

Essentia Amore

Pilot

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Based on the book "Essentia Amore: The Ennui Bullshit"

EXT - SPACE

On screen: The Big Bang Explosion

SHRAIM (O.S.)
Existence is on me.

The explosion disappears and then a caricature of Adam and Eve in Eden appears.

SHRAIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Adam and Eve? More entertaining, for sure. The snake bit did add a certain gravitas to it, but also not true.

The caricature disappears. All is black.

SHRAIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm God. And I'm bored. Soon to be suicidal and, if I decide for bullet, you all go down with me. So, you see, someone had to do something about it and that's how this story begins.

FADE IN

EXT - SHRAIM'S YARD - DAY

The camera pans from above, filming an idyllic and beautiful piece of land in a tropical setup. There's a big house - big but not ostentatious - and outside the big house a big wooden table with several heavy wooden chairs. Sitting down, two women. MARY MAIDEN (mid 20s, japanese, chilled and classy, good posture) and MARY CRONE (mid 70s, long white hair, tired and grumpy but with a wise aura). They are playing a card game. Mary Maiden puts a card down on the table and smiles. It's a three of cups.

Mary Crone is unhinged. She stares at Maiden.

MARY CRONE

Maiden sighs, but accepts the bet nodding.

MARY MAIDEN
Go on.

Crone shows her hand: a two of cups and a three of wands. Maiden looks unsurprised.

MARY CRONE
Maybe one day, Mary.

Mary Maiden collects the deck of cards and starts shuffling again for another round. That's when MARY MOTHER (mid 40s, black, chubby and with a healthy glow on her) appears, annoyed.

MARY MOTHER
Where's Shraim?

The other two look at each other.

MARY MAIDEN
He asked me...

She is interrupted by Crone.

MARY CRONE
He's at Esther's, as you already knew.
Probably on Stephanie's skin flirting
with the truckers and starting fights.

Mother sighs, disappointed at her sisters.

MARY MOTHER
You indulge him too much. It's like an
everlasting adolescence. Schmeb tells
me he's not doing his work properly at
the Chamber anymore. That he is...
different.

MARY CRONE
The little fucker is lonely, Mary.
Three old bats and a stalker to keep
him company for eternity must be
tiring. If it's tiring to us, assume
how it is for Shraim.

MARY MAIDEN
Are we playing or what?

MARY MOTHER
In the Goddess' name, Maiden, you
concentrate on playing cards while God
is having an existential crisis.

Maiden sneers.

MARY MAIDEN
He's always having an existential
(MORE)

MARY MAIDEN (CONT'D)
crisis. It doesn't matter if he's
Shraim, or Stephanie, or freaking John
Doe. I can't do anything. What I can,
I do. Let Shraim be, I say. If he
wants to start a fight in the only bar
there is here, blast on.

MARY MOTHER
He has responsibilities. A duty. A
purpose.

Mary Crone lights a cigarette, enjoying the discussion.

MARY CRONE
This is just like those reality shows
they have in that place. A poorly
produced one.

MARY MAIDEN
(to Crone)
Are you kidding me? A purpose? God
doesn't have a purpose, none of us do
at this stage.

A beat.

MARY MAIDEN (CONT'D)
Look, let him get out. Once or twice.

MARY MOTHER
He can't. You know that. We're on a
schedule and... nevermind. And he's
out every time.

MARY MAIDEN
The hell he can't. He's God. He can
dismiss all of our plans with a flick
of his fingers, and he knows that. If
you don't let the boy get some fun,
some idea of fun, you'll speed up the
process.

MARY CRONE
That's not true. And careful - she
looks around the neighborhood
properties - the weird neighbor is
there.

The others look at JOSE (60s, black, rugged with scars on his
face, humble-looking with a sort of rag in his head) who is

tending carefully to his fruit and vegetables garden. He looks at the three women and waves, smiling. Maiden kind of waves back with a quivering smile, as if indulging a mad man.

MARY MAIDEN
(still waving)
Weirdo old man. He looks like he knows
a thing or two.

Crone chuckles. She knows something, but continues on puffing her cigarette.

MARY CRONE
Go fetch Shraim, Maiden.

MARY MAIDEN
But Mary Crone, you just said..!

MARY CRONE
Do as I tell you.

Maiden snorts in disdain but gets up.

INT - ESTHER'S BAR - DAY

The bar is vast, but simple and almost empty, except for some men. ESTHER (50s, androgynous drag queen, at the same time rustic looking but elegant) is behind the counter watching SHRAIM AS STEPHANIE (young, big boobs, brown long hair and yellow eyebrows) laughing out loud with rough looking guy. The other men stared at Shraim, a trance-like gaze, but did nothing except drink their drinks. Shraim drinks from two jugs of beer as the rough looking guy puts his hands on her thighs.

Mary Maiden spots Shraim but doesn't address her, going for the bar. She greets Esther with a gentle nod.

