

GRANDMA GAIA

And yet there's love inside. You evicted the old version of you and threw all her kuck out the door. And now you got a nice clean empty space to fill. Go decorate it with all kinds of beauty and truth your heart brings in... soon enough your space becomes the reflection of you. And even if you can't claim that the things you fill in it are you, they're still a reflection of your design. Your design is not of this world.

FADE OUT FROM SCENES OF FLOWER TO GRANDMA GAIA AND FLOWER SITTING OVERLOOKING AT THE DESERT SUNSET.

FLOWER

So what's next?

GRANDMA GAIA

Ice cream... maybe with sprinkles.

FLOWER

I don't know what to do.

GRANDMA GAIA

Just be you. You follow beauty, love, and truth... we figure out the rest along the way. Just follow the pure intent.

FLOWER

What of the people still trapped in the city?

GRANDMA GAIA

We learn to forgive them. They need to still learn that they don't live in a city. The city lives in Nature, so do they.

After a pause of silence as they stare at the sunset.

GRANDMA GAIA (CONT'D)

You know what I love most about the desert valley... the open spaces virtually untouched by humans.

OVERLAP OF A LITTLE GIRL VERSION OF GRANDMA GAIA OVER A CLOSE UP OF GAIA'S FACE AT 50% EACH. GLOWING SUNSET LIGHT ON HER TWO FACES, AS THEY GAZE WITH STRENGTH.

FADE TO SHOT OF THE SUNSET FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF STANDING UPON THE FLAT PLAYA WITH THE SUN JUST ABOVE THE HORIZON.

GRANDMA GAIA (CONT'D)

It's like a blank canvas for creating. It reminds me of new beginnings, ancient times that I somehow miss. As a child, I'd take walks into the desert and imagine that I was the first person to walk on the earth.

Short pause, as some rare prehistoric animals appear and disappear in a gentle dreamlike way. Some ripples of prehistoric plants appear and fade away as well, as if memories coming to surface and sinking back down.

FADE BACK TO GAIA'S FACE WITHOUT ANY OVERLAP.

GRANDMA GAIA (CONT'D)

It was beautiful and raw... a world before stories and make believe systems. I haven't been the same since...

(pause)

Do you know how the great fire started?

BOTH FLOWER AND GAIA SITTING IN THE CHAIRS WITH THE FIRE PIT BURNING IN FRONT OF THEM.

FLOWER

The ill kids started it.

GRANDMA GAIA

Their game came to an end. Too much knotted wood in their hearts gave fuel to the fire. Not enough water. Not enough compassion.

PAN DOWN AND ZOOM INTO THE FLAMES OF THE FIRE.

OVERLAP OF BRETLAND SCENE UPON THE FIRE WITH THE OUTSIDE KIDS ARRIVING TO BRETLAND AND SHOWING UP TO PLAY.

Bret is examining the kids, while pointing and telling them where to go forcefully.

GRANDMA GAIA (CONT'D)

The only reason the game lasted so long in the first place was because more and more joined them in playing... rather than finding a better game. They should've all just walked away from the absurdity.

FADE FROM THE TWO SCENES OF FIRE PIT AND KIDS INTO A 50/50 OVERLAP OF THE FIRST MOMENT OF THE KIDS DRAWING LINES OF THE DIRT IN THE FIELD.

ADDITIONAL OVERLAP WITH A SCENE OF SOME NEWLY ARRIVED SETTLERS UPON THE LANDS OF UP-SIREN WHEN IT WAS ONLY NATURE.

GRANDMA GAIA (CONT'D)

You know, if you were to remove all the people and their creations, it looks not much different than our present view. The city founders of brought forth with them their games and pretend to an empty playground.

The kids and settlers are moving things around dividing the land, as if campers setting up their campsite.

GRANDMA GAIA (CONT'D)

So they began playing and pretending. They cut up the land with invisible lines that only exist within their heads. They imagined systems of order nowhere to be found in nature.

THE SETTING UP SCENES CROSSFADE INTO SCENES OF BUILDING STRUCTURES BY THE ADULTS AND THE SCENE OF THE KIDS FORMING STRUCTURES WITH THE FOUND OBJECTS FROM THE PROPERTY.

GRANDMA GAIA (CONT'D)

They set up sets for their theatrical production. They cut up trees, stamped faces on thin slices... They invented identities for people to become.

(MORE)

GRANDMA GAIA (CONT'D)

They assigned value according to
how many flat faces they collected
and the shade of skin.

OVERLAPPED SCENES FADE INTO SCENE OF FLOWER AND MUMSY IN
THEIR GIANT DRESSES PUTTING ON THE OUTLANDISH MAKEUP.

SLOW CROSSFADE INTO A DUALISTIC SCENE AT 50/50 OF SHERIF
PUDGE IN HIS PAJAMAS IN HIS ROOM OVERLAPPING WITH HIS SON
BULL, ALSO IN HIS PJS WAKING UP IN HIS OWN ROOM.

Both Pudge and Bull are getting dressed into their own
uniforms, Pudge in his Sheriff gear and Bull in his Bretland
Uniform. They comb their hair and get neat and tidy. This is
all to Grandma Gaia's words.

GRANDMA GAIA (CONT'D)

They put on costumes and makeup...
to give performances of make-
believe to make'em believe...
temperamental children playing
theater urning for applause.
Meanwhile, the other kids just nod
their heads hating it, but hoping
it'll work out well for them.

FLOWER

Why don't they just leave the game
if they don't like it... start over
without the mean kids?

FADE FROM PERVIOUS OVERLAPPED SCENES BACK TO THE DEVELOPED
BRETLAND. KIDS BEING OVERRULED BY THE RULING KIDS.

The defeated kids walk away to their structures pouting.

GRANDMA GAIA

People fear the unknown. They don't
understand the greater order... so
they surrender to the lower order,
the warped shadow of the real
thing. They don't know how they'd
survive without it. They can't
imagine another way. So they sit
and wait within the absurdity while
so many die... accepting that it's
just the way of things. All because
they prefer bitter familiarity over
the uncertainty of the unknown.

FADE FROM ALL PREVIOUS SCENES BACK TO THE DESERT SUNSET WITH MOUNTAINS TO THE SIDES.

GRANDMA GAIA (CONT'D)

They look at the empty space before us and see the earth as out to get them. They fear her and feel alone. But if all the ones not liking the game just walked away all at once, there would only be a few temperamental sick children left. Everything they need to survive and prosper would be with the many. They just have to find the few that have been learning the true laws of nature and learn true equality and order from them. Writing laws is not about making up laws, it's about realizing and uncovering the true laws. True legislation is writing them in a way that is realized into common sense. It's about speaking truth.

FLOWER

Don't hurt others, don't steal, be good to the land, always have pure intent and lead with compassion.

GRANDMA GAIA

Yes, dear. The truth is that the fire started because the many joined the few in a game invented by the few to give them power over the many. They all fed the game of ill imagination by contributing and reinforcing it. It only took a single spark to ignite a blaze. The fire grew to be a beast. He tore their stages down, destroyed their forts, burnt their costumes. Everything dense they built their identities on was taken back and returned to ash to meld with the earth from whence it came. And now, all they have left is each other. They have nowhere left to hide except within. The stage returns back into ash.

SCENE OVERLAP OF KIDS AND PEOPLE SITTING ON THE SIDEWALK ALL WAITING WITH NOTHING, AS THE FIRE IS BURNING DOWN THE CITY.