

this happened

THE POLITICAL LEGACY OF MOA ZEDONG, WHO CONTINUED THE IMPERIAL TRADITION OVER CHINA, BUT WITH THE INTENT OF CREATING A CLASSLESS SOCIETY THAT WOULD DESTROY MANY CHINESE WAYS OF LIVING.

We hear a steady downpour of rain over black. Rolling thunder moves in like that of a freight train coming down the track, until it is on us with a thunderous clap. LIGHTING

FADE IN:

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

LANG HU, 50, he's standing there in his dark jail cell, his hands extended to the heavens, mouth open, collecting the rain droplets dripping from the ceiling bars above. We hear the soft keys from a piano like rain drops. He wipes his eyes as the water streaks down his face.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: "July 31st, 1969" over black.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON HAND; A KEY TURNS IN THE LOCK.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON Lang; he heard this. He turns and begins to back up with his hands extended showing submission.

LANG'S POV

The cell door burst open, WHAP! A CHINESE Red Guard lands a solid one on Lang and for a MOMENT we see the eyes of an ANIMAL, he then begins to beat him furiously with the butt of his rifle. He goes down. We hear CLASSICAL MUSIC beginning to SWELL as the beating worsens. Lang doesn't fight back, on the cell floor, he rolls up into a defensive fetal position and rides out the storm. As the red guard tires the beating lessens.

CUT TO:

INT. LANG'S CELL - CONTINUOUS - OVER HEAD SHOT ON CELL.

Lang lying in a heap as his tormentor exits.

MATCH CUT TO:

CONSCIOUS

Lang remains still, rain drops drip on his beaten body.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON Lang; he removes his hands from his face. He notices blood is coming from his mouth.. THEN HE OVERHEARS SOMETHING. The door of the next cell being open.

WOMEN (V.O.)
(Screams)

INT. LANG'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Some yelling. Lang closes his eyes to the sounds of her screams as we hear the CLASSICAL MUSIC swell, he embraces himself.

LANG'S POV

Inside his cell he can hear the life being beaten from this women's body and then dragged from her cell. The furious red guards drag her thrashing body out down the hallway. A tattered sandal has come off during the struggle and comes to rest in front of Lang's cell, FOREGROUND.

CUT TO:

EXT. LANG'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON LANG; He leans forward out of the darkness to see the women's sandal. A moment....He stares as if recognizing it. Then slowly crawls to the front of his cell. Through the bars we see him holding back the tears. (Music fades)

FADE OUT.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

The sun shines over an old temple and we hear the birds. Lang walks out the doorway. He's covering his face from the SUNLIGHT. It takes a moment for Lang's eyes to adjust, he then begins to inspect his beaten body. He walks around trying to stretch he can't.

CONTINUES

CUT TO:

CONTINUOUS EXT. COURTYARD RED GUARD WATCHES LANG WITH NO EMOTION.

CUT TO:

LANG CROUCHES IN A CORNER RESTING HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WALL, THE SUN ON HIS FACE, CLOSING HIS EYES, WIND CHIMES ARE HEARD. THEN WE HEAR THE CHIMES FORM A SOFT NOTE FROM A CLASSICAL INSTRUMENT. HE SMILES AS IF HEARING THE MUSIC IN HIS HEAD.

CUT TO:

SHAOYANG, 20, RED GUARD CAPTAIN ENTERS THE COURTYARD AND BEGINS TO SEARCH THE YARD URGENTLY. NOTICING LANG SITTING IN THE CORNER SMILING. CLOSE ON SHAOYANG; SHOUTS!

SHAOYANG
(Furious pointing)
Enough!

One red guard reacts, rushes towards Lang. Pulling him up, slapping Lang in the face. The red guard doesn't relent leading him back inside. The CLASSICAL INSTRUMENT fades back into the wind chimes.

FADE TO BLACK.

WE HEAR THE SOUNDS OF BUZZING FLIES OVER BLACK

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Lang crouches in his cell, beads of sweat pour down his face. He looks around the empty cell. Sometime goes by. Then movements at the cell door, He turns as the first guard burst and moves in. Lang taking a defensive position to protect himself, he's too weak to fight back. He's dragged by the hair and handcuffed with his hands behind his back on his knees against the cell bars. He's left hanging only by his wrist support.

CUT TO:

CINTINOUS

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