

**FOE**

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Based on FOE, by Iain Reid

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BLACK.

The sound of a floor creaking as someone walks.

FADE UP QUOTE:

"One has to be very careful what one takes  
when one goes away forever."

- Leonora Carrington

The creaks stop. The sound of a running shower.

CUT TO:

1 INT. FARMHOUSE/BATHROOM - DUSK 1

The motionless figure of a woman stands in the shower, waiting for the water to cool down. We reveal HEN, late twenties and earthy, as she steps under, allowing the water to rush over her hair and face.

The plug is in the bath, so the water builds up around her ankles. She turns away from the shower head. She closes her eyes, brings her hands up to her face.

She starts to cry. Her crying intensifies until she's silently weeping.

She's inconsolable. She spits saliva, then covers her mouth as if she might vomit, making sure NOT to make any noise. We only hear the water running.

Later, the shower is off; we see Hen on her knees, scooping out the captured water from the bath to a few larger plastic buckets stacked along the hob.

2 INT. FARMHOUSE/BEDROOM - DUSK 2

From the bedroom door, we see Hen, sitting alone on the bed, hair wet, draped in her towel, only the sounds of an empty dry wind brushing the house.

She's facing the mirror on her wall, displeased with something, deep in thought, a strained expression on her face as if talking to herself with her eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

3 EXT. RURAL PLAINS - NIGHT 3

A distant, piercing speck of pale green light appears on the dark horizon. It grows, moving towards us hypnotically, becoming headlights.

The tiny lights stretch, snaking through what we see is an endlessly vast, isolated, rural landscape.

4 INT. RURAL PLAINS - CAR/POV - NIGHT CONT. 4

In the fully reclined driver's seat, we see the torso of a suited man staring up through the open sunroof. The self-driving steering wheel guides him over the rushing road. Dead and orphaned trees sweep past like ghosts.

5 EXT. THE FARM/CAR POV - NIGHT 5

The lone car turns into a long, winding gravel drive off the main road.

Far ahead, the pale green light softly illuminates a desolate, white timber farmhouse. A decrepit barn and shed sink into the night beside it.

The car slows, then creeps to a stop.

A soft car alert repeats, triggering the man to move, but we are still yet to see his face. His seat automatically inclines.

6

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

6

The green headlights from outside fall on a motionless hand, in an otherwise dark living room. The calloused fingers begin to uncurl.

We pull back to reveal JUNIOR, a twenty-something farmer, asleep on his couch in the fetal position.

The light washes softly over his sweaty face. He adjusts his position, coming to, his weary eyes open to the light. The sound of insect murmurations rise.

He stands and stretches. His shirt is unbuttoned. He scratches his torso, picks up an open bottle of beer sitting beside him, and walks toward the window into the light.

He looks out and notices the car stopped at the very far end of the drive. He waits to see if the car will turn around, or come up to the house. It just sits there, waiting.

JUNIOR

Hen?

A beat.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

(Louder)

HEN?

The creak of floorboards above him.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

You expecting anyone?

A beat.

HEN (O.S.)

No.

Junior stares suspiciously at the car, takes a swig of his beer. Finally, the car starts moving...toward the house.

JUNIOR

You better get down here.

Junior, hearing her steps on the stairs, turns. Hen appears, wearing cut-off shorts and a black tank top. For a moment neither speak, Hen just stares.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)  
What? What is it?

HEN  
I didn't hear you come in.

The light through the window strengthens over Junior, then dips him into darkness.

JUNIOR  
Someone's here.

Hen walks into the room, turns on the nearby lamp, and stands by it. Hen watches Junior move back to the window.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)  
(Looking out)  
Looks official, doesn't it?

Hen walks over and joins him by the window. The car gets closer to the house.

HEN  
(Looking out)  
Could be.  
(Curious)  
When was the last time we had a visitor?

Junior notices Hen's finger curling a strand of hair, her toes reaching her up to see. Hen catches his stare.

HEN (CONT'D)  
They must be lost.

The car pulls up, just out of view.

JUNIOR  
(Looking out)  
Don't think so.

Junior starts buttoning his shirt, straining to get a view of the visitor through the window. The sound of a car door opening and closing.

HEN  
He must want something.

Hen moves toward the front door. Behind her, Junior removes an old rifle from the cabinet in the neighboring study. He clicks it open to check if it's loaded but finds it empty.

Junior, confused, moves towards Hen, rifle in hand, awkwardly finishing the final button on his shirt. Hen notices the rifle.

JUNIOR  
Have you been messing with this?

HEN  
What are you talking about?

JUNIOR  
It's empty.

Hen motions for Junior to put it down.

HEN  
We never leave it loaded.

JUNIOR  
What?

We hear the sound of footsteps on the porch.

HEN  
Put it down for Christ sakes!

Hen's bullish nature births an unexpected smile from Junior. A knock on the door.

JUNIOR  
(To Hen)  
Go on then.

Hen takes a breath, then moves closer to the door. Junior lowers the rifle, places it against the wall.

HEN  
(Through the closed door)  
Hello.

TERRANCE (O.S.)  
I'm sorry. I know it's late.

A beat.

TERRANCE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Is that Henrietta?

Junior steps closer to Hen, standing right behind her. He puts a hand around her waist. She stiffens slightly.

HEN  
Who's that?

TERRANCE (O.S.)  
Terrance.

Junior looks at Hen, then back to the door.

JUNIOR  
We don't know any Terrance.

TERRANCE (O.S.)  
Junior?

Junior is taken-aback that he knows his name, but before he can respond, Terrance continues.

TERRANCE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I think you'll want to hear what I have to say...both of you.

Hen reaches for the handle, but Junior cuts her off and cautiously opens the door, just enough to reveal the stranger.

TERRANCE, taller, leaner, more sophisticated than Junior, is clearly not a local, wearing a linen suit and white shirt. He's articulate, urban, charming. He smiles at Junior with a curious warmth.

JUNIOR  
What's this about?

TERRANCE  
I'm here on behalf of OuterMore.

JUNIOR  
OuterMore?

TERRANCE  
The company.  
(beat)  
We do electronics, data mining.  
But our current focus is off-earth habitation.

JUNIOR  
What?

HEN  
I think he means living in space.

Junior looks at Hen with a bemused smile.

TERRANCE  
Would it be okay if I came in?

Junior considers his request before opening the door wider, giving Terrance just enough room to step in.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

He smiles at Hen as he enters, then holds his hand out to Junior who ignores it.

JUNIOR  
Is there anybody else in the car?

TERRANCE  
No, making these visits is my job.

Terrance smiles.

HEN  
Would you like to sit down?

Junior nods, reluctantly, and leads them into the living room. Terrance takes in the room, Hen watching him closely.

TERRANCE  
Great place. Charming. Rustic.  
How old is it?

JUNIOR  
Old. Couple hundred years.

TERRANCE  
Wow...I'm guessing it's always been  
in the family?

JUNIOR  
I'm fifth generation.

TERRANCE  
I love that.  
(touches the wallpaper)  
You just don't see this anymore.

JUNIOR  
Still a few of us left.

TERRANCE  
But you don't farm it, do you?

Junior is taken aback.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
How do you guys survive? Make a  
living, I mean.

JUNIOR  
We have jobs.

Junior sits in a recliner. Hen sits in a rocking chair.  
Terrance sits on the couch in front of them.

Junior looks at Hen. She is staring vacantly at Terrance.

TERRANCE  
This is exciting, but before I say  
anything, I'm supposed to show you  
this.



Terrance removes a screen-like device from his case and holds it in front of him. It plays a video that is typical of government-style propaganda, moving quickly through images of rocket launches and the inside of a space station, with narration touching on the challenges we face with climate, overpopulation. Junior stares at the screen curiously.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
 (Speaking over the video)  
 We've been working on the next phase of transition for a long time. There's always been several possibilities for human existence in space.

As Terrance speaks, he stares across at Hen, studying her. She looks up, their eyes meet.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
 The moon. Mars. But with our lands and seas transforming, as they are, we decided to build our own space station, our own planet. Somewhere new, somewhere less fickle.

JUNIOR  
 What's this got to do with us?

TERRANCE  
 I'm here because of The Installation, the first wave of temporary resettlement.

The video ends, Terrance puts the screen away in his case. Junior looks at Hen. She seems distant.

JUNIOR  
 I think I heard about this shit once.

HEN  
 It's ridiculous. Why are we spending money up there when we should be fixing things here.

TERRANCE  
 Our motivation is proactive, to help our children's children.

A beat. Terrance looks around and back at Junior.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
 You got kids?

Junior looks at Terrance momentarily, then over to Hen. Before Junior can answer, Hen cuts in.

HEN  
(to Terrance)  
Do you?

Terrance stands, removing his jacket. He's sweating visibly through his shirt.

TERRANCE  
I'm used to air-conditioning. Could  
I trouble you for a glass of water?

Hen remains seated momentarily, then stands, grabbing Junior's empty beer bottle and walks out to the kitchen.

Terrance sits back down and looks around the room. Junior is growing more suspicious.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
Do you remember a time when there  
were farms around here, with  
livestock and crops. Real  
farms...no offense.

JUNIOR  
As a kid. But most have been bought  
up or burned.

TERRANCE  
Burned?

JUNIOR  
By the corporations. They need the  
land for their hybrid stuff.

TERRANCE  
I noticed all the canola on the  
drive. I didn't realize it grew  
this time of year.

JUNIOR  
All year round. Barely needs water.

TERRANCE  
Doesn't seem natural.

JUNIOR  
It's not.

A long silent beat turns awkward.

Hen secretly spies on them both from the kitchen door, completely motionless, holding a glass of water and a beer.

Terrance leans in close to Junior, relaxed, intimate. The silence is deafening, Terrance takes it in.

TERRANCE  
(softly)  
You could do whatever you want out  
here.

Junior is taken aback at first but then smiles, growing ever more curious by this stranger.

Hen walks in. She hands the water to Terrance, the beer to Junior.

JUNIOR  
You won't get water like that in  
the city.

TERRANCE  
I do love it.

Terrance brings the glass up to his mouth and drinks. Junior notices him watching Hen as she sits back down. Terrance sets the empty glass down on the coffee table.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
So, I've been assigned to your  
file.

HEN  
We have a file?

TERRANCE  
You didn't until...well...recently.

Junior looks to Hen.

JUNIOR  
You didn't sign us up for anything  
did you?

HEN  
(Defensive)  
No.

Terrance smiles.

TERRANCE  
No, you didn't. That's true. But  
we've had our first lottery.

HEN  
A lottery...for what?

TERRANCE  
For The Installation. And I am  
excited to say that you have made  
the short list.

Terrance looks to Hen.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

You're one step closer to living up there. This is significant.

Terrance wipes sweat from his forehead. Junior takes a swig from his beer, doesn't buy any of it, laughs it off.

JUNIOR

Well, you're wasting your time here.

(To Hen)

We've never even been on an airplane.

(To Terrance)

She'd hate it.

This comment, his playfulness, provokes Hen.

HEN

(To Junior)

And you wouldn't?

JUNIOR

I'm just saying. You wouldn't like flying.

TERRANCE

Oh, I should clarify. I'm talking about you here, Junior. Only you.

HEN

We're not both on the list?

TERRANCE

OuterMore decided Junior was the more-

HEN

Desirable candidate?

Terrance notices a resentment in Hen.

TERRANCE

These tests require real physical strength, specific skills, that for better or worse, exist more in your husband.

His patronizing comments make Hen fume. Junior sits up, starts to realize this is serious.

JUNIOR

You're not fucking around.

Terrance stares directly at Junior.

TERRANCE

Look, this is only a warning.

Terrance stops himself.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Sorry, warning's the wrong word.  
This is good news.

HEN

Good news?

TERRANCE

The first phase of the Installation  
will be a test period...before the  
next phase...which will be  
permanent.

JUNIOR

And the Government knows about  
this?

TERRANCE

We are the Government. Our station  
is orbiting Earth as we speak.

HEN

What if we refuse. What if we just  
say no.

Terrance's mood sharpens.

TERRANCE

You do know about conscription,  
don't you. Like during the old  
wars? If you got picked, you had to  
go. To war. If you didn't, well...

JUNIOR

Are you threatening us?

TERRANCE

Let's not focus on the rule of law.  
(a breath)  
This operation could end up being  
the most important public  
initiative ever. You'd be a hero.

Terrance's intensity softens a little.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Do you want to live mundane lives,  
like everyone else? Or do you want  
to be part of something special and  
unique?

(Addressing Hen)

Because that's what this is really  
about. A chance to be a better  
version of yourself.

HEN

You make it sound pretty good.

TERRANCE

It's time to move on. Our planet was marvelous, IS marvelous, but it's given us all it can.

HEN

It didn't give us anything. It was stolen.

A beat.

TERRANCE

Human beings are designed to progress, to expand, to evolve.

(to Hen)

Change is one of the only certainties in life...

HEN

So is death.

Junior takes a swig of his beer, eyeing Terrance.

JUNIOR

How'd you find us?

TERRANCE

We collect data on everyone...

HEN

Even when we live out here?

TERRANCE

Even when you live out here.

Junior notices Hen stiffen and stare down Terrance.

HEN

You watch us?

TERRANCE

Choosing to live as you do, out here, away from the city, creates interest.

Junior smiles, finishes his beer, puts it on the table.

JUNIOR

How long is this 'short' list?

TERRANCE

I can't reveal that. What I can tell you is that nothing will be decided for a couple years.

JUNIOR  
A couple YEARS?

TERRANCE  
Sadly, these tests will run in two  
year cycles.

HEN  
And you expect us to just go on  
living, like everything is normal?

TERRANCE  
Yes. It is. Nothing has been  
decided yet.

Hen leans back on the chair, reflecting. Terrance stands.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
Would it be okay if I used your  
bathroom?

HEN  
Fine.

Terrance walks out of the room, pauses, looks back at them,  
then up the stairs, leaving Junior and Hen alone for the  
first time since he arrived.

JUNIOR  
(whispers to himself)  
'a better version of  
yourself'...christ.

Incredulous, Junior looks over to Hen, who surfaces a fragile  
smile, but, surprisingly, they don't speak.

They sit in an awkward, bewildered silence, only the eerie  
creaks of Terrance upstairs.

7 EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

7

The silence carries as Junior walks with Terrance out to the  
car. Terrance puts his briefcase in the back before casually  
turning back to Junior.

TERRANCE  
Do you ever get a little...antsy?  
All alone out here, just the two of  
you? It's so...quiet.

JUNIOR  
We like the quiet.

TERRANCE  
There's nothing wrong with quiet.  
But this kind of isolation is  
fascinating.

Terrance steps around the car, opens his door.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

I hope we meet again.

(a beat)

Look after that wee Henrietta.

Junior watches him get in. The car turns around and drives back down the driveway, out to the road.

He takes a moment to stand in the dark silence. He looks around his property and then up toward the cloudless sky, spotted with stars and tiny flying satellites.

8 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 8

Junior enters the living room, expecting Hen to be waiting. She's not. The lamp has been turned off, the empty glass and bottle sit on the table. He peers into the neighboring rooms; nothing.

He grabs the rifle, still leaning against the wall. As he takes it back to the study, he glances at the empty chamber.

9 INT. STUDY (OFF LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT 9

He places it back in the rack. Then slides open the drawer beside it. Inside there are boxes of bullets. He shuts it slowly, confused, then looks up into the glass cabinet above.

On the shelves is a collection of framed photos, vintage B/W images of Junior's family staring out, from an era when the farm was operational, abundant. They mostly show the women of his family over the generations, proudly positioned, shrine like.