MARY MAIDEN
Hey, Esther. A Port, please.

Esther just nods. She serves the small cup of Port to Maiden. They both look at Shraim playing as Stephanie.

ESTHER
It's the fourth consecutive day he's
been here. What's up?

MARY MAIDEN
I think they're bored, that's all.

They stare at Shraim as Maiden drinks her Port, looking a bit puzzled. Shraim spots Maiden.

SHRAIM
sighing and yelling

Great, one of my moms is here to pick
me up guys. You can stop staring now.

The rough guy looks around.

ROUGH GUY
Where? There's just Esther and that
asian chick at the bar.

Shraim laughs hard at that, clearly very drunk. He addresses
Maiden waving the pints in her hands.

SHRAIM
How do you care for my jugs? I know
you have a thing for girls, Mary.

Shraim drinks from the two jugs at the same time.

SHRAIM (CONT'D)
(out of control)
Not just one Mary, I tell you. Three
Marys! Can you believe that? Fucking
babysitters.

ROUGH GUY
What? That's impossible.

Shraim chugs down the two beers.

SHRAIM
Yeah, tell me about it. Goodbye.

The guy looks frustrated, but says nothing.

SHRAIM (CONT'D)
Et tu, Maiden?

Esther laughs. Maiden seems amused.

MARY MAIDEN
I did nothing. You know how Mother
gets.

SHRAIM
Busting my balls.

MARY MAIDEN

I know for a fact you don't like your balls. You much prefer being Stephanie.

SHRAIM

Do I? Wow, you know so much.

MARY MAIDEN

You can play it cool, Shraim. It's still unimpressive. I prefer when you're elderly.

Shraim snorts a laugh.

SHRAIM

Trust me, that's not happening again.

Maiden lifts her brows.

MARY MAIDEN

A shame, then. - she holds his hands -
Child, what's going on?

Shraim looks irritated.

SHRAIM

I don't want to talk about it. Eh, let's go. I'm done with this place anyways. Soulworkers staring, wishing, waiting for their chance. Why are they so predictable? More than humans, I'd say.

The men acted like an audience to a very attention-grabbing play.

SHRAIM (CONT'D)

(to the men)

GO FUCK YOURSELVES, LOSERS! FIND SOME SOULS TO FUCK WITH! I ain't a circus show. - turns to Maiden - This fucking bar, man. I hate it here.

MARY MAIDEN

And yet, you're here for the fourth time in a row.

Shraim makes a goofy face to her.

SHRAIM

Do you have another suggestion on
where to go? Maybe back into the womb?
That would make it easier for you all.
Conniving bitches.

He regrets it right away.

SHRAIM (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. It's
just...

Maiden is gentle. She hugs him

MARY MAIDEN

(turning to esther)

Thanks Esther, it was good seeing you.
Let's go, kiddo.

They walk out as Shraim middle-fingers the men watching.

INT - SHRAIM'S HOUSE, REFLECTION CHAMBER - DAY

The room was filled with mirrors of all sorts and everywhere. The walls were white and the whole site had a sanitized vibe to it. Shraim sits down at the center in between mirrors crouched down in front of SCHMEB (40s, tall, indigenous features, straight round hair, light chocolate skin wearing a white slim fit suit - there's something to his posture, he kind of stands and walks with his back hunched). Schmeb has a black thick notebook and a pen in his hands. He also sits bonfire style but in front of Shraim.

SCHMEB

Connect.

Shraim closes his eyes. In less than a second, green flashes start swooping around the room and when they catch the mirrors' reflection they turn to shadows of people, animals, movements and even sounds. The beaming seems to be coming from the top and all other sides of the room. It's a visual spectacle, like a kaleidoscope of imagery. A crackling sound from afar seems to be approaching, the faint sound of a chirping bird, a cricket. Shraim is still silent and eyes closed while Schmeb takes notes on his black notebook.

SCHMEB (CONT'D)

Good. Now, speak to them.

Shraim, quietly, starts swinging while sitting down. All the flashes of light stay still in the air, creating a green

atmosphere, all shades of green, but then everything goes dark and a red beam starts hovering above them, still small.

SCHMEB (CONT'D)
Stop it, Shraim. We talked about this.
You can't.

Shraim continues, the red beam engorging and overwhelming the room. Schmeb stops writing.

SCHMEB (CONT'D)
Disconnect, Shraim.

Everything stays the same.

SCHMEB (CONT'D)
Disconnect! Now!

Schmeb picks up his notebook and writes something and then touches Shraim's forehead, who opens his mouth letting out a big gasp of air.

SHRAIM
What'd you do that for?

SCHMEB
You did it again.

Shraim sighs in disappointment.

SHRAIM
Why can't I have any fun as well?

SCHMEB
That wasn't fun. That was something
else and you know it.

