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Children Of Men

By Alfonso Cuarón

MAN ON TV:

of the siege of Seattle.

WOMAN ON TV:

demands an end
to the Army's occupation of mosques.
The Homeland Security bill is ratified.
After eight years,
British borders will remain closed.
The deportation of illegal immigrants
will continue.

Good morning. Our lead story.

The world was stunned today
by the death of Diego Ricardo,
the youngest person on the planet.
Baby Diego was stabbed outside a bar
in Buenos Aires
after refusing to sign an autograph.
Witnesses at the scene say...

Excuse me.

...that Diego spat in the face of a fan
who asked for an autograph.

He was killed in the ensuing brawl.
The fan was later beaten to death...
Coffee, please. Black.

...by the angry crowd.

Born in 2009,
the son of Marcello and Sylvia Ricardo,
a working-class couple from Mendoza,
he struggled all his life
with the celebrity status
thrust upon him
as the world's youngest person.

Diego Ricardo,
the youngest person on the planet
was 18 years, 4 months,
20 days, 16 hours and 8 minutes old.

(WOMAN SOBBING)

(WOMAN SCREAMING)

(ALARM BLARING)

MAN ON TV:

Diego Ricardo was a tragic reminder

of the 18 years of infertility
that humanity has endured
and its effect upon the world we now live in.
It seems that the mantle of the world's
youngest human has passed to a woman.
She is 18 years, 5 months and 11 days old.
-Faron.

-Mr Griffiths.

I seem to be more affected
by Baby Diego's death than I realised, sir.
If you wouldn't mind, I'd appreciate it
if I could finish my day's work at home.

WOMAN ON TV:

to reject family and society.

MAN ON TV:

WOMAN ON TV 1:

WOMAN ON TV 2:

WOMAN ON TV 3:

ANNOUNCER ON TV:

They are illegal immigrants.
To hire, feed or shelter
illegal immigrants is a crime.
It's your life.
It's your choice.

(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

Hey, amigo!

Jasper!

Good to see you. Come on.

JASPER:

THEO:

I'll bet it was the government.
Every time one of our politicians
is in trouble, a bomb explodes.
It's the second time in a month.
-You okay?

-It was horrible.
I'm glad you don't take
cream or sugar, amigo.
Losing you and Baby Diego
on the same day would be too hard to bear.
Well, that was even worse,
everybody crying.
I mean, Baby Diego, come on.
That guy was a wanker.
Yeah, but he was the youngest wanker
on Earth.
Pull my finger. Quick, quick!
Jasper...
Fucking hell! That's disgusting!
(TRUCK HONKING)
Illegal immigrants. Taking them to Bexhill.
Poor fugees.
After escaping the worst atrocities
and finally making it to England,
our government hunts them down
like cockroaches.
-Any girls?
-No.
What about the one we had lunch with?
Lauren?
Lorna. That was ages ago.
-I liked her. What happened?
-She decided to renounce.
Renouncers? Are those the ones
that kneel down for a month for salvation?
No. They're the Repenters.
The Renouncers flagellate themselves
for the forgiveness of humanity.
Oh, right.
Dating ain't what it used to be, is it, amigo?

JASPER:

THEO:

Come on. You must've done something.
No. Same as every other day.
Woke up, felt like shit,
went to work, felt like shit.
That's called a hangover, amigo.

At least with a hangover, I feel something.
Honestly, Jasper, sometimes...
You could always come and live with us.
Yeah, but if I did that,
I wouldn't have anything to look forward to.
(LAUGHING)

JASPER:

-THEO:

-It's Theo.
Your rebel with a lost cause.
She loves this colour.
Don't you, darling? You love it.
"Is there a chance it will not work for me?"
"There have been no cases
of anyone surviving
"who has taken the preparation."
Daddy government hands out suicide kits
and anti-depressants in the rations,
but ganja is still illegal.
Most of my weed goes to Bexhill now.
This bloke buys it from me
and smuggles it in.
Guess what he does? His real job?
Immigration cop.
Bravo!
One of the many perks of having
a refugee camp in the neighbourhood.
Come on, taste that.
Cough.
-Cough?
-Cough.
(COUGHING)
You taste it? Strawberries.
This is Strawberry Cough.
So, Human Project is having this dinner
and all the wisest men
in the world are there...
"Human Project."
Why do people believe this crap?
You know, even if these people existed
with these facilities in secret locations...
Fuck me, that's strong.

Even if they discovered
the cure for infertility, it doesn't matter.
Too late. The world went to shit.
You know what?
It was too late before the infertility thing
happened, for fuck's sake.
I was just trying to tell a joke, man.
I'm sorry. Go on.
-No, I'm not telling it now.
-No, come on, Jasper.
-No. Fuck it. I'm not fucking telling you.
-It's all right. Go on.
Okay. The Human Project
gives this great big dinner
for all the scientists and sages in the world.
They're tossing around theories
about the ultimate mystery,
why are women infertile?
Why can't we make babies anymore?
Some of them say it's genetic experiments,
gamma rays, pollution. Same old, same old.
Anyway, in the corner,
this Englishman's sitting.
He hasn't said a word.
He's just tucking into his dinner.
So they decide to ask him.
They say, "Well, why do you think
we can't make babies anymore?"
And he looks up at them,
and he's chewing on this great big wing,
and he says, "I haven't the faintest idea,"
he said.
"But this stork is quite tasty, isn't it?"
Eating a fucking stork.
Eating the stork.
Italia.
You okay, amigo?
Yeah. My ears are still ringing from earlier.
Well, a little Zen music
won't bother you, then, will it?
(LOUD INDUSTRIAL MUSIC
PLAYING ON STEREO)
(ALARM CLOCK RINGING)

WOMAN ON TV:

The time is 7:

WOMAN ON PA:

your I.D . cards.

