

“COLLISION”

**A Script by
JOÃO PEDRO GARCIA**

Fade-In:

INT – House/Bathroom – DAY

PAUL stands under the running water of the shower, slim, morose - a young man in his late twenties.

The bathroom is small.

Paul's face bombarded by the water that leaves the shower head, surrounded by the thundering noise of its drops relentlessly hitting him as he looks on, lethargic, motionless.

DEREK stands at the corner of the shower box, shrunken, displaced, struck by sadness, shivering from the cold of his wet nakedness - a young boyish looking man in his early twenties.

In desperation, Derek hugs Paul from behind. Paul remains cold, looking on.

Derek storms out of the bathroom, angry and sad. Paul remains in the same position, as if paralyzed.

Voice over narration begins in Paul's own voice, a near whisper for its softness.

Paul (v.o.)

The ghost. With everything swiftly circling
insanity intertwined, from all that revolves
indefinitely in between removed by a
whisper of a moment's feeble faith, and
dissolved within itself. Dead but living.

CUT TO:

INT - House/Bedroom - DAY

Derek sleeping, opens his eyes, rolls over on his side and tries to sleep again, opens his eyes and stays in bed with his eyes open, rolls over again, tries to sleep, shakes himself, punches the pillows, stares at the ceiling, looks out the window at the first lights of a dawning day. The alarm clock says 6:00.

Derek (v.o.)

One beginning. Dissolved into
Sense, by turn dissolved into touch,
becoming no more real than the
barren world beyond our hopes, felt
in an almost physical burn, but no
more substantial than a repetition.

CUT TO:

Blackout:

The opening credits appear over images of an apparent ghost city: parks, roads, buildings completely empty.

CUT TO:

EXT - Construction site - NIGHTFALL

Paul and Derek pull up to the front of a construction site, Paul behind the wheel.

They exit the car.

Derek has his 8mm CAMERA in his hand.

They pop open the trunk.

The inside of the trunk is filled with closed BEER BOTTLES stacked in boxes.

Paul and Derek each pick up a box.

Paul closes the trunk.

They move toward the construction site.

CUT TO:

INT - House/Kitchen - DAY

In the kitchen, Derek makes sausages on the skillet and macaroni in boiling water. He drinks a bottle of beer.

Paul comes in to the kitchen, comes up from behind Derek and kisses him on the neck.

Paul

How's that coming along?

Derek cuts a piece off a sausage with fork and knife and feeds it to Paul.

Paul

Not bad. Give me a heads up when it's done.

Derek

It will be ready soon.

CUT TO:

INT – House/Living Room - LATER

Paul sits down on the couch and turns on the television.

Insert (TV):

INT – TV Studio - DAY

A handsome man in his thirties sits before the camera and speaks into it, framed like a politician. He appears to be sitting on a chair before a plain white background.

Man

The universe is everything. Everything. Every atom that we know, every transformation, it's where we come from, it's where we are and belong and need to expand to. The exploration of the universe could lead to the answer, of why we are here, and also to the demise of human kind. The poetic beauty. Think of something so small that it could be considered insignificant, growing exponentially until it swallows the earth whole. Our curiosity the trigger, our own demise representing the clout of the choice that we have, in our own existence.

CUT TO:

INT – House/Living Room - LATER

Paul turns off the television.

Derek is in the living room, finishing up the table.

Paul gets up, walks to the kitchen.

Paul

What are you thinking about?

Derek

Well, I was just remembering about my out-of-body experience.

Paul grabs a beer from the fridge, goes back to the living room, sits down on a chair while Derek serves himself.

Paul

What made you ever believe in an out-of-body experience?

Derek

I just thought that if somebody else could do it I would have it easy. It happened for me in the spring, it might've been the 20th. There was nobody home that day, it was just me. I went to sleep at midnight, which was pretty early for me, and I remember knowing, like 'today is the day I astral-project'. And it happened. And it was much less bizarre than I actually thought. It was also very quick and confusing. All I can remember is floating over myself and seeing myself sleeping on the sofa below. Then I told myself I could probably go through the ceiling and then I was in the sky and it felt really good, but then I looked at the horizon and I saw the sun was rising but there was this black dot in the center of the sun, growing, and then... I woke up.

