

ONE



IDENTITY

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BLACK SCREEN:

INOLA GRAY (V.O.)
 Humans are animals at heart... Driven
 by instinct, fearful of
 differences. All faults of a dying
 species.

FADE IN:

Close-up of Inola Gray's eye as it slowly opens. In the reflection of her eye, chaos unfolds—fires, earthquakes, and wildfires. Cities crumble as the destruction mirrors what she sees.

MONTAGE:

The planet trembles. Earthquakes, floods, and wildfires ravage the landscape. Cities collapse. The sky fills with ash and chaos.

REPORTERS (V.O.) overlap frantically:

REPORTER 1 (V.O.)
 Pandemics rage as wildfires spread
 uncontrollably across continents—

REPORTER 2 (V.O.)
 Resources are dwindling... Entire
 cities submerged—

Buildings crumble as oceans swallow coastlines. Civilization teeters on the edge of collapse.

CUT TO:

1 INT. BUNKER - DAY**1**

Inola Gray stands alone, looking directly into the camera, her expression calm, her gaze steady.

Blake Blanchard steps forward into frame, standing beside Inola. He too faces the camera.

BLAKE BLANCHARD
 (firm, unwavering)
 Remember to fight desire and the
 delusion of self. Hope and
 salvation are one.

They stand together, shoulder to shoulder.

Blake continues to stare directly into the camera, his voice strong and commanding.

BLAKE BLANCHARD

In this bunker, survive together as one. There is no self-only One.

As Blake finishes, Inola's gaze shifts away from the camera and toward Blake. Her face remains unreadable, as she watches him, silent.

The **BUNKER DOOR** begins to close with a heavy, metallic creak. (TO BE ADDED IN POST)

The door seals shut, muffling the sounds of the chaotic world outside—fires crackling, winds howling. Silence falls within the bunker.

2 INT. INOLA421'S ROOM - DAY

2

INOLA421 (early 20s) stands before a **CRACKED MIRROR**. She stares at her reflection, adjusting her uniform marked with "421." Her fingers tremble, betraying the tension beneath her cold exterior.

INOLA421

Breathe... just breathe.

Inola421's reflection distorts under the flickering light.

CREAK. The door slowly opens, and Inola421 glances toward the door, her fear barely contained.

INOLA419 enters the room, a stark contrast to **INOLA421**'s tense demeanour. Her easy smile radiates mischief, as though nothing could ever frighten her.

She pulls an old, **FADED MAGAZINE** from behind her back.

INOLA419

(whispering, excited)

Look at this!

Inola421 instinctively reaches out, the forbidden curiosity too strong to resist. Her eyes flicker back to the door, fear still lingering, but the magazine draws her in.

INOLA419

So beautiful... What was her name?

Her age?

Inola421's fingers brush the edges of the worn pages. She pauses for a moment, then sits on the edge of her bed.

INOLA421

Where was this even found?

INOLA419 sits beside her, smiling conspiratorially.

INOLA419

In the old flooded section... where they discard these things.

INOLA421

(warning)

That area's been closed off for ages. It's dangerous.

For a moment, Inola419's excitement fades, but her playful grin quickly returns.

INOLA419

It was only for a minute... but guess what? There was a voice, and then—

FOOTSTEPS echo in the hallway, cutting her off. The air thickens with tension as both girls freeze, alarmed.

Suddenly, the door **BURSTS OPEN**. Both **INOLA419** and **INOLA421** quickly stand up, startled.

As she stands, **INOLA419** discreetly grabs the magazine and hides it behind her back, her earlier mischief replaced by unease.

INOLA380 strides in, a **PIN** gleaming on her collar. **INOLA391** follows, holding a **PRISTINE WHITE GOWN AND VEIL**.

INOLA380 steps forward, her eyes locking onto **INOLA419**.

INOLA380

(calm but firm)

Hand it over.

Without waiting for a response, Inola380 **SNATCHES** the magazine from Inola419's grip.

INOLA380

That's three demerits. Warnings were given, and consequences will follow.

