

SOLANDRIA

I'll make you a deal... I won't let them break my voice, in exchange... YOU HAVE TO WRITE YOUR STORY for me to read. Write it for yourself and those on the verge of saying goodbye to sacred dreams. Talk with him.

He remains in SOMBER SILENCE. SHE leaves HUMBLED for his kindness, but WONDERS if HIS ADVISE is the reason she found him OR was she there to listen to his LOST PASSION?

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

SHE SOAKS IN the last of the ALLEY's serenity before reaching an UGLY MAIN STREET with deteriorated buildings, ugly signs, litter, and liqueur stores. She FINDS a SMALL shiny TRINKET.

With GLOWING SMILE, she CLOSES HER EYES and opens them reactivating her VISIONS of light. RIPPLES WASH over dirty beige APARTMENTS BUILDINGS: Lush PLANTS scale MURAL walls, FLOWERS line sidewalks and archways in a BOHEMIAN UTOPIA. With pure JOY, the TRANSFORMED CITY STREET pulsates glowing.

CRINDGE (O.S.)

That's right you bitch! You better not come back here, I'll beat your ass! Try and steal my shit, you'll never walk again you cunt!

STARTLED, Solandria turns sharply TO CRINDGE, a scarred crack addict at a crosswalk. The watery BEAUTY DRIES to UGLINESS. SOLANDRIA has FEARFUL DISCOMFORT, like a fish pulled from water DESPERATE to get back... Cringe talks to herself:

CRINDGE (CONT'D)

Nappy old bitch steal my shit! I'll kick'er in da'face knock out'er teeth!

CRINDGE sharply TURNS to HER with NASTY looking FACE turning to grotesque monster with PITCH BLACK EYES, no iris or white.

CRINDGE (CONT'D)

What the hell are you looking at!!!

TERRIFIED, Solandria's vision JOLTS AWAY like rapidly drying water. Crindge's face RETURNS BACK to the default expression.

SOLANDRIA

I'm sorry!!! I thought you were someone else! My bad!

Crindge cringes and crosses to the other side PISSED. Her chilling BLACK EYES are nothing SOLANDRIA's ever seen!

HARD CUT QUICK FLASH TO THE ALCHEMIST MASK IN THE BOOKSTORE.

Solandria's STARTLED, but the MASK feels PROTECTIVE against the EVIL EYES. The COMFORT brings a few lite RIPPLES back.

She reaches a FOR LEASE sign on an EMPTY STORE and writes the PH#, but crosses it out having no money. She stares LONGINGLY in. Petting the glass, A WATERY MIRRAGE pours on the window. Scratches fade away and harsh lights turn MULTICOLORED with a TROPICAL JUNGLE setting. SPIRITUAL NATURE music plays... A CAR HORN RUDELY interrupts passing behind her!

A-HOLE (O.S.)

Hey baby! Come sit on my lap, I'll
keep you warm and wet pussy!

The store JOLTS BACK to worn UGLY. The MASK vision FADES ON then OFF the glass. She TURNS AWAY feeling greater DEFEAT and RESENTMENT for the harassment. She looks through an adjacent CHAINLINK FENCE to a dead grass LOT of TRASH and WEEDS.

Seen through the fence's OTHER SIDE, SOLANDRIA'S FACE fills with TEARS of longing frustration. She speaks to her dream...

SOLANDRIA

I see you... the ALL of you.

The CHAINLINK FADES TO 50% transparency. She sees BLURRED architectural STRUCTURES and a joyous RENAISSANCE community. Outlines of people create and exchange with VITALITY. It OSCILLATES hazy FANTASY and hard REALITY, then stays reality.

She moves with HEAVINESS reaching a mysterious MASK SHOP. A SHADOWY window display contains elaborate glowing masks. A sign reads "MASKURA". She ENTERS in with hesitation.

As SHE OPENS the DOOR, the DARK room fills with DAYLIGHT. Old MASKS span world cultures over centuries. TRIBAL MUSIC plays.

MASKURA (72) is an eccentric tribal medicine WOMAN. She sits on the floor with her back turned to the door. She wears a mask and beats a hand drum in a SHAMANISTIC like CEREMONY.

MASKURA

Come on in. Don't be shy.

SOLANDRIA CLOSES the DOOR behind her, returning the place to dark. MASKURA finishes her ceremony, takes off her MASK without it being seen, and turns to FACE Solandria.