

Journey of the Seeds
Episode 23
Afterparty

by

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MOSCOW - CLUB - 1 HOURS AFTER THE METEOR SHOWER

Veronique is standing near the wall in the main hall. No music is playing. 6-7 "reds" are dragging some bodies to the other corpses. Blood traces are on the floor. In total, there are about 30 people left in the club, others are killed with hands and teeth of the infected ones. Veronique wrinkles - she doesn't like the picture of dead. She breathes out and closes her eyes, concentrating on something else. Flashback.

MOSCOW - CLUB - 50 MINUTES EARLIER

Yuri enters the empty hall, where she's standing.

VERONIQUE

We've been expecting you, darling.

Yuri, shaking and trembling, holding his head, running away up the stairs. Veronique stands still where she was, but now there are people behind her - all the "reds". They are silent, but their faces are crossed with rage. They want to hunt Yuri and kill him, cause they intuitively feel that he is still struggling with the soul inside him. Veronique feels the hate too and it takes her - she's nearly ready to follow Yuri and tear him apart. She's making first step after him.

MANUEL

Let the boy go. He will return one day.

Everyone obeys somehow. She turns her head and looks at Manuel. Another flashback/

MOSCOW - CLUB - DANCEFLOOR 1 HOUR EARLIER

Darkness. Nothingness. Complete silence. Some sounds appear in Veronique's head, very silent first, but it gets louder with every second, then explodes with a thunder-like melody. Flash of light. Veronique finds herself in some dark room, full of people, dancing around her. Some strange mechanisms illuminate the room with different colors, rotating on the ceiling. Veronique's hands are embracing some young man, and she's kissing him - or is it he who kisses her? She feels excited, cause she feels - the body, the flesh, the organs of senses. She moves closely to him, but the man moves back. It's Manuel. He's face is indifferent. Another man (Yuri) comes from behind and touches Manuel's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

YURI

Hey, she's with me.

Manuel steps aside and leaves, not turning back. Yuri approaches to Veronique. Veronique looks at him. He looks familiar, but she doesn't know him.

DAHSA

(in her head)

What's going on? What's...

Veronique supresses her easily and finds in her memory the name of the guy in front of her.

VERONIQUE

Yuri, right? Wanna dance?

He comes closer to her and... Some strange sound outside.

MOSCOW - CLUB - 1 HOURS AFTER THE METEOR SHOWER

Veronique comes back from her memories - the people are still dragging the dead released the corpse - it's on the floor now. The red is staring at it and opens his mouth slowly, again and again. Finally, he can't hold himself - he stands on limbs and starts biting the corpse, trying to eat. Some of the others join him, the others just stand nearby, but this event attacts all the reds in the hall. Veronique stands still, but she licks her lips - they're salt with dry blood from the final Yuri's kill. Veronique feels excitment and hunger - she wants to join this, she want to taste the flesh, she wants to touch, to be touched and feel, drink this feelings and emotions of sweet violence. She nearly makes a step to the corpse and the reds eating it.

MANUEL

Don't.

She turns and notices him hear her, at the wall. He's competely consumed by observing the feast in the center.

MANUEL

"For my flesh is true food, and my blood is true drink". He meant it figurative sense, but i'm sure they are not guided by the Holy bible right now.

Veronique looks at him, for a second forgetting the hunger and excitement.

(CONTINUED)

MANUEL

(not looking at her)

The process of adoption is going with more difficulties than I had imagined.

VERONIQUE

Who are you?

Manuel makes a step to the reds eating corpse, but they look at him and crag. They're ready to attack him. He stops. A flash of disappointment in his eyes. Some red mist appears around him, it gets thicker. Veronique looks at him with growing interest. Suddenly the red aura vanishes. Manuel steps back and goes to the DJ mixer on the second floor. He comes to it, then stops staring at the buttons, as if he remembers something. Then very quickly, with professional moves turns on some track. Strange melody fills the club. Deep, completed sounds take all the attention of those who hear them. The reds stop tearing the corpse and rise their heads up to the second floor where Manuel is standing. One by one, they stand up and move to the dancefloor right in front of the DJ mixer. Veronique is also coming there, by more due to the interest, rather than of a trance. In a few moments, all the reds are standing there, listening to the music and watching Manuel. The music goes on, but before it reaches its crescendo, Manuel turns it off. Now the reds in the dancefloor look like men who were woken up in the wrong time - there's clear aggression on their faces. The aggression is addressed to Manuel. Manuel slowly goes down to them, and each step he makes to them, they make 1 step back. Finally, both Manuel and the crowd stop.

MANUEL

I welcome you, my children. You were all chosen. Chosen by God to help me reach the great purpose. To bring to the humanity the divine light of our Lord, to purify it, to create here the new Eden.

Some whispers go through the crowd. Some short laughs.