He passes over one of an adolescent Hen on horseback.

He focuses on another more intently. It's a selfie of Junior and Hen. Not framed, loosely stacked. Junior has his arm around her. They're younger, both smiling; a beautiful sunset displayed behind them.

9B INT. STAIRCASE/TOP FLOOR LANDING - NIGHT 9B

Junior corners up the top of the stairs and moves down the landing to their bedroom.

10 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 10

Junior slowly pushes the door to their bedroom open. Hen is already in bed, lying on her side, her back to the door.



JUNIOR  
Really? You're just gonna go to  
sleep? After that.

Hen doesn't answer. Junior takes a step into the room.

HEN  
I'm sorry. Can we talk tomorrow?  
I'm not feeling well.

Junior moves closer to the bed and notices Hen is still in her clothes. He sits down beside her, starts to take his socks off. Hen raises her head and looks back toward Junior.

HEN (CONT'D)  
Do you think you could sleep in the  
guest room tonight?

JUNIOR  
What?

HEN  
I don't want you to catch anything.

Junior figures she is joking, leans across, and starts playfully kissing her shoulder.

JUNIOR  
Since when has that mattered?

Hen pushes him back firmly.

HEN  
I'd rather be alone.

JUNIOR  
You're serious. You want me to  
sleep in the guest room?

HEN  
Please.

Junior sits back, but he is not buying any of it. He stares at Hen, contemplates.

JUNIOR  
How did you know?

HEN  
What?

JUNIOR  
Before he got out, you said, 'He  
must want something'. How did you  
know it was a man?

HEN  
Is that what I said?

JUNIOR  
You said it when the car pulled up.

A beat.

HEN  
I don't know.

Hen can see Junior is far from convinced.

HEN (CONT'D)  
It wasn't intentional. If I said it, it was without thinking. I'm exhausted, and if it's okay, I want to sleep.

JUNIOR  
When you said it, you were so certain-

HEN  
(Sharply, cutting him off)  
Name one woman that would drive up here at night alone. Go on.

JUNIOR  
The way he was looking at you-

HEN  
(direct)  
Why are you pushing me?

Junior stands, throws his shirt onto the floor.

Hen doesn't respond, then pulls the covers up.

HEN (CONT'D)  
Could you shut the door?

A beat.

He can tell Hen is anxious.

JUNIOR  
(calmer)  
Sure.

11 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT CONT.

11

Junior closes the door behind him and pauses. He stands there in the dark on the other side.

Then, he turns to walk away, and before he reaches the guest room, he hears the alien sound of Hen locking their door.

12 INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT CONT. 12

Junior stands, surrounded by the clutter of their lives, but is suddenly struck by the perfectly made single bed. He stares, incredulous.

He lies down on his back, hardly able to fit, eyes open, time and heat pressing in.

JUNIOR  
(Under his breath)  
Fuck.

13 INT. BEDROOM/HOUSE - EARLY MORNING 13

Like a surreal dream, the camera moves through the open door of the bedroom, then floats down the stairs. It slows as it sweeps into the open living room, catching HEN poised from behind. She hears the sound of Junior's truck door opening, then moves quickly over to the window.

Through the slither in the curtain, she watches Junior get in and start the truck. Then, slowly, she creeps back to watch him drive the truck down the road.

CUT TO:

With a playful curiosity, Hen moves into the kitchen. Buddy Holly 'Ain't Got No Home' plays softly on the speakers. Surprisingly, she finds a fresh pot of coffee Junior has prepared and an empty cup at the ready. She brushes the cup with her hand, then looks around the room, imagining.

Hen softly and haphazardly sings along to the lyrics.

HEN  
(softly singing)  
I ain't got a sister not even a  
brother  
  
I'm a lonely frog I ain't got a  
home

Hen surfaces the tiniest smile.

HEN (CONT'D)  
(now in 'Frog' voice)  
What you say to me please say to me  
  
(loudly to the ceiling)  
What you say to me please say to me

She stops suddenly, feeling the echo of her words, the emptiness of the house.

HEN (CONT'D)

(shouts)

I'm a lonely frog I ain't got a home!

CUT TO:

From the kitchen, the camera floats once again, seeking the basement door. It's open. As we move down, we find HEN descending the bottom of the stairs. We follow her, tentatively, into the basement itself, into the dark.

She stops by a piano, covered by an old, dusty tarp. It's clearly been neglected for a while. She lifts off a section of the tarp and looks at the keys, touches them tentatively.

It takes a moment, but she plays a single note. In the sustained, fading note, Hen senses something...

*Pre-lap: the screams of a thousand chickens.*

14 INT. CORPORATE CHICKEN TOWERS - MORNING 14

...we move up the inside of an immense, cylindrical chicken tower. Hundreds of levels, an endless waterfall of beaks peck at the internal feed trays, the light at the top strangely haunting, monolithic.

*Another piano note...*

We reveal Junior, on a small elevator, in full PPE, spraying the cages as he moves up. He pauses as if sensing Hen's note. A strange stillness falls over him, making him stand out against the mass of moving chickens, like a pebble in a fast moving stream.

*...then a cluster of notes.*

15 EXT. ROADSIDE RESTAURANT/MOTEL - MORNING 15

A featureless landscape with a never-ending road is awoken by HEN. She rides in on her electric bicycle. She turns toward a remote roadside restaurant.

*The beginning of an unexplored melody...*

16 INT. ROADSIDE RESTAURANT/MOTEL - MORNING 16

The open plan restaurant serves mainly the corporate industries and their transient high-flyers. It's stark, tasteless, and the upmarket feel is at odds with its desolate surroundings. Hen stands motionless by a window staring out, waiting for a customer to order. A sense of possibility in her eyes.

*The melody quickly subsides. Silence hangs.*

The customer begins to order.

17 EXT. FARM SURROUNDS - AFTERNOON 17

Both Hen and Junior are tiny figures stretched apart in the rural landscape. The farmhouse sits humbly in between.

Hen, having just showered in her underwear and boots, carries a bucket of water in each hand over to the only tree that seems to still have life. As she tips the water, Hen momentarily looks across the field to Junior, who is now busy building a bonfire out of the household rubbish. He catches her stare.

18 EXT. BONFIRE - SUNSET/DUSK 18

Junior and Hen sit on opposite sides of the burn pit. They both hold an open beer. His shirt is undone. His stare fixed at Hen, she is wearing a cut-off white shirt. Only the fire lights their faces. Neither is speaking. Hen periodically glances at him, the heat swallowing them both.

JUNIOR

You know we won't see him again.  
They're not actually interested in  
someone like me.

Junior swigs the remainder of his beer.

HEN

You might be surprised.

Junior looks Hen over.

JUNIOR

Do me a favor?

HEN

What?

JUNIOR

Stop wearing that shirt.

HEN

Why? I like this shirt.

A beat.

JUNIOR

You were wearing it the day we met.

HEN

God, that was so long ago. I can't  
believe you can remember that.

JUNIOR

I really don't want you to wear it.

The comment makes Hen look up at Junior.

HEN

You're being serious?

JUNIOR

The more you wear it, the more worn out it'll get.

Junior keeps staring at her. Hen can tell he's serious and is curious.

HEN

What else do you remember about that day?

JUNIOR

Only that I could have taken any road, but I didn't. And there you were...little Hen, looking lost.

(Grinning)

I thought I could help you.

Hen looks into the fire.

HEN

I was surprised to see someone.

(remembering)

I remember noticing your hands. They looked strong.

JUNIOR

So you figured you'd be safe with me? That I'd protect you.

Hen looks up to meet Junior's eyes with a slight tremor of hesitation.

HEN

I had the feeling that you needed me.

Hen leans forward, throwing something in the fire.

HEN (CONT'D)

Do you think some things are meant to be?

JUNIOR

You mean like fate?

(a beat)

Maybe.

Junior stares back through the flames, their eyes meet. There's a palpable chemistry, but strangely at arms reach.

19 INT. GUEST ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

19

It's oppressively hot. The ever familiar pulsing buzz of insects, strangely mesmeric, primal. Junior lies on the guest bed, in the dark, yearning for Hen.

Hen is there in the dark, leaning by the door like a ghost. She's like this for several moments, then tentatively approaches the edge of the bed.

She pauses, then sits beside him. She observes his sweating body. Then looks to his hand. She seems unsure, but then gently touches it. Junior just watches her. She then takes his hand and feels its weight fully in hers. Hen's breath deepens, and she weaves them. Her hands then move up his arm, feeling its curve.

She removes her underwear, then she crawls on top of him.

She moves slowly at first. Her movements get faster, completely her own. It happens fast. They don't even kiss.

20 INT. GUEST ROOM - EARLY MORNING

20

Hen and Junior are squeezed tightly on the single bed. Junior wakes up to see Hen on her side, already awake, gazing at him.

HEN

It's supposed to be even hotter today.

Junior brushes the hair from her face, wipes the sweat from her temple.

JUNIOR

The more you focus on it, the worse it is.

Hen smiles, picks gently at a tiny scar on his forearm.

HEN

Do you still like it here?

JUNIOR

What?

HEN

Do you feel happy here?

JUNIOR

(taken aback)  
Of course I'm happy here.

A beat.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Aren't you?

She seems surprised he asks this.

HEN

What am I to you?

JUNIOR

I don't understand.

Hen doesn't elaborate. Junior senses something deeper.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Is this about me leaving? If you're-

HEN

No, it's not. It's about us.

JUNIOR

Us?

HEN

Did you have any questions when we got married?

Junior grows more concerned.

JUNIOR

There shouldn't be questions.

HEN

We all have questions.

JUNIOR

Not when you take your vows.

HEN

In seven years you've never felt any doubt?

JUNIOR

Never.

HEN

Getting married straight out of school doesn't worry you? Devoting the rest of your life to someone when you're still a teenager.

JUNIOR

We weren't school friends. We're different.

HEN

I know.



JUNIOR

We met at the right time.

Junior stares back. Hen can see his vulnerability.

HEN

(Tenderly)

I'm sorry. This is just a weird time for me. I know I've been distant-

JUNIOR

-It's ok.

HEN

I had no idea what to expect. Who knows when Terrance'll show up again. But when he does, just...

JUNIOR

Just what?

HEN

Nothing. It's nothing. Terrance is harmless, that's all.

JUNIOR

How do you know?

HEN

It's obvious to me.

Junior is perplexed, lost at sea.

HEN (CONT'D)

What do you think about more: the past or the future?

JUNIOR

Jesus...what is this?

HEN

Sorry, I don't mean to pepper you with questions like this first thing in the morning.

Junior relaxes a little.

JUNIOR

It's ok. I don't mind.

Hen smiles. Junior brushes her with his forehead.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

I think about the present.

HEN

Really? Tell me more.

JUNIOR

Well...I think we need a bigger  
bed.

Hen laughs softly, realizing she's taking up most of the bed,  
moves a little, the two now resting in each other's arms,  
almost comfortably.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

(as they laugh)

Hog.

Their laughter soon gives way to a kiss, but this time more  
tender, mutual, growing...

21 Omitted 21

21B INT. BATHROOM/SHOWER 21B

Hen stands motionless in the water. Her mind troubled,  
elsewhere; she breathes through it.

22 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 22

Hen sits at the piano. The tarp is now completely off.

She's content, focused, her hands dancing over the keys,  
playing the melody we have been hearing. It's beautiful but  
imperfect, bluesy, and freewheeling.

Her gaze widens ever slightly, sensing Junior's physical  
presence. A glorious smile surfaces knowing he's there.

We discover Junior, sitting near the bottom of the basement  
stairs just out of sight, listening to her play with deep  
adoration.

Time disappears...

FADE TO:

23 OMITTED 23

23B INT/EXT. GUEST ROOM - DAY 23B

From the guest room window, we look out across the dead trees  
to the great expanse of the farm. We don't notice it at  
first, but a HUGE wind and dust storm on the horizon is  
moving toward us like a tsunami. It gains, faster.

The camera moves back into the room, revealing the complete picture window and then the guest room bed, now stripped of sheets. The light dims and pulses wildly... the camera keeps pulling back, into the landing, until there is no more light.

The storm hits. Black.

TITLE: ONE YEAR LATER.

24 INT/EXT. LIVING ROOM/DUST STORM. - DAY CONT 24

The wind howls violently, shaking the house. From the dark, we move to reveal Junior, deep asleep on the couch. Hen leans on the living room window sill, where she has been for some time.

From outside, we see glimpses of Hen in the window...the ochre dust and light, ebbs and flows, like she is underwater. Her stare piercing, unwavering.

Hen's POV: A gust thins the dust. We just make out Terrance's car. It is marooned half-way along the drive; the storm too heavy for him to get out.

25 EXT. DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON 25

The storm has subsided, not a sound, not a breath of wind. Hen approaches the car. Her hand reaches out and wipes away a layer of dust. Her reflection washes over Terrance; serene, asleep. She stares down at him for a while, then gently taps the glass. Terrance slowly comes to, surprised to see Hen. A warm smile surfaces. The window comes down.

HEN

I didn't know you were coming.

TERRANCE

Sorry. I know this time between my visits must have felt a little...tense.

HEN

No. It's been good. Different.

TERRANCE

You look well. How's it been?

HEN

Just wish I wasn't so hard on myself.

26 INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON CONT.

26

Junior is still lying on the couch, but now awake, eyes open, alert. He overhears Hen and Terrance as they wander back from the car. We never leave Junior's face.

TERRANCE(O.S.)

Where is he?

HEN (O.S.)

Inside.

Junior sits up slowly. His breaths quickens.

CUT TO:

Hen, Junior, and Terrance are sitting in the living room, in the same seats they were sitting in during his first visit, one year earlier.

TERRANCE

To get the best understanding of life up there, the selected group needs to be random. All walks of life.

Junior raises his head, reticent, heated.

JUNIOR

So pick someone else. People like us don't belong in space.

TERRANCE

That's the whole point. At some stage, all of us may need to go. Permanently.

Terrance can see Junior isn't convinced.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

There'll be handsome compensation for you: a thank-you from the Government.

Junior remains silent. Terrance stares at Hen momentarily.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Imagine what this could do for the two of you.

(To Junior)

Look, you've been gifted a rare opportunity that, for now, seems daunting. But, why does the unknown have to be a burden? Most people don't ever consider the full range of achievable existence.

HEN

Existence is achievable?

TERRANCE

Yes. Living out of habit is the worst kind of prison because the bars are concealed.

HEN

Is that what they tell you to say?

TERRANCE

Junior, this is incredibly rare. You've been selected. You're going to the Installation.

JUNIOR

I don't like how you just show up here, say all this shit, and act like we should be thanking you, and why is it only you who keeps coming here? Where's everyone else?

TERRANCE

Would having more people scurrying around your house and property really be better?

Hen looks at the duffle bag by Terrance's feet.

JUNIOR

What's with the bag?

TERRANCE

Thought I would drop a few things off. I'll have to stay, now that it's official.

HEN

(Surprised)

Here? You're staying here?

TERRANCE

If you recall from my first visit-

HEN

I thought we still had longer together.

TERRANCE

-It was all explained in the paperwork. I would stay temporarily if Junior was selected.

HEN

I don't remember that.

TERRANCE

I assume there's a guest room?

HEN

This is bullshit.

Hen gets up and walks over to the window.

JUNIOR

Why?

TERRANCE

There's a series of steps to complete, observations, data to collect, all in preparation. Think of it as a series of casual interviews.

HEN

When does he leave?

Junior stares over to Hen, their eyes lock. Terrance notices their distress.

