A DREAM FROM THE COUNTER/CULTURE

Ronald Ranieri Whyte

166 EXT. DAVID AND TOM’S HUT. NIGHT.
In the moonlight, we see David led by Sarah going into the hut.

167 INT. CRIS AND SARAH’S CABIN. NEAR SUNDOWN.
MONTAGE: QUICK: SHOWING ENTIRE ACTION OF FOLLOWING.
Cris, wearing just his shorts, is wiring onto each corner of the mattress a candle. Through the door, the windows, and the wide slats in the walls, we can see the full moon. As Cris works, we see that he is nervous and excited. The sweat, beaded at first, slides in beads down his suntanned limbs, moves down his forehead, gets tangled in his eyebrows, distills itself into beads again and drop into his eyes, making them burn and tear, though he does nothing to wipe the sweat from his eyes but rather endures it, even, in some teeth-grasping way, relishing and ultimately enjoying it.

168 INT. MAX AND SALLY’S DOME. NIGHT.
Max is videotaping what is going on. Sally is fixing up David, who has been thoroughly beaten up, and Tom is fixing up Sarah, who has been beaten even more harshly. Tom is nearly hysterical.

TOM
God, Sarah, I don’t know what happened to him! He just went crazy when you and David tried to join us. He just went out of his head. He didn’t mean to hurt you, I know it. He . . . he’s Cris. He’s CRIS . . .

Sally turns to Tom and Sarah.

SALLY
David’s gonna live. Move it, Tiger Thighs.

Sally elbows Tom out of the way and begins fixing up Sarah’s bruised, swollen face.
INT. CRIS AND SARAH'S CABIN. NIGHT.

Cris lies naked on the bed. At the four corners of the bed are candles burning brightly, bugs flying maniacally around them. First, we see the candles and get the vague feeling of someone lying on the bed.

We then see Sarah enter the cabin. She sees the bed, stops, stares. Then we see what she sees:

Cris, spread-eagled on the bed, eyes closed in ecstasy, as thousands of insects, drawn hither by the light, crawl over his flesh, amongst them many mosquitoes.

CLOSE UP: Cris' eyelid, closed. On it is a mosquito.

CLOSER-CLOSE UP: The mosquito (on the screen now as large as a palomino) sinks the hypodermic needle-like snout into the eyelid, and we see the blood pulsing up the shaft.

QUICK CUT TO:

Cabin in darkness. In the light from the stars overhead, shining through the aperture in the roof, we make out Sarah sitting on the bed, cradling in her arms Cris, who is crying.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING: Obituary.

CASS (V.O.)

(Reads clipping)

NOTED BUSINESSMAN AND WIFE KILLED IN AUTO CRASH.

(Then in smaller type)

Always Bragged He Worked Way Up From Bottom

Camera pans above headline, and we see the caption under the picture that accompanies obituary.

CASS (V.O.)

Survivors include three children: Cass, Sarah, Cristofer.

Camera pans up to formal little portrait of smiling group—Cass, Sarah and Cris—but Cris' hair is shorter and he looks like a good little boy, in just the same way Sarah looks like a good little girl. HOLD on closeups of faces in portrait for a moment.

DISOLVE TO:

EXT. FIELD. DAY.

As before: Sarah, smiling, is calmly giving news to Cris.

SARAH

... I wanted to be certain, and it's three months now...

VIDEOTAPE: CLOSE UP OF CASS.

CASS

I saw Cris today. I know Sarah told me not to try and go in the woods and find him, but he's been alone in the woods for a week now, and I thought maybe if I could just ... I just wanted to see him, but I couldn't ... I didn't ... get to talk to him ...

MONTAGE: CRIS IN THE WOODS.

Slow, low, ominous thunder builds throughout scenes, merged, mixed, part of the music: the montage, the music are all a single unit.

SLOW MOTION: Cris, wandering in woods, a week's growth of beard on his face, his clothes filthy, his hair tangled and matted.
173  EXT. BARN. DAY.

(SILENT SCENE) The guys, minus Cris, are hauling in the hay for winter. Suddenly, Tom throws down what he is carrying, and starts to walk away.

    EMIL (V.O.)
    (We see what Emil describes)
    So I said, where you going, and Tom said he was just through, that's all. He wasn't going to help anymore until he felt like it, and David tried to tell him it was everybody's duty to do their part, all the time, but Tom just told David to . . . you know . . . and so I said, hell, we can do this ourselves, forget about Tom. But I know if Cris was around, then never would've happened. But then, I don't think about that much because I'm too old to understand what Cris is doing out in them woods all this time. And Sarah don't seem worried, so I just figure everything's going just fine. That's what I . . . figure . . .

Above scene ends with videotape of Emil talking.

174  VIDEOTAPE: CLOSE UP OF SARAH.

    SARAH
    I explained to Tom that no one should try to bring Cris back.

QUICK CUT TO:

174  EXT. CRIS AND SARAH'S HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON.

    SARAH
    I explained the above to Tom, who, surly-faced, nods that he understands and walks away, glancing now and then at the woods.

    EMIL (V.O.)
    I could see it all, I guess. The longer Cris stayed away, the more fidgety everyone got. I guess, you could say that when he was just sort of around, everybody kind of held together, without him doing anything at all. But once he was gone, things just started falling to pieces. I mean . . . well, everybody started getting chips on their shoulders. I never said nothing then, of course, but still I was worried, somehow . . . I was . . .