Schmeb writes on his notebook while Shraim slows back down from the trance state.

SHRAIM
Surrounded by supervisors, man.
(yells) Stop fucking writing!

One of the mirrors crack. Schmeb stops, looking at Shraim.

SCHMEB
Okay. Breathe. Prepare to go again.

Shraim stands up furious.

SHRAIM
YOU connect, Schmeb! Fuck this.

He storms out the room.

EXT - SHRAIM'S YARD - DAY

Now it's Mother that plays cards with Crone as Maiden sits contemplatively looking at the horizon towards Jose's property. Shraim storms out of the house, clearly upset.

SHRAIM
What are you looking at?

As Maiden looks at Shraim she looks like she was caught doing something she wasn't supposed to be doing.

MARY MAIDEN
Nothing, kid. I like to look.

Shraim sits down beside her in one of the chairs.

SHRAIM
You miss it, don't you? Living.

She smiles kindly.

MARY MAIDEN
I still live.

SHRAIM
Not really. You're stuck with me. And can't do much about it.

Maiden stops her contemplating and stares at Shraim.

MARY MAIDEN
You're not stuck. You're just not satisfied. Don't you think they also feel that? There. They inherited from you, kid.

SHRAIM
You know what I mean. Eating, sleeping, smoking, reading. All is boring now. Ah, l'ennui...

MARY MAIDEN
It's just a rut. You haven't been writing, have you?

Shraim shrugs.

SHRAIM
That's Schmeb's job. And what's the
point?

She giggles.

Maiden giggles.

MARY MAIDEN
May Our Lady bless you, my son.

Shraim smiles, but it's not a happy smile. He then notices a girl in the Jose's property.

SHRAIM
(pointing)
What do you think is that?

Now it's maiden who shrugs.

MARY MAIDEN
Maybe family?

Shraim looks and looks for some seconds. He stands up, decided.

SHRAIM
(accent)
I shall go converse with the lass.

He walks towards the property.

EXT - JOSE'S PROPERTY - AFTERNOON

The girl is ALICE (long hair, perfect bangs, black like Jose, tattoos on both arms). She sits in the porch on her phone. He approaches her. Jose's house seems simple and there are carved cherubs around the threshold of the door up into the arch of the top of the door.

SHRAIM
I hate those things.

She looks up, curious.

ALICE
Phones?

Shraim sits down in front of her on the floor.

SHRAIM
Waste of time.

ALICE
I know who you are.

SHRAIM
Of course you know. Everyone here knows.

ALICE
Yeah, but I'm not from here.

SHRAIM
Oooo, she's multiversal. Seen it all before, lass.

ALICE
(smiling)
Maybe you haven't seen it all.

Shraim chuckles, entertained.

SHRAIM
Trust me, I've seen enough.

He looks at the garden at the distance.

SHRAIM (CONT'D)
What is he to you? Jose, I mean.

ALICE
Grandpa.

SHRAIM
He seems like a good fella.

She laughs ironically. Then, she points at a parked jeep near the property.

ALICE
I can drive that. Wanna go out?

Now it's Shraim who laughs ironically.

SHRAIM
If you know who I am, you know I can't leave.

ALICE
What are you talking about? Aren't you
(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)

God?

He looks at her, amused. Then, he seems frustrated.

SHRAIM

Yeah. Well, it was nice to meet you.
Oh, your name?

ALICE

Alice.

SHRAIM

Nice name. Careful with mirrors.

ALICE

I'd say the same to you.

Shraim then looks very puzzled. Before he says something, she interrupts his almost-response.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I want to say something. But I don't
want to offend you.

Shraim nods, not forgetting the previous mirror statement.

SHRAIM

You won't offend. It happens a lot.

ALICE

I don't trust God. I just turned 18. I
thought being an adult meant fun. It
doesn't. I like Coca-Cola. I like
lying on the floor, when the floor is
nice and cool and it's a warm day. I
like watching the lilac afternoons,
right before daybreak. I don't think
people really know what they're doing,
like the adult adults, you know? I
don't like my father very much and he
wants me to like him and that
irritates me. I lost my virginity last
year and it was... quick. I didn't
like it. What's all the fuss about? It
doesn't make sense to me. I don't
really believe in one God, one source
alone drifting around and then there's
you, here, doing what? Nada. I trust
nature more. Nature makes sense. I
know death isn't final. Sometimes I

(MORE)

ALICE (CONT'D)
dream of a boy, a random boy, and in
the dream he's the one for me and it
feels so good, then I wake up and
never dream of the same boy again. I
don't know what else... oh! I kissed a
girl once. It was okay, but it didn't
do much for me. She's still my friend.
Want to know more?

Shraim gets up smiling and starts walking away.

SHRAIM
(walking away)
You're right not to trust God.

EXT - SHRAIM'S YARD - DAY

Shraim and Mary Maiden are getting out of the house towards
the big table where the other Marys are. At a distance, Alice
waves.