TERRANCE

Couple of weeks, and there's lots to do. This part is going to start going fast.

A beat.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Look. I'll stay nearby, give you guys a little more alone time. Let's keep it to day visits for now.

Terrance stands, then turns from Junior to lock eyes with Hen, a smile blooms.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Relax. Celebrate! It's official...it's happening.

Despite the call for celebration, the three of them remain spread across the room, each in a statuesque solitude, with only the oppressive heat uniting them.

Terrance removes a camera from his bag and starts taking some photos of the room.

28 EXT. HEN'S TREE - SUNSET/DUSK

28

Junior is far out in the field, picking up plastic and rubbish left over from the storm, all the time watching Hen. She sits alone under her tree, unaware of Junior.

She stares out across the distant forgotten paddock. Then she notices something on her leg. It's a piece of her own hair. She drags it along her leg, then pushes her finger nails through it, into her skin. She starts smiling to herself. The indents scar her leg.

She brings a hand up and pinches her cheek. She does it again. And again until her eyes start to water. She clenches both fists tightly, shutting her eyes. Then she abruptly slaps the ground beside her with both hands. She does it again and again and again and again, eyes still closed. She then opens her eyes and looks up, then spits into the sky.

She then gets up and walks towards the house on a mission.

Junior wants to call out, go to her, but decides to fall back.

29 INT. GUEST ROOM - DUSK/EVENING

29

Junior enters the house, cautiously. There's a lot of abrupt movement upstairs. Hen is in a state. He discovers a pile of their belongings at the bottom of the stairs. He spots Hen at the above landing as she throws more stuff down. Junior notices a pair of work gloves, the palms are worn through.

JUNIOR  
Hey, these are mine.

HEN (O.S.)  
You never wear them, and they  
stink.

JUNIOR  
I hate breaking in new gloves.

Hen appears back over the rail.

HEN  
This is why we have so much stuff.  
You can't let go. Of anything.

JUNIOR  
What do you mean by that?

Junior moves up the stairs after her, and corners onto the landing. Hen is dragging a box from the Guest room to the hallway cupboard.

HEN

It's not like we've been living here for twenty years. All this stuff is from your past. Not ours.

JUNIOR

(Sharply)

So? And if you start throwing it out randomly I won't know what...

(He pauses in thought)

I need this stuff, okay?

Hen seems a bit taken back by his tone.

HEN

Your face is flushed.

A beat.

JUNIOR

I just wish you wouldn't get like this. Especially tonight.

HEN

What's so special about tonight?

JUNIOR

We get to be alone.

Junior moves closer to Hen, but she goes back to sorting. She discovers an old VHS cassette, holds it in her hand.

HEN

(Sarcastically)

I guess you wanted a quiet night in, just like the old days.

JUNIOR

You're acting like this is no big deal? Like it's not happening. When do you suppose we talk about this?

HEN

This is happening faster than I was expecting, and now he's coming to stay.

JUNIOR

I don't want you stressing over him.

Junior moves over to her, tries to calm her. She moves away and starts laying new sheets.

HEN

I'm not stressing over him.



JUNIOR

Then what is it? I hate it when you  
get like this.

Hen keeps making the bed. She looks into Junior's tender  
eyes, fleetingly, and moves out into the hallway.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

I'm really worried about you. I  
don't feel good about any of this.

HEN

Really?

She drags another box to the storage cupboard in the hallway.

JUNIOR

I'm worried about leaving you here  
alone.

HEN

(laughs softly)

You don't have to worry about that.

Junior then watches her as she moves down on her knees, her  
back to him, to sort stuff in the closet.

HEN (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhhhhh

Hen shuffles out of the closet, startled.

HEN (CONT'D)

Did you see that? That! In there.

Junior leans into the closet. Behind a box at the back, is a  
large, horned beetle in the dark. Junior slides the box  
enough, so the light falls on it.

The beetle is black and shiny. It has three horns, two on  
either side of its head, and one in the middle protruding  
upward. Junior is staring at it. He's transfixed.

JUNIOR

I've never seen one like it.

HEN

They're getting bigger and weirder.  
It's that fake canola.

(to herself)

Those fucking fields.

Junior continues to stare at the beetle. It's not moving.

HEN (CONT'D)

I hope it's not an infestation.  
They'll get into the walls. Christ.  
That's all I need.

JUNIOR  
 (Still totally mesmerized)  
 It's only one.

HEN  
 One is too many.

Hen gives Junior a little tap with her foot.

HEN (CONT'D)  
 Junior? What is it? You're staring.

JUNIOR  
 Don't worry. I'll take care of it.

HEN  
 I'm checking our room for more.

Hen's steps creak as she walks down the hall.

Junior is hypnotized - it doesn't appear scared or nervous, rather more knowing, poised and ready.

JUNIOR  
 (whispering)  
 Why aren't you moving?

30 INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

30

It's dark. Junior and Hen are asleep in bed. A loud knocking breaks the silence.

Hen wakes up first, sitting up. Junior, still on his stomach, opens his eyes.

JUNIOR  
 (Mumbling)  
 Fucksake.

Hen, irritated, slowly gets out of bed. She starts getting dressed.

HEN  
 Did he say he was coming back today? This early?

Junior, rolls onto his side, too tired to answer. Hen heads for the door.

31 INT. STAIRCASE - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

31

Junior is descending the stairs, putting on his shirt. Half way down, he realizes how oddly quiet it is. He slows, and as he moves gingerly into the living room, he sees Hen and Terrance in the kitchen.

Hen is leaning against the counter as the coffee brews. Terrance is beside her. Waiting. Saying nothing, unnervingly casual, intimate.

Junior stands there for a while, then enters.

32

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

32

TERRANCE

Good morning.

Junior doesn't reply but looks to Hen, who suddenly busies herself with coffee.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Actually, Junior, would it be okay if Hen and I kept going on our own?

JUNIOR

You want to talk to Hen alone?

TERRANCE

Just for now. Since we've started.

Junior pours himself a coffee from the pot, then looks at Hen.

JUNIOR

(Softly to Hen)

I'll be in the barn.

Hen nods, they briefly kiss as he heads out.

33

INT. BARN - MORNING

33

Junior fills up the grain bin, sips the last of his coffee. He leans against the wall and in an unsettled trance, watches the chickens start to peck at the grain.

He focuses on the one brown chicken. It triggers a memory, a moment from the past that happened right here. A warm smile begins to surface as he relives it:

*We see HEN pick up the same brown chicken. She brings it close to her face lovingly.*

HEN

(Whispers to the chicken)

Hello there...

*Hen notices Junior staring at her, she smiles back innocently.*

HEN (CONT'D)

What?

*Junior nods 'nothing', he is just bathing in her beautiful quirks, her 'light'.*

*HEN (CONT'D)*

*They say the privilege of being human is that we get to decide the fate of other creatures. That we know better. It's crazy. We have no clue.*

*Junior decides to pick up a chicken...but just as he gets to the chicken, it runs away. He almost falls over.*

*HEN (CONT'D)*

*Gentle!*

*JUNIOR*

*Yeah, yeah, I know*

*Hen moves over to him with the brown chicken.*

*HEN*

*You have to go slow. Put a hand over each wing. Be gentle, like this.*

*She carefully transfers the chicken to Junior, their hands brush together.*

*We cut out of the memory, almost seamlessly at the same point, just as Junior gently wraps his hands around the same brown chicken.*

*He breathes, smiles, pats it intimately. But soon, its stare becomes penetrating, growing more unsettled, warning him?*

34

INT. HOUSE/DINING ROOM - MORNING

34

*Hen and Terrance are in the midst of a heated discussion.*

*TERRANCE*

*One could almost see it as immoral.*

*HEN*

*I chose not to. It's a choice. It's not immoral.*

*TERRANCE*

*It plays on him. People around here must wonder.*

*HEN*

*I don't give a fuck about what people around here think. It's my body.*

Through the widow we see Junior outside, heading back from the barn toward the house urgently. Hen leaves the room, Terrance follows.

TERRANCE (O.S.)

So you understand why it hurts him.

(a beat)

A child seems like the next natural step for both of you.

HEN (O.S.)

...I chose not to. It is a choice.  
It's not immoral... What? ...it's  
my body!...

35

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

35

Junior enters the kitchen, just as Terrance walks back in from the hallway.

TERRANCE

We just finished. Have a seat.

Junior stays standing.

JUNIOR

What's going on? Where is she?

TERRANCE

She's fine. Here

(Pulling out a chair for  
Junior)

Have you ever had a custom suit  
made?

JUNIOR

What?

TERRANCE

Well, this is the same sort of  
thing.

Terrance motions to the chair, Junior reluctantly sits.

Terrance holds a camera-like device near the back of Junior's neck.

JUNIOR

What are you doing?

TERRANCE

Actually, if you could hold your  
legs out straight. It gets a better  
measurement. Here, rest them on  
this.

Terrance puts a stool under his feet, moves the device closer.

JUNIOR  
This is ridiculous.

Terrance takes a seat. Junior slowly looks around the room.

TERRANCE  
Junior, have you given much thought to traveling? Before I showed up.  
(a beat)  
I know Henrietta has.

JUNIOR  
We have responsibilities here at the farm.

TERRANCE  
That seems sort of fake, doesn't it, calling it a farm.

JUNIOR  
We have some chickens. The house. Land to take care of. It's been a farm for-

TERRANCE  
(Cutting him off)  
Generations, yeah, yeah, you've said that already. But isn't that hypocritical?

JUNIOR  
No. Why?

Terrance leans in, Junior is taken aback.

TERRANCE  
On the one hand, you try to keep your family traditions alive, the old ways of living, but then you work for the very corporations that are taking all this away.

JUNIOR  
What's this got to with anything?

TERRANCE  
Nothing is trivial.

Junior gets defensive.

JUNIOR  
How many others have there been?

TERRANCE  
Sorry?

JUNIOR

How many have you met with like this? Gone into their homes, without warning, asking them personal questions...

TERRANCE

You know I can't tell you that.

JUNIOR

So what can you tell me?

Terrance stands up, moves directly behind him.

TERRANCE

Sorry, I forgot something.

JUNIOR

What do you want me to do up there?

TERRANCE

You'll be part of a very special community.

Terrance is holding a small patch.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Stay still for a second. I just need to put something on you. A tiny sensor. You won't feel it.

Terrance pushes the hair on the back of Junior's head up and presses the sensor into the back of his neck.

Junior flinches and immediately starts touching it with his fingers.

JUNIOR

I don't want to wear that.

TERRANCE

It's important. Keeps track of your blood pressure, heart rate, boring stuff like that.

JUNIOR

How long am I supposed to wear it?

TERRANCE

You'll forget it's even there in thirty seconds.

A beat.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Now, close your eyes.

Junior is still rattled by the sensor.

JUNIOR  
Close my eyes?

TERRANCE  
Just for a minute.

Junior delays then closes his eyes.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
Now, what do you see?

JUNIOR  
Nothing. My eyes are closed.

TERRANCE  
I know that, but you know what I mean. What are you seeing?

JUNIOR  
Right now? In my mind?

TERRANCE  
Yes.

Junior keeps his eyes closed. Sweat is starting to bead on his forehead. He smiles.

JUNIOR  
Hen.

We reveal Hen. She is leaning against the kitchen door, for how long we don't know. Terrance sees her and smiles, but keeps questioning Junior.

TERRANCE  
Tell me what you see when you think about the time you and Hen took over the house.

Something immediately unnerving about that question. Junior takes a nervous breath, wrestling upsetting images in his mind we can't see. Junior struggles to answer.

JUNIOR  
Ummm. She couldn't manage it.

TERRANCE  
She?

HEN  
Junior's Mother. She was alone when we moved in.

Junior opens his eyes, sees Hen, and smiles.

JUNIOR  
Hey. You ok?



Hen nods gently.

TERRANCE

What else do you remember from those days together?

HEN

(Glancing at Junior)  
I remember we were happy.

Junior smiles back at Hen.

TERRANCE

Anything specific, like any details, or is it more a feeling?

HEN

Anybody can remember details. But that doesn't mean it actually happened that way.

Hen's eyes dart up to Terrance. Through tears, she smiles.

36

EXT. FARM - LATE AFTERNOON THROUGH DUSK

36

Terrance is following Junior like a long silent shadow. He's observing him, taking photos and notes of his routine around the farm; shoveling out ash from the bonfire, turning the compost. Junior occasionally stops due to the absurdity of it all and stares at Terrance, but Terrance, undeterred, only encourages him to continue.

Against a distant fence, Hen picks tiny red currants from a forgotten shrub. She places them in the fold of her dress. She pauses. Her fingers are stained red, her wedding ring too. On her dress a circle of red bleeds across her abdomen. She looks up in the dying light.

She looks back to the house.

Hen sees Junior a tiny, inert spec on the porch of their withering house, beer in hand, staring back at her.

JUNIOR

(Shouts)  
COOOO-EEEEEE!

Hen smiles, then laughs; Junior is waiting for her return call.

HEN

(Shouts back)  
COOOO-EEEEEE!

Their warmth and levity slowly subsides, with the undercurrent of time, and their lack of it left together.

- 37 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 37
- Junior and Hen are lying in bed. Junior is awake and watching Hen in a deep sleep.
- A memory weaves...
- 38 FLASHBACK: WEDDING - DAY 38
- Hen standing in a soft cotton dress - its green stripes make her look like a spearmint candy. Junior is in a plain suit. Hen is holding Junior's hands, immensely happy, despite the fact it's raining. There are barely a handful of people in attendance, a few co-workers, holding umbrellas over themselves.*
- CELEBRANT (O.S.)  
You may now seal your union with a  
kiss.
- Hen and Junior kiss passionately. The small group applauds.*
- They share a first dance, allowing the rain to fall over them. They move closer, turning slowly. There's no music, so Hen HUMS a quiet melody that only they can hear.*
- We stay extremely close, Hen pulls away ever slightly, stares at Junior, rain and tears in her eyes.*
- HEN  
To new beginnings.
- 39 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 39
- We cut back to Junior, his face barely an inch away from Hen's lips as she sleeps.
- JUNIOR  
(Whispering)  
New beginnings.
- 40 OMITTED 40
- 41 INT. CORPORATE CHICKEN TOWERS/HANGING ROOM - MORNING 41
- Junior routinely walks in a procession with other workers, down a long narrow corridor. They are overwhelmingly surrounded by thousands of suspended chicken carcasses, that move and spin along elaborate rail lines.

42 INT. CORPORATE CHICKEN TOWERS/PROCESSING FLOOR - MORNING 42

A kaleidoscope of chicken meat moves hypnotically along the production line. Junior is mindlessly packing chicken breasts, pre-sorted by fast moving robotic arms. The pace is relentless, the repetition mind-numbing.

Junior seems distant, agitated, losing focus.

He looks around the room. An urgency rises in him.

43 EXT. ROAD - MORNING 43

Junior's truck pulls out onto the highway at high speed, leaving the looming silhouettes of the chicken towers behind.

44 INT. TRUCK/ROADSIDE RESTAURANT - MID MORNING 44

Junior is filled with a sense of freedom, accelerates in his truck. He looks out the window; the moon in the deep blue sky is following him, reminding him of his fate. He swivels the sun visor above his head, blocking it from view. He then pulls off the road into the dusty roadside restaurant carpark.

45 INT. ROADSIDE RESTAURANT - MID MORNING CONT. 45

Junior walks inside, and clearly looks out of place. He wanders around until he spots Hen, who has just seated a table of three. He walks up to her as she turns to come back. She's both shocked and surprised to see him.

HEN

What's wrong?