Paul

I'm inclined to think that you're full of shit, Derek.

Derek

Whatever.

Paul

No, I mean, I believe every word that you said, but I just think that you managed to watch one too many sci-fi shows, because that shit doesn't happen like that. You can't leave *this*. There is nothing beyond *this*. Like you make a good sausage, you know, that's worth something. But once the sausage is inside my stomach it just turns into fat and then excrement.

Derek

Yeah, sure.

Paul

I like how you agree and disagree at the same time. It makes you even cuter than you already are.

CUT TO:

INT – House/Living Room - NIGHT

In the center of a dimly-lit living room, Paul and Derek, shirtless, dance sensuously to sexy music.

Paul has a bottle of wine in his hand.

They kiss.

Paul drinks from the bottle. Under a hot dim light Paul and Derek dance with each other.

Paul

Are you ready to call a moment forever?

Derek

Always.

Paul

You are my forever you son of a bitch.

Derek

I think I love you.

Paul

Don't say 'love'. Don't say anything.

They kiss.

CUT TO:

INT – House/Living Room - DAY

Early morning, living room trashed - bottles on the floor, dirty plates on the table.

On the floor in the center of the room Derek is asleep, on the sofa next to him is Paul.

Derek wakes up, looks up at the ceiling, tries to go back to sleep, opens his eyes again, punches the pillow.

The clock on the wall says 6:00.

Derek gets up, puts on one slipper, begins to look for the other one, finds it under the sofa. Opens the curtains and opens the window wide to the rising day, sees something that calls his attention, goes out the door.

Outside, sets of clothes align the curb, flattened out in the shape of people (pants where legs should be, shirt where torso would be, hat for head, etc.).

Derek runs into the house, shakes Paul.

Derek

Paul! Wake up! You have to see this!

Paul wakes up, groggy.

Paul

What is it, Derek?

Derek

Come on!

Paul gets up, goes to the doorway, sees the clothes, collapses on his knees on the doorway, begins to roll his eyes, Derek goes to him, shakes him.

Derek

Paul? You alright?

Paul recovers consciousness, pushes Derek away, gets up, goes to the room and opens the drawer, grabs the car keys from the corner.

Derek

Are you alright? Paul.

Derek follows him, Paul pushes Derek aside, storms out of the house, enters the car and drives away.

CUT TO:

EXT - Front of House - NIGHT

Paul pulls up to the curb. Comes out of the car slowly, half-empty whisky bottle in his hand. Goes to the house and opens the door. He looks somber.

CUT TO:

INT – House/Living Room - NIGHT

Derek is sitting at the corner of the room, gets up with a start.

Derek

What the fuck, Paul! Where the hell have you been? I was worried about you, do you have any respect at all? Fuck!

Silence.

Paul (drunk)

Do I have any respect, you say? Don't try to understand what you can't touch, you little shit. This is real for me, this is as real as it gets. Don't try to get in my way or I will crush you, do you understand?

Derek

What the hell are you saying?

Paul

I'm saying leave me be. I can't have any emotional ties anymore, consider that over.

Derek

Where were you, Paul?

Paul walks across the living room and sits down on the corner.

Derek collapses on the other corner of the room.

Derek

Ok, Paul. Tell me what's going on.

Paul

None of your fucking business. Not for you to know, not for me to explain.

Derek

You're just drunk. We'll talk better in the morning.

Paul

And I will say the same thing in the morning. It's over, Derek.

Derek

Don't do this. Stop being so damn selfish. You're breaking me in half. I thought you had fucking lost it, I waited here alone, thinking you were gone. I just don't think that I can stand... (gets too emotional to finish)

Paul

This is about my destiny. I won't be selfish, because we will be freed by this. In the long run. Freed. In a single moment there are so many things happening, how could I not... see it?

Derek moves closer to Paul. Paul motions for him to stop.

Derek

Don't do this Paul. What do you think... Listen, just tell me where you were.

