

“COLLISION”

**A Script by
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Fade-In:

SEQUENCE I

Images of a deserted city. Parks, roads, interiors, completely empty.

CUT TO:

SCENE II

INT – Construction Site – NIGHT

PAUL and DEREK arrive by car at Construction Site, pull out a box of beer bottles from the trunk and enter.

CUT TO:

SCENE III

INT – House/Bathroom – DAY

PAUL stands under the running water of the shower, 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.

He closes his eyes, runs both hands through his hair, looks up as if hearing something, the light flickers into and back from total darkness. Paul turns off the water, grabs a towel and wraps it around his waist, leaves the bathroom. Meanwhile V.O. In Paul's own voice.

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:

SCENE IV

INT – House/Living Room - DAY

DEREK, a slim young man in his early twenties wakes up on a wooden floor, checks the alarm clock that says 6:00 and looks out a small window.

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.

Blackout:

SEQUENCE V:

The opening credits appear over images of outer space as seen through a telescope.

CUT TO:

SCENE VI

INT – House/Living Room – DAY

Paul and Derek sit motionless at the dinner table looking at each other.

Paul

Tell me about it.

Derek

I'm not sure how.

Paul

Try me. If you're not afraid to get your hands dirty you're not afraid to lick your fingers clean. Tell me.

Derek

It just seems foolish to tell you. You've built it like it would have some consequence, but it's probably all in my head anyway.

Paul

It's not. And deep down you not that it's not. Come on, tell me. Do it for me, lose all ego, go for the major sacrifice, open your mouth and let it spill.

Derek

All right. It was a day much like this one, except I think it was a little damper. I had an experience that drew from me any skepticism that I might ever have. More intense than a thousand bolts of lightning simultaneously striking the center of my skull. I found lodging in a house in the deserted corner of a wormhole, before I ever met you, along with a sculpture. Sculpture. It took me a small measure of a flicker of an eyelash to take into consideration that I had been incorporating, it appeared for the measure of more than two whole minutes now, a pretty strong entity. Perhaps benevolent, it had a powerful longing to see that house again, it needed the house, it called out its wordless name. As it delved, caressing the edges of dusty wooden furniture, I could float within my own possessed body, feeling the bittersweet stab of that longing. It was like cold steel on freezing skin and it overtook and shook my spine. Some spring... and never really to know the elusive reality of it again. I fainted and three months later it came again and I resisted, knowing that it is the dosage that separates the medicine from the poison.

Paul

Well, that's quite a story. I was convinced you would make up something sloppy that could never be real. But you made up something beautiful.

Derek

I don't think you realize I just poured my heart out.

Paul

I do. But I know there's plenty more where that came from.

CUT TO:

SCENE VII

INT – House/Living Room - DAY

Paul sits before the sofa. He turns on the television.

TELEVISION INSERT:

Deserted location, nothing is seen until beyond the line of the horizon. Before the camera stands a man, tall, well dressed. The wind cuts him from side to side but he appears not to mind. He speaks, the sound of his words as clear as if he were in a television studio, or had dubbed his own voice.

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. I am the emissary. I am the ultimate truth. You dwell foolishly within excuses, you bury yourself slowly in a hole hardly big enough for your own legs to spread yourself over your tiny chances for real survival, for real salvation, for real enlightenment, for real escape. I see you and I pity you and I come for your rescue. When the moment comes, which one of us will fail?

CUT TO:

SCENE VIII

EXT – Beach - NIGHT

A small woman. Mid twenties, wild hair, hippie clothes. Sits close to a pond, there is a strange light in the horizon. Disturbing music(3) plays. She toys with the water, appears happy, every movement appears to be in slow motion. She gets up slowly, revealing a book in the other hand, slowly she walks away. On the water a red backpack floats away.

CUT TO:

SCENE IX

INT – House/Bedroom – Later

Paul sleeps, Derek watches him.

Paul

Do you enjoy watching me sleep?

Derek

I've spent the last few hours thinking.

Paul

Good for you, now let me sleep.

Derek

It all has to do with how the force of gravity fits itself into a fall. Take for example a fall from a ten-story building. The force is truly remarkable, but it doesn't fit into the standard model, into the study of the collision of subatomic particles. The force of gravity is absent there. The logic behind subatomic particles separated from the logic of urban suicide. Men leaping off of buildings achieving better results than particle collision, than big bang machines recreating the entire foundation of the universe. If we could borrow from that mess, if there could be gaps in space/time where the separation between that kind of reaction and the gravitation of planets could be subdued then maybe it would be a simple matter of mathematics determining the course of a reaction such as a subatomic collision, or a man leaping off the tenth floor. The stability of things in themselves, the simplicity of mass versus the complexity of the reasons that lead a man to suicide would be saved by the smallness of the reaction and a man would now float.