ALICE
(yelling, pointing to the jeep)
LET'S GO OUT!

SHRAIM
She's been saying that since the day
we met.

MARY MAIDEN
Of course she is. You gotta be
careful. Everybody around here wants
something.

SHRAIM
Maybe she just wants to have fun.
That's not a sin.

MARY MAIDEN
Second agendas, Shraim. All over the
place. I tell you, but you're
stubborn.

They sit down beside the other Marys, still playing. Mother
losing.

SHRAIM
It didn't work, did it?

MARY MAIDEN
What didn't work?

SHRAIM
Humans. The planet. The whole schtick.
It's not working. I don't know what to
do. I don't think there's much to do.

MARY MAIDEN
You know that for the time being you
have to do nothing but reflect. You're
the solution.

SHRAIM
You sound pious, Maiden. You know I
don't care for religion. I much prefer
music. I ain't no solution. But the
problem itself, can't you realize?

Maiden sighs and looks to the sky.

MARY MAIDEN
When is this teenage self blow over,
Shraim? You're starting to tire me.

Before Shraim can answer, a strike of a lightning bolt in the
afternoon sky. They all paused. Crone got up, threw the
cigarette she was smoking away and talked to Shraim.

MARY CRONE
Go inside.

SHRAIM
But...

MARY CRONE
Now, Shraim. Maiden, fetch Schmeb.

Maiden and Shraim head towards the house.

INT - SHRAIM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shraim reads Nietzsche. Musical posters everywhere. A soft
guitar and a sweet female voice is playing on his record
player in a foreign language. The walls were divided by
sectors of paintings. Each of the paintings represent a
season of the year and a sun in each one. The sun was white
in winter, yellow in summer, faded in fall, bright orange
during spring. Behind his simple single bed, a star crossed
with a knife. All over the floor there are books scattered.
Maiden comes in, he doesn't flinch.

MARY MAIDEN
Reading again? Finally.

Shraim smiles.

SHRAIM
I like this guy. He's got some nerve.
May those who created the devil reside
with it, right? Of course Dante didn't
help.

Maiden sits down beside him, touching his leg.

MARY MAIDEN
I have to tell you something. You
won't like it.

Shraim closes the book, concerned.

SHRAIM
What's going on?

MARY MAIDEN
Crone is dying.

Shraim looks scared.

SHRAIM
What are you talking about? You're
immortal.

MARY MAIDEN
I can't explain. Heck, she can't. But
she knows.

SHRAIM
I'm God, Mary Maiden. She's not going
to die.

MARY MAIDEN
You may be God, but you don't kill. Or
the opposite.

SHRAIM
Tell me who does kill and I'll deal
with them.

MARY MAIDEN
You're... new. Before you...

SHRAIM

There was another me, I know the chatter. Tell me who they are. It's time.

MARY MAIDEN

Shraim...

SHRAIM

(nervous)

I will show them the wrath of God,
bring upon - flashes of red -
armageddon itself.

Maiden just smiles and the red is gone.

MARY MAIDEN

We must respect Gaia...

SHRAIM

Fuck Gaia!

Maiden is suddenly mad.

MARY MAIDEN

Listen to me: never say that again.

Shraim gets up heading to the door.

SHRAIM

I'll talk to Schmeb.

MARY MAIDEN

Stop! He doesn't quite know.

SHRAIM

He knows more than you'd think, Mary.

MARY MAIDEN

Shraim, please. Mother will be Crone,
I will be Mother and another one will
be maiden. It's the cycle. You'll...

SHRAIM

Die of boredom and frustration with
strangers barging in! Uh-uh! It never
changes and when it does it's this?
Don't you think I remember? I remember
everything, I was there.

MARY MAIDEN

Fine. Go talk to Schmeb. Have at it in the Chamber. It won't change the result.

Shraim sighs as he looks saddened.

MARY MAIDEN (CONT'D)

You're a sweetheart. You really are.

SHRAIM

I can't stand it anymore. This... linear bullshit. I miss the old days. Before the exile.

MARY MAIDEN

In the old days we were lonely.

Shraim laughs ironically.

SHRAIM

That's really saying something, isn't it?

MARY MAIDEN

Don't think too much.

SHRAIM

Are you kidding me? That is literally all I do.

MARY MAIDEN

Come on. You do a lot more and you know it. If you could only see...

SHRAIM

How? How will I see it?! Sitting in that Chamber all day while Schmeb voyeurs my entire thought process and actions? I don't create anymore and it feels awful. Can't you understand? There's no thrill in being me.

Mary Maiden seems defeated by arguing with God.

INT - CHAMBER OF REFLECTION - DAY

Shraim is once again crouched down in front of Schmeb, who keeps writing, as the beams of green and some yellow lights float around. Then, the red beam. A protest from Schmeb, again.