Paul

You wanna know where I was? I went back. I went to my house. I went to the place inside me where my memories dwelt. I went back to the beginning, and I found everything I needed to know about right now. And I don't expect you to understand.

CUT TO:

INT – House/Bathroom - DAY

Paul under the running water of the shower, eyes on the wall, turns off the water, picks up TOWEL, wraps it around his waist, leaves the bathroom and goes to the editing room.

CUT TO:

INT – House/Editing Room - DAY

Before a lit computer sits Derek on a large office chair, looking at the screen. Paul enters wearing nothing but a towel.

Paul

Hey.

Derek spins the chair around to face Paul.

Paul

How you doing?

Derek

I'm ok. I'm almost done with the footage. Maybe tonight we'll watch something.

Paul

I don't want you to hate me.

Derek

I don't understand. I just don't. But I don't hate you.

Paul

Ok.

Derek

I would rather if I did, though.

Paul

What?

Derek

Understand.

Paul

Yeah. But this is too personal... it sums up everything I've lived so far.

Derek

I think if you opened up enough you would give me a chance to get it, to live it with you.

Paul

Everything must fail. Every failure must be somehow interpreted into success because neither really exist.

Even if we could all blow up in a split second it would never constitute a simple failure or a simple success, which is exactly what keeps the universe going. Our failure becomes our ultimate refuge, our own success.

Derek

Ok. Nevermind.

Derek turns his chair.

Paul

That's not all.

Derek turns back around.

Derek

What?

Paul

I'm leaving. I don't know when exactly. It might be in one week, maybe a month, maybe tomorrow.

And I don't know what's going to happen after that, I don't know if we're ever gonna see each other again.

Derek simply turns his chair around.

Paul remains for another few seconds in the room, waiting for a reply.

Paul
I love you.

Derek speaks without turning the chair around.

Derek
How the fuck is that gonna help me right now?

Paul leaves the room.

CUT TO:

INT – House/Living Room - NIGHT

Paul sitting on the couch watching television.

TV (audio)
One single black hole could be sufficiently massive and have enough force to single-handedly...

Derek comes into the room.

Derek
Turn that off, I got some good stuff for us to watch here.

Derek inserts a DVD into a DVD player.

Derek
I'm done putting the subtitles in.

Derek presses play on the remote control.

CUT TO:

INT - Construction site (8mm footage) - NIGHT

Paul drunk, motioning to the camera towards a collection of empty beer bottles lying by a corner.

Paul (subtitle)

Everything breaks. Every thing that
you hold holy...

Paul picks up a bottle from the wall and throws it across to the other wall, making it shatter.

Paul (subtitles)

The measure of life, the measure of love, there is always a brick wall at the end of every
turn.

Paul picks up another bottle and throws it.

Paul (subtitles)

Everything will amount to perfection, everything will transform, in uniformity and you will
not know the pain, but that can't be sustained, because someday...

Paul picks up another and throws it.

And another

Paul (subtitles)

Until one day you have to face that all that life really is about is change. And change means
precisely...

Paul throws the other bottles.

CUT TO:

INT – House/Living Room – NIGHT

Paul sits on the arm of a couch, with a cigarette in his left hand, staring at the ground.

Paul is wearing nothing but his white underwear and white socks.

Derek stands in front of the sofa, apparently drunk, with a whisky bottle in his hand, in his
pajamas, struggling to stay awake, leaning on Paul's right leg.

Paul

Learn from me for once. Everything
must fail. I can't be with you for
another second and you know it.

Derek

You're selfish.

Paul

I have... hey, look at me. I have

reasons. Sit down.

Paul pulls Derek gently by the arm, until he sits on the sofa.

Paul
Gimme the bottle.

Derek hands him the bottle, closes his eyes, finally dozes off.

Paul takes a swig from the bottle and a puff from the cigarette.

Paul moves closer to Derek, sniffs him behind the ear with pleasure, hugs his head close with his arm, kisses him on the neck, strokes his head.

Paul gets up, tipsy, leaves the whisky bottle on the ground, begins to sing the National Anthem in a drunken voice, removes his underwear and begins to masturbate, still singing the Anthem.

