

Heroines of Chaos: Plan B

Film script

by

Anonymous

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The script is set far into the future, and is based on just one possible scenario and set of assumptions. In reality, there are a whole range of possible scenarios, and in this respect, the script represents a simplification of a myriad of possibilities.

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LOGLINE: Plan B: Heroines of Chaos. When Zsófi inherits the family orchard in Hawke's Bay (New Zealand) and then Cyclone Gabrielle hits, she must decide whether to reinstate and rebuild, or go with plan B.

GENRE: Eco-drama: a drama-packaged quasi-documentary, the story of all our tomorrows. There will be multiple, concurrent catastrophes: ongoing wars; global pandemics; global migrations; crumbling global trade; and nuclear disasters. The aim is to contrast life-today with life as-it-will-be in our eco-damaged future at the end of the century. Decisions today versus the outcomes that follow.

GENESIS: The story was written with my grand-daughter in mind: what I would say to her. It was written (at times through tears) with hope, beach-walks, yoga, and a determination to speak out. It began as an assignment, as part of my Diploma in Science and Technology at Massey.

RATIONALE: To make this vision of what is to come both credible *and* heart-rending, I have leaned toward social realism rather than Hollywood tropes. Also, though the vision spans centuries, I focus on one lifetime; and people and action move to New Zealand, the last refuge of our species (where there are also good film subsidies).

MARKET: You. Your family and descendants. Also the world, teenagers, young (and older) adults, farmers, anyone (like me) who lived through 'the storm of the century'. How will you and your children handle multiple hammer-blows from environment and war in the decades to come?

CHARACTERS: Mainly two schoolgirls (one à la Greta Thunberg, the other slightly mousey) to keep the male audience interested. It is a story of love, and grief. Both girls see all their hopes dashed, but one becomes a wise-woman to the next generation. It all ends with a much-changed lifestyle, and just a glimmer of hope.

FADE IN:

EXT. SKY: MILKY WAY FROM EARTH - NIGHT.

Exclude moon and planets. Zoom-in on one G3 yellow-dwarf star to represent our sun (cf Alpha Centauri A).

EXT. EARTH VIEWED FROM SPACE - DAY.

Rotate to Pacific Ocean. Zoom-in to New Zealand, then Hawkes Bay.

EXT. NZ: HAWKES BAY GIRLS' GRAMMAR: OUTSIDE GATES - DAY

2022. March. Summer. Afternoon. Main entrance. Signage: 'HAWKES BAY GIRLS' HIGH', signs to car park. Girl-students, in school uniform, are leaving college en masse at end of school day. Move through crowd toward netball courts.

EXT. SAME HB GIRLS' COLLEGE: NETBALL COURT - DAY

After school practice game in progress. Two teams of fifteen/sixteen-year-olds, wearing different colored bibs. One of the players is TAMARA, mixed-ancestry female, almost 15, from Wisconsin. Leitmotif cor anglais solo begins. ZSÓFI (17) of East European ancestry with high cheekbones, and muscular, athletic frame, wears school uniform with prefect badge, boater, while refereeing the game nonchalantly, casually walking up and down the sideline, using whistle, and official hand signals and terminology to control game. Tamara's foot goes over the line. Zsófi blows whistle and makes the footwork gesture, paddling her extended arms up and down in front.

ZSÓFI

Footwork!

Play restarts, and continues... Tamara holds the ball and hesitates more than three seconds. Zsófi blows up and raises one hand high with three fingers extended.

ZSÓFI

Held ball!

Play restarts, and continues... Tamara obstructs another player. Zsófi blows up and holds out both arms in front, palms facing.

ZSÓFI

Obstruction!

Increasing focus and close-ups of Tamara in action. Zsófi checks her watch, makes long blast on whistle. Game ends. Zsófi beckons Tamara over.

ZSÓFI

What's your name, girl?

Tamara speaks with a Wisconsin accent.

TAMARA

Tamara. Tamara Jackson.

ZSÓFI

American?

Tamara nods.

ZSÓFI

It's not basketball, you know!
You need to google the rules!

Tamara nods.

ZSÓFI

Which part of the US?

TAMARA

Door County. Wisconsin.

ZSÓFI

What's that like?

TAMARA

Lots of orchards.

ZSÓFI

Know how to pick cherries?

TAMARA

Sure.

Zsófi smiles.

ZSÓFI

This weekend, my place, then! I
need experienced fruit-pickers.
Minimum wage.

Tamara nods and smiles.

ZSÓFI

This Friday then. Bring your
casuals to school! You'll sleep
over. Alright-ee.

Tamara nods, and walks away. Zsófi watches, and hums
leitmotif tune, conducting herself at the same time.

EXT. EARTH VIEWED FROM SPACE - DAY.

Rotate to Indian Ocean. Zoom-in on Sth India, Kerala.

EXT. AERIAL: TINY SEASIDE VILLAGE, KERALA, INDIA - DAY

2022. Fishing boats, a few palm-thatched huts, no people.
Looking out from the village along the access road, there
is an approaching cloud of dust.

EXT. ROAD TO SEASIDE VILLAGE, KERALA, STH INDIA - DAY

Trucks and white SUVs, led by a Land-Rover flying UN/WHO-
flag, travel in convoy, kicking up clouds of dust. Last
vehicle, further back out of dust cloud, is command
vehicle with satellite dish. The convoy slows and halts.
Command vehicle stops some way back, back door opens, and
YUVAN, 58, male, of Euro-Polish extraction, wearing pink
camo cap, emerges, retrieves reconnaissance drone from
rear of command vehicle. Mission commander exits vehicle,
and launches drone, with Yuvan at controls.

Yuvan uses FPV screen inside command vehicle. Commander
watches over Yuvan's shoulder, uses CB radio. Close up
views of village. No-one about.

Meanwhile, back on the roadway, personnel on all but last
two trucks zip up hazmat-suits and don facemasks with
respirators. Some trucks carry equipment for a field-
hospital. The last two trucks carry armed police.

The main convoy slowly moves off again toward nearby
village, then stops at entrance: the police surround the
village, and medics and hazmat-personnel dismount. The
landrover turns around and waits, facing back along the
road, just outside the perimeter.

EXT. TINY SEASIDE VILLAGE OF PALM-LEAF HUTS, KERALA - DAY

No people about. Hazmat-suited personnel enter the
village. One or two are armed, and stand guard. Some set
up field hospital tents (with sides open) near entrance,
just outside perimeter. Others begin spraying the village
with disinfectant. Yet others go house to house. At first

house, the triage-medic pokes his head in, re-emerges, and holds up three fingers to the stretcher-bearers, who then go-in and retrieve two adults plus one child, all obviously sick inhabitants, and take them to the field-hospital. Same procedure for next hut, only two inhabitants, both sick. At third hut, the triage medic goes in.

INT. THIRD HUT, SAME VILLAGE - DAY

There is a family of four inside the hut, lying on bed-floor. The triage medic begins to check pulses for life, rolling the first head to reveal staring, bloodshot eyes.

EXT. NZ: HAWKES BAY COLLEGE GIRLS' SCHOOL: CAR-PARK - DAY

Friday, after school. Zsófi stands by her tiny EV car, holding a dandelion, checking her mobile, and waiting. Zsófi looks up and, across the car-park, spots Tamara, in similar uniform, (but not a prefect) carrying her own satchel, and a weekend bag. Zsófi waves. Leitmotif tune.

ZSÓFI

Tamara! Tamara!

Tamara waves, and comes on over.

ZSÓFI

Hi, Tamara, how's it going?

TAMARA

Hey there, Zsófi.

Zsófi opens the boot/trunk, and Tamara puts her bag and satchel in. Zsófi kisses the dandelion and presents it to Tamara, who laughs lightly, and curtsies. Zsófi closes the trunk, opens the passenger door, gestures Tamara inside, and closes the door after her. But it is not shut properly, so Zsófi uses her butt to shut it firmly. Then she gets in the driver's side, and the car moves off.

EXT. OUTSIDE THIRD HUT, SAME VILLAGE IN KERALA - DAY

The triage-medic emerges, looks at stretcher-bearers, shakes his head, and makes a throat-cutting gesture, and then holds up four fingers, before gesturing to the other end of the village, where a funeral pyre is being set up with firewood and flamethrower. The stretcher-bearers bring the bodies outside, and take blood-samples, before carrying the bodies toward the pyre.

INT. FIELD-HOSPITAL, PERIMETER OF SAME VILLAGE - DAY

Medics take blood samples from the sick inhabitants, marking them #1, #2, etc. And then place them carefully in a rack inside a chilly bin. More sick inhabitants arrive (all are put on intravenous drips) for a final total of nine survivors in hospital, (and four dead on pyre). The chilly bin is closed, a medic carries it out.

EXT. LAND-ROVER AT PERIMETER OF SAME VILLAGE - DAY

The chilly bin is loaded onto a cushion, and cushions packed tightly around. Then an armed medic hops in beside driver to guard and secure the load, another medic slaps the landrover twice, and the driver moves off carefully, slowly driving back away up the dusty road.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF SAME VILLAGE - DAY

Smoke billows from the funeral pyre, hazmat-suited figures set the huts on fire, and more smoke billows. The field hospital is untouched, outside the perimeter.

EXT. LONG/DUSTY DRIVEWAY, HAWKES BAY CHERRY ORCHARD - DAY

Later same Friday afternoon. Zsófi and Tamara are each leading a pony up the metalled driveway toward the farmhouse. There is a dip in the driveway where a dry streambed cuts through. As the girls cross the dry streambed, there are views along the (currently dry) gully. The girls emerge, rising level with the orchards again. One of several migrant farm laborers, ALTAN, 20, with Mongolian features, and wearing straw hat, is picking in the cherry orchard near the track.

ZSÓFI

... We've been short-handed
ever since my father died.

Tamara nods.

ZSÓFI

Hey, Altan!

Altan waves back. Zsófi gestures to Altan again, and he comes over, looking puzzled. Zsófi smiles at Altan.

ZSÓFI

Tamara's sleeping over. Here,
take care of the ponies.

Altan nods blankly. Zsófi takes over the tether that Tamara is holding, and holds out both of them to Altan. Altan looks down and sees Zsófi's two hands holding out two tethers.

SHORT FLASHBACK:

EXT. EARTH VIEWED FROM SPACE - DAY.

Rotate to Mongolia, zoom-in: empty steppe dry grassland.

EXT. MONGOLIAN STEPPE: SPRING - DAY [ONE-SCENE FLASHBACK]

2021. Old snow in places. Two hands are holding out two tethers. The hands belong to a woman nearing fifty with steppe/Kirghiz eyes, in Mongolian dress. Altan (18) takes the tethers, hugs the woman. Altan surveys now-rotting fly-blown carcasses of frozen livestock (horses and goats) lying around as a result of Dzud (persistent extreme weather) and further away, a yurt. He mounts one of the horses and, leading the pack horse behind, sets off across the steppe, leaving the yurt, woman, and the few goats that survived the winter behind. Rotting livestock carcasses with flies litter the steppe.

SHORT FLASHBACK ENDS: RETURN TO:

EXT. LONG, DUSTY DRIVEWAY, SAME HB CHERRY FARM - DAY

2022. Zsófi and Tamara continue up the driveway toward old farmhouse (with verandah) standing on a knoll. Also on the knoll is a more recent carport with Zsófi's electric car parked under, next to a disused 1950s petrol-driven farm-tractor (Ferguson TE20). Zsófi stops by a private burial plot surrounded by picket fence near the driveway (but also on the knoll), with large headstones (written in Hungarian):

Kovács Balázs 1933 - 1988,
Kovács (Balázs wife) Kata née Hladíková 1935 - 1990,
Kovács Attila 1958 - 2021,
Kovács (Attila's wife) Katalin 1958 - 2022.

ZSÓFI

Buried my parents' ashes here.

Tamara squeezes Zsófi's arm. Zsófi gives Tamara a gentle sideways half-hug.

EXT. BLACK FERNS RUGBY MATCH, DUNEDIN STADIUM, NZ - DAY

2022 Autumn. Forsyth Barr Stadium. Yuvan (pink camo cap) in spectating crowd, is sitting next to younger woman,

SARA (euro-female) 42, slim, attractive fashionably dressed, who pays more attention to Yuvan than to the game. Yuvan uses field-glasses to view scrum, and then lingers watching one of the backline players with young, athletic, female legs.

EXT. MAIN STREET NEW ZEALAND - DAY

2022. Autumn. Young people march to protest for climate action. Include Zsófi and Tamara in school-uniform, linked arms, holding banner 'NO PLANET B'. Zsófi and Tamara exchange glances, and smile as they chant in unison with the other protesters.

PROTESTERS

NO Planet B ! NO Planet B ! NO
Planet B ! ...

EXT. OLD ENGLISH HIGH STREET - DAY [ONE-SCENE FLASHBACK]

1958. April 7. Aldermaston march. Include dog-collar man in cassock (Canon John Collins), a woman with a guitar (Julie Felix). Also include (without showing faces) two schoolgirls, closely resembling Zsófi and Tamara, wearing coats over their mostly-but-not-all-hidden school-uniforms, with linked arms, carrying nuclear disarmament inverted-Y-trident-in-circle peace symbol. Guitar-woman sings: "Where have all the flowers gone?" or similar.

FLASHBACK ENDS: RETURN TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET NEW ZEALAND - DAY

The protest for climate action has moved to the rally point. Zsófi is on podium with microphone addressing protesters.

ZSÓFI

... Thirty-five years ago,
there was a public inquiry into
climate change. All we've had
since then, is talk and
promises. No real action

Tamara, at front of protest crowd, applauds wildly.

EXT. WINTER: HIGH COUNTRY AND ORCHARDS, OTAGO, NZ - DAY

Snow-covered high country. Winter has arrived. Frost-covered orchards sans foliage.

INT. FASHION PARADE, NZ - DAY

Glitterati watch, use mobile phones. Yuvan (pink camo cap) sits next to Sara, chats, and also watches young girl models closely through opera glasses.

EXT. CHERRY ORCHARD AS BEFORE IN HAWKES BAY NZ - DAY

2023. Summer again. Zsófi and Tamara help Altan and other migrant workers, picking cherries together.

EXT. AUCKLAND HARBOR: VERY ROUGH: NO SHIPS OUT - DAY.

2023 January 29. Third day of Cyclone Gabrielle. Massive rainstorm. NZ flag flies from bridge. Road sign shows 'AUCKLAND'. Views of storm waves crashing onto Tamaki Drive, Sulphur Beach Reserve, and flooding onto old toll-plaza area just north of harbor bridge.

EXT. AUCKLAND HARBOR BRIDGE - NIGHT.

Very little traffic, but includes one ambulance headed toward North Shore.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW HARBOR BRIDGE - NIGHT.

Follow the ambulance to house on North Shore next to some brick and tile units. Ambo and medic go inside house.

EXT. OUTSIDE AUCKLAND BRICK AND TILE END UNIT - NIGHT.

Sound of strong wind, and heavy rain, and water, a few centimeters deep, rushing and gurgling across the driveway and garden. Porch lights are on. Lights are on inside the unit, and security lights on outside. Outside the brick-and-tile unit, Yuvan (58) dressed in striped pyjamas, with strap-on leather sandals, rain-jacket and pink camo cap, all sodden with rain, struggles to carry a sandbag from the open garage along driveway. Yuvan splashes through water on pathway to front door, then exhaustedly dumps the sandbag in front of front door. Yuvan then slowly returns to the garage, before reappearing with another sandbag.

EXT. SAME BRICK AND TILE END UNIT - DAY.

Dawn. Sandbags protect front doorway. Yuvan stands under the porch, breathing heavily, and watches as an elderly neighbor on stretcher is put into the ambulance and driven away. Streak of lightning, followed by sound of thunder. Yuvan returns to garage, returns with a shovel,

and begins digging a shallow trench across garden in front of porch to divert the surface water away from house.

EXT. SAME BRICK AND TILE END UNIT - DAY [LATER].

The rainfall, and surface water, have abated. Yuvan now just in cap, PJ trousers and sandals, shovels, shovels, shovels, pauses breathing heavily, then shovels on, panting heavily. Crack! Thump! A tree falls across the driveway: Yuvan stops, looks up, and staggers to inspect: returns to garage, reappears with smallish axe. Yuvan retrieves sharpening stone, pruning saw, and long-handled branch-pruning shears from garage, sharpens the axe, and then begins clipping, hacking, sawing, and chopping the fallen tree to clear the driveway.

EXT. SAME HB CHERRY ORCHARD: FARMHOUSE VERANDAH - DAY

2023. February 14. Cyclone Gabrielle. Very heavy rain. Orchard barely visible through rain. Flooding surrounds the farmhouse knoll. Tamara (16) and Zsófi (19) stand together with rain gear over night attire: Tamara is trying to ring her mother on the mobile phone.

TAMARA

No signal!

... Murky figures appear down the driveway. Zsófi puts her hand over Tamara's mobile.

ZSÓFI

Go make tea right now, Tamara.
And bring blankets and towels.

Tamara flicks the outdoor light switch.

TAMARA

Power's out.

ZSÓFI

Use the wood-burner stove then.
It's on the back porch. There's
firewood ready.

Zsófi turns to go, she stops, pauses, and faces back toward Tamara.

ZSÓFI

And make soup instead.

Tamara salutes smartly, with her tongue-tip just showing.

TAMARA

Yes, Ma'am!

Zsófi tinkles a laugh and gives a small, brief farewell wave, using only her fingers.

ZSÓFI

It's never been this bad
before. ... I'm going in.

Zsófi plunges off into the rain, down the driveway to the streambed, now swollen and flooding with rainwater, and helps Altan lead two ponies, and several migrant workers through the surging floodwaters. They wade slowly over to the verandah, where Altan tethers the ponies, and the workers splish up the steps, followed by Altan and Zsófi. There are towels and blankets now stacked around. And Tamara emerges from inside the farmhouse with a huge pot of soup, mugs, and biscuits. Tamara hands out the towels.

ZSÓFI

Listen up, everyone. You'll all
sleep here tonight. Women
inside, men here on the
verandah. There's towels and
blankets. We'll find you some
dry clothes too.

Zsófi disappears inside.

EXT. STREETVIEW: ZSÓFI'S ORCHARD IN HAWKES BAY - DAY

2023. Winter. Real estate agent erects 'For Sale' sign.

EXT. STREETVIEW: YUVAN' PROPERTY IN AUCKLAND - DAY

2023. Winter. Real estate agent erects 'For Sale' sign.

EXT. HAMILTON TRAIN STATION NZ. - DAY

2023 June. (Winter) Station signage. Clock 1015. Zsófi is waiting on platform, with small backpack. Northern Explorer train, heading south, pulls in. Doors open. Zsófi looks around. Yuvan emerges, stands by door, looks around expectantly, sees Zsófi and waves her over. Zsófi waves, and approaches. Yuvan escorts her aboard.

INT. NORTHERN EXPLORER TRAIN, HAMILTON-WELLINGTON - DAY

Zsófi tucks her backpack under the window seat, and settles in. There is a table in front of seats. Yuvan remains standing.

YUVAN

Breakfast?

ZSÓFI

Coffee. Flat-white. Decaf.

Yuvan nods, and moves off toward the cafe-bar in the middle carriage. ... A few minutes later: Yuvan returns clutching coffee and croissant.

YUVAN

See, I promised your father I
would look after you.

Yuvan proffers the coffee. Zsófi accepts, gives a little head-shake to the croissant. Yuvan sits and begins to eat the croissant. Zsófi smiles, sighs, snuggles, and makes to sleep. Yuvan pulls out map from his own bag and spreads it on the table, takes out a pencil, and circles Cromwell in the South Island.

EXT. APPROACH TO CROMWELL OVER LAKE DUNSTAN - DAY

Winter. Around noon. Lake Dunstan and hills showing snow. EV crosses bridge toward Cromwell, sign shows 'Welcome to Cromwell and Lake Dunstan'. EV continues into Cromwell.

EXT. OUTSIDE REAL ESTATE OFFICE IN CROMWELL, OTAGO - DAY

Winter. EV parks up, and Yuvan and Zsófi get out, and make their way toward real estate office, where they pause before farm property displays in window. Yuvan checks mobile phone for time. They go in together.

EXT. ORCHARD IN VALLEY, FROM HIGH COUNTRY - DAY

Snow-covered high country. Frosty valley. Real estate agent's SUV stops on farm track. Yuvan and Zsófi get out, look round, take photos on mobile. Real estate agent gets out too, points out boundaries. Cold. They get back in vehicle, which moves slowly off toward farmhouse with verandah and stone outhouse in valley below.

EXT. AUCKLAND: OUTSIDE SCHOOL OR CHURCH HALL - DAY

2023 November. Near summer. Sunset. Sign: Aotearoa
College. Electronic sign: 19:00 Band Practice. Car Park:

band members arrive randomly in private cars, and carry instrument, music stand, instrument stand, music satchel into hall: include fifty-eight-year-old euro-male band member, Yuvan.

INT. HALL FOYER - DAY

Yuvan, wearing pink camo cap, carries gear through foyer, past toilets and refreshment booth: he nods to elderly man laying out cups for half-time tea-break. Foyer clock shows ten to seven. Then through open double doors to concert hall itself.

INT. CONCERT HALL - DAY

Wind concert band. About twenty members, 18-80 variously dressed down or afterwork for practice, are seated ready. One empty seat! Conductor on rostrum, with music stand and baton, conducting warm-up scales. Yuvan plays: conductor taps music stand with baton.

CONDUCTOR

B flat major in four, staccato
triplets. Three, four ...

Last band member, Sara, arrives late, clearly straight from work, in smart jacket, white blouse (one extra button undone) and short black skirt. Band plays on. She takes jacket off, assembles instrument, takes seat, joins in.

INT. CONCERT HALL FOYER - NIGHT

Clock shows five to eight. Double doors open, band members emerge, queue for tea, Sara, carrying a sheet of A4, and Yuvan among the first. All stand around in groups drinking tea, and conversing. Sara approaches Yuvan without smiling.

SARA

Oh Yuvan, we must speak under
four eyes.

YUVAN

You mean in private. Of course!
Come with me.

They exit main door to carpark, carrying cup of tea each.

EXT. CAR PARK OUTSIDE HALL - NIGHT

Sara, puts her mug on a pony wall, and steps up very close to Yuvan, almost touching. Yuvan is forced to put his tea down too.

SARA
Yuvan, I have such trouble.
Please help me.

YUVAN
Of course.

SARA
They have taken my sister. She
is prisoner-of-war.

YUVAN
Bastards!

SARA
If I help them, they will
exchange her.

YUVAN
What do they want?

SARA
Oh Yuvan. You are electrical
engineer? You design avionics?
You have your own business?

Yuvan nods. Sara holds out the sheet of A4 (thereon a list of semiconductors, and PC boards). Yuvan is forced to put his tea down again. He skims the paper.

SARA
Yuvan, you understand this?

Yuvan nods.

SARA
You could buy them for me. I
will pay.

YUVAN
Shit, Sara. This is war
materiel. It's stuff to build
control systems for drones.

Sara picks up her tea and drinks.

SARA
So. Yes, now I understand.
Bastards!

Yuvan steps away, opens the hall door, and peeks inside, comes back, collects his cup, and they both move through the doors.

INT. CONCERT HALL FOYER - NIGHT

Yuvan and Sara hand in cups to booth, walk towards hall.

SARA
But Yuvan, you will help?

YUVAN
No. Not in that way. I only
have permanent residence. I
must keep my arse clean, till I
get citizenship.

They go through the double doors. Sound of band playing.

INT. CONCERT HALL FOYER - NIGHT

Clock shows 2120. Last band members exit toward car park.

EXT. CAR PARK OUTSIDE HALL AGAIN - NIGHT

Sara walks to her car, puts jacket, instrument, music & stand in boot, then undoes another blouse-button to reveal breasts supported by a minimalist platform bra. Sara looks around for Yuvan, who comes out the doors carrying his gear, and heads for his own car. Sara heads over, walks alongside, and plucks at his sleeve gently. Yuvan stops. View of Sara's breasts.

SARA
Yuvan, listen. They torture my
sister. You must help me.

YUVAN
No, Sara, I cannot, not in this
way.

Yuvan walks on. They reach Yuvan's car. He opens the boot, puts the stuff inside. Sara blocks his path. View of Sara's breasts.

SARA
You have family on occupied
land?

Yuvan shakes his head.

SARA
In your eyes, Yuvan, you lie.

YUVAN
In truth, there is another
aunt. They took her from
Kherson, and now she is in
Sevastopol. But she will die
soon anyway, whatever happens.

View of Sara's breasts.

SARA
They look after her?

Yuvan steps around Sara, gets in car, lowers window down.

YUVAN
They? Who are they? How do they
contact you?

SARA
They won't say. By phone.

YUVAN
So. ... Then it will never be
finished.

SARA
Yuvan, for us both, it will
never be end.

Yuvan speaks in Russian here.

YUVAN
They lie. ... Maybe you too.

Yuvan winds the window up, and drives off. Sara gets in
her own car, dials on mobile phone, uses earpiece, speaks
in Russian.

SARA
It's me. ...

Sara listens and nods.

SARA
Yes, video of torturing
sister ... Kompromat.

EXT. EARTH VIEWED FROM SPACE - DAY.

Rotate to Ukraine. Northern Hemisphere now in winter.
Zoom-in on Robotyne.

EXT. ROBOTYNE: UKRAINE, WINTER - DAY

2024 Feb 23. Battered road-sign showing Robotyne in Ukrainian and English. Peaceful fields and woods covered in snow. Then a glass-free window in a roofless, cottage. Lieutenant Kovács (CSABA, 21) with helmet and blackened face, uses NATO field glasses to survey the fields. Inside, ammunition boxes lie around. A soldier, wearing white and blue armband, is resting. A camouflaged Maxim machine gun on tripod is set up inside empty former window looking out over fields. Then enemy soldiers appear in the distance. Csaba speaks in Hungarian here.

CSABA

Here they come! Here they come!

Soldier removes camo, checks machine gun, begins firing. Bang! Bang! Bang! Csaba opens a new box of ammo, feeds ammo. Soldier keeps firing, and firing non-stop, till almost all the ammo is gone. Csaba surveys the fields. Soldier checks ammo boxes, puts protective gloves on, unclips machine gun for transport, takes tripod off. In Hungarian:

CSABA

Drone! Tank! Back! Run for it!

Csaba picks up tripod, soldier heaves up heavy machine gun. Both retreat. Sound of artillery shell and explosion.

EXT. EARTH VIEWED FROM SPACE - DAY.

Rotate to Pacific. Equatorial summer. Zoom-in on Kiribati.

EXT. KIRIBATI: SEA WALLS UNDER CONSTRUCTION - DAY

2024 Late Feb. Sea walls two meters high on tropical island paradise beach, both completed and under construction. (Tarawa)

EXT. CASSIDY INTERNAT'NL AIRPORT, KIRITIMATI ISLAND - DAY

Signage and views. Plane lands on sole runway.

INT. CASSIDY INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, BAGGAGE RECLAIM - DAY

Yuvan and Sara pick up one bag each.

INT. KIRITIMATI ISLAND, KIRIBATI - DAY

Yuvan and Sara check in at hotel: one shared room.

EXT. LAGOON BEACH, KIRITIMATI ISLAND - NIGHT

Yuvan and Sara bathe, frolick, and kiss.

EXT. LAGOON VIEW RESORT, KIRITIMATI ISLAND - NIGHT

From outside one unit (with french-doors and one light on inside) the shadow of a woman moving up and down on top can be seen ...

EXT. OUTSIDE SAME UNIT, LAGOON VIEW RESORT - DAY

Pregnant (local islander) CLEANER knocks on door, Yuvan opens the door dressed for beach, and steps out, followed by Sara, who smiles when she sees the cleaner is quite pregnant.

SARA

Hi there! You're pretty far
along, eh! Have you decided on
a name yet?

CLEANER

If it's a girl, Aloha.

EXT. EARTH VIEWED FROM SPACE - DAY.

Rotate to South Pacific. Zoom-in on New Zealand.

EXT. OUTSIDE YUVAN'S BRICK/TILE UNIT, AUCKLAND - DAY

2025 Summer. Real estate sign now marked 'SOLD'. Smallish truck marked 'Removals' in driveway, removal men loading sofa, and furniture.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE ZSÓFI'S ORCHARD, HAWKE'S BAY - DAY

2025 Summer. Real estate sign now marked 'SOLD'. Container truck marked 'Removals' eases down driveway onto road. Longish pause. Zsófi's EV car eases down driveway and stops outside farmgate. As Zsófi hops out, the inside of the car is visible, packed with last-minute clothes and boots, with Altan sitting in the passenger

seat. Zsófi closes the gate, waves goodbye the farm, gets in, pauses, and then drives slowly away.

