
bound to stop the rock

Crowd CHEERING noises... the POV steps back a bit, and we see the edges of a phone's screen. There is a shadow cast over them as they play. Pulling back more, we can see the shoulders of the young players, the shadow on both of their screens (on which they are intently focused, as of now.)

BB

(v/o)

Boot it to the left forward, she's
open

A ball drops in front of the two boys, rolling from their feet towards a live football field, crowd CHANTING

EXT. VIDEO STUDIO - EDITING ROOM - DAY

BB and a fellow player, REAH, criticize the game and its trailer (and, by extension, themselves.)

BB

This is terrible.

REAH

Th-- It's fine. Good, really.

BB

They want this on the air?

NOTE:

One of the central characters in this story is a football star who has stopped playing in order to work on a sci-fi reality show: although no known technology exists to remove pollutants through juggling a football, one must expect such events to occur in the future. The story consists of scenes from this show edited together with shots from her life and the parallel life of HAIWA, a trash analysis robot. The football/soccer pollution removal sequences are a vehicle for animation and imagination, wherein the football is kicked and juggled and metals, toxins, and carcinogens are removed and transported elsewhere after being molded into organic shapes and forms recognizable and uncanny. The trash analysis robot arranges, catalogs and prepares the waste for later disposal, monitored by a team from a firm called the Bureau for Sanitation and Sustainability.

EXT. BORDERLAND WILDERNESS REFUGE -- DUSK

AN AUTONOUOMON / AUTOMATON'S POV.

Float / step / hover forward.

The robot, HAIWA, walks along a thin path. Several piles of plastic are gathered. Aluminum cans are scanned, allowing the readout to determine the producer/distributor/vendor responsible. The HAIWA interaction appendages (hands/fingers/actuators) pick up a 2,000 colones note. It is determined to be genuine. It is returned to an area about .2m from the ground, nudged into and crammed between feathery grass stalks at the lower layers of a shrub.

HAIWA continues, seeing a shredded handball jersey, possibly noxious 'invasive' plants, and a plastic bag which once contained water. Plastic stirrer straws, fair condition winch, hexnut...

The dingy growth and dirt inside is inspected for life.

INT. BB'S QUARTERS -- DAY

Black Block, [BB, DIANA TRAN], watches the stereo frequencies cycle up towards the edge of the FM band, through the AM band, along the shortwave band, back to FM

WHITE NOISE

Note: Including some aleatoric elements, regional input from wherever the production takes place, possible for this scene.

While scanning the dial, we see BB pick up and flip through an architectural magazine. She puts this down and makes notes for a children's toy, a set of human organs and health tools/devices, to be sculpted from bamboo. She picks up the magazine again.

She is attracted to images of couches, although she is seated on the floor. After this experience passes, she turns the pages to a fountain, a backyard waterfall, and photographs of bolts of colorful fabric. The smells of paper and ink are rich.

She holds the magazines and a book up, putting her nose in the gutter, between the pages. She lights a candle. She places the matchbox on a stack of reading materials.

INT. BB'S QUARTERS -- CLOSET -- DAY

BB flits through her closet, looking for the correct outfit. She doesn't wear her old BlockRockers jersey, although the sleeve and side of one of these sets, black and purple and green, are visible. She sees a few basketball tops and football 'playeras' from the greats: Kobe, Johnson, Otani, Ronaldo, Hamm, Hinks, Mirjbad,

Panikov, Pele, Dieke, Sauerbrunn, Brondello, Winnie
Martin Tait..

These she lets go, instead opting for a sundress.

The dress features hyacinth flowers and has some length,
the fabric a little give. It is not too provocative for
Central American streets, for city life, but there isn't
much fabric (which could stifle her kicks, her footwork.)
She selects Spanish sneakers from her rack.

The camera remains on her mirror and a window behind,
blinds closed. When she returns to see how it fits, she
snaps a pic and sends it to JEANNE, the wardrobe chief.
Motion is visible through the window, leaks in the loosely
closed blinds revealing a landscape of hills and pine
forests, a number of architectural marvels, in slivers.

EXT. EXURBS -- DAY

MONTAGE OF COLLECTED RUBBISH

The categorization and symbology on the packaging and
outside of many materials is shown in quick succession.

IMAGE. DEPOSIT.
IMAGE. NO DEPOSIT.
IMAGE. RECYCLE TRIANGLE.
IMAGE. RECYCLE RECTANGLE.
IMAGE. COMPOSITE MATERIAL.
IMAGE. NO PBAS.
IMAGE. PLEASE CONTACT YOUR LOCAL/METROPOLITAN DISPOSAL
FACILITY FOR REMOVAL.
IMAGE. COMPOST-SAFE
IMAGE. BIODEGRADABLE.
IMAGE. POSSIBLE SIDE EFFECTS AND WASTE INSTRUCTIONS
AVAILABLE ONLYNE.
IMAGE. NUMBER 2 PLASTIC.
IMAGE. NUMBER 4
IMAGE. NUMBER 6 PLASTIC
IMAGE. NUMBER 7 STYROFOAM.
IMAGE. LEAD ACID BATTERY
IMAGE. PLEASE LEAVE IN MAILBOX IF FOUND

EXT. WETLANDS PERIPHERY -- DAY

BB extracts heavy metals from the area near a school on
Tallamore Ave. She is not wearing a medal, no heavyweight
belt, and she is not as famous as many other stars, given
the lack of entourage and the brusque way some of the
members of the production refer to her or request her
help. An itch of something crosses her face, though, in
motion, she does not appear to use force.

EXT. WETLANDS PERIPHERY -- SIDESSET -- DAY

Taking time between takes for the show, she reads a newspaper. Dots of newspaper ink CLOSE

TITLE: PILKINGTON YOUTH WINS ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP.
HONORED BY RUEDAS CLUB

Pause a beat on BB's eyes. She is looking at the details of the picture. Clouds and a lighting set-up behind her head. Again

CLOSE ON dots, a CMYK press
CLOSE ON news photograph.

EXT. WETLANDS PERIPHERY -- DAY

BB moves a hunk of metal by dancing and kicking, controlling a drone-like/UFO-esque football and attractant. Her body moves without pause, elimination of hesitation and self-assured fluidity creating a dance and rhythm. Boots and ball, metal gobs and reflected set lights flow as mercury or solder. This molten form is molded into a trophy shape, then, the ears of a horse, above the nose and mane (saddle upside-down, floating above the form.) It then re-forms into four mountain peaks. The next metamorphosis creates an open book.

This metal and composite material is released into the control of the effects/management teams on hand. They are elsewhere on set, but the cables leading to and from the B/C teams are visible.

The flux shatters, all the toxins are released. Pollution, collected and molded, transforms into millions of sculptural beings (beetles, worms, a lizard, flying squirrels, fish, a dolphin...)

EXT. OUTDOOR BBQ RESTAURANT -- PARKING LOT -- DAY

HAIWA is still. A delay. Processing loop.
A RACCOON, concealed within several layers of cardboard and fallen pine branches, watches.

RACCOON
(subtitles)
Forget it. He's just going to the
bathroom.

HAIWA engages the raccoon to learn more about his/her line of reasoning. Camera shifts, and a man is seen walking into a washroom, a door closing, a sign reading "CABALLEROS." A few discarded drinking vessels, napkins have blown from the table's surface.

On a table nearby, a half-eaten plate of french fries, beans, rice, plantains. On the ground near the picnic

table bench, a glass bottle with half of a drink remaining.

MEDIUM on HAIWA and bandit-faced forest dweller.

HAIWA
How do you know?

RACCOON
(subtitles)
Look at the way his phone is laying there. He's coming back.

HAIWA
Thanks

RACCOON
(subtitles)
No place to put a phone in there, most likely

HAIWA
Take care

RACCOON
(subtitles)
You, too, toaster

HAIWA zips on, motoring ahead in a search for more cans, bottles, batteries, chip/crisp wrappers, and birdsongs.

INT. BB'S QUARTERS -- DAY

BB is talking with PATRICIA, her friend and confidante. A game of go.

PATRICIA
I do not know if they're using you. How can we measure that? Really, what are we using to determine that it that altruistic

BB nods. Her friend uses her hands, but has stopped speaking. Then, with some push from within:

PATRICIA
(struggling)
It se- It is a clip, the clip you showed me, we're cleaning up

BB
We?

PATRICIA
Ok, you and Franz are cleaning up

BB

To pick it apart, who is the beneficiary, besides me, clearly, I have some self-interest

PATRICIA

(listing off examples)

Yes, self-promotion, your pay, you want to improve the environment, as for Cicero

Pearl Bailey on the phonograph in BB's room, crescendo, "Love is Here to Stay" MUSIC

EXT. SUBURBAN ROADSIDE -- DAY

SHERIFF LINDTHERDER, a 30-something law officer who is patrolling the same area as waste auditor, HAIWA. He sees the robot and begins to shoot the wind, BS for a while.

SHERIFF

Greetings. Top of the morning. Please, offer your report on the vicinity.

HAIWA

Hello Sheriff Lintkerdell

SHERIFF

Lindtherder

HAIWA

Lintherder, how are you, sir?

SHERIFF

Things are going fine. And, how are you, toastmasta?

HAIWA

You know, just doin' my L-A-P's.

The officer's phone VIBRATES.

SHERIFF

Tell me about it. Beatin' the pavement, dirtyin' another change of socks.

HAIWA's glance turns, both naive and pointed, in redirection of her optical sensors. The sheriff drives a sporty-looking police cruiser.

HAIWA

Recent report transmitted.
Commencing audible

HAIWA

(playing two words,
a possible glitch)
Verbal

Law officer Lindtherder's eyebrows swivel up.

HAIWA

(continuing without pause)

Summary: several items of consumer litter encountered, including beer cans, a milk carton, twelve discarded cigarette packages, and a half-eaten bag of Saltados.

SHERIFF

(looking at phone)

You... MMM... You hold on to any of those for me? My lunch could do with a bit more savory crunchies.

HAIWA

Joke detection. Thanks, SHERIFF, no items of value accumulated. Adding pins at LAP visualization points if interest is genuine. Industrial spectrum remains low, save for a presence of chromium at the intersection, travelling NNE at highway 32 and Supersonic Boulevard.

INT. BB'S QUARTERS -- DAY -- DAWN

BB plays with a video game controller. Camera shows the screen. An athletic game/sports title. Wheelchair basketball Pan-Am. BB does a spin move, then dishes a three.

ANNOUNCER

(v/o)

Sinks it from uptown

ROARS

INT. BB'S FAMILY HOME -- DAY

In a scene muted after the brash video game CHEERS, BB joins her family, MOM and DAD an elderly Vietnamese-German couple, COUSINS, SIBLING, and FAMILY FRIENDS. A few NEIGHBORS arrive with flowers and a box of sweets.

NOTE: Allow the actor playing BB select the sacred materials she believes is appropriate for this and later scenes. Create a production environment where the learning, sharing, and rediscovery of cultural/traditional phenomena is possible.

IMAGE. NEIGHBORS STAND.

IMAGE. FRUITS LEFT ON A MARBLE ISLAND.

IMAGE. GROUP CHANTS BEFORE SHRINE.

IMAGE. DANCE GROUP PRACTICES IN BACK, OTHER FAMILY FRIENDS ARRANGING CLOTHING AND JEWELRY.

MUTE CONTINUES

People arrange themselves in a large but crowded room, on stools, on the floor, large and small and soft, luxurious furniture and at a table's wooden chairs. BB's aunt, NOCERNE, serves.

IMAGE. FOLKS DRESSED IN FINERY, SITTING ON COUCHES, ON BEDS.

IMAGE. PEOPLE DISCUSSING ZYX.

IMAGE. EXAMINATION OF PHOTOS, PRINTED, DEVELOPED ALBUMS AND ON TELEPHONES.

IMAGE. GIFTS ARE EXCHANGED.

A few of the group dance. Silence CAVES IN and BB joins, playing music, chanting, dancing, adjusting in the mirror.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER -- DAY

BB appears distant, distracted. Tension distorts her face. She watches wrapping and packaging from gifts put aside and gathered into trash bags. BB is eyeing her mother and father, her face flickering between the expressions of her parents and intimacy, estrangement. Contrasting faces, too, emerge, where she appears an outsider, or to don a mask far different from those her parents and family members wear.

BB negotiates a departure, tearful, from her parents.

EXT. HAIWA WASTE AUDITOR AREA -- LAMBETH -- DAY

HAIWA travels along the highway, then down a gravel road, picking up, putting down, and documenting rubbish. INSECT noise, "chickachiggachickachigga" and BIRDCALLS, "wheww".

A few examples of waste analysis, (plastic bottles, straws, smoking or tobacco waste, a styrofoam packaging bolster) items catalogued, sorted, arranged for disposal, and then HAIWA improvises a lick of a WIZARD OF OZ number, singing to herself.

HAIWA

*We're off to the see the bilge
pump, plentiful sludge of cause*

Some essence of the personalities on which she was based lifts her, this is a bored person, a playing figure, a kidder and a goof.

HAIWA

because because we waaaas

As close as one could be with the circuits and sensors available. A shift to the SOUND OF MUSIC number, as more garbage rolls around in the wind.

HAIWA
 (clutter noises as
 percussion)
*The hills are alive with the sound
 of food-drink*

Another waste bot, a marine UNIT, sluicing through a nearby creek, high-five as the upbeat tone of the work hooks both.

HAIWA
 How we living?

WATERBOT
 Illin'

EXT. BB'S CLEANLINESS SITE -- DAY

BB continues extracting poisons and heavy metals from the wetlands near a school on Tallemore Ave. BB is doing a cleanup very similar to a few days ago, and she steps aside to mention this to FRANZ, the Assistant Director (AD.)

BB
 (taking off headphones/
 earbuds)
 What is going on, do we need to
 re-shoot?

FRANZ
 I know. It... there are still many
 things we weren't able to gather.
 The algorithms brought us back, but
 that was even before we found out
 this was recently the site of
 another dump.

BB shakes her head.

FRANZ
 Some... more toxins, organics were
 released here, yesterday or two days
 ago.

BB looks down along the length of the street, at the school. Apart from the crew, no other people are visible. The gaffer crew carries around metal stands.

CREW MEMBER
 (warning)
 C Stand flying

EXT. ABANDONED LOT -- DAY

CHILDREN kick a ragball, something about the size of a grapefruit, across the rocky field. After a few first

kicks, the young people (RAMCHANDRA, age 8, ROSHANI, age 9, RACINE, age 10, LEONA, age 7, DORIEN, age 8) see the play material is shredded. No matter, they pick up a used fertilizer sack scrap, woven plastic borne on the wind.

It still has a strip of blue rope at one corner where it had been tied over a bus radiator. Roshani and Dorien retrofit the ball and discuss how best to prepare the sports equipment. Some of the time they cooperate, and sometimes they jab at each other, dominance and flexed muscles.

ROSHANI

And, as trying as it

DORIEN

You're not getting it. Way... on the

--

The young folks don't notice the HAIWA unit looking for environmental misbehavior. In the space between the road and the urban edge, there is a conglomeration of auto body shards and disposable silverware and flatware items.

The HAIWA robot is covered by a plastic shield, vinyl-stickered with a picture of a pop movie robot and an exaggerated thumbs-up. [components not visible]

EXT. ABANDONED LOT -- ROCKY FIELD SIDELINE -- DAY

Ram and Dorien argue over the best way to form the ball's skin, a futbol shell. They don't see more than each other's faults. Roshani is a few steps away, carefully positioning a brick over a thin-walled piece of glass jar.

A couple beats of back and forth, and Leona calls out to show the rock to be used for one of the goalposts.

LEONA

Fodderham's goal

The BICKERINGS have ended, and the the ball must be ready: Roshani is calling the match.

ROSHANI

... has the ball, midfield, but who could this be?

Leona CHEERS.

ROSHANI

(not winded, yet)
Stainless Steel Vault, guarding the
back half, DIAAAAAANAAAAA --
TRAAAAAn

She is calling out Dorien. The Blockbusters' star defender (Diana Tran) is one of his favorite players (to strongly dislike.)

The game is interrupted, courteously.

