



BLUE WORLD

Written by

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When a lonely widow finds a friend in a lonely world, she must protect and help her newfound friend, which seems impossible because relentless hunters are tracking her down.

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INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A large, romantic hotel room hosts a wool couch, a house plant, and green drapes. One wall hosts two king-sized beds. MICHELLE, 25, and TORI, 23, Michelle's wife sit on one of the large mattresses with a champagne glass in hand.

TORI
Happy Anniversary!

Michelle brings her glass to Tori. The couple CLINK them together. Tori takes a sip of champagne. Michelle winks, chugs her glass and slams the flute down. She leaps from the bed and saunters to the closet. Tori cocks her head.

MICHELLE
I got you something.

Michelle pulls out a small white bag with black trim, tissue paper neatly sticking out. She slides a little closer to Tori and hands her the gift.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Hope you like it.

Tori tears the tissue paper out and removes a thin, long, velvet box. She snaps the box open and smiles at a beautiful silver necklace with three graduated diamonds.

TORI
I love it!

Tori springs forward and wraps her arms around Michelle. Michelle sits still with a grimace. Her face softens and she returns the hug.

MICHELLE
Want me to put it on?

TORI
Would you?

MICHELLE
Turn around.

Tori tosses and twists around the mattress and hands the jewelry box to Michelle. Michelle unhooks the necklace and slips it around Tori's neck.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Each diamond is supposed to represent past, present, and future.

Michelle brings her face near the nape of Tori's neck and secures the necklace. Tori tilts her head towards Michelle.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

And how our love grows each year.

Tori turns her face towards Michelle and rests her hand against her cheek. Michelle's lips inch towards Tori's and the couple enjoy a short, passionate kiss.

TORI

You're such a romantic.

MICHELLE

Shut up.

TORI

You pretend to be cold... but really you're the most caring woman I've ever known.

MICHELLE

That's because of your warmth. You're my reason to live.

TORI

See what I mean? Romantic.

MICHELLE

Maybe a little.

The two women turn off the lights; cuddle against each other. Tori dozes off in Michelle's embrace quickly. Michelle smiles and turns over on her back. Michelle stares at the hotel ceiling. Michelle fades to sleep and the ceiling turns black.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The hotel ceiling blinks back into focus, except the hotel has become rundown. The ceiling is falling apart with holes into the rafters above. The hotel carpet's missing and mother nature has taken its place. The window panes are gone.

MICHELLE, 40, has an older, sadder face but the same anger as someone in their 20s. She reaches over to the other side of the bed to find it empty. She winces and sits up.

Birds CHIRP and insects BUZZ in the world outside. Michelle slides her legs over the bed and she glances at a side table with a worn duffle bag atop it with a strip of pictures from a photo booth sticks out. Michelle picks it up and stares.

INSERT PHOTO STRIP WITH POSES OF YOUNG MICHELLE AND TORI

A tear drops onto the photographs. Michelle's face glistens with a single streak from tears. She places the strip on her pillow and retrieves a scrap of paper and worn pen. She grabs her bag and rummages around.

Michelle pulls out a box of ammo and she marks the scrap. She sets down her inventory of supplies and grabs a single bullet. She inspects the round and spins it in her fingers. Her eyes fall and find her gun sitting in her bag.

Michelle's hands reach into the bag and pull out her weapon. She opens the chamber and looks back to the bullet. Her fingers place the round into the chamber and she cocks it.

BANG!

Gunshots sound off in the distance. Michelle's head snaps to attention; she grabs her ammo and gun, and runs out into The Outside.

EXT. THE OUTSIDE - DAY

Michelle sprints through the trees with both hands gripped around her gun pointed at the ground. She slows and approaches the epicenter of the gunshot sounds.

Her feet step over branches and shuffle over leaves. She reaches the end of a clearing and sees a wounded deer. The creature lays on the ground with an arrow in its hindquarters.

She approaches the hurt animal and places her palm near the deer's face. Michelle soothes the wounded creature and speaks.

MICHELLE

Shh, shh, shh, shh. I'm a friend.

Michelle looks past the deer and sees a spot of red on the ground. Further back a matching spot sits on another leaf.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You're hurt... and you've left quite the trail.

The silhouettes of two hunters break over the horizon. Michelle pats the wounded animal.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I'll be right back. A couple hunters are about to be hunted.

Michelle grins and stealthily speeds off. She slinks from tree to tree and slips into a bush. A GUNMAN, 40, carries a pistol and walks alongside a BOWMAN, 25, has a quiver slung over his shoulders and a bow in hand.

BOWMAN

She couldn't have gotten far.

GUNMAN

Look! The trail keeps going this way. Let's go get that son of a bi--

FZZT!

A bullet whizzes straight through the gunman's chest. The bowman screams and leaps behind a tree. A bullet bounces into the bark the bowman is behind. Michelle curses and takes cover behind a different tree.

BOWMAN

You killed him!

MICHELLE

Toss me your weapon and I'll let you live.

BOWMAN

Like my friend?

MICHELLE

You outnumbered me. I didn't have a choice. You do.

An arrow flies into the bush Michelle had shot the gunman from. Michelle returns fire and runs to the next tree. Shots volley back and forth until both parties' weapons are empty. The bowman reaches into an empty quiver.

BOWMAN

(to self)

Out of arrows.

Michelle's clip clicks, gun empty.

MICHELLE

(to self)

Shit, it's out.

The Bowman glances towards the downed gunman. Michelle looks at the box of rounds laid near the dead assailant. She glances up and her eyes lock with his. They sprint towards the gunman. They dive towards the weapon.

BOWMAN

No!

Michelle snatches the pistol; a bow slams over her head and yanks her backwards. The string slides along her throat through her struggles. The bowman cackles; Michelle lifts the gun behind her head and FIRES. The thud of a body precedes silence.

MICHELLE

Whew!

Michelle sits slumped on her knees and her chest rises and falls. She tries to catch her breath and hears the call of her injured friend. She stumbles to her feet and walks.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I'm coming.

She bends down and pets the deer. She squats down and rips off her right arm sleeve.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

This is gonna hurt.

Michelle slides the arrow out of the creature and tosses it to the ground. She presses against the wound and dresses it with her tattered sleeve. She moves to the front of the deer.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You were awfully brave. Come on, now. Let's get you up.

Michelle encourages the deer up. The deer hesitates but presses the injured leg into the ground. It licks her hand and steps forward.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

So, do you have a husband?

The deer sounds a soft GRUNT. The animal and she stroll back through the sunny clearing.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Well, I guess I'm just a romantic.

THE END