

THE LAW OF ONE: REVOLUTION

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ZONE 416C - OUTSIDE FENCE - MORNING

A fence four-feet tall surrounds a poor farming village. The "wires" are thin laser beams, a row every six inches. The beams run between seasoned posts in sections six feet wide.

One section SIZZLES as its lasers blink. They go out for five seconds, then return to their normal status. The pattern repeats itself.

An old, weather-beaten wooden sign hangs crooked on the front of a post. It reads, "416C."

EXT. ZONE 416C - INSIDE VILLAGE - MORNING

The structures are old, one-story homes. Speakers are perched high on top of poles, one every few hundred yards.

MEN, dressed in pauper's clothing, head to the massive fields full of many different crops.

CHILDREN of various ages walk to school, each wearing a drab brown uniform - pants for the boys and skirts for the girls. They are a sea of look-a-likes; good little soldiers.

One house is plainer than most surrounding it. A small front porch is in desperate need of repair. Simple handmade curtains hang on the windows. The paint peels in spots.

INT. BESWICK HOUSE - LIVING AREA - SAME

The house is very basic - a modest-sized living area with a small table, two chairs, and a worn sofa. An open kitchen with an old stove and refrigerator. Two bedrooms and a bathroom to the rear.

A rug lies doubled over on the floor, where the door to a cellar stands open. ALIA BESWICK (mid 30s), frazzled and sad from a demanding life, rises from the stairs below, carrying a plate with a few crumbs of food left on it.

She sets the plate on the table, shuts the cellar door, and covers it with the rug to perfection. Her eyes shift to the only closed bedroom door.

ALIA

Nadira?

NADIRA'S BEDROOM

NADIRA BESWICK (17), a tortured soul, very solemn with a glimmer of resentment in her blue eyes, stands before her dresser mirror. She wears the drab skirt ensemble and struggles to pin her braided hair to her head.

Alia opens the door.

ALIA

You're gonna be late again.

No response. Alia slips up behind Nadira and takes over, doing a much better job pinning her hair. She studies their reflection in the glass.

ALIA

Sorrow leads to despair.

Alia finishes with Nadira's hair.

ALIA

It's been ages since I saw a smile
on that face.

Alia uses her fingers to shape Nadira's lips into a smile. Nadira smiles on her own, as much as she doesn't want to. Alia returns it. Neither smile is very sincere.

EXT. ZONE 416C - TOWN SQUARE - MORNING

An impressive stage in the center stands vacant. A large video screen hangs to the rear. Several government buildings are far nicer than the villagers' homes. A row of more elaborate homes are to the rear.

A line of seven WOMEN waits outside a door with the words "Termination Clinic" written in bold letters. The women look devastated. A few wipe tears from their eyes with tissue.

The school is a large one-story building to the side. No playground. Learning only here.

Nadira arrives in the square. On her way to the school, she eyes the women waiting at the clinic.

A TECHNICIAN, dressed in a white lab coat and holding a pad, opens the door. He steps aside so the first woman can enter. She looks like she is taking her walk to the electric chair.

The technician follows her inside and closes the door.

Nadira continues past, bothered.

INT. ZONE 416C - SCHOOL - SENIOR ROOM - DAY

The room is full of high school aged STUDENTS, seated at their desks. Each desktop is a giant PDA capable of recording written notes and showing films in regards to that day's lesson. The students use styluses to make notes while their teacher speaks.

MRS. KRANDALL (50s), very proper, paces back and forth in front of her desk as she addresses her class.

MRS. KRANDALL

By 2316, things had escalated around the world. The U.N. was dissolved two decades earlier, all countries had acquired nukes, and many were eager to use them.

Nadira scribbles on her PDA, only she doesn't take notes. She draws a heart with an arrow through it. "Nadira and Trey" written inside. She smiles to herself.

A shadow casts over her. Nadira looks up. Mrs. Krandall shoots her a glare. She swipes her hand over the PDA, erasing the heart.

MRS. KRANDALL

See me after school, Miss Beswick.

As Mrs. Krandall returns to the front...

MRS. KRANDALL

Iran made a long anticipated move when it launched a nuke at the United States.

Nadira slouches in her seat and struggles to pay attention.

EXT. INSIDE THE FENCE - DAY

Nadira, carrying an empty satchel, walks with TREY LEDGERWOOD (19), a strapping fellow with a handsome but serious face, to the area with a shorted out section of fence.

They stop near it, watching as it shorts out for five seconds, then flickers back on.

TREY

(gesturing)
Ladies first.

NADIRA

(gesturing)
Age before beauty.

The couple exchanges flirtatious smiles. Trey stands ready. After a lengthy moment, the section shorts out. Trey bolts through the opening. The lasers return shortly after.

Nadira's turn. After another minute, the section shorts out. Nadira dashes through. The lasers return behind her.

OUTSIDE FENCE

Both pause to study the shorted out section.

TREY

One of these days, it's going to break the pattern.

NADIRA

(troubled)

Yeah.

They head to a wooded area outside the fence.

EXT. WOODS - POND - DAY

The smaller body of water is secluded within majestic nature. Nadira finds a long stick and uses it to pull in pickerelweed growing in patches a couple of feet from the banks. She places the pieces inside her satchel.

Trey lies back on the ground, watching her.

TREY

Would you like some help?

Nadira grins at him as she works.

NADIRA

Nah. You just lie there and watch.

TREY

You're too good to me.

Nadira closes her full bag and lies down in Trey's arms.

NADIRA

I wish it could always be like this. No worries.

TREY

Things can change.

Nadira twists to look into Trey's face.

NADIRA

Always the optimist.

Trey lovingly touches Nadira's cheek.

TREY
Always the pessimist.

They come together in a loving kiss.

EXT. ZONE 416C - NADIRA'S HOUSE - DAY

Nadira approaches. A few pieces of the pickerelweed peek out from her satchel.

Just as she arrives, SALTEN FINCH (21), nice-looking but arrogant and obnoxious, suddenly pops out of nowhere and startles Nadira.

SALTEN
(re: pickerelweed)
Is that for me?

Nadira notices the pickerelweed sticking out of her satchel and tries to discretely shove it back inside.

NADIRA
What do you want, Salten?

Salten leans in closer, like he's telling a secret.

SALTEN
You know, my father and the rest of the council would be interested in knowing you have that, seeing it doesn't grow anywhere inside the fence.

Nadira's disgust for this young man clearly shows. She opens the satchel and grabs half of her harvest.

SALTEN
That's not what I want.

Nadira returns the pickerelweed to her satchel.

NADIRA
Then what DO you want?

Salten smiles slyly as he touches Nadira's hair. Nadira shudders at his contact but manages to hide her full contempt.

SALTEN
I don't know yet. Just remember, you owe me for keeping your little secret.