

ALONE ON ANITA

Written by

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EXT. OPEN MEADOW - SUNSET

Amidst thousands of knee-high pink and purple flowers a tall, slender man stands with his arms around a stoic yet delicate woman. Both have deep blue skin with darker hued sunspots. The pair are SAMSON and ANITA.

Anita's eye's begin to tear as she looks back at her companion. He meets her gaze with a mellow warmth.

The two begin to sway. Anita rests her head on Samson's chest.

They waltz through the flowers a moment more.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - AN UNKOWN AMOUNT OF TIME LATER

The sky is cold and blue.

Samson stands alone in a sea of black sand.

He holds a shovel, the spade pressed into the top of his boot.

His eyes heavy and cheeks sunken.

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. FARMHOUSE - SUNRISE

Samson stands in front of his home. Giant wind turbines jut upward from the A-frame structure. Large glass windows make up most of the farmhouse walls.

A morning fog melts upward from the ground.

Samson closes his eyes. Despite a graying beard his face retains a tender youngness.

He is dressed in a white turtle neck and gray overalls, with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows. He holds two cups of steaming hot tea.

A wide brimmed straw hat sits on the back of his head, failing to blockout the morning sun.

He inhales, slow and steady.

EXT. MEADOW - SUNRISE

Colonies of indigo flowers stretch past the horizon.

From high above, the fields appear in a cross-hatch pattern. The wind bends them in waves.

Giant machines the size of elephants travel along the rows of flowers, picking each one from its root.

They seem to erase the color from the world.

EXT. VERMIN COLONY - SUNRISE

A small brook runs through a section of violet flowers. They stand 8 feet tall.

A creature the size of a dog with the face and bill of a platypus slowly raises its head from the water. His hydrophobic eyelids roll back revealing large black pupils.

The water comes to life as a dozen more creatures emerge from the bank along the brook.

EXT. CAVERNS - CONTINUOUS

Wind whistles through an enormous cavern. The rows of flowers stop about 100 yards from its mouth. The ground is covered in black sand that shimmers as it swallows light.

A lumbering machine shuffles past the cave, the mammoth sized harvester is dwarfed in comparison.

A small group of vermin scuttle behind, eating whatever few flowers it has forgotten.

In the distance towards the mouth of the cave, a second identical machine stands motionless.

Its lower section is lined with thousands of miniature hydraulic pistons. They steam and sputter but they do not move.

Anita slides out from under the machine accompanied by large plumes of gray smoke.

Thick smears of iridescent oil spread across her cyan complexion. A bandana holds her messy black hair back from her face.

She stands to brush her self off and begins to unzip her turquoise jumpsuit. She slides the top half off her shoulder and down to her waist, underneath she wears a white ribbed tank-top.

She grabs a silver cantina from the ground and holds it high above her head. With a SIGH of relief she pours the water down into her mouth.

EXT. HELIPAD - CONTINUOUS

A thin framed two person helicopter sits idle on a round wooden landing platform.

Samson approaches it with his tea in hand.

A small glass panel opens upward. He slides inside and places the tea cups in the center console. He takes off his hat and places it in the passenger seat.

Underneath lies a silver bowl cut, not entirely lacking in style.

After pulling a pair of thick headphones over his ears he grabs the cyclic stick and the rotors begin to spin.

EXT. CAVERNS - MOMENTS LATER

Anita pulls on the fingers of her leather glove and slips it off. A loud CLICKING, like thousands of metallic cicadas, rings out from the cave.

She takes off the second glove and shoves the pair in her back pocket. She looks towards the source of the noise as it begins to grow in volume.

Anita covers her ears for a moment until the noise drops off and the air becomes suffocatingly silent.

INT. HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

Samson sits in the cockpit with one hand on the stick. He half smiles as he looks out over the fields.

The silence remains.

EXT. CAVERNS - MOMENTS LATER

Anita takes a few steps toward the cave leaving the cover of the flowers. The sand swallows sound just as well as heat.

Anita's eyes are trained on the mouth of the cave. Her focus is unwavering.

A tall blue man emerges from the shadows. He is completely naked.

Anita squints her eyes in confusion.

The man seemingly identical to Samson, begins to wave at her.

She trembles as she raises her hand in response.

The moment is interrupted as the air becomes saturated with vibrations from the helicopter.

It lands less than 20 feet away.

The man steps back into to the darkness of the cave.

The glass door pops open and Samson steps out with the tea in hand. He walks over to Anita as the rotors begin to slow down.

He plants a kiss on her forehead and tears begin to stream down her cheeks.

She backs away and looks at him with a panicked expression.

Samson holds out a cup of tea.

SAMSON

I wasn't gone for that long.

Anita swipes at the tea knocking it to the ground.

Samson stares at her in confusion.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Anita?

She opens her mouth to speak but nothing comes out.

Samson gently bends down and picks up the empty cup.

As he stands he puts a hand on her shoulder.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Anita holds her arms across her chest and looks out to the cave.

ANITA

I... I saw a man come out of there...

Samson looks out to the cave.

SAMSON
Well... That's impossible.

ANITA
He looked like us.

SAMSON
(Laughing)
You know we're the only ones here.

ANITA
He looked like you.

SAMSON
Well I don't see anyone, where is he?

ANITA
He went back inside.

Samson looks to the cave.

SAMSON
(Sarcastically)
Good, then he won't bother us.

Anita pulls away.

ANITA
(yelling)
I'm serious Sam! I know what I saw.

Samson walks back to the open helicopter.

He puts the cups inside and grabs a flashlight.

ANITA (CONT'D)
What are you doing.

SAMSON
(Half smiling)
I'm going in there.

Anita puts herself in-between Samson and the cave.

ANITA
To do what?

SAMSON
(jokingly)
Search a completely empty cave.

ANITA
We're going home.

Anita starts gathering the tools scattered across the ground and shoves them into a large canvas bag.

ANITA (CONT'D)
We have to call.

Samson takes the bag from Anita and throws it over his shoulder.

SAMSON
We can't bother them with every little thing.

ANITA
This isn't a little thing!

Anita points to the cave.

ANITA (CONT'D)
If someone's here...//

Samson takes a more serious tone.

SAMSON
//No one's in there. We have every atmospheric entry logged for the past ten years.

Samson throws the bag into the helicopter. Anita gets in on the other side.

The glass doors lower and the rotors begin to spin.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

SAMSON
If someone else were here, we'd know.

INT. HELICOPTER - LATER

Both Samson and Anita wear thick silver headphones. Samson has both hands on the controls.

The helicopter flies above a field of tall yellow flowers that twist in DNA like strands to a fine orange tip.

Anita holds a red quilt around her shoulders.

The two sit in silence for some time.

SAMSON

You can have my tea if you want.

Anita waits for a moment before gingerly grabbing the tea and taking a sip.

ANITA

What if he's been here longer than
10 years? Longer than us?

Her words hang in the air unanswered.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NOON

Anita sits at the end of a long wooden dining table.

Samson reaches around from behind and sets a large bowl of soup down on her placemat.

He puts one down for himself and takes a seat.

He blows on his spoon before putting it in his mouth.

SAMSON

Hot.

ANITA

Did you call?

Samson stiffens before he fills his face with another spoon-full.

SAMSON

(mouth-full)

Just eat and I'll get to it after
we're done.

ANITA

If you're not going to take this
seriously I'll just do it myself.

Anita pushes herself away from the table.

Samson drops his spoon onto the table as he lets out an irritated sigh.

He follows Anita away from the table and up the stairs.

SAMSON

You know they don't like to be
bothered.

ANITA

It's a support line Sam, it's there
to be called.

SAMSON

I'm just saying this might not be
worth the call, we don't even know
for sure something's out there.

She turns the corner into a hallway, one side is a wall of
windows scattered with countless paintings.

The sun glares through the cracking pastel portraits.

At the end of the hall is a metal door.

ANITA

He could be dangerous.

She opens the door to the Study.

SAMSON

There is no one out there!
I don't know what you saw or what
you think you saw, but we've been
the only two people on this planet
for a decade.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAMSON

You know that the same as I do.
It's just the flowers and us.

Anita sits down at a large table covered in screens and
buttons. She picks up a red phone that's sitting on the wall.

ANITA

You weren't there. He was//

SAMSON

//You were up working on that tread
belt all night. I'm sure you were
just tired.

Samson takes the phone and puts it back down.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Why don't you go lay down for a
bit.

Anita looks at Samson a moment before getting up and leaving
the room.

He looks at the red phone a moment before following her out.

INT. ENTRY-WAY - MOMENTS LATER

Anita is lacing up her boots at the front door when Samson enters the room.

SAMSON
Where you going?

She doesn't say anything.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
There's nothing back there.

There is still no response.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
(giving in)
Would you like some company?

She finishes tying her shoes and heads out the front door.

ANITA
You can come if you'd like.

Samson rubs his face in the door way before grabbing a pair of keys and heading out.

EXT. CAVERNS - EVENING

The rotors slowly spin to a halt as Anita marches quickly away from the helicopter.

Samson pulls out the canvas bag and closes the door behind him.

Without a word Anita makes her way to the black sand out in front of the cave.

She pulls a small bag from off her shoulder and opens it to produce a camera.

She holds it up pointing at the mouth of the cave and snaps a picture.

Samson watches for a moment, shaking his head before walking towards the broken down harvester.

He sets down the bag and begins to remove a metal panel from the machine's side.

The two are about a hundred yards from one another.

The wind tugs on the tall purple stalks surrounding Samson.

The sand whips across the ground hitting Anita's ankles.

As the sun falls behind the horizon, the harvester lets out a loud RUMBLE and its four headlights ignite at once.

Samson makes some final adjustments before taking a step back.

The machines hydraulic pistons slowly begin to oscillate.

It begins to crawl away as Samson uses a dirtied rag to wipe the sweat from his brow.

He begins to pack his tool bag.

Anita's eyes look tired. She holds her camera tight, still staring into the darkness of the cave.

Samson stands and looks out to the clearing.

Anita is gone.

His eyes widen in a moment of panic.

A BANG rings out from behind the newly restored machine.

Samson jumps and whips his head back to the harvester.

He approaches it with a large wrench held in defense.

A platypus faced "vermin" scuttles out from the shadow, wide eyed and wet.

SAMSON
(angrily)
Get out of here.

He tosses the wrench at the creature, narrowly missing as it darts into the cover of the surrounding flowers.

Samson looks back to the clearing, he cups his hands around his mouth and yells out.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
ANITA!

INT. CAVERN - MOMENTS LATER

Samson slowly enters.

He reaches into his bag to produce a flashlight.

He flicks it on.

SAMSON

An? You there?

He holds his breath waiting for a response.

The flash from her camera goes off illuminating the cave wall.

She walks over to Samson.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Did you find what you were looking for?

ANITA

No, but there's more to this cave.

SAMSON

Mmhmm, and do you plan on searching the entire thing?

ANITA

Feel free to head home at any time, I'll find my way.

SAMSON

Why don't we both head back, it's getting late.

ANITA

I'm not leaving until//

SAMSON

//Until what? You get lost in here and I have to come find you? No, were leaving now.

ANITA

Until I find whoever's in here!

Her words echo back into the depths of the damp cave.

Samson takes a moment to collect his thoughts.

SAMSON

And then what? You find this guy and then what're you going to do?

ANITA

I...

He looks to her camera.

SAMSON
Take a picture with him?

ANITA
I'm going to ask him why he's here.
Ask what he wants from us.

Samson grabs Anita's hand in his own.

SAMSON
An, It's almost sundown, we have to
head home and log the repairs.

She doesn't budge.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Look, I believe you saw...
something. I do, but I also know
for a fact we're the only one's
here. The Apothecaries are
thorough, they wouldn't have let
anyone past their blockade.