Junior doesn't say anything. He reaches out and takes her hand.

HEN (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

JUNIOR

I started thinking more about leaving. Things I'll miss. Things that aren't obvious.

Hen notices her work colleagues staring at her, at him.

HEN

Maybe we should talk outside.

Junior is tunnel visioned.

JUNIOR

Just like, stupid, little things.  
Like how by the sound of the floor  
creaking, I know that it's your  
steps upstairs. And that no one  
else could ever recognize that, it  
feels like a secret... between  
us...

Junior gets more intimate, Hen's breath quickens.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

I'll miss hearing those steps.

A table of corporate men eyeball them, as they sip their  
coffee, one with a particular coldness.

HEN

Please. Can we talk about this  
tonight. You know we need this job.

JUNIOR

Let's just be together. Right now.

Hen looks around the diner. She turns back to him, feeling  
pulled.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

None of this matters.  
(whispers)  
We're running out of time.

Hen slowly relents, allowing the room and the staring faces  
to fade away.

46 INT. TRUCK - DAY

46

The windows are down, Hen's hair rushes against the passing  
landscape. There is still a reticence in Hen, but as the sun  
streams in, we notice her ever gently reach over, without  
looking, and place her hand atop Junior's. Junior smiles, but  
her grip tightens, like she is afraid. The Canola fields  
stream passed the window.

47 EXT. RURAL CANOLA AND BARREN FIELDS - DAY

47

Hen and Junior move into the immense fields of yellow canola.  
They seem to be taking everything in, as if both are becoming  
more aware of the land that he'll be leaving, not wanting to  
take it for granted. A mega industrial harvester moves beyond  
them, the scale unthinkable.

48 EXT. PINK LAKES AND SURROUNDS - AFTERNOON

48

Hours later, we see them walk over a huge PINK LAKE, only inches deep, caused by high-saline industrial run-off. It's like they are on another planet. We look down and see Hen's and Junior's bare feet submerged in the shallow pink water.

HEN  
She's bleeding...

A beat.

HEN (CONT'D)  
Strange how dying can still be beautiful.

JUNIOR  
Everything dies.

HEN  
Not beauty. It lasts forever.

A beat.

Junior's mood shifts, a melancholy takes over.

JUNIOR  
Are you afraid?

Hen looks at her feet in the pink water.

HEN  
Of dying? No. Maybe of not being ready.

They move closer to each other. Then their lips touch gently, tender, like for the first time, savoring every present moment.

49 EXT. BARREN LANDSCAPE - SUNSET

49

Soil dirties their naked flesh as they make slow love in a powerfully felt desolation...

LATER:

Crickets chirp. They lie in a barren landscape. Junior pushes his bare feet into the Earth. His feet touch Hen's bare feet... she giggles, it tickles. Their mood lightens, and they look up at the wondrous sky, the first stars appear.

HEN  
How far does it go? What else do you think's up there? I used to obsess about that as a kid.

JUNIOR  
I guess I'll find out.

HEN  
Have you ever thought that we're  
not even looking up at the sky?

JUNIOR  
What do you mean?

HEN  
What if we were looking down. The  
sky below us...

Junior considers but doesn't know how to reply.

HEN (CONT'D)  
Try. Think about it.

Junior smiles, perplexed. Hen smiles back, then looks to the sky. Junior follows her lead and starts staring 'down at the sky'.

A moment of silence, as they both start to feel something. The camera turns upside down, the two of them hanging above the deepest blue sky, the most magnificent stars.

JUNIOR  
(Sighing in wonder)  
Shit...

Hen laughs, then her breath deepens, surrendering.

The two of them fall into this imaginary, weightless reverie...then laughter, lots of it.

LATER:

More laughter. Hen and Junior, tiny naked figures, chase each other.

Hen tries to smack Junior's bare bum, while getting dressed. He tries to run away, but he trips on a leg of his jeans.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)  
Hey!

Hen is joyously hysterical as Junior charges her. He tumbles with her, and their playful weave gives way.

CUT TO:

Closer; they start to dress each other, slowly, full of breath, full of life, full of adoration.

Then, like a dream, a stray horse enters the open landscape, scared, flighty. Both of them, taken by it, in awe.

Hen wanders over to it, slowly.

HEN  
(softly)  
Hey.

The horse is wanting her touch but is afraid. A delicate dance.

HEN (CONT'D)  
I won't hurt you.

Junior is mesmerized by Hen, how she magically approaches the horse, calms it, and makes contact. She starts stroking its face.

HEN (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Where are you going?

Junior moves closer, careful not to break their intimacy, their secret conversation.

Hen looks back at Junior, her face beaming with joy. She then rests her head on the horse, in a beautiful union. Junior is swept up in their reverie.

But then, on the horizon, more horses running. Junior becomes alert as he sees what they are running from - a huge smoke plume rises into the sky. Hen sees it too.

HEN (CONT'D)  
Another one.

But Junior isn't listening. Rather he starts to run toward it, scaring the horse. Hen struggles with it.

HEN (CONT'D)  
Wait...

Suddenly Junior breaks into an all out run.

HEN (CONT'D)  
Junior! No!  
(to herself)  
Oh, shit.

CUT TO:

Junior is now sprinting with vigor, towards the ever-growing glow. A stray horse, escaping the fire, gallops fearfully in the opposite direction. Junior howls as it passes.

Hen, far behind, is now sprinting too.

50

EXT. UNKNOWN FARM - BURNING BARN - DUSK/NIGHT

50

As Junior gets closer, he sees it's a raging barn fire. The smoke is now heavy, all-consuming. A surreal universe of small embers float past in the wind. He notices a mass of Black Beetles scrambling over the glowing earth.

Hen arrives on foot, but can't see Junior.

HEN

Where are you?!

A surging gust of fiery wind completely dissolves her within smoke and embers.

HEN (CONT'D)

I'm here Junior, I'm here!

Hen's voice barely audible as Junior is drawn by the fire. Part of him wants to try and put it out, another part is in awe. He moves closer, faster toward the inferno, but several steps into his run, he is hit hard from behind and collapses onto the ground, his shoulder slamming into a rock. Someone lands on top of him. Smoke and pain envelop him.

Junior's badly injured. A dark silhouette keeps him pinned down with their knees, but it's hard to see who. He's trying to steady his vision, but the smoke is intense.

MAN (O.S.)

(muffled)

You have him?

Junior sees the shape of a second person, wearing a black suit, disappearing behind him in a flurry.

Junior, disoriented and in obvious pain, closes his eyes as he is dragged ruthlessly across the rough earth.

HEN (O.S.)

(screams)

Fuck off. No!

Black. The screams of Hen. Getting more distant.

FADE UP:

51

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

51

Junior slowly wakes up, his vision adjusts; across the room, he sees Hen helping Terrance move equipment up the staircase.

Junior listens to them walking around above him.

Junior tries to sit up, but his body feels immobilized. He notices his arm is in a sling.



Hen is coming back down the stairs and spots Junior distressed, trying to get up. She moves swiftly over to him.

HEN

Junior... wait. No, no, stay down.

He persists, but Hen calms him.

JUNIOR

Did they hurt you?

Hen smiles. There is something different about her, more make-up?

HEN

What? No, I'm fine.

JUNIOR

Men. There were men. And screaming... it was you.

HEN

You're confused. You hurt yourself, but you're going to be okay. You're lucky.

JUNIOR

(trying to get up)  
We need to tell someone about what's happening-

HEN

Tell them what? You had an accident, that's all.

JUNIOR

No it wasn't, we're in danger.

HEN

You're the one that ran into the fire. Why would you do that?

Junior is now genuinely confused. He can't answer that.

HEN (CONT'D)

What was in the fire?

Terrance enters the room.

TERRANCE

I hope this wasn't done intentionally.

JUNIOR

You think I did this on purpose?

TERRANCE

An injury doesn't change anything.  
You know that, right?

JUNIOR

I don't even know what happened.

TERRANCE

I'm glad you're okay. How are you  
feeling?

JUNIOR

I can't feel this side of my body.

TERRANCE

That's the meds. They'll wear off  
soon.

Hen leaves for the kitchen. Terrance steps closer.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

But you won't be able to use that  
arm much for a while though. And  
you'll have to get used to that  
recliner of yours.

JUNIOR

Why?

Hen pauses in front of the mirror in the hallway before re-  
entering the room.

TERRANCE

You can't sleep lying down, not for  
now. You can recline to about forty-  
five degrees, but that's it.

JUNIOR

What do you mean I can't lie down?

TERRANCE

No, the doctor did a minor  
procedure and...

JUNIOR

(Shocked)

A procedure? What Doctor?

TERRANCE

She operated on your injured  
shoulder, the tendon. It went very  
well, and she wants to leave it  
covered. You're lucky it's not  
worse.

Junior is trying to remember. How long has he been out?

Hen walks into the living room with a beer.

HEN  
 (Handing him the beer)  
 Here.

Hen hands Junior two white pills.

HEN (CONT'D)  
 You need to take these.

Junior pauses, still confused, raises the beer to his mouth and swallows the pills...

*Pre-lap: Jacqueline Du Pre. Cello Concerto in E minor, Op.85*

51B EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT 51B

In the echo of the music, we pan across the landscape to the farmhouse.

52 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT 52

Terrance slowly enters the room with a new bottle of wine, channeling the melancholic beauty of the music being played on speakers.

TERRANCE  
 Jacqueline Du Pre...

He sits. Terrance stares at Hen.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
 'A musician of nature with an unerring instinct.' That's how her husband described her.

Junior stares directly at Terrance.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
 This hasn't been easy on either of you. I apologize for that. But it's worth it.

Terrance pours Hen some wine.

HEN  
 (to Terrance)  
 Can't we delay it?

He fills up Junior's glass and then his own.

TERRANCE  
 You've known about the possibility of being picked for over a year. That's plenty.  
 (MORE)

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
(drinks)  
South of France. The real thing.

A beat.

JUNIOR  
Why are you following me?

Hen starts to look uncomfortable.

TERRANCE  
Keeping you safe, both of you, is  
crucial.

HEN  
Both of us?

TERRANCE  
We're taking Junior away. And  
you've never been alone out here  
before.

HEN  
(Fuck you)  
So?

TERRANCE  
(to Junior)  
It could be a real strain on her,  
on your marriage.

Hen grows impatient.

JUNIOR  
You're the one forcing me to leave  
her.

TERRANCE  
So we have to do what's moral.

HEN  
And what do you consider moral?

TERRANCE  
(to Junior)  
We're going to replace you.

JUNIOR  
What?

TERRANCE  
We're going to ensure Hen has  
company while you're away.

JUNIOR  
Fuck off. No fucking way.

TERRANCE

(to Junior)

Do you want to leave her all alone  
out here? Day after Day? Night  
after night?

Hen laughs softly, then downs her wine, grabs the bottle to  
refill.

JUNIOR

She can handle herself.

HEN

Helllllooooo. I'm right fucking  
here. Why don't you ask me how I  
feel about it?

TERRANCE

(to Hen)

Calm down.

JUNIOR

You fucking calm down.

TERRANCE

Hear me out. It's not another man.  
We're developing a digital  
replacement.

HEN

(as she drinks)

Oh my God. Because I'm a woman that  
can't be left by herself?

JUNIOR

What the fuck is he talking about?

TERRANCE

No, but it is complex...and  
expensive, not everyone gets  
offered this.

HEN

That's why you're staying here,  
isn't it?

TERRANCE

In the old days, you would have  
left Hen with a two-dimensional  
photo of yourself. This is the next  
step: a dynamic hologram with  
living tissue, volume, and a body.

JUNIOR

I don't want a fucking robot living  
with my wife.

TERRANCE

It's DEFINITELY not a robot. It's a new kind of self-determining life-form. You'll see. It's going to be astonishing.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

They'll be a series of interviews. No detail is inconsequential. We'll use it all to finish the code.

HEN

That's why you're staying.

JUNIOR

(in disbelief)

This is fucking insane.

TERRANCE

(to Junior)

For example, what did you breakfast?

Junior stares back, astonished.

JUNIOR

You know what my dad used to get us to do when I was old enough.

TERRANCE

What's that?

JUNIOR

Test of manhood.

HEN

(to Junior)

Don't be an idiot.

JUNIOR

We'd go outside and stand apart. Then we'd each get one punch at the other.

TERRANCE

You'd punch each other?

A beat.

JUNIOR

You ever punch someone?

TERRANCE

I can't say I have.

Junior smiles at Terrance.

HEN

I guess that's what being a man is,  
right?

JUNIOR

I'm just having a conversation.

Terrance is watching them intently.

HEN

Would you do your test of manhood  
with me?

JUNIOR

Now you're being dumb.

HEN

You're scared of hitting me?

JUNIOR

I'm scared of hurting you.

Hen notices Terrance smirking at them. She suddenly reaches across and slaps Terrance hard.

TERRANCE

Fuck.

She picks up her glass, sips her wine, fighting back her emotion. Junior is stunned. A moment later, Hen starts laughing. Then, she laughs a little harder, until Terrance begins to laugh. Junior isn't laughing. Hen's laughter, slowly turns dark, emotional, as she catches Junior's stare.

HEN

(directly to Junior)

Just once, I want to say 'I love  
you, you mean everything to me'...  
like I used to.

53 INT. LIVING ROOM - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

53

The living room is deathly still. Junior is in his recliner, a pillow propped under his arm, to support his shoulder. His eyes gaze across the dark room.

On the far side, two identical beetles crawl up the wall. Their dark shapes are hypnotic.

Then, he hears movement above him. Hen's voice? Junior gets up to investigate.

54 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

54

Junior rounds the top of the stairs and realizes someone is having a shower.

He discovers the guest room door, directly adjacent, is slightly ajar, with the lights on inside. He moves over to it.

He carefully peeks through the gap. There is an array of technological hardware. A strange black rod with a camera, sits on a stand, and there's tape on the floor, marking out positions? Something on the disheveled bed catches his eye. He moves into the room. Beside a duffle bag lays a photo of Hen, wearing the white cut-off shirt.

TERRANCE

You can't sleep either?

Junior, suddenly caught off guard, turns. Terrance sits in the blind corner, shirtless, a bath towel around his waist. A small fan tries to keep him cool. He's lean, more muscular than Junior thought.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

There's always room to make us more efficient. Eating, talking, sleeping - what if we didn't need to do any of it.

Junior, isn't up for conversation.

JUNIOR

What's all this stuff.

TERRANCE

I'm getting set up for our interviews.

JUNIOR

Seems overkill.

Junior hears the shower water still running, looks at Terrance, at the bath towel around him. This all feels wrong. He moves to the door. Terrance stands up.

TERRANCE

(Whispering)

Can I ask you something?

JUNIOR

What?

TERRANCE

(Whispering)

If Henrietta was the same as she is now, I mean identical, but was a bit less physically attractive in one significant way, do you think you would have married her?

A beat.



JUNIOR  
 (Caught off guard)  
 She's my wife.

TERRANCE  
 (Whispering)  
 Are you saying her appearance  
 doesn't mean anything to you?

JUNIOR  
 I'm saying, no matter what, to me,  
 she would still be Hen.

TERRANCE  
 (Whispering)  
 What about this: what if she looked  
 exactly as you know her, just as  
 beautiful, but was a bit less  
 intelligent? Would she still be  
 Hen?

JUNIOR  
 This is stupid. Hen is Hen.

TERRANCE  
 (softens)  
 You're right. I'm sorry.  
 I shouldn't be keeping you up.  
 We have a big day ahead of us.

Junior moves away from Terrance, who gently closes his door  
 with a click.