All others, follow instructions.

(ALARM BLARING)

(DOG BARKING)

What the fuck?

Move along! Move along!

PATRIC:

-Get your fucking head down!

-Walk!

-Get your fucking head down!

-THEO:

ZARA:

LUKE:

Get his fucking legs.

PATRIC:

IAN:

of the Fishes.

The Fishes are at war

with the British government

until they recognise equal rights

for every immigrant in Britain.

LUKE:

We just want to talk.

PATRIC:

JULIAN:

IAN:

PATRIC:

Hello, Theo.

It's me, Theo. It's Julian.
You scared the shit out of me.
I'm sorry about the theatrics,
but we had no choice.
The police have been
a pain in the ass lately.
How have you been?
Fantastic. Couldn't be better.
Cut the lights.
The police keep using
that old photo of you in the posters.
It doesn't do you justice.
What do the police know about justice?
What exactly is it you guys do, anyway?

PATRIC:

for every immigrant in Britain!

LUKE:

I know you almost blew me up
in a coffee shop yesterday.
My ears are still ringing.
-We don't bomb.
-That was the government.
That's what they do to spread the fear.
What about Liverpool?

JULIAN:

we stopped bombing.
We started speaking to the people.
And they're joining us, Theo.
British people, too.
I don't talk politics.
-That's all you ever used to do.
-That was 20 years ago.
I'm a lot more successful now.
Come on, Theo. Walk with me.

-IAN:

-Come on!
-You're smoking?
-Yeah. It's not working.
I heard about your mother. I'm sorry.
Were your parents in New York

when it happened?

-Yeah.

-Shit.

Yeah, well, that's the world we live in now,
isn't it?

Why am I here, Jules?

I need your help. I need transit papers.

Not for me. A girl, she's a fugee.

Need to get her to the coast,
past security checkpoints.

I haven't seen you for nearly 20 years
and you come asking me for transit papers?

-Can you do it?

-I don't see how.

You could ask your cousin.

The government finances his
Ark of the Arts. He has access to papers.

-Yeah, but he'd never do it.

-He would if you asked him.

I can't. It's too dangerous.

I can get you 5,000.

I know you need the money.

(MAN WHISTLING)

What are you talking about?

-I don't fucking need your money.

-Right. Sorry.

My mistake.

You know that ringing in your ears? That...

(IMITATING RINGING)

That's the sound of the ear cells dying.

Like their swan song.

Once it's gone,

you'll never hear that frequency again.

Enjoy it while it lasts.

This never fucking happened,

so don't go telling tales,

'cause we'll be watching you.

At work, when you sleep,

when you have a piss, we'll be watching.

All the fucking time.

Jeez, your breath stinks.

-No, it doesn't.

-Yes, it does.

It was Julian's idea bringing you here.

She put herself at great risk.
Now you know about the five grand
we can offer you.
So if you change your mind,
pin this to the notice board at Camden tube.
We'll do the rest.
Here you are. Bus fare.
MAN ON LOUDSPEAKER:
Earthquakes! Pollution!
Disease and famine!
Our sins have encouraged God's wrath!
And in his anger he has taken away
his most precious gift to us!
Mr Faron, the minister is expecting you.
This way, sir.
I'm afraid this is a non-smoking facility.
You got something in your teeth.
If you'll excuse me.
Couldn't save La Piet.
Smashed up before we got there.
Pretty rummy, huh?
My mom had a plastic one in the bathroom.
It was a lamp.
Good to see you, Theo.

NIGEL:

and a few other Velsquezes,
but we only got a hold of two Goyas.
That thing in Madrid was a real blow to art.

THEO:

How's Martha?
She's doing her animal charity thing.
Sends her love.
-Give her my best.
-Yes.
Why did you come, Theo?
Well, the thing is,
I met this girl.
Cute?
Beautiful.
Is it serious?
Very.
She's got this brother in Brighton and

she hasn't seen him for about five years,
and he's not doing too good.

I mean, pretty sick.

-I don't think he's gonna make it.

-Sorry.

I've got money.

I was just hoping that you might...

I was hoping you could get us
the transit papers to get to the coast.

-Transit papers? That's quite a favour.

-I know.

Highly controlled.

Alex, take your pills.

Alex.

Alex?

Alex!

(SIGHING)

Come with me.

I'm really sorry, Nigel.

I just don't know who else to ask.

I'll see what I can do.

What?

You kill me.

A hundred years from now,
there won't be one sad fuck
to look at any of this.

What keeps you going?

You know what it is, Theo?

I just don't think about it.

THEO:

LUKE:

Here's a photo of the girl and her name.

Hang on. We got a problem.

All I could get were joint transit papers,
which means I would have to escort the girl.

Will you?

For a couple more grand.

Julian thinks very highly of you.

Does she?

Yeah.

Thanks again.

(MAN CHATTERING ON TV)

Go on, stay with her.
Stay with her. Stay with her. Yes!
Have you seen this dog?
I'll be one minute.
Billy! I'm in a rush, mate.

