

Plan B: Heroines of Chaos

Film script

by

Anonymous

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FADE IN:

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 unhesitating, immediately steps forward and grabs the tickets. The tickets are for boat to NZ.

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 Amsterdam.

EXT. MAIN STREET ENGLAND - DAY

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 with coats mostly hiding school-uniforms, linked arms, carrying nuclear disarmament inverted-Y-trident-in-circle peace symbol. "Where have all the flowers gone?"

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

1994. High Summer. Forty degrees celsius. YUVAN, 30, wearing pink camo cap, stands in corridor near young woman with high cheekbones. Also Russian soldier going home on leave. All stare at golden-ripe Ukraine cornfields stretching to horizon. Long passenger train pulled by black-smoke diesel moves slowly. Gravel road near railway, whereon an old Lada moves slowly.

EXT. PLATFORMS, KYIV TRAIN STATION - DAY

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

EXT. DNIEPER RIVERBANK, KHERSON - DAY

Forty degrees celsius. Yuvan and same young woman bathe in river.

EXT. CEMETERY, KHERSON - DAY

Forty degrees celsius. Yuvan and same young woman visit grave of Yuvan's aunt, Agata Ivaskow, 1932-1993.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE, KHERSON - DAY

Forty degrees celsius. Yuvan and same young woman sit opposite lawyer. Lawyer speaks in English.

LAWYER

The sale of the flat goes through tomorrow. 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 young woman, who nods vigorously. Yuvan looks at the lawyer and nods too. Yuvan slides one-hundred dollar US-banknote across the desk.

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

2022. 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, wearing pink camo cap, emerges, gets reconnaissance drone from command vehicle, and with help

from mission commander, launches it. Yuvan uses FPV screen. Commander watches over Yuvan's shoulder, uses CB radio. Close up views of village. No-one about. Meanwhile, 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 checks for pulse, but no, none.

EXT. OUTSIDE THIRD HUT, SAME VILLAGE - 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. MONGOLIAN STEPPE: SPRING (OLD SNOW IN PLACES) - DAY.

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.

INT. ARRIVALS: IMMIGRATION DESK: NZ AIRPORT - DAY.

Altan's passport is stamped 19 February 2022. Altan is still wearing steppe clothing. His visa is a work visa for six months.

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

2022. March. Summer. Sign shows Hawkes Bay Girls College. Leitmotif cor anglais solo begins. ZSÓFI (17) with high cheekbones, wearing uniform with prefect badge, boater, stands by tiny EV car, holding a dandelion, checking her mobile, and waiting. Zsófi looks up and, across the car-park, spots TAMARA, almost 15, in similar uniform, (but not a prefect) carrying her own satchel. Zsófi waves.

ZSÓFI

Tamara! Tamara!

Tamara waves, and comes on over.

ZSÓFI

Hi, Tamara, how's it going?

Tamara speaks with a Wisconsin accent.

TAMARA
Hey there, Zsófi.

Zsófi opens the boot/trunk, and Tamara puts her bag in. Zsófi kisses the dandelion and presents it to Tamara, who laughs lightly, and curtseys. 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. LONG, DUSTY DRIVEWAY, HAWKES BAY CHERRY FARM - DAY

Later, same day. Zsófi and Tamara are each leading a pony up the metalled driveway toward the farmhouse. A migrant farm laborer, wearing straw hat, is working in the cherry orchard near the track.

TAMARA
Oh, I just love those cherries.
The orchard reminds me of home.

ZSÓFI
Where's home?

TAMARA
Door County. Wisconsin.

ZSÓFI
Sleeping over?

Tamara smiles and nods. Zsófi waves, beckons the worker.

ZSÓFI
Hey, Altan!

Altan, 20, with steppe/asiatic eyes, waves back.

TAMARA
Provided you take me to netball
tomorrow.

Zsófi smiles.

ZSÓFI
Of course I will. But there's
lots of fruit-picking to do
tomorrow too. We've been short-
handed ever since my father
died.

TAMARA
Sunday, too, then.

Zsófi gestures to Altan again, and he comes over, looking puzzled.

