

Breathe In

By

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FADE IN:

0A	EXT. CITY SKYLINE - MORNING	0A*
	The city sprawls out below the wooded hilltop. The downtown buildings reach upward to the sky in the midst of the urbanization surrounding them.	*
		*
	SUPER: LOS ANGELES, 2017.	*
	The sky is hazy with smog...then.	*
	THE SKY EXPLODES AND BURNS.	*
	A huge atomic blast ignites the air and vaporizes everything around for miles. The sky turns a garish yellow. Brighter and brighter. Turning everything white hot.	*
0B	EXT. STREET - MORNING	0B*
	A dandelion reaches up from the concrete cracks.	*
	In the distance someone's FEET are visible. Walking as if with a purpose.	*
		*
	The Feet reach the dandelion and step on it, not on purpose. Just oblivious of this delicate life, as they walk way.	*
0C	EXT. OPEN FIELD - MORNING	0C*
	A derelict oil pumpjack stands frozen in the middle of a vast field. Tumbleweeds and withered trees share the field with the steel monolith.	*
		*
	FADE TO BLACK:	*
	FADE IN:	*
	THE SOUND OF HEAVY BREATHING, UNNATURAL, ALMOST MECHANICAL. A GARBLED VOICE SPEAKING, WHILE THE HEAVY BREATHING CONTINUES, AND THEN...	*
1	EXT. STREET SIDEWALK - DAY	1
	A garish building looms in the background. Cracked walls, broken concrete balconies, and Gargoyles poised along the framework. Watching. Waiting.	
	The heavy breathing stops.	
	A MAN, in his mid thirties, comes into view. Staring directly in front of him and slightly out of focus.	

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

His arms and hands moving, making adjustments to something.

MAN

Okay, that's better. Testing. One,
two. Testing.

The Man's face is now completely visible.

He lets out a long heavy sigh.

MAN

My name is...well it doesn't matter
really. I could be anyone. I could
be that person you passed this morning
on the street on the way here. Or
the guy at the grocery store. You
know the one that you never look
directly at? It really doesn't
matter.

He looks away for a moment. Then stares back straight ahead,
chuckling nervously.

MAN

What matters most is that you
understand why I did this...
(beat)
...thing. I never planned it. It
just happened. That's the mystery
of life, right?
(beat)
Anyway, how can I tell you this
without freaking you out or
seeming...cold blooded.

He lights up a cigarette. Inhales deeply.

MAN

(looking at the
cigarette)
Christ! This poison is not as bad
as what I've done.

2 EXT. STREET/ALLEY

2

The man throws the cigarette down on the ground, stomps it
out, continues walking.

MAN

You see...I killed a man today.
(beat)
You didn't know him, so you shouldn't
feel so bad. Or maybe you do. Shit,
I don't really care either way.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

MAN (CONT'D)

(laughs)

The important thing for you to know
is why I did it.

He holds a camera pointing at himself as he talks.

MAN

You see this man...his name is
Jack...he didn't have much of a life
anyway. He woke up each day, an
empty shell, broken. His brother
died in the war. His parents too.
His wife...

(beat)

...got tumors.

(wipes his forehead)

Shit the screaming would get so
bad...I hated having to hear her
night after fucking night. She died
too. Eventually.

The Man walks across the street to a...

3 EXT. PARK

3

...with a wide expanse of green grass, trees in the distance,
and a stream. He walks towards the trees.

MAN

I used to come here with Jack. Yep.
Tried to forget all those things. I
told Jack to move on, but he wouldn't.
Always hanging on to the past like
some trophy. Huh? What a fucking
joke. No one gives a shit about the
past.

(beat)

How do I know?

(laughs)

When was the last time you went to a
cemetery to grieve over a lost one?
When was the last time you called an
old friend?

(coldly)

Yeah, that's what I thought.

The Man comes to a bridge crossing the stream. He takes
step forward, pausing, as if checking the sturdiness of the
bridge. His foot comes down, and slowly he pushes forward.

MAN

The fact is, no one will miss Jack.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

MAN (CONT'D)

Not even me.

(sneer)

I had to do it. I had to kill him.
To put him out of that pathetic lie
he calls life.

The heavy breathing starts again.

The Man turns over his shoulder. Another PERSON is behind him, but his upper body is blocked by the Man.

MAN

(snapping)

What the fuck do you want?

The Person turns and walks away. The heavy breathing subsides.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

The Man turns back to the camera in his hands. Stares down at it for a moment.

MAN

(quietly)

Anyway, I wanted to make this clear.
To show you. So you know why I killed
Jack.

(bites his lip)

I liked the guy, I really did.

(sneering again)

He just was weak, like the rest of
you. Always going along with the
flock...

(sheep sounds)

Bah, bah.

(laughs, hacking a
bit)

Pathetic. No guts, no courage.
Just another follower, waiting to be
told what to do, what to wear, what
to think.

(he laughs)

I didn't just kill him. Shit, I
freed his soul.

The Man's eyes are visibly red, teary. His nose drips. He rubs his eyes with the back of his hand.

MAN

(softer)

What ever you think of me...there
are lots worse people out there.
You might be one of them. You've
hurt people too. Maybe something
you said. Or something you did.

(bitter)

You only think of yourself.

The heavy breathing sounds begin to get louder again. He looks around...

MAN

Today, I took a stand. I freed
someone from all this fucking misery.

His eyes are watering now, face flushed. Sobbing.

Behind him more people are gathering, wearing some kind of uniform or jump suits, their faces obscured. He dips his hand into the water in the stream and washes away his tears.

Then looking into the water's reflection he begins to laugh.

The heavy breathing gets louder.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

He looks into the camera again.

MAN

I've got to go now.

(smiling)

There's this circus gathering around me. They can't believe this is happening.

(louder)

I want to feel the air! Touch the grass!

The heavy breathing gets louder.

MUFFLED VOICE #1

What the hell are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (4)

3

MUFFLED VOICE #2

Are you crazy? Get over here.

MAN

I want to LIVE! I want to be FREE!

The Man turns to the stream and splashes more water on his face. He turns holding his wet hands out to the crowd.

MAN

I want to feel the water.

(angrily)

YOU! You are the ones that are crazy.

You are the ones that live in a trap.

In a world you don't even know
anymore.

MUFFLED VOICE #1

Somebody do something...

The Man takes a step forward, the crowd moves back.

MAN

What? What are you going to do?

Kill me?

(crazed laughter)

You can't kill a dead man! You can't
kill a dead man!

The Man suddenly gasps for air, choking. Coughing.

MAN

That's right. Take a good look at
me. LOOK AT ME!

(crazed)

I'm the one you despise. You can't
take your eyes off of me!

He falls to the ground. Fluid drips from his mouth, eyes
and nose.

A moment of silence.

MUFFLED VOICE #2

Why did he do it?

The group of PEOPLE gather around the Man's body, clutching
a gas mask in one hand and a camcorder in another.

The People all wear gas masks. Breathing heavy.

One Person takes an ID card out the man's pocket.

MUFFLED VOICE #1

Who is he?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (5)

3

MUFFLED VOICE #2

His name is Jack Pennington. Anyone
know him?

MUFFLED VOICE #1

Huh? Didn't know him.

They drop the wallet on his chest and begin to disperse.
The heavy breathing, unnatural, almost mechanical echoes
away...

FADE OUT: