

GEESE

No! PEOPLE, like CUSTOMERS. Why the hell would I want a business developer? I AM... a business!

The BEAUTY FADES AWAY leaving a dull DISMAL looking place. She LOSES her LIGHTNESS of heart and DEFENDS her value.

SOLANDRIA

Your sign says HELP WANTED. I was trying to HELP YOU. You could have a place WORTHY of a Renaissance.

GEESE

You're crazy. Help... AS IN washing dishes, bussing tables, sign twirling. THAT'S helpful, not this GARBAGE. No thanks, get out.

DISGUSTED and OFFENDED, Solandria begins leaving, BUT jolts around reactively to face him with sheer INTOLERANCE.

SOLANDRIA

The truth is... YOU don't REALLY want help or TO HELP. You spent all your years making BILLS instead of CHANGE... Suckling a machine tit that was BOUND to fail you. Now YOU LOST... TIME, MONEY... GONE... game over, nothing REAL remains. 10 million of you doing the exact same NOTHING. You don't CARE for help, therefore I won't help you. Enjoy your empty castle.

She LEAVES DISHEARTENED slamming the door. Feeling RAW, she arrives at a dense STREET with run down HOUSES. Waist high CHAIN LINK fences protect dead spotty grass and cement slabs.

EXT. DILAPIDATED FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

COLLA (87), a nice old woman, is in a rocking chair. Passing, Solandria makes EYE CONTACT being polite, while trying to hide lingering HURT from the past rejection and many like it.

COLLA

Dear! You shouldn't be out in this heat. It's very very bad for you.

SOLANDRIA

Oh, I'm fine, thank you. I LOVE heat and warmth... I feel my best in it... most myself.

COLLA

Well, the days are getting worse
you know, COULD BE the end.

Solandria STOPS and slowly approaches the gate with INTRIGUE.

SOLANDRIA

The end... of what??

COLLA

Life as we know it.

Solandria's ELATED by this subject matter so familiar to her.

SOLANDRIA

But that's great news... you see
it's only life... AS WE KNOW IT.

COLLA

Huh?-NO, no it's TERRIBLE news.
It's been getting worse for a very
LONG time. Everyday feels like the
FINAL END.

SOLANDRIA

But the END of ONE THING... is just
the beginning of ANOTHER. There's
potential everywhere! The future is
bright... Change IS coming.

COLLA

Ha, oh you are a dear! I'm TOO OLD
to hang to the silly dreams...
You'll grow out of them. We ALL do!

SOLANDRIA

(impassioned)

But you HAVE TO keep hope, for all
you know, tomorrow could be the
most amazing day of your life!
Things could change overnight!

COLLA

My love, you need to grow out of
that silliness. The sooner you
ACCEPT that it WON'T be, the more
heartbreak you save yourself. Take
it from a broken down old has-been
that has been. The sooner you STOP
believing silly dreams the better.
(pausing with sentiment)
You remind me very much of my sweet
granddaughter. Lovely dreamer too!

SOLANDRIA

Oh really! How old is your granddaughter?

COLLA

Well... her MOTHER wasn't born... a STILLborn dead when I gave birth... But I think her daughter's your age now!! Loveliest girl you NEVER saw!

SOLANDRIA

Oh my gosh!... I'm... so so sorry!

SOLANDRIA SHUTTERS realizing the depth of Colla's brokenness.

COLLA

Oh don't be! I've enjoyed my quiet home ever since... QUIET... not a SWEET child voice bothering me. The nursery's still the same perfect condition as 40 YEARS AGO... You SHOULD come in before the sun KILLS YOU too. I'll give you the tour of my daughters BRAND NEW room.

SOLANDRIA

(with a saddened empathy)

I'm sorry I can't help you... Thank you for the offer... I-I have a lot to explore, so much to build.

COLLA

You build?

SOLANDRIA

(trying to shift the mood)

Figuratively, there's a whole new world to build... Life'll be different someday. It'll be beautiful... you'll love it.

COLLA

Such a warming dream... Come in. It's... COLD inside. You can sleep in the NURSERY... just till my baby girl returns home from the hospital, she's due ANY moment now.

SOLANDRIA

I... have to go, I'm sorry I can't fill the EMPTY SPACE- But here...

Solandria removes a gold cupped FLOWER from her bag.

SOLANDRIA (CONT'D)

It's called a CUP OF GOLD. In honor of your dreams... the lost and the found. May your soul be whole again in this life... OR the next.

She hands it to COLLA as Colla smiles big.

COLLA

Thank you... How'd you know... SHE loves flowers?

SOLANDRIA

I'm sure your daughter loved- LOVES you very much. Even if you can't see her looking down.

Solandria GENTLY DEPARTS from Colla with head bowed.

COLLA

Goodbye, Lilly.

EXT. URBAN STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

SOLANDRIA feels SICK at her core from COLLA's ILL ENERGY. She stops to curb her URGE TO VOMIT breathing and SHAKING it off. The encounter is a REMINDER why her vision is SO VITAL.

RESTORED, RIPPLES OF LIGHT gently return. The street center melts to a RAISED PLATFORM with trees, grass, and gifting areas. Below is an ORNATE ROAD for cars. SIDEWALKS transform to curved sand PATHWAYS with stairs and bridges to platforms.

AHEAD is an AREA of dead lawns, fences, and dilapidated houses. Neglected YARDS transform to fruit tree GARDENS and public coves. HOUSES become lush ART and SCULPTURES.

She ARRIVES at the end of the block. Transformed properties BEHIND her FADE BACK into their worn and bland reality. AHEAD she glimpses the sparkling OCEAN UPLIFTING her TRANQUILITY.

CROSSFADE TO SOLANDRIA on the BEACH tossing SCHOOL PAPERS, SAGE, and purifying HERBS into a FIRE PIT. It's LIBERATING!

CROSSFADE TO SOLANDRIA playfully HOPPING on and off a STREET CURB. She LOOKS UP and stops in confused SHOCK and DISBELIEF.

SOLANDRIA

No fucking way! What the fa-?...

SHE SEES A SIDE ALLEY with tall BAMBOO and CUP OF GOLD vines. She FLIPS to her identical DRAWING of this alley she's never