

UNBOUND  
(Sample)

by

Brijit Reed

the.blibit@gmail.com  
323-828-6285

WGA Registered

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA - CAMPUS - DAY

Sarah walks towards the Anthropology building. The SHOUT of a RAVEN startles her. She looks up to see a group of the birds descend upon a nearby rooftop, forming an imposing cluster as they hang over the edge. They cast exaggerated shadows on the ground as they watch her enter the building.

INT. LECTURE HALL - MINUTES LATER

Sarah looks tense as she speaks.

SARAH

Who are the oppressors?

She looks around the room.

SARAH (CONT'D)

They're people who belong to the mainstream. Backed by the dominant group, some of them are in leadership positions and these are the ones who can make and enforce the laws. They use fear and paranoia to further their cause-- often manufacturing what defines a crime in order to justify their behavior. They blur the boundaries between reality and fantasy.

She stands and walks to the window, turning her back to the class. She closes her eyes for a moment, squeezing them tightly as if holding back tears.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Who are the victims?

She turns around again, pointing to a STUDENT who has raised his hand.

STUDENT

Well, they're people who are usually marginalized or disenfranchised.

SARAH

Right. They might belong to a different racial or ethnic group, a different belief system or even a different sexual identity. Can anyone give me an example of modern persecution?

SEVERAL STUDENTS speak up.

STUDENT #2  
How about the holocaust?

FLASHBACK

Images of NAZI FOOTAGE appear in her mind's eye. She sees PASSENGER JETS fly into the World Trade Center.

RETURN TO SCENE

Sarah pauses, seemingly caught off guard. A wave of sadness washes over her features.

The students exchange puzzled glances as an eternity passes before she speaks. She finally gives a slow nod.

SARAH  
(taking a deep breath)  
Good. It usually starts with labeling. Singling people out, pointing out their differences. Often the oppressors' beliefs are dogmatic and anyone who doesn't follow them is labeled a threat to society. They operate from a place of fear and hate.

STUDENT #3  
What about slavery?

FLASHBACK

Flashes of MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., of SWASTIKAS, woodcut images of WITCHES being burned at the stake, of SARAH'S FATHER wielding his Bible, of her own suicide attempt-- all of these things appear before her eyes...

RETURN TO SCENE

She begins to tremble. Her expression is stricken and vulnerable as she pulls her sleeves lower, hiding her wounds.

SARAH  
(voice breaking)  
Yes. I-- I would say that qualifies--

Her eyes begin to glisten, not only with unshed tears, but anger as well. Her words come faster now, fueled by the heat of her outrage.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 Oppression is a systematic  
 pathology throughout history and  
 various cultures. There's always  
 someone who wants to dominate, to  
 rape, to control, to exploit, to  
 pervert reality and call it truth--

She falls back, shaken. A fine sheen of sweat covers her skin.

She's unable to meet the eyes of her students as she turns and makes her way from the classroom.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry.

EXT. CANAVARRO'S COTTAGE - DAY

Deirdre arrives and knocks on the door. No answer. She knocks again.

DEIRDRE  
 Hello? Canavarro? Caleb?

Silence. She tries the door. It's unlocked and she steps inside.

INT. CANAVARRO'S COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The jars and beakers that had been neatly stored on shelves lie in glistening shards on the floor. The prototype inventions are piled into twisted and broken heaps.

Deirdre runs to the other room. It's empty. All the paintings are gone. Deirdre clutches her chest, tears forming in her eyes. She turns and runs from the house.

EXT. CANAVARRO'S COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Caleb is waiting for her. His face is dirty and tear-stained. Deirdre goes to him and grips his thin arms. He doesn't move or try to ease the pain she must be causing him.

DEIRDRE  
 Where is he, Caleb? Where's  
 Canavarro?

Caleb just shakes his head, tears cutting a path through the grime on his face.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)  
Did they take him?

He nods.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)  
When? Last night?

He nods again.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)  
And his paintings?

He can't look at her at first, then nods again.

DEIRDRE (CONT'D)  
Oh, God!

She cries out, embracing his small frame for strength.

INT. TOLLBOOTH - LATER

Deirdre sits inside with Canavarro holding his hand. A GUARD waits outside.

DEIRDRE  
How did this happen?

CANAVARRO  
It was the Church.

DEIRDRE  
What are ye sayin'?

CANAVARRO  
The paintings. They said no mere man could have created them without help from the devil.

DEIRDRE  
Dear God!

CANAVARRO  
God!

He seems to spit the word from his mouth.

CANAVARRO (CONT'D)  
He's the reason I'm here! His zealots are afraid of anyone different from them.

She cups his face with shaking hands.

SARAH  
What's going to happen to ye?

CANAVARRO  
I burn. Tomorrow.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE TOLLBOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Deirdre exits the tollbooth and SEES Richard Maitland standing across the street. His face stretches into a knowing smile as he watches her.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah's body twists among the sheets on the bed.

SARAH  
No, no, no... No!

Matt turns on the light and tries to wake her.

MATT  
Sarah? Wake up. Sarah?

Her eyes snap open but she doesn't really see him.

SARAH  
Open the window. I'm burning up.