

INTERMISSION

By

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INSERT:

-- silent video of an empty theater stage, black and white.

EXT. THICK JUNGLE - PIRACHUA PEOPLE - NIGHT

A man-made clearing in the dense jungle -- almost like a crop circle, with the stalks of bushes and trees and pushed over -- is BRIGHTLY LIT by flame torches, a roaring fire, and the white moonlight.

HERA (13), pregnant belly, SCREAMING, and dark brown skin, sits atop of a bed of palm fronds and crushed hay. She is surrounded by her fellow villagers - the PIRACHUA PEOPLE - who watch, fascinated, as she gives birth.

ANNOUNCER (V.O)

The ushers will guide you to your seats. Please, do not make a fuss.

MOTHER EVE (40's), the matriarch of the community, dressed in a beautiful gown, stands by Hera's legs holding a torch down to embers. She loudly COMMMANDS Hera, religious poetics in their native language, and forces Hera's legs open wider.

LATER

DRUMS BOOMING. The BABY has been born - newborn LITTLE ONE rests, screaming, on Hera's belly, covered in viscera and umbilical cord still attached.

Hera is passed out, cold.

With a sharpened rock tool, Mother Eve cuts the cord.

TRIBESMAN holding SPEARS somewhere in the shadows continue beating drums.

ANNOUNCER (V.O)

The show will be starting in fifteen minutes. The ushers will guide you to your seats. Please, do not make a fuss.

With her hands, Mother Eve wipes blood from the Little One.

She passes Little One to multiple ELDERS, SHAMANS, etc who now surround the passed-out Hera.

Each elder kisses the baby on the head, passing her along.

INT. HERA'S HOME - LATER

Hera, awake, lays on the dirt floor of a complex, well constructed THATCHED HUT. She holds Little One in her arms.

O.S, in the distance, we still hear the ritualistic chanting and drum beats.

Little One breastfeeds; Hera watches her, amazed, dumbfounded.

MOON MAN, 20's, a huge, strong warrior, olive complexion, steps into the hut. He kneels down by Hera, inspecting the Little One.

ANNOUNCER (V.O)

Please, do not make a fuss.

Moon Man says something to Hera, quietly. Hera shakes her head. Moon Man lightly touches Little One, rubbing her fine hair.

Moon Man prods Hera's inner thigh, moving his hands up her leg.

LATER

Moon Man and Little One sleep - Hera lays awake, Little One in her arms.

She stands. The village is quiet.

EXT. THICK JUNGLE - PIRACHUA PEOPLE - NIGHT

Still holding Little One, Hera purposefully sneaks through the community.

She passes other homes, like hers. The sounds of snoring.

The embers of a dying fire.

She reaches the edge of a clearing.

She steps into the thick jungle.

OUTSIDE CLEARING

Now in the thick forestry, Hera steps carefully over shrubs, walking between trees. The only light is moonlight, but it's enough.

Little One wakes, but doesn't cry, quietly hiccupping.

Hera keeps going.

LATER

Hera sits on the buttress root of a huge conifer, breastfeeding Little One once again.

She spies the SUN -- up ahead, through the trees, as it begins the process of RISING. Still dark throughout, there is a tinge of perverse pink light bathing the jungle.

She stands, continuing her walk.

Stepping past the trees, Hera again sees more light. This time, it emanates from a jungle tree up ahead.

She steps forward, closer and closer to the source of the light.

A TREE burns, its trunk EMBERS as if recently on fire.

Hera gets closer and closer, close enough to touch the glowing tree.

Through the embers, in the CENTER of the hot, glowing tree, is a different set of lights -- BLUE, PURPLE and GREEN embers glow BRIGHTLY. Unnatural colours.

Fascinated, Hera reaches out to touch these embers.

Like a pair of lungs, heaving in and out, the embers glow BRIGHTER and DULLER rhythmically.

Hera's hand inches closer....

FLUORESCENT, ARTIFICIAL LIGHT fills the JUNGLE.

These artificial lights FLASH ON AND OFF.

Hera looks up at these lights.

The keep FLASHING, followed by a classic two-tone bell.

Intermission is over.

INSERT:

-- black and white, silent footage of two VAUDEVILLE ACTORS dancing the Charleston on stage, swinging canes, hamming it up.

CUT TO BLACK