EXT. WHARF, PICTON, FERRY ALONGSIDE UNLOADING - DAY

2025 Summer. Zsófi's EV car emerges from ferry onto wharf and parks up. Other vehicles emerge, followed by Yuvan's ute, which is loaded with luggage and belongings. The two vehicles leave in convoy, Zsófi's EV in the lead.

EXT. OUTSIDE SAME REAL ESTATE OFFICE, CROMWELL - DAY

2025 Summer. Zsófi's EV (with Altan sitting in passenger seat) and Yuvan's ute (with Yuvan checking load and tyres) are parked outside. Zsófi comes out of office clutching and waving tagged house and farm keys, showing Yuvan, who smiles at her. Zsófi skips to her EV, gets in, and leads the way as both vehicles drive off.

EXT. SAME OTAGO FARMSTEAD AS VIEWED EARLIER - DAY

2025 Summer. The orchard is visible from farmhouse verandah, and then in the distance along the farm access track an approaching dust cloud, and then Zsófi's EV slowly leads Yuvan's ute up to farmhouse itself. Zsófi hops out, runs up verandah steps and unlocks farmhouse door, then turns and holds out her arms to welcome Yuvan, who somewhat wearily heads toward her. Altan has got out of the EV and is looking around, clutching his one bag of belongings. Another dust cloud appears in the distance, and turns out to be the small removals truck last seen outside Yuvan's Auckland unit.

EXT. SAME OTAGO FARMSTEAD VERANDAH - DAY

2025 Winter. From verandah, views of winter in orchard. Scene becomes spring and then summer 2026. Yuvan's ute is parked up. Morning. Tamara and Zsófi inspect side-by-side electric farm cart, then both get in and move off into orchard, Zsófi driving. Yuvan emerges from farmhouse, gets in ute, and drives off down driveway toward town.

EXT. OTAGO UNIVERSITY, DUNEDIN - DAY

2027. Summer. Tamara (19) and Zsófi (22) both with changed hairstyles, and wearing fashionable clothing, walk arm-in-arm past entrance signage.

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE THEATER - DAY

2027. Tamara (19) and Zsófi (22) sit next to each other taking notes: slides show damage to land from rabbit

infestation; maps showing rabbit population in NZ/Otago and/or overseas (Lemnos); and rabbit fencing. Tamara leans over to copy from Zsófi's notes: Zsófi looks up and smiles at Tamara.

EXT. AERIAL VIEWS, SHAKESPEAR PARK, WHANGAPAROA, NZ - DAY

Crowded beaches, Te Haruhi, Orokamai Bay, sunny summer's day. Weekend. Lots and lots of people and children.

EXT. ARMY BAY CARPARK, SHAKESPEAR PARK - DAY

Signage. Sunny winter weekday. High spring tide. Few visitors about. Zsófi, in pinstripe jacket/blazer, short black skirt, high-rise over-the-knee vegan leather boots, with bright wool scarf and boater-style hat, and Tamara (very smart casual with jacket, and large shoulder bag containing flasks and sandwiches) arrive at Army Bay car-park in EV. Tamara wanders off toward toilets. Zsófi studies map on tablet.

EXT. CONTOUR MAP, PARK/MOD LAND, FENCE, ROADS ETC - DAY

Show map of Shakespear park. Zsófi's finger indicates Army Bay causeway.

EXT. ARMY BAY, SHAKESPEAR PARK - DAY

Tamara and Zsófi descend steps onto beach. Zsófi gestures to Tamara to wait at bottom of steps, and then Zsófi moves to edge of tide, turns, and photographs the steps, with Tamara demonstrating the sea-level height above MHWS.

EXT. ON BEACH NEAR PREDATOR FENCE, ARMY BAY - DAY

Zsófi (Tamara in tow) is talking to park ranger.

ZSÓFI

So how effective is the predator fence?

RANGER

Fine. It's just that, at low tide, the predators go round the end.

Zsófi makes a note on her tablet.

RANGER

The Ministry of Defence allow
us to set traps on their land.
But it's an ongoing struggle.

Zsófi makes a note on her tablet. Tamara takes multiple
photos of predator fence and surrounding beach.

EXT. RIDGELINE TRACK, SHAKESPEAR PARK - DAY

Cows, sheep. MoD signs to keep out. Tamara takes multiple
photos.

EXT. LOOKOUT, RIDGELINE, SHAKESPEAR PARK - DAY

Tamara and Zsófi ascend steps, take photos of views, and
then begin drinking coffee from flasks.

TAMARA

So what're you gonna put in
your assignment?

ZSÓFI

Probably nix the farm and
convert it all back to native
forest. Totara perhaps.

TAMARA

But there's half a million
visitors a year here. You can't
have that number of people
tramping all over a
conservation reserve.

ZSÓFI

As sea-level rises, the
causeways will flood.

Tamara nods.

ZSÓFI

Maybe just build a small
suspension bridge for
pedestrian access only. ...

EXT. NEAR TOILETS AND BURIAL GROUND, TE HARUHI BAY, - DAY

Views of fenced-off burial-ground and signs to keep out.
Tamara and Zsófi arrive at bench-table for lunch.

ZSÓFI

And all this?

TAMARA
 Indigenous burial ground.
 Unfortunately, it'll all be
 underwater when the Thwaites
 glacier melts.

Zsófi nods. Pause.

ZSÓFI
 So, Tamara, what'll your
 assignment be about?

TAMARA
 Eco-kommissars.

ZSÓFI
 What?

TAMARA
 Eco-kommissars. The
 relationship between the
 natural world and business.
 At the moment, we're at
 loggerheads. ...

Tamara clenches both fists, holds them in front, and
 punches them together.

TAMARA
 Somehow we have to work
 together, instead of fighting
 each other There has to be
 an economic solution, not just
 greed. ...

EXT. WOOLSHED, TE HARUHI BAY, - DAY

Include pukeko, pheasants. Tamara and Zsófi walk slowly
 past, stop and stare.

ZSÓFI
 One day, we'll write a paper
 together, you and I, about the
 future of farming in Aotearoa.
 And climate chaos. ...

They walk on up the road a bit.

ZSÓFI

After all, by the end of the century, Auckland will have a climate like Fiji. If not sooner.

Zsófi stops, Tamara walks on, stops, turns and waits.

ZSÓFI

And most people will be living in Otago, because it's cooler.

EXT. OROKOMAI BAY, SHAKESPEAR PARK - DAY

Toilets at high tide. Zsófi uses. Minimal height above high-tide is evident.

EXT. CAUSEWAY TO OROKOMAI BAY, SHAKESPEAR PARK - DAY

Ducks. Wetlands. Zsófi takes lots of photos, including height of causeway above high-tide sea-level. Tamara stands as measuring stick.

EXT. EARTH VIEWED FROM SPACE - DAY.

Rotate to Pacific. Zoom-in on New Zealand, Otago.

EXT. DIFFERENT FARMHOUSE VERANDAH (OTAGO ORCHARD) - NIGHT

2028. One year later. French doors are open. Yuvan (64, pink camo cap), and Sara are playing a duet on their musical instruments, nearing the end. They finish and smile at each other, unhurriedly pack up their instruments, and disappear inside, only to re-emerge. Remains of buffet is laid out on table just inside french-doors. Music now comes from inside the house. Zsófi (23), Tamara (20), and Altan (24) emerge and, with Yuvan, begin dance. Moldvai Folk Dance (Ördög útja). Sara (48) joins in. At end, Yuvan and Sara wander off into the house. Zsófi looks at Altan, then kisses Tamara on the lips. Altan wanders off out into the orchard. Tamara goes inside too, and begins to clear up buffet. Tamara calls Zsófi to help.

TAMARA

Zsófi!

Zsófi is no longer on verandah.

EXT. STREET MARCH, NEW ZEALAND - DAY

2029. Zsófi and Tamara, dressed schoolgirl-style, in front row of protest, linked arms, carrying banner: "NO TO GDP".

EXT. AROUND PODIUM, STREET MARCH, NEW ZEALAND - DAY

Later. Zsófi on podium with microphone, speaking to crowd. She raises clenched fist, crowd do likewise, chanting.

PROTESTERS

No Planet B! No to GDP!

INT. THEATER, UNIVERSITY GRADUATION CEREMONY - DAY

2032 Three years later. Tamara (24) and Zsófi (27) each receive Masters in Ecology. Yuvan (68, pink camo cap) applauds.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE, ROOM, BEEHIVE, WELLINGTON - DAY

2032. Two podia (one with a glass of water) are set up facing the audience of journalists, with NZ flag as a backdrop. Security personnel are also visible and sign-language translator also evident. Only one journalist is female. Among the journalists are: Yuvan, wearing trademark pink camo cap, seated on an aisle seat near front, and on the opposite side of the central aisle an elderly journalist wearing a military style beret. All except Yuvan have press passes around neck, Yuvan has a visitor pass. Zsófi (28), wearing Press Secretary pass, in trademark pinstripe jacket and black skirt, enters from corridor at rear and ascends one podium. Zsófi spots the female journalist and gives her a thumbs-up sign. Zsófi greets in Maori.

ZSÓFI

Good morning, Gentlemen. And lady. (*in English*) Today, I'll be outlining a new 'green paper', for government consultation on policy...

Beret-journalist raises hand.

ZSÓFI

Colonel?

COLONEL

International co-operation,
Ma'am, and world peace, are an
essential prerequisite to
fixing climate change. How does
the Coalition propose to
achieve that?

ZSÓFI

Exactly, Colonel, climate
change cannot be solved by New
Zealand acting alone. ...

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE, ROOM, BEEHIVE, WELLINGTON - DAY

Zsófi pauses to sip water.

ZSÓFI

So, under this scenario, at
some stage in the far future,
Aotearoa will be swamped by ...

Colonel raises hand.

ZSÓFI

... boatloads and boatloads of
climate refugees. ... Colonel?

COLONEL

What, then, is the solution,
Ma'am?

ZSÓFI

Thank you, Colonel. We cannot
machine-gun boatloads of
refugees on the water.

Zsófi pauses for a sip of water, scans the room, notices
Yuvan and smiles faintly.

ZSÓFI

But equally, there's no way
Aotearoa can support a
population of over thirty-five
million. ...

Zsófi takes a sip of water.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE, ROOM, BEEHIVE, WELLINGTON - DAY

Some time later. Zsófi takes a sip of water.

ZSÓFI

... the first of which is to eliminate most fossil-fuel-powered air travel as from midnight tomorrow.

Colonel stands.

COLONEL

What about the inconvenience and disruption?

ZSÓFI

Your personal convenience is secondary to solving the climate chaos issue, Colonel. Please sit down.

Colonel half sits, then rises again.

COLONEL

Won't this all be a complete waste of time if climate change is actually not happening?

ZSÓFI

In your head, Colonel, climate chaos may not seem real; but in truth it is.

COLONEL

Surely, the answer is more deregulation and privatisation!

ZSÓFI

Not true. What's your question, Colonel?

COLONEL

You say yours is an evidence-based government. Where is the evidence for climate change? Show me the evidence!

Yuvan stands.

YUVAN

Lies and shit, eat your dick, old-man!

Security personnel move to stand over Colonel, and also Yuvan. Banging from the outside on the double doors at the rear of the audience. The doors burst open. Viking-man wearing horned helmet and carrying Stars and Stripes bursts into conference chamber, followed by a rabble of protesters. Some are NZ farmers carrying pitchforks. Security personnel, plus both Yuvan and Colonel, side-by-side, move to block their path.

VIKING-MAN
Freedom! Democracy!

COLONEL
Wrong flag, wrong Capitol,
Rambo.

Zsófi raises a clenched fist.

ZSÓFI
Freedom! Democracy!

PROTESTERS
Freedom! Democracy!

EXT. NEAR BEEHIVES, SAME OTAGO CHERRY ORCHARD - DAY

2033. Toward dusk following a sunny summer day. Tamara (25) and Zsófi (28), wearing white beekeeping suits, stop to drop the veils, and walk together to the hives. Tamara is holding a smoke puffer. They approach one hive from the side, Tamara puffs smoke, as Zsófi gently removes the lid, and draws out one frame. Some cells show medium-dark wax.

ZSÓFI
Looks good! Brood wax is always
darker.

TAMARA
Magic! We'll have to check one
more, though.

They replace the frame and lid, and move on toward another hive.

TAMARA
Wish we were on the Chathams.
No Varroa mites there. As yet.

Zsófi turns, lifts her veil, smiles, then drops the veil.

TAMARA

We should have borage beds
dotted around the orchard to
encourage wild bees too.

ZSÓFI

I'll ask Altan.

EXT. OTAGO CHERRY ORCHARD: FARMHOUSE VERANDAH - DAY

Later. In the gloaming. Tamara, and Altan on verandah.
Zsófi, fedora straw hat, linen poncho, short skirt,
butcher's apron, at charcoal-barbeque by verandah steps,
cooks venison. Tamara in long linen skirt, wide leather
belt, lace-up bustier plus linen poncho on swing seat.
Altan pours tea: Yuvan (69, pink camo cap) fusses,
bringing plates, cutlery, and salad from inside on tray.

YUVAN

... We'll think of something:
we always have.

TAMARA

You can't be sure of that.
Forty years of apathy, lies,
denial, and now war in Europe.
If there were a solution,
we'd've done it already.

YUVAN

Then what's Zsófi fighting for?

ZSÓFI

For the future, for the next
generation.

Yuvan goes inside. Tamara stands up, walks over to Zsófi,
and puts her arms around her.

TAMARA

I know, and I love you for it.
But the chances of success are
zero to none. I don't want to
see your heart broken.

ZSÓFI

I know. It's just something I
have to do.

Tamara steps back a little.

TAMARA

I've been thinking. We could do
with a home forge, for repairs
and stuff around the farm.

Zsófi laughs lightly.

ZSÓFI

Well, Granddad taught me how to
forge. The reality is: you just
can't recycle any old piece of
steel. You have to know the
composition first.

Tamara looks surprised, and then disappointed. Zsófi
laughs again.