MAN:

He'll see to you.
I'm in a rush. Come on. Come on.
That's 70 quid.
Shit.

WOMAN ON TV 1:

MAN ON TV 1:

Jesus.

MAN ON TV 2:

WOMAN ON TV 2:

WOMAN ON TV 3:

ANNOUNCER ON TV:

They are illegal immigrants.
To hire, feed
or shelter illegal immigrants is a crime.
Protect Britain.
Report all illegal immigrants.
Did you get the papers?
Lovely to see you, too.
Thank you. I really appreciate this.
Just like the old days, back of the bus.
Yeah, except we're the old farts now.
-You're looking good.
-Right.
Seriously. Look at me.
It's hard for me to look at you.
He had your eyes.
You know, I never understood
how you got over it so quickly.
You think I got over it?
No one could get over it.
I live with it. I think about him every day.

Come on, I mean the way you just...
You don't have a monopoly on suffering,
you know.
You always carried his memory
like a ball and chain...
What do you fucking know
about my memories?
-You don't know what I feel or what...
-Move!
Yeah, there you go.
That's what you always do.
When it gets tough, you walk away.
This is our stop.

JULIAN:

(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
So why did you come to me?
You could have found other ways
to get transit papers.
Probably.
-So why me?
-I trust you.
-And what happens after?
-You take a train back. It'll be safer.
No, I mean what happens to us?
I don't know.
Theo, come on. You came for the money.
Did I?

LUKE:

-You got my money?
-See?
We'll take you down to the first checkpoint
on the Canterbury Road,
then you and Kee are on your own.
Well, this is obviously the elite unit.
-This is Miriam.
-Hi.
-Is this the girl?

-JULIAN:

What the fuck you staring at?
Apparently the pleasure's all mine.
Are we planning a sing-along?

Good. I'm gonna take a nap.

MAN ON RADIO:

is looking good here on Radio Avalon.
And now one for all the nostalgics
out there,
a blast from the past
all the way back from 2003.
That beautiful time
when people refused to accept
the future was just around the corner.

(SNORING)

Hey.

You're snoring.

-No, I wasn't.

-Yes, you were. He always snored.

(WAIT PLAYING ON RADIO)

Where are we?

Canterbury. We're close.

Anyone know

if there's a hotel around here?

What?

Julian promised me a little bit of action.

You still like it in the afternoon?

So what did you do? Rob a train?

Blow up a building?

Leave the girl alone.

You told me he was suave.

Wanker's a drunk.

He's suave. You should have seen him
in the old days when he was a real activist.

You were the activist,

I just wanted to get laid.

One time the police came

to throw us out of our squat

and Theo invited them up for coffee

to negotiate,

only the coffee was spiked with ketamine.

No! You didn't, did you?

Fuck off. You gotta be kidding.

You know how many people

I've tried this with?

I don't wanna know.

You'll be happy to know

out of the hundreds...

-Hundreds?

-...you are still the only one.

-I'm not doing it.

-Yes, you are.

-No, I'm not. The car's moving too much.

-Yes, you are. Yes, you are.

You are. Ready?

(ALL LAUGHING)

Thelonius!

No, wait, wait. Okay.

KEE:

Julian, that's disgusting!

Look out!

LUKE:

JULIAN:

Come on, we're gonna make it.

No, I'm not gonna make it!

I'm not gonna make it!

-Christ!

-Back up! Back up now!

Jesus!

Oh, save us!

Save us in our hour of need!

Blessed Mary, save us.

(GLASS SHATTERING)

Christ, Jesus!

-He's got a gun!

-Cover Kee!

Get down!

Oh, my God!

She's been shot! Fuck. She's been shot.

-How is she? How is she?

-THEO:

She's bleeding, she's bleeding everywhere!

Shit! Julian.

Put pressure on the wound!

Please, please, please.

Please, please.

LUKE:

Oh, no.

THEO:

Jesus Christ!

THEO:

LUKE:

Did they see us?

Keep going. Speed up.

LUKE:

What's happening?

Faster! Faster!

-Are they coming back?

-I don't know. Just go faster!

Can't you pull off the road?

(SCREAMS)

-All right, slow down. Slow down!

-I can't outrun them. I can't outrun them.

-COP ON LOUDSPEAKER: Stop the car.

-I gotta stop. I gotta stop.

Pull over to the side of the road.

Stop the car!

Get your passports out!

COP:

LUKE:

We're British citizens!

-British citizens!

-Hands on the steering wheel!

Hands on the steering wheel!

Calm down. Tell me what happened!

We were attacked!

We gotta take her to a hospital.

Okay. Just wait.

I'm gonna call for assistance.

What are you doing? What are you doing?

-Get in the car.

-Why did you do that?

Get in the fucking car!

MIRIAM:

We gotta get off the road. Get in. Get in.

KEE:

(MIRIAM CHANTING)

We have to call on help now.

Put your hands out.

Fucking shit.

May all the ascended beings,
the bodhisattvas and saints
and all those who have walked the surface
of the earth in the light of eternal truth,
come to the aid
of our beloved sister, Julian.

LUKE:

Theo, come on!

(CHANTING)

This is Tomasz and Emily's farm.

I already called and told them the situation.

We'll be safe here.

Fishes are coming in

to vote for a new leader.

-lan?

-Yeah.

-We have to convene.

-Everyone's arriving.

-Are you all right?

-Yeah, it's not my blood.

-Emily, Tomasz, this is Kee.

-Welcome.