Junior walks up to the bathroom and rests his ear against the  
 door. He slowly tries to open it. It's locked. He  
 contemplates knocking, but instead decides to leave it.

55

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

55

Junior is in his reclined chair. He opens his eyes, in the  
 reflected hot light.

He notices Hen in utter stillness, wearing her work outfit,  
 draped in the arm chair opposite. She takes a long drag of a  
 cigarette.

Junior watches her for some time, until Hen notices. They  
 hold each others stare. Then she sits up, dropping her  
 cigarette in an empty beer bottle. Beside the bottle, he  
 notices a glass of water and two white pills. She brings them  
 over to him.

He takes the pills, and as she removes the empty glass and  
 places it back down on the table, he holds her arm, pulls her  
 close. He starts to kiss her neck.

HEN  
 (softly)  
 I've got to go.

He is hungry for her. He feels her body. She slowly surrenders and it instantly becomes heated.

HEN (CONT'D)  
 (softly)  
 He's here.

But it's hopeless, they descend into each other. It's thrilling, passionate, but especially quiet.

56

INT. JUNIOR'S TRUCK - DAY

56

Junior and Terrance are in Junior's truck. They've left the farm and are driving along the highway fast. Junior's truck is old, so he still has to drive it, but with his injury, is only using one arm.

TERRANCE  
 So, you can do this right? Drive  
 with one arm. It's safe?

Junior looks at him and smiles. For the first time, he notices a slight vulnerability in Terrance. Junior accelerates for fun.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
 It seems so stupid to us now, that  
 a human would be controlling a  
 massive hunk of metal moving at  
 sixty miles an hour.

Terrance looks out at the passing fields, filming momentarily.

JUNIOR  
 Nothing stays the same for long  
 anymore.

A strange silence falls over them. Terrance starts to sing to himself.

TERRANCE  
*I have dreamed a dream - of every  
 common man - hoping to rise to the  
 top - I have sworn by my blood as  
 your man, my love - That one day-*

JUNIOR  
 -I don't care what you're planning,  
 but whatever you bring here, won't  
 be me. I can't be replaced.

Terrance smiles.

TERRANCE

There's nothing wrong with a growing self-confidence.

JUNIOR

Just make sure, for your own sake, it never hurts Hen.

Terrance looks at Junior.

TERRANCE

Have you ever hurt her?

Junior looks at him with a resolute stare.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Could you?

Junior contemplates, then suddenly steers the truck onto the rough road. The truck shudders and shakes. He accelerates faster.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Junior looks across at him with a disturbing seriousness. Terrance grips the door in fear. Junior bursts into laughter.

CUT TO:

We see the truck, tiny, shooting haphazardly across the rough wasteland.

*Pre-lap: Short, punchy, sonorous sounds - someone blowing into a bottle, repeats.*

57 OMITTED 57

57A INT. CHICKEN FACTORY/VARIOUS- DAY 57A

Junior walks the long corridor, occasionally turning over his shoulder, amused by something. Terrance follows him with his camera, dressed just like him; hair net and blue overalls.

CUT TO:

Junior works fast on the production line, shoving chicken carcasses onto the fast moving line. He motions to Terrance; his turn. Terrance gives it a go, but is unable to keep up. Junior revels in it, a fish out of water.

*The bottle sounds get faster and faster.*

58 INT. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON (LATER)

58

Junior naked, sweating profusely, at the peak of a set of squats. It's intense, hypnotic.

CUT:

Junior in the shower, every drop blissful. He blows into his empty beer bottle, making the sounds we have been hearing. He does it over and over until the staccato rhythm gets so fast, it becomes one long sustained note. He holds that note until there is no air left in his lungs.

TERRANCE (V.O.)

I'm glad the pills are working on  
your shoulder...you do seem lively.

59 INT. GUEST ROOM - DUSK

59

Junior sits on a small chair facing the wall. Terrance is sitting behind him, looking at the back of Junior. A camera on a tripod is also pointed at Junior. It's oppressively hot.

JUNIOR

I do feel energized, like I've had  
too much coffee.

TERRANCE

Interesting.

Terrance is struck by his openness and moves over to Junior.

Terrance holds something, and it flashes in Junior's eye. Junior blinks.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

That's good. Corneal reflex test.

Junior rubs his eye.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

I'm afraid you'll have to get used  
to these tests. There'll be more  
when you arrive. Some less pleasant  
than others.

Terrance takes hold of Junior's hand, which shows a slight tremor, and delicately spreads his fingers. We reveal he is holding a syringe with a very long, thin needle.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Deep tendon carpal tunnel reflex  
test.

A close-up of the needle.

Before Junior can protest, Terrance inserts the needle point between the webbing of Junior's fingers.

JUNIOR

Fuck!

TERRANCE

Sorry, it's done.

Terrance puts the needle away and walks around behind Junior. Junior is sweating noticeably.

They both hear creaks on the staircase. Hen appears at the door. Terrance and Junior both turn to look at her.

JUNIOR

(To Hen)

You're done at work already?

Hen is struck by the oddness of the interview set-up.

HEN

I left early.

(to Terrance)

Why is he facing the wall?

TERRANCE

(Sharply)

Hen, you can't be here.

Hen starts to walk over to Junior, but Terrance intervenes.

HEN

I think he's had enough.

TERRANCE

Hen, we agreed.

Hen stares at Terrance, slowly submits.

HEN

(to Junior)

I'll be downstairs.

She leaves.

JUNIOR

(to Terrance)

What the fuck was that?

TERRANCE

We really have to make sure she's okay. If you notice anything unusual, or she is acting odd, it's best you tell me-

JUNIOR

Tell you what?

TERRANCE  
 (direct)  
 Face the wall, please.

Terrance walks over just behind Junior, he's rattled.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
 I'm helping you and your wife,  
 in a profound way that you'll  
 appreciate when you're back. I need  
 to know everything, and everything  
 you tell me up here is  
 confidential. Between us.

Terrance pauses, realizing Junior isn't listening. He is  
 staring at the floor with concern, drawn by the sound of  
 Hen's piano below. There is anger in it.  
 Terrance watches him for a moment.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
 Have you ever cheated on her?

Junior looks up.

JUNIOR  
 What?

TERRANCE  
 On Hen?

JUNIOR  
 No, definitely not.

TERRANCE  
 You've never fantasized about  
 another woman?

JUNIOR  
 I don't know. No, I...

TERRANCE  
 C'mon.

Hen's music now has pain in it. Junior wants to go to her,  
 but Terrance persists.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
 Has she ever cheated on you?

JUNIOR  
 Fuck you!

TERRANCE  
 Has she?

JUNIOR  
 NO.

TERRANCE

You're not basing that on trust,  
are you?

JUNIOR

I'm basing it on what I know.

TERRANCE

Do you feel that you know how she  
would react in every situation?  
Have you ever asked her the  
question yourself?

JUNIOR

Hen's not like that.

TERRANCE

You don't actually believe you know  
Hen better than she knows herself?

Junior starts to rock, and rub his forehead.

JUNIOR

I'm not saying that.

TERRANCE

There are things about her you  
don't know, will never know,  
thoughts, feelings. All her years  
before you.

Junior stands. Terrance gently touches Junior's hand, seeking  
his eyes. Junior pulls his hand away.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

She has desires that existed before  
you, and exist beyond you. You can  
accept that, right?

Junior walks out, leaving Terrance alone. Terrance stares at  
his hand, then to the floor.

60

INT. BASEMENT - EVENING CONT.

60

Hen's music vents discontent. Junior feeling unsure, sits  
gently beside her. His head slowly deflates into the curve of  
her neck.

HEN

I suppose you want me to stop?

JUNIOR

No?

HEN

You usually don't like it. You used  
to tell me not to play.

JUNIOR

Sorry?

HEN

Are you?

Junior thinks about it. Hen plays harder.

HEN (CONT'D)

As long as we moved from day to day, living the routine that was established, that you established, you're convinced I'm happy.

Junior sits up.

HEN (CONT'D)

Walking the same path as all of them before me.

Hen plays the keys repeatably to make her point.

HEN (CONT'D)

Your mom, my mom, their moms and their moms and their moms...

She notices Junior's confusion, then smiles. With one hand she gently pulls his head back into her neck. The music slows, softens.

HEN (CONT'D)

I'm starting to worry. What if the rain never comes?

JUNIOR

I don't want you to worry.

HEN

I know.

A small melody flourishes.

JUNIOR

It's beautiful....

Nothing more is said. They both float off with the melody, with the many questions that murmur in the depths.

*Music continues...*

61

INT. LIVING ROOM / NIGHT

61

A black beetle scurries from the corner, up the wall onto the ceiling. Here it joins even more beetles, all moving hypnotically, in random formation.

Junior lies in the recliner staring up at them, sweating in



the oppressive heat. Hen's music still carries him deep.

*The music echoes, expands, a dream comes over him...*

HEN (O.S.)

Hurry. Over there. Can you see?

The sound of wind.

61A OMITTED

61A

61B EXT. ISLAND IN NOTHINGNESS - CONT.

61B

We float high over a truly magical landscape. Pink and white water never-ends, a small island, sits in the centre, miraculous.

HEN (O.S.)

It was here.

CUT TO:

Junior on the island, wanders across it, like he is on another planet. He is clearly unsure, timid. Hen is standing by a tree, near the waters edge. Hen is thrilled to see him, smiles at his awkward pause.

HEN (CONT'D)

There you are. Look. It's so exciting.

Junior closes in, swept up in her animated joy. She pulls him closer to the tree, and picks something off the ground at her feet.

HEN (CONT'D)

We missed it. It's gone. That's okay. That's good.

She holds up a single feather. Soft, delicate, colorful.

JUNIOR

What's it from? What sort of bird?

HEN

I don't know.

She points to the horizon.

HEN (CONT'D)

It went that way. It's green there.

Junior can't see any green.

JUNIOR

Green?

HEN

All the shades. Absinthe.  
 Aquamarine. Asparagus. Bamboo.  
 Lime. There's moss, and algae, and  
 green frogs...

Then, from the corner of his eye, he sees another Hen(2), identical, only a short distance away. He moves over to her.

HEN(2) (CONT'D)

There's no green.

Closer, he notices this Hen is in distress. This Hen is not holding any feather.

JUNIOR

Little Hen?

HEN(2)

My mom used to tell me what it felt like to get stung by a bee, when there were flowers and bees still around.

Hen smiles at him, love in it, but a scary resignation.

HEN(2) (CONT'D)

I always wished I could feel that for myself.

Hen moves over and reaches up to touch him, but her hand hits glass. Fear fills her.

JUNIOR

Hen. Hen. I...

Then, the sound of birds. We hear the other Hen, the first one we met.

HEN (O.S.)

Olive. Cucumber. Dill. Teal. Frozen mint. Green Apple. Pea. Leek. Peppermint...

CUT TO:

This Hen has been watching them; a tear of rejection falls from her eyes. She looks back up to the sound of birds, thousands, building in numbers...

HEN (CONT'D)

There's rain there, it's breaking down the forest floor - and you can smell everything!

63 INT. LIVING ROOM / ENTRANCE HALLWAY - LATE MORNING 63

An empty hallway, only the echoes of Hen's voice from the dream. Junior enters, having just woken. He listens for any sign of someone home.

JUNIOR

Hen?

Nothing.

But then the faint, haunting sound of voices upstairs.

TERRANCE (V.O.)

...it is illegal... so why all the chickens?

64 OMITTED 64

65 INT. GUEST ROOM - DAY 65

Junior curiously enters, noticing Terrance's bed is made meticulously. He then hears HEN's voice again, coming from under the bed.

HEN (V.O.)

Having other living things around does something. Keeps you hopeful, I think.

He looks under and finds the bag he saw the other night, on top a small RECORDING DEVICE is playing.

HEN (V.O.)

(A beat)

I really miss the trees.

He picks it up. On a very basic analogue screen sees; 'Hen 1 / -2 / -3\*' etc. His breath deepens.

TERRANCE (V.O.)

The trees?

HEN(V.O.)

More of them were alive when I was growing up.

He presses stop. He opens the bag quickly. Inside he finds a large number of photos of Hen. Some he recognizes, others he can't.

Some are close-ups of her hair, her hands, her feet, her ears. He sits there holding the photos, disturbed, unsure what to make of it.

He presses play, juggles back.

HEN(V.O.)  
 More of them were alive when I was  
 growing up.

Junior imagines Hen. We cut to see HEN being interviewed, in the same room he sits - at night, candlelit. Hen's eyes light up with a child-like warmth.

HEN  
 Some were shy, some bold, others  
 ancient, wise...you only have to  
 spend time with them...I loved  
 their personalities.

Terrance smiles, amused.

TERRANCE  
 Personalities?

HEN  
 People do. Dogs do. Cats do. Why  
 draw a line with trees.

We cut back to Junior listening, he smiles as he hears these words. Hearing Hen so free, so herself.

TERRANCE (V.O.)  
 That's a bit of a stretch.

HEN (V.O.)  
 It's sad you need proof before  
 something is real.

He leans against the bed, taking in the room, imagining. Then something grabs his eye. Under the built-in desk, in a blind spot, he sees a small patterned cloth shoved in what looks like a small hole in the wall.

TERRANCE (V.O.)  
 Belief is deceptive.

He curiously pulls it out revealing a hole... He puts his finger into the hole, it goes deep.

Cut back to HEN and TERRANCE from the interview.

HEN  
 No. It's a feeling. To have it is  
 exhilarating.

Terrance smiles, momentarily intrigued.

Junior is in the bathroom. He crouches down near the shared wall to the guest room. There are three drill holes, where a toilet roll holder must have been in the past.

He picks at ONE of the holes, and it clears. He blows into the hole and looks through. To both his alarm and surprise, he can see into the guest room perfectly.

66A EXT. PORCH - EARLY AFTERNOON - IMAGINING INTERVIEW 66A

Hen sits on the porch in the apricot light, a forest of dead trees stretch behind her. Terrance takes in her every nuance.

HEN

Does knowing someone take something away?

(a beat)

Part of me says, 'yes'. To be like primal, animal, to not question anything...that's exciting, impulsive. But then comes a knowing, which is also beautiful and we need it, but it makes everything safe and understood...and over time...

TERRANCE

Have you become more self-conscious? When you're with him now.

67 INT. BEDROOM - EARLY AFTERNOON 67

Bathed in the same Apricot light, he looks into the mirror. He peels off his bandage, and to his surprise, there is no scar. Not even a tiny mark.

HEN (O.S.)

No.

(shy irony)

Maybe it was better when I was...

(tape ends - a beep)

He looks down to Hen's side of the bed, tired and confused. He notices the indent of where she had laid on the pillow and then gently falls into it. He lies there on his side, the audio player beside him. He breaths in her scent and falls asleep.

We move in close on his face.

*The pre-lap of piano notes.*

A gentle hand touches Junior's cheek; the touch is soft and affectionate.

It's Terrance's hand.

Junior starts to wake up. His eyes barely opening. The hand starts to hold his face firmer, waking Junior more aggressively.

*The piano louder, fuller.*

Then, Terrance's fingers start to squeeze harder...and harder. Pushing Junior's cheeks together, until Junior is fully awake, in pain, eyes wide open, terrified, trying to scream. The flurried shadows of SUITED MEN move in his periphery.

68 INT. BASEMENT - LATE DUSK 68

Hen, sweats profusely, and surges into the keys, playing a deep, raw melody, surrendering to its movement. Her arms, skin, and shoulders glisten. She then stops, allowing another haunted, silent lull to fill the house. She takes a mouthful of her wine, then starts to tease the keys again.