ANITA
Their word isn't law Sam.

SAMSON
It is for us.

Anita looks back, deep into the darkness of the cavern.

ANITA
I know you trust them but you still
have to think for yourself.

SAMSON
I trust them because they gave us a
second chance to be something, do
something that mattered. Everything
we have we have because of them.

ANITA
All I have is you. They didn't give
me you.

SAMSON
They gave us a home.

ANITA
They gave us a life of servitude.

Water drips somewhere deep in the cave filling the lull.

SAMSON
It's time to go.

Samson turns and heads out toward the sand.

Anita stares into the cave a moment longer.

They both walk out into the field.

Samson gently pushes a large flower out of his way.

It bounces back to its original position, Anita smacks it out of her way crushing its delicate petals.

A faint clicking can be heard from the cave.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN - DUSK.

Anita washes a few dishes and hands them to Samson to be dried.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Anita aggressively brushes her teeth.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Samson sits in bed with a note pad. He marks down a list of tasks to accomplish tomorrow.

Anita stands in front of the window. It reaches from the floor to the ceiling and runs the entire length of the room.

The harvesters headlights can be seen scanning the fields.

She crawls into bed and turns off her light.

Samson looks over his list once more before placing it on his nightstand and doing the same.

INT. BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Anita still sleeps in bed but Samson is no longer there.

The sun fills the room. Anita begins to stir as she feels around for her absent husband.

She slowly pulls herself from the bed and covers her body in a lavender silk robe.

She opens the front door to see Samson standing in the fields just outside the house.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING

He stares directly into the sun.

A light CLICKING can be heard along with the CHIRPS of morning crickets.

ANITA

Sam.

Samson turns and looks at her.

She walks down the stairs to meet him.

ANITA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

SAMSON

Just looking.

She brushes her hand against his cheek.

ANITA

Tea?

He nods as she rubs his head.

SAMSON

I'll be in in a moment.

He kisses her hand before she pulls it away and heads back into the house.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

It's a beautiful day.

INT. ENTRY-WAY - CONTINUOUS

Anita closes the front door behind her and wipes her feet on the floor mat.

She heads towards the kitchen.

She pauses in the door way, her eyes widen in panic.

Samson stands at the stove in his underwear.

The tea kettle screams as Samson lifts it.

He pours a cup and holds it out to his wife.

SAMSON

Tea?

Anita staggers backwards and bolts out the front door.

She frantically scans the field in-front of the house but the Samson who was standing there before is nowhere to be found.

She begins to hyperventilate and falls to the ground knocking herself unconscious.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Anita lays still in her bed. Samson sits on the far side of the room in a worn leather armchair.

He looks at her from under a furrowed brow.

His foot taps rapidly on the floor.

He looks to the fields through his grand window, then back at Anita's motionless body.

Samson slowly stands and walks over to the side of the bed. He kneels and brushes her long dark hair away from her closed eyes.

He holds her face in his hand.

A BUZZ interrupts the moment. Samson looks down to his belt.

A small red light blinks from his black pager-like device.

He holds it up and reads the screen. It shows a serial number accompanied by a set of coordinates.

He puts it back on his belt ignoring its request.

He checks Anita's breathing.

We watch as her chest steadily rises and falls in a rhythmic pattern.

He gets up and grabs the full, cold cup of tea from the nightstand.

He walks to the door and opens it slowly.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Samson closes the door gently behind him.

He walks gingerly down the hall. The light from the kitchen window illuminates its far-end.

Dust particles swim in the streaks of sunbeam.

Samson turns into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Samson stands over the sink and pours the tea down the drain.

The device on his belt begins to vibrate once more.

He puts the cup on the counter before checking it.

Yet another long serial number accompanied by a set of coordinates flashes across its small screen.

Samson lets out a sigh.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Samson places a steaming hot cup down on the nightstand, careful to not make a sound.

He draws the shades halfway before grabbing his boots and quietly exiting the room.

INT. HELICOPTER - LATER

Samson flies high above the fields. He listens to a solar-system wide weather forecast.

NEWSCASTER

(through static)

For all our listeners in the Flos-
mentum system don't forget to set
your clocks back tonight or you
might find yourself early to work.
There will be heavy meteor showers
just outside the third and fourth
sector to usher in the new season.
Peek viewing time will be around
twelve-hundred to thirteen-thirty.
The following week we can expect to
see a rise in stormcl...//

Samson switches the radio to an oldies station.

The radio plays alien doo-wop.

EXT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The sun hangs in the sky silhouetting the chopper.

The music can still be heard.

Heat waves warp the view.

EXT. HIGH PLATEAU - DAY

Samson walks away from the helicopter.

He carries his canvas tool bag over his shoulder.

In the distance we can see the defective harvester. It stands alone at the edge of the plateau.

Samson reaches the harvester and places the bag at its base.

He continues walking passed the machine until his feet are at the edge of the drop off.

He looks down.

The space between him and the flower fields below is daunting, yet he remains calm.

He lifts both his arms over his head stretching as high as he can.

He inhales deeply and holds his breath for several moments before exhaling.

He bends down and plucks a single yellow flower from the ground.

He looks at it for a moment before holding it out over the edge and letting go.

It drifts down into the sea of pink petals below.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Anita sits upward at the edge of her bed, confusedly rubbing the sleep from her eyes.

She looks to the tea on her nightstand. It still steams ever so slightly.

Directly next to it is her camera.

She picks up her camera, gets up from the bed and walks over to the window.

She raises the blinds and scans the outside world.

ANITA
Fucking flowers.

She slides into a pair of worn moccasins and shuffles out of her room.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Anita stands on the toilet and unscrews the light fixture above.

She replaces the bulb with a red one, steps off the toilet and flicks on the light.

She pushes the shower curtain to one side. On the floor lie four separate tubs of photo developer.

She kneels and uses a pair of metal tongs to drag small paper squares through the liquid.

After taking the paper from the last tub she hangs it to dry on a clothesline.

EXT. HIGH PLATEAU - DAY

Samson squats next to the machine. It CREAKS and MOANS as he removes its side paneling.

He rummages through his bag and takes out a pressure gauge.

He presses it into a long black tube and watches as the red needle barely moves.

A red light flashes from his hip accompanied by a familiar BUZZ.

Frustrated he leans his forehead against the side of the machine.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Anita's hands, bathed in red light, clip one final photo to the clothesline. It now sits in a row of ten.

She gently blows on each one.

EXT. HIGH PLATEAU - DAY

Samson stands and the harvester lets out a loud RUMBLE. Its four headlights ignite at once as it begins to crawl away.

Samson throws his bag over his shoulder and walks towards the helicopter.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Anita stands on the toilet again, switching the lightbulb.

She gets down and flicks on the light.

She goes down the row of photos, inspecting them with great focus.

Each one depicts the cave from before, exactly as we saw it. Large and empty. There is nothing unordinary about any of the photographs.

Disappointed and angered, Anita pulls down the clothes line and throws everything into the trash.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Samson bobs his head as he pilots the craft.

The same radio station as before fills the cabin.

He hums to himself, his voice is deep, gravelly and out of pitch.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Anita eyes the metal door to the study from the opposite side of the hallway.

She slowly approaches it and lays a hand on the door's turn-wheel.

She thinks twice about entering the room and takes her hand away from the door before following her original instinct and entering the room.

She takes a seat at the control panel and carefully dials a very long number.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Samson still sways to the radio.

He is interrupted by a faint beeping from the control board.

He cranes his neck to look out below.

His face is immediately overcome with a look of bewilderment.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Anita holds the red phone to her ear as she waits for someone to answer.

Her body is tense, she hardly breathes.

The dial tones last a lifetime.

A quiet, reserved voice answers the call.

The video screens all show the same image of a purple flowered insignia.

VOICE

You have reached the agricultural support line for all secondary and tertiary operations. You are not currently scheduled for any briefings or pickups so may I ask what is the nature of your call.

ANITA

Hi this is Anita from satellite 5721.

VOICE

I have here that Samson Llavella, operating code C-501, is to be our contact for that operation. Has he been incapacitated in some way?

ANITA

Oh, no he's fine, i'm//

VOICE

If he is able to contact us, why have you done so? This violates com stat agreements and reflects poorly on your operation.

ANITA

(Annoyed)

I'd like to file an incident report!

The phone is quiet for a moment before the Apothecary responds.

VOICE

What kind of incident?

EXT. BLACK SANDS - DAY

The white helicopter now sits in an expansive stretch of deep black sand. The decelerating rotors causing a small black blizzard.

Samson steps out onto the sand, holding his hat as he examines the space.

He spots the lone harvester in the distance.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Anita remains on the phone.

VOICE

And you said Samson, operating code C-501, did not want to bring us this information.

ANITA

He, umm well I don't know if he wanted me to call, no.

VOICE

I see.

Anita bites her lip, regretting her response.

VOICE (CONT'D)

We will review your report but if everything is inline with what you have stated during this call you can expect a dispatch from the closest blockade within 5 to 7 rotations. We take reports of trespassing incredibly seriously so if there is any new information we need before then please do not hesitate to call. We thank you for your service, happy fixing.

The line disconnects and Anita puts the phone back on the wall.

She nervously gets up and paces the room before leaving for the hallway.

We stay in the room a moment longer.

EXT. BACK OF THE FARMHOUSE - DAY

Anita exits the back of the house and stomps over to a small blue shed.

She flings the door open and grabs a shovel.

She heads over to a large raised garden bed, it holds various otherworldly fruits and vegetables, each one more oddly shaped than the next.

She reaches an area where the ground is covered in only small purple sprouts.

She slams the shovel down into to the rich soil and begins uprooting the subterranean legumes.

EXT. BLACK SANDS - DAY

Samson trudges through the sand until he reaches the machine.

It has half sunk into the sand. It's sun-bleached to the point where it looks like a skeletal version of the ones we've seen before.

Samson puts his hand up to the machine and gives it a comforting pat as he looks out at the horizon.

SAMSON

What the hell happened here?

After a long while, he heads back for the helicopter.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Anita skins a large bowl of legumes. Her fingers are stained a deep purple.

She runs them under hot water and uses her hands to mix them around.

She grabs hand fulls at a time and drops them into a boiling pot of water.

INT. HELICOPTER - EVENING

The sun is low as the helicopter approaches the farmhouse.

Samson glares deep in thought.

The radio is off, only the deafening sound of the choppers blades can be heard.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

The helicopter can be heard from inside.

Anita takes two bowls from a dark oak cabinet and fills them with soup from the pot.

She places them on opposite ends of the dining room table.

The sound from the chopper begins to die down.

Anita washes her hands in the sink.

Samson opens the front door.

He takes off his boots and claps them together over the deck.

Thick streams of black sand pile at his feet.

He puts his shoes down and closes the door behind him.

Anita calls out from the kitchen.

ANITA

Hungry?

Samson turns the corner into the dining room. Anita walks over and places a spoon next to his bowl.

His eyes follow her back to the other side of the table where she takes a seat.

SAMSON
You feeling ok?

Anita blows on a spoonful of steaming soup.

ANITA
Better now. Thank you for the tea
this morning.

Samson pulls his chair out from the table and takes a seat.

SAMSON
We don't have to exchange thank
you's for tea anymore.

ANITA
What?

SAMSON
It's unnecessary. We both go into
the day knowing there will be tea
at some point, so why bother.

Anita looks at her husband trying to hide her disbelief.

ANITA
Why bother?

Beat.

If that's the case, why bother
speaking to each other at all? What
the fuck Samson?

SAMSON
I'm just saying we can cut the
formalities of robotic responses.
Or just know I don't need thank
you's anymore.

Anita drops her spoon into her soup.

ANITA
You would prefer silence to the
sound of my voice. Got it.

SAMSON
That's not what I said.