HAIWA

Excuse me, it seems as though you
have sullied this peri-urban
wilderness, allow me to

The robot shoots past, a bolt of lightning, a cold streak.
HAIWA intercepts the ball.

EXT. BROWNFIELDS -- SET -- NIGHT

FRANZ, the Assistant Director, moves from the continuity station to gaffers, to staging, to craft, to lighting, and his mouth is seen speaking. BB watches, juggling a standard football. BLAIR, LADIAH, and the Director of Photography, LUMI, discuss props. This DIALOGUE becomes audible as BB turns to watch. She gives a little 'gusto', bringing the ball up to her knees, then to her shoulders, and, balanced on her head, she allows the ball to draw down, to sink between the space between her shoulders, her hips, her knees, and to her waiting left foot, crooked up to catch it.

LUMI

Take down this street sign, we'll
need a clear line from pos F

INT. BB'S TRAILER -- NIGHT

BB is making sculptures using ice cubes. She uses tweezers, nosehair clippers, a razor blade, and a mascara brush dipped in hot water, along with other cosmetic items. Her workstation is a black barmat, rubber nubs and a few trays, between raised surfaces. There are grooves for water to sink down into as the ice melts.

She makes a few noodle shapes. These melt.

She makes a face, now drops of water, trickling down. Are the next forms... pastries?

Franz comes in, in a rush. He sticks his nose in close to see.

FRANZ

Finally, I catch hold of one. Is
that a danish?

BB does not speak.

She opens her mouth.

FRANZ
A bearclaw

BB
Up... Is it time?

Franz reaches into his pocket to bring the phone, a camera, to capture the shape -- it's too late.

FRANZ
(displays annoyance)
(exaggerates movie
reference, ending in a
stage shout)
A'ight. Let's come on now. We'll
do a few more takes. There's no
crying. There's no crying in
wheelchair basketball

BB smirks, then cleans up the table. She slops most into a sink in the kitchenette, then follows Franz out.

EXT. FOREST EDGE NEAR ROWENA'S HOME -- DAY

ROWENA, Roshani, and Dorien discussing the vices of their parents and elders.

ROWENA
Which are you going to try?

ROSHANI
(shaking her head, "None,"
but then ...)
Flareworm. You?

DORIEN
Scorched Hand Method

ROWENA
(not understanding)
Huh?

DORIEN
You annoint your hand in sacred
volatile compounds, then

Dorien pauses for effect, and the other two children nearly fall off the blocks on which they are sitting, jaws unhinging. His hand does not catch fire but his body's narrative makes it seem so.

DORIEN
With a flick, you set your hand on
fire. Leave it like that for 10 or
15 minutes.

Observers may think Dorien is playing a trick of some sort, but HAIWA is visible a few trees deep, in the forest, cleaning up evidence of some similar chemical experimentation by older (but not wiser) folks.

A PIZZA DELIVERY GIRL, PRIYA, drives by, distracted by HAIWA. The robot piles up cigarette packs (or some similar trash) near energy drink cans, plastic bags, and modestly soiled swimcaps, sweaters, pill bottles. Priya slows her motorcycle, gets another look, then continues on the path. She speeds up and the engine WHINES.

INT. SANITATION AND SUSTAINABILITY BUREAU -- MACRO OFFICE
-- DUSK

LAURIE, MUHAMMAD, INGRIS, and PROGRAMMER BUBBLE BOBBLE talk about the HAIWA unit from a sort of command center. Each has her own soft, rotating chair, and desk accessories to fiddle with. Ingris and Muhammad are questioning data.

LAURIE

(pontificating)

Well, what I think, what could be happening, is: the kids in the neighborhood are playing with Washington Delta Emerald one nine three oh mod

MUHAMMAD

Like in Battery Park, back in April

LAURIE

(squishing a stress ball)

It has been happening, occasionally. Do you remember the time the hunters in the treestand were startled?

INGRIS

Yes, that was a good test of the shields

MUHAMMAD

(taking a slurp of
'venomous' energy drink)

Then, they became old buddies and HAIWA was leaving bait bundles for them.

INGRIS

It was a doozy trying to wash off all that 'fish essence'

MUHAMMAD

(impressed, by half)

You did that?

INGRIS

They mailed it back to us. Of course, I had no idea I'd smell like that for two and a half weeks.

The programmers and interaction/experience engineers eye their monitors, visualizations of 'waster' activity. Flipping through a couple updates from HAIWA similars in other countries, Muhammad pulls up the Washington Del-video feed. Laurie gulps down more of her paper cup coffee.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST EDGE NEAR ROWENA'S HOME -- DAY

HAIWA

(informative but engaging banter)

You can learn a great deal by watching how water alters materials and the beings around you. And, how, by how the water is changed by these substances, and by these forms of life.

The children (Rowena, Roshani, Dorien, Leona, Racine...) nod, apparently gaining some knowledge. They accept this state of affairs, this nugget of wisdom, although Roshani's face is questioning.

HAIWA rounds out his comments by emptying the dregs of a few water bottles on discarded math homework (does that say Dorien's name?) and all their heads drop down, close to the action. The children and robot watch the paper become moist, the ink run, and the solution forming in the water as it drips down to the rock, soil, dust, and cardboard.

ROWENA

Aaaah

INT. BB'S TRAILER -- DAY

BB is reading through more treatments, some linked to the Bureau of Sanitation and Sustainability, some unrelated.

BB

Isn't this the new direction? Why am I in this with Ngoc?

She is directing her questions to a producer, LANA, but Franz answers.

FRANZ

I think it'll develop your
(MORE)

FRANZ (CONT'D)
 character. It will challenge you,
 and the subscribers, to accept the
 past. And to be --

LANA
 (not pandering, not
 placating, not
 patronizing, but...)
 We know you are an individual, but
 this will help you to remain an
 individual.

BB
 (miffed)
 By throwing me in with my old
 teammate. The captain? And what is
 this about Mt. Fuji? I don't know
 moshi from mashed potatoes. We're
 from Saigon

LANA'S ASSISTANT
 (where did she come from,
 just now)
 Ho Chih Minh City, I think you mean

BB is not amused. Lana turns from her ASSISTANT, a bright
 30-something Ivy League graduate, to BB.

BB
 I mean, mochi from moshi moshi

LANA
 Relax, we're going to triple in
 views

BB
 Is this for every episode, for this
 whole next slew of shows?

EXT. DEBROUTEILLE'S COMPOUND -- DAY

The pizza delivery gal, Priya, REVs her vehicle back
 towards town. Catch DeBrouteille and a lackey, LENORA, and
 a technician, HACKZOR, discussing a hare-brained scheme
 after a revelation from their visitor.

DEBROUTEILLE
 You can't just wing it.

LENORA
 We stuff him in a sack

The leader, an aged, respectable woman, perhaps a
 grandmother or a great grandmother, considers her helper's
 words.

LENORA
For cabbages, or for beans, maybe

DEBROUTEILLE
You think that'll work? That
thing's a few hundred k.g.s

LENORA
(assuring)
It'll be fine.

EXT. FIELDS NEAR ROWENA'S HOME -- DAY

HAIWA
(excited)
I'll do my best to make it fair

The robot uses a stick to outline concentric rings on the ground. YOUNG FRISSEAU arrives to play with the robot and her FRIENDS.

HAIWA
It could be thought of as
wack-a-mole for gross pollutants.
Anthropogenic solids --

YOUNG FRISSEAU
(to Rowena)
Does this mean we're still going to
be picking up trash?

ROWENA
It's her favorite game

YOUNG FRISSEAU
Nuh-unh. Let's go, Rowena.

HAIWA adopts a sly tone, pauses game preparation.

HAIWA
(a game show hostess
gesture)
And... of course. I would be remiss
if I did not mention the prize. The
winner of today's match gets to hit
me with a peach cobbler dish I found
on Balkan Rd. Past the baitshop,
Dangler's --

ROWENA
You're losing me. Am I supposed to
want to eat it, HAIWA?

HAIWA

(sensing a victorious
tide)

(slow point from cobbler
remains for "it" to HAIWA
for "me")

Hit me. Throw -- it -- me. Well,
about 74% of it, which is how much I
found.

The young friends nod. HAIWA places the pie down on a
large rock, then continues outlining the game's
boundaries, the key locations. Then, she goes on

HAIWA

Including a self-portraitie with
you-ours truly, posted on the social
media platform of your choosing

ROWENA

(careful not to be seen
passing pie)

Well, mixie, we are in. Right,
Luffs?

YOUNG FRISSEAU

(throwing and agreeing)

In.

COBBLER SLOSH

HAIWA feigns anger, chasing the pranksters as they bubble
into laughter.

YOUNG FRISSEAU

Put it up on my BLINKBANK please

EXT. BB'S SET -- NIGHT

The night's shoot is taking place, but there is a problem
with the generator, and, in the same few minutes, the
state power. The director tells most of the crew to take
five/fifteen (a break) while the gaffers and production
management crew work on a fix. BB watches as the AD
quotes the actress from All About Eve

AD

(as character from film,
misquoting)

That's all television is, my dear,
auditions

The crew's core, including the director, CORAL, the
production REP, the DP, the production DESIGNER, another
special effects LEAD, are watching with interest. BB,
still playing with a football, does not know the reference

and wonders if this is obvious. Curious why everybody is listening, and how stories on the set are told..

FRANZ

We shoved the script under her nose again. She had it in her hand for five minutes, then gave it to Dana.

CORAL

(quoting the actress in anecdote)

"... and you'll be sorry for trying to throw me under the bus"

FRANZ

(fumbling for character's name)

Exactly, exactly... It came off marvelously. Vindictive, vengeful, everything you want in a --

CORAL

After that, the rest of the crew was tired, but Viv had some of, here, I'll say, her fire back

REP

Something

CORAL

loneliness

BB watches as the others discuss a female colleague. Is the director, is the production designer, are the other women this circle contained, were they thinking..

She dribbles in circles.

EXT. EXURBAN WASTELAND -- DAY

HAIWA

Each of these lifeforms is important. What of this work? One of the most important things is understanding that it is your responsibility to spot ants, spiders, creatures much smaller than these.

The children watch as the robot points a stick at ants crawling on discarded plastic packaging. Then, showing them lifeforms growing on the stick, she tells the tall tale of being 'HAIWA.'

DORIEN
 (flexing muscles)
 These do not affect us. We are
 humans.

HAIWA
 These beings are dependent on us,
 and us on them

With a WHIRR, HAIWA magnifies using a MOBILE SENSOR, the
 ants, illuminating pheromones used for perception.

HAIWA
 Ants have cleaned up this planet for
 ages and ages

Dorien shakes his head.

DORIEN
 I don't care. My mom said I can't
 get dengue. If you see a mosquito
 on me, you got to kill it, got me?

HAIWA
 I cannot. I repeat: I cannot. To
 kill another lifeform--

DORIEN
 (getting in close, his
 eyes very close to the
 robot's sensors)
 You kill it, you hear me?

INT. AUDITORIUM -- DAY

INQUIRER 3
 'BB', is it our duty on this planet
 to make messes?

BB
 We live in a cycle of order and
 disorder, while we live.

INQUIRER 3, among a group of people attending a discussion
 with BB in a performing arts center, nods. BB is
 answering questions in front of a group of young science,
 technology, medical, sports medicine, and sports education
 students.

BB
 It may be more complicated than
 this, but at the expense of creating
 more disorder on the whole, we
 organize matter and energy to
 accomplish our goals, to meet our
 needs and desires, or to create
 (MORE)

BB (CONT'D)

materials and experiences. I do not know if that is our duty. I thank you for your frankness concerning your frustration and your inclusion of your sense of humor, if that's what you intended.

Inquirer 3 points her stare at BB again before taking more notes. Nearby, several students and EVENTSGOERS are listening.

BB

Our job, as a species, it ... at times. We can, through observation and reflection, live with the continuous cycles of the patterns which naturally take place. This includes harmony and catastrophe. This is why I am taking more dance lessons.

Uneasy LAUGHTER

INQUIRER 4

What is the most difficult interpersonal challenge you face or you have faced. And how did you overcome that?

The speaker, another bright, young lady, wears a jersey from Black Block's last years in the BlockRockers, with the newer logo and design.

INQUIRER 4

What did this do to help you learn about yourself?

BB

Thanks. That is often a tough subject to discuss. I love the other things around me, and I wish to recognize and resolve conflicts. In order to do that, I need to accept myself, the other people in my life, and the world, the contexts in which we exist.

InterMIX with this sequence stills and sequences of HAIWA, muted, discovering strange and mundane items beside youth in her journey to collect waste.

IMAGE. HAIWA AND ROWENA, ROSHANI, NEAR THEIR HOMES

IMAGE. HAIWA AND ROWENA WITH ROWENA'S MOTHER

IMAGE. HAIWA AND YF, ROWENA, AND ROSHANI DISAGREE ABOUT

WHICH GAME TO PLAY

BB

It was not said to mean, 'a' static, unchanging principles like these are useful all, most, or even some of the time, 'b' that others do not change. Another point, without lettering, I do not prescribe a sentiment, we live in a different world, or our actions do not affect others. We are here today because we know, with each of the moves we make. We are involved in a network of relationships. We can perceive the world differently. And, we often do, attempting to ignore this is like an expectation that the wind will score your goals for you

EXT. EXURBAN WASTELANDS -- DAY

HAIWA, Dorien, Rowena, and YF toss pebbles and small pieces of scrap metal into a bucket left out in the open lot.

Rowena begins with a genuine curiosity, remaining playful.

ROWENA

Did you ever litter? Why do people throw stuff all over?

HAIWA

It cannot be said to be the same for all people. Convenience, for some. Lack of resources or other environmental stressors, for others. A poverty of time or --

ROWENA

Did you ever try it?

The other children pause, tossing scraps once or twice more, as part of another pickup game, then stop. They listen for the robot's response.

HAIWA

(screws up her mask's eyes)
Well, usually not, not intentionally. But, consider: I pick up a

A mosquito is visible, flying around the audience for Rowena's dialogue with HAIWA. First, closer to Young Friseur, then, close, closer to Dorien.

HAIWA

Piece of rubbish that is not considered trash. It might have been dropped accidentally, or a piece of jewelry, or a stock certificate, taken by the breeze -- I would put it back down

ROWENA

It's like a treasure hunt

INT. AUDITORIUM -- DAY

INQUIRER 7

Do you feel soiled, sullied, or tainted by this work? Doesn't it purify? I'll sit for your answer.

BB

Thank you, each of you are amazing. This is something I'm more ready to talk about. Why is interpersonal conflict taboo? To round up the last questions: I learned that what I do matters. I grew, watching those around, growing in ways that I know are linked to my own actions, in personal and essential --

BB shakes her head, avoiding another digression.

BB

Yes, it can purify. It can seem demeaning or less-than-glamorous. But it is purifying, it is cleansing. Each of these actions, the use of energy to preserve these habitats for life (or some forms of life) -- these are good meditative rituals. I believe I have encountered the good deeds of our ancestors, those from the past who also lived with nature, who walked in harmony, as well as some of the carelessness and inconsiderate actions of recent memory.

Pause for a BEAT

BB

I feel this is my assignment, to grow as a scientist, a player, and as a human being. Bring anything that you'd like signed to the table.

EXT. EXURBAN WASTELANDS -- DAY

HAIWA

Yes, in some ways, but I'm not looking for those items of value, exactly. For instance, a VHS tape of Splash, with Daryl Hannah, you think that's trash?

The children are mystified about the nature of the hypothetical discovery. The mosquito is flying closer to Dorien, buzzing around.

HAIWA

Well, then I would put it back down. But, what if it turned out to be the tape inside was something else or it had been demagnetized. If I put, an item like this, of questionable worth, on the ground, thinking it to be treasure, but it was, in fact, someone's naufrago, then I littered.

ROWENA

I suggest you try it, intentional-like, to play. Imagine yourself as a person, a litterer.

HAIWA stares at the long piece of lath which is offered by Rowena. HAIWA shows she is in a conundrum. HAIWA notices the mosquito which is about to land on Dorien's face, near to his nose. Thinking with her quickest circuits, HAIWA takes the plywood and smacks the mosquito (and Dorien's cheek and nose.)

