

Mý Guide to the Penguin Problem

by
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A feature film screenplay
120 pages

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SLOW FADE IN:

INT/EXT. A WHITE ROOM WITH BARS IN THE WINDOW. DAY

The camera pulls back slowly we see a view of ocean thru a tiny window and hear waves crashing against rocks.

PETER (V.O.)

They asked me to write my guides
so I could solve the problem that
we started with my friend Smile.
It has become a global problem.
How did I get here? They asked
me: what was the last thing I
remember?

As the camera moving back away from the the view, we see a tired and untidy man with untrimmed beard who is sitting in a white room: **PETER O'NEILL, 45**. Peter looks at people in front of him off screen. Special agents **SMITH** and **COLLINS** speak to him.

SMITH

Do you know why you're here?

PETER

Should I.

COLLINS

What were you planning to do out
there?

PETER

Survive.

SMITH

Are you trying to be funny?

Collins slams a folder on the table and unfolds it and takes out series of A4 size photographs and carefully places them in the front of Peter.

COLLINS

Is this you?

The first photograph is taken at a demonstration outside a oil company's headquarters. Peter is standing in the foreground taking photographs. On the second photograph Peter is seen hanging from ropes in a tree plantation. On the third photograph he is seen climbing over a nuclear power station fence and taking photographs.

PETER

Yes.

SMITH
Do you know where you are?

PETER
Of course.

SMITH
And where is that Peter?

PETER
Here. I am here. I try to find happiness where ever I am. I am the one who created the problem that is now spreading across the world. The speed of it is amazing.

COLLINS
The problem?

PETER
They got it all wrong.

CUT TO:

INT. INTTEROGATION CENTRE, MONTORING ROOM.DAY

Two monitors are showing live image from the room where Peter is being questioned. This is monitoring centre of an interrogation centre that has been built into an old lighthouse. Smith and Collins and Peter's speech is being recorded.

An older man, Doctor Shaw, and a younger female doctor Doctor Grace, are monitoring the interrogation and writing down notes. We don't see their faces but we see their hands. A close up on the notes as she writes down the word: borderline megalomania + question mark.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION CELL. DAY

We are back at the tiny white room. We still don't see Smith's and Collins' faces.

SMITH
What is the last thing you remember before you...realized that you're here?

Camera slowly moves closer to Patrick. On the sound track we start to hear sounds of a ship bouncing up and down giant waves on the stormy sea.

CUT TO:

EXT. IRISH SEA. NIGHT

A ship bounces up and down through waves across the Irish Sea. The lights of an oil rig shine in the distance. An Irish Coast Guard's helicopter flies over the ship.

CUT TO:

INT. COAST GUARD HELICOPTER. NIGHT

Helicopter pilot clips up the radio switch.

HELICOPTER PILOT

This is Coast Guard to Krakow,
this is Coast Guard to Krakow, do
you hear us, over.

CUT TO:

INT. ON THE BOARD OF A SHIP. NIGHT

A captain picks up the radio and speaks to a microphone. He speaks it with heavy Polish accent, has dark beard, beer belly and broad shoulders.

CAPTAIN

This is Krakow, we hear you,
over.

HELICOPTER PILOT

Have you seen any small fishing
boats nearby?

CAPTAIN

No, over. Weather is getting
heavy, they don't get this far.

HELICOPTER PILOT

We are searching for a terrorist
suspect, over. Anyone found
carrying extra passengers can be
forced to turn around and return
to harbour. Over.

CAPTAIN

We have nothing to report. Over.

HELICOPTER PILOT

Roger.

CUT TO:

EXT. STORMY SEA. NIGHT

Large shot as the helicopter speeds away.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP - ON THE DECK. NIGHT

The captain hands our protagonist, Peter O'Neill, a life-vest. He is dressed in dry suit and pulling up a spraydeck over his waist. Next to them there is a kayak and a paddle.

CAPTAIN

No offence. Personally I don't have anything against you. No hard feelings. I don't want you on board of my ship. If their force us to turn back we'll loose hell of a lot of money. Now you can proof to yourself that you are as good as you say.

A sailor gives Peter food, bottle of whisky and water. Peter looks at the men. Wind is blowing hard and the ship is bouncing up and down.

Peter packs the goods into the kayak and then slips into the kayak himself. He carefully ties the spray deck and looks at the captain and the sailor with scary eyes.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Good luck tough guy.

The sailor pushes the kayak overboard. Peter's kayak dives into ships back waves, flips upside down but after nervous few seconds, Peter makes a successful roll over turning his kayak upright. The captain waves at on board of the ship.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA. NIGHT

Peter's POV as he looks at the ship disappearing further and further away. Peter is a skilled paddler. He turns kayak's nose towards the oil rig's that illuminates in the far distance.

CUT TO:

INT. SHIP. SEA. NIGHT

The Captain, who has just spoken to radio, switches it off.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA. NIGHT

The Coast Guard helicopter returns flying low past the ship.

CUT TO:

EXT. IRISH SEA. NIGHT

Peter is battling in his kayak with waves and heading towards the oil rig. He sees the Coast Guard's helicopter searchlight beam scanning the ocean surface. It comes closer and closer to him until the searchlight's beam hits Peter, with intense bright light. The helicopter gets lower to the sea level.

A rescue swimmer jumps out of the chopper and into the water. He swims to Peter and turns his kayak around pulling him out of it under the water.

CUT TO:

EXT. IRISH SEA. NIGHT UNDERWATER

The whole picture turns into a giant canvass of water bubbles as Peter is getting pulled out of the kayak with force.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE, INTERROGATION CENTRE, .DAY

Special agents Smith and Collins come out for a smoke. The first time we see where we are. We are on a rocky small island. A lighthouse that several decades ago employed a family to keep it running is now full automatic. It is standing tall and looking majestic on bare rocks. Next to it there is a helicopter landing platform. Wind blows so hard that special agents Smith and Collins have difficult lighting up their cigarettes. A small rescue boat floats tied to a tiny wooden pier.

SMITH

His story doesn't make any sense.

COLLINS

No.

SMITH

At the Academy, we had a training course, they said everyone talks, we had to be in a room with a brick for four hours straight.

COLLINS

What kind of a brick, an Irish, dissident republican? Protestant? English, Arabian, American, Chinese, Russian?

SMITH

No, no a real brick on the table.

COLLINS

A real brick? What from the ground?

SMITH

No, a real brick, a man made.

COLLINS

Yeah, but what kind of? There are a lot of different types of bricks: grey, white, red, the ones with wholes inside.

SMITH

We had to sit with it on the table front of us, just sit there.

COLLINS

You had to interrogate a red brick, was it communist?

SMITH

I donno know. Red with holes inside. There it was on the table and they had cameras, monitors, you know, looking at us, watching us.

COLLINS

Well did it talk?

SMITH

No it was a red brick, the one with wholes in it, you know.

COLLINS

Everyone talks. They don't make good bricks in this country anymore.

SMITH

We were there sitting for five hours, doing nothing. Some guys cracked up. I mean...

COLLINS

They don't make them in this country anymore, they are bloody good bricks. It's all imported now.

SMITH

Sitting there five hours doing nothing, you just want to talk, but you can't, they want to test you. One guy cracked up, he just couldn't take that shit, he smashed the brick just freaking into pieces.

COLLINS

But he didn't talk, huh?

SMITH

What the brick?

COLLINS

No the guy. Everyone talks.

SMITH

No, they had to stitch his hand, he broke his little finger.

COLLINS

But he didn't talk? Everyone talks.

CUT TO:

....if You would like to read the rest of this story please free to contact us.....