ANITA
But it is.

Anita pushes herself away from the table and grabs her bowl.

SAMSON
I'm sorry if you heard it that way.
It wasn't what I intended.

Anita empties her bowl back into the pot and tosses it into the sink.

Samson sits in the silence for a moment before finding the need to break it.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Are you sure you're feeling ok?

Anita scrubs the bowl.

ANITA
Stop asking. If you actually cared
you would have stayed to find out.

Samson gets up from his chair.

SAMSON
It was a busy day, five machines
and only one of us could work.

Anita disappears down the hall.

ANITA
Well I hope you were successful.

Samson stands alone in the dining room looking up at the ceiling.

His eye twitches as he remembers the events of the day.

SAMSON
(projecting down the hall)
I got four of them running. The
fifth one was close by but...

Anita emerges from the hallway holding a pair of running shoes.

ANITA
(uninterested)
But what?

SAMSON
I don't know. I saw something
pretty strange.

Anita looks up from tying her shoes.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

It was//

ANITA

//I don't care Sam. You didn't seem all that interested in my strange thing and I'm not interested in yours. So why don't we just leave this with the thank you's?

Anita walks over to the door.

SAMSON

Where are you going?

ANITA

For a run.

She turns the door handle.

SAMSON

Wait. Can you bring this with you?

Samson grabs a small radio from his belt and holds it out to her.

ANITA

I'll be fine.

She opens the door.

SAMSON

You passed out this morning, if it happens again and I don't know where you are//

Anita takes the radio from his hand and slams the front door behind her.

Samson looks at the door a moment before sitting down to continue eating his soup.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - SUNDOWN

Anita stretches down to her toes and then up to the air.

The sky behind her is a light lavender.

She shakes out her arms and legs and puts her hair up in a high ponytail.

She looks out to the horizon and begins to jog down a path that leads away from the house.

MONTAGE

- Anita runs through a patch of waist high vibrant green flowers.
- She continues to jog past two large harvesters traveling in the opposite direction, the flowers that surround her are now a pastel orange.
- Her feet hit the ground heavier with each step, crushing new growth beneath them.
- She leaps over a small brook that runs through her path.
- Large white trees tower over Anita as she jogs along. Their branches are covered in yellow blooms.
- Her breathing becomes heavier as she jogs uphill through a meadow of crimson flowers. Large white poles stand tall in the distance, each topped with a blinking red light.
- Minuscule iridescent lobster-like humming birds dart around a patch of turquoise petals. They all scatter as Anita pushes through the brush.
- An EXTREME WIDE SHOT of anita as she slowly travels through an expanse of white "Lily of the Valley" perennials, they gently dance in the wind.
- The small white flowers begin to give way to a sea of black sand.

EXT. BLACK SANDS - DUSK

Anita walks out into the sand.

Her breathing begins to slow as she takes her hair down from her ponytail.

Once she has travelled far enough that no flowers can be seen, she removes her shoes and socks and places them on the ground along with her radio.

She digs her feet into the sand, the image exudes warmth.

The corners of her mouth begin to curl up into a smile.

A ways off, she sees the broken down, sun-bleached harvester half sunken into the sand.

She approaches it slowly, burying her feet with each step.

She gives the machine a once over before squatting down and laying against it.

She grabs a hand-full of sand and slowly pours it over her knees.

She sits peacefully for sometime.

A faint metallic CLICKING is heard off in the distance.

The hairs on the back of her neck stand tall as she stiffens her body.

The noise continues to grow.

Anita stands, still leaning against the machine.

Her pupils dilate and heart races.

She walks to the edge of the machine and looks out on the other side.

Samson stands bare on the horizon.

ANITA
(horrified)
No no no...

Hot tears roll down her face as she backs against the machine.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Not now... Not here.

Samson begins to walk towards her.

ANITA (CONT'D)
(desperate)
Leave me alone!

He continues to advance.

She screams at the top of her lungs.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Stop!

It echoes through the air.

Samson stops in his tracks, he stands about 100 feet away.

Anita trembles in fear.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DUSK

Samson remains at the table, a radio, the same as the one he gave to Anita, sits in-front of him. He stares at it in horror as it broadcasts her conversation.

ANITA (O.C.)
(through the radio)
Who...

EXT. BLACK SANDS - DUSK

She tries to catch her breath.

ANITA
(strong)
Who are you?!

Samson stands still, his eyes unblinking.

ANITA (CONT'D)
Why are you doing this?

For a moment Samson is still. He then raises his hands to his mouth, grabbing the top and bottom of his jaw.

Anita looks on in confusion.

Samson begins to pull his face apart.

His jaw separates in two even halves with an awful CRACK.

As his skin begins to split and blood streams down his neck, a faint glow begins to emanate from his throat.

Anita can't look away from the mutilation.

Hypnotized in horror.

As he pulls harder, the separate halves of his head begin to unfold more delicately. In a moments time, anything that resembled a face has disappeared, and in its place is a giant pulsating flower.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DUSK

Samson sits at the table, he holds the radio tight.

Anita's blood curdling screams ring out from its speaker.

Samson leaps from the table and runs out the front door.

EXT. BLACK SANDS - DUSK

Each petal of the giant pulsating flower begins to shake violently before it folds in on itself.

Anita turns to run.

As she does, a single thin quill flies out from the center of the flower and lodges itself in her upper back.

She drops to the ground letting out a shriek.

Her hands stretch out in front of her and her fingers dig deep into the sand.

She drags her body forward with all of her strength.

As she looks back over her shoulder she finds that the nightmarish creature has disappeared.

The wind begins to pick up as she pulls herself onto the broken harvester.

Anita takes a few shallow breaths before reaching to her back and tugging on the dart protruding from her shoulder.

She cries out in pain, the dart still stuck in her back.

EXT. HELIPAD - DUSK

Samson jumps into his helicopter as he screams into his radio.

SAMSON

Anita! Come on, talk to me!

The rotors start to spin and the helicopter lifts from the ground.

EXT. BLACK SANDS - DUSK

In the foreground we see Anita's radio, accompanied by her socks and shoes. In the distance we can see her stumbling away towards the sands edge.

Samson's panicked voice rings out from the forgotten radio.

SAMSON (O.S.)

Where are you!?

Anita sways back and forth with each step. She makes her way to where the sands meet the flowers, and continues on.

We see the world from her point of view. Everything is blurred and filled with more color than before.

MONTAGE

- An extreme wide shot of Anita as she slowly travels through an expanse of white "Lily of the Valley" perennials. The flowers seem to part for her as she walks.

- Minuscule, iridescent lobster-like humming birds dart around a patch of turquoise petals. They all follow Anita closely as she stumbles through the growth.

- Her breathing becomes increasingly shallow, she falls downhill through a meadow of crimson flowers. Large white poles stand tall in the distance, each topped with a red light. Thick vines begin to emerge from the ground and climb the length of the radio towers. Anita does not notice.

- Large white trees tower over Anita, their branches covered in yellow blooms. She balances herself on each trunk as she continues on.

- She falls into a small brook that runs through her path. Her face is half submerged in the water. With shaky arms she pushes herself up and crawls out of the brook.

- Her feet hit the ground heavier with each step, her bare feet bloody and bruised from her lengthy journey.

- She stumbles past two large harvesters traveling in the same direction, the flowers that surround her now a pastel orange. They seem to watch her struggle.

- Anita trudges through a patch of waist high vibrant green flowers. She struggles to keep her eyes open as she approaches her home. The flowers guide her every step.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The light from inside the house silhouettes Anita as she grips the railing and pulls herself towards the front door.

She grabs the handle with both hands and turns it slowly before falling into her home.

EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The helicopter hovers low above the fields. Two spotlights at its front scan the flowers below.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Samson's eye twitches as he clutches the steering mechanism.

A small blue light on the panel in front of him begins to blink, drawing his attention immediately.

EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The helicopter swiftly turns in the opposite direction and soars high into the sky.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Anita drags herself along the wall before reaching the bathroom door.

We hang in the hall as Anita pushes the door open and falls into the room.

We hear the shower spring to life, it's immediately followed by a loud CRASH.

The hall is still, all that can be heard is the running water.

Several moments pass.

INT. ANITA'S OLD HOME - DREAM SEQUENCE

Anita stands alone at her window in a small futuristic condominium.

Her skin is absent of its normal blue hue.

She gently waters her small house plants and plucks away a few dead leaves.

From her window she looks out onto a busy street.

We are focused on her face from outside her window, people rush by the frame, blurred and mumbling.

The sun hides behind a layer of gray storm clouds and smog.

They seem to drift away all together.

The sun leaks down to the ground below.

Everyone on the street stops and looks upward, as if it's been years since the sun has shown its face.

Anita looks up at first but quickly looks back down when she feels something on her arm.

Her small houseplants have begun to sprout thin vines that reach out to grab her hands.

They begin to grow rapidly, wrapping themselves around her entire arm.

Screams come from outside as vines shoot upward from the ground. Hundreds of pink and purple flowers bloom on each one.

The same happens to the vines in Anita's home.

All at once the flowers release a pink gas that saturate the air completely.

The civilians cough and choke under thick plumes of the poison perfume.

Anita rips her hands free of from the growth and throws the potted plant against the wall.

It shatters and explodes into a much larger tangle of vines that start to take over every inch of the space.

Anita runs for the door.

She slams it behind her and the vines seem contained.

As the haze dissipates, she is left alone, amongst the hundreds of dead bodies strewn across the streets.

For a moment everything is silent.

The ground begins to open up and swallow the dead.

The bodies can be seen traveling through the vine stalks like eggs in a snakes throat.

The vines each produce one mammoth blue flower at their top.

They are closed tightly at the tip of their petals, unready to bloom.

They droop down and hang low above the ground from their immense organic weight.

Anita walks through the streets inspecting the new plants. They glow as she gets closer.

She notices one that begins to glow brighter than all the rest.

She puts both her hands against its closed petals.

It's warm and full of thick embryonic fluid.

A large hand presses up against her own from inside the flower.

In an instant, the hand bursts through the petal and pulls Anita inside.

She now floats in a sea of clear blue viscous fluid.

She holds her breath and attempts to swim upward, she is unsuccessful.

She struggles for air before being forced to take a deep breath.

Her lungs aren't flooded and instead she can breathe perfectly.

She looks up, down, and side to side. Her liquid tomb stretches as far as she can see.

A thin vine gently wraps around her hand.

She lets it.

It begins to pull her through the unknown depths and up to the surface.

She emerges hanging by her hand.

The sunlight dries her off at a rapid pace.

The vine shoots up into the sky with Anita in tow.

From her new vantage point Anita watches as the ocean grows into a forest.

The planet's surface is covered by countless blue organisms, they repopulate and travel the vast stretches of land.

Hundreds of thousands of years worth of evolutionary growth happens in an instant.

The forest falls silent.

Something approaches.

A massive tree almost two-hundred feet tall strides across the forest floor, it's roots move like legs of a centipede.

Anita still hangs in the same position.

The tree's blue leaves are no more than five feet away and triple her size.

Wind rustles the leaves and her hair is blown back away from her face.

The tree speaks.

OTHER
(gentle as can be)
Why are you here?

Anita takes a moment to respond and when she does she begins to cry.

They are calm tears.

ANITA
I'm not even sure where I am.

The tree speaks with great sincerity.

OTHER
You are here, in my home.

It breaks its thought to take a deep breath, then slowly transforms into a familiar human form. The other Samson now stands in it's place

OTHER (CONT'D)
Is there something you want from us? Something I can help you with.

ANITA
I just want to... I want to go back. To my home, to my husband.

OTHER
If I send you back, will you continue to ravage this place? Will you still burn my home?

ANITA
How do you mean?

OTHER
You will. It is your nature, I see that now.

ANITA
My nature?