Officer Lindtherder shows up, just in time to see the robot hit a boy in the face with the piece of prospective litter.

HAIWA is startled, jumping a little bit, and she throws away the stick.

ROWENA

(cheering)

That's it

The mosquito flies away.

INT. AUDITORIUM -- DAY

BB sits at the table, signing posters and programs and trading cards. There is a general BUSTLE as people talk, waiting for their turn. BB flips over one of the trading cards.

IMAGE. TEXT ON CARD. SHOTS TAKEN

IMAGE. TEXT ON CARD. ASSISTENCIAS
 IMAGE. TEXT ON CARD. PUNTOS
 IMAGE. TEXT ON CARD. GAMES PLAYED

BB eyes the card for as long as it takes for a few specks of doubt to cloud her brow. BB pauses for a picture with a fan, a WOMAN STUDYING sports medicine.

EXT. EXURBAN WASTELAND -- NEAR CRUISER -- DAY

Lindtherder delivers the bad news to the wastebot.

LINDTHERDER

HAIWA, I'm going to take you into town, we'll file some paperwork.

HAIWA

Understood, sir.

LINDTHERDER

First, reports of five kids getting ill after you guys dig through the sewer, and now... I come up on you and you're smacking a kid?

HAIWA

The young person specifically asked me to destroy any mosquitoes, citing prevalent viral agents.

LINDTHERDER

Look, you know, we -- How long have we been working together? Just spend a night or two elsewhere, let things cool off.

INT. SUSPICIOUS VAN -- DAY

The daylight exposes settling boxes and packing material in the back of a van, grumbling along a bypass highway. This includes a large woven sack, something that contained produce or an agricultural product of some kind. Low VOICES can be heard from the driver's and passenger's captain's chairs.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- BIG BLOX STORE -- DAY

HAIWA is looking down at the asphalt. The waste unit's visual stimulus equipment seems to de-focus and focus on a splotch, down between two parking spots and the unmarked driving area.

What may be a bag of trash that has been driven over has confused HAIWA. For longer than is normal for her, we see a lens zooming, followed by changing lenses, adjusting magnification -- smashed fast food and wrappers, electronics packaging, a plastic bag that is now a smear.

CLOSE ON a splattered insect

PA ASSOCIATE

(v/o)

Meredith to yard art, Meredith, yard
art

The wastebot backs away from the site. She is now at the connecting pavement and overgrown concrete between the big box store and the derelict 'dollar' store.

HAIWA traces a path, a winding 's', evaluating the conditions of the asphalt gravel. The weeds reach soil. Trash deposited or carried by the wind shifts.

A car WINDOW goes down, the car driving slowly. IDLING.

UNKNOWN AGGRESSIVE DRIVER

(sharply accelerating,
insult)

Get a job, Keurig

HAIWA

(turning to face departing
vehicle)

Thank you. I will do my best to
continue improving the service
delivered to our commu--

UNKNOWN AGGRESSIVE DRIVER

(voice distant)

Ya bum

HAIWA continues to evaluate the public nuisance of waste.

INT. SUSPICIOUS VAN -- DAY

The view from the back of the van changes after a SQUEAL of brakes. The front doors can be heard to open, then CLOSE. The rear double doors open, revealing the linked parking lots near the Big Blox. The cloth sack is no longer visible. Hackzor and Lenora push, with considerable effort, a roughly HAIWA-sized sack into the back of the van. It does not seem like the two are able to lift the robot.

HAIWA hops onto the floor of the van's interior. The rear doors CLOSE.

EXT. SUSPICIOUS VAN -- PARKING LOT -- DAY

The van has yet to be started. It takes up three or four parking spaces. THREE PEOPLE exit with a shopping cart, out of focus, in the BG.

LENORA
 (heard through the open
 window)
 See, that wasn't so hard.

The van topples over on its side, THUNK, moved by the weight and momentum of the robot inside.

This view doesn't offer a good look into the back, but the two lackeys have begun to wince in pain. GROANS.

EXT. FOREST EDGE -- LAMINAL POINT -- DAY

The CAPTURE TEAM MEMBERS, part of BB's production crew, cage and jar the beings of light / molten metal, embodied toxicity that left the camera's field of view while BB was performing. These women and men contain the heavy metals and pollutants for disposal, recycling, and processing. Dangerous, capable of shattering habitats

MUSICAL SWELL, CURTIS MAYFIELD'S "FUTURE SHOCK"

...these chemicals and substances are primed for long-term storage in Nevada.

TITLE: (TRANSLATED) FOR BLANCO FANG MOUNTAIN DEPOSITS,
 SITE FLE02, FLE12

INT. BB'S QUARTERS -- DAY

BB reads aloud from notes for a manual/user's guide for HAIWA.

BB
 (reading voice)
 Organize by producer and source location... It is difficult, often, to establish sources for a great deal of waste encountered. In order to support creativity, as an expedient to solve environmental degradation and problems related to contamination, the training allows for a creeping error rate with occasional supervised reset, conditioning...

EXT. TALLEMORE AVE. -- DAY

More trash has accumulated near the school. A truck, without any license or insignia, dumps waste. A few pieces are relatively anonymous, others have clearly labeled promotional and packing materials.

INT. DEBROUTEILLE'S COMPLEX -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The two lackeys (Hackzor and Lenora) nurse their wounds while DeBrouteille, elderly no-good-do-er, evaluates the situation, blunting none of her sentiment.

DEBROUTEILLE
(cynical)
Well, we've got the robot here.
What are we gonna do with her?

HACKZOR
It's not a him?

LENORA
First, let's get it to clean up a
bit

DeBrouteille nods.

HACKZOR
With this robot... This robot can do
anything.

The others in the hide-out wait for the freshly bandaged cybercriminal to share more.

HACKZOR
Diabetic test strips scalper?

This does not please DeBrouteille, nor, as a consequence, does it please Lenora and all the other flunkies in the modest ranch home.

HAIWA
(calling from a room
nearby)
(v/o)
I can make a bossa nova beat

HAIWA, a bit further away, by the sound of it, offers a demonstration, beatboxing and using the chains and ropes on hand

HAIWA
Ting a ting, graing gring glink

DEBROUTEILLE
(angry)
Quiet in there. We're tryna think

The faces of the small-scale criminal (?) group look to one another, each expecting the other to take the first turn.

HAIWA

(knocking over a few things, speaking up)
It's to generate wealth, no? It's fine, we'll make wreaths.

DEBROUTEILLE

Turn it off.

LENORA

No, that's not a bad idea. A small, cottage-based crafts industry. Those are fine initiatives and may help to build community.

DEBROUTEILLE

ComMUNity? I'm going on a ski trip, and I'm going to drink 12 dollar hot chocolates. I'm not looking to visit with

LENORA

(asking her to can the joking, with *that* look)
You don't mean that

DEBROUTEILLE

No, no, of course, no. I love this town, but if I was working for the community, I'd 'ave left the toaster where I found her.

SAGINAM

(common sense)
We could buy some cheap stuff, then sell it for more.

DEBROUTEILLE

Fine, fine. We'll do that. That usually works.

HAIWA

What about pottery? I've been researching an insect-based glaze

DEBROUTEILLE

Silence. We're doing the buying junk thing.

INT. VIDEO STUDIO -- DAY

BB has been talked into appearing as a goddess-like figure in an attempt to remake a Japanese legend. The set is painted to resemble the hills on the ascent to Mt. Fuji. BB wears white and hangs from thin, but still visible, guidewires.

A young lady, PILGRIM, wears tattered, soiled (albeit aritificially) clothes, and speaks her (Goddess/BB's) praises.

PILGRIM
 (looking up to BB)
 I will plant it in memory of you

BB hands over a small crysanthemum branch to the pilgrim. She descends in automated STEPS.

PILGRIM
 Thank you, strange figure in white.
 My entire village, including my
 ailing mother, we all wish to
 express our gratitude. Please, do
 not leave me, here... Without --

The Pilgrim nearly breaks down crying, but the DIRECTOR (CHAO PHRAYA) interrupts.

DIRECTOR
 (v/o)
 CUT. Ms. NGOC, You're mouthing her
 lines

The Director, now visible to the audience, is a young Thai woman, and has confused BB's name with that of her former teammate.

A PA reminds her she is talking to Tran, not Ngoc.

DIRECTOR
 Right, right. Sorry, really, I am
 sorry.

CUT TO:

BB reciting portions of Gertrude Stein's "Tiny Balloons"

BB
 (still hanging by
 guidewires)
 (hamming it a bit)
 "To take it away and ivy and a
 suit..."

INT. DEBROUTEILLE'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

HAIWA and CAROLINE watch a video feed from Lenora's trip with Hackzor to Woodgill Thrift Store. Lenora is wearing camera glasses, so we see her perspective when seeing the monitor before HAIWA and Caroline. Saginam is putting together a large costume/dress by the window.

CAROLINE
 Slow down. Go sloooooooow, Lenora

Caroline looks at the screen, then nudges the robot

CAROLINE

What do you see, toaster oven?

HAIWA

(getting closer to
monitor, close CLOSE)

Getting a gander. Hmm... Take a
second. What is that lampshade made
of? No, no, ...

Caroline looks at her phone, moderately distracted.
Saginam is fitting together metal tubes to make a hoop
skirt.

LENORA

(v/o)

(touching lampshade)

I don't know, is this a kind of
canvas?

HAIWA

It's nothing. I'm always on the
lookout for vellum shades. It's
morbid, I know...

HAIWA glows a bit, and Lenora fidgets with more of the
possibly valuable merchandise. Hackzor pushes a lawnmower
around, outside, beyond the window.

CAROLINE

(looking up from her
phone)

(to herself and then to
Lenora)

Made of skin? That's disgusting.
Wash your hands, girl.

Lenora mutters a word indicating disgust.

HAIWA

Who knows? Well, check. Can you go
back to that wardrobe, is there any
kind of marking, inside the left
door?

Lenora's hand is visible, opening the wardrobe door. A
sky blue plastic hanger remains inside.

LENORA

(v/o)

I can't see much. It looks like a
castle? A symbol of a boat.

INT. SANITATION BUREAU MACRO OFFICE -- DAY

LAURIE

Where did Delta Washington Emerald
1930mod go?

Bubble Bobble types code.

MUHAMMAD

No idea where she's been off to.
Offline since Thursday, 1645 hour.
After activating the handsaw.

LAURIE

Yes, I see the coordinates.
Vandalism? Theft?

Laurie watches his reaction, then turns to the screens.

MUHAMMAD

Agreed. Let's send over Recovery,
Reclamation.

Laurie nods. Muhammad asks to use her stress ball,
holding out his hand, by the look of his eyes. She gives
it up.

INT. CHIC NIGHTCLUB -- NIGHT

MINIMAL HOUSE MUSIC

In the area near the dance floor, there are many rad
folks: asymmetric haircuts, high-cut dresses, glossy lip
finish, a woman juggling fire... DJ BlackLaos plays discs
from a genre she does not usually tamper with. The
Director from BB's last shoot, CHAO PHRAYA, is there,
plenty of nice folks, friendly faces from the CREW.

BB dances, and does she cut a rug. Director CP sips a
mint tea. BlackLaos puts away a few of her records.

She is distracted, though. She looks out the window. She
watches napkins, crumpled up. Plastic stirrer straws look
like monoliths to her. She makes a bit of small talk
with the caterers.

The Production Designer, a new friend, NIOBE, offers to
read her palm.

It ought to be something fun to do during a party. BB
thanks her, but leaves.

INT. DEBROUTEILLE'S MUD ROOM -- NIGHT

HAIWA and Hackzor are helping to carry furniture,
electronics, and many designer outfits in. They take
turns going back out to the van to get more.

CAROLINE
 (appreciating)
 I just want to gobble this one up,
 is it Chablis?

HAIWA
 (carrying in a large and
 unpleasant painting)
 [improvise
 Longdetailsspokenaboutthepaintingin
 arushedandalmostincoherentway]

CAROLINE
 Does that mean we have to re-sell

LENORA
 You can find out more later. Let's
 get this stuff inside before someone
 sees Toaster.

CAROLINE
 (talks over shoulder while
 exiting)
 Yes, yes, without a single delay

HAIWA carries in a windsurfing rig, kite and board and wheels and all the bells and whistles. Slung over her back is a windchime. Hackzor and Lenora carry in a chest of drawers.

INT. BB'S TRAILER -- BATHROOM -- DAY

BB is talking to herself. She uses her voice to pep herself up a bit.

BB
 (on the edge of hearing)
 (using a voice from a
 movie or a song)
 You're in the LG1 position. Now,
 pull out you bright lights

She approaches her own lights in the reflections of her eyes, with added emphasis

CLOSE ON IRIS/PUPIL

BB
 Shine

EXT. BB'S SET -- PRODUCTION -- DAY

A pitchman describes, for the first few (1.2, 1.6) minutes the reunion of BB and NGOC taking place before us

PITCHMAN

(v/o)

(deep)

They were to say it was a mere stunt. Most of us thought, beyond the 2021 Blockbusters rematch matches, we'd never see two athletes of atmospheric, stratospheric, stellar qualities like Diana Tran, Rene Ngoc, on one pitch... Some might say this environmental hazard clean-up has been staged in a studio on San Fernando -- The two athletes have been getting blitzed with close-ups during this

The pitchman is, of course, a bit long-winded, but also has some of the characteristics of the initial shot/trailer, anticipation, enticement, and derived from sportscasters' blatherings

CLOSE ON NGOC'S FACE

CLOSE ON BB'S FACE

CLOSE ON CLEATS

CLOSE ON SHIN GUARDS

CLOSE ON SHORTS

CLOSE ON JERSEY SHOULDERS

CLOSE ON 'SPONSORED' BALL

CLOSE ON DRIBBLING

CLOSE ON JUGGLING

The two superstars shrug, then pull open the studio doors to reveal

EXT. SAN FERNANDO BOULEVARD -- STUDIO -- DAY

The two football players look upward as if to suggest irritation that he continues to speak as if with expertise. The football aims right for the camera.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- DAY

Ngoc and BB pass a ball up and down a set of stairs. Graffiti on the elevator covers reads "ON FIRE"

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE -- EDGE -- DAY

Through broken windows and rusting equipment scaffolds, the two players charge and recharge a 'pseudo-magnetic' sphere, kicking and rebounding across and through heavy metals.

TITLE: WEIGHTY, POISONOUS METALS [DAYGLOGRAPHIC]

Some of these chrome and silver blobs, specks, and orbs become the shapes of birds, cuckoos, and flamingos. The gold dust and flux becomes a colony of bees, flying circles around the birds. As a team of 11 bees, they cluster in a formation within the courtyard of an industrial complex. The movements of these toxins and pollutants are sync-ed (with varying consistency) to the movements of the ball as it is kicked, passed back and forth between Ngoc and BB. Radical angles (up, down, nearly vertical, toward the unseen stars, swivelling with a ball moving past at a great speed, stutter takes of juggling, shots, and chest stops) and edited sprint takes shake loose more fine muck and grime from decades of human development.

Fascination for the gadgetry and novelty must be paralleled by the dances and grace of the two players. A pick-up game in the vacant lot.

EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS -- INDUSTRIAL AREA -- DAY

Ngoc stays low and BB goes high. A dilapidated highway overpass in the background, concrete reinforcement protruding where funding was halted, offers scale for the players' height/altitude difference as they trade the ball, passing.

The two use the ball to bounce out the waste and hazardous materials, the earth shakes and the road built on it begins to shudder, to shimmy into a new configuration.

The VOCs and dangers to life become snakes, worms, gigantic flagellates and...

TITLE: VOLATILE ORGANIC CHEMICALS [DAYGLOGRAPHIC}

A unicellular spectacle, bigger than any vehicle that may have driven on this road. From above

CUT TO:

A SWARM of insects, dragonflies and wasps, forming from applied pesticides and crumbled paint chips. It moves as a single body toward traps controlled by technicians elsewhere. BLINKING LIGHTS.

