

WIDE AWAKE

Logline: All Sarah wants is to sleep, but her anxious mind is plagued by thoughts of ecocide.

Sarah, unkempt hair, with an air of exhaustion is in a questioning room. Her lawyer sits next to her. 'Do you know why you're here?'
Sarah says nothing as we drift closer to her. We dive into her memory.

Sarah is in bed. It's night. Her eyes twitch from REM. We hear ominous tones – deep thrumming sounds – the soundscape the film. A flash of her dreams. Wildfires. Smokestacks. Bleached coral. Sarah wakes suddenly. It's 02:30. Her partner is asleep. Sarah opens the fridge. She pours herself some water. She sits alone in the dark.

Coffee is plunged and poured. Sarah sits at her desk, staring at her screen. She looks smart, as smart goes in Lockdown. A grid of blurred faces move on a group call in front of her. We overhear some water-cooler conversation. It bleeds into background noise – garbled, Inconsequential – as Sarah scrolls down her news feed. Heat-domes. Record temperatures. The news is reflected in her eyes.

Sarah is in bed. The dreams return. Glaciers calve. A bird caught in crude. A refugee camp. Sarah wakes. Her boyfriend wakes up. 'Are you ok?' – 'Nightmare'. She pours a glass of water. She looks at the tap, then cups her hands and soaks her face.

Coffee is plunged and poured. Sarah sits at her desk, staring at her screen. A man in a tie talks to Sarah. 'It's just not good enough – what's going on with you? You look exhausted' – 'I'm sorry. I'll get back on top'. She looks smart – just about. Her hair is messy. Her shirt on zoom makes up for her naked legs below the table.

Back in questioning. 'You're being charged with obstructing the highway'. Sarah says nothing.

Sarah has her hands on her bathroom sink. She looks up into the mirror. The bags are heavy under her eyes.
Sarah stares out the window. Her boyfriend comes to her from behind and hugs her. 'It's not your fault. And really, what can you do?'

Dreams. Floods. Dust-bowls. Landfill. Sarah is in the living room. A mental-health helpline number is visible on her computer screen. She calls a number. 'I'm listening' – 'I need help'. Alone in her living room, Sarah cries into the phone.

On the sofa, Sarah stares sullenly as her boyfriend paces the room. 'What do you mean you don't want children?'. Bags are picked up – a silhouette leaves through the front door. Sarah is alone.

An email arrives in her inbox – 'Your P45.'

Sarah looks down at a pill. A moment of reflection. She takes the pill.

Dreams. Fire. Drought. Sarah walks down a corridor – Light fills the cracks around the door. The Amazon. Palm oil plantations. Sarah opens the door and steps through...

...into a field. A large hourglass towers before her. She walks up to it. A voice booms – ‘Worry not. Act’. Light beams down on her.

Sarah wakes.

He is on the streets, marching. Footage of protests, a carnival atmosphere. It’s London – it’s huge. Sarah marches, shouts, *smiles*. Footage of police arresting protestors. Sarah and others are shut into a van. The doors slam.

Sarah is in questioning. Her bust-card is in her hand. He says nothing. ‘Take her back to her cell’.

Sarah is led back to her cell. The door closes on her. She sits, lies down, closes her eyes. A deep sleep overcomes her as she finally finds peace in action. Something that sounds like a lullaby on a glockenspiel fades in. We fade into clouds. Stars. The earth.