OTHER

Go now. Go to him and leave this
place.

With a blink of his eye the world around them vanishes and
Anita falls back into the darkness.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hum of a helicopter slowly builds, until it saturates the
space.

The front door can be heard swinging open, quickly followed
by rapid footsteps until Samson bursts into the hallway.

SAMSON

Anita!?

Samson rushes past the bathroom and stops in his tracks.

He steps back and peers into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anita lays awkwardly and unconscious in the bathtub. A thin
stream of blood pours down from her nose and swirls into the
drain.

The broken curtain rod sits in the tub with her.

Samson quickly turns off the water and shakes his wife.

SAMSON

Come on, wake up!

Her body is wet and limp. Samson begins to cry as he grabs
the back of her head.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

(through tears)

Please wake up...

Anita lets out a slight moan but remains unmoving.

Samson pulls her from the tub and puts his ear to her chest.

As he listens closely for a heartbeat he looks at Anita's
lifeless face in the mirror. His focus shifts when he notices
the reflection of a large purple quill protruding from her
back.

He turns her over onto the vanity and grabs the quill with one hand, placing the other on her spine.

He gives the quill a slight tug, it doesn't move.

He pulls a second time and it slides three full inches out from her shoulder and he drops it onto the floor.

Immediately a dark purple liquid begins to saturate her shirt.

Samson tears it open revealing multiple black veins surrounding the wound.

His palms sweat profusely and his heart pounds in his chest.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Anita lays face down on her bed. Samson wears a pair of thick glasses as he tries to clean her wound.

On the floor next to him is a bucket of ice water and washcloths.

He bends down and wrings one out before dabbing the hole in her shoulder.

He grabs another and folds it in half, placing it on her forehead as he stands.

Anita wheezes with each breath.

Samson takes a radio from his belt and places it on the nightstand next to her.

Samson leaves the room and heads down the hall.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Samson stands bathed in crimson light holding the red wall mounted telephone. It rings for a few moments before emitting a low dial tone.

A prerecorded message plays through the speaker.

PHONE

Your connection is currently down,
please try again at a later time.
Thank you for your patience. Happy
fixing.

Samson places the phone back on the wall confused.

A large metal bookshelf sits recessed into wall adjacent to the phone. He moves his way down to a section of the shelf concealed in ten years of dust.

He removes a single blue bound medical dictionary and rapidly flips through its pages.

EXT. FLOWER FIELDS - NIGHT

Samson walks away from the helicopter, its spotlights point him in the direction of a near cliff side.

He swats at the flowers around him as he approaches the rock wall.

About ten feet above him, glowing green vines writhe in and out of small cracks.

Samson begins to scale the cliff freehand.

He loses his footing about 5 feet up but quickly re-stabilizes and continues on.

His face is illuminated by the iridescent vines as he climbs higher.

He pulls a curved blade from the back of his belt and waits for a moment.

A single vine pokes out of a crack inches from his face. In one quick motion he slashes it and it falls to the ground below.

Samson drops down to the ground. The dismembered vine wriggles in the dirt, glowing green plasma dripping from its laceration.

He grabs it and shoves it into a small burlap sack before heading back towards the chopper.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Samson stands at the counter, using a stone mortar and pestle to grind a white powder.

He grabs the sack and pulls out the section of vine. It no longer moves but has kept its glow.

He drops it on a cutting board and uses the same curved blade to chop it into several thin slices.

He takes the sliced vine and drops it into the mortar before grinding it into a fine paste.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Samson enters the bedroom holding the mortar.

Anita begins to stir in the darkness of the room. She expels a GASP as she emerges from her sleep.

SAMSON

An!?

Samson flips on the light switch.

Anita sits up, her eyes half closed, reacting to the light. She appears weak and fragile, her blue skin has a strange translucent nature and the black veins have spread up her neck.

She goes to speak but nothing comes out.

Samson rushes to her side.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Here, lay back down.

He grabs a glass of water from her night stand and brings it to her lips.

She tries to swallow, but it all spills from her mouth and runs down her chin.

She shakes her head "no" as she coughs.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Just take it easy.

He rolls her onto her side as she continues to cough.

He peels the bandaging away from her back. Her skin is bruised a deep purple, and the wound continues to exude black blood. Samson can't hide the fear in his voice.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

(shaken)

Everything's going to be fine.

Samson begins to apply the glowing paste to her wound with a small brush. His hands tremor as he does.

The moment it touches her skin it changes from iridescent green to blue and then vanishes all together.

Anita winces with each stroke but can now breath steadily.

ANITA
Sam... I'm so sorry.

SAMSON
You have nothing to apologize for.

ANITA
I shouldn't have gone, he... he
found me again.

Samson pauses for a moment.

SAMSON
Who found you?

ANITA
You did... he's not you but he's...

Samson lays her back down onto the bed.

Anita looks into his eyes.

ANITA (CONT'D)
He's so close in every way.

She puts her hand up to his face, her warm gaze quickly fades to terror.

She pulls her hand back.

ANITA (CONT'D)
I can't tell you apart, not at all.

She begins to sob and retreat into her pillow.

SAMSON
(comforting)
Shh come on now, it's me. I'm your
Samson.

He tries to hold her hand but she won't budge.

ANITA
(through tears)
We're not supposed to be here.

SAMSON
It's fine we're going to get
through this.

ANITA

(strong)

No Sam, we are not supposed to be here! That's why he's coming after me.

(Beat)

I can feel it now, the pain we're causing.

Samson looks increasingly troubled. He leans back and places the mortar on the night stand.

SAMSON

I don't understand.

ANITA

We're killing this place Sam. It was only a matter of time before something like this happened.

SAMSON

An, what happened to you out there?

ANITA

The same thing that's going to happen to you if we don't leave soon.

SAMSON

Please just be straight forward with me, I can't help you unless you tell me what's going on. Help me understand.

Anita takes a deep breath in an attempt to control her frustration.

ANITA

I'm being as straight forward as I can. Whoever did this to me wants us gone, and it's time we listened.

Samson sighs as he nervously rubs his head. A tear escapes his eye as he looks on at his wife. His tone shifts as he begins to accept that greater forces are at play.

SAMSON

(reluctantly)

Did the other "me" tell you this?

ANITA

No, not exactly.

(Beat)

(MORE)

ANITA (CONT'D)
Once that thing entered my body it
was like...

Anita drops her gaze in fear of Samson's judgment.

SAMSON
(Sincerely)
It was like what?

She returns with confidence.

ANITA
It was like I could hear the cries
of the forest. The blossoms tried
so desperately to get my attention,
each one begged me to stop killing
this world.

She looks to Samson.

ANITA (CONT'D)
After all this time here, all the
hatred I had for this place, I was
finally able to see this place
hates me.
(Beat)
This world just wants to be left
alone, to heal from what we've done
to it for the past ten years.

Samson sits deep in thought trying to comprehend the gravity
of the situation.

SAMSON
This is our life An. Where would we
go? What would we do?

ANITA
This isn't our life Sam, it hasn't
been for some time. It's a
semblance of a life covered in
flower petals.

SAMSON
It's all we have.

ANITA
It's not ours, and it's not the
Apothecary's. Neither of us have
the right to violate this place any
further. It's time to leave it all
behind.

SAMSON

And go where? An... this is for good remember? Without us, home world doesn't stand a chance. We're saving lives, we're doing good work. We can't give up now.

(Beat)

Just rest, save your strength. You need time to get better.

ANITA

I don't think I'm going to get better.

SAMSON

Stop! Why would you say that?

Anita gingerly turns over onto her side.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Sleep... You just need to get some sleep. We'll talk about this more in the morning, you'll feel much better I... I promise.

Anita stays silent.

Samson turns the light off and gets into bed still fully clothed.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Night.

A moment passes. When Anita speaks her voice sounds distant and deep, not her own.

ANITA

We can only take so much.

Samson lies awake for some time.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Samson gets up from the bed as Anita sleeps soundly.

He walks out to the hall and into the control room.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is cold and silent. The only light comes from a single red bulb above the telephone.

Samson opens a glass case that sits on the far side of the room and removes a double barrel shotgun.

He loads it with red shells and exits the room.

EXT. FRONT DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Samson opens the front door and walks out onto the deck. He wears a thick canvas jacket and a knit hat.

He takes a seat in the wooden rocking chair facing the fields.

He cocks the shotgun and looks out towards the flowers with piercing eyes.

He sits still for a moment before beginning to rock back and forth under the night sky.

EXT. FRONT DECK - THE NEXT MORNING

Samson sits asleep in the same position still holding his gun. The sunrise crawls across his face. His eyes twitch open taking in the new day.

He gets up and spots a figure sitting at the edge of the field.

He bolts down the stairs and over to the rocking chair where Anita sits quietly.

A single thin vine reaches out from the flowers and wraps around her wrist. She gently caresses its leaves.

She seems tired but happy.

SAMSON

Anita? What are you doing out here?

She takes a deep breath.

ANITA

Saying goodbye.

SAMSON

Where are you going? We have to get you back inside.

ANITA

The other day, you were going to tell me about the black sands, yes?

Samson looks at his wife in confusion.

SAMSON

Yea... how did you//

ANITA

//I spent every bit of time I could scorching those fields just to get away from the flowers. I felt suffocated. There was nowhere to escape the color, the smell.

SAMSON

You did what?

ANITA

But now I... I see we were the ones encroaching on their space.

(Beat)

They seem to whisper great secrets to one another.

She laughs at something we cannot hear.

The flowers gently sway in the morning breeze.

ANITA (CONT'D)

It's a tragedy it took me this long to hear them.

Samson looks on with great concern.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Beautiful and friendly as they've become, I still don't belong. Neither do you, my love.

She laughs again, this time a bit quieter.

SAMSON

Come on An, it's cold out here.

ANITA

I can only feel their warmth.

Anitas lips curl up into a tender smile.

SAMSON

Let me help you up.

There is no answer.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
I'll have tea ready as soon as I
get you in bed.

Silence.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
An?

Samson bends down to look at his wife.

Her head is tilted back and her eyes are glazed over. Her
smile still spread across her lifeless face.

Tears begin to stream down Samson's sunken cheeks.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
An?

EXT. ANITA'S BLACK SANDS - LATER

The sky is cold and blue.

Samson stands alone amidst the sea of black sand.

He holds a shovel, the spade pressed into the top of his
boot.

A small stone grave lies in the ground before him.

His eyes are heavy with sorrow.

The sun-bleached harvester sits not far behind him.

Samson wipes tears from his face as the wind begins to wake.

He kisses his hand and presses it to the stone.

Samson begins to walk towards the edge of the sands.

He bends down to pick up the forgotten radio and Anita's
sneakers, both half buried in the sands.

He continues on.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DUSK

Samson walks towards the front steps of his home. He still
holds the pair of sneakers and radio.

As he reaches the deck he is stopped by the sight of Anita's
rocking chair.

It sits empty and alone at the edge of the field.

He walks over to it and places his hand on it's worn wooden arm.

Something moves under the rocker, startling Samson.

A small creature pokes its head out from under the chair.

Its wide orange bill seems too large for its head, its webbed paws too large for its body.

He uses his flat leathery tail to keep his balance as he stare's at Samson through big black eyes.

He stomps his foot attempting to startle the creature.

SAMSON

Go on, get!

It doesn't move from under the chair or break eye contact with Samson.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Did you hear me? I said get out of here!

The creature blinks slowly before re-positioning itself under the chair.

Samson walks over to the deck where his shotgun rests against the banister.

He drops the shoes onto the deck and grabs the gun.

He walks back towards the rocking chair and points the gun in the air.

He pulls the trigger and the gunfire rings out through the open field, sending the creature scuttling into the flowers.

We see the flowers part as the creature runs straight into the path of an oncoming harvester.

