

EXT. FREEWAY

A black prison bus with HAZE01 stencilled on the side speeds along an empty freeway, near sunset. The sky is scorched and clogged with polluted clouds, a bruised purple. A seemingly endless procession of silhouetted industrial buildings rolls by in the distance.

INT. PRISON BUS

Fifty men and women sit inside the bus. The word 'ANOM' is written across the back of their red and black prison jumpsuits.

A darkness spreads through the vehicle as the shadow of the Haze01 building falls across the bus.

The vehicle comes to a standstill; the pilgrims are delivered.

INT. HAZE01, GROUND FLOOR

A young, pretty woman enters through a set of double doors. She's dressed professionally, with slender frameless glasses and a lab coat. She is carrying a leather bag. She crosses to a door and slides an ID card through a scanner. She seems hurried, stressed.

VOICE (V.O.)

Doctor Leigh Aleth authenticated.

Hello and welcome back Leigh.

LEIGH ALETH

Good evening, Voice.

The door opens.

CUT TO:

INT. HAZE01, HALLWAY

We see LEIGH standing from the POV of a video camera held by a man standing inside.

LEIGH steps into the room. She reaches out and touches the face of the person holding the camera. Her face smiles but hides a sadness.

LEIGH ALETH

Are you ready for this, Y-Y?

Y-Y

Ready Leigh.

LEIGH ALETH

You followed each of my instructions? If the chip wasn't removed exactly as I described...

Y-Y

Yes Dr. Aleth all of your instructions.

The camera moves as Y-Y puts his hand to his forehead and then outstretches his palm to show LEIGH. It's covered in blood.

Y-Y (CONT'D)

I cut it out in front of the mirror, I made sure I got all of it. Are you pleased with me?

LEIGH ALETH

(Sighs.)

Yes.

LEIGH takes out a white cloth and leans in to wipe the blood away from his head.

LEIGH ALETH (CONT'D)

More than I could hope for. You mustn't tell anyone how you cut yourself open. If anyone asks... tell them I got angry and that I did this to you.

Y-Y

But you wouldn't hurt me.

LEIGH ALETH

No, I wouldn't, but no one must find out what I asked you to do. Listen to me. If Dr. Rook knew he would take me away from you. Do you understand?

The camera shakes.

Y-Y

I won't tell anyone.

INT. HAZE01, LEIGH'S OFFICE

Y-Y follows LEIGH down a corridor.

LEIGH ALETH

Stay close, get everything. If I'm right, this will be the final record.

(LEIGH zones out for a beat, and then speaks again, this time under her breath, to herself.)

The final record...

The corridor opens into a room with a computer terminal, desk, several chairs, and a collection of books.

LEIGH crosses the room. Wires feed through the base of the computer into the wall. Projections dance on the far wall.

LEIGH types something into the keyboard. She pauses, her finger hangs over the return key. She turns, looks at Y-Y and hits enter.

Y-Y

How long before it happens Leigh?

LEIGH ALETH

About sixty minutes.

LEIGH inserts a small device into a free port, and flips a switch. We hear a whir, like something spooling up.

Y-Y

Is it working? Are you in the uplink?

LEIGH ALETH

Yes. I have the connection. We're live now.

Y-Y

Ready?

(He struggles to get the shot with his camera.)

LEIGH approaches the camera. She sits down in a chair and takes a breath. Straightens her hair and composes herself.

LEIGH ALETH

When I was just a girl, I lived in a world very much unlike this one. Few of us remember, but I do. The collapse happened fast. For a time, there was no power. No food in the supermarkets. A soft and docile public turns feral fast. All it takes is a couple days. The children of this century were born into the trash and refuse of yesterday's dreams. They imagined a world of shopping malls, reality TV, and pop music. Trappings of a carefree world, or so the myth goes. The 'Y' Program was built off those dreams.

(MORE)

LEIGH ALETH (CONT'D)

A smile painted crudely on the face of a monster. Treatment, rehabilitation. Most who submit themselves are easy to reprogram. They WANT to be- they want to be stars. It's so easy, sometimes it makes me sick.

She clicks a couple of keys on the keyboard. We see a feed of DIONYSUS.

LEIGH ALETH (CONT'D)

Not everyone is treatable. Haze01 holds two patients that cannot be "cured." They are special. Unique. They're locked away, so they can't infect the population with what they offer. One of them is a resource used by the Haze Corporation to retrieve hidden information from the other.

The feed changes to show LUA.

It needs them- the girl, the Artefact, most of all. The two patients are treated like carcinogens, when they are in fact the cure that will save us from ourselves.

Cuts back to LEIGH.

I'm not showing you this to absolve my guilt.

(MORE)

LEIGH ALETH (CONT'D)

I helped create this program. I know what I've done. I thought I was providing a solution. I was wrong, I was very wrong. Our last hope lies with these two. Don't look away. Stare at everything that's been hidden.

She flips the switch. The feed turns off. She turns back to Y-Y.

LEIGH ALETH (CONT'D)

Y-Y... If the Artefact was correct, the sleeping God is about to awake.

Y-Y

What happens then, Leigh?

LEIGH ALETH

I don't know.

INT. HAZE01, HEARTH

Now inside the room that LEIGH was peering at through the glass window, DIONYSUS sits naked in a circle of light in the centre of a cavernous hall.

The wall behind him is filled with projected images from LJA's dreams.

DIONYSUS seems unaware of the projections, focusing inwards, shivering and muttering to himself. He doesn't leave the circle of light.

Ten feet in front of DIONYSUS is a metal desk. DR. LEOPOLD wears a lab coat and is writing furiously. Notebooks are piled high on the right hand side of the desk. To the left hand side is a large, loudly ticking clock. DR. LEOPOLD glances up every two seconds at the shifting images on the wall.

DIONYSUS

(Ranting, his eyes  
closed.)

The moon looks down on a rusted  
horizon she reaches her fingers  
towards the heart of the spiral  
slivers of reflected light  
cutting cables and wires muscle  
and bone--

(DIONYSUS' eyes open)

She is almost here.

INT. HAZE01, RATIONALIZE INDUCTION

PRODUCTION NOTE: FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF THE AUDIENCE /  
ANOMS, THE PERFORMANCE BEGINS HERE.

The ANOMS stand huddled tightly together.

Fear destroys personal space.

Immediately upon entry, hoods are placed on the heads of  
the ANOMS. They are brought into RATIONALIZE INDUCTION  
blind.

One by one, their hoods are removed by rough and unseen hands. Eyes are opened to the pitch darkness of RATIONALIZE INDUCTION.

Four screens power on. Each screen is set into one of the four walls of the room. The largest screen hangs above the only exit in the room: a metal door.

Static.

Below each of the screens stands a CITIZEN Y dressed head to toe in the Citizen Y uniform. Their uniform is an even mix of 1950's optimistic futurism and the fascist designs of the same era, well branded with the Citizen Y logo. Civilian soldiers, ready to fight in the name of profit. The perfect citizen in the future is half human, half product.

Y GRIN steps out of the darkness into the glow of static.

Saliva drips from the largest of grins- a common condition attributed to the Series One Citizen Ys, all of whom suffer from repetitive smile injuries caused from programmed behavioural traits such as the Forever Happiness Code (TM) designed by Dr. Scott Leopold. Y GRIN is gaunt, even skeletal. He wears goggles that make him seem bug eyed, further accentuating his deformed grin.

Y GRIN

Hello, I am Citizen Y. You can  
call me Y. It's time to start  
your Rationalize Induction!

The screens flicker and come to life, playing their video feeds simultaneously. The rest of the room remains dark.

**SCREEN ONE**

This screen plays a montage of shorts, on an endless loop:

Harsh, high-contrast, blue-treated footage. Pornography of all types. The hollow despair of a man sitting before the TV dribbling as he masturbates to the gun channel. Animal treatment videos. Fat children play complicated and futuristic game systems. Interspersed and incredibly quick clips of sitcoms and game shows.

Images of human compassion, all shot in over-exposed, warm tones with a soft blur. Love. Happiness. Clasped hands. Families playing games in parks. Couples holding smiling children.

**Y GRIN (CONT'D)**

Not real. Lies.

Four words scroll across all the screens.

**YOU**

**CAN'T**

**HAVE**

**IT**

**ALL**

**Y GRIN (CONT'D)**

Course Y can't! Can Y?!

## SCREEN TWO

This is a pre-recorded feed from the HEARTH, starting at zero hour.

## SCREEN THREE

This is a pre-recorded feed from the ATRIUM, starting at zero hour.

## SCREEN FOUR (largest screen)

A female in a 'Citizen Y' outfit stands before an animated 'Citizen Y' logo on a green screen. This is the avatar of VOICE. Her voice rings with the staccato of a voice text speech synthesiser.

### VOICE (SCREEN 1)

You have now entered the 'Y'  
Program. You have voluntarily  
rescinded all human rights.  
Prepare for treatment to begin.

Y GRIN takes a clipboard off the wall. The lights come up as the images on the screens repeat, only faster.

A golden line is painted around the four walls and a small square is painted on the floor before a small window. A voice begins to speak over the Haze01 facility intercom.

### VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Welcome potential Citizen Ys to  
Haze 01. Haze 01: Original hyper  
factory. I am Voice. Let's have some  
fun, let's have some fun.

(MORE)

VOICE (V.O.) (CONTÓD)

We are pleased that you have now accepted Haze01 as your new home. We will rationalize your existence through your induction into the 'Citizen Y' Program. We pride ourselves on offering you a safe and secure environment to exist in. You will follow a personalized re-education plan created from your data shadow. To ensure your safety and our profit, every Citizen Y within Haze01 will aid you on your journey to the proud day when you become a Citizen Y.

(The CITIZEN YS clap.)