ZSÓFI

Oh, I see ... I'm your Viking
warrior-woman. ... Too much
Hollywood, darling...

EXT. EARTH VIEWED FROM SPACE - DAY.

Rotate to Western Europe. At first in winter, then slowly
morphs to summer. Zoom-in on Portugal.

EXT. SANDY BEACH, PORTUGAL/EUROPE - DAY

2034. Red Cross field tent hospital set up just inland.
On a stretcher, Csaba, in military fatigues, and still
wearing a Ukrainian armband, is being carried to the
beach, where a ship's boat awaits. Out beyond the
surflines, is anchored an ocean-going boat, equipped with
at least one heavy anti-aircraft machine gun improvised
pedestal(s) attached to bulwarks, manned, ready and
watchful. As Csaba is being placed in the ship's boat,
drones appear over the field-hospital and drop small
bombs. The ship's boat moves out to waiting ship, and
Csaba is laboriously hoisted aboard. Crew raise the
anchor. Meanwhile, more drones approach, and the heavy
machine gun(s) fire continuously. ...

EXT. EARTH VIEWED FROM SPACE - DAY.

Rotate to Micronesia. Zoom-in on Nauru island.

EXT. OCEAN NEAR NAURU: OCEAN-GOING SHIP - DAY

Three months later: ship approaches Nauru Island. Csaba
on deck-chair, convalescing.

EXT. REGIONAL PROCESSING CENTRE, NAURU: CAMP 2 - DAY

Australian Immigration camp. Outside, between the huts, Csaba, assisted by Red Cross worker and another detainee, takes his first steps, limping badly. Then again, with the help of just the Red Cross worker and a stick. A government official, wearing a New-Zealand-flag badge, and carrying a clipboard, approaches.

EXT. EARTH VIEWED FROM SPACE - DAY.

Rotate to South Pacific. Zoom-in on Auckland.

EXT. RUNWAY, AUCKLAND INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY.

2035. Boeing 737 lands.

INT. AUCKLAND AIRPORT IMMIGRATION DESK - DAY.

2035. Csaba, next in queue, using stick, hobbles forward, presents travel documents, which are stamped. Csaba moves slowly toward exit.

INT. AUCKLAND, STRAND RAILWAY STATION - DAY.

2035. 0740 Sunday. Csaba, using stick, walks slowly toward Northern Explorer. Whistles blow, as Csaba climbs slowly aboard, with assistance from platform manager. Doors close, and train moves off.

EXT. TRACK TO SAME OTAGO FARMHOUSE VERANDAH - DAY

2035. Viewed from verandah, Csaba limps slowly up farmhouse driveway using stick. Csaba stops and waves stick high, then moves on. Csaba and Zsófi speak in Hungarian here.

CSABA
Zsófi! Zsófi! Zsófi, darling!

ZSÓFI
Csaba? Really? Is that you? My cousin?

CSABA
Of course!

Viewed from the verandah, Zsófi rushes to Csaba, screaming with joy, and they hug amid tears.

EXT. SAME OTAGO FARMHOUSE VERANDAH - NIGHT

2035. Zsófi and Tamara are quizzing Csaba. Yuvan pours tea. Altan brings biscuits from inside farmhouse. Sara stands, watchful as ever.

ZSÓFI
... And Europe?

CSABA
Everyone's fighting everyone else. Drones everywhere ... And Orcs advancing steadily from the East. ... And still the migrants come! ...

Csaba shakes his head. Sara also shakes her head slowly. Csaba notices, and looks at Zsófi.

CSABA
Who are these people?

ZSÓFI
Yuvan is my business partner.

YUVAN
Sara and I met in England forty years ago. Went to Ukraine together.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE BEGINS:

EXT. EARTH VIEWED FROM SPACE - DAY.

Rotate to Eastern Europe. Zoom-in on Ukraine, near Lviv.

EXT. PASSENGER TRAIN EN ROUTE BUDAPEST/KYIV - DAY

August. Ukraine. Long passenger train pulled by diesel belching black smoke moves slowly across golden landscape of ripe wheat, with old combine harvester at work.

INT. CORRIDOR IN TRAIN EN ROUTE BUDAPEST/KYIV - DAY

1994. High summer. Forty degrees celsius. Yuvan, 30, wearing pink camo cap, stands in Soviet-vintage train corridor near young woman (Sara, 17) with high cheekbones. Also Russian soldier going home on leave. All three stare at golden wheatfields stretching to horizon. Train passes a gravel road near railway, whereon an old Lada SUV moves slowly toward an unfinished farmhouse.

EXT. PLATFORMS, KYIV TRAIN STATION - DAY

Train arrives Kyiv 1800 hours. Very low platforms with signage in Russian. Yuvan and Sara dismount, carrying a bag each. Sara takes Yuvan's arm and guides him toward ticket office. Sara goes in alone, and then emerges holding up four fingers. They make their way to platform four.

EXT. OLD MOSKVICH CAR, ROUTE P06, YUZHNOUKRAINSK - NIGHT

Car travels slowly, bouncing on badly damaged, barely asphalted road surface. Inside are the driver, Yuvan, and Sara, speaking Russian, with Ukraine-dialect pronunciation.

DIVER

That's the South Ukraine
Nuclear Power Plant over there.

YUVAN

Can't they fix the road?

SARA

Of course. But some Party
official or contractor just
pocketed the money instead.

EXT. HOSTEL RECEPTION, KHERSON - NIGHT

Yuvan emerges from stairwell, walks slowly up to reception office window, knocks on glass and dings the bell, waits, dings again. Elderly concierge, wearing blue denim factory work-coat, eventually fronts up. Yuvan speaks slow, badly accented, Russian here. Concierge speaks in good Ukrainian-style Russian.

YUVAN

No hot water.

CONCIERGE

Yes, none.

The concierge removes the bell and closes the window. Yuvan, stands and stares (nonplussed) and finally walks toward the stairs.

EXT. DNIPRO RIVERBANK, KHERSON - DAY

Forty degrees celsius. Yuvan and Sara bathe and frolic in river, but also wash themselves with soap.

EXT. STREET MARKET, KHERSON - DAY

Forty degrees celsius. Yuvan and Sara walking along, Sara with string bag. Yuvan walks on a bit and then stops and waits while Sara buys grapes from a stall. Sara catches Yuvan up.

SARA

She gave me a discount because
we are from the West. Genuine,
I think.

EXT. CEMETERY, KHERSON - DAY

Forty degrees celsius. Yuvan and Sara visit grave of Yuvan's aunt, Agata Ivaskow, 1932-1993. Yuvan lays flowers and tidies the grave.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE, KHERSON - DAY

Forty degrees celsius. Yuvan and Sara sit opposite lawyer. Lawyer speaks in accented English.

LAWYER

... Don't put the money in a
Ukrainian bank. I'll get the
money out to you via
Turkey. ...

Yuvan looks surprised, then looks at the Sara, who nods vigorously. Yuvan looks at the lawyer and nods too. Yuvan slides one-hundred dollar US-banknote across the desk. The lawyer takes it.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE ENDS: RETURN TO:

EXT. SAME OTAGO FARMHOUSE VERANDAH - NIGHT

2035. Csaba strokes his chin, looking at Sara, puzzled.

CSABA

I see.

EXT. SAME OTAGO VALLEY, STREAM BY ORCHARD, NZ - DAY

Winter. Stream flows and rises, then falls. Leaves fall in orchard, snow flurries, then settles. Snow melts and spring sets in with blossom, then summer, and stream dries, grass turns brown.

EXT. VIGILANTE ROAD-BLOCK, NZ - DAY

2037. Pandemic. Vigilantes wearing medical face-masks turn back all cars, check papers of masked truck drivers. Truck carrying food is allowed through. Another truck turned around. Milk tanker is allowed through.

EXT. HOSPITAL CAR-PARK WITH HOSPITAL TENTS - DAY

Patients wearing facemasks are being treated in the car-park. All hospital personnel wear facemasks, including security. Emergency room entrance is guarded by security guards and signed: NO ADMITTANCE. PANDEMIC : INFECTIOUS. Medics in PPE gear. Patients on IV drips. Ambulance arrives with one elderly patient. Masked triage nurse gestures to masked ambos, and a bed in carpark is found for new patient. No testing, no treatment, no vaccine. For new patients only care is available is in carpark.

INT. NZ GOVT PRESS CONFERENCE ROOM [BEEHIVE] - DAY

Masks. President (obviously Maori) lowers facemask, speaks in Maori.

PRESIDENT

The Pandemic is a variant of H5N1, which has become transmissible from one human to another, and deadly. As of now, all borders are closed, and all air traffic cancelled.

EXT. GATES OF RETIREMENT VILLAGE - DAY

Security guards wearing masks block all access: gates are closed, with 'NO ADMITTANCE' signs. A car draws up with masked driver and passenger. One security guard speaks to the masked driver via quarter-open car-window. The driver starts to argue: the security guard speaks again, and waves the car back away. The car reverses and leaves.

EXT. SMALL SETTLEMENT OUTSIDE CLOSED SCHOOL - DAY

No traffic, no-one on street, except for small team of hazmat-suited personnel, who enter a house, carry out two elderly bodies, take them to funeral pyre at street-end. Hazmat-personnel set light to the bodies. Black smoke.

EXT. SAME OTAGO CHERRY ORCHARD - DAY

2037. Tamara (29) and Zsófi (32) work together picking fruit. Straw hats and linen. Csaba, 36, wearing an old

military uniform and beret, uses a walking stick, helps as best he can. Yuvan, Sara (47), and Altan are further along, some distance away, using ladders, helping each other to pick fruit.

TAMARA
We should diversify, Zsófi.
Plant macadamia instead this
year.

ZSÓFI
Macadamia? Yes, that's a good
idea. Where's Altan?

Zsófi peers around. Tamara points.

TAMARA
Over there.

EXT. SAME OTAGO FARMHOUSE VERANDAH - DAY

2037 First light. Csaba, using NATO fieldglasses, spots bundle/body lying on approach road.

CSABA
Yuvan! Come here!

Yuvan emerges from house. Csaba hands him the field-glasses.

CSABA
On the track.

Yuvan uses field-glasses.

EXT. ALONG TRACK TO SAME OTAGO FARMHOUSE - DAY

Yuvan strides ahead, carrying a shovel over his shoulder. On reaching the bundle/body, Yuvan uses shovel to half-roll body back. It is Sara, blood-shot eyes, dead of plague. He checks the pulse: none. Yuvan rises slowly, looks toward the farmhouse, shakes his head, and makes a throat-cutting gesture.

EXT. ALONG TRACK TO SAME OTAGO FARMHOUSE - DAY

Later. Looking back along the track, Tamara is walking slowly and carefully, carrying an old bedpan (contains embers) with smoke faintly drifting out. Csaba is much further back, driving an old electric golf cart, stacked with firewood. Next comes Zsófi, pushing an old pram piled high with firewood. Yuvan and Tamara build pyre in

ditch and roll body onto it using shovel and Csaba's stick, then add embers to tinder. They all stand upwind till black smoke begins to billow and stream in the breeze.

EXT. SAME OTAGO FARMHOUSE VERANDAH - DAY

2037 One week later. Yuvan staggers up toward stone outbuilding nearer track. Zsófi, in early pregnancy, resting on verandah spots him, gets up and dons medical facemask and sets off to help. Yuvan gestures to keep away, and disappears inside outbuilding. Zsófi turns back.

EXT. FAMILY BURIAL PLOT NEXT TO TRACK - DAY

Next day. Dusk. Zsófi, Tamara, Csaba, all masked, stand mourning, facing black smoke. Yuvan's body burns atop pyre built over open grave. They turn away, begin to meander back to farmhouse. The pyre still burns.

EXT. OTAGO CHERRY ORCHARD: FARMHOUSE VERANDAH - DAY

2038. Early summer. Sunset. Tamara, Zsófi, and Csaba on verandah. Zsófi is early in her second trimester, but showing. Long linen skirts, lace-up bustier plus linen poncho on the women. Yuvan pours tea.

TAMARA

What about the pandemic then,
Zsófi?

ZSÓFI

Hospital's too risky. We'll
have to do a home-birth.

TAMARA

And have you decided on a name,
Zsófi?

ZSÓFI

Odval. We'll call her Odval.

EXT. FARMHOUSE VERANDAH IN THE VALLEY - NIGHT

2038. Late summer. Patio rocking chair and verandah swing. Temperature gauge on weatherboard shows 35 Celsius. Radio is on.

NEWSREADER

The government has today
extended the current border
controls for another six
months.

Altan emerges from house.

NEWSREADER

According to new figures, the
Great Pandemic has a thirty
percent mortality rate. World
population has now fallen below
five billion.

Altan turns the radio off, and goes back inside.

INT. FARMHOUSE FOYER OFF VERANDAH - NIGHT

Wooden flooring. Much blood thereon. Zsófi, exhausted,
has just given birth, the newborn lies on Zsófi's chest.

TAMARA

Zsófi! It's a girl, look!

Tamara gently rubs the baby's back. The baby splutters
and wails. Tamara covers the baby with a towel.

TAMARA.

Oh! The placenta's out already.
Here, Zsófi, you hold baby.

CSABA

Zsófi's bleeding bad.

TAMARA

Altan, massage Zsófi below the
navel!

Altan is unsure and ineffectual.

TAMARA

No, lower! Here. Like this.
It's to help the womb contract,
and stop the bleeding.

Tamara shows Altan, who then massages Zsófi's lower
abdomen gently.

TAMARA

Csaba, check the placenta!

Csaba looks at placenta and part of umbilical cord lying on floor in widening pool of blood. Zsófi continues to hemorrhage, and goes limp and unresponsive.

CSABA
Placenta's fine. ... But
Zsófi's bleeding out!

TAMARA
Keep massaging, Altan!

Tamara checks the baby again.

CSABA
It's not working!

Zsófi continues to hemorrhage.

TAMARA
Ah, baby's breathing. Zsófi,
let her suckle, Zsófi. Zsófi!

Csaba checks for Zsófi's pulse.

CSABA
Altan, take baby now! Tamara,
pressure on the lower abdomen!

Altan cradles the baby. Csaba starts CPR. The pool of blood spreads.

EXT. SAME VERANDAH - NIGHT (LATER)

Csaba emerges from foyer, blood on knees, wiping off blood on hands.

CSABA
Shit! Shit! Shit!

