

O C U L U M

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In the future, the Earth is a ravaged place.

A deadly virus has killed most of the world's population.

Black rains have destroyed the crops and disabled technology.

Those few who are left struggle to survive.

Their only hope is --

**Oculum.**

**EXT. OCULUM -- SEED PARK - DAY**

We follow a single pink petal, gently falling toward the ground. It's delicate. Fragile.

Perfect.

It lands softly on the greenest of grass. Behind it there's a small grove of PEACH TREES. All of them are bursting with pink flowers.

Framing the trees, gorgeous blue sky. A dusting of clouds. Paradise.

Then...

...a flash of light reflects off something moving across the sky. It's small and silver. A plane?

And as we watch, it moves down... as if it's somehow riding across the sky.

What the hell is that?

It picks up speed as it gets closer to the ground. Growing larger and larger as it plummets until....

...it disappears behind the grove of peach trees, surely there will be an explosion but there's nothing until --

A SENTRY (a sleek ROBOT, made of stainless steel, riding a single wheel) rockets past us along the ground -- kicking up a trail of peach petals in its wake.

**INT. OCULUM -- MIRANDA24'S BEDROOM - DAY**

**CLOSE ON** another peach petal. This one is held in the hand of --

**WIDER**

MIRANDA24, 16 years-old (she is today in fact). She traces the petal with a finger, then considers the gorgeous day outside her bedroom window.

MOTHER (O.S.)  
How's the weather?

Without turning from the window, Miranda24 answers.

MIRANDA24  
 (of course it is)  
 Perfect.

ANGLE ON:

And we see Miranda's Mother standing in the doorway. The morning light hasn't quite reached this far, so we can't identify much about her. Simple clothes. Upright posture.

MOTHER  
 Oculum protects us.

MIRANDA24  
 (by rote, like a prayer)  
 Now and forever.

Miranda turns from the window -- holding the peach petal out to her Mother.

MIRANDA24 (CONT'D)  
 The trees are blooming in the Seed Park.

MOTHER  
 A good sign for a special day. How do you come to have it? They hadn't fallen yesterday.

But Miranda changes topics.

MIRANDA24  
 What if I don't go?

MOTHER  
 Regulus will be disappointed.

MIRANDA24  
 That doesn't increase my desire to go.

And there's a MECHANICAL HUM as her Mother *glides* up beside Miranda -- gently placing a hand on her arm. And we notice that...

...the hand looks like it's made of porcelain. The fingers fused together.

And now that she's in the light we realize Mother's FACE *also* looks like it's made from porcelain -- like some sort of dramatic MASK. Her mouth is a painted smile. Rose, brushed on her cheeks.

And as she tilts her head sympathetically, we see her neck is a series of gears and wires.

The lower half of her body ends in rubberized wheels. It's an eerie combination of mechanical and artistic --

-- which seems perfectly normal to Miranda24.

MOTHER

You're turning sixteen. A milestone.  
The first of the children of Oculum  
to do so. You should celebrate.

MIRANDA24

Not *actually* the first. I'm sure  
I'll be reminded of that.

MOTHER

But *my* Miranda. The one that matters  
to *me*.

Mother's hand reaches up, resting on Miranda24's cheek.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

So, if you don't care how Regulus  
will feel, know that your *Mother*  
will be disappointed if you don't  
go.

Miranda nods -- love in her eyes for her Mother.

MIRANDA24

Well, I don't want that.

From OUTSIDE there's a deep thrumming CHIME. Once, then again.

Mother holds out an arm band -- it's purple with a silver M24  
written on it.

MOTHER

We'll be late if we don't hurry.

Miranda takes the arm band and slips it on.

MIRANDA24

We should hurry then.

And if Miranda's Mother could smile... she would.