69 INT. BEDROOM - LATE DUSK 69

We cut back to Junior, but he is surprisingly asleep. There is no sign of Terrance, no hand squeezing his face.

Junior awakens to the music, confused and disorientated. He sits up on the side of the bed, composing himself, running a hand through his hair.

70 INT. LIVING ROOM - BASEMENT STAIRS - LATE DUSK 70

The camera floats behind Junior, drawn by the music. As he corners to the basement stairs, he sees Terrance. He is already sitting near the bottom step, where Junior sat before, listening to Hen. A glass of wine sits beside him, the smoke from his joint hangs in the air.

Terrance turns, surprised to see Junior. Junior takes a few steps down and sits. Despite Junior's piercing stare, Terrance smiles, careful not to make any noise.

TERRANCE  
(silently mouths)  
Beautiful...

Terrance offers a drag, Junior declines, with an unwavering stare. Terrance turns back. They both sit in silence, caught by Hen's unusually raw and powerful melody.

71 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT LATER 71

Gil Scott Heron, 'I'm New Here' plays; Terrance hits every word in sync, to the delight of a drunken Hen.

## TERRANCE

*But I'm new here  
 Will you show me around  
 No matter how far wrong you've gone  
 You can always turn around  
 Met a woman in a bar  
 Told her I was hard to get to know  
 And near impossible to forget  
 She said I had an ego on me  
 The size of Texas  
 Well I'm new here and I forget  
 Does that mean big or small  
 Turnaround, turnaround, turnaround*

Junior is watching them, neurotically, drinking more beer. Terrance and Hen alive in the streets of Gil Scott Heron.

## LATER:

Psychedelic, Ethiopian jazz plays. Hen is up dancing. With Terrance. He is a good dancer, it's city-strange meets Charleston. Hen laughs hysterically. He's not used to seeing Hen so daring and alive. He grabs her hips and gyrates playfully, but something deep in Hen surfaces.

She then pulls Junior up to join her. Terrance slumps on the sofa and watches on. Junior moves in close to Hen, so Terrance can't hear.

## JUNIOR

Do you like dancing with him?

## HEN

I like dancing with you.

## JUNIOR

You prefer talking to him then?

## HEN

He's interesting.

Junior is frustrated.

## JUNIOR

Do you think he's funny?

## HEN

(to Terrance)  
 Terrance, tell us a joke.

## TERRANCE

And the Lord said unto John  
 'Come forth and you will receive  
 eternal life'. But John came fifth,  
 and won a toaster.

HEN  
 (laughing)  
 Toaster?

Junior resolute, pulls her arm tightly. Gets in close to her ear.

JUNIOR  
 I don't want you two talking alone  
 anymore.

Hen looks up at him, confused, like he is someone else, but she someone she recognizes. Tears of hurt brew in her eyes, anger even.

HEN  
 Don't ruin it.

She rests her head on his shoulders, closes her eyes. Junior eventually relents, holds her close, and for a moment forgets Terrance is even there. As they both turn, Junior sees Terrance gazing but not at him. Hen now has her eyes open, and is gazing back at Terrance.

71A INT. LOUNGE/VARIOUS - NIGHT, LATER

71A

Hen refills her glass, and wanders the downstairs alone. Her favourite music track plays loud. She sings and moves defiantly...but something deep down is pulling her.

72 INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT, LATER

72

Junior is sitting in the sweltering heat, sweating, his face is looking drawn, haggard, his eyes baggy. Terrance is standing beside him. Both are shirtless.

TERRANCE  
 Hold your arms up, like this.

JUNIOR  
 You've been drinking.

Junior reluctantly and warily lifts his arms. Junior watches Terrance like a hawk, as he presses a sensor into Junior's armpit.

TERRANCE  
 Is there something bothering you?  
 (a beat)  
 I can feel it in you.

JUNIOR  
 It's more like an awakening.

Junior wipes some sweat off his forehead, he looks terrible, bags under his eyes.



TERRANCE

Ok. And how has this 'awakening' affected Hen? I'm sensing a bit of strain there, perhaps?

Junior shifts in his seat, agitated.

JUNIOR

You're always wondering how things are between us. It's sick.

TERRANCE

I don't mind being wrong about that. Just curious.

JUNIOR

Why are you asking me this?

Terrance takes hold of his arm before Junior can protest, and fastens a metal bracelet around Junior's wrist.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

Stop. What's this? What are you doing?

TERRANCE

It's to help moderate your hydration levels.

Junior looks at it, turning his wrist around; the metal cold and shiny. Terrance swiftly moves back to their conversation.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Does she tell you what she likes?

JUNIOR

What's that?

TERRANCE

Your wife, Junior. Is she open and honest with her preferences?

Junior is growing noticeably more twitchy, tense, and irritated by the line of questioning.

JUNIOR

About what?

TERRANCE

Oh, come on. You know. Fucking. Is she explicit with what she likes? What she needs.

JUNIOR

(Angered)

What did you say?

TERRANCE

Every relationship depends on open and honest communication.

JUNIOR

Fuck you.

Junior is about to stand up, when Terrance puts a hand on his shoulder.

TERRANCE

Relax. It's just a conversation.

Junior lifts his chair and turns around, slips back causally on the chair, observing Terrance with a disturbing hatred.

JUNIOR

You like playing with us, don't you.

TERRANCE

People fascinate me. You two fascinate me.

Terrance smiles. Junior looks back with a growing disgust.

JUNIOR

People fascinate me too.

TERRANCE

Really?

JUNIOR

I watch people sometimes. See things.

TERRANCE

What do you see?

JUNIOR

The guys in the lunchroom bite hunks of their sandwiches, meat and bread, and grind it together into some disgusting paste. Whatever wasn't swallowed would end up stuck between yellow teeth and infected gums.

Junior stares at Terrance, at every detail of him; his hands, his feet, his eyes. The room becomes a vacuum of silence.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

It's not just eating. I've seen a coworker fall asleep during a break with his mouth gaping open. I felt sick at the sight of it. Think about earwax, and fingernails, and pus.

(MORE)

## JUNIOR (CONT'D)

I've seen guys spit on the ground and walk away. And we do all this stuff automatically, without thinking about it. We're oblivious to it most of the time. And one day, I started to wonder why that is, as I watched one of the guys wipe his fucking mouth on his napkin after eating and then blow his nose into the same napkin, which he balled up and dropped onto his plate, full of fucking snot, and very slowly, the napkin started to unfold from the ball, all on its own, as if it wanted to be seen, and that's when I realized our common seam, in each of us, is our own built-in scum. Our dirt. Our grease.

Junior worked up, wipes his own sweat off his forehead, flinging it off his hand, and takes a breath. Despite the extreme hatred, Terrance simply sits back and smiles.

Junior snaps up and kicks the chair, then starts furiously punching holes in the walls. We stay on Terrance as Junior terrorizes the room.

Terrance stands, adrenalized. He notices Hen's shadow under the door. He leans against the door, stopping her from coming in.

HEN

What the hell is going on?

TERRANCE

Everything is fine, Hen!

Clearly, it isn't. We see blood on the wall from Junior's fists. Terrance tries to stay calm, but a growing sadness takes over him.

HEN

Fucking let me in!

73

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

73

Junior is in the shower, the jet of water washes over his head and face. He is unraveling and upset, trying to understand what just happened, trying to remove the bracelet, violently pulling at it. His knuckles are bleeding.

JUNIOR  
 (Mumbling)  
 Hen, Hen, Hen, what's a boat  
 without an anchor - what's a boat  
 without an anchor -

CUT TO:

Silence, an unhinged serenity. Junior, naked, staring in the mirror; shivering.

Then, in the mirror's reflection, we see Hen, approaching slowly, visibly shocked by the state he is in.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 Little Hen.

Junior's breath deepens, he reaches out to touch her, as she too reaches for him, but suddenly his hand hits glass.

HEN  
 (whispers)  
 Here, it's me.

Junior turns to the real Hen, barely hanging on.

JUNIOR  
 (Flatly)  
 I was taking a shower.

She strokes his face, he starts to cry uncontrollably. Hen moves in quickly and holds his face.

Junior looks to Hen, then holds her tight. Junior's breath quickens. She starts kissing him. It's primal, hungry.

Hen undresses.

Passionate and animalistic love.

Time disappears...

74

INT. BEDROOM - PRE-DAWN

74

They lie in bed together, cocooned in stillness.

Junior leans in and kisses her. It's tender. They part, we stay intimate on their faces.

JUNIOR  
 You're everything.

Hen's breath deepens. Junior's face fills with a quiet joy and affection.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

When I get back. Let's do  
something. Run off. Go somewhere.  
Make a family...

Hen slowly shifts, tears build in her eyes.

She smiles through tears. Then something dark comes over her.

Junior takes pause.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Whatever we decide to do, we'll  
decide together. We'll be together.  
Like we used to be.

She's shocked to hear him say this. She closes her eyes.  
Junior puts his arms over her, holds her tight, through  
whatever this is...

75 EXT. FARM/FIELDS - SUNRISE

75

Hen, in her work uniform, looks worse for wear as she walks  
towards Junior's truck and gets inside. Terrance is already  
inside, casually dressed. Terrance can sense her unease, that  
she's not in a mood to talk.

TERRANCE

How are you feeling about tonight?

Hen looks at Terrance and nods, then starts the truck.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

I wish there was more time to give.  
For both of us.

They drive away from the house, just as the sun is starting  
to come up.

76 INT. GUEST ROOM - LATE MORNING CONT.

76

Junior is staring out the window at them until they're gone.

CUT TO:

He then starts to wipe the blood from the wall with a wet  
cloth. The wall is littered in holes and bloodstains. He  
squeezes it out into a bucket.

77 EXT. HEN'S TREE - AFTERNOON

77

Junior buckets the bloody water around the base of the tree.

He then sits under it. A gentle wind moves through the leaves. He imagines them together;

*Hen is walking amongst the dead trees as Terrance follows, carrying his camera. Terrance takes her photo. Hen looks back, coy. Hens face gently trembles, blushes.*

Junior knuckles still bruised and red raw, grip the coffee cup. The pain slowly brings his mind back to the world around him.

Then, in the far distance, he sees the tiniest silhouette of a man in a BLACK suit staring at him by a dead tree. Junior stares back curiously at first; is he imagining? Like a dream, he keeps staring, then it dawns on him...

He moves inside, pretending all is normal.

*The sound of a piano key, sparse, repeating throughout next scenes...*

78 INT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON CONTINUOUS 78

He quickly grabs the shotgun from the cabinet, then shuffles in the drawers, finding the box of bullets. He loads it, storms back outside.

79 EXT. FIELD - AFTERNOON 79

He marches into the fields, calm, determined to rid all this. He aims at the silhouette and fires, hitting the tree. The dark figure begins to run. Junior walks faster, re-aims, and fires.

*The piano melody repeats...*

As he gets to the rise, he sees more distant figures, dispersing, a BLACK passenger drone flies off. He fires the gun over and over. Reloading, firing, reloading, firing... until there is no more threat, no more bullets, only a wounded pride due to his invaded privacy. Tears build in his eyes.

JUNIOR  
(Screams)  
Fucking Cowards!

Suddenly Junior is ambushed, pushed to the ground by a man whose face we don't see. The man leaps on top of him. They struggle. Junior manages to push him off, and punch him, but the man lands a brutal elbow to Junior's head, which drops him.

As Junior lies on the ground, trying to recover from the blow, we see a close-up of the man's hands hastily clipping a few strands of hair from Junior's head.

It takes Junior another moment to compose himself. He spits blood. By the time he collects the rifle and rises to one knee, he realizes the man is gone.

80 OMITTED 80

81 OMITTED 81

82 EXT. FIELD NEAR HOUSE - HOURS LATER - NIGHT 82

Junior looks exhausted, forlorn, wild. He squats amongst the weeds of the field, completely absorbed by the dark. A tiny light within the sensor on the back of this neck is flashing, slowly.

The headlights of Junior's truck slowly enter the property. Junior watches it pull up, but his gaze shifts, keeping a careful eye on something else...a red light flickers in the far tree-line, as someone smokes.

Hen and Terrance walk up onto the porch. They are briefly met by MEN IN SUITS, they converse momentarily, before stepping inside the house.

Junior sneaks towards the house, noticeably weaker. A passenger drone drifts in the darkened sky.

83 INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT 83

Junior quietly makes his way upstairs, careful not to make any noise.

HEN (O.S.)  
Maybe it's what was in the music  
that scared him.

TERRANCE (O.S.)  
What was in it?

HEN (O.S.)  
(emotional)  
All that's gone.

TERRANCE (O.S.)  
Gone?

84 INT. BATHROOM/GUEST ROOM - NIGHT 84

Junior brings his face silently up to the hole, and looks through into the guest room. From here, he can just make out Hen's face in profile, which is lit by candles on the table. Terrance sits closely across from her. They are listening to the RECORDING DEVICE.

HEN (RECORDING DEVICE)  
 Affection. Possibility. Curiosity.  
 That's the big one for me.  
 Curiosity.  
 (a beat)  
 Maybe I shouldn't be telling you  
 all this.

TERRANCE (RECORDING DEVICE)  
 Hen, this is your chance...to honor  
 all those parts in yourself...

GUEST ROOM:

Terrance clicks off the recording device, and looks up to  
 Hen, who is silenced by what she just heard.

She takes a breath then looks up to Terrance.

HEN  
 I've always held this fantasy. That  
 there's something else out there  
 for me.

BATHROOM:

Junior's breath deepens, his face twitches. The light falls  
 on his quivering eye.

TERRANCE (O.S.)  
 What do you think it would take?

HEN (O.S.)  
 To leave?

TERRANCE (O.S.)  
 Yes.

GUEST ROOM:

HEN  
 Courage. The courage to let  
 everything go. To follow what I  
 feel. Not being scared.

TERRANCE  
 Where would you go?

A beat.

HEN  
 There are places. Places with life.  
 With other people, new people. With  
 music...somewhere that doesn't feel  
 like it's dying.

BATHROOM:



Junior watching it all, descends into shock.

GUEST ROOM:

HEN (CONT'D)

And instead of trying to explain it to him, or to justify it, I would do the opposite. I would leave a letter. But it would be blank.

TERRANCE

So nothing at all?

HEN

It would say nothing and everything at the same time.

Terrance sits in silence. Hen takes an emotional breath.

BATHROOM:

Junior's world falls away. He leans over the toilet bowl, silently dry retching.

85 INT. GUEST ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

85

Junior walks through the door, unsteadily, just as Terrance is comforting Hen.

HEN

Junior?

Junior sees that there are tears in her eyes. He turns to Terrance, hurt in his eyes, unnerving aggression.

JUNIOR

You lying piece of shit.

TERRANCE

We're going to clarify everything.

JUNIOR

It's pretty fucking obvious.

TERRANCE

So tell me.

JUNIOR

This is over. And You're leaving. Now.

Hen moves to the corner of the room, uneasy. Junior unsteadily walks over to Hen.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

And you're going to talk to me. Properly...no more bullshit.

TERRANCE

What do you think is going on?

JUNIOR

NO. NO MORE QUESTIONS. Hen, this has to stop.

Junior sways slightly, eyeing them both.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

You want my wife, don't you. Keep her company while I'm gone. How fucking convenient. You're sick. SICK.

Junior takes a step forward but is too tired. He leans against the wall. Looks at Terrance.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

(laughs under breath)  
Fucking replacement.

HEN

(Standing - quietly)  
Junior...it's not what-

JUNIOR

Sssshh...

He lunges over to Hen and embraces her. She is scared, but holds him. They start to waltz.