Paul

I'm really not gonna get any sleep am I?

CUT TO:

SCENE X

INT – House/Living Room – Night

Derek open up a BOTTLE of wine, music plays in the background loudly.

Derek

So, I know you're gonna think I'm crazy but I think Miles Davis is totally overrated.

Meanwhile Derek pours wine for both him and Paul.

Paul

What? That *is* crazy. I don't even want to *hear* your arguments.

Derek

I insist systematically on questioning widely accepted versions of the truth.

Paul

Good. Cause nobody messes with Miles.

Derek begins to dance sensuously.

Paul gets up to dance with him.

Paul

This is everything we need according to something we own. Whether it is mediocrity or idiocy or even love. We live inside each other's notion of perpetuity. You are my forever. You are my forever. You are my forever. You are my forever.

They dance closer and closer.

Derek

And ever and ever.

Paul

You are my forever. We have no choice, we live to be impermanent, but our impermanent existence lasts forever in its depth.

They kiss.

CUT TO:

SEQUENCE XI

INT – Construction Site – NIGHT

Derek and Paul at the construction site under a red light stripping naked and facing the wall. Cut to images of concentration camps and Paul and Derek masturbating as they watch them on a television screen. Cut to the two of them facing the wall under the red light and dropping down to their knees.

CUT TO:

SCENE XII

INT – House/Living Room/Kitchen - DAY

Derek half asleep drops an egg in the frying pan and stands there. The egg begins to burn. He watches as the egg burns.

CUT TO:

SCENE XIII

INT – House/Bedroom/Kitchen – DAY

Paul gets up feeling a pain in his head. Goes down to the kitchen and sees Derek with the egg burning. Takes it in for a moment.

Paul

Everyone is gone. Just gone.

Derek (perplexed)

we are somehow the insignificant center of the entire universe.

Paul

What the hell happened to everyone?

Derek

We should make the most of it. We should die anew every day.

Paul

Can't you see the fucking egg is burning?!

Derek

The egg is burning.

Paul

Yes, turn it off.

Derek

I just... (enormous pause) don't feel like it.

Paul walks calmly to the stove and turns it off.

Paul

Maybe you'll get lucky next time.

Derek

There is no next time.

Paul

I was talking about the egg.

Derek

I know.

CUT TO:

SCENE XIV

EXT – Beach - NIGHT

Paul and Derek park their car in front of the beach, exit the car, spread their arms open and walk into the ocean.

CUT TO:

SCENE XV

INT – House/Living Room - NIGHT

Paul and Derek lying on the bed facing each other, saying nothing.

Derek

I see the universe as a force in constant expansion. What about you?

Paul

I see you.

Derek

I wanna go there someday. To the universe. Will you take me?

Paul

It's not real. None of it is real. If I kiss you right now, the warmth of your lips against mine is real, and even though my eyes will be closed I won't miss what I could've been seeing.

Derek

Is that what happiness is?

Paul

Shh... I'm here. The quiet. Feel my heart. That's what happiness is.

Derek cuddles up against Paul.

CUT TO:

SCENE XVI

INT – Construction Site - NIGHT

Paul and Derek breaking bottles against the wall in a solemn way under a weird red light.

CUT TO:

SCENE XVII

INT – House/Living Room - DAY

Derek wakes up on the wooden floor and looks at the alarm clock that says 6:00

Goes out to the living room. Looks out the window and goes outside.

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 goes back into the house

Derek

Paul! Wake up! You have to see this! Paul!

Paul appears and goes up to Derek seeing the clothes.

They simply stare for a long moment. Paul grabs the car keys from the drawer enters the car and drives away.

CUT TO:

SCENE XVIII

INT – House – LATER

Derek is drawing large black circles with a crayon on a sheet of paper and gluing the sheets of paper on the wall. The wall is already full of these drawings. Derek turns on the TV on a granulated image and sits right in front. An image comes on.

TELEVISION INSERT:

Same deserted location. Same man.

Man

Now you have come for it. For fifteen thousand years I have lived in the dark, waiting. As the universe takes its final bow, the planet earth contracting like a living organism, life pulsating and excreting the material necessary for our leap of evolution I offer the ultimate system for victory. We walk in the shadows and we know nothing of our own lies, because everything must fail. Everything must fail. Everything must fail. Everything must fail. Everything must fail...

CUT TO:

SCENE XIX

INT – House/Living Room - NIGHT

Paul arrives at the house with a whiskey bottle in his hand, drunk. Derek stares at him.