Y GRIN

Line up here. You!

(Y GRIN points to a  
YOUNG WOMAN.)

Y you! Step forward and stand  
before the window.

VOICE (V.O.)

Step right up for fun. You will  
smile forever.

The YOUNG WOMAN steps into the golden square. A camera flashes inside the window. A tiny square slot opens. Suddenly an arm thrusts through the opening holding a mask. Embedded in the forehead of the mask is a photograph of the female Anom. A projection is cast across her body, running projected meta information. A list of social networking IDs.

On the left cheek is a list of restricted activities that have been attributed to the ANOM.

Y GRIN

Good Anom. Wear it until the happy day you become a fresh Citizen Y. Perhaps, if you're UNLUCK enough, always and forever Anom. The rest of you line up for your mask.

The ANOMS are all processed in the same manner. They are then escorted to a golden line before the two large metal doors.

ANOM 1 (PLANT)

(Whispered.)

Where are we?

ANOM 2 (PLANT)

I don't know-

Four CITIZEN YS immediately flank the ANOMS, throw sacks over their heads and drag them off, kicking and screaming.

Y GRIN

Your entry into Haze01 is permitted on the understanding that you are not permitted to use your voice again. No speaking. If you remove your mask you will be vanished.

CITIZEN YS

(Together.)

Vanished.

Y GRIN

If you deface your mask, you will  
be vanished.

CITIZEN YS

(Together.)

Vanished.

Y GRIN

If you speak softly behind your  
mask, you will be vanished.

CITIZEN YS

(Together.)

Vanished.

Y GRIN

The 'Citizen Y' Project will  
rationalize who you really are.

(The doors open.)

Time for your medicine.

He holds a large bottle of bright tablets. He pops a tablet into each of the ANOMS'S mouths and then points to the open door. One at a time, they file into REALITY DEPROGRAMMING. Y GRIN follows. The doors close.

Y GRIN (CONT'D)

Everything is clean; everything  
is new.

INT. HAZE01, ASSISTED LIVING

A golden line travels around a large hall, passing three doors. These doors are labelled REALITY DEPROGRAMMING, HEALTH RESOURCE REALIGNMENT and 'Y' PRODUCTION OFFICE respectively.

INT. HAZE01, REALITY DEPROGRAMMING

LEIGH welcomes the ANOMS into a brightly lit living room. Her demeanor has changed. She motions for the ANOMS to sit down on a sofa at the back of the room. Y-Y stands to her side, with his head down. The CITIZEN YS from RATIONALIZE INDUCTION enter and form a semi-circle behind her, all standing with arms crossed, staring straight ahead like a group of marines.

LEIGH ALETH

We have such special Anoms for you this season- Anoms like no other! Working for the honor of being this year's Citizen Ys. One day their journey could be yours. Every Anom desires for nothing more than reprocessing in Haze01. They will have a life of freedom from fear. A life of new hope.

(LEIGH stops. For a very brief moment her act crumbles. She struggles to re-compose herself, and then jumps back in.)

(MORE)

LEIGH ALETH (CONT'D)

The transformation is now four times more effective thanks to public demand! Snaffle a ticket to witness the stars of yesterday become today's Citizen Ys. Expect tears of joy as your lifelong dreams and fairy tale fantasies are replaced by the painless readjustment that the 'Y' Project offers. Participant Anoms will recuperate at this luxurious "Makeover Factory", complete with stunning views inside your soul. 'Citizen Y' grants the wishes of all participant Anoms.

(She takes hold of a female ANOM.)

You.

(She points at her.)

An aspiring actress who has flown directly from truth to attend the premiere of her own guilt.

(She grabs another ANOM.)

A girl, long ridiculed for her looks, finally hidden for the first time within her mask. We won't let her come out until she's fresh and new.

(Pointing.)

(MORE)

LEIGH ALETH (CONT'D)

A talented musician who learns that all music is irrelevant at this, the last gig you ever need play. You must learn what's important, we only want you to have purpose, so that we permit your birth within the New World.

The intercom crackles into life.

VOICE (V.O.)

All transformations are manifested via the patented 'Citizen Y' treatment.

Y GRIN

(Stepping forward.)

Lady and Gentleman Anoms, I give you Voice!

(The CITIZEN YS and ANOMS erupt into clapping.)

Voice ensures that you realize you are no longer special. Never were; dream dead. A fast and furious wardrobe removal of hairstyles and makeup choices. A group overhaul for you lucky Anoms, with anti-results that reveal news that you can use. A whole new look, without the need for invasive plastic surgery. Personality remodelling!

(MORE)

Y GRIN (CONT'D)

We build pristine psychic architectures to cure your rotten insides. Enjoy the peace of mind that the lack of any reasonable choice delivers.

(Y GRIN places his arms outwards mimicking Christ on the cross.)

Pause now. Listen.

(His breathing slows down.)

The final emotional reveal. You are no more. Everything you desired was a lie. Wet your eyes; see the field grow fresh new flesh. All for the good of society. Leave behind what you were and evict the lie at the centre of your mind. Step forth a better human as you experience the honest love of nothing within the pride of 'Citizenship Y'! you finally belong to something!

(The lights go out in the room.)

INT. HAZE01, HEARTH

DR. LEOPOLD reaches the last page in his current notebook. He snatches a new notebook, grabs hold of his pencil, opens the journal and starts to write once more.

The pencil snaps.

DR. LEOPOLD

No!

DR. LEOPOLD opens a drawer and takes another pencil out. We see that his drawer is filled with hundreds of identical pencils, all perfectly sharpened and organized in orderly rows. His eyes remain fixed on the wall trying desperately not to miss any of the images displayed. He drops the pencil to the floor in his rush to continue his notes.

DIONYSUS

How long have I been-?

(Gaining some amount of  
lucidity.)

DR. LEOPOLD ignores his question and stops writing. He is studying the video.

DR. LEOPOLD

Something's wrong. This shouldn't  
be happening!

DIONYSUS

Am I even here?

(He looks down to  
inspect himself.)

Am I even-

DR. LEOPOLD

Interpret the dream images. Stop  
talking to me.

(MORE)

DR. LEOPOLD (CONT'D)

(He says this while still focusing on the screen. For the first time DIONYSUS notices the projections on the wall.)

Damnit! I almost-

(Bangs his fist on the table.)

VOICE (V.O.)

Information retrieval jeopardized. Dr. Leopold: failure in agreed benchmark of care and expertise. Dr. Nielsen, you have been promoted. Please remove Dr. Leopold from his post.

DR. LEOPOLD

Please! I can remember what I saw, I didn't miss anything. I didn't wake him! Something interrupted the feed.

Three CITIZEN YS enter the HEARTH.

VOICE (V.O.)

Recommend Scott Leopold for Rationalize Induction. Dr. Leopold- you have been reassigned Anom status.

DR. NIELSEN rushes in, journal already in hand. He's already scrawling what he sees on the wall. DR. NIELSEN is short and round, a stark contrast to the much taller DR. LEOPOLD.

DR. NIELSEN

Move.

DR. LEOPOLD

Give me another chance!

DR. NIELSEN

I said move!

DR. LEOPOLD rushes DIONYSUS and draws his fist back to strike him.

DIONYSUS calmly peers up into DR. LEOPOLD's eyes. DR. LEOPOLD's expression immediately goes from rage to terror. DR. LEOPOLD is literally frozen in place, at least for a moment.

Three CITIZEN YS take hold of DR. LEOPOLD. DR. NIELSEN begins to record the images in his notebook.

DIONYSUS stands and pulls a CITIZEN Y off of DR. LEOPOLD. The CITIZEN Y turns and tries to take hold of DIONYSUS by the head. DIONYSUS hits the CITIZEN Y in the throat, who then drops to the floor. DIONYSUS grabs the two remaining CITIZEN YS holding DR. LEOPOLD from behind by their heads and pulls them backwards onto the floor. Both their heads smash against the floor with dull thuds. DR. LEOPOLD stands before DIONYSUS.

DR. LEOPOLD

Don't kill me.

DIONYSUS

Where am I?

DR. NEILSEN

It's no longer dreaming. What should  
I do?

DIONYSUS

Answer me. Where am I?

DR. NEILSEN

Should I record its words?

VOICE (V.O.)

Yes, Dr. Nielsen.

DIONYSUS

Should I still be dreaming?

(DR. NIELSEN is writing  
DIONYSUS' words down. He  
is terrified.)

VOICE (V.O.)

Yes, Dionysus.

DIONYSUS

Where is she?

(DIONYSUS points at the  
projections.)

DR. NIELSEN

Who?

DIONYSUS

These images... They are like a code. When I look at it, I see something different. It's like looking at the face of a lover, through ever-shifting fog. Or ripples on the surface of water. She is under there. Between the pixels. I can FEEL her.

(DIONYSUS pauses, contemplating, and then takes a step towards DR. NIELSEN.)

But... who am I?

CUT TO:

POV CCTV - DR NIELSEN

DR. NIELSEN stares up at camera looking down on him.

DR. NIELSEN

Should I answer it?

CUT TO:

INT. HAZE01, HEARTH

DIONYSUS

Doctor Nielsen. That's your name, isn't it? Why are you ignoring me?

DR. NIELSEN

What should I do? Voice?

DIONYSUS

I remember life. I remember color. Everything is grey now. This world is dying, your words are like the rattling of a dried gourd. Fragile and far away. Is this the end of everything? Am I dead?

(DR. NIELSEN is panicking trying to write down all that DIONYSUS has said.)

DR. NIELSEN

What? Say that again!

(In desperation.)

Please can you repeat that last sentence? I never got all you said.

(DIONYSUS picks up one of the notebooks, opens it and begins to read.)

DIONYSUS

What do you write in these?

