

HOPE
By
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INT. DAY - LIVING ROOM OF AN APARTMENT BUILDING

A WASHING MACHINE being pushed out of a window. Window is open. A wind is blowing strong.

POV:

WASHING MACHINE is close to the window. it is very high up. It tips over with difficulties and falls, then makes a couple of turns.

The WASHING MACHINE stop turning FACING DOWNWARD.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - FREE FALLING FROM BUILDING

As the grounds come close, a land covered by a murky Gray blanket of fog appears.

POV:

WASHING MACHINE comes closer to the ground, different buildings in bad condition are showing their forms.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - CONTINUOUS

POV:

WASHING MACHINE continues falling. The scenery is covered with rubbish, dumped from the sky scrappers days and nights.

But in this immense dump that the city has become a spotless portion of land is cleared of rubbish.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY CONTINUOUS

POV:

WASHING MACHINE is about to hit the ground. CHLOE a 15 years old girl, dressed in an army over coat wearing a gas mask.

She desperately trys to keep her small plot cleared of rubbish. An old beaten wheelbarrow is standing beside her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2.

CHLOE (VO)
This is me there...

The WASHING MACHINE hits the ground with a lot of noise.

BLACK SCREEN:

FADE IN:

EXT. SECOND LATER

CLOSE UP:

WASHING MACHINE. Dust is flying from the after shock. The shadowy WASHING MACHINE severely beaten from the fall, has bits hanging out of it.

PAN TO GIRL:

CHLOE has not moved, as she is used to this sort of things falling down.

CHLOE turns to see what has fallen down. She stares at the WASHING MACHINE then shakes her head in despair.

CHLOE (VO)
There was a time when earth was a
sparkling gem,
When the sea and the sky was blue,
When the trees and the grass ruled
all the land,
A time when there was no gloom.

CROSSFADE:

EXT. DAY - CHLOE'S PLOT OF LAND

ANGLE ON:

CHLOE turns back to her work. She does not pay attention to all the rubbish that continues falling down.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP:

CHLOE stands up and look around - The thick fog plans over what is the old city. The dumping never stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

3.

The toxic fog is so lethal that CHLOE never takes her GAS MASK off.

CHLOE (VO)
Now all that's left is memories,
From that time so long ago,

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY - CONTINUOUS

POV:

CHLOE, Looking all around her.

A piece of PAPER flies and lands on her foot. On it, a picture of a beach with tropical trees and a turquoise blue sea.

ANGLE ON:

CHLOE'S FOOT, HAND ENTER FRAME, CHLOE picks up the piece of paper

ANGLE ON:

CHLOE's face

CHLOE (VO)
But to me there's always a second
chance, to make something grow.

ANGLE ON:

CHLOE's eyes through the GAS MASK, the reflection of the image on the eye piece of the GAS MASK.

WIDE:

CHLOE puts the paper in her pocket then turns around and gets back to her work.

FADE OUT:

EXT. DAY - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE UP:

CHLOE is actively working to keep her plot of land cleared from rubbish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4.

CHLOE (VO)
That's why in this thing that earth
has become, In this toxic, wasted
land, a beautiful flower grows
proud and tall,

ANGLE ON:

CHLOE's hands clearing around a dark orange DAISY FLOWER.

CHLOE (VO)
From the palms of my hands.

FADE OUT:

END