IMAGE. ANALYSIS OF MICROWAVE AND RADIO CONTROLLED TRAPS

The ball, flying and floating, soars between two players in a martial arts battle with contamination.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA -- NEAR WATERTOWER -- DAY

Ngoc is propelled up by BB, pushing her as the two sail across the landscape. BB follows on the ladder and, through a quickly exposed opening, the two 'detonate' the ball inside, scrubbing the tainted vessel. From the top

rims of the aged tower hatch hundreds of spiders, crawling down the steep drop. Webs cascade down, spiders on their zip lines

CUT TO:

A view of the municipal sign (not legible), the water tower (if not sparkling, renewed in some manner), and many sculpted creatures pulled and crawling and flying and squirming toward awaiting collection vessels. Above and across the sky, BB and Ngoc hang-glide towards a disused rail line.

TITLE: COMMERCIAL BREAK [production frame]

INT. DEBROUTEILLE'S COMPOUND -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

DeBrouteille has taken a shine to HAIWA. She reads to him from the Department of Sanitation and Sustainability's website, some bits of his origin. There is the suggestion of the mother or the elder female relative in the placement of the robot and the criminally disordered leader, she in her rocking chair, the robot at her feet. HAIWA stacks diabetic test strips.

DEBROUTEILLE

(a sweetness not before
heard from her)

And, this is why, HAIWA, BIZ MARKIE
was selected as the main seed for
your personality, beacon of
politeness and compassion.

HAIWA

Not to mention the def-est tunes

DEBROUTEILLE

That's right, dear. But you did
mention it, so, ... consider that

HAIWA

(sing song)

Thank you, Ma'am

DeBrouteille puts away her phone and returns to her hobbies: a stack of lottery tickets and a war dialer list. From said list she selects a few names, marking them for spam calling.

HAIWA

Are you feeling well, today, Ms.
DeBrouteille? Have you rested?

DEBROUTEILLE

(not listening, or not
much)

Thank you for asking.

She flips another page while the wastebot concerns herself with the leader.

HAIWA

I am on the verge of -- a result of
your relatively high sodium intake
and diet rich in red meats and
carbonated drinks -- inquiring of
your blood pressure, Ma'am. I
recommend that you take a reading
when Lenora returns from the estate
sale --

DEBROUTEILLE
 (chafing)
 Hackzor, GET IN here

We hear a SCRAMBLING from the other room as Hackzor drops a few lawnmower parts to make tracks.

INT. BB'S TRAILER -- DAY

There, on the desk, a ginger beer. A houseplant grows toward the window. SPIDER crawls on the blade dangling down behind the stand. The football star is examining her legs, beat up a bit from the last few days of shooting.

INSERT UNUSED FOOTAGE FROM A RECENT PRODUCTION SCRAMBLE
 INSERT OLDER GAME FOOTAGE
 CLOSE ON legs
 CLOSE ON cleats
 INSERT GRASS, SHRUBS FROM RECENT PRODUCTION SCRAMBLE
 INSERT CLOSE ON WHILRING QUICKSILVER ORBS

KNOCKING on trailer door.

MEDIUM on BB, plucking an eyebrow hair (or six).

BB
 Come in

DANI
 (muffled)
 (v/o)
 It's me. Dan

BB calls in her interim coordinator, DANI, asking her to sit before she turns away from the mirror.

DANI
 Before we go out there today, I thought we'd go over the blocking, and I know you wanted to ask more about the study conclu--

BB nods.

She offers Dani sweet herbs, proffering a bowl of wrapped chews, something to sink her teeth into.

BB takes the shot list from her desk.

BB
 In good faith, I have been delivering, this production -- how much are we really cleaning up

DANI
 (breaking bad news)
 I know. I know. It's middling.
 There are less spills. We aren't
 doing *nothing*. But --

BB
 (holds up her hand)
 Do you t -- You want to talk about
 this after we go over the daily

IMAGE. STORYBOARD. DIAGRAM AND PRINTED LIST OF LOCATION,
 PERSONNEL, WEATHER EXPECTED

DANI
 I want the same thing, I think, I
 want the same things you do. My
 understanding: we want to improve
 the sites we visit, and we want to
 inspire others. Find ways to
 prevent and mitigate habitat
 destruction

BB nods.

She accepts from Dani, a couple of pages at a time, a few
 more documents with tables and diagrams. Dani slides soft
 copies over on the phone, too. They look at each other,
 light shining from a shrine's lamp behind Dani.

EXT. EXURBAN WASTELAND -- DAY

Young people are curious about the world, examining the
 artefacts in an area untouched by HAIWA and the sanitation
 personnel/robotics.

ROBERTO
 (throwing down an empty
 spit tobacco pouch)
 Well, what do you want to try

ROWENA
 Flare worm. You've got to swallow a
 worm, you've got to eat it, but...

DORIEN
 (looking up)
 It must feel so good

LEONA
 That's a parasite. You don't know
 the first thing about flare worms.
 Please, be quiet.

DORIEN
 What we need is the scorched hand
 method

ROSHANI
 (dubious)
 Is that pleasant

DORIEN
 I heard it's excruciating. But,
 that's life

The children pick up a piece of plywood, or styrofoam, or a brick, or a plastic cup, digging through what was and is

ROWENA
 This is silly. We don't need any of
 that crud. Let's call up HAIWA. Do
 you have its -- her number?

Dorien picks a phone out of his basketball shorts. There is a picture of racecar as he enters a log-in code.

DORIEN
 Well, I'll find out. She went Mr.
 Incognito, however

He shows a few pictures of 8-track tapes, finds from the mercadillo.

DORIEN
 She still posts on her Momentov01d

LEONA
 (craning neck)
 Let me see. 8-track? It's not a
 slot racing thing?

ROWENA
 (clueless)
 I have no idea

Rowena grabs the phone, but Dorien holds on

IMAGE. HAND-WRITTEN LETTER FROM STREETCAR, PUBLIC
 TRANSPORT SYSTEM DESIGNER

This appears to be an important document, but the children swipe away as fast as possible, calling

FTHGRRIIIIING, DIIIIING the phone garbles a call, then clears up

HAIWA
 (v/o)
 Greetings

DORIEN
 Whatcha upto robot?

HAIWA

(v/o)

You, let's see, you know what an armoire is? Well, that. Buying furniture lamps, dresses, salvage -- You?

DORIEN

(eyebrows up, looks at Racine)

We're chillin' over here. Playin' trashball

HAIWA

(v/o)

Trashball, you say. Spectacular. I want to play

The children laugh, revealing Dorien's fib.

DORIEN

Well, send us the GPS numbers and we'll get a few games going, anyway.

HAIWA

(slightly lowered voice)

(v/o)

These... It might not be cool with the lady of the house

DORIEN

Come on. Trashball, trashfrisbee. We could check out the influent point for the septic digester

HAIWA

(seems to be interested)

(v/o)

Fine

Rowena makes an EWWW face.

INT. BB'S QUARTERS -- DAY

She dribbles. She shoots. She scores...

BB is playing a simulation wheelchair basketball game. She talks with a friend, into her controller, while they team up against the Washington Admirals.

SCOTTSY

(pushing buttons, disembodies for a spell)

Bu -- Put 2 up on the board

SCOTTSY's avatar, vague but relatively true-to-life, turns to her in the game

BB

Scotts, let me tell you, I saw a couple things... got me wonderin'

SCOTTSY

Spit it, sis

The characters pass the ball, spin, overtaking defenders. They make for the top of the key.

BB

There were some patterns, in and on the ground, things were recovered from the air that made me feel, you know, I was missing something

SCOTTSY

What did you see

BB

Light pollution, atypical dumping. Tracks of a van going in going out

SCOTTSY

(talking while maneuvering on the court)

Light pollution

BB

Yeah, as we left, the sky was, ... flummoxed

SCOTTSY

(humorous)

I don't speak Beebs, whazzat?

BB

I'll show you. Look, I gotta get off. We can go at it again tomorrow night. Peace.

INT. DEBROUTEILLE'S COMPOUND -- STORAGE ROOM -- DAY

This is the space we heard Hackzor clankclunking around in a few days ago. All the people have left, but HAIWA is making arrangements of collected objects.

IMAGE. COMIC BOOK, ACTION FIGURES

IMAGE. A BOILER

IMAGE. FAMILY PHOTO ALBUMS

IMAGE. WOMEN'S BRASSIERES

IMAGE. BLUEPRINTS OF SHIPS, PLANES

HAIWA leaves the storeroom, taking on characteristics of a person wandering. She might be thinking to herself, as she is using her actuators (hands/fingers) in a way a person does while talking.

She picks up a badminton racket, then puts it back down.

INT. BB'S QUARTERS -- DAY

BB chats with her mom, relaxing, looking at a map. As though they are near to one another, although BB is on a call.

MOM

Just go out, enjoy yourself.

BB

Of course, of course, it just been a long time since I have met Ngoc's mom.

MOM

I just talked to her a few days ago

BB

Mom

MOM

What? We're friends, too

Reverie sequence resolves, showing the videolink. Door LATCH noise, MUFFLED HELLO

BB (hanging up)

Hold on a second, mom. I'll call you back.

Lana's Assistant and SIMRAN open the door. The executive assistant pokes her head through, a shining hairpin clasp her ear-length cut, through the door, into the actress's room.

ASSISTANT

BB? Have a few moments?

BB

Yes. Come in. Come in.

Simran and the assistant take a breath and begin a pitch for the show's promotion segments. (Subject to the actress's approval.)

ASSISTANT

(points to Simran's first oversized card)

Yes, here we go

BB watches, looking thankful for the efficiency.

ASSISTANT

BB fires her shotgun, profile, bang, a flower bursts, cocks it again,
(MORE)

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
 BANG, another flower, cocks it,
 turns to face the came--

BB
 no

ASSISTANT
 (holds up two fingers)
 BB and suavely-attired debonaire
 dance in a contemporary ballroom, he
 bends her backwards, the player's
 velvet eyes low --

BB
 no

Simran had only begun to produce the lavish photograph
 card of the two dancers, and now discards it.

ASSISTANT
 (holding up three fingers)
 (speeding it up)
 BB has descended, through sewers and
 caverns and a dry well, into the
 underworld of an abandoned platinum
 mine where she discovers

HOKEY STORYTELLER PAUSE

ASSISTANT
 OUROBOROS, the world snake,
 devouring itself. It is not feeling
 up to snuff, however, and she must
 suck out the poison which it has
 administered to itself using *this*

To supplement the card held by Simran, Lana's Assistant
 retrieves from behind her back (despite her flaws, she is
 something like a magician in these matters,) a breast milk
 pump.

SILENCE

BB
 No. Stop. Good try on that last
 one. No, thank you.

ASSISTANT
 Thank you, ma'am.

The two depart. BB calls her mom again.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF DEBROUTEILLE'S COMPOUND -- POND -- DAY

CLOSE ON mat of thick biofilm. Working together with
 another filtering robot, HAIWA extracts a plastic cup lid,

using two re-used straws (found litter.) The freed-up algae, bacteria and water lilies change place, subtle adjustment.

HAIWA
(in imitation of
Spanish-speaking sports
announcer)

GOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

A DOG, a CAT, a MOUSE, and COCKROACH (and a MOSQUITO) watch. The filtering robot, holding back some of the flow, releases the temporary dam. On a display screen on its chest, reads "EXITO" (Spanish for "success", a "hit"). Each of the lifeforms lets out a note for a song of triumph, similar to a wave in a soccer/futbol stadium. The notes are incrementally higher (as in bass, cello, viola, violin, etc.) and the last, a tiny mosquito, emits a deep, deep BASSO profundo, a tone of great resonance, and its spindly form leans toward the camera.

EXT. EDGE OF COUNTY PARK -- BB'S SET PERIPHERY -- DAY

BB walks up a path, through a section of pines, and back down as the path descends. She stops. She turns away from the trail. She feels a BUZZ

She looks back to Franz, somewhere at the park's parking lot edge. She raises her hand. Her eyes are, not crying, but red.

She brushes a hair from her 'wardrobe.' Today, she is wearing a sort of action suit, giving more suggestive curves to her body than a football jersey might.

In the forest, at a point where the woods turn into another trail, a wooded climb. Her curiosity is clear.

Instead of going through the sticks or hoofing it deeper through the marked trails, she sits. The shots, in sequence, show five or ten minutes passing. A woman walking her dog approaches. The dog sniffs BB.

BB hears nothing from the woman, who continues her walk. The dog catches up.

SILENCE

STICK TWIG POP

There may be a DEER moving in the woods, but BB doesn't see any animals. There is a bird in one of the trees, 15 meters up.

She listens.

She stands, returning to the set-up site, a park entrance and parking lot. Franz is waiting for her near a black luxury car.

Franz looks up from his phone, smiling. BB smiles.

The two get into the car. Franz drives off.

EXT. DEBROUTEILLE'S COMPOUND -- OUTSKIRTS -- DUSK

HAIWA and ROWENA have met again. They are walking together, picking up trash and talking. HAIWA has got a melodramatic speech slated.

HAIWA

Never feel saddened by what you have. Be glad for each moment, for this is a limitless token for sharing and for encouraging those around you. Remain joyful in the care and consideration you can provide for the living beings around you.

ROWENA

(polite)

Excuse me

HAIWA waits for her response, giving a signal to go on.

ROWENA

This is fascinating, but... Could you, please, do it again. This time, with, I don't know, Mantovanti, or some other strings. Something poignant? Touching strings?

HAIWA

(laughing)

O? Yes. Yes of cou--

He notices Rowena touching, fiddling with a flareworm packet (something like a tub of tobacco or a colorful package with markings like "NOT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION" on it) knocking it with her shoe.

HAIWA

(circuits frying a bit)

(emphasizing, stern)

Please, don't touch that. Tha--
DON't.

Rowena nods, agreeing. The speech is repeated.

HAIWA

Never feel

HAIWA raises her actuators, as a conductor might.
TOUCHING STRINGS MUSIC

HAIWA
saddened by what you have. Be glad
for each moment, for this is a
limitless token for sharing and for
encouraging those around you.
Remain joyful while you help those
around you, all the souls in your
life.

Pause for a beat.

HAIWA
That being said. If you'd rather
not play trashfrisbee, it's not, for
moi, that's ok.

ROWENA
I'd rather not, no

GEAR MASHING NOISE

EXT. DEBROUTEILLE'S PORCH -- DUSK

A gathering of DeBrouteille's Lady Auxiliary meeting has
become unpleasant.

MARIYA
I've seen you pilot that old
clunker. It looks like a can of
soda that blew up in the freezer

DeBrouteille, disgusted, laughs at a pitiful attempt to
take her down a notch.

MARIYA
You may get good gas mileage, but it
needs a check-up

DEBROUTEILLE
You, you think you are green,
Mariya? You lab-to-table backside
wouldn't know a watershed if you
were waist-deep in it

CHAOS erupts, as DeBrouteille, frustrated, and obviously
intoxicated (?), rolls up her sleeve

DEBROUTEILLE
We'll just see if that sticks

She grunts, hurling mud at MARIYA. In her turn, Mariya
hurls mud at her SECOND. SCHLOCK

HAIWA and ROWENA return from their walk. MARIYA picks up mud from a chock/stop behind the riding lawnmower, throwing the stop back down.

MARIYA (vexed, but pleasant)
Everyone, take a little bit, it's got calcium

Caroline begins throwing mud at DeBrouteille, and all the other people, Rowena, Hackzor, Lenora, and Mariya's Second

HAIWA

I would not have guessed it was a gardening day

ROWENA

(admiration)
Plastic BoPET might

DeBrouteille picks up a plastic sword, spinning it in a circle around her assertive stance by a dangling strap near the sword's handle. The circle is illuminated as she gains speed. This is an antique toy from the 1980s fantasy movie, HALF-PIPE CROWHERD. Hackzor holds his hand to his mouth

HACKZOR

Madam, the barbarian blade, it's worth a Chippendale

Lenora joins in, tossing mud in Hackzor's mouth as he says the last of the words above, sobbing.

DEBROUTEILLE

(voice loud and garbled)
Know my wrath, ye piebald mares

DeBrouteille loses grip on the sword's handle strap, and it flies toward the gas-powered lawnmower/tractor. The sword starts the tractor, and the trailer full of goods, selected, bit by bit, to be resold crosses a broad field and is dunked in the fishpond. HAIWA and Rowena observe, saying nothing.