Miriam.

They need to wash up and rest.

How about Julian's mate?

Yeah, can somebody

give me a lift back to London?

No, no, no. It's too dangerous.

We'll sort it tomorrow.

Tomasz, get him a shower and a clean shirt.

Tomasz, don't block the car in.

It needs to be jump-started. lan?

Yeah.

They like you. And they don't like anyone.

(WHISTLING)

CAROLINE:

LUKE:

-The shirt fit?

-Yeah, it's fine. Thanks.

I'll take care of this.

As head Fishes,

we need to make a choice now.

We need to choose leadership.

TOMASZ:

that those bloodstains will wash off.

Don't worry about it. Throw it away.

-I'm in charge of watching you.

-Why?

They told me.

Well, I'm going back to London tomorrow.

I lived there once. Didn't like it.

No.

They kill you.

-Where you from?

-Poland.

Is this your place?

My missus. She's a cod.

-English Fish.

-MIRIAM:

Kee would like a word with you.

She's in the barn. It's all right, Tomasz.

I'll watch him.

TOMASZ:

EMILY:

-To Luke.

-Luke.

(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

I'll be right outside.

KEE:

They cut off their tits. They do.

(IMITATING SLICING)

Gone. Bye.

Only leave four. Four tits fits the machine.
It's wacko. Why not make machines
that suck eight titties?
Is that what you want to talk about?
Cows and titties?
Julian told me about your baby.
Said his name was Dylan.
You taught him to swim when he was two.
He called you "Papa."
She said if anything goes spooky,
I should talk to you.
Said you'd help me,
said you'd get me to the boat.
-What boat?
-The Tomorrow.
The Tomorrow?
I don't know what you're talking about.
But I'm sure
your friends can take care of you.
But Julian said only trust you.
She said you'd help me.
I don't know why she said that.
Listen, I don't quite know what's going on.
-You can't leave.
-Kee, I'm in a lot of trouble myself.
-I'm sorry.
-Wait!
What are you doing? Don't do that.
I'm scared.
Please help me.
Jesus Christ.

LUKE:

MIRIAM:

-Are you all right?
-She wanted him to know. She has the right.
Of course she has.
For God's sake.
When you're ready, come inside.
Everybody's arrived.
-She's pregnant.
-Now you know what's at stake.
-But she's pregnant.

-Yeah, I know.
It's a miracle, isn't it?
Fishes terrorist leader Julian Taylor
was killed today
in a gun battle with police near Canterbury.
Four other terrorists escaped
after murdering two officers.
Police say they have sufficient
forensic and surveillance evidence
to identify the four killers.
All suspects should be considered armed
and extremely dangerous.
This was broadcast an hour ago.
We have to assume it's just a matter of time
before they identify the rest of us,
which includes you, Theo.

WOMAN:

MAN:

-He's not one of us.

-KEE:

LUKE:

Now, we all agreed to deliver Kee to our
brothers and sisters in the Human Project.

-ALL:

-Now we got to reevaluate that position.
No, there's no need.
We move forward with the original plan.
Yes!
She'll never make it.
The police are looking for her.
We can find a way. It's what Julian wanted.
We'd be risking the girl's life.
Listen, listen! She belongs here.
And this baby is the flag
that could unite us all!

MIRIAM:

for political purposes.

KEE:

Make it public!

WOMAN:

-What?

-What?

Excuse me?

You should make it public.

You saw the telly.

She's about to be very public.

THEO:

Oh, right. And then the government will say,

"We were wrong. Fugees are humans, too."

Well, whatever is going on,

whatever your political ideas are,

it's irrelevant.

-It doesn't matter.

-WOMAN:

-She needs a doctor.

-MAN:

WOMAN 2:

will take her baby

and parade a posh black English lady

as the mother.

-And she'll never see it again.

-KEE:

We all know this government

would never acknowledge

the first human birth in 18 years

from a fugee.

A wanted fugee.

Why don't we explain to Mr Faron

what they do to immigrants in this country?

MIRIAM:

He's not that stupid.

KEE:

You told me

you would get me to the Human Project.

-You promised me.

-I know.

And we will.

But I don't think it's safe
to try and reach the coast now.

You could stay here, Kee.

It's a safe place for you to have your child.

And when you and the baby
are well enough,

we will find a way
to get you to the Human Project.

I promise you, Kee.

It could take months
to get back in touch with them again.

This is true.

We have to take it under consideration.

Kee, this is your decision.

What do you think?

-I think you need proper care.

-EMILY:

She has proper care!

-What the fuck does he know?

-Hang on. Kee?

Kee, this is your choice.

-I have my baby here...

-Yes!

...then you get me to the Human Project.

Thank you, Kee. Thank you.

LUKE:

No more than three days in one place.

MIRIAM:

you can't keep moving her around.

LUKE:

PATRIC:

RADO:

-He's hurt really badly!

-Oh, shit, fuck.

-I didn't have anywhere else to go.
-You're not supposed to be here!
There's fucking police everywhere!
-What do you think you're doing?
-He's been bleeding for hours!

LUKE:

Get it out!

PATRIC:

LUKE:

Get in here, Patric!
What the fuck are you doing here?
What the fuck are you doing here?
No fucking excuses!

IAN:

TOMASZ:

Iodine, bandages, clean towels,
whatever you have, bring it to the barn.
And for God's sake,
hide the fucking motorcycle.

IAN:

PATRIC:

What about all the fucking police, Ian?
You said it would be safe!