We see Cris stalking a rabbit, catching it, holding the struggling little beast in his filthy hands as he sinks his teeth into its back and begins eating it alive.

    The rabbit screams:
    Vanishes:

Cris is holding a stone. In the grey stone is a mouth, speaking words we cannot hear, but which Cris can hear. He lifts the stone to his ear, listens, then slowly brings the stone to his mouth and kisses the mouth on the stone. It is a passionate kiss, and as it continues, the stone grows larger and larger, until the giant stone-mouth covers Cris' face, and he sticks his head into it, slowly falling to the ground as the stone continues to grow, and Cris struggles, wriggling, to enter the stone. Finally, he succeeds in entering stone, and the mouth shrivels and vanishes.

175  VIDEOTAPE: CLOSE UP OF SALLY.

    SALLY
    (Excited)
    It happened, this way, this is the way I understand it, anyway, that Anne went just to Cris and Sarah's cabin one night and tried to get into bed with Sarah, and Sarah wouldn't have anything to do with her, or maybe Anne—
QUICK CUT TO:

Darkness:
The sound of the beating of wings: hundreds of wings: thousands. The darkness lightens, and we see Cris inside a cave, getting to his feet, while all around him frantically fly hundreds of small brown birds. He begins to flail his way through them. They vanish. He is alone in the hollow shell of grey rock.

He stands: then notices that his body is growing: his arms ripping through the shirt material, his legs slowly bursting his pants (he wears no shoes). His body is sweating, sweat streaming down his face. Something is moving under his pants and shirt: something is forming, writhing into life: he tears away his shorts, tears off his pants: covering his stomach and chest is a huge cunt, pulsing, dribbling, glowing slime. He slowly plunges his hands, his arms into the cunt: move to CLOSE-UP of his face tipped back in ecstasy, his mouth open: a small breast appearing above his mouth: the breast swells in size, writhing, pulsing as it grows large and nearer his mouth, and the sweat, like streaming marbles, slides down his face. The it enters his mouth and he begins sucking it: opens his eyes: camera pulls back: we see a naked Cris suckled by Sarah, but a transformed Sarah: a Sarah and Cris surrounded by a nimbus of glowing light, as if, Pieta-like, they sit in the center of the sun.

VIDEOTAPE: CLOSE UP OF ANNE.

(Furious and very proud of herself)
Shit, of course Sarah made out with me: but I knew she didn't care, doing it because Cris said we should love each other, which is a lot of crap, and I knew she didn't care about me, so that's right.

EXT. FIELDS AND WOODS. NIGHT.
Everyone carrying torches aloft, moves through the night like figures in a dream, their echoing voices calling CRIS! CRIS! CRIS!

MONTAGE: CRIS IN WOODS. CONTINUED.
Cris and Sarah in Pieta-like position, their faces a few inches apart. Smoke, very surrealistc smoke, a tunnel of twining, twisting smoke is moving between their wide-open mouths.

CRIS (V.O.)
(Whispering)
I think I am lost . . .

SARAH (V.O.)
(Whispering gently)
No, you are not lost: I killed you long ago . . .

Cris' face loses its ecstasy. It swiftly ages. The flesh falls away. We hear the sound of bones dropping onto stone. Sarah holds the skull, then lets it drop. We hear it plunge into water:

QUICK CUT TO:
Sarah, beside pool in cave, reaches her arms in and pulls out human bones, Cris' bones. She lays them carefully on the cave floor, her lips counting each one.

SARAH (V.O.)
(Whispering gently)
Carefully . . . carefully . . . if one bone is missing . . . if one bone is missing . . . . . .
EXT. FIELDS AND WOODS. NIGHT

Everyone, carrying torches aloft, moves through the night like figures in a dream, their echoing voices calling CRIS! CRIS! CRIS!

180 MONTAGE: CRIS IN WOODS. CONTINUED.

The skeleton is laid out. Sarah, kneeling beside it, stretches out her hands. On the end of each finger appears a barbed hook. She begins tearing out chunks of her flesh, placing the chunks on the skeleton, where they slide over, holding onto, gripping the bones.

Cris’ face complete: the eyes open: the eyes glow golden yellow. The head turns. Camera pulls back. Cris, naked, glowing and beautiful, beside the slumped skeleton of Sarah. Sarah’s dark brown hair is still attached to the chalk-white skull, falling down beautiful as ever. Cris opens his mouth. A soft, glowing ball of light emerges. Balls of light emerge from all over his body, grow, merge together, envelop the skeleton, which transforms him back to life. Cris embraces Sarah. They merge together into one being, the glowing light finally making them disappear.

Cris, standing naked in the woods, his body burned brown by the sun, holds a barren twig. As he holds it, it buds, grows leaves and small white flowers. Cris opens his hand and we can see that the twig is growing out of the flesh of his hand. In slow motion, Cris passes out and sinks towards the ground, as night falls also: and the twinkling torches appear and we hear the echoing voices calling CRIS! CRIS! CRIS!

THE FOLLOWING VIDEO TAPES RAPIDLY OVERLAP, GARBLING TOGETHER.
CLOSE UP OF DAVID

DAVID
(Very upset)
That afternoon, Anne made a pass at me, and I just told her no—

—END OF DREAM—

RONALD RANIERI WHYTE