

A SPOTTED CATERPILLAR falls from a tree squirming to its feet. WE PAN UP from the ground. THE OMINOUS WOODS AHEAD are thicker and darker THAN the bright colors surrounding her.

She advances CAUTIOUSLY to subtle TRIBAL DRUMMING sounds. Trees become twisted, knotted, and dried. FACE shapes appear on tree knots. Deeper in, the light becomes heavy SHADOWS. Tree bodies GLOW DARK and muddled. The glow SWAYS on the NON-SWAYING solid bodies, moving still.

She's ENTANGLED in thorns with escalating PANIC. The PHYSICAL FADES to black with only swaying GLOWING TREE CHARACTERS.

Ahead, A TUNNEL of vibrant green vegetation is in sight. An ARCHWAY of lush leaves and beautiful GOLDEN LIGHT is shining.

SHE SLOWS ENTERING with arms open to WARM SUNLIGHT, her fingertips gently caressing leaves. Ahead, the sunny GREEN GRASS FIELD outside is normal WITHOUT the auric glow. She strolls toward a street with RELIEF. Relief DISSIPATES as...

She sees her plain HOUSE. OUTSIDE her FRONT DOOR with TENSE REPULSION, she uses eyedrops and perfume. She CAUTIOUSLY unlocks the door QUIETLY as if her life depends on it!

INT. SOLANDRIA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

She CREEPS UP the living room STAIRCASE TO her tiny BEDROOM. A small WINDOW is above the bed she SITS on. There's a baby picture, toy chest, stuffed bear, figurines, architectural drawings, and an empty collage frame with just her and a faceless man holding a spade shovel and a flower. She takes SOMETHING SMALL from her bear's mouth and PUTS IT IN her own. She flips through her WRITING BOOK and writes.

SOLANDRIA

ONCE UPON A TIME, a baby girl was born... eighteen years ago and a day from today. The girl began her years hidden in a perfect pristine place within the core of her soul.

The WALLS and ROOM pixelate SPINNING on axes to reveal growing VINE PLANTS. A colorful AURA BUBBLE surrounds her.

SOLANDRIA (V.O.)

From a world of perfection, in tune within a place of moving serenity, she found herself in a home SHE KNEW ever so well.

The PANELS dissolve to a multidimensional GARDEN of EDEN with an upside-down POND and STREAM. She picks a GLOWING FLOWER.

SOLANDRIA (V.O.)

But... as time proceeded, the
boundaries of her world grew past
the threshold of strangeness.

Her glowing FLOWER WILTS, as the FLOWER from ***The Faces Within***
cover GROWS in a black and white sphere. The garden colors
MUDDY as it folds into a DIRT ROAD and run down shops. The
street STRETCHES to the distance, the SKY'S PITCH BLACK.

SOLANDRIA (V.O.)

Somehow, the girl accidentally
wandered into lands not her own...
or perhaps it was THEY who had
wandered INTO HER.

STRANGE CHARACTERS twitch with morphed faces in slow mundane
tasks. A VERSION of COLLA waters a CLOTH swaddling she
cradles like a baby. A "CROGLING MAN" squats picking up mud.

SOLANDRIA (V.O.)

Within the eyes of DEFORMED SOULS,
she was a creature with eyes of
deformity. Her eyes tainted to
those trapped in faces from a world
of cloudy landscapes... They feared
the clarity buried deep within the
gaze of her soul.

The frightening CROGLING stands angry THROWING the MUD back
down like the man who picked up butts. He REPEATS this twice
then SHARPLY TURNS to SOLANDRIA.

SOLANDRIA (V.O.)

Her eyes were tainted to them for
their ability to pierce through...
the foggy, dull, morbid mist
encompassing the step of every
Crogling walk in every sigh wheeze.

SOLANDRIA's auric glow grows DIMMER, but still too bright.
She tries and fails to hide behind a SMALL DEAD TREE.

SOLANDRIA (V.O.)

She was the stranger to the
stranglings... an invader to their
reality. They wanted nothing she
saw or stood for.

Her BLURRY form GLOWS PAINFULLY UNBEARABLE to him. Agitated,
he WIPES the sight from his eyes ADVANCING aggressively. She
quickly CROUCHES turning into a ROCK SHELL. Her GLOW DIMS.