ZSÓFI
Tamara's sleeping over again.
Here, take care of the ponies.
You know what to do.

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

EXT. MAIN STREET NEW ZEALAND - DAY

2022. Young people march to protest for climate action. Include Zsófi and Tamara in school-uniform, linked arms, holding banner 'NO PLANET B'.

EXT. BLACK FERNS RUGBY MATCH, NZ - DAY

Yuvan (pink camo cap) in spectating crowd, sitting next to younger woman. Uses field-glasses. Views of scrum.

INT. FASHION PARADE, NZ - DAY

Glitterati watch, use mobile phones. Yuvan (pink camo cap) sits next to younger woman, chats, and also watches young girl models.

EXT. OUTSIDE SCHOOL OR CHURCH HALL - DAY

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, (euro-female) arrives late: young, attractive, clearly straight from work, in white blouse (one extra button undone) with 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 between 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 steps back, picks up his tea and drinks.

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.

SARA

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

View of Sara's breasts.

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. ... No, not yet. But he kept the list. ... You must make his aunt write, and send me video of sister being tortured. ... Yes. Kompromat.

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. Cyclone Gabrielle. Very heavy rain. Orchard barely visible through rain. Tamara (15) and Zsófi (18) stand together with rain gear over night attire: Tamara is on the mobile phone to her mother, worried about all-night rainfall and flooding.

EXT. ROBOTYNE: UKRAINE - DAY

2024 Feb 23. Winter. 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.

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.

EXT. DIFFERENT FARMHOUSE VERANDAH (OTAGO ORCHARD) - NIGHT

2028. French doors are open. Buffet on table inside. Music comes from inside the house. Yuvan (64, pink camo cap), Zsófi (23), Tamara (20), Altan (24), and Csaba (26, lame) dance. Moldvai Folk Dance (Ördög útja). Yuvan wanders off into the house. Zsófi looks at Altan, then kisses Tamara on the lips. Altan wanders off out into the orchard. Tamara hands Csaba his stick, and begins to clear up buffet. Tamara calls Zsófi to help.

TAMARA

Zsófi!

Zsófi is no longer on verandah.

INT. UNIVERSITY GRADUATION CEREMONY - DAY

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

EXT. OTAGO CHERRY ORCHARD - DAY

2033. Tamara (25) and Zsófi (28) walk together inspecting fruit. Straw hats. Linen skirts/tops. Zsófi with wide leather belt. Yuvan (69, pink camo cap) trails.

EXT. VIGILANTE ROAD-BLOCK - DAY

2035. 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 allowed through.

EXT. HOSPITAL CAR-PARK WITH HOSPITAL TENTS - DAY

Patients are being treated in the car-park, and everyone wears facemasks. Emergency room entrance is guarded by security guards and signed: NO ADMITTANCE. Medics in PPE gear. Patients on IV drips. Ambulance arrives with one elderly patient. Masked triage nurse gestures to masked ambos, and a bed is found for new patient. No testing, no treatment, no vaccine. Disease is all through the wards, so only palliative care in the carpark is available.

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

Masks. President (obviously Maori) speaks in Maori.

PRESIDENT

The Pandemic is believed to be a variant of H5N1. It has mutated, and became transmissible from one human to another, and deadly. Government has closed all borders, and stopped all incoming air traffic.

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 FARMHOUSE VERANDAH - DAY

Yuvan staggers up steps to sleepout: Zsófi dons medical facemask and rushes to help. Yuvan gestures to keep away.

EXT. FAMILY BURIAL PLOT NEXT TO TRACK - DAY

Yuvan's burning body in open shallow grave: black smoke. Zsófi, Tamara, Csaba, all masked, stand mourning.

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.

EXT. OTAGO CHERRY ORCHARD: FARMHOUSE VERANDAH - DAY

Later. 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. Tamara pours tea.

TAMARA

What about the pandemic then,
Zsófi?