CUT TO:

INT – House/Living Room - DAY

Derek asleep on the sofa. Opens his eyes, looks at the ceiling, tries to go back to sleep, sits up, reads the clock on the wall.

The clock says 6:00.

Derek gets up wearing pijama pants, goes to his room and changes into regular clothes, opens a drawer and reaches at the corner for car keys, closes the drawer, leaves the room, goes outside, opens the trunk on the car parked on the curb, picks up all the clothes and shoves them into the trunk until it is brimming.

Paul comes out the door, wearing nothing but underwear.

Paul
What are you doing?

Derek (angry)
I don't know what I'm doing, Paul,
but I would like to know. If this
(pointing to the clothes) means
anything to you and it means
everything for some reason, then I
want to make some sense of it too. I
want to participate in whatever it is
that's happening inside you that
makes you... not want me anymore.

Paul

But it won't change anything. Maybe this is something made only for me.

Derek

Bullshit! Stop shoving me away from you. Just, you know, humor me. You don't have to feel like you owe me anything, that's not what it's about. I just want to understand.

Paul

Alright. Let's go for a ride then. Wait here.

Paul goes back inside.

CUT TO:

EXT - Front of small house - DAY

Paul and Derek pull up to the front of a small house in a middle class neighborhood.

Paul

That's the one. This is where I lived. Come on.

They exit the car and go up to the house.

Paul picks the lock on the front door.

They enter. Derek in the front with his camera, Paul behind.

Paul

The first thing that happens is you establish a before and after. You try, with all your mind, to place yourself somewhere in time. You'll probably remember something that happened one day, namely the 20th, right before you went to sleep.

They look around the house.

Paul

The second thing is trying to place yourself in the context of that memory and comparing that to the current context.

Derek

This house is empty.

Paul

And so is everything else. That's step number three. Realizing that you've lost contact with the rest of the world.

Derek

What are you talking about?

Paul

The clothes. We have to find more. Come on.

Paul and Derek leave the house.

CUT TO:

EXT – Parking lot - DAY

Gray day. From the inside of the parked car we see a deserted parking lot. Derek and Paul sit in the car, Paul in the driver seat, both silent.

Paul

This will do. Good luck.

Derek

You gonna stay in the car?

Paul

I got baloney with my name written all over it, and I don't mean that as a figure of speech. Go ahead. I'll be right here.

Derek produces his 8mm camera from the backseat of the car, exits and begins to film the surrounding street.

Paul pulls a sandwich from the glove compartment and eats it calmly.

Paul

Don't go too far now!

Derek moves farther from the car, still filming.

Paul finishes the sandwich, exists the car, opens the trunk.

The trunk is brimmed with CLOTHES in all sizes and types.

Paul rummages through the stack of clothes and grabs a jacket, puts it on, gropes at the jacket pockets, finds a CIGAR, lights it with a LIGHTER from his own pocket, closes the trunk.

Derek comes running towards the car.

Derek
I found one!

CUT TO:

EXT - Parking Lot - DAY

Paul and Derek running.

They stop behind a building and stare at the ground.

On the ground lie a pair of brown pants with a belt, a pair of sneakers, a t-shirt, and a red backpack.

Derek films intently.

Paul
Young.

Paul picks up the backpack, opens it.

Paul
Female clothes. There's also a sheet of paper. We'll read it later. Let's go, get the rest.

Paul leaves with the backpack in his hand

Derek picks up the rest of the clothes on the ground

They walk to the car and dump the clothes and the backpack inside the trunk

Paul folds the piece of paper and puts it in his pocket, throws out the rest of the cigar, takes off the jacket and puts it in the trunk and closes it.

They enter the car.

Derek
So what does it mean?

Paul doesn't answer.

They drive off.

CUT TO:

INT - Construction site (8mm footage) - NIGHT

Derek stands before the camera, looking in, places a thin piece of transparent plastic film on the lens, takes a step back, places another piece, takes another step back, keeps doing so until the image on the camera lens is a completely indistinct blur.

CUT TO:

INT – House/Living Room - DAY

Paul and Derek enter the house.

Derek

I have thought of putting efforts into that... but it's like the little engine that could...