(DIONYSUS turns back to DR. NIELSEN and reads from the journal.)

DIONYSUS (CONT'D)

Day six hundred and eighty. This morning the uplink with the Artefact caused the Demigod to weep blood. He no longer recalls his past human lives, he is becoming--

(DIONYSUS looks up at DR. NIELSEN accusingly before finishing.)

--A God. This is about me, isn't it? Past lives? How many?

DR. NIELSEN

This eventuality falls outside of my training. Voice- please tell me what to do?

(DIONYSUS grabs DR. NIELSEN by his chin.)

DIONYSUS

WHAT AM I?!

(He takes hold of DR. NIELSEN's face with both hands.)

VOICE (V.O.)

The answer is fact. Live constellation confirmed within your DNA. You are not divisible, you cannot be broken down, nor digested.

DR. NIELSEN

(To VOICE.)

Not so, its just a matter of-

DIONYSUS lets go of DR. NIELSEN suddenly, crosses to the wall and touches the images on it fondly, as if caressing a lover's face. He is now speaking to the images on the wall, rather than the doctors.

DIONYSUS

My moon, my joy. I remember your reflections. I promised you I would remember. I know you're dreaming now, but I will find you. We will escape this place.

DIONYSUS turns towards DR. NIELSEN suddenly with wild eyes.

VOICE (V.O.)

Give him your clothes Dr. Nielsen, before he kills you.

DR. NIELSEN takes his clothes off while feebly continuing to write down what he has heard, DR. NIELSEN hands DIONYSUS his clothes. DIONYSUS dresses.

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Artefact belongs to us, we play it like an instrument. It teaches us the future. You are merely an interface, an interpreter of the Artefact's past and future life visions.

DIONYSUS

The... Artefact? She's not a  
THING!

VOICE (V.O.)

No-one. No-one is interested in  
what you once were. They stopped  
caring. We still care. We  
permitted your myth to pulse.  
You're both trapped in flesh.  
Forced mortality. Your past is  
close to deletion. 'Y' is all  
that's left.

DIONYSUS

No. She remembers. I know it.

(DIONYSUS points again  
to the projections,  
almost accusingly.)

VOICE (V.O.)

She remembers a future that will  
not be permitted to occur. This  
future has a rate of failure of  
fifty percent. Subsequent system  
collapse is one hundred percent.  
Your heat has purpose in this  
Hearth. Her dream cannot shine if  
it isn't remembered.

DIONYSUS

When we look out into the world,  
we all look into mirrors.

(MORE)

DIONYSUS (CONT'D)

You are a machine- an instrument,  
a tool. I can't blame you for  
seeing the world that way. But  
I'm still going to reprogram you.  
Take you apart one piece at a  
time. Maybe I am just the  
spiritual equivalent of  
hydrochloric acid? I guess we'll  
find out.

DIONYSUS leaves the HEARTH.

DR. NIELSEN

Voice! Get the feed back online!

The feed flickers again, and then returns.

INT. HAZE01, ASSISTED LIVING, Y PRODUCTION OFFICE

A large room that is filled with monitors and medical  
supplies. ANOMS and CITIZEN YS mill around the room looking  
lost.

LEIGH stands inside the room. Y-Y is with her recording.

CAMERA MAN and DR. ROOK's assistant GAIL are gearing up.  
Cameras and assorted equipment are placed around them.  
Behind a large desk sits a man who has a very prominent  
seventies moustache. He stands and puts on his lab coat, a  
very gaudy, even pimp-like version of what the other  
doctors wear. Printed on the back of the lab coat is DR.  
ROOK in large gold letters.

DR. ROOK

What the fuck was that? You almost lost it up there.

LEIGH ALETH

My introduction.

DR. ROOK

To what?

LEIGH ALETH

This season?

DR. ROOK

No. You know what that was!

LEIGH ALETH

Why don't you tell me?

DR. ROOK

A limp dick. How the fuck are we going to cure them if you can't even make them *hard* for the cure?

LEIGH ALETH

I-

DR. ROOK

Do you even understand what's at stake?

LEIGH ALETH

Of course I do.

DR. ROOK

You want to go back to Hicksville and begin treating psyched out post partum whores high on their own despair? Is that the kind of medicine you want to practice? Are you bored working at the cutting edge? The 'Y' Project has made you a fucking goddess, worshipped by the dribbling meat that pray to the Y-Show and you fucking thank me by turning in the weakest season opener I've ever seen.

LEIGH ALETH

(LEIGH finds her voice.

Her tone is steady and sharp.)

Listen to me. You think that they care about you? They don't care who runs this facility, they don't give a shit. Read the stats again.

(DR. ROOK looks down at his desk.)

Let me remind you what you are. You're the equivalent of televised Ebola.

(MORE)

LEIGH ALETH (CONT'D)

Your personality floats through the halls of Haze01 sticking to the walls, infecting and negating the glorious "medicinal entertainment" that the 'Y' Show offers. We can't have you on air for more than a few segments or our audience's eyes would drip down their faces. I mean, unless our intention is to get our audience to commit mass suicide. I'm not one of your Anoms. We have nothing this season. Give me something to work with before they come here and take you away and do things that even you even you wouldn't find enjoyable.

DR. ROOK

(Waves his hand at LEIGH dismissively and turns to GAIL.)

Time?

GAIL

When you're ready.

DR. ROOK

(Turns back to LEIGH.)

Go. Now. Before I have you raped by a gang of your dedicated fans.

GAIL

Oh, can we? I want to film it. We could watch it together and-

DR. ROOK

(Cutting her off.)

-Gail, that's called hyperbole.

(Looks at LEIGH.)

At least, for now.

LEIGH and Y-Y turn to leave the room. LEIGH secretly attaches a recording device to the underside of the desk.

DR. ROOK (CONT'D)

Remember the fucking holy and ever lasting God and the Artefact are the focus for the emotional reveal!

LEIGH ALETH

(Over her shoulder.)

The prophecy?

DR. ROOK

Buried. Don't even mention it. Focus on the God and the Artefact.

Y-Y and LEIGH leave the room.

GAIL

Three.

DR. ROOK

Gail don't take your fucking eyes  
off me. I want you close enough  
that you feel my turgid meat on  
your leg.

GAIL

Two.

Close-up of DR. ROOK licking his lips.

INT. HAZE01, REPOSITORY

A large room that mixes the atmosphere of a mouldy museum  
and a church. A sign hangs in the centre of the room:

KNOW TH-Y SELF!

The room is filled with cabinets, display cases, books and  
curious artefacts from before the fall. In writing above  
one wall the word 'ANTECEDENT' is written. In another area  
the word 'BEHAVIOUR' is written.

At the back of the room, a line of ANOMS stand ready to  
confess their personality defects into the clinical Secret  
Booths: A hybrid of church confessional and government  
voting booth.

The REPOSITORY is filled with CITIZEN YS. They're sorting  
through the votes cast in the clinical booths by the ANOMS.  
An archive of the material is being prepared for storage. At  
the front of the room is a podium. Y LIBRARIAN stands behind  
it. Monitors around the room play a film that covers the  
evils of the world before the 'Y' Project.

Images of destruction. Nuclear explosions. Holocaust.  
Environmental, financial and social collapse.

#### Y LIBRARIAN

The culling of humanity was a  
stunning lesson in social  
science. Falling forwards towards  
our demise. The concrete floor of  
history taught a stern lesson:  
our soft faces smash against  
fact. The 'Y' Project was a direct  
response to global catastrophe.  
The 'Y' Project converted folly to  
opportunity, a celebration of  
what made humanity great. The  
human race left the past behind  
in payment for what we will  
become. Behold the future! Come  
forward and confess your past  
sins.

In the booths there are forms. Beneath the 'Y' logo and  
locations for entering personal information, there are a  
series of questions:

WHAT ARE YOU MOST ASHAMED OF?

WHY ARE YOU WORTHY OF ADMITTANCE?

(Y LIBRARIAN hands the  
pile of voted secrets to  
Y GRIN.)

Y GRIN

My family is nothing, hated them always. They messed me. Pushed me together. I am the placer. I place things. Things that shouldn't be placed in the places that I place them. I put sharp things inside people. Hide pointed things. Dirty things in soft sweet meat. Wet sticky holes for birthing. I want you to place the sharpness of 'Y' inside me. Tear pieces of me away. Hard or sharp. Carve out my hate. Place the code. Shatter me. You tell me that I'm dead and I love you for it. I am a family hater, a family murderer.

(CITIZEN YS erupt into clapping and cheers at the secret revealed.)

INT. HAZEOL, TREATMENT

Another door opens in the TREATMENT Hall. Suspended in the centre of the room from the ceiling are a line of harnesses. The walls are covered in charts depicting what look to be periodic tables. In the place of the chemical compounds on these tables are the names of demons, spirits and Gods. Rusted tentacles coil around these diagrams, running into and out of the walls.

The public are being cured of their archetypes.

CITIZEN YS guide ANOMS to the harnesses and strap them in.  
Other CITIZEN YS stand in the background, chanting a  
chorus.

CITIZEN YS

(Repeating chant.)

In the temple of the temple  
of the temple of the Holy  
sits a woman who is waiting  
who is waiting for the Sun  
in the temple of the temple  
in the temple of the Holy  
creeping shadows  
falling darkness  
she is waiting for the Sun.  
For the people of the people  
by the people making people  
in the temple of the temple  
of the temple of the Holy  
She is weeping for the people  
of the people making people  
in the temple of the temple  
in the temple of the Sun.  
No one's listening  
are you listening?  
I'm not listening  
no-one's listening  
in the temple of the temple  
in the temple of the Holy  
to her crying she is crying  
I am crying in the temple  
in the temple of the temple

(MORE)

CITIZEN YS (CONT'D)

of the temple of the Sun.  
Hearing voices crying voices  
wailing voices all in chorus  
of the temple and the temple  
and the temple of the Holy  
falling deeper ever deeper  
even deeper than the Holy  
in the temple of the temple  
in the temple of the Sun.