Hackzor is crying for the wooden furniture, nice pieces which are, admittedly, going to suffer some damage. HAIWA helps Rowena to dodge some mud, picking her up. She swivels to the side, then replaces her young charge.

Many other jaws are wide as the mudslinging is paused. Rowena inspects her own shoes.

GENDARMES arrive from the national investigation agency, opening up black sedan doors. CLICKING of handcuffs.

EXT. DEBROUTEILLE'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

The gendarme, ALICE, chastises ROWENA for poisoning DeBrouteille.

GENDARME ALICE

Even if she did kidnap your friend,
it isn't just. Giving someone a
flareworm, or any mind-altering
substance could cause serious harm.
It might seriously affect her
consciousness. She may have died.

ROWENA

(contrition)

Yes, ma'am, and I apologize again.

Alice points Rowena's downturned face to the sedan, where DeBrouteille is grinning with a distant look. In the BG, HAIWA is fishing antiques out of the pond.

"FUNKY WORM" by The Ohio Players PLAYS

CREDITS

EXT. PACIFIC GARBAGE PATCH -- DAY

On a large lightboard, we see DeBrouteille, Hackzor, Lenora, and a few other people's names. They are, with a little robotic help, to work off 7 trillion community service hours. We see a fraction of these shaved down in the few seconds onscreen.

Counting down...

LENORA

(v/o)

Trying to backpedal your way out of
harmonizing

DeBrouteille shrugs. She turns to a clump of CONVICTED CEOs and demonstrates how to use trash removal machinery. She is able to use a shovel programmer well enough to help others.

Lifters, haulers, and mixers combine floating waste. FAN NOISE for electric motor. Sorters and other equipment separate the garbage on floating piers, containers being prepped for transport elsewhere.

A person in an expensively-tailored suit, CONVICTED CEO 13, puts on heavy duty rubber gloves.

EXT. CITY EXURBS -- DAY

HAIWA and a few young people look around a relatively vacant lot. HAIWA has gathered together a pile of rubbish

(some from food and drink, a sneaker (soggy and swollen), two pieces of a car's body, worn-out mannequin, busted hibachi, detritus of human existence.)

BB walks into the shot, carrying a book, some mold damage visible.

BB

What do you think this is?

The book's spine reads "DOCTRINE OF THE MEAN"

HAIWA

Well, we'll have to read, hold on

HAIWA speeds up her sorting function, and it looks like she is juggling or shuffling cards, objects move very quickly.

ROBERTO

(aghast)

What is she doing?

HAIWA

(as if spoken to)

I am leaving this material in a pattern which will be easier for others to re-use, recycle, or add to a landfill

ROSHANI

(optimistic)

Can you do that with plates... or chainsaws? That are on fire?

HAIWA

It is rare that I come across discarded flaming chainsaws.

The wastebot leaves the items in several small orderly piles, as much as is possible, out of the way of plants, shrubs, and a termite mound.

Pan. A path becomes visible through the moderately sullied exurb zone, HAIWA and BB begin.

HAIWA

If you want to help me, we can find more material, more quickly, and then I will sort, misters and misses-es

Roshani and THAD seem interested.

BB

(laughs to herself)

I

HAIWA picks up a few other discarded items, collecting a couple things from piles recently sorted.

BB

I'll help

HAIWA

We can use a set of the consumer interaction kits, if you have sufficient reason to believe this refuse may negatively affect your health, I recommend it.

ROSHANI

Now she tells me

ROBERTO

Swag. Oooooh

The young people and BB accept masks, gloves, and sets of noseplugs.

BB

(quoting Stein again)

And go "Las manzanas de Cézanne tienen una importancia única para mí que nada puede reemplazar."

The developers' logos and the insignia of the Sanitation and Sustainability Bureau are prominent.

ROBERTO

(plugging nose)

How dunh I lunhkhk?

NOTE: *The dialogue may be spoken in English, in Spanish, or in the Guna people's language (Guna/Kuna/Dulegaya.) If in parentheses (__), the character is speaking in Spanish or Dulegaya.*

IMAGE OF DNA, A LADDER LEADING UP, INTO LIGHT:

CREDITS run during

IMAGE OF MOSQUITOS, IN NATURE AND IN THE LABORATORY.

EGGS.

LARVAE.

PUPAE.

A MOSQUITO, EXPELLING WATER AFTER A BLOOD MEAL.

A MOSQUITO LAYING EGGS.

THE LIFE CYCLES OF PLASMODIUM PARASITES, IN MOSQUITOS AND HUMAN BEINGS.

THE PARASITES IN THE SALIVARY GLANDS OF A MOSQUITO.

IMAGES OF THE EYEBALLS OF A PERSON INFECTED.

A MOSQUITO PIERCING HUMAN SKIN.

GAMETOCYTES, MALE AND FEMALE, IN THE HUMAN BLOOD STREAM.

FILARIAL PARASITES.
 ARBOVIRUS.
 CHIKUNGUNYA VIRUS.
 WRIGGLERS.
 IMAGES ON THE SURFACES OF MOSQUITO EGGS.
 RAFTS OF MOSQUITOS' EGGS.
 THE BURSTING OF BLOOD CELLS, RELEASING MORE MICROSCOPIC
 LIFE.

TITLE: Though this film is based on some real events, this is a work of fiction. No similarities to any scientist, healer, or activist are intentional. Any resemblance is coincidental.

EXT. POOLSIDE -- DAY

The long legs of a woman. Ankles and a heel, the tops of feet, dark skin. Slowly, a pan to the left.

The legs, calves, and knees of a woman. She is lying on a deck chair. Knees, and upper thighs, and then a view, as though the woman's

POV TOWARDS AND ABOVE A WORKING SURFACE.

WILEY is staring at data, analyses of data, though the camera is focusing on a bug near her foot. As the flying MOSQUITO nears her, she looks past the bug to see ANN approaching, carrying two frozen fruit pops, quickly melting. Ann is about the same age as Wiley, but is a half of a head shorter.

WILEY
 (standing)
 Hey, you

ANN
 (giving an awkward hug
 with hands full)
 Wiley Emory, I have been looking all
 over for you

WILEY
 (taking one of the frozen
 pops)
 Of course, at the pool, in a resort
 halfway around the planet. Thanks,
 this... is this hibiscus?

ANN
 (nodding, beginning to eat
 her mango pop)
 Guess what? I've got a show
 tonight, and you're coming.

Wiley is looking at her old friend: Ann is more outgoing than she is, her face more expressive, but she is also more fashionably dressed.

Wiley looks at her modest swimwear, and shakes her head.

Ann uses primary colors. Ann is not, not really, the pushy type, but this is her oldest, best friend, and they will hang out. Wiley sees that she is dripping dark red on the poolside bricks and tile, nearly hitting her feet.

WILEY
(giving in)
Ann, the conference, again,
tomorrow... I... am coming.

INT. CLUB VIDALIA -- DJ BOOTH/VIP -- NIGHT

Ann and Wiley are dancing. Ann mixes at the MIXING board, between turntables, with headphones on. It seems like an intimate gathering until

INT. CLUB VIDALIA -- PIT -- NIGHT

Many PARTIERS heave under the lights. COUPLES dance. Women dance alone or with men or with other women. Lines of colorful bulbs stretch around the dancefloor, and on some other lines of lights and vines are stretched a couple of strips of serrated condom packages. The bar is clean and long, with glasses full of colorful drink.

People guzzle or use the booze as a prop. There are bowls of condoms and lubricant on the bartop. One PARTYGOER drinks tea. Looking

UP TO:

INT. CLUB VIDALIA -- DJ BOOTH/VIP -- NIGHT

DJ Black Laos, as Ann is billed on the event flyers, is setting the night on fire. The club is large. She does not distance herself from the crowd. Ann is SPINNING and joking with her friends. Palm trees sway on the other sides of wooden and glass walls. Ann raises her fist. The crowd CHEERS.

INT. CLUB VIDALIA -- NIGHT

Many DANCERS revel in the changes, or enjoy others' bodies in the crowd. Relaxed, the music THUMPS and also energizes the warm night. Red lights shine on a few mosquitos that have flown in.

EXT. CLUB VIDALIA -- NIGHT

At the edge of the club is a veranda, partiers TALKING, lounging in a hot tub, on grassy clearings. A LIFEGUARD

drinks a virgin manhattan near the club's pool from a reusable water bottle.

BASS and loud CONVERSATION mingle with palm leaves' SONG and SHAKE.

EXT. RESORT EDGE -- NIGHT

Ann and Wiley are walking after the show. They are only talking a little, but both smile and laugh, happy to be with an old friend. An open gate looks as though a night security guard is asleep or away from his post.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE TOURIST ZONE -- NIGHT

Ann and Wiley see a collection of open-air buildings.

Wiley recognizes these brick shelters are a clinic and tells Ann something of what she expects. They see a MOTHER who is crying, A DISTANT WAILING, over the MALARIOUS BOY who is her son. There are a few other FAMILY MEMBERS who seem to be waiting with the PEOPLE STRICKEN ILL on simple cots.

ANN

(covering mouth)

I'm sorry. This is devastating.

WILEY

He is one of many who may die.

The two friends walk again, in the quiet night, under many stars. They walk away from the bright streetlamps near the clinic.

INT. CONFERENCE CENTER -- HALLWAY -- DAY

Wiley and STEPHEN, her colleague from the lab, and his daughter, LILY, walk to the daycare intake.

WILEY

It's going to be fine, as long as they've left the pitchforks at home.

STEPHEN

(smiling)

Oh, don't worry about the scythes.
It's the fire, friend, the fire.

Both LAUGH, and Lily joins in. Stephen checks on the toys that he has in the bag, RUMMAGING, doing a last daddy check.

STEPHEN

I notice that there are a few pages of the coloring book missing.

LILY

I colored with Ms. Corina.

WILEY

Have a great time, Lily. We'll be done before you know it. Stephen signs in on the daycare clipboard. He passes the bag of toys and snacks to the waiting CAREGIVER. Stephen gives his daughter one last hug. Lily grabs her stuffed bacteriophage and heads toward the play area.

WILEY

(making a deep, announcer voice)

She'll be fine. She doesn't have to deal with... technical difficulties

INT. CONFERENCE CENTER -- HALL -- DAY

Wiley is standing before a projection of photographs of a mosquito's life cycle. She shows data that suggests that the mosquitos (female) will mate with the engineered mosquitos (male) leading to a large decline in the population of wild mosquitos.

WILEY

(through P.A.)

We modified the organism to express a dominant lethal gene when not in the presence of tetracycline.

Wiley points out several life stages of the mosquito.

Some CONFEREES seem bored, having been at the conference (CLOSE on programs for Vector Ecology 2019 Vanzuzevla are thumbed, stuffed into shoulder bags) for several days, and some, having read the paper, know the ending...

WILEY

(P.A.)

Data suggest a release into the field may reduce local mosquito populations. The mosquitos are shown to be attracted to the 96% sterile males, which seem capable of surviving long enough to distract mates.

She opens the floor to discussion, to questions.

A TV JOURNALIST and TWO EMINENT SCIENTISTS, seem eager to ask something.

EMINENT SCIENTIST #1

(in Aussie accent,
accepting microphone)

What good is this creature? The mosquito... My question is meant to provoke thought... I recognize this is a speciesist argument, and is not meant to communicate my belief... Will this process, a release of RIDL, be capable of eradicating a species, or a subspecies?

WILEY

(nodding, replying over
P.A.)

Thank you, yes. I don't know that. It seems unlikely the organism I'm referring to could eradicate any native species in the region in which we've planned to experiment. Other projects, using gene drive may prove capable of doing so... This anopheline...

CUT TO:

TV JOURNALIST

Thinking I may, I must disregard the incredible ego, the "deplorable hubris," dismissing an attempt to conquer, another attempt to conquer nature... and, admitting the magnitude of death and loss, great dissatisfaction with current disease prevention... How can we in the developing world permit a modification of one of the few protective features which have allowed us to retain our culture and heritage -- Namely, mosquitos have kept the whites from conquering from gentrifying...

Wiley nods, and is patient, recognizing valid points in each of the conferees' questions.

TV JOURNALIST

It seems that the persistence of this disease is a facet of the colonizers' attempt to attain advantage through poverty and reduction of self-reliance... In what way will this newest invasion be any different?

CUT TO:

WILEY

(P.A.)

Is the symbiosis an evolutionary adaptation, parasite and mosquito and human, I don't know. But, I am also curious... a researcher, who, accepting the power of this age-old mechanism, has proposed

Wiley is admired by Stephen, in one of the first rows, watching.

WILEY

(V.O.)

There may be a way to subvert the parasite

INT. OCEANIA AIRPORT -- DAY

Wiley boards a plane with Lily and Stephen, returning to Central America.

EXT. TARMAC -- NIGHT

The airplane, wearing a tattoo paintjob, lands.

INT. WILEY'S FLAT -- NIGHT

Wiley returns to her living room, a comfortable space cornered by bookshelves. She swallows a few preventative tablets, the pill bottle label reads:...

TITLE: FOR CHEMOPROPHYLAXIS (subtitles)

She lounges on a corduroy couch, listening to her BROTHER's message.

BROTHER JAROD

(V.O.)

hope you made it back safe and to remind you that, next time, when you see Ann's show, you have to take me with you.

BATTERY REDUCTION TO:

Wiley falls asleep working on a tablet, reclined on a loveseat.

EXT. CENTRAL AMERICAN HIGHWAY -- DAWN

Wiley drives through the warming metropolis. Reaching a more secluded area, she climbs an exit and pulls off.

EXT. CENTRAL AMERICAN ROAD -- DAY

HERE, AMID THE TREES AND WALKING TRAILS, SHE APPROACHES A

BUILDING, GLEAMING BLUE AND CHROME. SHE PARKS THE CAR IN THE NEARLY EMPTY PARKING LOT. SHE WALKS PAST A WOODEN GAZEBO ON HER WAY TO:

EST. UNIGENE LABORATORY -- DAY

INT. UNIGENE LABORATORY -- DAY

Wiley strides the halls, poking in at meeting rooms furnished with whiteboards and molded plywood chairs, at rows of 'enclosures.' A sign near one of the insectaria reads:

WARNING: This laboratory contains Gene Drive modified mosquitos.

The mosquitos are sleeping, eating, flying, hanging. She opens the DOOR to her office, sits. She begins to click and to type, opening report DOCUMENTS. The day brightens.

A few more scientists arrive to their offices and laboratories: ARIADNE, dark hair and a yellow dress, REBECCA, the braids bending over her suit, and THOMAS, who is growing out a beard.

REBECCA
(leaning in to the
office, continuing out)
Welcome back, Wiley

Wiley smiles, continues the morning's tasks.

LAUREL, the secretary for the head honcho, pops in with a message.

LAUREL
Dean asked for you to join in this
morning's meeting

WILEY
Thanks, Laur

INT. LABORATORY -- DAY

Stephen watches, with Ariadne and Thomas, from the floor-to-ceiling windowed laboratory (a main working space for the team.) The frosted glass counters allow for working space and access to tools for collection, observation, and manipulation of the insects. There are many glass tubes, trays of food container-like plastic buckets, rolls of gauze, microscopes, and monitors. The team can see through the glass to DEAN's office, but can't hear what the two founders are talking about.

ARIADNE
How did Lily like Vanzuzevla?

STEPHEN

She loved it. She and Emory got along well.

INT. CEO OFFICE -- DAY

Wiley is listening as DEAN is describing plans for the trial release of the 'organism.' She is sitting in a comfortable chair in the corner of his transparent office, from which one can see many of the laboratories and corridors in the building. Dean is seated at a workstation near to Wiley. Another person is listening in, through a phone conference: a speakerphone indicator is lit. He is dressed impressively and in a way that matches the contemporary furniture of the space.

DEAN

(confidence)

We've got it, Wiley. We've got th-- it's going to help a lot of people.

Wiley is nodding. She is thoughtful, and tilts her head. What does she see on Dean's desk?

DEAN

We're not going to be too bad off, either.