Paul

You're turning me on you know.

Derek

Wanna do something about it?

Paul pulls Derek close.

Paul and Derek stand inches from each other, eye-to-eye.

Derek's hands touch Paul's body, they kiss, pull away, kiss again briefly, pull away.

Paul

No.

They kiss again.

Derek

Let it go.

Derek comes forward, Paul pulls away.

Paul

No.

Derek comes forward again, Paul rears back.

Paul

No.

Derek

Don't fight it. This is what you want.

Paul

I don't...

Derek

Give in, silly.

They begin to kiss again.

Paul pushes Derek away.

Paul

No. I can't.

Derek

I wanna be there for you.

Paul

Shut up. I gotta eat something.

Derek

Don't go.

Paul breaks away to leave but turns back to Derek.

Paul

Alright. But I'm leaving.

Derek

No, you're not.

Paul

I'm leaving.

Derek

I know.

They begin to kiss again, this time with passion, taking each other's clothes off, making their way into the room.

Paul

I'm leaving.

Derek

And you'll never leave.

Paul

Stop. I just wanna look at you.

Paul puts a hand on Derek's chest and pushes him off, the motion is somewhat abrupt.

Derek

Ok, come on.

Paul

No, no, no. I have to look at you. I
have to look at you.

Derek

Don't be silly Paul, come on.

Paul slaps Derek lightly on the cheek and pushes him.

Derek

What are you... stop that.

**Paul (angry, shoving Derek on the
bed)**

Shut up! You're screwing me! I can't
get over you in a million years. A
million years chewing on myself for
each time I made you laugh. Do you
think that's fair? You don't give...
you don't know.

Derek

You're just selfish, that's all you are is selfish, you inhuman bastard.

Paul sighs, sits down on the ground at the doorway.

They remain silent for a few seconds.

Paul

I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

INT – House/Living Room - DAY

Paul and Derek eat lunch, each in his own side of the table, silent.

Paul looks constantly at Derek, Derek looks away and ignores him.

Paul finishes eating, sets his fork down.

Paul

Oh, come on. I'm sorry. Will you at least look at me?

Derek finishes eating and leaves towards the kitchen.

Derek comes back from the kitchen and goes straight by Paul and into his room.

Paul

Hey.

CUT TO:

INT – House/Bedroom - DAY

Derek enters the room, turns on the light, locks the door, heaves himself on the bed.

Derek lies down on his bed, legs crossed, staring at the ceiling. Gets up slowly, opens a large drawer on his closet.

The drawer is brimmed with CASSETTE TAPES.

Derek pulls one from the bunch, looks at it, removes his t-shirt and pants, places the tape inside a tape player on the nightstand, lies down on the bed and presses play. As soon as the tape begins, Derek closes his eyes and begins masturbation.

Tape

“Even now we are not through. The nuclear force that keeps neutronium in being can withstand a gravitational inpull intense enough to collapse ordinary atoms and even the electronic fluid. Neutronium can withstand the weight of masses beyond Chandrasekhar's limit. Yet surely, even the nuclear force is not infinitely great. Even neutronium cannot hold up mass piled on mass.”

Derek intensifies.

Tape

“Since there are stars up to 50 to 70 times as massive as the Sun, it is not inconceivable that once collapse begins, it may on occasion be powered by a gravitational fury even greater and more intense than that which can be withstood by a neutron star. What then?”

Derek stops, stops the tape, rewinds, presses play, resumes masturbation.

Tape

“...Every cubic centimeter. In that case, the density of outer space would be something like zero...point...zero...zero...zero (as Derek has an orgasm, the Tape repeats 'zero' another nineteen times)...seventeen grams per cubic centimeter.

CUT TO:

INT - House/Living Room - DAY

Paul in the living room, sitting on the couch, turns on the television.

INSERT (TV):

INT – TV Studio - DAY

A man talks to the camera, the same handsome man, framed like a politician.

Man

It becomes the sum of all hope. We are the emissaries of the generation of generations and we are the new founders of a reality that will teach us through an infinite destructive force. we do not expect that there will be any kind of redemption and we very much hope that we can be disgraced and thrown aside of every moral desire mankind has ever

foolishly conceived. In the belly of the monster that we have become we will lay the new seed. The seed of a universe without the planet earth. We have the necessary technology. We have been overcome by the truth. Everything must...