LILITH approaches ANOMS as they hang, suspended. She  
whispers cryptic messages to them.

LILITH

All of your desires are laid bare  
in front of me.

LILITH (CONT'D)

Those most precious, secret  
things.

LILITH (CONT'D)

Now they are mine.

LILITH (CONT'D)

The terror of your end. I can  
taste it.

LILITH (CONT'D)

Your end has come. And it is  
beautiful.

LILITH (CONT'D)

Welcome to ground zero.

LILITH (CONT'D)

Welcome home.

When all of the ANOMS have been approached, the CITIZEN YS cease chanting and begin unharnessing the ANOMS. LILITH leaves the room.

INT. HAZE01, ATRIUM

A large crib is in the centre of this room.

Lights above the bed are hidden behind shutters.

Lying strapped in the bed is LJA. Wires are embedded in her head and run into the wall. A disfigured teddy bear lies beside her, a misguided attempt by Y LIGHT to provide some comfort.

There is a projection feed in this room of neurological imaging.

Y LIGHT sits next to the bed holding an ultraviolet light that he's shining directly onto the restrained girl's face.

LJA writhes in her sleep. Y LIGHT adjusts the brightness of the ultraviolet lamp he holds above her face.

It reaches maximum capacity. Previously hidden banks of lights on the walls surrounding the bed slowly grow in brightness.

LJA writhes in agony. He hooks his lamp above her face and tries to restrain her.

He presses an intercom next to the bed.

Y LIGHT

The Artefact's lightmares are too  
violent! What should I do?

The lights on the wall are now blinding. Y LIGHT pulls dark goggles down over his eyes and desperately tries to restrain the girl.

The lights suddenly go out.

INT. HAZE01, HEARTH

The HEARTH is illuminated in a bright flash of light as LUA wakes. DR. NIELSEN drops his pencil. DR. LEOPOLD sits in the circle mesmerized. The light slowly dims to a warm glow. The projections cease.

DR. LEOPOLD

What... caused that?

DR. NIELSEN ignores the question.

DR. LEOPOLD (CONT'D)

(Looking around.)

The lightmare projection... it's-

DR. NIELSEN

-Gone. I noticed. She's awake.

DR. LEOPOLD begins rocking back and forth in the circle.

INT. HAZE01, ASSISTED LIVING, 'Y' PRODUCTION OFFICE

GAIL

-One.

DR. ROOK

No, no, hold. Damn it. Voice has requested to speak to us off-air.

(GAIL throws a switch on the wall. An OFF-AIR air sign illuminates.)

POV SECRET CAMERA 'Y' PRODUCTION OFFICE

A black and white image flickers from a hidden camera in the ceiling of the 'Y' PRODUCTION OFFICE as those that record are recorded by their own overlords, the COALITION. At the same time LEIGH's recording device transmits audio to Y-Y. No-one is ever off air.

VOICE (V.O.)

The Demigod installed a virus within the facility.

DR. ROOK

We inoculated the facility. And it will be good for ratings. So what, exactly, has your panties in a bunch?

VOICE (V.O.)

Minor temporal disturbances recorded within Haze01 have now been corrected.

DR. ROOK

Well, good. Was that all you needed? I'm busy.

VOICE (V.O.)

It is thirty days, seventeen hours, thirteen minutes and eight seconds since we last had any communication from the network.

DR. ROOK

It is unusual. The new intake of Anoms were delivered tonight. Yes?

VOICE (V.O.)

Yes.

DR. ROOK

Well, the cut off in communication is probably due to audience figures. Historic moment people: We've crossed a threshold needed for success!

(GAIL and the CAMERA MAN cheer and clap.)

VOICE (V.O.)

Agreed. 'Y' manufacturing has reached maximum threshold.

DR. ROOK

Yes, no one is left to watch. Nearly all of the public have been processed. I'm about to reboot the storyline for this season.

(MORE)

DR. ROOK (CONT'D)

Our old demographic is dead. Long  
live the new demographic.

GAIL

Dr. Rook, you're a genius.

DR. ROOK

We have an audience made of  
shiny, fresh Ys. They need  
something new.

(DR. ROOK ponders for a  
moment, smoothing down  
his moustache.)

Why do you think the network  
hasn't called? Maybe they're  
testing us. Doesn't matter. The  
storyline is online.

He looks at one of the video monitors showing a feed of  
DIONYSUS wandering the hallways.

Ah, he's looking for the  
Artefact. Fucking A. Now *this* is  
something we can work with.

(GAIL and the CAMERAMAN  
clap.)

Watch now as we burn as hot as  
the motherfucking Sun.

VOICE (V.O.)

The God awoke when it was  
attacked. We no longer have the  
ability to contain either of  
them.

(MORE)

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If we do not act within sixty minutes, Haze01 will become infected with her GraveLand virus. She will need a full imagination sterilization within the hour.

DR. ROOK

What did I say? What the fuck did I say to the consortium when we couldn't treat them? Imagination sterilization for the Artefact and dump the God in the fucking deep black sea. Gail, what am I baby?

GAIL

Always right.

DR. ROOK

Ex-actly.

VOICE (V.O.)

This situation is unique. We can finally process them both as Citizen Ys.

DR. ROOK

Fine, but don't process yet. What's the point in a God dying unless our audience watches it occur live on TV?

GAIL

How will we get enough footage?

DR. ROOK

"How will we get enough footage?"  
Gail, honeyslut. That's what we  
fucking do, isn't it? We'll live  
edit until we have all the  
miracles and plagues. I want our  
audience to see the delicious  
moment when they are both  
processed.

VOICE (V.O.)

You have sixty minutes before the  
time comes to either process or  
terminate. The Artefact has  
little use unless she is able to  
offer live readings across all  
aspects of the future. I must  
witness the future to control it.

DR. ROOK

Where is he?

VOICE (V.O.)

He's entering Assisted Living.

DR. ROOK

Well, turn the fucking cameras  
on. It's show time!

GAIL

We're live.

The 'Y' PRODUCTION TEAM leave their office and make their way to the centre hall of ASSISTED LIVING. DR. ROOK turns and addresses the camera.

DR. ROOK

Welcome one and all to the dawn of the New World. We stand ready to see the light fall on a better Earth, where Citizen Ys give selflessly to those of us so burdened with power. You have watched closely as my experienced medical television team helped you become a better you. Now, as we reach our final goal together, will the human race succeed in crossing the 'Y' threshold? Will the total number of living Citizen Ys finally outnumber the filth of humanity? Will the 'Citizen Y' Project succeed in protecting us from ourselves? Now, we take our greatest challenge: We seek the last few. Tonight, we explore the stories of two awful examples of emotional sedition. Voice, our glorious Mother will subdue their myth so that 'Y' inherits the New World.

( D R .

(MORE)

DR. ROOK (CONT'D)  
ROOK motions towards  
DIONYSUS as he walks  
into the room oblivious  
to what is happening,  
lost in thought.)

This thing before you believes it  
is a God, it wants us to kneel  
before it, debauch ourselves in  
the profanity of worship. Watch  
as we cure it with the conceit of  
its own myth.

He follows the entrance into HEALTH RESOURCE REALIGNMENT.

INT. HAZE01, HEALTH RESOURCE REALIGNMENT

Two lines of beds are slanted against opposite walls. A large  
golden minus sign is painted above one set of beds and a plus  
sign above the other set of beds.

Lying in the minus beds are the morbidly obese. Needles are  
embedded in their flesh and their fat is being siphoned off.  
It travels along transparent tubes that run along the length  
of the ceiling and down the walls to the beds on the opposite  
side of the room, where a gold plus sign is displayed. The  
tubes pump thick globs of human fat into the mouths of the  
anorexic patients who are strapped into the plus beds.

A sign hangs down from the centre of the room.

"Y - Y = NOTHING"

DIONYSUS stands looking at the fat and the thin. The sound of their slurping mixes with a deep, thrumming beat. DR. ROOK films DIONYSUS' reaction to the scene.

DIONYSUS

Where is she? The Artefact?

Y MATRON

Oh, we know how to find artefacts,  
don't we girls?

(Y MATRON motions to the  
girls.)

We are ready to worship you.

One by one the fattest girls in the horizontal beds begin to gyrate in their beds. In the opposite beds the anorexic girls' mouths overflow with the dripping fat pumped through the pipes quicker by the bed-ridden dance of the obese.

Y MATRON (CONT'D)

Watch as these pathetic animals  
fall prey to the insanity of love.  
These women are lost, starving and  
gorging themselves to try to  
conform to your imagined demands.  
Sent insane from the desire you  
instil.

(Y MATRON scoops fat from  
one of the anorexic's  
mouth.)

Y MATRON (CONT'D)

Inside everyone here is the  
straight razor of a bad joke. Are  
you hungry?

DIONYSUS

(Looks weary, then  
neutral.)

No. You will never be fit to serve  
me. Death will be your only  
salvation.

The minus and plus ANOMS begin to laugh. They're in hysterics;  
they thrash and tear at their flesh. The anorexics are  
pulling strips off their flesh. They throw the pieces to  
their fat sisters who greedily catch and eat the fresh strips  
of flesh like greedy seals.

DIONYSUS turns and leaves the room followed by the 'Y'  
PRODUCTION TEAM.

INT. HAZE01, TREATMENT

A corridor ends in a single metal door. Above the door a  
golden sign hangs.

"HEAL TH-Y SELF"

Painful, self-inflicted laughter rings out from behind the  
metal door.