Tamara emerges from foyer, less bloody, wiping off blood on hands.

TAMARA
Baby's fine. Altan's got her.

They stand, hands on verandah balustrade, staring into the darkness blankly. Tamara begins to sob.

EXT. SAME FARMHOUSE VERANDAH - DAY [TWO YEARS LATER]

2039. Autumn. Tamara (31) in linen/wool and sleeveless leather house-jacket, and Csaba (37) in kilt and goatskin poncho over linen. Tamara holds fifteen-month-old baby

girl, old towel nappy, wrapped in linen/wool. Csaba mumbles in Hungarian.

CSABA

Here they come! Here they come!
... Drone! Tank! Back! Run for
it!

Tamara shakes Csaba awake, then picks up ODVAL and cuddles.

EXT. SEA EDGE OF THWAITES GLACIER SHELF, ANTARCTIC - DAY

2040. Glacier calves and tumbles into sea. And again. Ice floes everywhere.

EXT. AUCKLAND, SHAKEPEAR PARK, CAUSEWAY FLOODING - DAY

Causeway to Orokamai Bay almost floods. (cf. Spring tide in 2020s)

EXT. SAME FARMHOUSE VERANDAH - DAY

2045. Rain. (Classical) Ukrainian peaceful-dawn-music audible from foyer. Csaba(41) dozes on rocking chair. Tamara (35), wearing woollen kilt, woollen shawl over linen top, woollen socks, wooden clogs, reads to girl with asiatic features (Odval), aged 7.

VOICEOVER STORY BEGINS, VOICED BY TAMARA/ZSÓFI:

EXT. SOUTHERN ENGLAND, EDGE OF WOODLAND, PATH - EXT

TAMARA

It was a bright summer's day in
southern England. Two girls
emerge from woodland...

Robyn (resembling Zsófi) is the elder and wears an angelic white linen (wedding) dress. Wynn resembles Tamara, and is dressed as a woodland elf-sister. She points the way.

TAMARA

This way. (Says Wynn) Follow
the hedgerow.

ROBYN

So you see, there're two types
of people: under-achievers, and
over-achievers.

Wynn looks up at Robyn.

WYNN

Oh! And which're you, Robyn?

ROBYN

I'm an under-achiever, because
I set my sights too high.

WYNN

You could move the goal-posts
closer.

ROBYN

Yes. ... But maybe there's a
third type, Wynn. A non-
achiever. Life's easier with no
goal-post at all...

The girls walk on a bit. Then Wynn stops and
smiles at Robyn.

WYNN

Come to think of it, I've
always wanted to be a non-
achiever.

Robyn smiles back.

ROBYN

Well, there you go.

Wynn turns her head away, and stares at the downs in the
distance.

WYNN

You're such a smug ponce!

The girls walk on some.

WYNN

So what was it, Robyn, that you
wanted to achieve?

ROBYN

We were supposed to save the
planet; but ended up just
shuffling deck-chairs on the
Titanic, while the band played
on.

Robyn looks away toward the weald. Wynn sighs.

WYNN

The weald seems smaller than of
yore.

ROBYN

Yes, it does, somehow.

WYNN

Well, Robyn, it's not the
planet that needs saving: it's
the woodland. The planet'll get
along fine without people,
without humankind.

Robyn smiles.

ROBYN

You might be right there.

The girls cross a stile and follow the footpath along the
edge of a wheat field. The hot air rising squiggles the
trees beyond the fields.

ROBYN

And COVID?

WYNN

And the rabbits on the Downs?

ROBYN

Myxomytosis, because too many
bunnies is too cute.

At the next stile, the girls stop in silence, staring
through the heat-haze across wheaten fields.

WYNN

Robyn, didn't you go to some
poncy private school?

ROBYN

Yes, Wynn. Well, yes I went;
but I was never really there,
if you see what I mean.

Wynn shakes her head slightly, and sighes.

WYNN

It's not all about you at all,
Robyn. We elf-sistren just want
our forest and woods and
woodlands back. That's all.

A helicopter clatters past overhead.

WYNN

Anyway, we're having a picnic today. Would you like to come?

ROBYN

What a scrumptious idea!

WYNN

We c'n gather some blackberries along the way; and later, after tea, have a stompy cicle-dance, a welkin ring, to worthy the woods and woodlands.

ROBYN

Lovely!

The girls stand up, and set off together, stopping along the hedgerow to pick blackberries, raspberries, blueberries, elderberries... The first hedgerow yields little, so they move on to the next, spreading out in their search. Wynn screams at Robyn:

WYNN

Robyn! What was that, you put in your mouth?

Robyn shouts back:

ROBYN

Gooseberry gobstoppers. Just like from the supermarket. I didn't know they grew wild.

Wynn runs across to her, and sees more on the ground.

WYNN

Let's sit down for a moment, and we c'n brush up on your Botany.

The girls lay back on a grassy bank by the hedgerow in the shade.

WYNN

Look up there, Robyn! That's Great Badger burning bright in the sky.

Winnie holds Robyn's hand quite firmly. And waits for the ten-eighth symptoms. Robyn begins to froth green slime from mouth and nostrils. Winn hears the slow choking ebbing of life. Not long. Winn whispers softly:

WYNN

We always loved you.

Winn closes Robyn's eyes. Afterwards:

WYNN

More than you loved us.

Then Winn gets up, and begins moving along the hedgerow, and mutters:

WYNN

Full moon tonight.

END OF VOICEOVER STORY. BACK TO:

EXT. SAME FARMHOUSE VERANDAH - DAY

2045. Still raining. (Turning her face away) Odval looks up at Tamara.

ODVAL

Is that how Mommy died?.

TAMARA

No darling. That was quite different. Anyway, you remind me of Zsófi every day, every time I look at you. You know, I loved your mother very much.

Tamara and Odval smile at each other. Tamara gives her a little hug.

TAMARA

And so does Uncle Csaba.

EXT. SAME OTAGO ORCHARD - DAY

2048. Tamara (40) walks through the olive and macadamia orchard with straight-black-haired, ten-year-old girl (Odval) with asiatic eyes. Wide-brimmed straw hats. Linen ponchos. Leather sandals. No synthetics. Csaba (46) trails behind, limping, with stick. Tamara speaks to no-one in particular.

TAMARA

Zsófi would've loved this.

EXT. EARTH VIEWED FROM SPACE - DAY.

Rotate to Antarctica. Zoom-in on Thwaites glacier.

EXT. SEA EDGE OF THWAITES GLACIER SHELF, ANTARCTIC - DAY

2056 More glacier falls into sea.

EXT. EARTH VIEWED FROM SPACE - DAY.

Zoom in on Kiribati.

EXT. KIRIBATI: BEACH WITH REMAINS OF SEA WALL - DAY

2056. It is low tide which equates to 2024-spring tide. Dunkirk-style evacuation using ship's boat to ferry evacuees to barquentine anchored off, outside the surf. Queues waiting on the beach. Chiefs and government officials check boarding passes. No elderly allowed to board at present. ALOHA (33) hugs her mother (the 'cleaner' now 63) farewell, and joins the queue.

EXT. OFF KIRIBATI: ABOARD WAITING BARQUENTINE - DAY

Aloha climbs aboard and stands looking back over the bulwarks, waving farewell to her mother. Crew begin raising the anchor. ...

EXT. EARTH VIEWED FROM SPACE - DAY.

Zoom-in on Tikopia.

EXT. TIKOPIA, SOLOMON ISLANDS: BEACH - DAY

2056 Sea-level has risen. Unusually, almost no surf. Two Wharram-style catamarans are anchored near beach. Elderly Ariki ensures only children and teenagers are allowed onto waiting catamarans. On each catamaran there is just one chief, about 35. TALANOA (girl, teenager) swims out to almost overcrowded cat and climbs aboard. She turns and waves farewell to her family on the beach amid tears. The catamarans up anchor and away.

EXT. EARTH VIEWED FROM SPACE - DAY.

Rotate to Pacific. Zoom-in on Marshall, Runit island.

EXT. RUNIT ISLAND, MARSHALL ISLANDS - DAY

Aerial views of concrete dome over radioactive-contaminated-material with sea-level over one-meter higher than in 2024.

EXT. BEACH NEAR MAJURO, MARSHALL ISLANDS - DAY

2056. Beach at low tide (corresponds to high tide 2024). Evacuation already underway. Fleet of boats, mostly small outside the surf break. Queues of locals Dunkirk-style on the beach. Priority given to teenagers and children. Many farewells and tears. Focus on one teenager (HAWAIIKI) who successfully boards a Wharram-style catamaran.

EXT. EARTH VIEWED FROM SPACE - DAY.

Rotate to South East Asia. Zoom-in on Mekong delta.

EXT. NEAR OCEAN BEACH, MEKONG DELTA, VIETNAM - DAY

2056. Low tide, now at previous high tide mark. Mekong delta is extensively flooded. Traditional junk-rigged fishing boats, crowded with climate-chaos refugees, mostly teenagers and children ('boat-people') including one Khmer Krom teenage girl, RATHANA (រតនា) and one older navigator, but no elderly, move down-stream and reach the ocean, to set off southward.

EXT. CENTRAL OTAGO GIRLS HIGH: CAR-PARK - DAY

2056. Spring term. Sign shows Central Otago Girls' High. In the car-park, there are no fossil-fuelled vehicles and no EV cars. There are electric golf-carts, electric quad-bikes, and two or three traps (a light two-wheeled carriage with springs). There are bicycles in the bike rack, but all have been fitted with wooden rims to substitute for rubber tires, which have been unobtainable for years.

INT. CENTRAL OTAGO GIRLS' HIGH: SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Class of eighteen-year-olds, variously dressed in black and white using non-synthetics i.e. linen, wool, leather, but no cotton. Leather shoes with leather soles. Tamara, 48, wearing linen dress, is giving a presentation using a projector that is now twenty-five years old, driven by old floor-standing computer (and keyboard). No wifi, nor other computers, nor mobile phones are used any longer. Among the students is Odval, 18, with high cheekbones, straight black hair, and steppe/Kirghiz eyes.

SEQUENCE VIA CLASSROOM PROJECTOR:

EXT. THE BLUE PLANET (EARTH) FROM SPACE - DAY

2056. Summer Southern Hemisphere. Image shows totally ice-free Arctic Ocean, shrunken Antarctic ice-shelf,

noticeably more desert, less forest, than in 2024. Tamara is mid-way through a presentation.

TAMARA

... Arctic Ocean is now ice-free all the year round ...

EXT. EARTH FROM SPACE 2023 VERSUS 2056 COMPARISON - DAY

Side-by-side comparison images of Arctic Ocean, and Antarctic ice-shelf. Tamara points to Thwaites glacier.

TAMARA

... the Thwaites glacier has collapsed, and sea-level risen more than one meter ...

EXT. AMAZON RAINFOREST FROM SPACE 2023/2056: WINTER - DAY

Side-by-side comparison images from 2023 and 2056 show much reduced forest, now mainly savannah. Tamara points.

TAMARA

... and what used to be rainforest is now mainly savannah ...

EXT. EASTERN EUROPE AERIAL VIEWS, UKRAINE: WINTER - DAY

2056. There is much unrepaired infrastructure damage from war, eg broken bridge and dam near Kherson, and bombed-out or fire-damaged abandoned buildings. No flags, no people, no snow. Climate is becoming warmer so it looks greener than the same season in 2020's, but untended.

EXT. ZAPORIZHZHIA, UKRAINE: WINTER - DAY

Battered, rusting, roadsign reads 'ZAPORIZHZHIA' in Ukrainian and English. The nuclear plant is badly damaged (like Chernobyl). Nearby town is abandoned and overgrown (like Pripyat). No people, birds, or animals. No roadblocks to prevent access.

END OF SEQUENCE VIA CLASSROOM PROJECTOR: RETURN TO:

INT. CENTRAL OTAGO GIRLS' HIGH: SCIENCE CLASSROOM - DAY

Odval waves her hand.

TAMARA

Yes, Odval.

Odval stands.

ODVAL

Excuse me, Miss, whose fault is
it, that we're in this mess
now?

Tamara smiles. The other students begin knocking knuckles
on desk in time with each other. Tamara holds up both
hands in a stop-gesture. The knocking stops.

TAMARA

It's not your fault, Odval, or
your generation's. The post-war
generation -

School bell rings for end of class.

EXT. OTAGO: STREET SANS FOSSIL-FUELLED VEHICLES - DAY

After school. Hot, sunny day. Girls (no-synthetics) come
out. Widespread use of parasols and straw boaters. Among
the last is Odval (boater, linen veil below eyes, and
satchel) who sets off slowly along street. Tamara, (wide-
brim straw hat and satchel) follows, Odval looks round,
spots Tamara, and waits in shade of tree. Together they
walk to a house with verandah, and sign marked 'SCHOOL
BOARDING MON-THUR'. Matron is waiting on verandah. Tamara
and Odval walk up path to verandah. Matron nods, and goes
inside. Tamara sits on verandah chair, Odval on steps,
but in shade. Matron reappears with tray, teapot, and
cups.

TAMARA

... another weekend picking
fruit by day, and shooting
rabbits by night.

ODVAL

I'm going over to the Yazidi's
on Saturday.

TAMARA

We can test for Varroa mites
this evening then, darling.

Odval nods without enthusiasm.

TAMARA

. . . . Altan can shoot rabbits
on Sunday night, and then we'll
bring back fresh rabbit on
Monday, Matron.

EXT. SAME OTAGO ORCHARD NOW PARTLY MACADAMIA - DAY

2056. Banks of bee-hives as before. Toward dusk following
a sunny summer day. Tamara (48) and Odval (18), wearing
white beekeeping suits, walk together toward the hives.

ODVAL

So why do we keep having to
count the Varroa mites?

TAMARA

Because if more than three
percent of the bees are
infected, the whole colony is
headed for collapse. . . .

Odval looks puzzled.

TAMARA

Imagine having an alien the
size of a grapefruit stuck on
your back between your
shoulders, sucking blood.

ODVAL

Oh! Do they infect humans?

TAMARA

Not yet, darling.

ODVAL

Why don't we just kill them all
then?

TAMARA

Wrong question : they'd just
come back stronger, immune to
whatever pesticide we had used.

They stop to drop veils, and check each other for gaps.

TAMARA

We'd do better using a bee
species that is naturally
resistant to Varroa mites. Like
native bees are.

