

CLIMATE CHANGED

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EXT. WIND FARM FACILITY - UTAH - NIGHT

Dark. Dry. Desert night chill.

Two headlights slither through the darkness and eventually brighten a matrix wire gate that slides open with a mechanical BUZZ.

A large metal sign reads, "PEDOWINDCO - FUTURE HOME OF YOUR CLEAN ENERGY ALTERNATIVE."

The headlights belong to a black SUV that drives through the entrance to well lit dock to what appears to be a blackish sea.

The SUV stops in front of the dock, where a matrix of steel pipes shimmer.

MUSTACHE GOON and SKINHEAD GOON get out of the car, open the hatch and a pair of legs shoot out and kick Mustache in the stomach.

MUSTACHE

Ow!! Man, why'd we have to draw the short stick on this one.

Skinhead grabs the legs and pull out a head-covered ISSAC EDMUNDS (60), who squirms as they pull him out and drop him on the ground.

EDMUNDS

Ow!!

A wallet falls out. The Goons do not notice.

SKINHEAD

'Cause of your bad karma, dude.

MUSTACHE

My bad karma? Fuck that.

Both Goons drag him along the well-lit dock to a MOTOR BOAT.

EDMUNDS

Sorry to intrude on your lovers quarrel gents, but, where are you taking me? I need to be in Washington by tomorrow. And what is that horrible stench?

The Goons heave Edmunds into the boat, then jump in.

SKINHEAD

Yeah, that depends on you, Doc.

Skinhead unties the mooring as he nods at Mustache, who starts the outboard motor.

The boat pulls away from the dock as the two Goons turn on their flashlights to light the way.

The bow of the boat pushes through toxic sludge.

MUSTACHE

That's it. I aint volunteering no more.

SKINHEAD

Oh, just shut the fuck up.

Mustache shuts off the motor as Skinhead uncovers Edmunds' head. He winces at a stench as he tries to look around into the darkness.

EDMUNDS

Oh my God. Here?? What do you want?

Mustache extends a clipboard with a sheet of paper on it, while the other shines his flashlight on it.

EDMUNDS (CONT'D)

No-No. I already told him I wouldn't endorse the Report.

MUSTACHE

Listen, Doc. If you don't sign--

SKINHEAD

--you'll be making friends with the Creature from the Black Lagoon.

Mustache motions to the black-muck abyss.

EDMUNDS

He can't do this. The I-P-C-C expects my report by the hearing.

Both goons grab him.

EDMUNDS (CONT'D)

Alright-alright. I'll sign.

Edmunds signs, and then shoves the clipboard back to Mustache. Skinhead starts the motor.

EDMUNDS (CONT'D)

You've got to tell him he's polluting more than the environment with this deception.

(MORE)

Please listen to me, or else there will be grave consequences to the world's eco-structure!

SKINHEAD

Sure, sure. We'll tell him, Doc.

MUSTACHE

Oh no, you're tellin' him.

SKINHEAD

Whadya mean me? We still gotta' deal with the Chief anyways.

MUSTACHE

Motherfucker.

EDMUNDS

I know for a fact the Chief will never sign, and then your precious merger will disintegrate.

Both goons turn to Edmunds and swat him with their flashlights.

MUSTACHE/SKINHEAD

Shut up!

Edmunds falls out of the boat.

SKINHEAD

The fuck did you do that for?

MUSTACHE

Me? You're the one who hit him hardest.

SKINHEAD

Just find the fucker.

They shine both flashlights onto Edmunds, who SCREAMS for a moment, CHOKES on the muck, and then SINKS below the surface.

MUSTACHE

Oh, shit.

Bubbles surface. Then nothing.

A black muck-covered hand reaches up and grabs onto the side of the boat. Edmunds's eyes gleam through the muck.

Both Goons pry the hand loose from the boat as a SCREAMING Edmunds sinks back under.

The goons turn to each other with bewildered looks.

PRELAP: The anxious SCREAMS of EIGHT-YEAR-OLD CHILDREN

INT. COMMUNITY CENTER - DAY

Several EIGHT-YEAR-OLDS sit on the floor screaming along with some PARENTS. The BIRTHDAY BOY is a quadriplegic.

MAX (O.S.)

Are you ready for some magic!?

FREEZE FRAME ON:

MAX BRICKER (30), a mass of restrained angst, wears a rainbow sequined tux shirt with red suspenders.

THERAPIST (V.O.)

So tell me how it started, Max.
This is your time.

RESUME SCENE

Behind the Kids, PARENTS stand to watch intently.

KIDS

YEAHHHHH!!!!

MAX (V.O.)

It all started last Sunday at my
magic show at the Community Center.
And it bugged me how the kids
aren't taught about the evils of
plastic straws.

THERAPIST (V.O.)

Plastic straws?

Max takes out a straw with a string running through both ends. An ANNOYING KID stands next to him.

ANNOYING KID

But it's just a stupid straw.

MAX

And not an environmentally friendly
one at that. Did you know that you
should all be using paper straws--

A THROAT CLEARING THUNDERS from a Parent.

Some PARENTS roll their eyes, fold their arms, while others wear horrified looks.

Max bends the straw in half and hands scissors to the Kid who cuts the straw in half, but notices the back of Max's hand holding the uncut string.

ANNOYING KID

Hey! You didn't cut the string.

MAX

Uh... sure I did, kid.

ANNOYING KID

No you didn't, see?

Annoying Kid grabs the uncut string.

MAX

Hey, I'm not done yet!

Max lets go and Annoying Kid CRASHES into the Birthday Boy's wheel chair, toppling it--and the Birthday Boy to the floor.

ENRAGED MOM

Oh yes you are!

Parents run to the carnage that is the two boys on the floor as Max can only shrug.

THERAPIST (V.O.)

Let me ask, how does doing magic shows for kids further your pursuit of a legal career in environmental law, exactly?

MAX

(sighs)

It doesn't. I just need the money-- until I get my dream job as a kick-ass environmental lawyer.

Parents GASP. Kids CRY.

MAX (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah? You keep using plastic straws and watch the whole planet go to hell!

More GASPS as a few DADS grab Max and heave him out.

MAX (V.O.)

They weren't very receptive.