Paul turns off the TV before the sentence ends.

BLACKOUT:

INT – House/Living Room - LATER

Paul stares before him, thinking. Gets up, goes into the bathroom and grabs his sneakers, puts them on, goes to the editing room and grabs the keys to the car on the table, goes outside, enters the car and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT – House/Bedroom - LATER

Derek throws an old t-shirt into the garbage and closes his fly, unlocks the door of the room and goes into the living room, looks around.

Derek
Paul?

Goes into the kitchen and opens the fridge, grabs a beer and goes back into the living room and sits at the table and pops the beer open.

CUT TO:

EXT - Front of Paul's old House – LATER

Paul arrives and parks the car by the curb, gets out of the car and goes into the house.

CUT TO:

INT – House/Living Room - SUNSET

Paul enters the house with the bottle of whisky.

Derek is sitting on the table, with five empty bottles of beer before him.

Paul
Hey.

Derek

Hey.

Paul

You're not still mad at me, are you?

Derek

That's a pretty pretentious question. I'm deeply hurt in fact, which goes beyond being mad at you.

Paul

I absolutely will not live without your respect and consideration. Let's just... be friends. I brought something.

Paul reaches into his pocket and pulls out a bag with WEED in it and smiles.

Derek

That's good.

Paul

Come on, just smoke and drink with me.

Derek

Ok.

CUT TO:

INT - Apartment living room - LATER

Derek and Paul sitting on the sofa, Derek with the whisky bottle in his hand, laughing hard.

Derek

So that's the way the cookie crumbles, uh?

Paul

If you consider the soggy complexion of the poor cookie, yeah.

Derek laughs even harder, Paul joins him.

Derek takes a swig from the bottle.

Paul hands him a joint, he smokes.

They both look considerably drugged and drunk.

Paul has a sheet of paper in his hand.

Paul

Ok, so this is called "Health", a poem written by the girl who owned the red backpack, in very cute handwriting, though the paper itself is commonplace. What else? The paper smells good. Is that... lavender?

Derek

(Laughs). Just read the freakin' thing.

Paul

Anyway, here goes...(clears throat)
"Brainwashed, emotionally circumcised, devotionally undecided, retaining decay".

Derek

(Laughs) What the hell...

Paul

"Upheaval and relief in downward spiral, motionless. Crematory flicker, sublime glow, the light seems to be fading".

Derek

Good one.

Derek passes the joint back to Paul, who takes another puff.

Paul

"Sensitivity prick, territorial itch, the light is only fading. Into lies, into silence, into small fatal growths". Gimme the whisky.

Derek

It says that, gimme the whisky? That's bad poetry. (laughs)

Paul

I'll trade you.

Paul gives Derek the joint, takes the whisky bottle and drinks from it.

Paul

"That are altogether great and single, like a silver ring of lost love in a gutter, like dried-up victory-lap-sweat hangovers".

Derek laughs. Paul begins to look somber.

Paul

"In canine aftermath bones. The light can only fade. Brain-dead, emotionally circumlocutory"...

Derek
That's a big word.

Paul
Shh, "a small immaterial groping clinging to the cylinders". What?

Derek laughs.

Paul
"A fortifiable ending with leisure in branded enemies, needless of fire, in the lowest growl, in a small tubular instinct of choking throats in a box, on a bed, in a collision". This is some whacky shit. And then it ends: "In a beheaded insentient in a thunderous iris of pain."
Disturbing.

Paul passes Derek the bottle.

Derek puts out the joint.

Paul lights a cigarette.

They both stay silent for a few seconds.

Derek
Nothing there, right?

Paul
Shh... Watch this.

Paul turns on the television.

Same man, same TV studio.

Man
Everything must fail. Everything must fail.

CUT TO:

INT - Living Room - DAY

Derek wakes up in his bed, sits up with a start, checks the alarm clock that says 6:00, gets out of the bedroom, goes to the living room.