Odval pouts.

ODVAL

Why don't we do that then?

TAMARA

Because bees are specialists.
You can't just tell them to do
what you want: nature is not a
factory!

ODVAL

But we need the bees to
pollinate ... quince, lemon,
lime, some beans ...

TAMARA

That's *your* problem.

ODVAL

Whaddyou mean *my* problem?

TAMARA

Your generation.

Odval sighs and pouts slightly.

EXT. SOUTH ISLAND TOWN STREET WITH TRAMLINE (SUMMER) - DAY

2056. 0600. No cars or trucks. One side of the street might be green-field, but has small farmers' market with canvas awnings. Stallholders putting out vegetables and meat. No plastic. Adults (no elderly), all wearing straw hats and leather shoes or clogs, and holding wicker shopping baskets, some full, wait at tram stop. The men are in knee-length linen tunics, not trousers. Mother, holding parasol, with schoolchild, joins the queue. The other adults make a fuss of the schoolchild. Tram arrives. The doors open to reveal milk churns, trolley, and one farmworker. The farmworker and male adults manhandle churns and trolley to pavement. Then the adults and schoolchild board. The tram departs.

EXT. MARLBOROUGH AIRPORT/OHAKEA AIRBASE : SUMMER - DAY

2056. The only aircraft still in use are electric, and small. There are a number of electric-powered propellor-driven winged military one/two-seat light aircraft (Pipistrel Alpha Electro). Markings show aircraft are used for by police, Navy, Army, Fire Service, for surveillance only. No helicopters, nor air ambulance.

There may be people about here, but the passenger terminal is signed permanently closed. Elsewhere lights are on. All vehicles are golf-cart EVs with worn tires.

EXT. MARLBOROUGH AIRPORT/OHAKEA AIRBASE : SUMMER - DAY

In hangar, one mechanic (label/nametag: TKACHENKO, mid-50s) opens up battery cover of golf cart. Labelling shows these batteries are locally manufactured, without using lithium, or cobalt. Another mechanic (label: SHVETS, mid-50s) checks SOH of aircraft battery (old, German, lithium/cobalt). Shvets marks up the flight endurance for the pilot: ten minutes max. The tires are old and worn. Shvets marks up warning for pilot: beware worn tires.

EXT. BURNHAM MILITARY CAMP : SUMMER - DAY

0600 Show signs at entrance. Pony cart enters bringing fresh vegetables, and milk churn.

EXT. BURNHAM MILITARY CAMP, TRAINING FIELD : SUMMER - DAY

No fossil-fuelled vehicles in sight. Soldiers (Maori), wearing WWII-style uniforms (no synthetics), train using a pack howitzer (mountain gun) transported on horseback. Soldiers lift first gunparts and ammo off horses.

EXT. SAME TRAINING FIELD : SUMMER - DAY - MINUTES LATER

Soldiers fire one practice howitzer round.

INT. OHAKEA AIRBASE, AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL : SUMMER - DAY

2057. The radar is working, manned by two military officers. For air-traffic control there are no computers, screens, or mobile phones. CB radio instead. However, the second officer is operating an 'old' computer and screen to control a reconnaissance drone, which provides aerial views of Parengarenga Harbor, and catamaran entering from Great Exhibition Bay. Officer picks up phone and dials ...

EXT. SANDY BEACH PARENGARENGA HARBOR, NZ - DAY

(2057) Dusk. Wharram catamaran, flying Australian aboriginal flag, crowded with young aboriginals and children, arrives, and beaches on sandy beach backed by sand dunes. Climate-chaos refugees, all native Australian aborigines, including MERRI (teenage aboriginal female with bum-bag and hiking stick) disembark, leaving captain/navigator with two young crew aboard. Catamaran departs. Refugees wave farewell, and, led by Merri, begin

walking south along littoral, leaving footprints in the wet sand.

EXT. UNMAINTAINED TRACK, OPEN COUNTRY, NORTHLAND - DAY

(2057) Dusk. Three soldiers with pack ponies wait in shade of sole tree by stream. Ponies drink from stream. Soldiers have built a small fire from driftwood, and are boiling a billy of water. In turns, they drink from another billy containing already-cooled water. The band of refugees from the Australian catamaran appear, including some younger children, trudging down track toward stream, led by Merri. Merri waves.

MERRI

Hey there! Y'got water f'the kids?

One of the soldiers holds out the billy with boiled water. Merri smiles in gratitude, and helps the children drink without spilling, each in turn.

SERGEANT

Wher're'ye from?

MERRI

`Stralia.

SERGEANT

Need t'see'ya papers then.

MERRI

We're'll `Strine. We've the right to live here.

Merri reaches into bum-bag and produces Australian passport. Sergeant inspects, reaches into side pocket, produces a stamper, and stamps passport. 26th Feb 2057.

SERGEANT

Get 'em all into line, then.

The other soldiers marshall the refugees into line. Merri stands by Sergeant as he checks the first-in-line.

SERGEANT

Walk at night. Follow the road south f'two days. There's a border outpost. Get water-containers. No-one lives this far north anymore.

Merri nods. ... The refugees cross the stream and move south, leaving only footprints by the stream behind.

EXT. UNMAINTAINED TRACK, OPEN COUNTRY, NORTHLAND - DAY

(2057) Next day. Another group of refugees appears, led by Talanoa. Same procedure as before. Again, the refugees leave only footprints by the stream. As they depart, another group of refugees appears from the north, this time led by Hawaiki.

EXT. ARMY BAY, SHAKESPEAR PARK - DAY

(2057) Low tide (corresponds to high tide today). Several junk-rigged vessels, crowded with refugees, arrive from Vietnam. The vessels beach. Rathana is the first ashore, followed by othr refugees. They find the toilets, and external shower, which still function. After showering, they reassemble at the beach, and reboard, up-anchoring and sailing south through Tiritiri passage...

EXT. AT SEA OFF COAST OF OTAGO : SUMMER - DAY

(2057) Three-masted barquentine (eg Spirit of NZ) under sail at sea. The crew wear oilskins and pre-WWII-style linen/wool/worsted/leather clothes. Seamen wear simple leather/wool/linen tunics. No phones, no GPS. The barquentine is carrying evacuees from Kiribati, entering port (Timaru). The crew row in small boats, towing barquentine into harbor. No fossil-fuelled ships in sight!

EXT. WHARF, OTAGO HARBOR : SUMMER - DAY

(2057) Barquentine alongside. Group of refugees waving Tongan flag already on wharf, in front of immigration shed. Evacuees disembark, among them Aloha, head over to immigration.

EXT. TRACK NEAR FARMHOUSE OTAGO ORCHARD IN VALLEY - DAY

2058. Friday, pm. Tamara, with wide-brim straw hat, returns from school, leading a pony. Tamara takes the side track leading to farmhouse with verandah.

EXT. FARMHOUSE VERANDAH: OTAGO ORCHARD IN VALLEY - NIGHT

Sound of wind blowing. One rocking chair. Csaba, 56, wearing khaki and natural-fiber, military beret, is relaxing thereon, dozing, his walking stick close to hand. Tibetan Buddhist artefacts on small table include a Tibetan singing bowl. Tokotoko, NATO field-glasses.

Tamara sits in yoga-like pose on floor, meditating. Then Tamara stands, as if sniffing the air: she dongs the singing bowl and slaps Csaba heavily on shoulder.

TAMARA

Csaba, Csaba. Wake up! Wake up!
Smoke!

Csaba slaps his own cheek and stands quickly, sniffing warily. Tamara grabs his arm firmly.

CSABA

Stand to!

Flames appear on the hillside.

TAMARA

We're downwind. So it's coming
our way. I'll set the livestock
free, Csaba.

Tamara grabs oilskin cape, French beret, tokotoko, field-glasses. Flames spread in a row across hillside, and move toward farmhouse. Tamara and Csaba exchange glances.

CSABA

Need to flood the swales. I'll
open the sluices. Must protect
the seed-bunker.

Tamara then runs off into the night. Csaba picks up his walking stick, goes inside, returns with gunbelt slung diagonally over one shoulder and holstered pistol, and limps off slowly. The wildfire is now very close.

EXT. AERIAL VIEWS: OTAGO HIGH COUNTRY: SUMMER - DAY

Next day. Cloudy day with drizzle, soon after daybreak. Show hills, grazable pasture, then yurt, herd of goats with two goat-herders (Altan, 56, and Odval, 20) both in Asiatic linen/goatskin dress. The goats are of a small breed (Nigerian dwarf). There are also two small ponies and one foal.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW MOVING TO INLAND VALLEY: SUMMER - DAY

Loosely follow a track into a valley below where there has been a very recent wildfire. The ground still smokes in places. General views of burnt-out orchards, and burnt-to-the-ground homestead. Nearby stands a tiny, stone shed, smoking and roofless, and beside it burnt remains of what might once have been a human body.

EXT. BY TRACK IN VALLEY - DAY

Beside the track is a private family burial plot with burnt picket fence: the gravestones are marked in Hungarian:

Kovács Balázs 1933 - 1988,
 Kovács (Balázs wife) Kata née Hladíková 1935 - 1990,
 Kovács Attila 1958 - 2021,
 Kovács (Attila's wife) Katalin 1958 - 2023,
 Ivaskow Yuvan 1964 - 2035.
 Kovács Zsófi 2005 - 2038 Odval's mother. Rest in peace heart-mine.

Leitmotif bitter-sweet lament (cor anglais solo) begins as Zsófi's grave comes into view. Looking more closely, on it are cut flowers, which, though wilted, have escaped being burnt.

EXT. BACK-TRACK TOWARD HIGHER GROUND - DAY

Follow the track more closely back toward the higher ground, to the edge of the burnt area. The drizzle clears. Not far off is the herd of goats. Also, much closer is a small rock outcrop which overlooks the burnt valley.

EXT. ROCK OUTCROP OVERLOOKING BURNT-OUT VALLEY - DAY

Tamara, 50, wrapped in (rain-soaked) oilskin cape, with hair tucked into (sodden) French beret, and face smoke-blackened, sits disconsolately on the ground. Next to her is an old carved tokotoko. Tamara uses NATO field-glasses to carefully scan burnt-out farm and orchard. A swamp harrier circles overhead, making faint sounds. The sound of goats meh-ing carries on the wind. Looking uphill toward the goats, there is a young woman (Odval) of modest build, about 20, wearing Central-Asian-nomad clothes and headscarf, carrying a glass jar in wicker sling basket, coming toward Tamara. As the woman nears Tamara, she lowers her face-scarf to reveal a steppe/asiatic face, with Kirghiz eyes.

ODVAL

Tamara! Tamara!

Tamara looks round and spots Odval. Odval waves but Tamara just nods exhaustedly.

ODVAL

Tamara! Are you alright,
Auntie? You are okay? The
farmhouse is okay?

TAMARA

No. It's burnt to the ground.

ODVAL

Oh my gosh! Where you will
sleep tonight?

TAMARA

I don't know. I can't find
Csaba.

ODVAL

You will stay with us in the
yurt then. Where's Csaba? Is he
alright?

Tamara uses the field-glasses, searching.

TAMARA

Thank God, the wind changed.
Otherwise, we'd all be toast.

Tamara uses the NATO field-glasses again.

TAMARA

There's something by the stone
shed. Could you walk down and
check for me, Odval.

ODVAL

Yes, Auntie. Here, have some
tea first.

Odval hands Tamara the glass jar with metal lid. Suddenly
Odval points.

ODVAL

Drone! Drone!

Tamara lifts the field-glasses and spots an ultralight
electric aircraft (Pipistrel Alpha Electro) coming up the
valley. Then Tamara spots three military personnel
leading pack-ponies into the valley. The spotter plane
flies overhead, turns and flies round the women at low-
level; the pilot waves and the women wave back. Odval
grabs the field-glasses and inspects the troopers.

TAMARA

The cavalry has arrived!
Holy Mother of God!

Tamara starts to sob and Odval comforts her, while intermittently keeping an eye on the approaching troopers through the field-glasses. Tamara notices.

TAMARA

Checking out the new
merchandise, Odval?

EXT. OUTSIDE YURT BY SMALL FIRE AMID STONE-RING - NIGHT

Clouds have cleared: the heavens are full of stars, the night still warmish. Tamara, in fresh Mongolian-style clothing, and Odval sit together near the fire, finishing soup from wooden bowls. There is more soup in a billy hanging over the fire. Altan, 55, eats soup nearby.

TAMARA

Csaba was Catholic. I want
his body covered with
stones, not just left.

ODVAL

Yes, of course, Auntie.
Daddy will take care of
that tomorrow, won't you?

EXT. SAME HIGH COUNTRY PASTURE: SUMMER - DAY [DAYS LATER]

Yurt in the distance. Herd of Nigerian dwarf goats in close by. Odval (in linen, Panama, sub-eye linen veil) walks with Tamara (linen, wide-brim hat, uses tokotoko).

ODVAL

Did Csaba really think it
was the Russians, Auntie?

Tamara laughs lightly.

TAMARA

At first, yes. He was in
Ukraine. Before
Zaporizhzhia.

ODVAL

Zapor... Zapor?

TAMARA

Zaporizhzhia. Like
Chernobyl. Only, because
of the war, there was no
containment. No-one wants
Ukraine now, or Belarus.
It's a death zone.

EXT. NEAR STONE SHED IN SAME BURNT-OUT VALLEY - DAY

Fortnight later. Shed-roof burnt-off. Small pack-pony, carrying water-skin, food supplies, and goatskins, on a long tether held by Odval (in linen). Tamara (linen), holding dandelion flowers, leads Odval into shed. Inside are four old office fire-proof safes, still intact. Tamara opens one. Inside is a thick, old Ecology textbook, and lots of brown paper bags, rolled and clipped airtight with wooden clothes pegs, and labelled with date and vegetable name like 'rocket'. Tamara pulls out a packet, sniffs it, shows Odval, who sniffs and makes a moue, then Tamara puts it back in the safe. Tamara pulls out the textbook, wipes off the dust, and flips through it. Some of the pages are stuck together because of the damp.

TAMARA

Our little seed-bank survived!
We can replant the vegetable
garden. If the seeds are still
viable. ... I'm going to have
to teach you Ecology, Odval.