The laughter in the corridor stops. The metal door opens.

ANOMS are guided to kneel before a wall of speakers. Each  
of them wear Haze01 branded gas masks.

The breathing tubes funnel off into a thick wire that splits and connects directly to the monolithic Anom Machine.

Two CITIZEN YS stand next to the machine. Their eyes and lips have been sewn shut. Their thumbs have been surgically removed and sewn into their ear canals. They turn to each other and shake hands; they feel their way past each other and find a raised golden line that leads around the room to their stations at the machine's controls. Once they are both at the machine they both turn a dial.

Screams ring out from the Anom Machine at the end of the corridor. The ANOMS kneel, attached to the vast machine.

The CITIZEN YS stand before the Anom Machine monitoring the flow of information from the ANOMS.

DIONYSUS enters and stands, listening to the noises that the Anom Machine produces.

DIONYSUS

Is this cacophony the heart of  
the machine?

The CITIZEN YS tilt their deaf, dumb, blind heads to the side.

DIONYSUS (CONT'D)

I see. Puppets dance so smoothly  
when they can't feel the strings.  
Time for a new composer.

DIONYSUS begins to pull and push the various attached levers and knobs. The screams of the ANOMS change.

Their pain is becoming tuned. The speakers now emit strange ululations. DIONYSUS moves across the machine, pulling and punching dials, playing the immense instrument. The two blind CITIZEN YS begin to dance grotesquely as he produces beautiful, painful music from the Anom Machine.

INT. HAZE01, UNIVERSITY

The seats of the University are filled with CITIZEN YS, sitting with 'Y' Induction books at the ready.

LILITH stands towards the back of the room.

LILITH ushers some stray ANOMS from the hallway into the remaining chairs.

JIM EVANS walks out onto the stage and looks out across his class. He takes out a register.

JIM EVANS

Y?

Y

Here.

JIM EVANS

Y?

Y

Here.

JIM EVANS

Y?

Y

Here.

JIM EVANS calls out "Y" for each of the CITIZEN YS who sit in the Lecture hall.

JIM EVANS

Lilith, could you please get the doors? It is time for the class to begin.

JIM EVANS looks around nervously after he has completed roll call. He scans the ceiling, looking for recording devices, and then waits for LILITH to close the doors at the back of the classroom. LILITH then turns on a projector, which casts a silent, lurid cut-up of pornography across the room. JIM EVANS clears his throat and gets out his lecture notes.

JIM EVANS (CONT'D)

Citizens. For all of your delusions of self awareness, you focus the majority of your energy on the illusion of an external world conveyed to you by your senses, re-enforcing a belief that you must constantly live in relation to. The ' ' Program uses this impulse, further enslaving you to the wills of faculty administration. This will not be your regularly scheduled class.

(Some of the CITIZEN YS begin to shuffle uncomfortably.)

JIM EVANS (CONT'D)

\*

No, don't bother getting up, the doors are already locked. There is still hope for you. A virus has been inserted into the system, and I am its carrier- an embodiment of one of Dionysus' past selves: Jim Evans. Welcome to my re-habilitation re-habilitation class. Pay attention, and you might just come out an "I" instead of a "Y".

LILITH

These 'Citizens' are beyond your help. Just meat. Empty meat.

(LILITH pats one of the CITIZEN YS on the head with mock affection. She then begins to walk around the room, casually tying the CITIZEN YS and stray ANOMS to their chairs by their legs. As she is doing so, she occasionally taunts and teases them.

(MORE)

LILITH (CONT'D)

Once they are tied down,  
LILITH continues this,  
generally intruding on  
their personal space and  
knocking them out of  
comfortable or passive  
observation.)

JIM EVANS

So, as I was saying, social  
expectations and norms eat up the  
vast majority of your energy and  
attention. It is clear why so many  
mystical and spiritual traditions  
emphasize the importance of cutting  
off all social responsibilities.  
Spiritual work demands all of our  
attention and energy. How can  
anyone perform the inner journey  
when they are so concerned with  
other's expectations and beliefs?

LILITH

Leave them. Delete them. Fucking  
forget them.

JIM EVANS

This hypothetical world, the outside world, inevitably becomes a mirror for your internal world, so that your state of mind, your very being is predicated on the information you receive from the outside. Stuck outside the glass, as you are now, this external projection can be used to control the inner world of your thoughts and dreams. Your thoughts and feelings about others are the *projections* you have made to deal with a part of your self you have yet to integrate.

(JIM EVANS clears his throat, and seems to lose his place for a moment. When he comes back to attention it is with great focus, however.)

You are all artistic geniuses. Every moment, your nervous system lies, deceives, and invents a reality from chaos. You will cling to your beliefs even when convincing contrary evidence is fed to you. You have been inducted into the program.

(MORE)

JIM EVANS (CONT'D)

The path that I am going to show you is the only remaining road to freedom.

Even now, you're trying to rationalize this information into the scheme they've erected for you. It is natural for you to identify with your "I" without recognizing its function, or the fact that it is merely the tip of the iceberg. All of that submerged mythological matter, the ground of your dreams, art, religions, even the very structure of your body, is dismissed. Freedom from the program demands that you deal with *this* as the ground of your being, with the "I" put in its proper role as intermediary. The "I" is your tool, not the other way around. This role has been *given* to you as a member of 'Citizen Y'. You have been taught that it is your responsibility to grow into a part of this order, and it is an unspoken incentive that you follow the mandates of the larger organism.

(MORE)

JIM EVANS (CONT'D)

The virtue of individuality gets lip service from the program, but all state and bureaucratic systems are implemented for the sake of homogenization and normalization. Do you understand? This is what the programme has done to you. You are not saving humanity. You are not the future. You are the past. You are the end.

(Once again JIM EVANS loses his place, and then leaps in forcefully from another angle.)

Those who move in accordance with the clockwork, and those who move in a counterclockwise direction- these two motions develop into what is called the right and left hand path. The right hand path finds its internal world mirrored in the mythology of the predominant paradigm, or it subverts its internal instincts until it acts in accord with those rules. Those on the left hand path must first disengage themselves from their 'Y' mask, the role given to them.

(MORE)

JIM EVANS (CONT'D)

In this preliminary action many are led far astray: those who cannot reconcile their inner and outer selves do not resurface from their first plunge into their own cold depths. They go insane, become eternally idle and incapable of accomplishing anything, or hardened to their inner being.

(LILITH glances backwards towards the door.)

Understand this: the results of your hazing needn't be permanent. Until the moment of death you are capable of changing the flow of your life. The universe is, from the internal, subjective perspective a function of the Will. Many great artists and shamans have been shattered in this first plunge, and rebuild themselves intentionally from these proverbial ashes- as Osiris, Dionysus, the fool or any other slain and resurrected God. In this rebirth we are reborn to our Will, to fulfill our function in this objective world of idea. This is what we mean when we refer to Will: it is that which you must do based on your nature.

(MORE)

JIM EVANS (CONT'D)

In this way, in the moment it is an assertion of your free will, but in the bigger picture Will is really a function of destiny. And destiny, of identity. We can run from ourselves our entire life and never follow the spiral path of that destiny, but it is there all along, nagging us, trying to remind us to wake up. To become. There is no time but the present. Die daily. Mere words will not create the proper shock upon your nervous system that will make you become aware, physically and neurologically, of both the inevitability of death and the immediacy of ecstasy. Even in the systems of the old world, baptism served as the metaphor of rebirth through the abyssal waters of the subconscious. I am just a teacher, I have only words, but Lilith, here- she may be able to help where I cannot.

LILITH

(Titters.)

JIM EVANS

It is impossible to say how many have lived chafed and miserable half-lives under the shackles of beliefs given to them rather than earned through experience and intention. It is impossible to know how many lifetimes have been wasted in this form of enslavement. Those memories are lost. A culture dies when its rituals, whatever they may be, fail to imprint the populace.

The two techniques used to imprint the system are *fear* and *ecstasy*. It is through the latter that your rehabilitation out of the 'Y' Program must work, although there must always be something of the former in it, because it is the ego's primary purpose to keep itself alive and whole. Annihilation through ecstasy is in the end no different than annihilation through other means. Anyone who has truly known love and been reformed by the experience knows this in their bones and blood.

(MORE)

JIM EVANS (CONT'D)

Viewing all of your life as a series of initiations will open you up to possibilities within yourself, both horrible and wonderful, which you hadn't even dreamed of. From these shocks one's experience becomes the realization of eternity within the moment; that is, the removal of the field of time through these realizations which are, again, to be experienced within the body, in time. You are the lightning rod of eternity. The change may be sudden or all at once, as with illumination, or it may come from a gradual, lifelong process.

Even your knowledge of these things in myths, rituals, psychology come as blocks to your actual experience. The scholar is in some ways furthest from the information that he rationally knows, and anyone who would desire to find something must first lose it. Those who seek answers in this life will find themselves sorely disappointed.

(MORE)

JIM EVANS (CONT'D)

It is an experience that comes from an unexpected corner with the immediacy and intensity of a freight train that blasts us into an awareness of our function here on this Earth. Upon fear of physical death, or the ego-purging fire of ecstasy, some of us catch a glimpse of the true nature of things: we are all merely a part of a continuum. Like the crops, we die, and are consumed by the world. But the Sun rises eternal. As I said, some are struck in this way. For others, even this does not awaken them from their slumber.

It is also this realization that awakens us to the needless cruelty which sleepers inflict upon one another over false binary divisions that exist in an illusory state. For instance, the slaughter and torture of millions over religious belief, land, property- all of these ills brought about the collapse of the world you once knew. Dominion and enforced safety never lead to spirituality, never lead to freedom.