A loud mechanical KLANG followed by a WHIMPER can be heard just before the harvester stops dead in its tracks.

It's headlights turn off and it begins to emit gray smoke.

Samson SIGHS in annoyance before grabbing Anita's chair and heading for the front door.

INT. FARMHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Samson walks into the kitchen. He fills a kettle with water and turns on the stove.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Samson makes his way down the hallway, it is completely dark aside from a single doorway that emanates red light.

INT. CONTROL ROOM/ STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Samson enters the room and slowly approaches the phone. He picks it up with shaky hands and dials a number.

EXT. RADIO TOWER - DAY

A collection of large white radio towers stand in the distance.

As we move closer we can see they have been entangled in thousands of green and blue vines.

The vines have grown all the way up to the top and crushed the red lights that used to blink at the pinnacle of the towers.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Samson stands in the crimson light as the telephone rings for a few moments before once again emitting a low tone.

A prerecorded message plays through the speaker.

PHONE

The connection you are trying to reach is currently down, please try again at a later time. Thank you for your patience. Happy//

Samson begins SMASHING the phone into the console repeatedly.

It splinters off into hundreds of shards of red plastic. The console sputters and clicks as Samson's fist pounds its interface.

His knuckles bleed as he slides to the floor.

His face falls into his hands and he begins to sob.

The kettle SCREAMS from down the hall - his tea is ready.

Samson takes little time to collect himself before bolting towards the source of the sound.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Samson forcefully grabs the kettle from the stove.

The noise dissipates as he heads for the front door.

Blood streams down from his knuckles onto the brass body of the kettle.

EXT. FRONT DECK - CONTINUOUS

The front door flies open into the side of the house with a THWACK.

Samson chucks the kettle out into the field with all of his might.

Sweltering water spirals out from its spout. Samson's hand is scald immediately.

He YELLS out in pain as the kettle SMACKS into the inert harvester.

A YELP far more fragile than Samson's rings out from under the machine.

Samson wipes his hand on his shirt as he looks out to the field.

He turns to take a few steps back toward the house before the YELP rings out for a second time.

Samson reluctantly turns back and stomps over to the machine.

He bends down at the front of the harvester to find the source of the noise - he sees nothing.

He grabs the metal plating from underneath and gives it a pull. It POPS and he wiggles it free from it's place. He yanks on something deep in the machine causing the front to split open as if it were the hood of a car.

He peers deep into the gut of the engine before reaching his arm in up to his shoulder.

A YELP is heard once more as he pulls his arm out to produce the small vermin from before.

One of its front legs hangs limply to the side and his bill has been cracked down the middle. Blue blood drips down from above his right eye as he pathetically stares into Samson's face.

Samson's stern expression melts away. The two beings share a moment of vulnerability.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LATER

The injured Vermin rests curled up in a hand towel on the long wooden diner table. Samson stands above the creature with the same glowing paste he had made in attempt to heal Anita's wound.

Samson douses a small white brush into the paste and gently tries to apply it to the creatures cracked bill. It wriggles to escape but due to its broken leg it doesn't get very far.

Samson swaddles the panicked creature in his arm like a new born child.

SAMSON

(soft)

Shhh shh sh... it's ok little one.

The creature stops fussing long enough for Samson to begin applying the paste.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

There we go.

Samson puts the creature back down onto the table before wrapping it's bill in a thin gauze.

He then fashions a small brace around its leg with small sticks and more gauze.

He wipes the blood from the creatures face before setting it back down.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Good as new.

The creature tries to take a step but instead falls over onto its side letting out a defeated GROWL.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Maybe not.

Samson scoops up the creature and heads out the front door.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Samson walks over to the edge of the flowers and bends down.

He grabs a few by the stalk and rips them up from the ground.

He gently offers one to the creature. It sniffs the air around the flower and then begins nibbling on its pink petals.

Samson lets out a flummoxed chuckle.

SAMSON

What the hell am I doing.

The creature finishes the first flower and opens it's bill in anticipation.

Samson holds out another flower before turning to head back inside.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Let's see if we can find you
someplace to sleep.

Samson walks across the front deck and into the house.

As the door closes behind him THE CAMERA pulls back into the flower fields revealing the other Samson. He stands naked in waist high flowers looking on at the farm house.

The moment is long and uncomfortable.

The sun hangs low in the sky as he turns to walk away.

INT. BEDROOM - SUNRISE

Samson lies asleep in his bed, the small creature sits curled up on the pillow next to him.

The sun begins bleeding into the room. As it does a BEEPING begins to emit from Samson's pager.

He slowly wakes grabbing the pager from his nightstand.

He looks at its screen and GRUNTS in defiance.

Samson rolls out of bed to fall into his morning routine.

As he leaves the room the small creature begins to stir.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Samson enters the kitchen rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

He reaches out to the stove and grabs at nothing.

A moment passes before he remembers the fate of his kettle.

After getting himself a glass of water he lumbers back down the hall.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He looks on at the small creature who now sits awake wagging its tail.

SAMSON

Good morning.

The creature GROWLS in reply.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

I've got some things to take care of and I don't think I can leave you here alone.

The creature cocks its head to the side with blank expressionless eyes.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

How do you feel about coming along for the ride?

The creature rolls over onto its back still unable to walk.

EXT. HELIPAD - LATER

Samson walks up to the helicopter with his tool bag in hand.

The creature rests in a makeshift sling that wraps around Samson's chest.

He opens up the helicopter doors and drops his tool bag onto the passenger seat.

He puts on his headset and grabs the cyclic stick.

The doors close and the helicopter quickly begins to depart.

As they ascend the creature peers out of the windshield with wide eyes.

EXT. FLOWER FIELDS - LATER

Samson approaches an immobilized harvester. It sits idle amongst hundreds of thousands of flowers.

He drops his bag on the ground and stares at the machine.

He encircles it slowly trying to gage the problem.

He begins to search through his tool bag when the creature starts to GROWL.

SAMSON

What's the problem?

Samson picks a flower.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Is this what you want?

He feeds it to the creature.

Samson tries to regain his focus but can't pick a place to start his work.

He stands with a deep breath and takes a step back.

The harvester blocks the sun from where Samson stands.

Samson's eyes follow a small blue insect with wings like a butterfly that floats above the harvester.

Samson looks from the insect down to the creature swaddled in his pouch. Tears begin to well in his eyes.

Samson begins to notice the beauty of the world around him.

He speaks to the small creature on his chest.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Everything around me has fallen
away.

(Beat)

I exist alone.

Samson begins to slowly walk through the fields, past the harvester.

He holds his hands out, gently brushing over the flowers as he goes.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

I wish for the simple pleasure of a
job well done, my only solace.

(MORE)

SAMSON (CONT'D)

(Beat)

But in her absence I find myself
empty and forgotten.

Samson looks up to the sky, embracing the sun - his eyes
closed tight.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

I'm beginning to realize this isn't
something that happened over time.

I've cleared the brush and silenced
the hum of unnecessary things, to
find I am just that.

He opens his eyes.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

An unnecessary thing.

He takes a moment to remember Anita's face.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Without her, no real thing is in
need of my presence. Perhaps she
wasn't either.

Samson stands at the top of a hill looking out upon the great
fields. Rows of harvesters carry out their orders in the
distance.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

If these machines could speak
they'd tell me to leave them alone.

(Beat)

Each one wading the fields because
I make them.

(Beat)

I am not fixing broken things; I am
forcing cursed existence.

The harvester's loud CREAKING carries through the open air.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Their moans used to comfort me.
Faulty mechanisms calling for
attention, my attention.

(Beat)

Now I hear the pain in their gears.
My efforts have only ever made them
uncomfortable.

He looks back to the unmoving harvester.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Imagine the moment.

The camera pans from the base of the machine upward, every scratch, groove and oil stain is in focus.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Screeching gears, warped pistons.
Inertia losing its grip.
(Beat)
Years and years of the same,
finally coming to an end. A
beautiful silence. A job well done,
and seemingly complete.

The butterfly sitting atop the machine floats away.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Then I arrive. To pull them from
their shallow graves and restart
the process of dying once again.

Samson walks back towards the machine, this time with more confident strides.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
I wont do it anymore.

He passes the machine, leaving his tool bag behind.

He takes his seat in the helicopter.

SAMSON (V.O.)
I wont hurt anyone anymore.

The helicopter takes off. The flowers flail in it's wake.

The sound of the rotors fade and the flowers dance a moment longer.

INT. HELICOPTER - SUNDOWN

Samson pilots the chopper back towards his home as the sun disappears behind distant mountains.

His small companion nestles in the passenger seat as they begin their descent.

Thick clouds turn to fog as they get closer to their home.

EXT. HELIPAD

Turquoise indicator lights at the corners of the helipad pulse on and off filling the space as they guide Samson down to safety.

As he gathers his things and picks up the sleeping creature, he notices something move outside.

The helicopter door swings open and Samson cautiously gets out.

He peers through the fog as he walks towards the safety of his home.

Standing in between him and his house is a silhouetted bare figure.

The figure steps into the light.

They look alike in every way.

They are the same.

OTHER

Samson.

SAMSON

No, this isn't, you're not...

His confusion swiftly turns to blistering anger.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

You killed her, you killed my wife!

His anger swiftly turns to unbearable guilt.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

And I didn't believe her, I didn't fucking listen. How could I be so fucking stupid.

OTHER

It is better not to dwell on these things.

Samson returns to his rage.

SAMSON

Don't say another word!

The "Other" takes a step closer to Samson.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Stop moving!

Samson reaches for the helicopter door and grabs a flare gun.
He points it at the "Other".

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Before I blow your head off you're
going to tell me what the fuck you
are and what you did to her.

The "Other" doesn't flinch.

OTHER
In order for our dialogue to be
productive you need to put that
away.

Samson pulls back the hammer.

OTHER (CONT'D)
I wouldn't.

Samson pulls the trigger and the flare fires straight into
the "Other's" face. It explodes, red sparks fly everywhere.

As the smoke clears the other stands in the same spot, His
face has unevenly opened up into a pulsating flower.

His face slowly begins to reconstruct itself from the mess of
organic tissue.

In a moments time Samson is once again staring at himself.

OTHER (CONT'D)
Are you ready to talk now.

Samson drops the flare gun.

OTHER (CONT'D)
You've done well, this little one
has almost fully recovered.

Samson looks down to the creature in his arm. It has woken
from it's nap.

SAMSON
He's been keeping me company.

OTHER
Everyone needs a companion.

SAMSON

Why did you kill her? Please I need to know.

OTHER

Some beings cannot coexist, she could not stay here but I also knew she could not leave.

SAMSON

What are you saying.

OTHER

She had an intense hatred for this place. I felt it every time she set the fields ablaze. I've been here a long time, I've watched the ones before you and I know what happens to those who try and leave. She would have met a worse fate.

SAMSON

That doesn't answer my question! What are you saying!?

OTHER

The ground you stand on and my flesh and bone are one in the same, I am this place and I will protect myself just as all living things do. Unlike your employers, I do not destroy life, I simply transfer energy. The one you called Anita still breathes but now she breathes with us.

SAMSON

What have you done with her! Where is she?!

OTHER

She is where you left her.

Samson's mind races in every direction, he is left speechless.

OTHER (CONT'D)

I haven't transferred your energy because I have seen your path. Soon you will recognize it.

Samson falls to his knees still holding the small creature.

OTHER (CONT'D)

I wouldn't stay near this structure for too long, someone has entered the atmosphere and I believe they come for you.

SAMSON

The Apothecaries? I lost contact with them recently they could be here for maintenance.

OTHER

That's what they have you for, is it not? The farmers that came before you all outlived their usefulness at one point or another, but not to me. Go now, we will meet again.