HEN (O.S.)

(whispers to Terrance)  
Do something.

Junior looks up into her eyes, thinking she is whispering to him. He smiles, then starts to hum the melody from their wedding.

He then slumps onto the floor, unconscious. Blackness.

FADE TO:

86

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - ONE WEEK LATER

86

The camera floats from the landing into the bedroom, towards Hen. Having just showered, she sits staring at the mirror. The sun is harsh, raw. We float in closer. She takes a pair of scissors to her hair, and starts to cut. The cut hair falls over her bare chest and shoulders, like pine needles on a forest floor.

DISSOLVE:

87

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

87

Hen up close, her eyes closed. It's dark, surreal. The sound of a Passenger Drone.

A moving light from the window momentarily washes through, revealing she is seated in the kitchen, wearing a pretty floral dress, and now a new haircut - a stylish bob.

She slowly opens her eyes, sensing, recognizing someone.

She stands, then gently moves across the room, towards them.

It's Junior(JR), fresh and cleanly shaven, but approaching with a subtle limp, a desperation. A weary relief fills his eyes.

JUNIOR[JR]  
(through breath)  
Little Hen...

They embrace. Kiss. Hen strokes his face, looks at him. Junior's(JR) head sinks into her chest, holding her tight. They rest against the dining table, in a silent, womblike embrace.

Terrance, wearing a suit and tie, slowly enters the room. Behind him, we glimpse other people in suits (FORMAL PEOPLE), respectfully staring back, moved by the reunion.

Terrance's hand comes to rest on Junior's(JR) shoulder, gently breaking their embrace. Junior(JR) lifts his head.

HEN  
It's time...

JUNIOR[JR]  
(to Terrance)  
Ok.

Junior(JR) looks back to Hen.

JUNIOR[JR] (CONT'D)  
(to Hen)  
Come with me?

Hen shakes her head with trepidation, not ready to partake.

Terrance and Junior(JR) leave the room. As they do, we see more of the kitchen. In the neighboring doorways, we notice more FORMAL PEOPLE lingering. We hear the crackle of com's, indecipherable communication.

Hen becomes increasingly nauseated, as she watches them leave, into a strange pink light.

We stay close on Junior(JR) as he enters the living room, flanked by Terrance. Outside, there are floodlights coming in the windows, trucks parked, silhouettes walking. We sweep past a stack of computers, whirring.

The furniture has been removed. Several cameras on tripods sit around the room, pointing away from Junior(JR), towards something that suddenly stuns him.

Sitting on the floor, he sees a complete replica of himself, identical in every way, bar the rough stubble and facial hair. An intense, pale pink light fills his face. He blinks several times, attempting to focus. He can only make out abstract silhouettes. A miniature CAMERA DRONE hovers around him, lights flashing.

JUNIOR  
(On floor)  
Hen?

TERRANCE  
I'm sorry. I know you're confused.

The Junior(JR) beside Terrance is drawn closer.

JUNIOR[JR]  
Holy shit. It's so fucking real.

The gaze, from Junior on the ground, sharpens suddenly, trying to comprehend what he just heard. He attempts to lift his head, but it's heavy and requires effort. He tries to move his arm and realizes there are metal bracelets on his wrists, with wires pulling them down. As he struggles against them, we not only notice his damaged knuckles, but the wires are looped from the wrists down to ankle bracelets. He can now see, and starts to take in the room.

TERRANCE  
(to Junior on floor)  
I know how you must be feeling, but  
I need you to stay calm.

He isn't listening to Terrance, but is now staring at his PERFECT double, standing before him. He can't believe what he's seeing. He's both captivated and mortified.

JUNIOR  
(Junior on floor)  
No... No...

TERRANCE  
I'm sorry we had to deceive you,  
but it was the only way to test  
your full capacity and function.  
(MORE)

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

It's critical that you were lucid enough to experience the reversal face to face.

The two Juniors look at each other.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

He's not the replacement, Junior. It's you. This is Hen's real husband.

JUNIOR

(Junior on floor)

No, no, no. That's bullshit!

(a beat)

Where is she?

(a beat)

Hen! Hen!

TERRANCE

She's safe, in the house...

JUNIOR

(Junior on floor)

Hen! Don't listen to him. Don't worry. I'm not going to let them do anything to you. I'm not going anywhere.

Hen slowly paces in the kitchen. She raises her hands to her face, sick with emotion, barely able to listen.

TERRANCE

We brought you here on my first visit, the same day, he, Junior (the one standing beside him), left to live on the Installation. That was the day your mission started. When our headlights turned you on. That was the beginning. We left the rest up to you.

JUNIOR

(Junior on floor)

You're lying.

TERRANCE

We wanted your present tense to be your focus, but we also had to design your memories. We gave them to you after spending many months talking with Junior before he left. Your memories are his.

JUNIOR

(shouts into the house)

Hen, tell him he's lying!

Hen looks up, exasperated, torn...

JUNIOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (Junior on floor)  
 Hen, I need to know you're Ok!

...then moves towards the doorway and stops, directly in Junior's view, but he hasn't noticed her yet. Her face ethereal in the soft pink light.

JUNIOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (getting desperate)  
 I need to hear your voice!

Hen is shocked to see the state of him. Tears build in her eyes, flooded with grief.

The Junior on the floor, spots her standing at the edge of the room, relief rushes through him; he takes some breaths, a smile, but then uncontrollable tears.

Hen moves over to Junior, kneels on the floor. She tries to ease the bracelets on his bleeding wrists. Junior(JR) watches her.

HEN  
 (intimate)  
 I'm here. It's ok.

JUNIOR  
 (intimate)  
 Please. Whatever this is, whatever you've done, it doesn't matter.

Hen pulls at the bracelets angrily.

HEN  
 Why!

Then his hand grips hers. She leans in, he whispers something we can't hear. She then whispers back.

HEN (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 Me too.

The moment catches her quick, she looks over to her husband Junior(JR), who stares back numb and confused.

JUNIOR (O.S.)  
 (Junior on floor)  
 Hen. You need to get away from here.

HEN  
 (whispers)  
 No.

Terrance is studying their exchange. Hen eyes Terrance, then slowly stands, realizing she is on display.

The Junior on the floor, then stares back at Junior(JR). A strange and beguiling intensity brews between them; hatred, vulnerability, empathy, sadness, desperation...

JUNIOR  
(on floor)  
You can't leave it with her...she  
doesn't want it.

Terrance whispers something to one of the other men, who then walks over and stands closer to Junior. They start to unpack a large case.

HEN  
(watching the men)  
You don't need to do this. Not  
this.

TERRANCE  
(to Junior on floor)  
Can you tell me what you're feeling  
now, Junior? Physically, I mean.

Junior exasperated by his cruelty, starts to laugh... a laugh becoming guttural, deep, full of pain. Terrance isn't looking at Junior anymore, rather only at Hen, at the magnitude of her emotions and her complexity. Hen becomes aware of his gaze, but also the gaze of the room.

HEN  
(to Junior)  
Don't listen to him.

TERRANCE  
She's been a part of this the whole  
time-

HEN  
-I NEVER wanted this. Never.

JUNIOR  
Hen? What's happening?

All eyes are on Hen. Words she needs to say, a truth too devastating to tell. She stares at Terrance with an intensity we haven't seen.

Two men walk towards Hen. They try to calmly escort her from the room, but they are met with fierce defense. She falls down to the ground, and anchors onto Junior.

HEN  
NO!

They grab her arms, she pushes them away, a struggle ensues. Junior tries to defend Hen, too, but his wrists remain helplessly tied.

JUNIOR  
Get the fuck off her!

More FORMAL PEOPLE enter and gather in the room, to watch on. She surveys their staring faces, as she struggles violently.

HEN  
Shame! Shame on all of  
you.

Hen starts screaming, as the men manage to pull her away into the hallway, then outside...

88B EXT. HOUSE/FIELD - NIGHT CONTINUOUS 88B

Hen is feral, raging, but soon too exhausted to fight. They gently rest her on the ground. They step back. She starts to breakdown. She then gets up and runs, but they block her. She falls back down to her knees.

89 OMITTED 89

90 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT CONTINUOUS 90

Four men, wearing tight, disposable gloves, walk up to Junior. They kneel next to Junior and start to remove his bracelets.

Junior's head falls with exhaustion. A moment of silence; a moment of helplessness now that Hen is not here. He stares at his freed wrists, watching the blood move slowly down his arm.

Junior is injected in the back of the neck with a large needle.

The other Junior(JR) is in shock, he too stares at it, a strange empathy floods him.

91 OMITTED 91

92 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT CONTINUOUS 92

The men, on either side of Junior, lift him and slide a large translucent sheet under him.

Terrance bends down to get close to Junior's face, as the men start cutting off his clothes.



TERRANCE

They're going to be writing about  
you for years.

JUNIOR

This is MY life. This is OUR life!  
Together.

The FORMAL PEOPLE surround Junior in a quiet awe, getting a  
closer look.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

(mumbles)

Hen, we'll go somewhere else...not  
everywhere is dying.

The other Junior(JR), slowly retreats and sits on a chair in  
the back of the room - glimpsing the other Junior through the  
slow flurry of silhouettes.

Terrance sits calmly, a voyeur, observing them both very  
closely.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

(Screams)

93 EXT. HOUSE/FIELD - NIGHT CONTINUOUS 93

Hen is now sitting on the ground. She has lost one shoe, her  
bare foot pushes into the soil. Her hands scrape at the  
earth.

94 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT CONTINUOUS 94

Junior squirms and sinks flat to the floor on his side.

The men start cutting off the rest of his clothes, stripping  
him down.

The men are rubbing a clear gel over him.

JUNIOR

(Undecipherable mumbling)

Junior now appears frozen. Except for his eyes which are  
still alive, alert, moving around the room.

TERRANCE

There were other possibilities for  
how this part would go, but we  
decided it made the most sense for  
you to be made aware, to see the  
end for yourself.

The men then lift a section of plastic over Junior, who is now naked in the fetal position. They run a small heat sealer around its edges, effectively sealing him in.

Junior is trying to say something, but we can't hear him.

Then, a vacuum-like device instantly sucks all the air from the bag in a violent rush. Junior is embalmed and doesn't move. Like a womb, we see Junior faintly through the plastic.

Silence falls over everything.

Then his eyes lock onto something. We push in...

Cut to a VISION; the camera floats like an effortless spirit, moving through the most lush, virginal forest. In amongst those trees...the ancient, the bold, the timid.

Time disappears...

A single tear leaks from Junior's eye.

Terrance sits in complete stillness, watching him, wondering what's in his mind. A few final breaths, a twitch of his index finger, and he is gone.

The people in the room erupt in applause. Before Junior(JR) can emotionally recover, he is pulled up by Terrance and given a celebratory hug. Then Terrance turns, embraced by all his colleagues gathering around him, tears of pride well up in his eyes. Drinks get passed around. Terrance sips his champagne, with the thought of Hen out there, the same thought consuming Junior (JR).

95 EXT. HOUSE/FIELD - NIGHT CONTINUOUS 95

The sounds of celebration fall over Hen. Consumed by unimaginable loss, consumed by the darkness of guilt. Their house in the far background, lit up in pink.

*Note: for clarity going forward, we will use JR to represent the real Junior, BUT he is still referred to and known as Junior.*

96 OMITTED 96

96A OMITTED 96A

97 INT. BATH - LATER THAT MORNING 97

Hen tenderly aids a naked Junior into the bath. His muscles and joints are weak from years in space.

JR.  
 (under breath)  
 Fuck this gravity shit.

He finally sits in the water, breathes out with relief.

Hen takes off her dress.

98 INT. BEDROOM - MORNING CONTINUOUS 98

Hen and JR sit naked on the edge of their bed...

JR reaches across, touches her back carefully, then slides his hand to her breast. He holds it. Feels it. Needs it.

Hen looks at him, just a hollow shell. JR's hand drops away, regret in his eyes. Then Hen starts to cry uncontrollably.

For a moment, she wants JR to be Junior. Just for a moment he is. She embraces him, they lie down. Hen moves on top.

JR squirms, disturbed by her growing passion. He pushes her off him firmly.

Then they just lie there. Hen groans with grief.

99 OMITTED 99

100 INT. GUEST ROOM - AFTERNOON 100

JR curiously surveys the room, with what is now haunting patched holes across the walls. Confused, he stands and looks around the room.

In the corner is a swept-up pile of plaster and rubble. Something catches his eye; a picture of Hen in the white T-Shirt from all those years ago. He picks it up and stares at it.

Hen's smiling face engulfs him. Through the window, we see the outside landscape begin to move, to spin. His hands tremble, his breath deepens. He leans against the wall with one arm. His breath gets more erratic, remembering;

*Through a window of a space craft, we see EARTH rush past. Then it rushes through again. Not unlike the chicken towers, we look up from inside the massive cylindrical cabin, with hundreds of people strapped in, row upon row, on the outer walls. The top has a clear opening with light streaming in, we see the space-station. We are on JR as the cabin spins faster and faster to match the rotation to that of the main space-station, docking procedure... JR sweats, unable to cope. Claustrophobia. Vertigo. Nausea. Swirling, over and over...*

JR is overwhelmed. Not only riddled with the trauma of space, but the state of his marriage. He grips the wall with deep desperation, the outside landscape, and his life spins out of control.

100A EXT. DEAD TREE - DUSK 100A

Hen lays on the ground, held in a woven embrace with the large sweeping root of a dead tree.

101 INT. ROADSIDE RESTAURANT - DAY 101

Hen exits the kitchen, two plates of deep-fried flounder on her arms. She crosses the floor to deliver the meals, but as she does, she notices Terrance sitting alone at a table on the far side. She slows, shocked to see him. Terrance looks up at her and smiles, takes a sip of his water.

She places the meals on the customer's table, and cautiously wanders over to Terrance.

HEN

Why are you here?

TERRANCE

To see you.

Terrance gazes at Hen, long enough to expose a vulnerability in both of them.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

I want to know how things are going. At home. Now that Junior's back.

HEN

Why do you care?

TERRANCE

I care because I like you, and I consider you a colleague.

HEN

I'm not your colleague. I'm not like you. Not in any way. And now I feel stupid.

TERRANCE

You shouldn't feel stupid. You did so well.

HEN

No, I do.

(a beat)

You made it sound so exciting, with  
(MORE)

HEN (CONT'D)

all that big talk...and I told you things. Private things. I actually thought you cared. No. All you needed was me, wasn't it? Just a farmer's wife on the edge to prey on...

TERRANCE

What YOU did...was essential. It was historic. It was beautiful.

HEN

Beautiful?

(sotto)

What WE did can never be forgiven. It was cruel. It was...meaningless.

This stings Terrance.

TERRANCE

Stop feeling guilty for being part of advancement. It's our duty as intelligent people to transcend boundaries, not yield to them.

HEN

Our duty is to be human and to live.

TERRANCE

Don't you have questions about how this has changed you?

HEN

Yes, I have many questions. But they aren't the same as yours.

TERRANCE

I'm a Creator. Creators make the future possible. Your future possible.

HEN

Your arrogance is disgusting.

Terrance smiles, but is hurt.

TERRANCE

It's a shame you're feeling so much...regret.

HEN

I'm feeling a responsibility.

Terrance leans forward, more intimate, vulnerable.

TERRANCE  
(whispers)  
There's so much we could share.

Hen goes to stand up, but Terrance gently grabs her arm.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
Sit down, please, let me explain  
something to you-

Hen pulls her arm free.

HEN  
No. I never have to listen or talk  
to you again.