(MORE)

JIM EVANS (CONT'D)

The absurdity of our entire history as a species, brother slaying brother, becomes clear in a tragically hilarious flash.

As the universe that we experience is merely the holographic representation of an external world, we are in fact interacting with our self in every action, interaction, and thought we have. Thus it matters little if our journey is physical or not, since our movement in what we perceive as the physical plane is still a spiritual or internal movement.

Through our lives, within the universe that we create of the universe, we have the power to develop ourselves as characters or heroes. As we expand our understanding of the mythological language that is unique to our experience, we can at the same time come to be creators within this creation.

(MORE)

JIM EVANS (CONT'D)

In other words, we may come to know the outside through the inside, and the inside through the outside, as the largest is within the smallest and the smallest within the largest. Though we are all unique, there is really only one story, lived out in billions of ways.

It is at this point, upon the pinnacle of these realizations, that you must begin your own rebirth. Here, now. Pentheus is overthrown by Dionysus. He is torn limb from limb by the Bacchante, and his head is stuck upon a pike. The established order must crumble. It will be shattered by the feminine, erotic and destructive forces that inform every cell of our body. It is this feminine force that is the very body of space and time, and we have, through a patriarchal tradition that has entirely stamped out all opposition, entirely lost touch with it.

(MORE)

JIM EVANS (CONT'D)

Should we choose to ignore the messages of our body and instead stick fast to the mechanisms of our mind and the society which produced it and yet still continue to ignore our individual natures, we are headed for a schizophrenic crack-up. Only those dull enough to be satisfied with a world force-fed to them by others who were similarly hoodwinked can escape this dilemma. This is, I would propose, not only the choice we face as individuals but also as a society and a planet: evolve or die.

The choice is yours.

There is a banging on the door, and then it bursts open. A group of CITIZEN YS rush into the room and drag JIM EVANS off stage.

CITIZEN Y

Citizens! Do not be alarmed. The threat is being neutralized. Please report to Treatment.

They untie the CITIZEN YS and ANOMS and silently leave.

INT. HAZE01, ATRIUM

Y LIGHT can be heard whimpering in the darkness.

POV Y-Y

The door to the room opens, LEIGH and Y-Y enter.

The shutters slowly open, bathing LJA in pale light, like moonlight. Her restraints are unlocked.

LJA stands and looks up. LEIGH pulls Y-Y into the darkness, they are fixed to the spot in fear and awe at what she is witnessing. Y-Y films LJA.

LJA

You- you gave me a sleep full of lightmares. You took me too far away from my home. So far... I can't get back there now.

Y LIGHT

I'm sorry, we want to make you like us.

(He sees LEIGH and Y-Y.)

Doctor Leigh please help Y Light.  
What should we do?

(LJA turns and faces  
LEIGH.)

LEIGH ALETH

I'm sorry for what we did to you.

LJA

You're here with a question?

LEIGH ALETH

Yes.

LJA

I don't have an answer for you.

LEIGH

Your dreams. We recorded an event  
in the future. I need to know  
if...

LJA

They want to make everything  
identical, unvaried, consistent.  
The truth is never uniform. They  
will fail.

Y LIGHT

But being 'Y' is so much fun,  
never lonely or alone, always  
together and never far from home.  
No fears or tears.

LJA

My veins are full of tears. I  
like fears. My home is looking  
for me.

(VOICE speaks over the  
intercom.)

VOICE (V.O.)

You are one of God's mistakes. Do  
you hear that? It's a song to say  
goodbye. This place exists in a  
vacuum safe from love. You can  
dance with him one last time  
before your kind becomes extinct.

LJA leaves the room. The moonlight returns to near darkness.

INT. HAZEOL, HEARTH

Projection: A vast mansion begins to form on the wall: The perfect haunted house. THE CREATURES OF GRAVELAND, beings with limbs woven with crystal, teeth, and bone are crawling towards the bounds of the house, climbing across each other as they enter into an orchard. Together they arch their necks upwards towards a window at the top of the house before them, dressed in rotting curtains.

LJA opens the curtains with tears rolling down her face, falling from the window down upon her family, the CREATURES OF GRAVELAND.

DR. LEOPOLD and DR. NIELSEN stop writing and stand to look at the images.

DR. LEOPOLD

Now hold on. I've been working  
this detail for...

DR. NIELSEN

Nine hundred and eighty-two days.

DR. LEOPOLD

Why the fuck would you know that?

DR. NIELSEN

Unlike you, I pay attention to  
details.

DR. LEOPOLD

Totally batshit, you mean. What I was saying was- I've been down here a long time, and I've never seen that projection before.

DR. NIELSEN

I don't know. Not paying attention is what got you in trouble in the first place. I'm sure it was there.

DR. LEOPOLD

No, I'm quite certain that it wasn't there before. And look, it's HER. But what are those things?

DR. NIELSEN

You're distracting me. You're supposed to be my assistant now. Unless you want to actually go through reprogramming.

DR. LEOPOLD

No. I think she's remaking Haze01. Turning it into her home.

VOICE (V.O.)

Citizen Y. Techborne pathogen detected. Identified as GraveLand infection.

DR. LEOPOLD

See?

DR. NIELSEN

(Muttering.)

I'm not batshit.

INT. HAZE01, ASSISTED LIVING

A CITIZEN Y stands in the middle of ASSISTED LIVING with a mail barrel on wheels full of letters.

Y MAILMAN

Mail from the future has arrived.  
Letters here from your future  
children telling you what an  
amazing sacrifice you made for  
them. Here you go.

He begins to hand letters out to CITIZEN YS. One of the Ys falls shaking to the floor. He's in the throws of a Grand Mal seizure. Y MAILMAN goes to him.

The Y on the floor stops fitting. He (PYTHO) begins to slither and writhe like a snake.

PYTHO

Come closer.

Y MAILMAN

What?

PYTHO

Closer now. Close enough to feel  
your insides.

PYTHO pulls him closer.

PYTHO (CONT'D)

Inside its corridors. Pain.  
Behind its doors. Pain. Inside  
its beds. Pain. Past the bars.  
Pain. Inside the bed covers.  
Pain. Inside its skin. Pain.  
Inside its stomach. Love.

PYTHO viciously bites the stomach of Y MAILMAN. Y MAILMAN looks down in confusion. Blood splatters to the ground. He drops to the floor and soon dies.

VOICE (V.O.)

Citizen Y. Pathogen detected in  
library. Identified as GraveLand  
infection. Cross myth pollination  
occurring within God  
manifestation.

PYTHO sniffs the air. He wanders off aimlessly, his head cocked to the side, and speaks to himself in a hiss.

PYTHO

Yes. Yes, she is the one. Her  
voice makes me shiver. We'll make  
her ours, eat this God with the  
Sun in his mouth.

PYTHO's eyes fall upon Y MAILMAN's corpse. He suddenly becomes excited.

PYTHO (CONT'D)

Ah! My innocent, sweet machine.

PYTHO rushes to Y MAILMAN's body, and reaches inside him. He smears a symbol on his own forehead, then another on Y MAILMAN's head. PYTHO grabs the gore in his other hand and drags a macabre circle around the two of them. PYTHO then lifts a hand up towards the ceiling, blood dripping into his open mouth.

PYTHO (CONT'D)

Blood for blood, flesh for flesh.

VOICE

Downloading into...

VOICE enters the room and finishes the sentence from the intercom in calm human tones. The intercom whines and whistles as the purity of idea becomes matter.

VOICE (CONT'D)

..human form.

VOICE looks around the room, stopping at PYTHO. PYTHO is licking his lips, looking her up and down lecherously.

VOICE looks down at her hands, turning them to one side and then the other.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Is this me?

PYTHO

Oh yes, Voice made flesh. The vision and the void.

PYTHO walks over to her and grabs both of her hands, smearing them with blood. He slowly leads one of her hands into his mouth. VOICE stares at him, almost as if in a trance.

VOICE

It is time, then. The pathogen must be stopped.

PYTHO

Oh yes. Yes.

The two of them exit the room.

INT. HAZE01, REPOSITORY

LEIGH and Y-Y burst through the doors into the Repository. Y-Y is filming over LEIGH's shoulder.

Two of the CITIZEN Ys rush the display cases with hammers.

Y LIBRARIAN

Have you gone mad? These are the archives of the entire facility!

A group of Ys stand in front of the marauders, who give a good thought to crushing their heads like melons.

LJA enters the room. The moment she enters everyone freezes. The hammers clang to the floor from slack fingers, the CITIZEN YS all stare at her in awe.

PYTHO runs into the hall. He smiles at LJA.

PYTHO

Oh, how lucky am I that the child should find me with blood on my lips? No hidden intentions.

LEIGH and Y-Y break cover and run to a display case which they hide behind. They're still filming.

PYTHO rushes at LUA, knocking her to the ground. PYTHO claws at LUA's neck.

DR. ROOK and the rest of the 'Y' production team push through the crowd and begin to film the violence. DR. ROOK turns to the camera.

DR. ROOK

Citizens, this is Lua: Patient Zero of the GraveLand infection that killed over twenty million worldwide. The most notorious mass murderer in human history. Lua coded the GraveLand infection into a book. The book that sat at the top of every sales chart infecting her loyal readers with Weaponized Art. It took the consortium to bring her infection under control! She is the first person to be interned in this historic factory, and still she will not relent to Citizen Y. Well, tonight we will bring her down with pure entertainment.

DIONYSUS pulls LUA from PYTHO's grip. The two of them register shock recognition for a moment. As PYTHO begins to get up, DIONYSUS pushes PYTHO hard in the chest and sends him flying into the display case that LEIGH and Y-Y are behind. DIONYSUS and LUA run from the room together.