SCHMEB
Shraim, please...

Shraim opens his eyes, furiously getting up.

SHRAIM
I'm done! Enough of this bullshit!

He walks out of the house into the yard where the Marys are at cards, eating fruit. Shraim passes them, up the hill to Jose's house, where Alice was standing near the vegetables having a joint with the jeep parked beside her.

SHRAIM (CONT'D)
How about that ride?

She smiles.

CUT TO:

INT - INSIDE THE JEEP - DAY

ALICE
Aren't you impressed I can drive a clutch?

Shraim barely reacts.

SHRAIM
Where are we headed?

Alice seems confused.

ALICE
Where do you think? Santa Fe.

SHRAIM
The bad side or the good?

ALICE
It's obvious, isn't it? If we go to the bad side the soulworkers will recognize you.

He nods, kind of sad.

SHRAIM
I wanna do something fun. Maybe...

And then, at the roadside, they see the silhouette of someone in front of the car.

SHRAIM (CONT'D)
A hitchhiker? To Santa Fe? That's weird.

ALICE
Very weird. I'll just drive past th...

SHRAIM
No. Stop the car and let him in.

ALICE
How do you know it's a 'he'?

SHRAIM
(ironic)
Because I have good sight.

She doesn't laugh, but smiles nervously like something was off. JOLO (20s, straight dark hair down to his shoulders, very pale skin and very thin red lips. He wears sunglasses, hiding his blue eyes and has a cool aura to him) enters the car, sits down and raises his hands to Shraim. He wears a Rolling Stones t-shirt.

JOLO
(reaching his hand to Shraim)
Pleasure, Jolo.

When Shraim touches Jolo's hand he passes out. Visions of the shadow of what seems to be a male figure crying with a bald head except for one braided lock in the back of his head.

Shraim wakes up, Alice is in front of him, plus Jolo.

JOLO (CONT'D)
Santa Fe is right ahead, we could take him to the doctor's.

ALICE
He doesn't need a doctor. And you don't need a ride, soulworker.

Jolo looks at her. He doesn't seem surprised. He just smirks.

JOLO
I'm much more than you think, and I speak more truth in my thumb than you in a thousand words, girls.

Jolo looks away from Alice and focuses on Shraim. He takes off his sunglasses: oceanic blue eyes.

JOLO (CONT'D)
See you soon, Shraim.

Then, he just disappears. Puff.

SHRAIM
What.. a soulworker can't do that.
He...(whispers) a Traveler.

Alice doesn't react, as if she hadn't heard the whispering.
She turns the car back on and keeps going on the road.

EXT - BAR IN SANTA FE - NIGHT

Shraim sits across Alice in a simple bar smoking a cigarette
and having a beer. They're talking.

ALICE
...you're telling me you have no
curiosity on where you came from?

Shraim smiles ironically.

SHRAIM
You wanna know the origin of the
origin of the origin? That's
solipsism. I don't go there. I don't
have to.

He puts the now empty bottle of beer on top of the table.

SHRAIM (CONT'D)
Well, I'm bored. Alcohol just doesn't
do it. (epiphany) Wanna do coke?

She seems amused.

ALICE
Sure. Make some and we'll do it in the
car.

SHRAIM
Do you think this is X-MEN?
(announces) 'Let there be cocaine!'

ALICE
Okay. I'll have to go to the Bad Side
to get some.

Shraim looks excited by the prospect.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Alone.

The excitement fades.

SHRAIM

You're right. I'll wait here. But hurry.

Alice heads to the car and drives off. Shraim gestures a passing waiter and order another beer. He looks around waiting, then Jolo suddenly shows up sitting down where Alice had just been.

JOLO

(gasping)

Listen to me. Quickly. There is no reward. Say no. - takes Shraim's hand
- Don't accept it.

Shraim is puzzled

SHRAIM

What are you tal..?

Jolo disappears as the waiter comes back with the beer.

INT - ALICE'S JEEP - NIGHT

Shraim does a line of coke from the car's document folder and bobs his head up.

SHRAIM

This is... I feel like..

ALICE

God?

SHRAIM

(smiling)

Better!

A small collage of them doing coke in the car, smoking and talking. Then, Alice asks a strange thing.

ALICE

Tell me about Jesus.

He looks at her suspicious. It's obvious he didn't like the question. He does another line and lights a cigarette.

SHRAIM

You want to know about Jesus? Jesus was a test. He didn't pay for their sins, if you knew, it was quite the opposite. While he was walking, near the end he was dying of thirst begging for water. Someone in the crowd gave him a chalice: vinegar. Imagine that. That is Jesus. *That* was what I created.

Alice looks serious. Too serious. Shraim keeps smoking.

ALICE

So.. he won't come back?

SHRAIM

The audacity you have, I tell you. Jesus already came back. Many times, actually. Jesus is programmed to that.