Odval makes a moue. Tamara shuts the safe door, they go outside, and stroll across to the burial plot, where there is a new pile of stones marked Lt Kovács Csaba 2002 - 2058, with an old steel helmet ontop, which shows the remains of a Ukraine flag. Odval lays the dandelions.

TAMARA

Males! They fight over
territory and females, just
like any other species on this
planet.

ODVAL

Yes, well, I'm off to the
Yazidis and Salvadoris. Must
entice some nice young men to
help us replant the orchard.

TAMARA
Count your days, darling.

Odval pouts, begins leading pony away along track, turns, smiles, waves, raises her scarf toward eyes. Further along the track, in the distance, a group of people come into sight: Merri, Aloha, Talanoa, Hawaiki, Rathana. Odval stops, and Tamara walks up to stand by her.

EXT. ALONG TRACK FROM STONE SHED - DAY

Later. Merri, Aloha, Talanoa, Hawaiki, and Rathana, reach Odval and Tamara. Merri waves, and steps forward. Speaks with aboriginal Australian accent.

MERRI
G'dayee. My name's Merri. We've been sent to help.

TAMARA
I see.

Tamara and Odval look at each other.

TAMARA
Well, you're very welcome, and we do need help. ... But there's no food and nowhere to sleep. Hmm... Let me think.

Pause.

TAMARA
Merri, you can come with me to the high pasture to hunt rabbits.

Merri nods and smiles.

TAMARA
Odval, take the others with you: beg or borrow tools, so that we can plant a vegetable garden.

ODVAL
Come on, sisters, let's go get some nice young men to help.

EXT. TRACK IN VALLY VIEWED FROM STONE SHED - DAY

Next day. Aloha, Talanoa, Hawaiki, Rathana, Odval, two strapping young men, and one old man appear in the distance. There are two small carts, pulled by minature ponies. On the carts are hand tools, mattocks, large two-man push-pull hand-saws, shovels, and spades. From the opposite direction, the high country, appear Tamara, and Merri, carrying several dead rabbits. They wave. The others wave back.

EXT. BLACKENED ORCHARD: NEAR STONE SHED - DAY

Later, afternoon. The young men, and women, have built a rough lean-to shelter outside the stone shed. One side is half open and faces a new, but crude, fireplace, with spit, and half-covered by large stone to protect against possible rain. Old Mr Salvadori supervises, walking around, gesturing and discussing with Odval. Talana, Hawaiki, and Rathana, drag brush from the unburnt high country for bedding and shelter.

EXT. NEAR STONE SHED: LEAN-TO SHELTER - NIGHT

Men and carts have left. Odval and Merri too. Rabbit is roasting on spit over fire. Aloha, Talanoa, Hawaiki, and Rathana huddle together in shelter. Hawaiki gets up uses knife to slice meat from rabbit. Gives thumbs-up to others.

EXT. BLACKENED ORCHARD: NEAR STONE SHED - DAY

Month later. Small raised vegetable beds are scattered around the old orchard, being planted and planted by Aloha, Talanoa, and Hawaiki, while Tamara stands by supervising. Tamara looks up and in the distance coming along the track are two young men, old Mr Salvadori, two carts drawn by minature ponies, and on the carts two beehives. Tamara waves. Mr Salvadori waves back.

EXT. SAME HIGH COUNTRY PASTURE: SUMMER - NIGHT

Odval, Tamara and Merri sit on the ground outside the yurt. The fire is slowly dying down to just embers.

TAMARA

It's going to be feudal.
They'll each lease their own
vegetable plot, but work in the
orchard too. We'll plant
olives, and macadamias.

ODVAL

And we'll renew the high
country lease for ourselves.

TAMARA

See if we can up the stock
count.

ODVAL

Mr Salvadori is growing olive
trees from seed for us; about
thirty he says.

Tamara nods.

ODVAL

And the Yazidis will give us
another two beehives, with
queens and bees.

TAMARA

Thank God for their kindness!

ODVAL

Too right! That's for sure ...
Oh, just look at all the stars!

TAMARA

Must have looked much the same
to our Neanderthal cousins too,
back in the day.

Pause. Views of night sky.

ODVAL

So was Csaba there when I was
born, Auntie?

TAMARA

Of course. He was the best. He
had more experience of blood
and trauma than any of us. And
CPR.

ODVAL

And the Pandemic?

TAMARA

The Great Pandemic, the first
wave, lasted six months.

ODVAL

And?

TAMARA

One third of the population died, mainly elderly, and young children.

EXT. HIGH COUNTRY PASTURE:SUMMER - DAY [TWO MONTHS LATER]

Odval, now well into her third trimester, and Tamara walk together, herding the goats toward new pasture. They are each leading a small pony on a long tether.

ODVAL

So why do we keep getting these pandemics?

TAMARA

Most of them are zoonotic diseases. We've had them ever since we started herding and domesticating livestock.

ODVAL

Do we all have to go vegetarian then?

TAMARA

No, that's too simplistic. As apex predators, we shouldn't be overrunning the planet like rabbits. ... Then there's the Red Queen hypothesis ...

The herd moves on, the women follow.

TAMARA

So, Odval: do we know who the baby's father is? That Yazidi boy? Or the Salvadoris'? Or whose?

Odval taps the end of her nose with her forefinger, and smiles.

TAMARA

Just like Zsófi.

Odval smiles.

ODVAL

So what was Plan B, Auntie?

TAMARA

Long story. We were at school together, and -

ODVAL

- dinosaurs roamed the planet?

Tamara shakes her head, smiling. Odval eases her aching back.

TAMARA

And after her mother died, Zsófi was bereft. I was flattered. Zsófi was my hero.

ODVAL

Heroine?

TAMARA

Yes. She inspired me. But Plan B involved Yuvan, and he became a father figure for Zsófi. Well, more than.

ODVAL

And Altan?

TAMARA

Oh yes.

The goats move on. Tamara gives Odval her arm.

ODVAL

Wasn't it just grief?

TAMARA

No, darling. When Zsófi got near thirty, she went clucky.

ODVAL

And you?

TAMARA

Me, no. I had you to look after. But, Plan B ...

LONG FLASHBACK SEQUENCE BEGINS:

INT. HAWKES BAY: GIRLS' SCHOOL: CLASSROOM - DAY

2023 Nov 1. On display: NIWA Climate change scenarios for New Zealand 2090: Figure 3: Projected changes in mean temperature summer/winter under RCP8.5. Also figure 4. Plus graph of global CO2 emissions around COVID period. Zsófi, 18, sits making notes, and glancing up at charts. A school bell rings. Tamara enters, also in uniform.

TAMARA

Hi Zsófi, how's it going?

ZSÓFI

Hi Tamara, just about done.

Tamara studies the charts.

TAMARA

So what does it all mean?

ZSÓFI

They're the climate change projections for two thousand and ninety.

Zsófi walks over to the temperature charts.

ZSÓFI

There's two versions: summer and winter. Both say Hawke's Bay will get warmer.

TAMARA

Cool.

Zsófi moves to the rainfall charts.

ZSÓFI

Actually, *not* cool. Hot. These two show summer and winter rainfall. Here in Hawke's Bay it'll get drier.

TAMARA

Got it. But what about the cherry orchard?

Zsófi moves back toward her desk and notes.

ZSÓFI

Cherries need frost. The trees have to go dormant over the winter, otherwise they won't fruit.

Zsófi sits, looks up from the desk, smiling.

ZSÓFI

In Hawke's Bay, we fix it with chemical sprays. In Otago, they don't need to.

Zsófi finishes her notes. Tamara studies the maps, particularly rainfall.

TAMARA

What's with all this rainfall here in Otago?

ZSÓFI

Drought in summer; flooding in winter. Or just plain vanilla climate chaos.

TAMARA

How accurate are the forecasts?

ZSÓFI

Lord knows. One day, you and I will find out.

TAMARA

And this graph, what's that?

ZSÓFI

Carbon dioxide emissions during COVID. Worldwide.

TAMARA

Wow. They went right down!

Zsófi is packing her stuff up, ready to go, but returns to the charts.

ZSÓFI

Oh no. It's quite misleading. There's a break in the scale, here. During COVID, emissions only fell eleven percent.

Zsófi points.

ZSÓFI

And afterwards emissions went
right back up. We haven't even
begun to turn the corner. ...
Anyway, let's go.

Zsófi collects her satchel.

EXT. CARPARK OUTSIDE HAWKES BAY COLLEGE GIRLS' - DAY

The two girls carry their bags toward a tiny EV car.

ZSÓFI

An old friend of my father's,
Yuvan, is coming to discuss the
cherry orchard tonight, and
what to do with my inheritance.

TAMARA

Whatev.

ZSÓFI

You'll sleep over, won't you,
Tamara?

EXT. AERIAL VIEWS OF HAWKE'S BAY - DAY

Tiny EV car (Zsófi drives, passenger: Tamara) moves along
highway past orchards, farms and landscape devastated by
Cyclone Gabrielle.

EXT. KOVÁCS FARMGATE ON HIGHWAY, HAWKE'S BAY - DAY

Zsófi's EV pulls in to enter a distinctive and unusual
farmgate, marked Kovács. Nearby, in a bay on the hard
shoulder, is parked a monster off-road diesel UTE. Tamara
hops out of the EV, opens the gate; Zsófi drives through,
followed very slowly by the waiting UTE. Tamara sees the
driver (Yuvan, wearing pink camo cap). Tamara shuts the
gate behind, turns and slaps thrice on the UTE, so the
driver winds his window down. Tamara looks and
approaches.

TAMARA

Excuse me, Sir, are you my
grandfather?

YUVAN

Do I look like your
grandfather?

Tamara nods.

YUVAN

What's your name, young lady?

TAMARA

Tamara. Jackson. But my middle name is Ivaskow.

YUVAN

I see...Thirty years since the divorce, and not a dicky. Nice to meet at last. You a friend of Zsófi's?

Tamara nods.

YUVAN

Ground-rules then: no recriminations, and do not become a go-between. Okay?

Tamara nods.

YUVAN

See you up at the house then.

Tamara gets in with Zsófi, and her car moves off through cyclone-damaged partly-silted cherry orchard toward the farmhouse with verandah.

EXT. IN CHERRY ORCHARD - DAY [LATER]

Same afternoon. Zsófi and Yuvan, wearing gumboots to get through the silt, trudge through the cherry orchard inspecting the damage from Cyclone Gabrielle.

YUVAN

So how are you doing, Zsófi? I haven't seen you since your mother's funeral.

ZSÓFI

Good ... till the cyclone hit.

YUVAN

We just need a plan.

Yuvan touches Zsófi's arm. Zsófi nods.

YUVAN

We can get the silt removed,
repair and replant the orchard,
fix the fencing, and diversify:
olives, macadamia, pistachios.

ZSÓFI

There's not enough money to do
all that.

YUVAN

Hmm. Look, I've got to sort out
my own place in Auckland first.

ZSÓFI

I understand. But even if the
banks gave me a loan, I'd never
be able to repay.

They trudge and slurp back through silt to the farmhouse.

EXT. ON FARMHOUSE VERANDAH - DAY

Buddhist artefacts on table, including singing bowl.
Tamara, on cushion, meditates. Yuvan, with tokotoko, and
Zsófi arrive from orchard.

ZSÓFI

So what about this manifesto
then, Yuvan?

YUVAN

That teenagers should boycott
all forms of fossil-fuelled
transport?

ZSÓFI

No going on planes, on buses,
or in cars.

YUVAN

Would have to be worldwide.
Otherwise, it's insignificant.

Zsófi's shoulders slump.

TAMARA

So, why didn't the post-war
generation stop climate chaos,
Grandpa?

YUVAN

We were far too busy with our
own lives, earning a living.

TAMARA

Like laundry in a washing
machine, splashing to, and fro,
to, and fro.

The girls laugh together.

TAMARA

What about Plan B then,
Grandpa?

YUVAN

Plan B? What's that?

TAMARA

Zsófi sells this orchard here
in Hawke's Bay and buys another
one in Otago, where climate
change prospects are better.

YUVAN

Fine in principle. But where's
the money coming from?

TAMARA

Reparations. You sell your
property in Auckland, Grandpa:
then you and Zsófi buy the new
one together.

Zsófi looks surprised.

TAMARA

You get to live, Grandpa, with
two beautiful young women.

Zsófi and Yuvan exchange a long stare, with mixed,
uncertain, reactions.

YUVAN

You're very young, Zsófi.

ZSÓFI

I can cook. I can ride. What
are you waiting for? Your nappy
change?

Yuvan turns away to verandah railing and stares into orchard. Zsófi looks quizzically at Tamara, unsure. Tamara undoes one button on her blouse, and nods. Zsófi does likewise, then slowly walks over and stands next to Yuvan. Zsófi and Yuvan exchange tentative glances.

ZSÓFI

We'd need a business
partnership contract.

YUVAN

Of course. I can do my avionics
design work from home anywhere
now. Actually, I'd like to move
anyway, Zsófi. I'm being
harrassed in Auckland.

EXT. HAWKES BAY: CHERRY ORCHARD: MEMORIAL PLOT - NIGHT

Same evening. Private burial ground for ashes on farm. Gravestones marked: Kovács Balázs, 1988; Kovács Kata 1990; Kovács Attila 2021; Kovács Katalin 2023. Zsófi and Tamara, both still in school uniform with farm-boots, are standing next to Yuvan facing the gravestones. Zsófi holds chrysanthemums, Tamara/Yuvan hold two candles each.

YUVAN

Of course. It's all Hallows'
eve. The day of the dead.

ZSÓFI

These two, Balázs and Kata, my
grandparents, escaped after the
uprising in fifty-six.

SHORT NESTED FLASHBACK SEQUENCE:

EXT. MAIN STREET BUDAPEST - DAY

1956. November 4. Soviet tanks and troops crush uprising.

EXT. AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN BORDER, HEGYESHALOM - NIGHT

Hungarian border guards inspect passports of a young couple (Balázs and Kata Kovács) carrying just a bag each. The guards then pointedly and deliberately turn their backs. Balázs and Kata take the opportunity to run through to the Austrian border post. The Austrian border guards check their passports and stamp them. Balázs and Kata walk free into Austria, stop and hug.

INT. WOODEN BARRACKS, REFUGEE CAMP, AUSTRIA - DAY

1958. Two years later. Each family is allocated one small room. Corridor leads to communal kitchen at end of block. Toilet block in yard. Men, family heads, gather in kitchen, among them Balázs. Kommandant enters, waves two tickets. Balázs immediately steps forward and grabs the tickets, which are for Glasgow to Auckland, New Zealand, by ship, Captain Cook.