IAN:

We had no idea about the cops.
You broke the protocol.
What were you thinking?
What was I thinking?
You could be responsible
for putting the Uprising in jeopardy.
He needs a proper doctor!
Don't you get it?
We have a baby.
When people see we have a baby,
everyone will join us in the Uprising.
But we can forget about the baby

if the girl even suspects we killed Julian!
What was I supposed to do?
You saw how he is.
He's on death's fucking door!

-LUKE:

-You broke protocol.
He's my fucking cousin!
Luke, he needs a doctor.
Don't worry. We'll take care of him.
Simon, right?
-Aye, Simon.
-All right, sit down, Patric.
Simon is a good Fish. So are you.
Be proud to know that because
of the two of you, the Uprising is assured.
The baby will stay with us.
Where's Faron? He's a fucking dead man.
No. Tomorrow. We'll do him then,
after we move the girl.
Patric, you ever break protocol again,
I'll have to kill you.
(MIRIAM SNORING)
Kee. Kee, it's Theo.
-Listen to me.

-KEE:

Luke killed Julian.
They want your baby. They killed Julian.
They're gonna...
They killed Julian. They're gonna kill me.
We have to leave. We have to go now.
Miriam, shut up!
Trust me, we've got to go.
Stop it! Stop it! Both of you!
Get off!
I'm going with him.
Miriam, you can stay if you want.
Miriam, you have to keep your mouth shut.
-I mean it.
-All right. All right.

LUKE:

to Bristol straight away.

We need to bring weapons over...
The refugee camps...

RADO:

bloody fucking awful.

ZAPHYR:

All that dirt and sand in there,
nowhere to hide the blood in, no skin.
Shit! It's fucking disgusting.
He's not gonna make it.
Of course not gonna make it,
with all the blood and guts coming out.

RADO:

(RADO AND SAMIR CHATTERING)

(ENGINE STALLING)

Shit.

Stop! Stop the car! Stop the fucking car!

LUKE:

Don't shoot! The girl's in the car!

-Stop!

-LUKE:

Stop the fucking car!

Give me the fucking keys.

Give me the fucking keys.

MIRIAM:

Can't you get it moving any faster?

For God's sake!

Come on. Come on.

Stop!

Stop!

THEO:

KEE:

MIRIAM:

They're getting closer!

Oh, God! He's gaining on us!

Can I shoot? I got a clean shot!

Fuck off!

Miriam, jump-start the car!

KEE:

Wait till it gets faster!

All right! All right! Just push, you push!

Fucking hell!

KEE:

We have to wait for him! Theo!

Go, go, go!

(COUGHING)

MIRIAM:

-I'm fine.

We need to find a safe house.

THEO:

really fucking safe.

Well, what do you suggest?

Don't worry. I know where to go.

Wait here.

Oh, fuck.

Fuck.

Jasper?

Janice?

Jasper?

-Oh, fuck!

-Oh, fuck you.

What are you doing with this shit?

This? I mix it with bread to poison the rats.

It's not bullshit what they say.

They pass away quite peacefully.

Jasper.

Meet Miriam and Kee.

MIRIAM:

disguised as a fishing boat.

They'll take us to the Human Project.

I told you, amigo, the Human Project is real.

Yeah, but you're also the guy

that believes in UFOs.

Tell them about that thing

you saw on the heath.

You saw a UFO?
Did you know that the Human Project
is supposed to have
a community on the Azores?
It's a sanctuary.
That's where they'll take us, Kee.
Can you catch this ship anywhere else?
It's going to stop at the last two
weather buoys en route at sunset.
So it will be tonight at Windsmore
and then two night's time at Bexhill.
You can forget about Windsmore.
We'd never make it in time.
No, it's our only chance.
We can't get to Bexhill.
That's a refugee camp.
Eureka! Eat and rest.
With a little bit of luck,
you're going to need all your energy.
-Where are you going?
-Feed her for me, Theo.
Kee, your baby is the miracle
the whole world has been waiting for.
(CHANTING)
Come on. Come on.
(JASPER CHANTING)
Did he really see a UFO?

KEE:

She's doing something.
She smited me with that.
Said it was good for my baby.
Does she look posh to you, or gawky?
Earnest.
(KEE LAUGHING)
Yeah.
-How many months?
-Eight.
It takes nine months.
I know.
Who's the father?
Whiffet. I'm a virgin.
Sorry?
(KEE LAUGHING)

That'd be wicked, eh?
Yeah, it would.
Fuck knows.
I don't know most of the wankers' names.
You know, when I started puking,
I thought I catch the pest.
But then my belly started getting big.
Nobody ever told me these things.
I never seen a pregnant woman before.
But I knew.
I felt like a freak.
I didn't tell nobody.
I thought about the Quietus thing.
Supposed to be suave.
Pretty music and all that.
Then the baby kicked.
I feel it. Little bastard was alive.
And I feel it. And me, too.
I am alive.
-Froley.
-Froley.
Name my baby Froley.
It's the first baby in 18 years.
-You can't call it Froley.
-Says who?
Kee, I've found you a boat.

-KEE:

-How?
We get ourselves arrested.
-Oh, Jesus.
-No, no.
Syd, this border guard I sell pot to,
has agreed to get us into Bexhill.
Nicely ironic, eh? We break into prison!
Wicked.
"Froley."
Come on.

JASPER:

cosmic battle
between faith and chance.