Curiously enough, Alice has no more follow-up questions about it. She also lights a cigarette.

ALICE

And you? Don't you wanna meet them? Live, die, eat, try to understand?

SHRAIM

I do understand them. (hesitant).. I do. I just don't understand...

Alice waits for him to finish, but he doesn't.

ALICE

What? Say it. I won't judge.

His smile is crooked.

SHRAIM

It's like Michelangelo confessing he doesn't understand the Sistine Chapel.

ALICE

What? What don't you understand?

He hesitates again. Smokes more.

SHRAIM

Love. I don't understand love.

At first, Alice seems not to have an answer. Then she changes her expression and she looks... prepared.

ALICE
What if I told you could understand?
That there is a way?

Shraim looks confused, looks around, closes his eyes for a bit and opens it. A loud drum comes from afar. He is furious.

SHRAIM
Who. Are. You?

She backs away from him and smiles, a confident smile. The world around them dissolves at the same time that Alice turns to Jose. They're not in the car anymore: they're in the Chamber of Reflection.

INT - CHAMBER OF REFLECTION - NIGHT

They're in the Chamber, with Schmeb and his notebook and all the mirrors destroyed. The red beam was hovering strong and glowing. Jose sitting down in front of Shraim, who realizes he was in trance.

JOSE
(to Schmeb)
Did you write everything?

SCHMEB
Yes, sir.

Shraim looks disappointed and vulnerable but at the same time mad to Schmeb.

JOSE
Let's get out of here. Come on,
Shraim.

Shraim immediately stood up and they left the Chamber stepping all over the shards of glass of the broken mirrors.

EXT - SHRAIM'S YARD - NIGHT

Jose and Shraim, followed by Schmeb taking notes, walk out to the patio. The Three Marys spot them and they all get up from the table, startled.

MARY MAIDEN
(baffled)
You can't just..

Jose makes a gesture with his hand in her direction.

JOSE

Shut up.

She immediately freezes where she stood, and so does the other Marys. Shraim looks surprised. They start up the hill towards Jose's property.

SHRAIM

(walking)

So, Alice and Santa Fe, all that?

JOSE

It was only me. Alice doesn't exist.

INT - JOSE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house is filled with knick knacks on top of shelves and tables and they are inside a bedroom with a simple bed and, beside it, a yellow wooden door. He turns to Shraim, calm and serene.

JOSE

You said you want to know love. I'm a part of a group that can connect you to that. I can't say more. We can make you live as one of them. One who cries, who suffers, who loses, but also laughs, rejoices, has fun and contentment. Someone who loves. Together, we have that power. This project is called Essentia Amore and it was created to balance the karma of living beings and help create karma for a God. Do you accept?

Shraim looks concerned.

SHRAIM

What do you mean by God's karma?

JOSE

You'll know.

SHRAIM

But...

JOSE

Shraim. It's a simple yes or no. Do you want to come or do you want to
(MORE)

JOSE (CONT'D)
stay here?

That does it for Shraim. Of course he doesn't want to stay.

SHRAIM
How do we get there?

JOSE
Through the threshold.

He points to the yellow door. Shraim nods. Jose puts his hand on the door's knob as Mary Crone appears, her long white hair gleaming.

MARY CRONE
Wait, Shraim.

JOSE
(perplexed)
How did you...?

MARY CRONE
(disdain)
Please, Regulator, I have strains in
my hair that know more than your
little tricks.

She turns to Shraim, taking something from her pocket.

MARY CRONE (CONT'D)
Take this. It's for you. Wear it now,
before passing.

It's a necklace of the Tree of Life, made of silver. He abides and puts around the neck looking at her tenderly. She seems worried, sad.

SHRAIM
Come on, Wise On. It'll be a blink.
We'll soon meet again.

She stares deeply at him but says nothing, kissing both of his blond eyebrows. She steps back as Schmeb stops writing.

SCHMEB
Jose?...

JOSE
Yes, yes, you'll come too, but...

SCHMEB

I know. I won't remember as well.

Jose nods, then opens the door. Behind it, a black sky. Jose nods again to his companions and they start passing through the door. Jose is the last one, he is alone with Crone.

JOSE

It'll be alright. We need this.

MARY CRONE

That might be true. But don't forget
it: he's still God.

Jose looks at her and for the first time we can see a different Jose: a bit puzzled. He walks through the door.

EXT - SKY OF BUENOS AIRES - NIGHT

On screen: Buenos Aires, 2015

The sky is pitch black, with scattered stars. Suddenly, an orange lightning bolt flares the entire horizon.

INT - HOSTEL FIESTA, BUENOS AIRES - NIGHT

A squeaky mouse enters through the front door as some guests get into the hostel and is big enough to climb the stairs. It reaches the bar area, with a yellow counter that divides the staff from the guests, with a middle-sized mirror behind the bartender. Murmuring, noise, lots of movement. It's packed.