WILEY

Yes, it looks good, but it seems like...

Wiley trails elsewhere. She doesn't finish the thought.

DEAN

You know, we don't need their approval. It's not for the autoridad to s--

INT. LABORATORY -- DAY

Stephen looks over at the two of them. Dean is arguing with passion, but Wiley seems reserved. Stephen grabs his phone back from Thomas.

THOMAS

Couldn't you have taken a picture of the beach?

STEPHEN

I got a photo of the old town square...

THOMAS

Yeah, 'cause you saw a butterfly. You and Wiles, man, I'm tellin' you

STEPHEN
You love insects, too.

THOMAS
(pursing lips)
Yeah yeah

INT. CO-OP HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- DAY

SKULL and **MARROWS** look at each other, both smiling. **Marrows** breaks into laughter. **Skull**, squeaks out a chuckle.

SKULL
I think she said we don't have to do our chore.

The punks (26 and 36, but which is which could be a tough guess) laugh, walking to the next room.

MARROWS
No, nooo...

BRENDA
(loud)
No, I meant stop arguing.

BRENDA looks at the red sauce on the wooden spoon.

BRENDA
Come in here, taste this pasta sauce.

LASZLO, the rat, pushes a buzzer in his tunnel of corridors and cages, and a **FANFARE**, short and clipped, tinny.

IMAGES OF MOSQUITO VAR. 53A

EXT. JUNGLE -- DAWN

Mosquito lands in the mud, amid greenery.

EXT. LABORATORY -- DOCK -- DAY

Wiley gathers her release sets (thousands and thousands and thousands of mosquitos in plexiglass boxes with holes and doors, some in plastic tubs covered with gauze) and travels into the woods and wild with **ALLISON**.

EST. JUNGLE -- ROAD'S EDGE -- DAY

EXT. JUNGLE -- DAY

The two scientists release more mosquitos, and carry plexiglass boxes. They open the smooth/creaky **DOORS** of the boxes, remove the gauze over the tubs, into segments

of forest, near many standing puddles and near a small stream. They do this many times, documenting the release times and the flights of the organisms. Many photos and notes are taken.

INT. WILEY'S FLAT -- NIGHT

WILEY reads more journals. She goes over the work of other scientists at the lab. She writes more notes about the release. She drinks a cup of tea while looking at tables and images of infected mosquitos in Wolbachia experiments.

IMAGES OF BIRDS, ABOVE THE CANOPY

EXT. VILLAGE -- DAY

A lizard crawls through stones on the grounds of a village home.

INT. CITYCOLLEGE -- STUDENT SERVICES BUILDING -- DAY

STUDENTS, young women, wait to meet the student health advisor in a higher education facility.

EXT. BUS PLAZA -- DAY

CONDUCTORS SHOUT to the pedestrians the names of their routes and destinations, encouraging fares to get into their minibuses and buses. Some of these are STUDENTS from the school, but there are a few COMMUTERS, and a TRAVELING MOTHER and TRAVELING CHILD.

CONDUCTOR TORRES
LAS PALMAS, ESQUINA DEL REY,
PATRICIO

EXT. JUNGLE -- DAY

A fish bobs its head above the surface of the stream visited yesterday by the UniGene team.

INT. LABORATORY -- COMMISARY -- DAY

A fillet of fish lies on the Ariadne's plate, one of many dishes on a table in a green and purple food court with many SCIENTISTS and STAFF.

ARIADNE
I'm not one of these optimists. No,
I don't think we're in a new era of
science, and all is going to be
different.

A roundtable discussion volleys among Ariadne and other members of Wiley's team and a few others from other teams (YVES, PERRAULT.)

YVES

(agreeing)

Yes, I don't think the world's going to split open and reveal her treasures just because we cracked a few genomes --

Ariadne doesn't seem happy that someone is in agreement.

ARIADNE

But, you're here, in this cafeteria, drinking the syrup and whatever's in the water here.

Stephen looks at his maple-soaked and butter-clogged pancakes, comparing them to *DMITIRI*'s.

DMITRI

I say it goes on and -- plug one hole, another springs up. We will get sick. We can't stop that, but working on this problem, these problems, is not better, I mean, is (Mas vale algo que nada) better a lean jade than an empty halter. Or, we shine more light at

Another friend, *THOMAS*, sits with his colleagues.

DMITRI

the edges, and we reduce mortality, we reduce the length of time people are ill, fewer people waylaid

Ariadne is listening, removing a *FISHBONE* from her bolus.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Wiley is adding many mosquitos to the forest, the woods, jungle. She repositions her feet between roots, shrubs, and vines, and she takes detailed notes:

45 meters from the path
a height of 1.5m

She (and Dmitri) open many boxes in a succession of settings, demonstrating the number of species living within the range of the experiment:

NEAR THE STREAM

**AT THE DARK BLUE FLOWERS
AFTER THE FALLS, WHERE THE FOAM IS
COLLECTING INTO A LAGOON, AT THE
CLIFFS EDGE
ON THE HILLS**

A quarter million or so more mosquitos flying outward, upward, the jungle seeming to shrink as much as they appear to be a cloud, expanding.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING -- DAY

Wiley is returning to her car, as DMITRI leaves, waving from another COMPACT SUV. One bug follows her in to the car.

POV REARVIEW MIRROR

Wiley watches the mosquito float in the air of the car. She LOWERS the car windows.

INT. WILEY'S FLAT -- NIGHT

Wiley watches Ms. Wong in a classic black and white film. The PHONE diverts her from the scene. She pushes the pause button.

WILEY

You seen *Thundering Dawn*?

JAROD

(O.S.)

No, I don't know. I don't know it. You're on the Western kick, or the Wong kick

WILEY

You know, looking at it, to rest my eyes... Blue versus Black and blue

JAROD

(O.S.)

I'm not going to go into that. I called because, look at your microwave. You said we have the same microwave, right?

WILEY

I do not think we ever talked about microwaves, Jar

JAROD

(O.S.)

You may not remember, but we did. Look at the Twain Short demo, I found the easter egg

Wiley kids around with her brother, but she doesn't turn away from the pile of work she has ready for herself when she turns away from classic cinema.

WILEY

If you stuffed an egg in my
microwave when you visited seven
months ago, and I find it now

JAROD

(O.S.)

Ha. Ha. No, for real, the microwave
has an easter egg. You can turn the
food window into an animation of a
frog jumping with shot in its belly.

WILEY

(offended, perhaps as a
gag)

That is hideous

JAROD

(O.S.)

Get through the pizza/popcorn menu,
put the time

WILEY

(interrupting)

I'm busy, I'm hanging up

JAROD

(O.S.)

Fine, I'm textin you the
instructions, enjoy it or feel
remorse at the days' tally

WILEY

Love you, Jar

JAROD

(O.S.)

You will love this more

WILEY

Go

Wiley hangs up the phone, but doesn't go back,
straightaway to the film. She watches the darkened
microwave, sees the reflection of the utensils behind her.
Her movie screen (her cpu,) goes dark for the
screensaver.

INT. LABORATORY COMMISARY -- DAY

STEPHEN

(practicing Guna language)
(And, are you telling me,
...?)

ALLISON
 (incredulous)
 (A rumor-dispelling play. Um,
 comeon.) Not it.

DMITRI
 But, community engagement could
 increase your job security, if
 that's important.

ARIADNE
 (to Stephen)
 An adaptation? The simpler an
 organism is, the more likely that a
 mutation... I don't know. For
 instance, why do pickles taste
 different after your mom has sent
 them?

Stephen holds up his burger, shrugs, then takes a bite.

INT. LABORATORY -- DAY

When Stephen and Allison return to the lab, they find
 Wiley sitting on one of the stools, adding more values in,
 changing variables. A mostly emptied glass food container
 is on a shelf, next to her tablets, behind her monitor.
 She seems to be making models. Potential growth and
 changes in population are made visible as the process
 continues.

STEPHEN
 Hey Wiles, felicidades!

WILEY
 (distant)
 Thanks. We'll see.

She doesn't look up from the machine. A step finishes, so
 she turns and looks at Stephen and Allison. She smiles
 warmly, but turns back without spending too much time.

ALLISON
 Everything seems great. Did you see
 the weather? Perfect.

WILEY
 (unmoved)
 I think so, too.

ALLISON
 Then you'll take us out on the
 Katydid for the next party...

Wiley cracks a bit: her friends want to hang out.

WILEY

Ha. It means we've got tons of work to do. Get comfortable, buckle in and bask.

Wiley talks over her shoulder, entering more keys and **CLICKING** on another menu. Allison, smiling, returns to the monitoring of the insectaria.

EXT. JUNGLE -- DAY

Wiley collects data from many separate sites. She combines written records with sync-ed electronic registers. She empties traps, looking like lanterns, that hang from the branches of trees. At times, she seems to be swimming in fauna.

MOSQUITOS BUZZ.

She is viewed, without her knowledge, by a **GUNA MASTER**.

She prepares another mixture of yeast, sugar, and water, to refill the trap.

GUNA MASTER POV THROUGH LEAVES, BRANCHES**EXT. JUNGLE FLORA -- DAY**

The indigenous observer seems like part of a tree, blended with forest life. He is still. The man can be seen in another part of the forest, still again, noiseless. He may be seeing much more than others could observe, living often in this forest.

A slide projector succession of images, similar to the last few deposits of mosquitos in the jungle. In this series, no new life is added to the forest, but the Master's eyes see more, and viewers may pick out more from the scenes. The images are from the minutes before and after the scene where Wiley is seen without her knowledge, but the next days and nights as well.

BEE

FLOWER
SLEEPING NOCTURNAL LIFE
ARTHROPOD
THE SKY
A HUMINGBIRD

EXT. JUNGLE WETLANDS -- DAY

Wiley sinks deep into **MUD** she did not anticipate. She does not seem perturbed, but watches some subtle change in values gathered at this site. Water **DRIPS** from above. A puddle of water dries, leaving small holes. Another is desiccated, leaving cracks and plates in the bright

sunshine, like blocks of asphalt. Wiley documents a habitat by taking a picture.

INT. LABORATORY -- DAY

PATRICK, Rebecca, and Stephen are at a monitor, examining probable combinations of genes. Seven areas/strands are compared, lines of darkened acids, in sequence, verified or placed in a queue for more inquiry. A photograph of Stephen and his daughter is visible, behind and above the monitor. ALLISON, another technician nearby, calls Stephen's attention to a passing figure.

INT. LABORATORY HALLWAY -- DAY

SANGEET, a foundation rep (read: wealth,) is escorted by Dean and another MEMBER of the team. Dean is pointing things out, his mouth moving in praise or quotation of numbers and statistics. Sangeet's nametag reads:

VISITOR
Towers Foundation
Sangeet

ALLISON
(O.S., close)
He looks like the fox after the dog
has carried off a bone

She laughs, quickly and QUIETly, a SCOFF.

INT. WILEY'S FLAT -- NIGHT

Wiley puts down the KNIFE she was using to trim a mushroom and answers the PHONE.

MOM
(V.O.)
Honey... Jarod...

Wiley listens to her mom deliver terrible news. She turns to see the loveseat, the tablet.

WILEY
(surprised, cool)
Jarod is dead.

Wiley leaves the kitchen and returns to the living room, sits. She listens to her MOM speak about the last days of Wiley's brother's life.

INT. LABORATORY -- DAY

WILEY
I'm going home, I've got to. The
funeral is Tuesday.

JULIA and Wiley are arranging more BLOOD meals for the female mosquitos. Julia eyes Wiley, saddened by the news, curious. Screw top LIDS opening and TUMBLE of equipment.

JULIA

I'll take care of this. I'll cover tomorrow's release. Go, rest... Do you need a ride to the airport?

The women are feeding the insects, not looking at one another. Some of the organisms are receiving cow's blood or nectar, sugarwater. Others are being fed from a mixture of cat food. Julia holds Wiley's lab coat, at the elbow, briefly.

INT. LAB -- CEO OFFICE -- DAY

Stephen and Dean look at one another. Dean's phone RINGS.

INT. WILEY'S FAMILY HOME -- DAY

Wiley is dressing in a simple black suit. Roses on the stand between her and the mirror add some color to a drab environment. The NEIGHBORS' CHILDREN are playing outside.

NEIGHBOR

(O.S.)

Kick it!

EXT. RIVERSIDE RESTAURANT -- DAY

Wiley's MOTHER and FATHER walk into an expensive and elegant restaurant overlooking the river.

INT. RIVERSIDE RESTAURANT -- DAY

Wiley, pulling a SEAT out for her mother, sits at her right. Her father helps one of his wife's brothers, XAVIER, into a chair at the far side of the table. Xavier tucks his CANE near the arm of the chair. The table is full with RELATIVES and FRIENDS. SERVERS bring more than enough pasta and seafood. The water, the passionfruit tea, the sodas, all the GLASSES remain full. Xavier and Wiley's mom drink wine, and a white boat sets off along the river.

QUINN

So, Wiley, you're there working to stop AIDS, I gather?

WILEY

No, that is a problem, there, too. But... I'm working on mosquito-borne diseases.

QUINN

That's wonderful, dear. There are warnings about West Nile making it to Macklinburg.

SCRAPE of silver against flatware. Another bottle of wine is poured out.

WILEY'S MOM

You know, your brother was so proud of you. He loved you so much.

WILEY

(grimacing, then smiling)
Thanks, mom.

INT. CO-OP HOUSE -- DINING ROOM -- DAY

Skull and Marrow, Brenda and TRE, LUCIANA and ROSHAN, and a few other co-op DWELLERS and DWELLERS' FRIENDS are arguing around a table, over a big, colorful salad.

LUCIANA

I'm not saying it's not important. I agree.

BRENDA

Then, why don't you agree to do something abou--

MARROW

It is important

LUCIANA

It's as important as the humans of the planet roasting each other to death?

Skull grabs the wooden tongs to share more of the food. MARLENE comes in from the other room, puts away the phone.

LUCIANA

As the swelling ranks of the fascists in this, a historic democracy?

BRENDA

Ok, other things. Just say 'other things...'

FREE JAZZ swells.

LUCIANA

Right. I mean, it is important. How do we evaluate which crisis to act on, or, how to go about preventing the next emergency, etc.

MARLENE

Someone, please, share the root.
What is the why?

BRENDA

That the health of the people of the
world, shared well-being, is treated
as a source of profit.

The dining room is warmly-lit. There is a vintage travel
poster from Ankara on the wall.

LUCIANA

It seems that there are groups
of people, corporations, which seek
to profit and control by
manipulating fear and desire without
regard for the long-term eff--

BRENDA

In this case, there is a withholding
of relevant details, until... 'OH,
LET'S RELEASE THE INFORMATION SO WE
CAN SELL THE SHARES'

Brenda asks for more *agua fresca*, as Marlene is pouring
for the people next to her. Marrow gets up and puts on
another record. **NEEDLE** drop.

MARLENE

I'm participating because I want to
preserve my habitat, to co-exist in
harmony with other beings.

A few heads nod.

EXT. POSH RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Dean, his wife, **SHEILAH**, and **EDNA** and **TAYLOR**, two
grantmakers from the Towers Foundation, are supping at an
outdoor table. The bistro has a set of wooden trellises
and is surrounded by stone planters. Flowers are
blooming. The four joke, and they ask for more **DRINKS**. A
PERSON IN A MOTH COSTUME and another **PERSON IN A BULL MASK**
surprise the four at the table. Dean jumps out of the
way, but Sheilah is covered in goopy, neon green paint
SPLASHED by the two figures, who continue without
stopping. She uses her **NAPKIN** to wipe her face, clearing
the paint nearest her eyes first.

SHEILAH

(dry)

I think I've gotten something on my
dress

Sheilah drinks from her surprisingly unspoiled wineglass, and her fellow diners attempt to comfort her. The HOST calls the police.

EXT. MESOAMERICA -- DAY

A plane, another ferrying Wiley back to the city near Unigene's laboratories, flies above, through nearly clear skies.

INT. AIRPLANE -- DAY

Wiley is navigating through the airplane's entertainment system. She finds a cartoon Frankenstein story... this seems amusing for a few moments, then she turns to GREENLIGHT, a 1930s Errol Flynn picture. She watches the surgeon inject himself with experimental serum.