Inola419 lowers her head, intimidated, but remains silent. **INOLA421** stands paralyzed, watching the interaction, her anxiety mounting.

INOLA421

(stammering)

I-I didn't--

INOLA380
 (cutting her off, coldly)
 There is no 'I.' Only 'One.'

Her words hang in the air, thick and oppressive. Inola421 drops her gaze, forced into compliance.

Inola380 turns to Inola391, her expression unreadable.

INOLA380
 Assist. Everything must be
 flawless.

INOLA391 steps forward, placing the **CEREMONIAL OUTFIT** on the bed with precise movements.

Inola380 leans in close to Inola391, whispering something inaudible into her ear. Inola391 nods, her face neutral.

As **INOLA380** turns to leave, she **GRABS INOLA419 BY THE ARM**, her grip firm and unyielding. Inola419 doesn't resist, her face pale, fear setting in.

INOLA380
 This delusion must be dealt with,
 properly.

The door **SLAMS SHUT** behind them, leaving **INOLA421** and **INOLA391** alone in the **SUFFOCATING SILENCE** of the room.

Inola391's expression shifts--her calm facade replaced with cold judgment.

INOLA391
 419... always drawing attention.

3 INT. INOLA421'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

3

INOLA421 sits tensely on the edge of her bed, her body stiff, her hands gripping the mattress. **INOLA391** stands behind her, brushing her hair with quick, almost too-firm strokes. It's not about care--it's about **PERFECTION**.

Inola421 winces slightly but remains silent, her face tight with discomfort.

INOLA421
 (quiet, strained)
 It wasn't on purpose--

INOLA391

(coldly, cutting her off)
 Intent isn't enough. Now, be quiet
 and don't move.

The brushing continues with **MECHANICAL PRECISION**. Inola391's movements are brisk, efficient, and devoid of warmth.

She steps back for a moment, her eyes narrowing as she **EXAMINES** Inola421. Her face hardened with subtle resentment.

INOLA391
 (quiet)
 The resemblance... it's uncanny.

Inola421 glances at her reflection in the cracked mirror. Her face tightens, anxiety bubbling just below the surface, but she says nothing.

Without another word, Inola391 opens a small, meticulously kept **BOX**. Inside, a gleaming **SYMBOLIC PIN** catches the dim light. She lifts the pin and **FASTENS** it onto Inola421's collar with deliberate, almost rough hands.

Her fingers linger for a moment longer than necessary, her gaze sharp.

INOLA391
 (sharply)
 Do not squander this chance to
 carry on the One lineage, 421. Not
 everyone receives this honour.

INOLA391 steps back, **INSPECTING** her work with a critical, emotionless gaze. The tension between them is palpable, thickening the air.

INOLA391
 (coldly)
 It's flawless... just as it must be.

Inola421 nods, her expression tense, knowing she cannot afford to show weakness. Her eyes flicker toward the door, as she straightens her clothes one last time before stepping out of her room.

4 **INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

4

INOLA391 walks closely behind, her critical gaze fixed on **INOLA421's** every movement, watching for any misstep.

The hallway is dim, the walls mostly bare except for a few **POSTERS** plastered along them. Bold letters proclaim: "**ONE IDENTITY.**" The air feels thick, and oppressive, as their **FOOTSTEPS** echo in the confined space.

As they walk, **INOLA421**'s breath catches. She steals a glance toward **INOLA419's ROOM**—the door is slightly ajar.

Inola421 stops abruptly, worry etched across her face, her pulse racing. Her fingers instinctively reach for the **PIN** on her collar.

But her fingers brush against **EMPTY FABRIC**.

Inola421 freezes, panic surging through her.

INOLA421
(frantic, trembling)
T—the pin! It must have fallen...

Inola391 halts, her back to Inola421.

She doesn't turn, but her voice cuts through the air, sharp and precise.

INOLA391
Don't search. Just... proceed in.
There've been enough delays.

The words hang between them like a silent threat. **INOLA421**'s pulse races, her mind spinning. Her gaze shifts toward the entrance to the **CEREMONY ROOM**, the fear gnawing at her, relentless.