-MIRIAM:

-You already did. Take another one.

Now cough.

(COUGHING)

-What do you taste?

-Strawberries.

Strawberries? That's what it's called.

Strawberry Cough.

Wicked.

So, you've got faith over here, right,
and chance over there.

-Like yin and yang.

-Sort of.

Or Shiva and Shakti.

Lennon and McCartney.

Look, Julian and Theo.

Yeah, there you go. Julian and Theo met
among a million protestors in a rally
by chance.

But they were there

because of what they believed in
in the first place, their faith.

They wanted to change the world.

And their faith kept them together.

But by chance, Dylan was born.

This is him?

Yeah, that's him. He would have been
about your age. Magical child.

Beautiful.

-Their faith put in praxis.

-Praxis?

-What happened?

-Chance.

He was their sweet little dream.

He had little hands, little legs, little feet.

Little lungs.

And in 2008, along came the flu pandemic.

And then, by chance,

-he was gone.

-Oh, Jesus.

You see, Theo's faith
lost out to chance.

So,

why bother

if life's going to make its own choices?

-Watcha! Baby's got Theo's eyes.

-JASPER:

MIRIAM:

But, you know,
everything happens for a reason.

JASPER:

But Theo and Julian would always
bring Dylan. He loved it here.

(ALARM SOUNDING IN DISTANCE)

(ALARM BLARING)

JASPER:

Someone's breaking in!

What is it?

Look at this.

Shit.

Jasper, hurry up!

Where's Janice?

Take the back path to the main road,
then follow the map I've given Miriam.

-Yeah, I've got it.

-What are you talking about?

Wait for Syd at the old school
on Watchbell Road in Rye.

Give him this, and tell him he's a fascist pig.

-THEO:

-We're not going, Theo.

-What are you talking about?

-You don't need an anchor.

-No, Jasper. You're coming.

-You need time. We'll stall them.

I'll send them the wrong way.

It's the best idea. Go on. Go on.

Jasper.

Theo, I've talked my way out of
worse things than this. Believe me.

Go on. Go.

And remember, tell Syd he's a fascist pig.

I love you.

Hey, amigos!

LUKE:

We know he was here a few weeks ago.
Has he been back?
-Who?
-Theo Faron.
I haven't seen him in weeks.
There's biscuits and coffee on inside!
Help yourself.
You want a drag?
Come on, have a drag. Lighten up.

LUKE:

PATRIC:

There's a dead woman and dog inside.

IAN:

When did they leave?
When did they leave?
Pull my finger, go on.
Pull my finger.
I'll do it.
Fuck you.
(GUN FIRING)
Pull my finger.
-Theo, I'm so sorry.
-Don't you fucking touch me.
You tell me the fucking reason in that.
-It's all part of a bigger thing.
-Shut up!
Shut up and get in the fucking car.
-Jasper?
-He's fine.
Everything's fine.
(CLATTERING)
(KEE SINGING
IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

MIRIAM:

Midwife at the John Radcliffe.
I was doing a stint in the antenatal clinic.
Three of my patients
miscarried in one week.

Others were in their fifth and sixth month.
We managed to save two of the poor babies.
Next week, five more miscarried.
Then the miscarriages
started happening earlier.
I remember booking a woman in
for her next appointment
and noticing that the page
seven months ahead was completely blank.
Not a single name.
I rang a friend
who was working at Queen Charlotte's,
and she had no new pregnancies, either.
She then rang her sister in Sydney.
And it was the same thing there.
You can relax. She's finished.
As the sound of the playgrounds faded,
the despair set in.
Very odd what happens in a world
without children's voices.
I was there at the end.
Now you're gonna be there at the beginning.
Yeah.
I'll be there at the beginning.
Thank you.
(POLICE SIREN WAILING)
Kee, come on! We've got to go!

COP:

I'm looking for Syd.
Hands above your head.
You're a fascist pig.
What did you say?
I was told to tell you you're a fascist pig.
-Say it again.
-No, don't, please!
Say it again.
Say it!
You're a fascist pig.
Come on.

SYD:

The whole password thing.
He will piss himself laughing

when I tell him about this.
He's a cheeky old bastard.
So proud of his weed.
Syd could get it a lot cheaper from
the gangs, but Syd likes to deal with Jasper.
Jasper's straight. A true gentleman.
(GROANING)
-All right.
-What's wrong with her? Is she sick?

MIRIAM:

-She's not going to puke, is she?
-No. She's fine.
Puking's bad. Very, very bad.
It doesn't wash out.
The smell never goes away.
Usually, there's people trying
to get out of Bexhill, not in.
Syd doesn't know why you want to get in.
Syd doesn't want to know.
Syd doesn't care.

MIRIAM:

(KEE MOANING)
What's wrong with her?
A minor contraction.
It's normal. Just breathe.
All right.
When you're released,
stroll out with the other fugees.
Look for the statue of a soldier.
There you'll meet a woman, Marichka.
Arab, gypsy, something.
Always carries a shitty little dog with her.
She'll find you accommodation for tonight.
All right. You're fugees now.
Show Syd the fugee face.
Sad face.
Sad fugee face.
That's good. That's good.
Okay. Out!
Come on. Come on. Come on.
(MAN SHOUTING)
Hurry up. Hurry up, move.

(MAN SPEAKING
FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
Send me a postcard.