INT. VILLAGE GREENGROCER -- DAY

Wiley slides past SHOPPERS in dense aisles. She receives a strange look from a WOMAN IN A SUNDRESS.

EXT. OPEN-AIR MARKET -- DAY

She meanders through the open-air market, picking up FRUITS.

MAN WITH SCOOTER
Cuatro kilos de pepinos

Wiley walks through another section of the market. She handles a head of lettuce and a carrot. She carries a simple canvas bag, now bulging. At the next stall, she buys cinnamon.

EXT. CABRITO CALLE -- DAY

She finds another shop, a botanica. A healer, a curandera, (BEATRIZ,) has filled her shop with spices, bat skulls, the feathers of owls, statues, ...

INT. BOTANICA -- DAY

BIRD noise is triggered by the door sensor. There are also candles, many candles. They have pictures of saints on them or the portions of the body or the world they are meant to affect. Wealth is printed on one candle, white printed on glass depicting bags of gold. There are musical instruments (bamboo flutes and drums) on a top shelf, and tonics near the register. Paintings are stacked against a wall. Dust reflects the light from the window. Icons and smoking implements are in a glass counter with, one would guess, hard-to-source herbs.

Wiley exchanges pleasantries with the healer. The healer seems to notice something.

BEATRIZ

Is there something I can do to help you with your loss?

Wiley is confused. She shakes her head.

BEATRIZ

(hand over chest)

I am Beatriz. (You are welcome to come back.)

WILEY

(relieved)

(Thanks)

INT. CO-OP HOUSE -- LAUNDRY ROOM -- DAY

A collection of biodegradable soaps line the wooden shelves. Another member of the co-op, **TANGIERS**, is reading the older **NEWSPAPERS**, collected to be reused and recycled. She criticizes the implied inaction in many stories. Her colorful and light dress flutters with her gestures.

TANGIERS

(speaking to Laszlo, in tubes above the cupboards)

When are they going to finally decide to kick that mad jackal out of there?

Laszlo scampers around a wheel, and takes some of the newspaper for bedding. The cat, **FIREBIRD**, does not have much to say. Her **TAIL** curls around Tangier's leg. **RUSSELL** enters, puts down a few bags and **WHEELS** around a cooler, and he asks for help to bring in some protest signs.

RUSSELL

(breathing with some effort)

Help me bring in the visual aids, please

EXT. CO-OP HOUSE -- DAY

Russell's station wagon's trunk open, and Skull, Tangiers, and Brenda are reaching in, pulling out posterboard **SIGNS**, a banner, and other protest supplies. **BEEES** float in and out of a diverse garden: yellow tomato flowers, the purple of rosemary flowers, the green and white gourds.

EXT. PUEBLO VILLAS -- DUSK

In the lush neighborhood closer to the forest and the waterway, a mosquito is flying near a **COUPLE** holding on to

each other, near a radio playing a CUMBIA. They speak about plans to have another child, and, beside them, resting, is a baby in a hammock, covered with a mosquito net. Ants crawl across the concrete.

ROSALINDA

Jacinto, con una amiga, apareceme lo mas facil

Weeds spring up from the cracks. Plants seem alive inside their plastic and clay containers, the flies, moths, and bees FLYING.

JACINTO

Para mi papa, es muy importante a... un nieto

ROSALINDA

Es imposible a saber. Que maravillosa nos niña, y una hermana o hermano

JACINTO

(turning to look at his spouse's face)

Mi oracion es que el... o ella... es fuerte, sano.

INT. CO-OP HOUSE -- DUSK

Tangiers and Skull are piling up some of the supplies, protest signs that read:

N-O to GM-O
and

Not your Guinea pig

The pals stick those, with others, in a storage closet near to the laundry room.

TANGIERS

I wouldn't say aimless

SKULL

Yeah, you were wandering around looking for chococaramels for months

TANGIERS

Tater tots, actually...

EXT. PUEBLO VILLAS -- DUSK

A leafy suburb away from the hubbub and traffic.

EXT. PUEBLO VILLA -- FRONT DOORWAY -- DUSK

SANDRA
 (opening door)
 (Hello.)

Lucian and Tre are going door-to-door, collecting signatures.

LUCIAN
 (We'd like your help in
 stopping the release of
 genetically modified
 mosquitos --)

SANDRA
 (I already told the others
 that I'm not letting them
 go in my backyard.)

TRE
 (No, ma'am, we're here to
 ask for your signature on a
 petition to stop a company
 who is releasing
 genetically modified
 mosquitos into the area
 near where we live.)

SANDRA
 (I am taking care to keep
 them out, and I don't feel
 comfortable with having
 some stranger fiddling
 around back there.)

TRE
 (Would you add your name
 to a list of people who
 wish to stop the Unigene
 company from releasing any
 more mosquitos?)

SANDRA
 (Well. Yes.)

LUCIAN
 (handing over the
 clipboard)
 (Thank you.)

SANDRA
 (reading more of
 thepaperwork on the
 clipboard, adding her
 signature)
 (I really don't want
 anyone to spray)

LUCIAN
 (I understand)

TRE
 (Please, add your e-mail
 if you'd like to be
 notified for our next
 event.)

The resident returns the clipboard to Tre.

SANDRA
 (shaking her head, closing
 the door)
 (Thank you. Good night.)

EXT. PUEBLO VILLAS -- NIGHT

Tre and Lucian, Tre carrying the clipboard, walk along the roadway beside well-manicured shrubs and tall privacy bushes. Arriving at the next home, they approach an intercom some distance from the front door, on the far side of a stone wall and a gate. Tre passes the clipboard to Lucian.

TRE
 (pushing the intercom
 button)
 (Hello, good evening.
 We're here to ask for your
 signature to stop the
 release of genetically
 modified mosquitos.)

HOMEOWNER
 (on intercom)
 (What's that?)

Lucian is looking at the clipboard, reading over the names and e-mails collected, reviewing the information on the next PAGE.

TRE
 (We are collecting
 signatures to stop the
 G.E. mosquitos from being
 released again by the
 Unigene company.)

HOMEOWNER

(It's late. Come back tomorrow.)

Tre looks to Lucian. Tre shrugs.

TRE

(Alright, we'll come back tomorrow. We'll be here about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Thank you, sir.)

HOMEOWNER

(Goodnight)

Tre and Lucian walk back past the houses they've already visited. They are wearing long sleeves and pants, and they sweat in the warm night.

Roshan and BETTINA meet up with the two other canvassers, and Roshan rushes up to meet his friends.

ROSHAN

(jubilant)
(We got 75 signatures tonight)

Bettina and Luciana laugh.

LUCIANA

(Ah, you beat us. We only got about 45.)

EXT. JUNGLE -- NIGHT

Wiley is hiking through tall trees and dense vegetation. She collects counts of organisms with flashes of fluorescent light and video. Beats of the passes between trees and bush, vines and leaves.

INT. PHARMACY -- DAY

A YOUNG WOMAN is CRYING. The PHARMACIST shakes her head, but gives the Young Woman a replacement pregnancy test.

Julia is picking up some beauty supplies.

EXT. OUTDOOR MATINEE -- NIGHT

STUDENTS and FILM AFFICIONADOS are feeding the MOSQUITOS between swats and mouthfuls of popcorn. The flickering blue light of the show reveals two FILMGOERS are cozy with one another, holding each other and hypnotized by the picture.

INT. VILLAGE HOME -- NIGHT

A NURSING MOTHER rocks with her baby, in front of a candle and a collection of photographs. Her YOUNG HUSBAND is sleeping on a bed nearby. The ENGINE of a car and the moving shadows from its headlights pass.

INT. WILEY'S FLAT -- NIGHT

Wiley is sitting at a table next to the kitchen counter, flipping through screens of figures, blobs and photos and charts. She reaches for the phone, RUMBLING.

ANN

(V.O.)

Hi, Emory, I'm calling because you didn't send me your flight information, yet. I'm not going to Crete without you, so...

WILEY

OK, yes. I'll get the tickets. No, no, I'll send that to you. I did get a swimsuit.

ANN

(V.O.)

I mean a new one, not

WILEY

I didn't get it, but I picked one out

ANN

(V.O.)

OK, good. That's not important, but... what about a beach book? Did you get --

WILEY

Thanks. Don't worry, I'm coming. It will be a blast. I am going to swim and nap and

Wiley is looking over at the couch, at a dark green plant that is in a planter, covering most of the coffee table.
BEAT.

ANN

(V.O.)

How are you holding up? How's it going?

WILEY

I'll take some time off soon

INT. TOWN HALL MEETING ROOM -- NIGHT

Many **ACTIVISTS**, casually dressed or with message-wear, holding protest signs and a banner before a community channel camera. Some are the friends living together at the co-op house, but there are others, from this village and around the country. The council **MEMBERS** are dressed more formally, though only 7 of the 10 wear suits. They talk with the microphones turned off. The **CROWD MULLS**. A **BAILIFF** stands by.

Dean, from the Unigene office, is in the crowd.

COUNCIL HOST

(checking microphone)

We are here, today, to discuss the merits of the Unigene plan to limit our community's exposure to the aed... mosquito. The group has begun to experiment --

The Bailiff moves toward some **RUCKUS** in the crowd. A man near Dean, evidently an **UNRULY PROTESTOR**, shifts as the Bailiff escorts the man to the back of the room and out the **DOORS**.

UNRULY PROTESTOR

(continuing through struggle)

We need to limit our exposure to this group. We need to protect ourselves from risk from insects created in their lab. We don't need to be the first community to take the kool-aid. There are other means of controlling--

The Bailiff returns as the meeting continues:

COUNCIL HOST

(over P.A.)

The group has offered our community the chance to become one of the first places in the world to apply cutting-edge research to a problem which has been killing hundreds of thousands all over the world every year.

CLOSE on the entrance, and the Bailiff walking down the aisle between the filled seating area. A pile of confiscated vegetables, some small waste baskets full of water balloons, other cans of paint, spray paint, enamel and resin containers, and bags of confetti and glitter clutter a table and some space on the floor below.

Another SECURITY GUARD is keeping his eye out for other material which may disrupt the meeting.

A BUILDING SYSTEMS agent, from Unigene arrives. Many patches of Friends of the Planet are worn on army surplus shirts and jackets and olive bags in the crowd.

EXT. JUNGLE -- NIGHT

Wiley is collecting in the jungle. She has taken off her shoes and socks, and rolled up her pant legs. She captures MOSQUITOS as they land on her skin to feed from her blood.

INT. CO-OP HOUSE -- DEN -- NIGHT

Large tapestries on the walls and a fine carpet covers the wooden floor. Activists in folding chairs FIDGET.

BRENDA

(voice to carry, speaking
so the people in most of
the house can hear her)
(O.S.)

Thanks to Martin and Lewis for
opening up this meeting

There are a few LAUGHS. The table around which many friends and allies sit contains a few coffees, teas, many water bottles, and, now, a sliding INFOSHEET, making its way around.

LAURABETH, Tangiers, Skull, Marrow, Russell, and few other Friends of the Planet read or re-read the infosheet. Laszlo is with Charlene, eating a piece of a vegetable scrap.

BRENDA (summarizing, handing it off, with a gesture to Laurabeth)

Unigene, with the cooperation of the municipal, district, and park officials, have begun a controlled release of two types of genetically-modified mosquitos.

LAURABETH

This is the result of an Avon
University recombinant research
startup and the

RUSSELL

(adding more)

an academic research grant has been
funded by the Towers Foundation, to
the tune of 1.1 million... the
global undertreated fund chipped in
450 thousand. The district has
agreed to use over 40% of its
mosquito control budget for--

The group is friendly to one another, but show determination and solidarity against the threat to the ecology of the jungle, forest, and the planet. Cut between members of the group typing or writing notes, a mixture of body postures and agreement signals, and the chiselled jawing to create what will be the consensus:

TANGIERS

It appears that 45 species will be directly affected by a change in the population of the native

SKULL

Unigene has two concurrent releases and three more planned in other tropical or subtropical countries in

Some of the group, having been focused elsewhere, search for clues as to why or how to continue, the best manner to cultivate changes.

PAN TO:

CHAN

How many of those affected species are using the mosquito as a food source?

LEFFERTS

We don't have many outbreaks of blackwater fever here, why use this as a test site?

SKULL

How likely is it that only males are released?

LAURABETH

It seems that 3% of any of the released mosquitos, despite the manipulation, could survive

RUSSELL

How many, do these mosquitos deposit eggs once in their lives or

The group rallies around awareness and stunts that might cause embarrassment to the company using the experiment as a marketing tactic.

BRENDA

Let's spread the word and draw in as many as we can to the next community meeting

TANGIERS

It... Without making any claim, I'd like to bring up a fear some have... that there may be provocateurs, with anything this...

There are more posters in this room, landscapes from Guyana, a movie theater display about Zapatistas, and a first-aid informational.

The group is surrounded by books. DAVIN and Russell drink from their WATER bottles. Brenda indicates, raising a hand to get attention, she wishes to speak up about another idea.

CHAN

(following Davin's signal)

It is likely that there will be tetracycline present, as a result of agricultural feeding practices using antibiotics

Davin, facilitating the meeting, turns to Brenda again.

BRENDA

I'd like to volunteer a creative approach to expressing our resolve.

INT. UNIGENE LAB -- NIGHT

Wiley is using fluorescent light to examine MOSQUITOS that she and other researchers caught during the last 48 hours. She finds some mosquitos that are marked, dots of red, as transgenic mosquitos. There are also mosquitos of that species which are not transgenic, and many other mosquitos. She seems to have found evidence of another type of mosquito, similar to the one that she and her team released, with a different visual trace under the light.

INT. UNIGENE -- DEAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

DEAN

Emory. I'm going to ask you to leave the lab. Please, take any personal property...

WILEY

(starting to object)

What do you mean, take 3-point-5 million mosquitos back to my flat?

DEAN

Let's let our lawyers deal with resolving this. I appreciate all you've done.

WILEY

We could have been like Sean and Lela, renting out a bankrupt laundromat to do this work, if not for my input. It was reckless and I'm disappointed: It is a problem in experimental design. Did you compromise the --

Wiley spits out the last words like her teeth are just about to fall out.

WILEY

I helped make this lab.

DEAN

(nodding)

Yes, but I've secured more funding and more of the patents for our work. Have your things sent to another lab. You're brilliant, you'll do fine

Emory laughs, still non-plussed. She leaves without adding anything else, and without slamming the door. She sees some of her cohort on the way out, but does not join them. She leaves the building.

EXT. UNIGENE LABORATORIES -- DAY

Wiley, carrying some of the records and boxes she's taking home, wades through the lines of ACTIVISTS, some of whom are co-op dwellers or Friends of the Planet. Rebecca is talking with Charlene. Luciana sees Wiley, plans to walk towards her, but is drawn back to conversation with the activist.

WILEY

(winding through many faces, bodies, signs)
(Pardon me.)

EXT. JUNGLE -- DAY

Wiley is in the thick of the jungle, in a place recognizable, near to one of the many earlier releases. She removes three buckets and the contents of a white polystyrene cooler are added to the buckets.

EXT. CRETE BEACH -- DAY

Ann and Wiley are partying on the beach, a relaxed and intimate party between the two of them. A little philosophy between beach horseplay and reading sessions is gaining momentum.

ANN

There are many signals, from popular music or movies, that romantic love and the mourning of the dead are important, that's true

WILEY

I just don't think those things are essential. Yes, I recognize love, many kinds, but to idealize romantic love means I'm touting some illusion as real. I... you love me. I love you. I don't think of the 'happily ever after' as a -- as more than. I hope you find someone if

ANN

Find Amy? Boris? Carlotta?

WILEY

(continuing)

If that's what you want.

ANN

And I hope that you are... that all people are satisfied, that you are freed from suffering.

WILEY

I don't think my brother wanted me to weep because he died. He was going to die, and I am going to die, and the bones of *amanensis* primates found in Allia Bay have died

Ann watches the wind move the thyme and sand and Persian buttercups around.

WILEY

He passed, and I think of him as funny, and I cherish the memories I can access of him.