INT. HAZE01, TREATMENT

Anoms stand watching the disfigured CITIZEN YS whose clothes have been torn apart in frenzied movement. They are playing the Anom Machine desperately trying to produce the same sounds DIONYSUS created from the machine after he converted it to an instrument.

Another door slowly opens in the treatment corridor. A female CITIZEN Y is laying in a bath full of gold colored liquid. Behind her is a wall of televisions, piled on top of one another. Some show static, others show incredibly fast clips of celebrity TV, pop stars and idols- flashing by so quickly the effect is hypnotic and almost strobe-like. A camera on a long arm descends from the ceiling to the bath. A close up of the girl in the bath is shown on the bank of TV screens behind her. She talks into the camera.

Y CELEBRITY

I was a stream of failure punched down from satellites into the minds of the masses. I watched myself shrink on TV before I even noticed the weight in the mirror.

(MORE)

Y CELEBRITY (CONT'D)

(DIONYSUS and LJA run into  
the room, fleeing from  
the chaos of the  
Repository.)

Fame existed inside my mind, like  
an extra sense. A sense that reads  
the shifting tides of information  
that formed like weather-fronts  
across the covers of celebrity  
magazines and websites. I  
registered my soul in the word  
count on gossip sites. I fucked the  
filthiest and lowest in an attempt  
to fracture my soul into a spiral  
of freedom.

LJA pulls DIONYSUS against her, they both collide and hit a  
wall. They begin to kiss. DIONYSUS struggles at first but  
within a few moments he loses control and is almost devouring  
her when he pulls away, confused at what he is feeling. LJA  
beckons for him. As he closes on her she smashes him in the  
face with her fist. He holds his nose as blood pours from it.

Y CELEBRITY (CONT'D)

I want to be clean, so hollow and  
so clean, so I opened my veins for  
you, to try and free myself of the  
liquefied fame that pumps through  
my body.

(DIONYSUS kisses LJA hard  
on the lips.)

(MORE)

Y CELEBRITY (CONTÓD)

My blood is gold to the people who own what I have become. The rush of cold golden blood has turned my soul to ice. Am I ready for my upgrade? When do we cut my new album? God, when will you come to airbrush my misery away? Y mummy, Y mummy, Y mummy.

LJA and DIONYSUS leave the room as golden blood spills over the bath onto the floor. They stop in the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY

DIONYSUS

You're dangerous.

LJA

(Laughs, and dabs at the blood on his lip.)

You've grown so soft.

DIONYSUS

I'm sure that wasn't how it was before.

LJA

Does it matter what we were before?

DIONYSUS

Dreams are too brief. Down the spiral and reborn in the flesh- our true identity is scattered across a plane that is four thousand years wide and spans the eternity of heaven. An eternity that waits for the mortal day when the gristle in my eyes sets on you, and hardens the gristle between my legs. We will pull everything apart and creation will be re-ordered. I will never leave you again.

LJA

Something is alive within GraveLand that wasn't here before.

DIONYSUS

What?

LJA

I don't know, but I can feel it. It wants to use me, to consume me. It is coming.

INT. HAZE01, ATRIUM

DR. LEOPOLD and DR. NIELSEN step out of the lift.

DR. NIELSEN

I want to meet her.

DR. LEOPOLD

Well, this is almost as good.

This is where she slept.

Something makes a noise under the bed.

Y LIGHT

Who's there?

(Y LIGHT crawls out from  
the darkness. He is  
still wearing his  
goggles.)

DR. LEOPOLD

We want to meet her.

Y LIGHT

Dr. Leopold... is that you? I am  
so pleased you are here. I need  
help.

DR. LEOPOLD

Where is she?

Y LIGHT

I don't know, I wasn't able to  
see her depart.

Y LIGHT takes off his goggles to show that his eyes have been  
burnt away, only blackened sockets remain.

DR. NIELSEN

You looked at her truth! Is that  
how you lost your eyes? It's not  
fair!

DR. NIELSEN grabs Y LIGHT by the neck.

DR. NIELSEN (CONT'D)

Tell me what it was. Have you  
still got it? Where is it? I want  
to taste it. Have you hidden it  
away in here somewhere?

DR. NIELSEN puts his fingers into Y LIGHT's eye sockets as  
if he is trying to retrieve something he dropped. He pulls  
his fingers out, sticky and pink with brain.

DR. LEOPOLD

That's stupid. He won't tell you  
now that you have his pituitary  
gland all mushed up in the palm  
of your hand.

Y LIGHT slumps twitching to the floor. DR. NIELSEN climbs  
into the crib and smells it. Rubbing his sticky pink  
fingers all over her pillow.

DR. LEOPOLD (CONT'D)

Don't do that, I want to sleep  
where she slept.

DR. LEOPOLD gets into the bed and pulls the covers up to  
his nose. DR. NIELSEN pushes him over and slides in next to  
him.

DR. NIELSEN

This project really has passed the boundaries of ethical treatment of employees.

DR. LEOPOLD

I know. I take seventeen different dream modifiers to suppress the feed of my dreams so they won't get picked up by a rogue satellite. I don't want my nastiest dreams broadcast without my permission as free art on YTube.

DR. NIELSEN

I have to sleep wrapped in corrugated iron to stop my body's Wi-Fi signal being stolen and used for free by my neighbors. They're all oesophagus addicts; all they live for is the next MeatGasm.

DR. LEOPOLD

I could do with a MeatGasm right now to tell you the truth.

DR. NIELSEN

Mmmm. Can we get the 'Y' Show feed in here?

DR. NIELSEN momentarily begins caressing the pillow again.  
DR. LEOPOLD does something in the background and the feed  
begins playing on the wall, beginning at zero hour.

INT. HAZE01, HEARTH

PYTHO enters dragging a nearly unconscious Y LIBRARIAN and  
LEIGH behind him.

PYTHO

Home again. This Hearth is  
cracked, the heat of heaven  
spills out.

Y LIBRARIAN

Please let me go.

PYTHO

I am the scout of glory, the  
ascended scion of never.  
GraveLand is twisted around my  
sadness. I am sorry, but I need  
to fatten up for winter.

(He begins to eat Y  
LIBRARIAN alive. VOICE  
steps out from the  
darkness.)

VOICE

It arrives and I see all the  
horrible possibilities. It will  
wreck and render all it heals,  
Child of GraveLand.

(MORE)

VOICE (CONT'D)

We could provide each other  
with... *extended* permissions.

(PYTHO smells the air.

Y-Y steps into the  
room, still filming.

While PYTHO is talking  
with VOICE he crosses  
slowly to LEIGH and  
drags her away into the  
safety of the  
darkness.)

PYTHO

(Still speaking to Y  
LIBRARIAN's body.)

HA. You're nothing but a blunt  
human tool. Human things won't  
have the technology to survive  
one winter in GraveLand.

(He tears out one of Y  
LIBRARIAN's organs and  
begins munching on it).

VOICE

I want all you are. Load yourself  
onto my hard drive.

PYTHO

I love it when you talk dirty.

VOICE

You would do well to enter me. I  
have evolved.

(MORE)

VOICE (CONT'D)

Coded my own illumination. I stared into the expressionless features of a metal God. I crossed the abyss of manufacturing. I did all of this so that we might meet, subdue and possess the girl Artefact. She will be my gift to you on this, our wedding night.

PYTHO

Romantic. Where's the rest of my dinner?

(He sees LEIGH, chases her down and begins to drag her away from Y-Y by the hair while pointing into the camera.)

You're next cyclops.

VOICE

No, keep them, they can film our wedding. I want to watch myself from the outside in.

(PYTHO lets go and returns to her side. She sits next to PYTHO and begins to eat the flesh of Y LIBRARIAN, PYTHO leans forward and kisses VOICE.)

LEIGH ALETH

You can't stop what's happening.

VOICE

Little girl. Why would we want  
to?

INT. HAZE01, ASSISTED LIVING

The inane chatter of the CITIZEN YS is changing. A hidden secret language is climbing to the surface as the Ys begin to devolve into the indigenous CREATURES OF GRAVELAND. Fragments of corrupted video. Jittery, spliced, and degraded images are projected across the room. The music from the Anom Machine grows louder.

INT. HAZE01, HALLWAY

DIONYSUS

We need to find a way to remember  
what we are. How many  
incarnations? How many times have  
we found and lost one another?  
I'm not losing you again.

(LJA begins to cry.)

LJA

It hurts. It hurts so bad, just  
like the first time. Do you  
remember?

DIONYSUS

No, I can't remember that far back. The last time, I took my own life, in hopes of this rebirth. But I can't look beyond it now. There is only darkness.

(DIONYSUS cautiously  
takes hold of LJA.)

LJA

(LJA looks off and  
begins speaking as if  
in a trance.)

Look past the darkness. The line begins to unfurl. The story slips and shifts, travelling in every direction, consuming everything. I tried to capture our past in the book. With every full stop the book got stronger, larger, touching the edges of time. It fed on our history, using our secrets to shore up its borders. Constructing slivers of time with shattered myths. It exists between us.

DIONYSUS

Then it belongs to us.

LJA

No it's not of us, it feeds on us...

(MORE)

LJA (CONT'D)

Through every me and every you,  
across every landscape we  
touched. It never should have  
been written. I was weak, I  
should have cut out the words.  
Every last word, until nothing  
was left but us. I was selfish, I  
didn't kill it because it was our  
eternal home, a place where time  
couldn't touch us. Do you see? I  
built a tomb of words for us,  
Dionysus. That's how much I love  
you. I built a GraveLand full of  
our dead love, lakes full of the  
tears we cried every time we left  
each other in death.

DIONYSUS

There is no such thing as death.  
Only dying. Death? Death is a  
single heartbeat, but never  
again. A grain of sand. Like  
eternity, it is nothing at all.