SOLDIER:

Come on, hurry up!
(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
What time
are we supposed to meet the boat?
Sunset tomorrow.
How do we know that Luke and his mob
haven't intercepted it?
Luke has no way of contacting
the Human Project. Nor does anyone else.
Say again?
Contact with the Human Project
is done by mirrors.
Julian was our mirror.
(EXCLAIMING)
What do you mean, "mirrors"?
Mirrors. They contact one of our people.
That person contacts someone else,
and so on, till word gets to Julian.
She tells Luke.
You mean you never
actually talked to any of them?
Don't fucking tell me
you never actually talked to them?
-Breathe it out.

-THEO:

That's it. Breathe it out, breathe it out.
I can't fucking breathe.
You sure this is normal?
It shouldn't be this frequent.
Come on, breathe it out. All right, all right.
Miriam,
I'm all wet.
Her water's broke. The baby's coming.
Shit. Shit!
All right, sweetheart. All right, sweetheart.
Everything is fine. Breathe.
Just breathe it out. That's it.

Tomorrow you'll be safe.
You'll be on the boat.
On the Tomorrow, they'll take care of you.
They'll take you far away from all this.

(MAN SPEAKING
FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

Look up, you piece of shite. Look up.
(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

Out!

Get out!

Lord, give Kee the strength to know
that she has the power already within her.

-She has the wisdom...

-What's wrong with you?

I said, what's wrong with you?

Look at me!

I said, what's wrong with you?

-Saint Gabriel, help us...

-Shut up!

-You! Out!

-Saint Gabriel, come to our aid!

Listen, you fucking nutcase! Get out!

-Up, now. Come on.

-Caca! Caca!

Piss. Piss. Caca. Smell. Girl.

You smell it yourself.

You fucking people disgust me.

She's okay, Kee. She's okay.

-She's gonna be...

-Miriam!

(SHUSHING)

SOLDIER:

Come on, shift it! Shift it! You!

Get down there. Down there. Move.

Follow the line!

-Theo!

-Kee!

-Take it off!

-Theo!

Come on, move! Move it! Come on!

Move it! Move it!

Come on! Move! Move!

WOMAN ON PA:

and provides you shelter.
Do not support terrorists.
Britain supports you
and provides you shelter.
Do not support terrorists.
Hey you, buddy!
Buddy, buddy, welcome to paradise!
You want accommodations?
I got running water! I got...
Just leave the girl alone.
-Who the fuck are you to tell me what to do?
-Fuck off.
-Who do you fucking think you are?
-Fuck off.
Don't mind these bastards.
I'll take care of you.
Come on, I've got a room, food,
a place to stay. What do you need?
-I'm fine, thanks.
-You must need something, man.
"Fuck off," is it? Bollocks.
Marichka?
It's okay, Kee.
Just breathe through it.
That's it. It's okay. We're almost there, Kee.
We're almost there.
(MARICHKA SINGING
IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

THEO:

(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
Just hold onto me.
I've got you.
Just keep breathing.
Marichka? How far?
How far?
We're almost there, Kee. Almost there.
You're doing great. Come on.
You're almost there. Three more steps.
We're there, Kee. We're there.
(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
Okay, there's a bed. Easy.
Make her go! Make her go!

That's great. Thank you.

KEE:

Get her out!

Thank you.

(DOG YELPING)

Okay, Kee.

I'm going to put my coat underneath.

You'll be cleaner.

You're okay.

Okay?

There's water.

I'm just going to wash my hands.

(GROANING)

-Theo! Theo!

-I'm here. Fuck!

It's okay. Everything's okay.

Do something!

It's looking good, Kee. It's looking good.

You're doing great. Just keep breathing.

-Keep breathing.

-I am breathing!

No, like Miriam said. Do you remember?

Breathe out. Just think about the out.

Breathe out and push. Push as well.

-That's it. That's it!

-I can't!

Yes, you can. Yes, you can.

Just out and push.

Out and push.

-That's it!

-I can't do it, Theo. Stop it, please.

Kee, I can see the head. I can see the head.

You're doing great. You're doing great, Kee.

That's it. That's it.

It's coming again.

Just breathe out and push. Out and push.

-That's it. Out and...

-I can't.

-You can. Yes, you can.

-I fucking can't!

-Yes, you fucking can! Come on!

-I can't do it.

Kee, the head's coming out.

That's it, you're nearly there!
You're nearly there. Just push!
Push, Kee! Push!
Push!
Oh, my God.
(CRYING)
How is he?
It's a girl.
Kee, you've got a girl.
Hey, baba.
-Aren't we supposed to cut the cord?
-Yeah, it's okay. There's no rush.
You've done it.
Kee,
see?
It wasn't that bad.
Oh, yeah, not for you.
(KNOCKING AT DOOR)
(BANGING AT DOOR)
(DOG BARKING)

SYD:

We don't have much time!
Who is it?
The King of England.
Open the door, you asshole. It's Syd.
How can you sleep through
when the whole city's going to hell?
-What's wrong with her?
-She's fine. It's a woman's thing.
Fuck off!
A few hours ago, a bomb blew a hole
in the fence and fugees got out.
But Syd happens to know,
the hole in the fence
isn't about fugees getting out.
-It's about Fishies getting in.

-KEE:

Syd also happens to know that the Army's
gonna blow the shit out of this place.
But don't worry. Syd is here to get you out.
Fuck off. Go away. Go on. Piss off!
Get your fucking dog.

(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

What you got there?

-KEE:

-Nothing?

-Nothing.

-No?