Samson looks up from the fragile being in his arms to an empty space, the other has gone. Small bits of flare continue sparking in his absence.

EXT. BLACK SANDS - SUNRISE

Samson walks out onto the black sands with a large backpack slung over his shoulder and his companion safely nestled in his arm.

He drags his feet, afraid of what he will find upon reaching Anita's resting place.

The sun creeps upward from the horizon, shining so brightly that Samson cannot see what lies ahead of him.

He continues onward using his free arm to block the blinding light.

When he finally takes his arm down he is overcome with clarity.

Before him stands a cluster of flowers 5 feet tall.

At the center, a single blue hibiscus, one foot in diameter, seems to glow in the morning haze. Pulsating, full of life.

It begins to sway in the wind, Samson sways with it.

He puts his face inches from the blossom and inhales deeply.

He smiles as tears well in his eyes.

He gently caresses it's petals.

SAMSON
Hello my love.

The wind picks up, bending the flower away from his hand.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
I'll figure this out.

Samson takes a step back admiring her beauty.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
And when I do, we'll leave this
place... I promise.

Samson backs away still fixated on the center flower, on Anita.

His face fills the frame.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - SUNRISE

The air is quiet.

The three massive turbines that protrude from the farm house barley rotate.

All at once they begin to spin at an incredible rate as a thunderous CRACKING from somewhere in the clouds draws near.

A large black and white freight ship slowly descends from the sky.

It lands in the pink flowers just beyond the front porch.

As the ROAR of its massive engines begins to cool a large docking ramp extends to the ground from the ships underbelly.

Exhaust fumes and steam shoot out from several directions as a pair of figures emerge from the brightly lit interior.

One of the figures stands 8 feet tall and wears several layers of decorative robes topped with large angular shoulder pads. It's almost humanoid face is faded turquoise. Several metal tubes and breathing mechanisms are recessed into where it's mouth would have been. Deep scar tissue from years of augmentations line the mechanisms, giving them an organic nature of their own. This is an APOTHECARY.

The other figure stands 6 feet tall enveloped in white linens. Covering its face is an ivory Arlecchino like mask that has been engraved in incredible detail. This is the INTERPRETER.

The Interpreter walks out in front of the Apothecary and scans the area before stepping to the side.

The Apothecary speaks, a horrible mix of CLICKS and low GRUNTING is followed by heavy mechanically aided breathing.

The Interpreter bows his head to his master and reenters the ship.

A second Apothecary exits the ship and steps out onto the planet floor. This one wears an armored jumpsuit encased in a mesh of triangular mirrors. He holds a long black incinerator, several black tubes run from the weapon's stock to a large tank on his back. This is the ENFORCER.

He walks towards the farmhouse and ignites the weapon sending ten foot ropes of white flame through the air.

EXT. BLACK SANDS - MOMENTS LATER

Samson stands at the edge of the black sand. He is almost unfazed when the sea of pink flowers parts before him to reveal a new path.

Behind him, plumes of black smoke rise from beyond the horizon.

He looks back, a small explosion shakes the ground as the smoke cloud swallows the sky.

Samson takes his first steps down the path, the flowers fall back in line as he passes by.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. WATERFALL - DAY

Water rushes over Samson's face. His eyes are closed, the wrinkles around them have deepened.

Both his beard and hair have grown down past his shoulders.

He stands in waist high water underneath a roaring waterfall.

After several moments he emerges from the steady stream.

His pink eyes glimmer in the sunlight. The blue hue of his skin seems to have deepened overtime. His forearms are covered in faded baby blue scars.

He walks to the edge of the water and puts two fingers in his mouth before letting out a powerful WHISTLE.

He wears a loose fitting pair of black linen pants. He grabs a gray poncho that hangs from a stark white tree branch. He uses it to pat himself dry before pulling it over his head. He puts his hand in its center pocket and pulls out a handful of red berries.

The forest around him rustles and his small companion, POPPY waddles out from the brush.

He has completely healed from his injuries and more than doubled in size.

He sits back on his hind legs and opens his bill. Samson tosses him a few berries and rubs the top of his head.

Samson steps out onto the grass and grabs his walking stick.

SAMSON
Let's go, Poppy.

Samson shakes his head like a dog before walking out into the white wood forest.

The branches above him hang low with plump purple fruits.

He whacks the branch with his walking stick and catches a single falling fruit.

He bites into it and rips away a chunk of the flesh to reveal a white core.

Samson walks through the forest for some time. It is quiet, but not absent of life.

Samson reaches the edge of the tree line and walks out into a field of pale pink wheat stalks. At the center of the clearing lies a colossal ribcage.

It towers forty feet above Samson's head. As he passes each rib we can clearly see hashmarks and wording etched into the sun-bleached bone.

He slides his fingers across the deep grooves as he continues on his way.

EXT. HIGH PLATEAU - DUSK.

Samson stands inches away from an immense drop off, the wind tugs on his poncho. He looks down over never ending rows of pink flowers.

Several harvesters lie dormant in the fields beneath him.

Without the clanging of their engines, the natural world sings.

Samson carefully lowers himself down to sit on the edge of the precipice. His feet dangle high above the sea of pink.

Poppy takes a seat next to him and the pair look on at the falling sun.

The sky ignites in fiery reds and yellows and quickly fades to purples and pinks.

Distant stars begin to pierce the sky as night approaches.

A gleam in Samson's eye reflects a bright white light traveling quickly through the atmosphere. It is accompanied by a tremendous ROAR.

The shape is identifiable as a transport-shuttle.

Samson holds his hand up with his index finger and thumb extended in a right angle. He holds them up to the object taking note of it's direction.

The object disappears into the night sky.

Samson holds his hand up several moments after it has gone.

He looks to Poppy.

SAMSON

Up for a walk?

POPPY stares back at him with wide eyes and a wagging tail.

MONTAGE

- Samson and Poppy walk alongside a small stream under the pale moonlight.

- His companion notices several reflective eyes (much like his own) watching them from the thick growth alongside the stream. He hurries to catch up with Samson.

- They walk across a fallen tree that lays over the running water.

- Samson leads through a patch of waist high vibrant green flowers. Poppy is too low to the ground to be seen.

- He continues past several motionless harvesters, the flowers that surround him are now a pastel orange.

- Night turns to day as the pair continue to walk through a grove of large black trees. Their branches are covered in yellow blooms.

- Day turns to night. Samson trudges uphill through thick white blooms. He looks on at several large radio towers standing in the distance, each one broken and entangled in vines. A small, unmanned drone seems to repair them, welding in the dark.

- Night returns to day. Samson squats next to Poppy as they both take a moment to rest. Behind them, tall transparent grass gently dances in the wind.

- Day returns to night as the pair walk through a valley of prism shaped stones. Small white bell shaped flowers grow upward from cracks in the rocky terrain.

- The sun hangs high in the sky as the two travelers near a field of deep purple perennials.

EXT. DAY - CONTINUOUS

Samson wipes streams of sweat away from his brow.

He stops walking for a moment to take a drink of water from a silver canteen that hangs across his chest.

Poppy watches him for a moment before deciding to walk ahead, he waddles quickly through the plant life as Samson caps his canteen.

Samson looks out at an immobile harvester. After two quick metal CLICKS, its pistons begin to sputter to life.

Samson's eyes widen. He has not seen a functioning machine in sometime.

He stands and cups his hands around his eyes, scanning the field for his companion.

A moment passes.

The machine CREAKS and MOANS as it begins to inch forward.

Samson begins walking in its direction.

A single gunshot BOOMS through the air.

Samson now sprints towards the machine.

As he draws closer he can clearly see two figures standing next to the harvester.

Samson makes a full halt about ten feet from the machine, meeting the gaze of a tall slender man.

The man, OSIRIS (36), wears a pair of navy blue coveralls with the sleeves rolled up to his shoulders.

His face is clean shaven with the exception of a thin mustache on the brim of his lip.

More notably, his skin color is an almost human toned tan with only slight hints of blue underneath.

Next to him stands his son LAYTON (19). He closely resembles his father but has no facial hair. He holds a rifle in his hands.

The eye contact between all three is filled with confusion and tension.

Poppy emerges from the grass, incredibly curious.

Samson instinctively puts a protective arm out in-front of his companion as Layton clumsily takes aim with his rifle.

SAMSON

WOAH there! Take it easy little
guy, he wont hurt you.

Layton looks to his father who gives him an approving nod.

Layton lowers the rifle.

OSIRIS

You must be Samson.

Samson, having not heard his name spoken in sometime takes a moment to respond.

SAMSON

Yea... That's me.

OSIRIS

(gently)
I'm Osiris and this is my son
Layton. We're your neighbors.

SAMSON

(dissociating)
How long?

OSIRIS

Pardon?

SAMSON

Sorry, How long have you been here?

OSIRIS

Ive been here the last year, the rest of my family only arrived a few rotations ago.

Layton looks down at Poppy, his tongue hangs from his bill, completely unaware he was just moments away from death.

LAYTON

Is this your... pet?

SAMSON

He's my friend, been keeping me company this past while.

LAYTON

Sorry, I've never seen anything like it before. The Apothecaries told us there was hostile wildlife so I just assumed.

SAMSON

(Smiling)

It's okay, he doesn't seem too bothered.

They all stand in silence for a moment.

Osiris takes note of Samson's unkempt appearance.

OSIRIS

Looks like you've seen better days.

SAMSON

It's been a while since I've had the comforts of home.

OSIRIS

Listen, I know we just met, but why don't you come back and have dinner with us tonight. We'll get ya washed up and fed real nice, heck we're neighbors, we oughta get to know each other a little.

Samson, still out of practice, can't quite keep up with the conversation.

SAMSON

I, uhm//

OSIRIS

It's no trouble, my wife's already started dinner. Layton, why don't you go call your mother and ask her to set another place at the table.

Layton walks off towards a helicopter. It appears almost identical to Samson's with the exception of an additional back row of seats.

Osiris looks from his son back to Samson.

His voice has an earnest weight to it that pulls Samson's focus.

OSIRIS (CONT'D)

So, what do ya say?

SAMSON

(cautiously)

I don't see why not.

OSIRIS

Great, let me just get this squared away and we can get going.

Osiris goes to grab his various tool bags from the ground.

SAMSON

Let me get that for you.

Samson begins putting away what ever tools have been left about.

OSIRIS

(appreciative)

You don't have to do that.

Samson pulls one of the bags over his shoulder.

SAMSON

I insist.

Osiris gathers the rest of his things before checking both his back and breast pockets.

He finds his glasses on top of his head.

He motions for Samson to follow as he heads towards the chopper.

OSIRIS

Lets get going, didn't realize how
hungry I was till I mentioned
dinner.

Samson looks down at his feet.

Osiris continues toward the chopper.

Samson bends down and scoops up Poppy with one hand.

He carefully holds him from under his stumpy front legs.

He bows his head and gently nuzzles his friend.

SAMSON

(quiet)
This could be it.

Samson starts toward the helicopter.

Its rotor begins to spin, blowing his hair across his face.

He hops inside the chopper and grabs the door, swinging it
down behind him.

The chopper takes flight.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - LATER

Samson and Osiris unload the helicopter and carry the tool
bags to the shed.

Layton swats at a small lobster-like hummingbird that darts
around his head.

LAYTON

(annoyed)
Ugh, leave me alone!

He leans the rifle against the shed so he can use both hands.

A loud scream followed by hysterical crying comes from behind
the house.

LYRA (35), Osiris's wife walks out with her daughter Oona(6)
on her hip.

Oona's cheeks are beat red and run with tears.

Osiris runs over to meet them.

OSIRIS
(to Oona)
What's wrong honey?

LYRA
I don't know, we were back by the
garden and she just started
screaming.

Lyra eyes Samson.

LYRA (CONT'D)
(to Osiris)
Who is this?

