

The Device
by
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FADE IN.

1 EXT. - DAY

1

TITLE: SOME YEARS AGO.

A large green meadow. It is quite vivid and so flat the curvature of the earth is almost apparent. The sun is high and many families can be seen dotted across the swathe, playing and picnicking. The WIND blows gently and the only other sound is the CHATTER of many families.

A WOMAN and a GIRL, her daughter, are running across the field. The camera follows them across the length of the field - running from a point that almost vanishes on the horizon to collapse happily on the grass beside a two-storey grey, glass sided building that has been hitherto unseen. The building is still and silent.

WOMAN

How far do you think we ran, honey?

GIRL

Across the world! All the way down
to the bottom!

WOMAN

Yes.

The Woman's gaze is distracted by the glass building. A cloud passes. The girl follows her mother's gaze.

GIRL

What's that?

WOMAN

A place. Just a...horrible place.

The GIRL frowns, and follows her mother as she is led away, but her gaze lingers upon the dark building. Her expression is drawn and oddly adult.

2 EXT. - NIGHT

2

TITLE: THE DAY AFTER TOMMOROW.

Outside the grey building of scene one. The night is as still as the day of years ago was active. Pools of light outside the grey building do little more than create shadows.

A YOUNG WOMAN is outside of the building. It is clear by her features that she is the Girl of the previous scene, grown to adulthood. She is well dressed, hard of face and moves as one who knows she belongs here.

The Young Woman approaches and enters the grey building.

3 INT. - NIGHT

3

Young Woman's POV.

Inside the grey building, it is one large, spartan lobby-like area. The floor is smooth grey granite, the walls are a shade lighter in polished marble. Scant light is provided by wall sconces to right, and some light spills in from outside, heavily shaded by the glass.

To the left, a small fountain shudders and SPILLS water. It provides the only other noise, besides the CLICKING of the woman's shoes upon the stone floor.

The Woman stands still, peering into the gloom.

A MAN appears from the shadows at the far end of the room and approaches the Young Woman. He is middle aged and slightly overweight. His face is pale and worn. His clothes are middle-classed and not quite fashionable.

The Man regards the Woman curiously.

MAN

I've seen you before. A long time ago. Out there.

WOMAN

No. Not her. She died.

FLASHBACK

4 INT. - NIGHT

4

The Woman, as a teenager, in her dorm room. She is putting a note upon her tidy desk.

Cutaway to note.

WOMAN'S HANDWRITING

The knowledge I carry, this burden,
chafes on my soul and angers me. I
try to release this

(MORE)

WOMAN'S HANDWRITING(cont'd)

fury, but it only grows back, smug
and strong. I'm trapped and there's
only one way out.

The Woman picks up a small, packed bag, and exits the room
without looking back.

END FLASHBACK

The Man and Woman regard each other
for moment. Beat.

MAN

She died? Too bad.

WOMAN

She had to.

MAN

Why?

WOMAN

To come here.

MAN

Whatever for?

WOMAN

You know why.

MAN

I doubt it.

WOMAN

I'm sure you do. But you do know.

MAN

I created it

WOMAN

And I perfected it. I made it work.

FLASHBACK

A laboratory. Pictures of human
babies, medical diagrams, abound.
Amongst the clutter, the Young
Woman in a battered lab coat holds
a small, flattish, black box.
Several dials and LCD display is
apparent. She is smiling in cold
triumph.

END FLASHBACK

The Man and Woman are tentatively moving towards and away from each other.

WOMAN

It's as much mine as yours. More.

MAN

It doesn't belong to either of us.
It belongs to the worl-

WOMAN

(interrupting)

No! When were you last a part of
the world? You've been rotting in
here for decades!

The Man looks about, awkwardly.

WOMAN

It doesn't belong to this world,
and neither do you.

MAN

Then perhaps I'm its best guardian?

The Woman glares at him.

WOMAN

It's mine. I made it work. I don't
understand why you're still here.

MAN

Because I didn't want it to work.

WOMAN

Don't blame me for living in the
present, for seeing the future.

MAN

And what does your future see?

WOMAN

Me.

MAN

And only you.

During this, the woman has been slowly walking to the far end of the room. A wall-high cabinet is before her. The drawers are few - and large. The Woman puts her hand to an indentifying device upon the cabinet, and opens a drawer.

A flat black device, the obvious descendant of the device from the lab, is nestled therein. The Woman takes the device in her hand, and the man looks at her miserably.

WOMAN

Not necessarily. Things might stay the same. I've waited and lied long enough-

The Woman is cut off by the sudden NOISY entrance of a group of people. They are entourage to a central figure, THE PRESIDENT. They hover and chatter around him, as security personnel fan out through the room. They quickly approach the surprised couple, and a member of the entourage - the President's SCIENTIFIC ADVISOR - snatches the item from The Woman's hand without pausing. As the entourage spills out of a hitherto unnoticed side-door, the Advisor can be heard above the hubbub.

ADVISOR

Thank you, ma'am. Mr. President, this will affect pregnancies worldwide via a subsonic emission, if you just set this.....

Just as suddenly, the room is empty. The Man and The Woman stare at each other.

FADE TO BLACK.