ZSÓFI

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

EXT. FARMHOUSE VERANDAH IN THE VALLEY - NIGHT

2038. 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. SAME FARMHOUSE VERANDAH - DAY [FOUR YEARS LATER]

2043. Rain. (Classical) Ukrainian peaceful-dawn-music audible from foyer. Tamara (35), wearing woollen kilt, woollen shawl over linen top, woollen socks, wooden clogs, plays with asiatic girl, 5, (Odval). No synthetics. Csaba(41) dozes on rocking chair.

EXT. SAME OTAGO ORCHARD - DAY

2048. Tamara (40) and Csaba (46) walk through 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.

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

Eight years later. 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-sythetics 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 Antartic 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 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

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

EXT. SOUTH ISLAND TOWN STREET WITH TRAMLIN (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.

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

The radar is working, manned by one military officer. No computers, screens, or mobile phones. CB radio instead.

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.

EXT. TRACK NEAR FARMHOUSE OTAGO ORCHARD IN VALLEY - DAY

(2058) Two years later. 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 must be downwind. It's
coming our way.

CSABA

You set the livestock free,
Tamara.

Flames spread in a row across hillside, and move toward farmhouse.

CSABA

I'll open the sluices to flood
the swales, and protect the
seed-bunker.

Tamara grabs oilskin cape, French beret, tokotoko, field-glasses, and 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

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... Zapori?

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

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, and puts it back in the safe.

TAMARA

Our little seed-bank survived!
We can replant the vegetable garden.

Tamara pulls out the textbook.

TAMARA

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, leads pony away along track, turns, smiles, waves, raises her scarf toward eyes.

EXT. SAME HIGH COUNTRY PASTURE: SUMMER - NIGHT

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

ODVAL

Just look at all the stars!

TAMARA

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

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. 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

Not cool actually. 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

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

Zsófi moves back toward her desk and notes.

ZSÓFI

In Hawke's Bay, we fix it with
chemical sprays.

Zsófi sits, looks up from the desk, smiling.

ZSÓFI

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.

Zsófi collects her satchel.

ZSÓFI

Anyway, let's go.

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, near a monster off-road diesel
UTE parked in a bay on the hard shoulder. 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. Ivaskow.

YUVAN

Thirty years since the divorce,
and your mother still refuses
all contact.

Tamara nods.

YUVAN

Nice to meet at last. You a
friend of Zsófi's?

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 the silt toward 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 in a washing machine - laundry 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

Yes, and 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.

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

Maybe. What about Tamara?

YUVAN

Same story, Zsófi. I'll pay.

ZSÓFI

On one condition, Yuvan: you
get rid of that monster diesel
Ute. And go electric.

YUVAN

It's a deal.

Yuvan nods and gives a Zsófi half-hug. Yuvan gives Tamara a hug, and then wanders away. Zsófi and Tamara stand close together in silhouette, Zsófi wraps her arm around Tamara.

ZSÓFI

You little minx.

Zsófi kisses Tamara on the lips. Then 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.

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

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.

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

2092. Sixty-nine years on from Cyclone Gabrielle, the
damage is not noticeable. However, persistent droughts,
and summer heat, a now semi-arid climate, mean 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 - DAY

2092 Eleven years later. 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.

NARRATOR (V.O)

Tamara lived till she was ninety-one, spending her last years living on the high pasture, where it was cooler.

EXT. REGROWN ORCHARD IN VALLEY BELOW - DAY

Odval helps her daughter pick fruit.

NARRATOR (V.O)

Odval's daughter took over the orchard in the valley below.

EXT. SAME BURIAL PLOT BY TRACK : SUMMER - DAY

2099. Seven years later. Odval, now 61, stands leaning on Yuvan's tokotoko, facing the graves in valley, which now include an additional cairn for Tamara. Odval puts dandelion flowers on Tamara's grave. Sound of goats meehing. From the now-rebuilt stone shed, Odval retrieves a sledgehammer, and moves 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.

Odval then sets off after her granddaughter (19) who herds the goats along the track toward the high pasture in the distance. Odval's granddaughter turns and waves,

revealing that she is pregnant: Odval waves back. Reprise
Cor anglais solo.

END.