The walls behind the bar are dark and filled with artsy drawings and shelves of big glasses that used to be the bottom part of wine bottles. The walls also have some posters of artists, one featuring an old Tango master and one of John Lennon. The mouse continues his quest passing through a couple of young boys and girls snorting some sort of powder, a young man playing poker on his phone with a gigantic iced drink in his hands and the hostel's bartender smoking a joint from the hand of one of the guests. The music is loud as fuck, the light dim.

As the animal continues he speeds into the dining area, where a microphone and a small stage were set up. On the stage we have GEORGE JONES (20s, Brazilian, white, a bit chubby with curly hair and blond eyebrows). He is ready to perform. Drunk and very courageous. He speaks in a mix of portuguese, spanish and english.

GEORGE

Bueno. This one is a special one, I
tell you. It's about cock. You know?
Rola, pija.

There are literally less than 10 people watching and they all
booed when George told them the poem was in english

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Homophobes.

He begins his poem as the camera goes back to the mouse
continuing on his path. It stops for a second and stares a
guy eating a spoonful of Dulce de Leche, its goal.

It continues going through a space with a sofa and two
lounging chairs, with heaters on all of the walls. There's a
staircase, and it climbs it to the second floor, passing a
man getting out of the bathroom naked with a towel in his
head, followed by a couple leaned over a window copulating.
No Dulce de Leche there, so it goes back down the stairs and
George is at the end of his poem.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It's always been this, me publicly
depicting my hell and you - then he
points at his crotch - organic and
awaring merely distracting yourself.
Thank you.

Sitting in a stool at the bar we have THOMAS BAZYNSKI
(American, pale skin, red lips - a charmer, looks like Jolo
but has short dark hair, but not identical). His hands rest
on a cluttered counter full of cups and ashtrays. An empty
seat next to him. He looks to the corner of the bar, towards
the mirror, and his blue eyes gleam strangely - what is this
glow?

THOMAS

One more, Diego. Less coke this time,
please.

He doesn't notice George approaching, drunk and confident.
George slides into the empty side beside Thomas.

GEORGE

Oh, Cuba Libres then? If you ever go
down Trinidad, right?

Thomas looks to him, confused.

THOMAS
Excuse me?

GEORGE
Come on, they told me you were
American. The Andrews Sisters?

George lights a cigarette, starting to sing and sway.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
*If you ever go down Trinidad, they
make you feel so very glad...*

Thomas watches, amused. He likes the weirdness. George is weird. Interesting. While looking at George he turns his attention for a second to the mirror. Looks at George again.

THOMAS
Sure, sure, drunk poetic stranger.

George makes a flattered noise.

GEORGE
Aw, gee. Thanks for the 'poetic'. Now
I see this (points from him to Thomas)
writing poetry on the shores of Italy,
and when in the U.S. laughing about
the last SNL episode after your
family's Super Bowl party. Eating
Gouda all day. Gouda. Every. Day.

He taps Thomas' shoulders.

THOMAS
Listen, you're way too weird and I'm
not that drunk.

He gets up - clearly a jest - then 'reconsiders.'

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Okay, I'll change my mind if I can bum
a cigarette.

Thomas sits back down and George grins, handing him the pack of cigarettes. Thomas grabs one, gives the pack back, then lights it.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
So, I overheard that. I'm sorry, but
it was confusing, Were you talking
about your cock?

GEORGE
What, are you kidding me? Of course
not.

George winks.

THOMAS
What were you talking about, then?

George leans towards him, so close that Thomas thinks he's
going for a kiss - making Thomas bob his head back a bit.

GEORGE
(whispers)
El Diablo.

THOMAS
Ah, sure. That was pretty clear after
the swearing in portuguese. At least I
think it was portuguese.

He gently chuckles and takes a sip of his Cuba Libre.

GEORGE
You're very sharp... (queues the
American).

THOMAS
Thomas.

GEORGE
Thomas. I'm George. Tom. Tom-Tom-Tom.
Hey! I can be your Jerry.

The bar grows fuller as the nights deepens. Hostel Fiesta is
the after-party people chose because you could find any fix
there.

THOMAS
My Jerry? So what, I'm the chaser and
you're the runner?

Tom laughs on his own innuendo. George misunderstands it.

GEORGE
What, you wanna chase me? (blurts out)
Are you even gay?

Thomas makes a ticking noise with his mouth.

THOMAS
Straight as they come, buddy.

George groans.

GEORGE
Well, you already called me buddy.
Challenge accepted!

Thomas laughs, entertained. Another look at the mirror,

THOMAS
You're funny, George. Funny man. Where
are you from? And, sorry if I'm being
rude, but why do you dye your
eyebrows?

GEORGE
Dye my eyebrows? Are you insane? I was
born like this, baby. Au naturale. And
where am I from? Can't you tell by the
exotic beauty in my flair and gazing?