EXT. OUTSIDE SAME WOODEN BARRACKS - NIGHT

Balázs and Kata, carrying just one bag each, board small bus. Driver shines torch on bus tickets, which are for Hoek van Holland (then by ferry to Harwich, and on to Glasgow by train).

EXT. WHARF, WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND - NIGHT

Three months later. SS Captain Cook by wharf in Wellington. Balázs and Kata disembark, move toward customs and immigration shed.

EXT. STREET SIDE, CUSTOMS IMMIGRATION SHED - NIGHT

Balázs and Kata emerge bewildered onto street, stop, and hug each other. Tears of joy. Then, apart, they stand tall, brace shoulders back, and slowly walk away toward town. They stop a man, who does not understand them, but points the way toward

END OF SHORT NESTED FLASHBACK. RETURN TO:

EXT. HAWKES BAY: CHERRY ORCHARD: MEMORIAL PLOT - NIGHT

Zsófi places two chrysanthemums for her grandparents.

ZSÓFI

Then two years in a refugee
camp, before they came here.

Zsófi places two chrysanthemums for her parents.

ZSÓFI

And these are my parents,
Attila and Katalin. We buried
their ashes on the farm here.

Zsófi speaks in Hungarian here.

ZSÓFI

Rest in peace, Papa. Rest in
peace, Mama. Rest in peace,
Dad. Rest in peace, Mum.

YUVAN

My own father was in the Polish
airforce. Then the RAF. The big
war. God rest his soul.

In English again:

ZSÓFI

Always wars, and wars to end
wars.

Yuvan briefly touches Zsófi's shoulder again. Zsófi
places a candle on each grave. They stand there awhile.

YUVAN

So, Zsófi, Plan B.

ZSÓFI

I thought I was too young for
that.

YUVAN

No. I fix up my will, so that
Tamara inherits my share.

ZSÓFI

What about the graves though?

YUVAN

Dis-inter the ashes and
transfer them to the new
orchard, Zsófi.

Zsófi smiles at Yuvan.

YUVAN

One condition, though, Zsófi.

ZSÓFI

What's that?

YUVAN

You go to Uni, Zsófi, and study
something relevant to farming.

ZSÓFI

It's my life Yuvan. I decide
what to do with it.

Zsófi checks Tamara's facial expression.

ZSÓFI

Anyway, what about Tamara?

YUVAN

I'll pay her Uni fees too - if
she wants to go.

ZSÓFI

One condition for you then,
Yuvan: you get rid of that
monster diesel Ute. And go
electric.

YUVAN

It's a free country: I'll drive
what I want, young lady.

ZSÓFI

Not if you wish to live on *my*
farm you won't, old man.

Yuvan turns away. Zsófi looks at Tamara, who
urges Zsófi to continue by a circling gesture
with her hand.

ZSÓFI

It would be most helpful if you
switched to a side-by-side
electric farm utility. We'll
need it for the orchard and
stuff.

Yuvan turns back.

YUVAN

Okay. Something for the farm.

ZSÓFI

And electric. Can't have those
diesel smuts all over the
fruit.

Yuvan grimaces, then shrugs shoulders.

YUVAN

Very well then. But I'll hang on to the diesel for the time being: I need it to move house.

ZSÓFI

By all means. It's just an understanding in principle.

Pause. Yuvan turns to Tamara.

YUVAN

So, Tamara, exactly how old are you now?

TAMARA

Fifteen and a half.

YUVAN

Technically, still a child right now, then. Still, by the time this scheme comes into effect, you'll be an adult.

Yuvan nods and wanders away.

ZSÓFI

Nice idea, but it's not going to work. Yuvan's just too old.

Zsófi and Tamara stand close together in silhouette.

TAMARA

It's not over.

Zsófi wraps her arm around Tamara.

ZSÓFI

You little minx.

Zsófi kisses Tamara on the lips.

TAMARA

Think about it. Yuvan has money. What's the alternative?

ZSÓFI

I know. I know. The orchard's a dud for the next ten years. ... What choice do I have?

Zsófi's mobile pings, and she checks the new message.

ZSÓFI

It's from Csaba, my cousin.
Look, Tamara, he's home in
Moldavia on leave. Look ...

EXT. VILLAGE NEAR BACĂU, MOLDAVIA - DAY [SAME DAY]

2023 Nov 1. Road-sign visible in fading light shows
BACĂU. Entrance to cemetery, signed in both Romanian and
Hungarian. Quiet, apart from dogs barking, pigs grunting.

EXT. SAME VILLAGE: PUBLIC CEMETERY - NIGHT

Candles lit on some graves. People, families, move around
lighting more. Csaba, in military uniform, with Ukraine
armband, stands by graves of: Kovács Vilmos 1894-1958;
Kovácsné Vanda 1897-1960; Kovács Csaba 1913-1971; Kovács-
Szabó Ulrika 1919-1993. Csaba checks photo of similar
event sent by Zsófi. Csaba lights candles on graves.

LONG FLASHBACK SEQUENCE ENDS.

EXT. BURIAL PLOT BY TRACK IN VALLEY - DAY

2081. Gravestones including Lt. Kovács. Tamara, now 73,
in black burqa, leaning on tokotoko stands staring at
graves. She kisses a dandelion flower, and lets it fall
onto Zsófi's grave. Goats meh, then appear, herded by
Odval, now 43, with her daughter (23) with baby.

ODVAL

Tamara!

No response. Odval taps Tamara on shoulder.

ODVAL

Tamara! You're gonna have to
keep up. It'll take all day to
get to the high pasture.

TAMARA

You go on. I'll catch up later.

Odval heads off, then turns to face Tamara.

ODVAL

One question. What happened to
the rest of the world?

TAMARA

Not sure. So much fake news!
The global supply chain to New
Zealand just crumbled away.

Odval shakes her head slowly.

ODVAL

Anyway, I'll be waiting for
you. ... And no flowers for
Yuvan!

The goats have moved on. Odval herds them out of sight.
Tamara follows, using her grandfather Yuvan's tokotoko. A
swamp harrier circles overhead.

EXT. ORCHARD, NOW OLIVES/MACADAMIA, IN SAME VALLEY - DAY

(2081) Tamara and Odval are working. The weather looks
stormy.

ODVAL

... Why couldn't people foresee
what would happen? Why didn't
they do things differently?
Were they idiots, or bastards?

TAMARA

Both. ... People flew,
business, or vacation ...

Odval climbs a stepladder, picks and passes to Tamara.

ODVAL

And you? Flying around all
blasé and nonchalant?

TAMARA

I was a child then.

ODVAL

Later then.

TAMARA

Eight years old when the US
pulled out of the Paris
Agreement; fourteen, when the
big war in Europe started.

ODVAL

Yes. And so?

TAMARA

We marched, we sang, as people
had marched before. But no-one
listened.

Odval descends stepladder.

TAMARA

But, oh, well. ... Species
come, species go. It'll be
insects next.

ODVAL

It can't be *that* bad, can it?

TAMARA

Who knows? It's all just a
story.

Odval shakes her head. Tamara smiles.

TAMARA

Just kidding.

ODVAL

Oh, no, you're not.

Odval repositions the stepladder and begins to climb up
it again. Near the top, Odval stops and peers through the
foliage.

ODVAL

Wait up! There's someone
coming.

Odval waits as a Polynesian woman (ECO-KOMMISSAR),
wearing a straw hat, and remnants of old military jacket
over a sleeveless linen dress, and using a parasol,
approaches through the trees. On the jacket is a seven-
pointed metal badge marked 'AOTEAROA' and 'ECO-KOMMISSAR'
and '9247'. The eco-kommissar pulls out a photo-id from
inside the jacket, and presents it forward to Odval.
Odval peers and checks.

ECO-KOMMISSAR

G'day! How's'i' goin?

ODVAL

So what brings you here?

ECO-KOMMISSAR

Just checking you're ready to
accommodate thirty more
refugees.

ODVAL

What? We can't do that! There's
not enough land! We couldn't
feed them!

ECO-KOMMISSAR

It's been decided. You were
notified three weeks ago.

ODVAL

No we weren't. This's the first
we've heard of it. You can't
just dump them on us willy-
nilly!

ECO-KOMMISSAR

There's nowhere else.

Pause. Odval and Tamara stare at each other.

TAMARA

Come up to the stone shed,
please. There's water and shade
there. ... And we can talk.

The Eco-Kommissar nods.

TAMARA

Don't worry, Odval.

EXT. IN SHADE OF STONE-SHED LEAN-TO - DAY

Tamara pours boiled water from lidded-urn cooling in
shade, into ceramic mugs, one for herself, and one for
the Eco-Kommissar.

TAMARA

... you know, fifty years ago,
I wrote the original paper on
eco-kommissars. You don't
remember Zsófi Ivaskow, do you?

ECO-KOMMISSAR

Who?

TAMARA

... We bought this property together, as a refuge.

Tamara sips her water and smiles.

TAMARA

... The high country lease is still held by her daughter and me. It specifies the maximum number of livestock we can run. So there's no over-stocking.

ECO-KOMMISSAR

Yes, ma'am. That's the normal situation for native lands.

TAMARA

... So which parcel of land're these refugees being dumped on?

ECO-KOMMISSAR

The valley land: it's deemed horticultural.

TAMARA

... And on what basis was the carrying-capacity of the land assessed. Do you have the calculation with you?

ECO-KOMMISSAR

I don't know, ma'am. I'm just here to enforce it.

Tamara sips water. Pause.

TAMARA

... So what is the objections procedure?

ECO-KOMMISSAR

Ma'am, there's a civil emergency. We're just billeting refugees wherever we can.

TAMARA

I see. ... Then I would like you to escort me into town. I will speak to the council.

ECO-KOMMISSAR
When would that be, Ma'am?

TAMARA
I'll be leaving in about five minutes.

ECO-KOMMISSAR
I have to finish my inspection, Ma'am.

TAMARA
Very well.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBERS, COMMITTEE HEARING ROOM - DAY.

(2081) Three council committee members sit at the front, facing the audience, which consists of one reporter seated in the audience, and Tamara, standing at a front desk facing the committee members. On the desk in front of Tamara are written notes and a glass of water.

TAMARA
... So, the carrying-capacity of land depends not on zoning, but on climate, elevation, soil type, precipitation, terrain, native vegetation, pests, and so on. Even then ...

Tamara pauses, and takes a sip of water.

TAMARA
... there's no sense in populating to the max. Better to keep the population down. In the long run, it's more sustainable, more resilient...

EXT. AERIAL VIEWS: HAWKE'S BAY, NEW ZEALAND: SUMMER - DAY

2092. (Eleven years later) Sixty-nine years on from Cyclone Gabrielle, the damage is not noticeable. However, persistent droughts, and summer heat, a now semi-arid climate, means the area is now unfarmed. There are few bushes, and no orchards.

EXT. OLD KOVÁCS FARMGATE ON HIGHWAY, HAWKE'S BAY - DAY

The distinctive and unusual farmgate is now wide open, unrepaired. No mailbox, no name. Looking up the old

driveway, there are dried-out, desert areas, where once stood orchards.

EXT. HIGH PASTURE NEAR YURT, SUMMER - DAY

2092. Parched landscape. Tamara, now just over eighty, walks slowly, leaning on tokotoko, with Odval, now 54, and Odval's daughter, now 33. Odval's granddaughter, now 11, comes and goes.

ODVAL

So Plan B was a success?

TAMARA

Not totally. It turned out that Yuvan had had a vasectomy.

Odval's granddaughter runs by.

ODVAL

And what was Plan A?

TAMARA

Oh, Zsófi wanted to save the whole world, the planet, the ecosystem, humanity, and the animals. ... I loved her so much.

Odval's granddaughter runs by again. Tamara looks at Odval.

TAMARA

Too many children in the commune, Odval. You'll have to do something.

ODVAL

But what, exactly?

EXT. REGROWN ORCHARD IN VALLEY BELOW - DAY

2092. There are now vegetable plots dotted around the orchard, and several beehives, and irrigation trenches and swales. Merri, Aloha, Talanoa, Hawaiki, and Rathana, Odval and her daughter are picking olives. They are all wearing straw or coolie hats, linen ponchos. Several toddlers are running around, while Tamara (84) sits cross-legged on the grass under a tree in the shade and watches on.

EXT. SAME BURIAL PLOT BY TRACK : SUMMER RAINSTORM - DAY

2099. Seven years later. Leaden sky with scurrying raincloud. Wind, with slashing heavy rain. Pools of water form on ground. Stream rises and begins to flood. Odval, now 61, stands leaning on Yuvan's tokotoko, facing the graves in valley, which now include an additional cairn for Tamara Ivaskow Jackson. Odval kisses dandelion flowers and puts them on Tamara's grave.

Sound of goats meh-ing. Goats appear followed by Merri, Aloha, Talanoa, Hawaiki, Rathana, all carrying tools, and shoulder-bags stuffed with food and belongings, along with Odval's granddaughter (19), and some children of various ages, also dogs and small ponies laden with yurts, cooking pots and possessions. The adults are all herding goats and children toward high ground, evacuating the valley settlement. Merri waves to Odval, come on, signaling her to join them, but Odval shakes her head. Merri leads a pony over to Odval, and waits.

Strong slashing rainsquall. From the now-rebuilt stone shed, Odval retrieves a sledgehammer, and splashes from one gravestone to the next, beginning with the oldest: Kovács Balázs, Kata, Attila, Katalin, then Yuvan's gravestone. Odval pauses: then smashes Yuvan's gravestone to pieces.

Together Merri and Odval load tools and seed-boxes onto the pony, and then, followed by Merri and pony, Odval splashes off after her granddaughter (19) who is herding goats along the flooding track toward the high pasture in the distance. Footprints are quickly washed away in the flooding. Odval's granddaughter turns and waves, revealing that she is pregnant: Odval waves back. Reprise Cor anglais solo. The stream becomes a wide torrent, flooding through the orchard, washing away plants and soil, and the trappings of human settlement.

EXT. EARTH VIEWED FROM SPACE - DAY.

Zoom-out from New Zealand to show deforested, desertified, much warmer planet.

EXT. SKY: MILKY WAY - NIGHT.

Swivel to view night sky from Planet Earth.

END.