In the center of the living room are Paul's clothes, set in the same way as the clothes on the curb.

Derek simply stares for a moment, aghast, then sits on the sofa and puts his head in his

hands, goes to the room and opens the drawer, checks for the car keys, doesn't find them, goes back to the living room and opens the front door, sees that the car is not in the driveway.

Walks down the empty street and turns a corner.

CUT TO:

EXT – Outside of Paul's old House – LATER

Derek arrives on foot to the front of the house, goes up to the front door and opens the door that is unlocked, looks around the bottom floor.

There is furniture in the house but everything is empty.

Derek goes up the stairs, opens the closet door. Enters a room with a bed a NIGHTSTAND and a closet. Opens the drawer on the nightstand.

Inside the drawer is a broken picture frame with a picture of a family inside.

Paul picks up the picture-frame, removes the photograph and looks at it.

In the photograph is a family, and Paul is in the picture.

Derek stops, taking all of it in. Suddenly he realizes something and runs out of the house and down the street.

CUT TO:

EXT – Empty Streets – DAY

Derek arrives at the front of a house with a short fence and a lawn.

Derek breathes, catches his breath. Jumps the fence and sees a DOG HOUSE on the lawn.

Derek

Bob.

Derek kneels by the dog house and repeats his dog's name. Goes around the back of the house where there is a tire swing. Goes to the tire swing, looks at it. Goes to the backdoor, sees that it is open, goes into the house, goes up the stairs and opens a door, stops at a room (again, furniture, but no personal possessions), sits on the bed.

Derek

Derek's room.

Derek leaves the room, goes down the stairs to the living room, recognizes the couch. Sees a calendar hanging on the wall marked on the 20th. Sits on the couch and finds the remote control, turns the TV on.

EXT - Construction Site (8mm footage) - NIGHT

Paul and Derek stare from the construction site, their feet dangling from the opening. The camera is fixed somewhere behind them.

Derek (subtitles)

I never realized it, it blows my mind, you know, there is never a transition, just something that lingers on.

Paul (subtitles, getting emotional)

I'd prefer to say that we're just drunk. But I can hear it crying in the night sometimes, and I can't put my finger on it.

Derek (subtitles)

I feel nothing.

Paul (subtitles)

It always happens so fast, I always get afraid I'll miss it and forget about it completely, and I always do. Yet right now I feel that it's right here with me.

Derek (subtitles)

I always remember. But I don't feel anything. It just seems like everyday is the same day, and I'm in the same mood and I'm never alarmed by anything and nothing really ever touches me, and time passes by as the most boring possible joke.

INT - Construction Site (8mm footage) - NIGHT

Paul's talking, with his back against the wall and a beer in his hand

Paul (subtitles)

Yeah, I've always known. I know the secrets of the dancing spirals. I know the whereabouts of the king's gold. I have seen the ultimate confidential file, I have been to the recess of their plans. You know what I figured out?

We are all alone. Completely and
utterly alone.

INT - Office - DAY (TELEVISION INSERT)

Continuation of the last television insert.

Man

Everything must fail! We have developed the ultimate destructive machine by using the basic fundamentals of our universe: particle collision. The function of this video is to tell the people of the world, that we have control of a massive machine built with the single of function of triggering a huge destructive force: a black hole. We will be finally freed. All our visions will amount to one fraction of a second of obliteration. At six o'clock tomorrow the world will be extinct. Only then can there be infinity within the process of choice: our own annihilation. Our own annihilation.

CUT TO:

INT – Derek’s old house/Living Room - DAY

Derek seated on the sofa staring at the TV. Turns it off.

Derek (baffled)

'Today is the day I astral project.'

EXT - The Desert - Day

The sun burns fiercely.

In the distance, walking on the sand we see Paul, with a black backpack on his back, determined.

He emerges from behind a sandbank, drinks from a canteen, continues to move.

Paul (V.O.)

One beginning. Sense must be dissolved and understood by the very skin, no more real than the barren world beyond our hopes, felt in an almost physical burn, no more substantial than a repetition. A repetition that will one day change.

Paul moves on, getting farther and farther away.

END CREDITS.