OSIRIS
This is our neighbor Samson. Layton
was supposed to call and let you
know he was coming for diner.

LYRA
Of course he was. Well, there's
plenty of food, it's nice to meet
you.

Samson gives a polite smile.

SAMSON
Likewise.

Oona gasps for air in between her sobs.

Lyra gently pats her back.

LYRA
Oh, baby girl. Sh Sh Sh, it's
alright.

Samson inspects Oona's shoulder where a small purple welt
begins to rise.

SAMSON
Did she step in a hole?

LYRA
She might've, I didn't really see,
why?

Samson points to Oona's shoulder.

SAMSON

It looks like she was stung by a Hemicrhone, little pollenizers that nest just underground, mostly harmless but if you step on a nest they pack a nasty sting.

Samson takes a closer look at Oona's shoulder.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

(to Lyra)

May I?

Lyra nods tentatively.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

What's her name?

OSIRIS

Oona.

SAMSON

(gentle)

Hello little Oona, could you take a deep breath for me?

Oona shyly looks up at the stranger from the shelter of her mothers arms.

Samson puts his thumbs on either side of the welt.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Alright ready, one... two...

Samson pushes down until a black stinger emerges from beneath her skin.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

There we go, all done, you did great.

Samson carefully pinches the stinger and tosses it to the ground.

Oona's crying begins to subside.

LYRA

Thank you so much.

SAMSON

Just keep some ice on it until the swelling goes down, she'll be just fine.

LYRA

Come on Oona, let's get inside.

Lyra walks over to the front deck, Oona looks over her mothers shoulder, fixated on Samson.

He gives her a small wave as she enters the house.

OSIRIS

Layton, lets go! Time to eat!

INT. DINING ROOM TABLE - LATER

Samson sit's with his hands together at a long dark-wood table.

Lyra places down a dull metal bowl of hot stew in front of Samson.

She takes a seat next to her husband.

Layton and Oona sit on either side of Samson.

The family all share the same pigmentation. They also share a generally clean appearance.

Samson does not look like he belongs at this table.

Lyra eyes the dirt under Samson's nails.

She turns to her husband.

LYRA

Why don't you and Layton wash up before we start eating.

Layton has started eating.

LAYTON

I already//

LYRA

Just do what I've asked please.

OSIRIS

Sure thing hun.

Layton HUFFS as he stands from the table and walks over to the kitchen sink. Osiris stands to wait behind him.

Samson looks down at his hands, he quickly takes them off the table and pushes his chair back.

SAMSON
Can I use your washroom.

OSIRIS
Of course, It's//

SAMSON
Second door down the hall?

OSIRIS
You got it.

Samson leaves the kitchen and walks down the hall.

Lyra shoots her husband a look.

OSIRIS (CONT'D)
What?

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Samson inspects his face in the mirror as he washes his hands.

He looks to the bathtub for a moment remembering his own home. Everything looks exactly the same. Less worn but the same.

He puts his head down and begins to wash his face.

EXT. DINNING ROOM TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Little Oona blows on a spoon full of stew. Everyone else sits quietly at the table.

Samson returns from the bathroom and takes his seat.

Everyone starts to eat.

OSIRIS
So Sam, is it alright if I call you
Sam?

Samson nods with a mouth full of stew.

OSIRIS (CONT'D)
If you don't mind me asking, how
long have you been here?

Samson swallows before answering.

SAMSON
Twelve years just about.

OSIRIS
Jeez, that's a long time away from people.

SAMSON
Yea, I like the quiet, or got used to it at least.

OSIRIS
And your wife Anita, where is she?

Samson falls quiet.

He takes a deep breath.

SAMSON
She died a while back. Got sick.

Lyra shoots a look at her husband once again.

OSIRIS
Oh, I'm sorry about that Sam. I had no idea.

SAMSON
How'd you know about her, about Anita?

Silence befalls the room.

LYRA
We were told you both went missing is all.

OSIRIS
No one had heard from either of you and I suppose they feared the worst when they found the house all burnt up like that.

LYRA
What exactly happened there//

OSIRIS
//not to pry.

SAMSON

Must've started in the kitchen. I was out when it happened, phones burnt up in the fire so there was no way of calling for help. Been making my way ever since.

Layton SLURPS the last of his stew directly from the bowl.

His mother gives him a deadly glare.

He gently places the bowl down in annoyed compliance.

LYRA

Why don't you and your sister start to clear the table.

Layton pushes himself away from the table with attitude, he brings only his bowl to the sink.

Little Oona slides out of her chair and tugs on Samson's poncho.

OONA

Umm, Mr. Samson, are you done wiff your bowl.

SAMSON

Yes little one thank you very much.

Oona looks crookedly at Samson for a moment before taking his bowl.

She pulls a pink hair tie out from one of her pigtails and holds it up to Samson.

OONA

I think you need this.

Samson smiles and takes the hair-tie.

SAMSON

(reserved)
Are you sure I can have it?

OONA

Yea, I have lots.

Oona hums as she skips away to take Samson's bowl to the sink.

He smiles faintly.

Osiris speaks softly to his wife, we cannot hear them.

Samson eyes the fruit-bowl at the center of the table.

SAMSON

May I?

OSIRIS

Of course help yourself.

Samson takes a juicy purple pear shaped fruit from the bowl and gets up from the table.

SAMSON

If you'll excuse me I'll just be a minute.

Osiris smiles and nods to his guest.

Samson gets up and walks out onto the front porch.

Lyra and Osiris are left alone at the table.

The wait a long moment after Samson has stepped outside.

LYRA

(quietly)

Do what you came here to do, I don't want him here any longer than he has to be.

Osiris looks out the window at Samson.

OSIRIS

I never thought I'd actually see the guy, I don't know if I can go through with it.

LYRA

It's not up for debate, get it done.

Osiris stands, disappointed and unsure.

OSIRIS

Alright alright, I'm going.

EXT. FRONT DECK - DUSK.

Samson sits out on the deck with Poppy, feeding him the plump purple fruit. Osiris walks out the front door to meet them.

Samson stands, fastening his hair in a silver pony tail.

Poppy finishes eating and quickly follows behind him.

Osiris no longer wears his work belt or pager.

OSIRIS
Care for a walk?

SAMSON
Lead the way.

The two walk out about 50 feet into the surrounding fields.

Osiris stops and looks up at the night sky.

OSIRIS
I can't believe the stars here.

SAMSON
They're incredible. I never get tired of looking up there, into the past.

OSIRIS
Only time you could see them back home was when the power went out.

SAMSON
Happened twice my entire time on Barren. Then when I came here and saw all this for the first time, it was like I had discovered the universe.

OSIRIS
Can you see Barren from down here?

SAMSON
It's the red one right there.

He holds his hand up in the same position as he did a few nights before.

OSIRIS
From down here it actually looks peaceful, but I know better.

Samson turns from the stars to Osiris.

SAMSON
Well, things must have changed right? How bad could it still be after all this time?

Osiris looks around before speaking.

OSIRIS

Sam... Barren never received any aid.

SAMSON

No, that can't be right.

OSIRIS

The Apothecaries kept saying they needed more hands for the relief effort. They took every able body they could off-world to work their fields, but never sent the medicine we were promised.

Osiris kicks at the dirt.

OSIRIS (CONT'D)

Almost everyone I've ever known died waiting for help. I took the same contract you did just so I could get my family away from that cesspool... When I left, there was no one to say goodbye too.

SAMSON

The exports from this planet alone should have been enough to cure half the population, and it's only one in a thousand. Where is it all going?

OSIRIS

The Apothecaries took advantage of us. They convinced us to work across the stars as their slaves, ever hopeful that we could save our home, but Barren is beyond saving.

SAMSON

I don't believe it. How could they let so many die when they had the resources to save them?

OSIRIS

There were murmurs before I left, a few of the medical fronts started to identify common threads in the leading virus's, almost like they were being engineered from the same source.

(MORE)

OSIRIS (CONT'D)

It seems the Apothecaries got too good at fixing things, effectively curing almost 90% of the galaxy's disease. No one needed them any more.

That's when they figured out they could make more money creating disease than curing it. A monopoly over life itself. Supply and demand.

Osiris takes an even quieter tone.

OSIRIS (CONT'D)

I have orders Sam, directly from the Apothecaries. I am supposed to contact them immediately if I encounter you or your wife. They said you were dangerous to the cause and wanted for treason. I know how much their words are worth, I know I can't trust them but I don't know what else to do.

SAMSON

I knew they were coming for me but I still don't know why.

A moment of silence.

OSIRIS

They're afraid you know.

SAMSON

Know what?!

OSIRIS

That you've been cultivating their virus.

SAMSON

No.

OSIRIS

Sam, these flowers, they're not medicine, they're poison.

SAMSON

No, no, no. I didn't. We didn't.

OSIRIS

It's not your fault Sam, you couldn't have known.

SAMSON

But I should have! I've spent every bit of the last decade living and breathing these fucking things. My wife is gone and I'm still here wasting away for what?! I've done the exact opposite of everything I set out to do. I've hurt everyone I've ever tried to help.

Samson is crushed under the weight of his emotions. Up is down, wrong is right, contradictions have taken their toll.

He squats down holding his head in his hands.

Osiris puts a hand on his back.

OSIRIS

You're still here, that means there's still hope. If the Apothecaries want you so badly they must feel threatened by you for some reason.

SAMSON

I have a feeling they're more terrified of this place than they are of me.

OSIRIS

Of what, the flowers?

SAMSON

These flowers are capable of more than death, Anita knew that, she tried to tell me and I wouldn't listen. Where there is destruction there is opportunity for growth. Nothing is all good or all bad.

Samson thinks a moment longer.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Do you have a copy of the farmers almanac?

OSIRIS

It should be in the study.

SAMSON

I need to take a look at it.

INT. STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Osiris looks through the metal book shelves mounted on the concrete wall. He finds a thick leather bound handbook and takes it off the shelf.

INT. DINNING ROOM TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Osiris brings the almanac out to Samson who stands patiently at the dinning room table.

Oona stares at him, hiding in the hallway.

Osiris sees his daughter.

OSIRIS

Run along Oona, go to your mother.

She doesn't budge.

OSIRIS (CONT'D)

Go on.

She slowly turns and disappears down the hall.

Samson begins flipping through the first half of the book until he finds what he's looking for.

SAMSON

Do you remember this from your orientation? It was repeated so often I don't know how I didn't think of it sooner.

Samson points to the top of the page.

OSIRIS

"Under no circumstance should you consume anything grown from the planet until you have been an inhabitant for a minimum of 500 rotations. It will lead to a number of health problems and in almost all cases, death.//

SAMSON

//However once you reach the 500 rotation bench mark, you're body will have adjusted to the chemical composition of this planet giving you the ability to safely digest its crops."

Samson sits back a moment to gather his thoughts.

OSIRIS
I think I'm following, but how does
this help us?

SAMSON
I'm not entirely sure yet, but I
might know where to find more
answers.

Osiris rubs his temples in confusion.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
I need to go. I'll be back soon.
Keep your family inside for now.
They might already know I'm here.

Samson stands quickly and gathers his things.

OSIRIS
Stay strong.

He walks over to the door and swings it open.

SAMSON
You too.

They nod in respect to one another before Samson heads out.

Osiris looks around the room and heads down the hall.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Samson looks out to the field.

He breaths steadily, preparing for his next encounter.

The field parts, a new path.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Osiris checks each room as he walks down the hallway.

OSIRIS
Lyra?

They are all empty, he looks to the metal door at the end of
the hall.

OSIRIS (CONT'D)
Lyra? Hun?

He slowly makes his way to the door and puts a hand on the turn wheel.

OSIRIS (CONT'D)
Lyra? What are you//

He opens the door to see Lyra carefully placing the red phone back on it's cradle.