Inola391 continues forward, her steps unwavering, leaving Inola421 behind, alone with her rising dread.

5 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

5

INOLA421 hurries down the narrowing corridor, slipping the **PIN** from her collar into her hand. The cold metal feels heavier now—a burden of deception. She squeezes it tightly, hiding it in her grip.

She knows no one can see it.

Suddenly, she stops.

BLAKE412 steps out from the **CEREMONY AREA**, silently blocking her path. His tall figure is silhouetted in the dim light, his pin gleaming. His expression is blank, unreadable.

Inola421's heart pounds. Her breath stutters, the lie already forming on her lips.

INOLA421
(frantic, lying)
The pin... I must have lost it.

Her voice wavers. **BLAKE412** watches her, his gaze sharp, following her every movement. He says nothing.

The silence presses down on her.

Inola421 shifts under his stare. Panic claws at her, but Blake412 remains still, unreadable. His eyes bore into her—seeing through her lie.

But still, he says nothing.

Inola421 spins around, pulse racing, and hurries toward the **FORBIDDEN CORRIDOR**, her footsteps echoing in the narrowing space.

Blake412 doesn't follow. His eyes stay on her retreating figure. Slowly, he steps back into the shadows, disappearing into the darkness.

6 INT. FORBIDDEN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

6

The room is small, dimly lit by a flickering bulb. The air feels heavy with secrets. **INOLA421** steps deeper in, her eyes scanning the clutter—old uniforms, magazines scattered across the floor, and a desk near the center of the room, piled with discarded objects.

Her gaze lands on the **MAGAZINE** Inola419 had shown her earlier, lying on top of a pile.

Her fingers fumble over an old **RADIO**, her breath quickening. She turns the dial. **STATIC BURSTS**, making her jump. Panicked, she hits a button.

The radio crackles to life—**Inola421's** startled gasp echoes back at her.

MILITARY HUMAN 1 (V.O.)
We've received your signal. If you
can hear this, respond.

INOLA421 freezes, heart racing. She sets the radio down like it's burning her. But the voice continues, now less formal.

MILITARY HUMAN 2 (V.O.)
(Chuckling)

Static. He's hearing static.

A faint laugh. Then the first voice returns, firm.

She leans closer to the radio, her fingers hovering.

MILITARY HUMAN 1 (V.O.)

I know I heard something. Last
attempt. Move to open before sunset
Do not stay inside. Repeat: Do not
stay inside.

A faint whistling suddenly echoes through the room, growing louder. **Inola421** panics. She quickly buries the radio under discarded items and crouches behind the desk, trying to stay hidden.

The whistling persists.

Without warning, a door rattles open—revealing a hidden passageway. **Inola380** steps through, the whistling halting abruptly as she scans the room. She doesn't notice **Inola421**, concealed behind the desk, holding her breath.

Holding her breath, **INOLA421** listens intently as **INOLA380** moves closer to the faint crackle of the radio.

INOLA380's hand hovers over it.

A **KNOCK** at the door snaps her attention away.

7 **INT. FORBIDDEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

7

A moment later, **INOLA391** enters, her face pale and hands shaking. She glances nervously at **Inola380**.

INOLA391

(stammering)

There's a problem... 421 has gone
missing—

INOLA380's face hardens, her frustration barely contained. She takes a slow, deliberate step toward **Inola391**, her voice dropping to a low, dangerous whisper.

INOLA380

Under watchful eyes?

From her hiding spot, **INOLA421** glances discreetly between the **argument** unfolding across the room and the **passageway** beside her, her mind racing with the thought of escape.

INOLA391 instinctively steps back, her voice trembling as she tries to explain.

INOLA391

All instructions were followed, but

—

INOLA380

(cutting her off sharply)

—Enough. Silence.

The command lands like a slap. **INOLA391** falls silent, visibly trembling under **INOLA380**'s cold, piercing stare.

INOLA421's gaze flickers back to the passageway, her heart pounding as the tension rises. She weighs her chances, contemplating the moment to flee.

INOLA380 steps closer, her tone dripping with menace.