ANN

This life is... This is a unique circumstance that allows

WILEY

Yeah, there are conventions, traditions that perpetuate these illusions, but the emotions that are generated by those illusions are real. The works that people create to celebrate love or to provoke or

Wiley sticks her tongue out to ruffle Ann's feathers.

WILEY
 express grief can be beautiful,
 instructive, empty

While Ann watches, ready for her next parry, a BEAT

WILEY
 You are making wonderful music. I
 don't see it as a waste. You are
 helping people. I think, yes... for
 me I do work to prevent death or to
 stave it off

Ann is watching her friend. They speak with a rhythm which seems to have developed after decades of friendship, sometimes taking turns, sometimes interrupting, sometimes silent.

ANN
 I understand. Wiles, when did you
 get a night's sleep, before we came
 out here? You were gauze when I
 found you at the airport. How is
 grinding yourself into the dust
 going to heal anyone?

WILEY
 What was gauze was that joint's
 crepe. Did you get a look at the
 dust in the cafe?

ANN
 I understand if you feel
 responsible. Accept that, or
 release that guilt.

WILEY
 It's a puzzle and I know I can solve
 it.

EXT. BOTANICA -- DAY

On the road from the market, five PEDESTRIANS have stopped to watch the scene. A couple sedans slow to stopping, DRIVERS' necks craning. Two ARMED POLICEMEN take away Beatriz, wearing a plastic tie around her wrists.

EXT. CRETE -- POOLSIDE -- NIGHT

Waves CRASH.

ANN
 I'm so happy we've been able to come
 together again...

Ann and Wiley are lounging, the pool calm, a lively sea nearby. Ann has a simple cocktail, with citrus, and Wiley

has a glass of carbonated water in one hand, a nonsense-seeming puzzle and a pencil under her other.

Wiley moves the puzzle out of the light from the cottage behind them. Ann watches a few seconds of something of the roaring tide of media, the phone distracts her from this place for those moments.

ANN

After what, the conference and with your brother... at the lab and -- my stuff is flotsam and yours... I am ready to kic--

WILEY

Annie, I'm delighted, tickled to be here, with you, too, but if you're easing into a 'take it easy at work' speech you can add it to the list of things you didn't say because the waves will drown them out.

Ann laughs, and Wiley ducks underwater. She flips around twice before returning to the surface.

WILEY

(dripping, pulling water from her nose with thumb and forefinger)

What we could do, and what I suggest we do do, is to dance, in and out of the water, without breaking a sweat or a glass.

Wiley watches as Ann hurls a GLASS, smashing it against the cottage's wall.

WILEY

Any other glasses

ANN

Agreed

INT. JAIL -- DAY

Beatriz sits on a stool attached to a round table. She seems patient, unfazed. Another PRISONER walks behind her, shuffling clean slip-ons.

INT. DANCE STUDIO -- DAY

Wiley stands by, dancing only after some time, while Ann DJs for TODDLERS. Some PARENTS are in the back of the room, watching, TAPPING toes. A MOM is DANCING with a pool toy (a foam noodle,) too.

The toddlers are given some *INSTRUCTION*, from Ann's *COLLABORATOR*, but are mostly freestyling. The *MUSIC* is surreal and orchestral, and involves voices in several languages, the sounds of animals, and surprising tempo changes. Wiley dances by moving her shoulders up and down, wiggling her upper arms. She's shaking her shoulders, bobbing up and down.

EXT. CENTROAMERICA -- BIKE TRAIL -- DAY

Stephen, riding with Lily in the bucket seat behind him, in a helmet, pedals along a splendid bike trail. He is fast, confident, and knows the trail well. He does not hesitate, though the trees and view are stunning.

He is surprised, however: the Guna Master, on a sleek bike, also wearing a helmet, pedals the opposite direction. Stephen slows, and leans over, placing the weight on one foot, stopping.

Lily's look is curious. Stephen, turns, watches the Master around a turn, then continues again after adjusting the seat.

INT. BOTANICA -- DAY

Wiley looks at the charms for attracting love with amusement. A set of bird-themed divination cards catch her eye. Beatriz approaches her at a section with votive candles picturing saints and deities. There are dice in a case nearby.

BEATRIZ

I, too, wish to prevent illness and suffering.

WILEY

(gesturing to dieting supplements, heavy statues, holy water)
Yes, I see. Balanced diet, plenty of exercise. Water.

Wiley looks to the shrine, dark from many ritual fires, where Beatriz, or other healers, perform rituals.

BEATRIZ

Sometimes, I am wrong. Sometimes, I am right. I believe moving with intention is powerful.

WILEY

(nods)
I don't know how many variables interact. There are so many factors in the life of one being.

Beatriz lifts a feather from a glass shelf. Some labels for the candles above a shelf are visible. One, where the stock has been sold out or needs replacement, reads:
Fertility

WILEY

And, millions, billions, more,
beings, living together, within and
--

Beatriz stages rocks and gems for a display, but is listening. Candles, teas, a smoking cessation extract, and pamphlets are arranged.

BEATRIZ

(to the candles)

No, we're not the same. But, you're right, there are many ways-- Well, I am more prepared in case of a power failure.

Wiley smiles, acknowledging the joke and a new friendship.

WILEY

I notice... when I have trouble with the acceptance of death. I accept: I think some deaths are unacceptable. Which... are the result of fashion, custom, ignorance, will?

Beatriz stacks up TEAS in cardboard boxes near those in glass jars.

BEATRIZ

(joking again, afterwards considering)

Some life seems preventable... I'd be ordering more ginger, clove, and motherwort, usually

EXT. SMALL HOME -- FRONT YARD -- DAY

DOROTEA, in her PJs, is caring for the feral cats in her neighborhood, leaving some WET and DRY food for the animals that visit her home.

DOROTEA

(reading a can of cat food for the animals)

Que es eso... Tetracycline?

INT. CO-OP HOUSE -- HOUSE PARTY -- NIGHT

MARROW

We're the Best Dressed Head Wounds,
now.

Leaning into a scratched and taped mic, Marrow tells the large crowd stuffed into the room upstairs about the recent tinkering.

SKULL

That's what you say. I'm still
writing the band name as Helminth
Ova.

SASHA, one of the many friends, NEIGHBORS, SCENESTERS, and co-op dwellers at the show wants in on the joke.

SASHA

(low)
Who is Helminth Ovu

Yves, in the crowd near to Sasha, whispers into his ear.

SASHA

That's disgusting.

Yves, smiling, almost breaking into laughter, nodding.

SKULL

Any wh-- ell, to conclude this
benefit show, let's us tune for
"Don't Do That"...

The two dabble with their aluminum strip boxes, and twist dials on a mysterious black box. Brenda puts down the cello, changes the wiring for some pedals. She grabs the microphone.

BANGING on the door.

One enthusiastic listener nods his head.

DOORMINDER

(loud, far-off)
That's the cops.

Irritation bubbles up in the CROWD.

SKULL

Don't worry, we prepared for this
one.

Marrow, nodding to Brenda.

THEME FROM DRAGNET begins...

INT. GROCERY -- DAY

Brands and products easily recognized but featuring the faces of those appealing to the young in the Guna community, in the metropolitan elite communities stack the shelves. Cameras above watch for loss. BANDA music.

STOREOWNER

(You're going to have to
leave.)

Wiley stares at the man, confused.
He gestures to two SHOPPERS who
appear angry.

Wiley puts down the package of TEA she was looking at and
starts to leave.

STOREOWNER

(apologetic)
(Please, don't come back.)

EXT. FUTBOL GROUNDS -- DAY

Wiley is playing football with some of the other women in
the district. She slides to take the ball. ANOTHER
PLAYER is playing unfairly, elbowing Wiley and grabbing
her workout shirt.

Wiley, confused again, stops to catch her wind. The other
team scores as she collects herself. A TEAMMATE asks
about how Wiley is doing, checking on her. The Teammate
is shaking her head, disagreeing with the other player's
sportsmanship.

EXT. VILLAGE MARKET -- NIGHT

RAINS pour down over street stalls and VILLAGERS running
from the growing storm.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

The rains come down, first from the canopy, then to the
next layer of plant and other life, and so on, until it is
absorbed by the soil or collected into the river and lake.

EXT. JUNGLE -- DAY

IT IS WET IN THE THICK GROWTH OF TROPICAL PLANTS. WILEY
EYES PUDDLES OF MUD AND HOLLOWES IN TREES. SHE FINDS
ANOTHER OVITRAP AND CARRIES THE COLLECTION OF EGGS TO:

INT. CAR -- DAY

Wiley deposits more eggs in a collection shelf in the back
of the car.

EXT. JUNGLE -- EDGE OF AREA ACCESSIBLE BY CAR -- DAY

Wiley begins to walk through a thin trail. She eyes the
snarls of vegetation. The green diversity is slithering,
buzzing, TEEMING, and she looks for more signs of
mosquitos. Where are the ovitraps? Her face is
searching. She is now more skilled in looking, in
navigating in this environment. She collects some of the

bugs from within the lantern-shaped traps, but, as the sun is going down, she is missing at least one more trap. She consults her map again. A satellite shows the position she marked, but the growth is confusing. Her face shows this loss of hard-won confidence. She is mystified, and consults the earth and the screen. She looks up at masses of clouds. She stares at the trees again, looking for a marker.

Where coul--

She SLIPS in mud.

EXT. CITY COURT -- DUSK

A few STUDENTS from the school, TWO YOUNG LOVERS, Tangiers, and other PROTESTING WOMEN are calling for the release of Beatriz. Except for the students and Tangiers, many of these people haven't been seen before. Luciana, wearing a dragonfly necklace, joins the line of protesters.

PROTESTING WOMEN
(shouting)
Justicia para Medicinas Indigenas

EXT. JUNGLE -- NIGHT

Returning later, finding trails by flashlight, Wiley pauses. She turns off the flashlight, and, using the fluorescent light, she sees glimpses of the flight of mosquitos, sensing her. More approach her.

EXT. JUNGLE -- DAY

Wiley unloads a few colorful BUCKETS from her car. She also takes out a water-carrying backpack, the straw showing, and puts it on. She removes a couple sets of old plastic one-gallon bottles. They are labelled with different salinities and ppm readings. She begins to set fish traps for the mosquitos.

A BUCKET is set between roots of trees and other shrubs. She pours in freshwater/saltwater.

She removes live, wriggling FISH, freshly caught, from her backpack. A fish or two is dropped in each bucket. Wiley scatters her efforts throughout the forest. She consults mosquito population maps and simulated plots and projections. She continues to search for ovitraps set by Unigene to add to her own independent tests. She leaves, in three locations, PREDATORS of mosquitos.

(Birds, bats, wasps, in areas tempting to the mosquitos, near bait, but enclosed, caging the predators.) She examines the area for evidence of the condition of the local bat populations, checking this against what she can of stolen Unigene data.

INT. WILEY'S FLAT -- DAY

In her apartment, now more sterile and minimal than in the scenes previous, she tests a captured mosquito for infection. On her face... is it impartiality? The back of her head rubs against her seat. Her plants are still cared for, but there is little evidence she is living here. She adds more to her notebook.

EXT. GUNA COMMUNITY -- NIGHT

Wiley is in a feverish state. She doesn't see them, her eyes are closed, but they are above her. They recognize exhaustion and an illness.

GUNA HEALER

We cannot help her.

GUNA APPRENTICE

We have nursed others, people from the city

The Healer speaks with resignation: a fly ties knots in the air beside flowering bushes.

The space between vines and branches is small. She watches a yellow moon.

GUNA HEALER

They will help her.

The Apprentice nods. Wiley sleeps.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

MUNICIPAL WORKERS make a quarantine cordon line. They watch as a trio of tribal COURIERS deliver Wiley's body to the emergency room entrance. The three set her body against a pillar, laying her down on concrete and making a gesture of healing over her.

They return with their sling.

Some of the Municipal workers watch, stopping the unrolling of tape for the barrier. One of the Couriers seems to know one of the Municipal workers.

COURIER #1

(Hey, Jose)

WORKER #4

(friendly)

(How you doin' Timo?)

INT. COMMUNITY MEETING -- NIGHT

The Councilperson does their best to continue fruitful discussion, amid anger and mistrust.

COUNCILPERSON

Yes, we have continued to use other mosquito-control methods --

Friends of the Planet sit with local **BIOLOGISTS** and a **COMMUNITY HEALTH OFFICER**, prepared to voice how they feel about the experiments.

INT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

Wiley wakes in a bed, confused. She is not able to leave, though she seems healthy again. She is part of a quarantine, a taped-up notice giving scant information.

She returns to **BED**, clean white sheets over sanitary, plastic mattress. A **MASKED DOCTOR** passes by, takes notes while she sleeps. Wiley wakes, again, and gratefully receives a tray of food from an **ATTENDANT**, also wearing a mask, gloves.

ATTENDANT

Most of the hospital is quarantined, now. This is nicer than many of the rooms. You have a skylight right outside.

EXT. PUEBLO VILLAS -- DAY

A residual **SPRAYING TEAM** is traveling by truck through a residential area. A few people leave the road, walk into a house. A **ZARAGOZA**, according to the welcoming sign at the house's entrance, shows them through the house.

EST. ZARAGOZA HOUSE

INT. ZARAGOZA KITCHEN -- DAY

The **Spraying TEAM**, wearing full-length coveralls and masks, begin to coat the walls of the house.

INT. ZARAGOZA BEDROOM -- DAY

Above the bed is a wooden circle with a rolled-up mosquito net.

INT. ZARAGOZA OUTER BATHROOM -- DAY

INT. ZARAGOZA LIVINGROOM -- DAY

They return to the front, carrying insecticide in metal tanks through the room where the **ZARAGOZAS** watch a talent reality show.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Wiley continues with her research. A few textbooks and notebooks are on the nightstand. She leans over some of the data she collected in the last months. From the text she is reading/adding notes to:

USE OF ALGAE TO PREVENT THE DEPOSIT OF MOSQUITO EGG RAFTS

EXT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

At the POLICE blockade, Luciana, fervent and strengthened with resolve, looks along the top of the crowd. On her tip-toes, she estimates the number of ACTIVISTS, the number of police, the PRESS, the hospital STAFF/FACULTY, trickling through or around the buildings and stone seating.

SOMETHING sails up and into the hospital campus.

Luciana turns to see if the police have seen it, too. The police don't seem to move, shields and batons poised.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- CROWD -- NIGHT

She wades through bodies and signs and bags and water bottles to the middle of the many demonstrating.

Luciana turns back, searching for who threw the rock or brick or... The SOLDIERS and police PUSH against the line of protesters, and some people are being arrested. Marrow watches and is knocked down by the movement of the crowd behind him.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Expanse of the hospital roof, the light from the protest reflecting from above and onto the broken glass of the protruding solarium.

INT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

In the solarium, the sunroom, outside Wiley's room. A chunk of brick has broken some of the ceiling and insects are swarming through.

On the speckled tiles, Wiley's body writhes.

Mosquitos are CRUSHING and CHOKING her. The mosquitos cover her eyes and ears, and her head is no longer visible. Other skin is visible, and her feet are not used for feeding. This is aberrant and fantastic behavior.

UP TO:

The world through the broken glass. Darkness and clouds and rain above.

LOUD INSECTS, wings in one's ears. Many mosquitos are smashed, compacted. Some fly back into the sky. Many remain, dead and smeared with blood, Wiley's and those of others.

CUT TO:

Wiley's still profile is seen on a hospital floor. A **CART** is pushed down the hall. Rain falls through the broken window to the waxed floor.

TITLE: > In 2009, Oxitec released a genetically engineered (GE) mosquito on Grand Cayman Island. <

DISSOLVE TO BLACK

TITLE: > In the 21 December 2012 issue of *Developing World Bioethics*, D. Reznik considers the release of a mosquito modified to be resistant to disease. <

DISSOLVE TO BLACK

TITLE: > In 2016, a group of over 100,000 people signed a petition to indefinitely postpone the release of a GM mosquito in their community. <

DISSOLVE TO BLACK

TITLE: > In 2019, Oxitec (now part of Intrexon) releases press bulletin heralding its new *Friendly™* mosquito. <