OSIRIS (CONT'D)
Please tell me you didn't.

Panic starts to surface in her eyes.

LYRA
What was I supposed to do?! You
know what they'd do to us if they
new he was here!

Osiris becomes unhinged, not knowing where to place his anger and fear he smashes his fist into the wall.

OSIRIS
God Damn It! FUCK!!!!

LYRA
It was us or him!

OSIRIS
You have no idea what you've done!

Osiris flings an entire row of books to the ground before storming out of the room.

EXT. CAVERN - NIGHT

Samson walks through the night with a flashlight in hand.

Poppy follows closely behind.

He nears the cavern.

He takes a moment to breathe before entering it's pitch black mouth.

He wanders the cavern for some time, illuminating parts of it that have never seen light.

The deeper he gets the more he begins to shake, doubting his course of action.

He comes to a part in the cavern that splits into two separate pathways, before he can make his decision, his flashlight dies.

SAMSON

Shit.

POPPY

Ggrgrgrgrgrg.

SAMSON

Shh I'm trying to think.

His eyes take a moment to adjust but once they do he can see a faint blue glow coming from the left most pathway.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Do you see that?

He begins to carefully walk down the path with his arms spread out in-front of him.

The further he travels the brighter the light gets.

After several winding turns the pathway opens up to a giant chasm. The ground is submerged in a glowing blue liquid. Several giant flowers have grown up the walls of the cavern. Some look to be full of a gelatinous fluid.

Samson's stern expression remains until he sees who he is looking for.

The other Samson is suspended on the cavern wall in-front of him. His appendages have branched off into several vine like growths that have rooted him into the stone. His face still resembles Samson's but the rest of him is practically unidentifiable.

It slowly opens its eyes to great Samson.

OTHER

I've been expecting you.

SAMSON

I need answers, even more now than before. I realize now the problem has grown beyond my control, but you have to help me understand this in its entirety so I can, at the very least, try to fix what I have done.

OTHER

Something tells me you already have the answers you seek, but you do not wish to accept them.

SAMSON

I have no answers. That's why I'm here, at your mercy.

OTHER

I can feel the pain I've caused. Energies across the stars call out for help but I remained helpless for so long. We have each played a part in this, but we finally have what we need to make things right, a way to end this suffering.

SAMSON

It's her, isn't it?

OTHER

Life works in harsh and unforgiving ways. But she understood her role.

SAMSON

I'm never getting her back.

ANITA

Anita gave herself to the cause knowing your love would lead you to understand.

SAMSON

She's the cure. She's been exposed to this planet for more than enough time to create a system of antibodies. We both have.

The Other begins to pull himself away from the cavern walls. His body returns to a bipedal figure.

He puts his hand on Samson's shoulder.

OTHER

But she is not strong enough yet. For that she needs you. You must go to her and help her grow, she must overtake this planet and replace me. Only then will you have a fighting chance.

Samson hangs his head realizing what must be done.

SAMSON

You're just going to give up? Let yourself die?

OTHER

You said this is bigger than you, but it's bigger than both of us. The time to give my heart back to the stars has come. A final transfer of energy from me to Anita.

SAMSON

Resewing the entire planet is not something that can be done over night. There's no time.

OTHER

No, there is not. I sense they are already here. You must return from where you came and face them. It's the only way to ensure the time you need.

SAMSON

I can't do it alone.

OTHER

Yet you must. You have the strength I have seen it in your ability for compassion and patience. You will find your opening. And when you do you will not hesitate to take it. Now go, you haven't a moment to waste.

SAMSON

Osiris and his family, what will happen to them?

OTHER

I am uncertain, but you cannot help them from here.

Small floating light particles begin to rise from the water.

They follow Samson out into the winding pathways to guide the way.

OTHER (CONT'D)

This is your path.

Samson begins to pick up his pace and starts a full sprint through the cavern.

OTHER (CONT'D)
(to himself)
We must all make sacrifices.

EXT. FRONT DECK - NIGHT

Osiris stands in front of the door to his house looking up at the sky.

The sound of the Apothecary's freight ship ripping through the atmosphere sends shivers down his spine.

Osiris calls to his son through the front door.

OSIRIS
Layton, get me the rifle from the study!

As the ship lands in the nearby field it bathes the farmhouse in red light.

OSIRIS (CONT'D)
Quickly!

Layton calls back to his father from the study.

LAYTON (O.S.)
It's not in here!

Layton runs out to the deck.

LAYTON (CONT'D)
I think I left it by the shed.

He darts past his father, down the stairs and off the deck.

OSIRIS
Stop! Get back inside.

Osiris follows after his son.

The loading ramp descends from the ship and three figures emerge from the hull.

The Interpreter walks in front of the two much larger figures, the Head Apothecary and his Enforcer armed with an incinerator.

The Head Apothecary begins to speak, it CLICKS and GRUNTS in anger.

The interpreter calmly relays the message.

INTERPRETER

Osiris, you have disobeyed direct orders from your superiors. You were made aware of the consequences should you fail to report contact with the farmer Samson, were you not?

OSIRIS

Layton, get in the house right now!

Layton grabs the rifle from the shed and immediately aims it at the Apothecaries.

Before he can pull the trigger he is engulfed in white flames.

Osiris screams in pain as he watches his son burn away in an instant.

Not even the rifle remains once the flames dissipate.

Lyra is drawn outside by her husband's screams she holds Oona back away from the door.

INTERPRETER

If you only called, this all could have been avoided.

The Apothecary takes aim at Osiris.

He helplessly looks up at his wife with tears running down his face.

OSIRIS

Run! Find Sam//

He is cut short by the scorching flames that swallow him whole.

Lyra sprints to her husband but by the time she reaches him he is nothing but dust.

The Apothecaries get closer before questioning her.

INTERPRETER

Where is the farmer Samson?

Lyra is hysterical, grabbing at the scorched ground where her husband stood only moments before.

INTERPRETER (CONT'D)

I will ask a final time...
Where is the farmer Samson?

Lyra is incapable of putting any words together in her inconsolable state.

The head Apothecary nods to his Enforcer.

In a quick flash of intense heat she is gone.

The Apothecaries exchange words in their fowl indiscernible language.

The Interpreter notices Oona crying alone on the deck.

INTERPRETER (CONT'D)
My lords, I apologize for the
interruption but there remains
another witness.

The Apothecaries halt their conversation.

The interpreter points to Oona with a spindly finger.

The head Apothecary gives a conformational nod to his Enforcer once again.

Oona screams as the Enforcer walks heavily towards the deck.

Just as he takes aim, he looks down to his feet.

Poppy stands with his front paws on the Enforcers leg, his tail wags in excitement.

The Enforcer lifts his leg and stomps on the ground narrowly missing Poppy's fragile head.

As he lifts his leg to try again, all three metal prongs of a pitchfork RIP through his throat.

SAMSON
(with rage)
Get away from her!

Samson stands hunched over at the edge of the ship having just thrown the gardening tool.

The Enforcer holds a hand up to his absent trachea.

He falls to the ground igniting the incinerator.

The entire house goes up in white hot flames in a matter of seconds.

Samson runs to the deck and leaps towards Oona shielding her from the fire. An explosion from the kitchen sends both of them flying off the deck.

They hit the flower field below with great force.

Samson can barely move at first but musters his strength as the remaining Apothecary and his Interpreter wade through the flames.

Little Oona lies unconscious on the ground, Samson stands over her. His body covered in burns and soot.

The Apothecary speaks, the Interpreter Translates.

INTERPRETER

You have bore witness to
unimaginable tragedy farmer Samson.
May you find peace and solace in
death.

The Apothecary produces an elegant silver pistol from his belt.

He aims it at Samson's stomach.

SAMSON

(quietly)
She is the cure.

INTERPRETER

Speak up or die unheard.

Samson grabs the Interpreter and throws him into the Apothecary's line of fire.

A BLAST rings out as they both fall to the ground.

The Apothecary Stands tossing the Interpreters dead body to the side.

He has dropped his weapon.

Samson takes his opening.

He tackles the 8 foot monster to the ground.

Samson takes several repeated punches to the gut before reaching up to the Apothecary's face and grappling his respirator.

SAMSON

Leave this place! You disrespect
her with your presence!

He rips the machinery from the Apothecary's delicate face.

Several severed metal tubes hang from the gaping hole.

The Apothecary screams in pain, yelling words Samson cannot understand.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Your Interpreter is dead, you will die unheard... I Imagine you're telling me that more will follow, that I have lived today only to die tomorrow. But you fail to notice the change, all around you, this planet prepares to end your reign and begin the process of healing everything you've destroyed.

Samson falls to his knees as he looks up to the night sky.

The Apothecary's wheezing fades away.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Anita's touch will restart the pulse of the stars.

Samson passes out on the ground.

The fire rages on.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. FLOWER FIELDS - SUNRISE

Samson opens his eyes to several wet licks from Poppy.

Oona stands above him. She has a few scratches on her head but remains mostly untouched.

Samson sits up and holds out his hand to Oona.

She takes it, smiling through tears.

Samson stands and gently rustles Poppy's matted fur.

SAMSON

Come on Oona, I have someone I'd like you to meet.

EXT. BLACK SANDS - DAY

Poppy hops out of the growth onto the black sands. Oona chases after him.

Trailing behind the pair, Samson holds his weight on his walking stick.

He is weak. Burns and bruises spread across his entire body.
He walks carefully out onto the black sand.

SAMSON
This way Oona.

Oona runs over to Samson. She looks up at him feeling safe at his side.

She pulls a pink hair-tie out from one of her pigtails and holds it up to him.

Samson takes it with a smile. He gingerly puts his silver hair up in a ponytail.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
I have something for you too.

Standing in front of them is Anita. She remains a vibrant blue hibiscus.

Samson brings Oona closer to the flower.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
This is Anita, isn't she beautiful?

OONA
So beautiful.

Oona is enamored by Anita's velvet petals.

She brushes her fingers across them ever so carefully.

Samson reaches into the heart of the hibiscus and plucks a single seed.

He kneels down to little Oona

SAMSON
Open your hands.

He drops the seed onto her palm.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
I need your help, and so does
Anita. She has to grow, but she
can't do it alone.

Samson pushes his fingers into the black sand.

He brings her hands over the open soil and she lets go of the seed.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

If you come here when the winds
change to spring, and help her
travel far and wide, when summer
comes she'll bloom to meet you with
endless love in her heart.

Oona pats the rich sand around the seed.

Samson gives her his silver canteen with shaky hands.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Can you do that for me Oona?

She giggles as she pours out the rest of the water onto the
ground.

OONA

Of course I can.

Poppy rests his head on Samson's legs, a comforting presence
as always.

Samson rests his hand on Poppy's back.

SAMSON

Thank you Oona. It means the world
to me. I know you're going to do
great.

He looks to Poppy.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

You stay with her, always.

Poppy meets his gaze with assuring eyes.

Samson watches Oona continue the process perfectly again and
again.

He fights to keep his head up for some while.

A small green vine from Anita has grown around his hand and
in between his fingers.

He holds it tight.

His hand slowly opens, it lies completely still.

Oona faces away from him, sowing another seed.

In the distance the Other Samson slowly walks across the sand
dressed in the same clothes as his counterpart.

He walks up behind Oona and the original Samson is nowhere to be seen.

The sand swirls in odd shapes where his body used to be.

The now only Samson kneels next to Oona and holds out a dark purple fruit.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Are you hungry little one?

EXT. SPACE - LATER

We see the planet in its entirety.

No longer is it covered in an array of color.

Instead, the surface is painted in two shades of blue.

They come together at its center, like two beings intertwined in an eternal embrace.

TITLE CARD

Alone on Anita.

FADE OUT.

THE END