Derek

Hello.

Paul

Don't ever say hello to me. Say goodbye, eternally goodbye. I am more commonly leaving than arriving to stay. Who's to say I have arrived if I will leave soon again. No, say goodbye.

Derek

Are you speaking in cute little verses?

Paul

I am a numbered cow for the slaughter. I didn't know that as clearly before. It makes sense when you've stared down life's ugly throat, felt the sting of digestive enzymes, and then nothing can stay the same, it just can't hold oh no it just can't hold anymore.

Derek

You're so allegorical. Tell me the facts, Paul. Aren't we all so tired of tossing around these little anecdotes? Just tell me the black n' white facts.

Paul

Know this. I'll never be able to entertain your burning desire with any poignant truth. I'm full of shit. Always have been. Just a lot of hot air, really.

Derek

Half the time I don't even know if you're really here. Makes me wanna scream and grab you by the throat and say 'are you satisfied?', 'does this make you satisfied'?

Paul

All we can do is break.

Paul goes up the stairs.

CUT TO:

SCENE XX

EXT – Front of Paul's 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.

They enter.

Paul

The first thing that happens is you establish a cluster of information that suits your purpose. Say if you want to rebuild your memory zone, that would be the left hemisphere of the brain, so you insert the right juices in the left cavity. Or is it the left juices in the right cavity? Anyway... You make a solid effort to place yourself somewhere in time. Not historically, no. rather as a sentient being occupying a certain amount of space and a time span. Just don't do it right before you go to sleep, tends to cause some nightmares. You'll notice the repetition of some pattern, as if the day after never came.

They look around the house.

Paul

The second thing is realizing every single little discrepancy in your comfort zone. Forget how appliances work, throw out the food in the fridge, toss around massive balls of steel. The risk is essential, you know, step on eggs really, live a whole existence stepping on eggs. Once your mind can detach from the material feel of everything, you start to become strangely aware that this is not exactly real, in the traditional sense.

Derek

Right.

Paul

Wrong. You should not say 'right'. If it were right it would not lead to massive failure. Remember that everything must fail.

Derek

What succeeds if everything fails?

Paul

The clothes.

Paul and Derek leave the house.

CUT TO:

SCENE XXI

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

Good luck.

Derek

You gonna stay in the car?

Paul

Yeah.

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.

Paul finishes the sandwich, exits 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:

SCENE XXII

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.

Paul

Young. I would estimate within the age suitable for reproductive purposes lacking cold stability and rigid habits.

Paul picks up the backpack, opens it.

Paul

Female clothes. There's also a sheet of paper. And a little book in French. 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 and drive off.

CUT TO:

SCENE XXIII

INT – House/Living Room - DAY

Paul and Derek enter the house.

Derek

So where do you think everyone went?

Paul

Supernova. They're dead.

Derek

Sounds bad.

Paul

You're such a fucking tease.

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. You have to hate me.

Derek

shh...

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, 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 shoves Derek on the bed.

Paul

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 know. You don't know the half of it.

Derek

Oh come on, don't be like that.

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

They remain silent for a few seconds.

Paul

No choice. No choice. No choice.

Derek

Free will. Free will. Free will.

Paul

Consolation. Masturbation. No choice.

Derek

Me.

Paul

Person.

Derek

Help me.

CUT TO:

SCENE XXIV

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:

SCENE XXV

INT – House/Living Room – NIGHT

Paul sits on the arm of a couch 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 whiskey 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

Talk some sense already.

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.

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 whiskey 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:
SCENE XXVI
INT - House/Living Room - LATER

Derek and Paul sitting on the sofa, somber, Derek with the whiskey bottle in his hand.

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

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

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.

Derek
Just read the thing.

Paul
"Brainwashed, emotionally circumcised, devotionally undecided, retaining decay. Upheaval and relief in downward spiral, motionless. Crematory flicker, sublime glow, the light seems to be fading".

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 whiskey.

Paul gives Derek the joint, takes the whiskey 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. In canine aftermath bones. The light can only fade. Brain-dead, emotionally circumlocutory, a small immaterial groping clinging to the cylinders. 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. 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

Images of the strange man.

Man

Everything must fail. Everything must fail.

CUT TO:

SCENE XXVII

INT – House/Bedroom - DAY

Derek wakes up on the wooden floor, 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 smiles bitterly.

CUT TO:

SCENE XXVIII

EXT - The Desert - Day

The sun burns fiercely.

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

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

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. Than a repetition. Than a repetition.

Derek moves on, getting farther and farther away.

END CREDITS