INOLA380

Mistakes like this are not tolerated. There will be no second chances.

INOLA391's breath catches, her gaze dropping to the floor as **INOLA380**'s presence towers over her.

INOLA391

It can be fixed—

INOLA380

It will be fixed. Find 421. Or the price for failure will be higher than one can imagine.

Without another word, **INOLA380** gives one final cold look, then turns and exits the room, the door shutting firmly behind her.

INOLA391, visibly shaken, hears the faint crackle of static. She moves toward the desk, following the sound, her steps unsteady. As she approaches, she unknowingly stands where **INOLA421** had been hiding moments before.

At her feet lies **Inola421**'s pin, unnoticed as she focuses on the static from the radio.

Her gaze locks onto the radio buried beneath the discarded items. She picks it up slowly, turning it off, the static fading into silence. Carefully, she sets it back down on the desk, her hands trembling.

INOLA391

(muttering)
There will be consequences.

8 EXT. OPEN FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

8

INOLA421 coughs, the fresh air unfamiliar after a lifetime underground. She stumbles forward, her movements unsteady, the harsh brightness forcing her to squint. The world outside is blurred, and disorienting.

She pushes forward, each step heavier. Her breath is ragged, the air burning her lungs.

Suddenly, something pale catches her eye—a **HAND**, unmoving, hidden in the tall grass.

Her heart stops. She moves toward it, legs trembling beneath her.

Then she sees it.

Through the tall grass, a **PALE HAND**, unmoving.

Her breath catches in her throat.

INOLA421
(whispering, voice
trembling)

419?

She reaches her friend—419's face bruised, body still.

INOLA421
419? Hello? Please, say something..

INOLA421 falls to her knees, hands trembling as they touch 419's cold skin. She cradles 419's lifeless hand, silent sobs shaking her body.

INOLA421
No... please no..

As she grips **419's** hand, she suddenly notices it's tightly clenched. Confusion flickers across her face as she gently pries open her friend's fingers, trying to figure out what she's holding.

Her breath catches at the discovery, though the audience remains unaware of what it is. **INOLA421's** emotions begin to overwhelm her, grief and anger consuming her all at once.

9 EXT. OPEN FIELD - LATER

9

The wind rustles through the tall grass, the only sound in the desolate field. **Footsteps** approach as three **MILITARY HUMANS** move in cautiously.

Inola421 lies beside **419**, still holding her hand. Her body is limp, weighed down by grief as if the burden of loss has finally consumed her.

MILITARY HUMAN 1, tall and commanding, kneels beside **INOLA421**, his voice calm but concerned.

MILITARY HUMAN 1
Hey... stay with me. Can you hear me?

INOLA421 blinks, her distant eyes locked on 419's bruised, lifeless form. She doesn't respond, her hand instinctively tightening around the pin.

MILITARY HUMAN 1 looks her over, concern deepening.

MILITARY HUMAN 1
How many made it out?

INOLA421 remains silent, her gaze fixed, weighed down by everything that's happened.

MILITARY HUMAN 2 kneels by 419's body, frowning at the bruises and cuts.

MILITARY HUMAN 2
(to Military 3, quietly)
Look at these marks... She didn't stand a chance.

MILITARY HUMAN 3
(whispering)
They didn't want her to survive.

MILITARY HUMAN 3's face hardens as he pulls out his **WALKIE-TALKIE**.

MILITARY HUMAN 3
(into walkie-talkie)
We've found someone. Another is dead. Requesting immediate pickup.

MILITARY HUMAN 2 gently covers 419's body with a cloth, shaking his head.

The urgency rises as they prepare for evacuation, but **INOLA421** stays motionless, her silence heavy. **MILITARY HUMAN 1** glances back at her, his voice soft but pressing.

MILITARY HUMAN 1

How many? Are you the only one?

INOLA421 finally stirs, her eyes lifting from 419's body to the horizon, her voice low, almost a whisper.

INOLA421
There is only one.

INOLA421 clutches the pin tighter, her gaze still far away. The storm inside her hasn't settled—this is only the beginning.

FADE OUT

ONE IDENTIFY