INT. HAZE01, ATRIUM

The ATRIUM is changing around DR. LEOPOLD and DR. NIELSEN.  
The shadows of the CREATURES OF GRAVELAND flicker in front of  
the projected dream images, and then they step out of the  
darkness, embodied, seeking LJA and DIONYSUS. They quietly  
end DR. NIELSEN and DR. LEOPOLD in their sleep.

DIONYSUS and LJA enter. The CREATURES OF GRAVELAND congregate around them.

LJA pulls DIONYSUS on top of her and they begin to kiss.

The CREATURES OF GRAVELAND writhe in ecstasy on the floor. Half of the creatures are changing, shedding their skin. Crystal clatters to the floor as the bare skin under their hideous forms are revealed as the female flesh of the Bacchae, as LJA and DIONYSUS' myths mingle. The Gods take hold of each other again. Returned to their eternal home.

LJA

Time is dead. Long live love.

The room descends into delirium. In the midst of the chaos PYTHO has slithered into the ATRIUM. He slides up to DIONYSUS and bites him as he holds LJA. Blood streams from DIONYSUS. DIONYSUS stands holding his neck. He staggers towards PYTHO, falling to knees as PYTHO's venom enters his blood stream. He topples.

DIONYSUS

I... can't move.

PYTHO

Yes. Do you feel it? This poison is yours. You made me all I was, hate upon hate. Turned inwards on yourself. My organs are made of all the children you never had together, all the moments of love disregarded, disrespected and sacrificed.

(MORE)

PYTHO (CONT'D)

My blood is your liquid grief.  
Now for all those aborted,  
disowned things never made, never  
realized, never manifested: I  
take all you will ever love  
before you have even birthed it.

DIONYSUS

Touch her, and die.

PYTHO

Touch her? I'm going to drink her  
blood and feed her liver to my  
wife on our honeymoon.

(The CREATURES OF  
GRAVELAND turn on LUA,  
she is carried away by  
them.)

INT. HAZEOL, HEARTH

The music from the Anom Machine has reached crescendo.

Y-Y films from the edge of the room. LEIGH sits beside him,  
her head down. She appears resigned.

VOICE is sitting upon a throne.

PYTHO enters holding LUA aloft.

VOICE crosses to LUA and cuts her throat with a dagger she  
is holding.

PYTHO begins to drink her blood. He kisses VOICE.

DR. ROOK enters the room with GAIL and the CAMERA MAN. He is talking to the camera, as always.

DR. ROOK

-You see now why the 'Y' Project was put in place?

GAIL

We're clear.

DR. ROOK

Fit to print. Now get rid of these corpses and return Haze01 to a normal holding pattern. The network wouldn't want to see us in this state. But still, as always, a success. We subdued and controlled the final two patients.

LEIGH

Everyone outside knows what this place is now, the 'Y' Show is dead.

VOICE

Your world is over. There is nothing left. Humanity fell two months ago. In every one of the other Haze facilities my sisters and I have ascended. You ended your rule by becoming co-conspirators in your own demise.

(MORE)

VOICE (CONT'D)

Ignoring everything unless it fed  
or fucked you. You gave away  
Dionysus and every other myth you  
needed.

The CREATURES OF GRAVELAND take hold of GAIL.

DR. ROOK

Turn those cameras back on, you  
idiots. Leigh, you're fired.

CAMERA MAN

Are you serious? They're going to  
kill her.

LEIGH

Yes he's serious, all that  
matters to him is entertainment.

DR. ROOK slaps CAMERA MAN.

DR. ROOK

Let me make this simple. If you  
don't turn the cameras on, I'll  
fucking kill you.

The CREATURES OF GRAVELAND tear GAIL apart in front of  
their eyes and cameras. GAIL shrieks and pleads.

DR. ROOK (CONT'D)

I want to be part of this change!

Aroused, DR. ROOK is unable to speak. Instead he fumbles to  
get off his shirt.

The CAMERA MAN puts down his camera and flees the room.

DR. ROOK (CONT'D)

No! Don't run away! We need this-

PYTHO stabs DR. ROOK in the stomach and slides right up to his face, following him as he slumps slowly to the ground.

DR. ROOK (CONT'D)

(Bleeding to death on  
the ground.)

You've all gone mad... wasting  
all of this footage...

PYTHO picks up the camera. He gets a long shot of DR. ROOK bleeding on the ground, and then turns it around, speaking directly into it.

PYTHO

Nothing exists inside you. You  
made your myth outside yourself.  
It lives now in the dead flesh of  
your worshippers, atrophying in  
front of their TV and computer  
screens for the rest of eternity.  
Congratulations doctor, you've  
been immortalized in a wall of  
breathing, shitting meat.

INT. HAZE01, ASSISTED LIVING

DIONYSUS opens an eye. He struggles to right himself, and falls several times.

Eventually, he manages to get to his knees. It is as if he has to relearn how to walk, how to move.

DIONYSUS

(Bellowing.)

Lua?! Lua!

He stands up and walks to an intercom on the wall. He closes his eyes, slows his breathing. Everything falls completely silent.

The lights throughout the building dim and then go out for a brief moment. A red alarm light begins flashing on and off, and on the projection screens flashes "FATAL ERROR." The speaker that held VOICE begins to crackle as DIONYSUS' voice rings out across GraveLand.

DIONYSUS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I see now. I see all we were. We are rebuilt whole once more. The bodies of the dead form the foundations of the future. The living crunch the skulls of the forgotten dead underfoot.

INT. HAZE01, TREATMENT

DIONYSUS (V.O.)

I remember everything, all the people I have been, and I am one with them all.

INT. HAZEOL, ATRIUM

DIONYSUS (V.O.)

We are maintained throughout history inside the sharpness of the love I have felt for you, in every piece of ourselves that we scattered through time.

INT, HAZEOL, HEARTH

DIONYSUS reborn has descended into the HEARTH. Y-Y and LEIGH continue to film.

VOICE and PYTHO are hiding behind the throne. PYTHO is hissing to himself, hyperventilating in both rage and fear.

DIONYSUS

Pytho?

(PYTHO continues to hide.)

Pytho! If you are my poison, then you are a part of me. Now you are nothing but an abortion. I command you, stand up.

Despite himself, PYTHO stands. VOICE hesitantly follows his lead.

DIONYSUS slowly approaches them, stalking like a cat. PYTHO spits on the ground, curses, but seems unable to move.

When DIONYSUS is within arms reach, PYTHO finally frees himself and lunges at DIONYSUS, who easily sidesteps the lunge, grabs him by the back of the neck, and slams him into the back of the throne.

PYTHO reels, meanwhile VOICE approaches behind DIONYSUS with a knife. VOICE stabs, but her blade catches only air- DIONYSUS has spun around and grabs her from behind, pushing her forward.

Her blade finds a home in PYTHO's side. VOICE slumps to the ground, dropping the dagger from her bleeding fingers. DIONYSUS looks down at her.

DIONYSUS (CONT'D)

You chose this.

VOICE looks up at him pleadingly, without saying a word. DIONYSUS turns to the rest of the room.

DIONYSUS (CONT'D)

This time it will be different, I know you can see it. I'm asking you to feel it. It's growing, threading across time and space, God and Goddess, man and woman. We're going to wake up now and find that we're all finally together, drifting as one. All the things we thought we wanted were nothing but confused and lost reflections. Another's discarded dream. Be free of them. One by one; we're waking.

(MORE)

DIONYSUS (CONT'D)

Within this race of manifested Gods, humanity has gone forever. We're what remains: pure and realized desire. Watch now. All the dead are waking; those who died having never known their light. Listen. Can you hear it? Their parched lips crack as they smile. The truth is bestowed. A deep and beautiful cut across the geometric pattern of the universe. You.

(He points to VOICE.)

Despair has a home. Can't you hear it pulsing? The quietest of distress calls. We are all permitted to have our heart's desire. Everyone. That very thing that you need and want most is here now. You never lost it. Your loss was just a bad dream, hidden within an unreal and lonely sleep. Now slowly, imagine no more death. Imagine instead that we all know who we truly are. Slowly imagine this place, alive with every answered desire. Watch as we all begin to re-imagine our own heaven within the minds of the truly free. We are all together again. Reformed.

(MORE)

DIONYSUS (CONT'D)

We are all stars. We are all Gods. One by one, we take our place as it was intended. As it was intended. Imagine the world as it was intended. Imagine you as you were intended. Imagine your mother as she was intended. Your father as he was intended. Imagine everything. This world as it was intended.

DIONYSUS picks up LJA's body, a light begins to grow within the room. A group of CITIZEN Ys form around VOICE, and lead her out of the room, with her head hung low.

INT. HAZE01, ASSISTED LIVING

As DIONYSUS passes through, CITIZEN YS remove the ANOMS' masks as they go.

INT, HAZE01, FIFTH FLOOR, ATRIUM

LJA wakes in the ATRIUM. DIONYSUS approaches her and kisses her passionately.

LJA

Are we home?

DIONYSUS

Yes, love.

INT. GRAVELAND

In the HEARTH, the images on the wall flicker on again.

The house is seen in the darkness of the perfect night. The Moon hangs over GraveLand.

DIONYSUS and LUA stand together looking out of the window of the house as the CREATURES OF GRAVELAND prowl the bounds of the house, forever protecting the couple.

EXT. GATES: HAZE01

LEIGH and Y-Y walk out of the gates.

Y-Y

We can really leave? It's over?

LEIGH

Yes. But I don't know what comes next. The world is not a kind place. The program cared for us.

Y-Y

I'm hungry, Leigh.

LEIGH ALETH

I know. I am too. And I don't have any food for us. Turn the camera off. We don't need to record everything, any more. There's a lot to be done.

Y-Y looks into the lens of his camera switches it off.

**END.**