MANUEL

(continues)

I know, in your past lives there were many sins, mistakes, disappointments. I know that here all came from different epochs and lands. But there is one thing that unites all of us. The abyss.

(CONTINUED)

Complete silence in the room. A shade of smile on Manuel's face.

MANUEL

You remember it, don't you? The place where you're alone among the infinity. Where the cries of the sinners torture the very souls of you, while at the same time, they are the sweetest melodies you ever heard. The ultimate place where everything stops its existence and exist in the only true form... You were all sent there for your past sins. What now can be more merciful and all-forgiving than the chance that you are given now? So, I assume, you all are ready to follow me and make the sacrifice you need to achieve our goal. Cause your greatest sacrifice, you have already made.

Manuel finishes his speech and sees at the reds, standing on their knees, all of them. Veronique is among them, she's deeply frightened - so as the rest. She can't remember what she had experienced in the abyss, but the word itself awakes the instinctive fear of it. Manuel stands above the crowd of red, covered with blood. Complete silence.

LONE VOICE FROM THE CROWD

Who are you?

MANUEL

You can call me Inquizitor. I am the man who brought you all here.

Manuel makes a few steps and stops finally. Everyone is still on the knees.

MANUEL

Now, we are leaving. Take all the necessities you find here - food, water, cloth. And, since this very moment, control your instincts.

First, they don't move. Then one stands up, then another, until the whole crowd is moving, doing as Manuel said. They drag corpses without any attempts to do something with them. Some start looking for the food on the bar. Veronique stands up, looking around.

(CONTINUED)

SOMEONE FROM THE CROWD
You! Loot the dead! They're in the
room down the corridor.

Veronique goes into the direction she've been told. Manuel notices her among the crowd and watches.

MOSCOW - CLUB - PRIVATE ROOMS - SAME TIME

Veronique enters the room. The corpses are thrown just there. Veronique approaches, feeling metal smell of the blood. She wants to search for useful stuff in their pockets, but notices a dead boy's face. Eyes are wide open, staring right at Veronique. Some blood around his head forms kind of circle. Veronique stares at him, blinks. The dead face changes who looks pretty familiar to Veronique.

VERONIQUE
Kristian... even here you're
chasing me...

She smiles to herself and sees that the corpse smiles too. She closes and opens her eyes. It was just a vision in her head. She turns away from the dead and notices a mirror on the wall. She comes to it, seeing for the first time how does she look like now. She comes closer, not believing her eyes. Slowly touches her face, there are no scars anymore. Her smile appears and fades, she's almost ready to cry. Comes closer to the mirror, wants to touch it.

MANUEL
Don't do that.

She turns - Manuel is there, watching her.

VERONIQUE
Are you spying me?

MANUEL
You were told to check the dead,
Veronique. There's no need now. We
are leaving.

Veronique turns back to the mirror.

VERONIQUE
(watching at her)
I'll be in a moment. By the way, i
liked you speech. But you forgot to
introduce yourself, Inquizitor. But
do you have a name? You know mine
somehow, and...

MANUEL

(interrupting)

Manuel. Manuel Alvarez. That was my name.

Pause.

VERONIQUE

You said you brought us here, Manuel and i believe you. But... first thing i remember, a kiss. You kissed this girl and came to life in her body. Was it necerrary or you just couldn't hold yourself?

Pause.

MANUEL

The kiss... i remember. That was the farewell gift to the boy. When i completely took his body, he asked for that little favor. He used to love this girl once.

VERONIQUE

And... what did he feel? What did you feel?

MANUEL

Fear. Nothing but fear. He was afraid...

VERONIQUE

Afraid of what?

Manuel doesn't response. Veronique looks at the mirror, making grimaces, enjoying her beautiful reflection.

VERONIQUE

It is so wonderful to have a new young flesh, isn't it?

No response. Veroniwue turns to him.

VERONIQUE

Manuel?

He's already gone. Only the dead boy stares at her from the floor.

MOSCOW - STREET OUTSIDE THE CLUB - 5 MINUTES LATER

Manuel goes out of the club to the street. The reds, with Veronique among them, are following him. There is chaos in the street - distant cries, sometimes shots. And the smell of smoke - the city is being consumed by fires and chaos. Manuel looks up - the sky still has the color of dry blood, despite the end of the meteor shower.

MANUEL

Behold... the dawn of the new world.

Whispers and shudders in the crowd of the red.

VOICE FROM THE CROWD

Are we the ones who will rule it?

MANUEL

No. We are the ones who will build it.

Everybody looks at the sky. Veronique does the same and smiles. Camera moves up, higher and higher, showing us the city is partially burning, then - Moscow region, country, hemisphere, finally - the Earth. The whole of it covered with little fires, like sparks on its surface. Suddenly, the Earth turns into an eyeball, but the color and shape remains unchanged. The eye closes. Fade out.