Terrance breathes, stares back at her.

TERRANCE  
That's fine. Just know that I spent  
years with Junior before he left.  
And we've talked a lot about you. I  
know everything I need to know.

Terrance leans in, more intimate.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
Hen, I know what he needs. And I'm  
not sure you can give that to him  
now.

Hen looks straight at Terrance.

HEN  
No. You must never do this again.

TERRANCE  
I am doing this for you.

Terrance becomes suddenly calm, reaches into Hen's eyes with  
a disconcerting warmth.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
I can make it easier on him, if you  
ever do make that decision-

HEN  
Decision?

TERRANCE  
To leave. Or is that still a  
fantasy?

Hen lets that sit for a moment, angry tears brew, then she  
leans forward, intimate, fearless, calm.

HEN  
You know, the only thing I truly  
believe, and it's our biggest flaw.

TERRANCE  
What?

Hen stands up, looking down at Terrance.

HEN  
Believing we understand things we  
can't ever possibly understand.

Terrance watches Hen turn and walk off across the floor. She passes a table and gathers empty plates, like she has a million times before.

A101A OMITTED A101A

101A OMITTED 101A

102 INT. KITCHEN/FARMHOUSE - NIGHT 102

Hen opens two beers, passes one to JR sitting at the table. Hen then moves to the counter and finishes serving up dinner onto old porcelain plates. She places them on the table and sits down, they start to eat.

They swig their beers, chew their food, all amidst this awkward silence. Hen is watching JR. He rarely looks back, but he notices her unease.

HEN  
They say looking back at Earth  
changes you.  
(a beat)  
Did it?

JR says nothing.

HEN (CONT'D)  
Has anything changed for you?

JR looks up directly at her with heavy, resentful eyes.

JR.  
Why?

Hen stiffens.

JR  
I was hoping for loyalty. Trust.

HEN  
How can you say that?

JR  
You're my fucking wife.

HEN  
It's not like that-

JR  
-oh, then what was it then?

HEN  
I saw you, Junior, in him. I did.

JR.  
You saw me...in it?

Hen looks up again, making eye contact.

HEN  
Yes. I saw who I fell in love with.  
Then I saw the parts you never show  
me.

JR.  
You're fucking crazy.

HEN  
The parts you've lost Junior. What  
we've lost.

JR sits back, stung, then smiles through tears at her  
bluntness.

JR.  
It wasn't me, Hen. It wasn't REAL.

HEN  
This IS real. What I'm feeling is  
real.

JR.  
I know what I am. What we need.

HEN  
And what is that?  
(JR doesn't answer)  
To take each other for granted?  
(a beat)  
To stay like this? To stand still?  
(a beat)  
For what? Junior, there's nothing  
here for us. Let's just leave, get  
out of here. Do something,  
together.

JR darkens, then points to the window.



JR.

My family is out there. Buried in the ground. And I won't do it to them. No. I won't throw it away, to go off on a wander, to prove what? This farm, this house, this life - WE made it. It's US. We should be proud.

(a beat)

There's nothing out there for you. I know that now. I just need you right here, where we are.

HEN

Right here, where I've always been.

JR just sits there, says nothing. Hen stares at him a while, then gets up, thinking. She takes their plates to the sink. She puts them in but just stands there, looking down at them. She doesn't rinse them as she usually would.

HEN (CONT'D)

What does it mean if you can't risk something with me?

Hen looks up from the plates, right at JR.

JR looks away, then down toward the floor. He can't answer her, or doesn't want to.

Then, in the severe silence, they hear something...very gently at first, then growing, the sound of rain drops on the roof. It builds. It takes a moment for both of them to actually register, believe it. Hen turns and looks at JR, amazed.

She moves through the house. The rain now pelting down, echoing loudly.

HEN (CONT'D)

Junior?

JR slowly trails Hen, and as he corners onto the porch, he sees Hen run out into the rain, laughing, letting it drench her. JR reluctantly holds back, afraid almost, the noise and movement of the rain affecting him.

HEN (CONT'D)

It's beautiful!

Hen turns back to JR, beaming with a child-like jubilation, then leaps up and pulls JR into the rain.

HEN (CONT'D)

C'mon.

103 EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

103

As she supports and aids him out, she can't help but kiss him, and joyously embrace him. She screams into the rain. JR suddenly slips, and they both go over. They end up in a huge muddy puddle, Hen laughs it off.

HEN

Shit, sorry.

Hen holds his hand, leans over, and kisses him some more, but JR starts shivering. He sits up, embarrassed, ashamed, then attempts to stand up.

Hen places her hands under his arms to help.

JR.

I don't need your help.

She ignores him, drunk with laughter.

JR. (CONT'D)

Don't!

JR shrugs her off. Hen, shocked by his venom, just stands there, muddy, forlorn. JR stares back with disdain.

JR. (CONT'D)

(under breath)

Look at you.

Hen is struck with a sudden, painful, clarity. JR breaks away, back to the house, leaving Hen alone in the rain and wind.

104 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

104

Hen, completely drenched and muddy, sits at the piano. We can't tell what are tears and what is rainwater.

She doesn't hesitate, and starts playing the piano. Her wet face shines in the dark with defiance. It quickly becomes the most fearless, and emotionally powerful melody yet.

She suddenly stands, looks around the room, finds a shovel leaning against the wall. She picks it up, holds it for a moment, then swings the shovel against the piano, over and over, smashing the old keys to pieces.

105 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

105

Hen, a motionless, muddy figure, moves under the shower. The water rushes over her body. She stares at her feet.

She has removed the plug. This time the mud and water run down the drain...

106 INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN - MORNING 106

We follow JR as he walks through the empty house towards the kitchen.

He enters. Hen has made a pot of coffee.

JR.  
(Calling out)  
Hen?

He pours himself a cup and leans against the counter, waiting for her to reply. She doesn't.

He takes a sip and that's when an envelope on the counter catches his eye.

It has 'Junior' written on the front. He puts his cup down and picks up the envelope. He opens it and removes a letter. It's a single page. He turns it around and over. He looks at both sides. He's clearly confused.

The letter is BLANK.

107 EXT. CORPORATE CHICKEN TOWERS/TOWER - DAY 107

High above the landscape, we float toward a chicken tower. We creep over the lip; inside, within the raking sunlight, we see a stationary lift.

108 INT. CORPORATE CHICKEN TOWERS/TOWER - CONTINUOUS 108

In the lift stands JR. He presses a button, that releases the lift into a gentle descent. He remains motionless, lost in thought, as the endless layers of chickens pass by fast. The dreamy free fall is like a moving watercolor.

109 INT. CORPORATE CHICKEN TOWERS/LUNCH ROOM - LUNCH 109

Macro shots only; mouths chewing, dirty hands against bread, sweat, laughing yellow teeth. Some younger guys punch each other in the guts - 'test of manhood'. It's rowdy, boisterous. JR sits amongst it, observing, his hand grips the blank note.

110 INT. ROADSIDE RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON 110

We follow JR as he enters into the restaurant. He looks around for Hen, without a care, without asking anyone. But she is nowhere to be seen.

He barges into the kitchen, into the back rooms, a waiter tails him.

111 EXT. ROADSIDE RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON 111

He exits out the back, across the open carpark, bangs hopelessly on a string of motel rooms. Staff begin to gather around him, but keep their distance. Junior's a storm to be reckoned with.

112 INT. FARMHOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - MORNING 112

Silence. The haunted emptiness of the house.

We hear the front door open, Terrance slowly enters, a bottle of wine in hand.

TERRANCE

Hello?

He listens to see if anyone is home.

He then makes his way into the living room and sits down on the couch. A nostalgia takes over him.

113 INT. BASEMENT - LATER 113

Terrance enters the basement. He places the wine on top of the smashed piano. He lifts the upturned chair and sits. His fingers slowly survey the damaged keys. He runs them along the keys, broken notes leak out. Then, tentatively, he plays a small toothless melody, the same one Hen played before she smashed the piano.

Terrance turns. Junior is standing there, having just woken.

Terrance stands. He looks different somehow, less secure, tired.

TERRANCE

I'm sorry.

(a beat)

I was just passing by. Wanted to say goodbye. See how you were both settling in.

JR.

We're fine.

A beat.

TERRANCE

Is Hen around?

JR.

On a shift.

TERRANCE  
I was hoping to see her before I  
left. How's she doing?

JR.  
She's fine.

An awkward silence.

TERRANCE  
Can I ask you something?

JR.  
Sure.

TERRANCE  
I know it's weird, but humor me for  
a minute.

JR.  
What?

TERRANCE  
Could you close your eyes?

JR is losing patience.

JR.  
Seriously?

TERRANCE  
Please.

JR hesitates a moment, then submits, closing his eyes.  
Terrance steps close and without a word, does the same,  
closing his eyes.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
Ok, take a moment. Now, tell me  
what you see?

It takes JR a moment to settle his mind.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)  
I mean, really, what do you see.

Something within JR scares him. His eyes dart open. To his  
surprise, he see's Terrance with his eyes closed.

JR  
I want to be alone.

Hearing JR speak, Terrance immediately opens his eyes, filled  
with their own hurt.

TERRANCE

You have such self-assurance. You don't have to prove anything to anybody. I envy it.

Terrance reaches forward and rubs JR's arm. He smiles.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Junior. You should feel proud, for what you did.

JR doesn't respond. Terrance passes him the Chardonnay.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

I know how much she loves it.

JR looks at the bottle, as Terrance slowly walks up the stairs.

114 INT. BARN - AFTERNOON 114

Chickens peck the ground, as JR tosses another handful of grain to them.

He stares, watching them. He then zeroes in on the brown chicken, watching its every move.

115 EXT. FARM - LATE AFTERNOON 115

He picks red berries from the forgotten shrub.

Up close, we see JR rip wildflowers from the ground. Various types and colors; pink, yellow, white, blue... one after the other.

Then, up close, we see JR rip the feathers off the dead brown chicken.

116 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT 116

Insect murmurations vibrate hypnotically. JR is sitting in his chair, alone.

The wildflowers are on the table, a small plate with the berries, and two places already set for dinner. It's unsettling in its overt attempt at hospitality.

He just sits there, in a 'real' silence. Alone, never touching his food.

He pours the last of the Chardonnay, then with his fingers, picks at the edges of the blank note Hen left him.

He looks out the window. He notices his reflection, staring back. A disturbed smile surfaces. He turns away from it.

Anguish floods him.

JR.  
(screams)  
HEN!

He then notices the wine in his glass beginning to lean unnaturally. Vertigo rising... The world outside starts to move, almost imperceptibly. He grips the table, his head falls.

He closes his eyes. His breath lunges erratically.

Then, a PALE GREEN LIGHT (the same light we saw in the opening) washes up over the ceiling and into the room.

He opens his eyes, now filled with a raw, visceral pain. He notices the light. It hangs there, hypnotically, and before JR can make sense of it, a figure slowly moves into view, bathed in light, like an ethereal apparition. It's HENRIETTA.

She is wearing the white cut-off shirt, her hair is different, slightly longer? JR doesn't notice, blinded by her beauty, shocked by her return.

She sits, at the other end of the table, just as the PALE GREEN LIGHT fades away. Leaving them in the dark.

JR is numb with shock. They just stare at each-other. Emotions run high for both, but not a word spoken. Henrietta looks down the table, and touches the small wildflowers, looking up at JR adoringly.

HENRIETTA  
So pretty.

She takes the glass of wine and sips it, then looks down at her dinner, surprised. JR is overcome with emotion.

HENRIETTA (CONT'D)  
(noticing JR)  
It's ok. I'm here.

117 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 117

Bright hot sun hits their naked bodies. Henrietta takes his hand, and starts to kiss it. JR studies her, curious, struck by her renewed contentedness and devotion. She starts kissing his neck, and soon, the two of them weave freely.

118 EXT. FARM - SUNSET 118

A huge, pink, burnt orange sun, just as it dips towards the horizon. The two of them lying out on the porch watching, beers in hand, luminous.

JR.

It's funny. Having all that time looking down on this... so much to understand... Think about the canola fields, all the flowers and everything living in there. Think about the city and all the cars and stores and apartments. For all of it, for almost any object you can think of, there are too many...but there's only one of you.

JR stares across at Henrietta, curiously.

HENRIETTA

What?

JR.

You'll always be my anchor, my wife, my best friend, and the best cook I know...

Henrietta turns back to the sun, soaks in its beauty. She smiles, but it lacks the pure wonder she used to hold.

JR. (CONT'D)

Do you think you could be...happy? Here?

Henrietta interlocks her fingers in his.

HENRIETTA

(still smiling)

Of course. This is where I'm happy. Right here. With you.

She finishes off her beer, then leans in closer.

HENRIETTA (CONT'D)

I'm so proud of you.

She lets her head rest against his shoulder.

HENRIETTA (CONT'D)

(to JR)

Refill?

JR.

Sure.

JR slugs the rest of his beer. Henrietta takes his empty beer and moves inside.

JR turns back to the soft glow, and surrenders, with a newfound sense of relief, reconnecting with all around him; the sounds, the sky, the gentle breeze in HEN's tree - a familiar world that seems different now, but exactly as he wants it - everything in its place.



As the night insects begin to scream, JR realizes Henrietta hasn't returned.

119

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

119

JR walks into the kitchen. He sees Henrietta standing perfectly still, looking into the sink. For a moment, he watches her, struck by her absolute stillness.

HENRIETTA

What are you doing here little one?

Henrietta doesn't reply. She is transfixed...

JR.

Hen?

Nothing.

Finally, Henrietta reacts. She looks over at JR.

HENRIETTA

It's not moving at all. It's just...sitting there.

JR.

What is?

Henrietta turns back and leans closer into the sink. Beside the drain, is a large, ever familiar, Horned Beetle.

HENRIETTA

I've never seen one before.

Henrietta walks to the fridge. She takes out a beer and hands it to JR. Perplexed, he takes a swig, as she walks out of the room.

JR curiously walks over to the sink. He looks in, recoils at the sight of the Beetle.

Henrietta has put music on in the lounge and it fills the house, it's their wedding song; ALTHOUGH THE SUN IS SHINING - FLEETWOOD MAC.

JR pauses a moment, smiles, and takes another swig, then uses the bottom of the beer bottle to crush the beetle.

HENRIETTA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(singing along as she  
heads to porch)

Although the sun is shining, high  
above...

JR walks outside, but we stay on the beetle in macro. Its antennae slowly losing life...with the fading sounds of JR and Henrietta on the porch;

their sporadic singalong, the insects, a gentle gust of wind.  
Song continues throughout next scenes...

LONG DISSOLVE:

120 EXT. 15,000FT - RURAL PLAINS - SUNSET/DUSK - CONTINUOUS 120

We fly, breathtakingly high, over the great rural expanse.  
Below us, the alien, geometric patterns of mega-farms  
mesmerically sweep by. The golden sun slips on the horizon.  
The creep of dusk.

The tiny shape of a sleek passenger plane glides in,  
reflecting the sun, a golden sparkle in a huge world.

121 INT. PASSENGER PLANE - SUNSET/DUSK - CONTINUOUS 121

We move, through the cabin, passing passengers, stories, and  
lives we can only guess. Then, we corner into a row, and push  
up to the only person staring out the window. We get closer.  
It's unmistakable - it's Hen (the real one). Her beautiful  
spirit shines, and in those magnificent eyes...

Wonder.

Nostalgia.

Fear.

...witnessing the last rays of sun - the ending of one life,  
the beginning of another, into the real unknown.

She breathes.

She breathes deeper.

Pain.

Hope.

Love.

END