-Like to show me?

-I don't have anything.

-It's nothing.

-Well, if it's nothing, then I can have a look.

-It's nothing.

-Let me see.

-No.

-Let me see.

It's okay. Let me see.

Jesus Christ.

Jesus Christ.

-That's a...

-That's right.

We got a baby.

And now we need a rowboat.

Can you help us?

(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

Get her up. Get her up. We need to go.

Can you help us get a boat?

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Just get her up.

We need to go. We need to go now.

(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

-What's she saying?

-Fuck knows.

Bad! Bad! Bad!

-She doesn't want us to go.

-SYD:

(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

We need to go.

Syd was watching television last night
with Mommy.

She's a sweet old soul.

Dying of cancer. It's heartbreaking.

And then the news came on,

and you two were on it.

Something about a cop killer.

Something about a big reward.
Syd then finds out
the Fishes are looking for you.
So Syd thinks,
"If the Fishes are looking for you,
"and the coppers are looking for you,
"you people are first class commodities."
Shut the fuck up! Shut up!
Down, down, down!
Now, Syd has a baby.
Bad! Bad! Bad!
Marichka!

SYD:

I'll fucking kill you!
Bitch. You bitch.
Baby! Marichka baby!
Quick, quick. The baby!
My baby! She took...

SYD:

(BABY CRYING)
I'm gonna blow your fucking brains out.
(GUN FIRING)
Go, go!
(GUN FIRING)
Fuck! Shit.
How are you doing?
-How are you?
-It hurts.
Marichka, we need a boat.
A boat. The sea, a boat, a rowboat.
We need a boat.
(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
A fucking boat! A boat.
-A rowboat!
-Yes.
Hurry.
-You okay? Come on.
-Hurry.
Hurry. Hurry.
(MACHINE GUNS FIRING)
(MARICHKA AND MAN
SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

It's okay.

(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

(WOMAN SINGING

IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

(KEE LAUGHING)

(SINGING IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

Look at that, Theo. They love my baby.

I want to call her Bazouka.

Bazouka?

You don't like it?

I was getting used to Froley.

Froley's a man's name.

What is he thinking, giving you
a boy's name? You're a girl.

We have a boat. Stay here.

In one hour, we go.

THEO:

Human Project real?

It better be.

(SPEAKING IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

Drop your gun! Drop your gun!

Put your hands up!

Put your fucking hands in the air!

Okay, is clear! Is clear!

Hands above your head

and fucking move that here.

You killed my fucking cousin!

Get on your knees!

On your knees, you fucking...

He was 19!

LUKE:

Don't kill him!

Watch the flanks!

Kee. Thank God.

You'll be safe now. How's the child?

You put their lives at risk.

Just let her go.

You don't know what you're doing.

No? Look around you.

It's the Uprising.

And they haven't even seen the baby.

Let's go.

KEE:

Not in front of the girl.
Wait till we get around the corner.
Then do them all.
Come on!
(SINGING) Oh, lads
You should have seen us gannin'
Passing the folks along the road
And all of them was starin'
And all the lads and lasses there
They all had smilin' faces
(MACHINE GUNS FIRING)

PATRIC:

Sorry. Sorry.

LUKE:

PATRIC:

LUKE:

Get her in the building now!
Now! Move it! Now!
(MEN SHOUTING
IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

SOLDIER:

Slug the fuckers!
Don't shoot! Citizens! We citizens!
Go check the roof!
(BABY CRYING)

LUKE:

I started crying.
I'd forgotten what they looked like.
They're so beautiful.
They're so tiny.
Julian was wrong!
She thought it could be peaceful!
But how can it be peaceful
when they try to take away your dignity?
We need him, Theo!

We need the baby. We need him!
It's a girl, Luke.
A girl?
I had a sister.
Theo! Theo!
You okay?
(GROANING)
How is she?
Annoyed.
(BABY CRYING)
(WOMAN SINGING
IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
(MACHINE GUN FIRING)
My God, the baby.
Move back! Fucking move back!
Stop! Cease fire! Cease firing!

SOLDIER 1:

SOLDIER 2:

-Cease firing!
-Cease firing!
We've got two coming through,
coming out.

SOLDIER:

Medic!
Marichka!
(MARICHKA SPEAKING
FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
No, Marichka no go. You go.
-You go.
-Marichka, come. Marichka.
-Marichka, get in the boat!
-Go, boat!
(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
The buoy! Theo, the buoy!
You okay?
Yeah. You?
Yeah.
What a day.
We're too late, aren't we?
No. No, we're fine.

But they said they wouldn't wait.

Trust me. They'll come back.

(PLANE SOARING)

I'm bleeding. Jesus, shit, I'm bleeding!

-No, no, no, it's me.

-I'm bleeding everywhere.

-It's me.

-What?

He got me.

Bad?

No. I'm fine.

Keep her close, Kee.

Whatever happens, whatever they say,
you keep her close.

It's going to be okay.

(BABY CRYING)

She's probably got wind. Wind her.

Put her on your shoulder.

Just... Just tap her back.

Gently.

Gently.

(KEE WHISPERING)

There you go.

Oh, Jesus.

Dylan.

I'll call my baby Dylan.

It's a girl's name, too.

Theo?

Theo?

Theo!

Theo, the boat.

The boat!

It's okay.

We are safe now.

We're safe.

(KEE SINGING

IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

(CHILDREN LAUGHING)

(CHILDREN CHATTERING)