Another sip of the Cuba.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Brazilian, dude.

THOMAS
I was thinking, "Stop it, Thomas, he
won't be a highfalutin' aspiring
artist with no money wandering around
Argentina. Maybe he's an engineering
major taking a wild koorazey adventure
before settling down with the wife and
kids...'

GEORGE
- The dog. You forgot the dog.

THOMAS
Of course. The dog. Some small
obnoxious beast.

GEORGE
And you're wrong. I'm not aspiring. I
am. And I do have money. Ching ching!

He smiles and his eyes squint a little when he does that.

THOMAS

God. Your arrogance and accent are American. Can't believe I left to go back to this.

George 'ews'.

GEORGE

American? I just told you man, Brazilian. Of course Brazilian.

THOMAS

God. Brazilians. An artsy type.

George lights a cigarette.

GEORGE

Artsy, yet rich.

THOMAS

But is the money coming from your art?

GEORGE

Not exactly.

THOMAS

Then, Georgie, as I said before, you're aspiring.

They both laugh.

GEORGE

I don't like 'Georgie'. Sounds like I'm twelve. Should I call you Tommy or something like that?

THOMAS

Fair enough. I'll call you Geeg, then.

GEORGE

See? We're getting intimate already.

Thomas rolls his eyes and orders another Cuba Libre. George does the same.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

So, do you like reading?

THOMAS

Depending on who wrote the book, sure.

GEORGE
Stop being humble. You look and sound
well-read. What have you been reading?

THOMAS
Fernando Pessoa. Some Emily Dickinson.

George freezes - coincidence.

GEORGE
Fernando Pessoa? What? No, you're not.

George starts quoting.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
"...but after all, it's really the
creatures that have never written a
love letter that are truly
ridiculous..."

Thomas likes his declamation.

THOMAS
Yeah. Tell me, how do you speak
english so well?

GEORGE
Buffy.

THOMAS
Say what?

GEORGE
Buffy, The Vampire Slayer. Friends.
Gilmore Girls. The Nanny. Skins.
Torrents. TV Shows. Music. Books. I've
been around. But the secret? My dad is
American and lives in an english-
speaking town back in the countryside
of Brazil.

THOMAS
That's impressive. Your accent is
pretty passable.

GEORGE
Yeah, so is yours. Do you know
anything in portuguese?

THOMAS
I do, actually. *Caralho*.

He mispronounces it. George finds it cute.

GEORGE

You know what, Tom-Tom-Tom? I've made a decision. You're my american. For the season.

THOMAS

That sounds scary.

GEORGE

Oh, you haven't seen scary.

THOMAS

Don't bother. I don't feel things normally anymore. I'm serious.

He takes another cigarette from George.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

It's like I'm a sociopath. I'll tell you something. My grandpa died five years ago. It was the last time I shed a tear.

George stares at Thomas - instant crush.

GEORGE

One day I'll make you cry. You'll see.

Time passes and Thomas and George are still laughing about, talking, some glances from Tom to the mirror as they go on.

THOMAS

How did we end up talking about first love?

GEORGE

It's all reduced to love when there's no subject.

THOMAS

Love is just a game.

George gets surprisingly serious at that. He reaches his hand to Thomas' shoulder.

GEORGE

Love is not a game. It's a fucking war.

Thomas seems taken aback by that. Then looks at the mirror. At the same time George sees the squeaky mouse who had made its way to the table licking a spoon of Dulce de Leche leftover. George smiles. Ready to acknowledge the small animal, and then:

Bang! Crash! Splat! A sickening crunch - tiny bones breaking.

The butch bartender slammed a thick notebook down the mouse, over and over again. Blood splatters across the counter.

George freezes, horrified. His horror shifts to rage.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(shouting)
What the hell is wrong with you?

He lunges towards the bartender, ready to attack. Thomas and a couple of the remaining guests grab George, holding him back. The bartender lifts the notebook - the mouse is dead.

George stops struggling. The night is ruined. Even the thrill of having met the American evaporates.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(mumbles, walking away)
Fucking humans.

CUT TO

INT - GEORGE'S ROOM - LATER

George collapses onto the bed.

He sleeps.

INT - HOSTEL FIESTA'S BAR - EARLY MORNING

A shy light beaming with the newly erected sun.

Thomas is still drinking and smoking, staring at the mirror in the corner. Now, from his perspective, we can see who is reflecting to him: Mary Maiden.

The sound of that same orange lightning bolt and the sky of Buenos Aires turn orange for just a moment through the window and around the woman's face in the mirror as Thomas gets up, goes towards the staff area of the bar and starts violently punching the mirror until all pieces are on the floor. He's gasping. He turns to the bartender.

THOMAS
(pointing at her face with blood
all over his hands)
Don't you think of replacing it.

Then, Thomas faints.

FADE OUT.