

CAPITANO

Your soul belongs to me, payment
for my greatness. You owe me all
your praise. SERVE IT.

The COLD WATER counteracts WARM BODIES causing SOLANDRIA to
open her eyes SEEING around. She returns to her CONGNITION.

SOLANDRIA

(with realization)

No.

The characters SEDATE her again momentarily WITH TOUCH.

CAPITANO

Yes... you are mine.

SHE NODS OFF, then jolts ALERT. She forcefully PUSHES them
INTO the water tearing off the IV tubes.

SOLANDRIA

No!! I am my OWN GRACE! Don't
disgrace it! You DON'T deserve it!

SHE heads to the door, water at her shoulders. Some WRITHE in
SENSUAL EMBRACE, others float DEAD having DROWNED. She PUSHES
HARD against the rushing water to outside with determination.

INT. ROCK ISLAND WITHIN THE MINES - NIGHT

CONFUSED, Solandria finds herself SHATTERING through a burnt
FRONT DOOR of her half-burnt HOUSE. Her WET wardrobe STEAMS
DRY from heat. THE HOUSE on a flat rock ISLAND is in a yellow
LAVA LAKE in a VOLCANO. The burnt WALLS have LARGE BURN HOLES
between ROOMS. Outside, a ROPE BRIDGE across is mostly GONE.

MR and MRS stare at HER with HATRED on their altered masks.
SOLANDRIA lets out an "Ah shit!" SIGH. After freeing herself,
SHE'S BACK with THEM AGAIN... MR looks at his POCKET WATCH.

MR

Well well... look who has finally
returned with our property. It's
thirteen O'Clock.

Unlike EARTH realm that smothered her fire, FIRE ACTIVATES
her. She's more conscious here, but not sure WHAT TO SAY:

SOLANDRIA

I... lost my track of time.

MR

What's new? Would of been nice if you let us know you would be late coming. Running away with OUR flesh-bag property. World's on fire, you know.

MRS STANDS in the KITCHEN, a CHAIR STUCK to her butt. SHE LOOKS at a PLATE with a large MAGNIFYING GLASS for CRUMBS that she EATS... SOLANDRIA searches a way off the island.

MRS

We've been scrummaging, waiting for you to help us put out the fire.

SOLANDRIA's ANNOYED they interrupted her figuring things out.

SOLANDRIA

I... didn't choose to be here. I just... got here... I'm eighteen, you know a woman of my own.

MR

Then you better start acting like it, dear WOMAN!... No matter, you stuck with us HERE NOW. You do what we say, we make the most of a mess.

IMPOSING EARTH REALITY pushes HER to forgetting. She fights to HOLD MEMORY. She eyes the BRIDGE, but sees it's DEADLY.

MRS

Where were you anyways?

SOLANDRIA

I went... to watch the world.

MRS

Why do you have to watch the world? We have plenty of things you can watch here. The MINES are burning.

MR

You don't need to waste time you don't even have, let alone earn. You're supposed to be out there slutting for OUR retirement. Now grab dirt and help with the house!

STRUGGLING, MR grabs DIRTY ASH on the ground and THROWS it on a SMOKING BEAM. He WAITS and SHAKES HIS HEAD disappointed.

SOLANDRIA's TWO COMPETING realities: The NARRATIVE STORY they force and her UNDERWORLD JOURNEY. They PULL HER to THE STORY.

SOLANDRIA

I was trying to get a job.

MR

(snappishly)

Oh, yeah. You're trying real HARD?

SOLANDRIA

Yes, I am! Wait... no... I WAS.

He chuckles and GOES TO EYE HER up and down trading ANGER for PERVERSION. He POKES her with his cane.

MR

Really, well there are plenty of POSITIONS you're very well capable of being in as we speak. So, why aren't you?

SOLANDRIA

(offended)

Why aren't I?

MRS LOOKS up with the magnifying glass over her eye showing ONLY eye sockets. MR drops LUST and returns to BITTER HATE.

MRS

Why aren't you?

MR

That's what I thought! You're becoming use-less around here.

Projecting WORRY, they BURY Solandria in heavy EARTHINESS. She's succumbing, forgetting truth, participating IN THE LIE.

SOLANDRIA

If you say so.

UNCOMFORTABLE, MR looks into the lava. He turns quick to her.

MR

I know so! What are you even doing with you body? Perfectly good thighs worth lots of money and you waste them walking to no where.

He TURNS to HISSES and SPITS on the LAVA. HER FIERY PASSION erupts within, as a LAVA GEYSER spurts up from the LAKE.

SOLANDRIA

I'm trying to improve this shit hole world! To build something you've never dreamed of!

MR pulls back AFRAID of the geyser. No one realizes the FIRE ERUPTING is her EMOTIONAL PASSION.

MR
(laughing hysterically)
That's a good one! You going to right it? What? Whatcha write?

SOLANDRIA
What ever I want!!

MR finds WATER to TOSSES in the lava. IT fails, so he tosses the GLASS in. BUMMED out, he breaks to HER waving his CANE.

MR
Ag! You think you're some kind of scholar, not even out of beauty school. What techniques you know? Maybe write your autobiography? I'm sure people'll really wana buy that shit! Paper don't sell, flesh does!

Solandria's FRUSTRATED her passionate OUTBURST didn't sway him. MRS CROUCHES DOWN looking for anything she can find.

MRS
You don't even do work around the house to help put out the fire or find food. How're you ever going to apply yourself to the real world.

MR WACKS a smoking wood beam of the house with a STICK.

MR
I could sure use her in the house 20 different ways, such waste. What have you made RIGHT? Our house still BURNS!

SOLANDRIA
I don't know... things.

HE's FRUSTRATED the beam still smokes.

MR
Tell me! Show me. Things are worse, nothing right here, MINE's on fire.

SHE contemplates to regain memory, but they making her HEAVY.

SOLANDRIA
I... I can'-I don't--

MR

--Nothing. You have nothing!

He WACKS HER ARM, she SHREEKS, he returns to POKING HER.

SOLANDRIA

Ow! Stop it!

MR

Most people go into hustling or
slicing, scavenging, anatomy,
torturing. Things you can eat with.
Things that will help US survive.

SOLANDRIA RETREATS in primal SURVIVAL mode to the top of THE STAIRS. He FOLLOWS to hit her, but THUDS the stairs instead.

MR (CONT'D)

And you, you close yourself up to
CRUELALITY. Not a single cell of
penetrating experience! You're
living in a well fantasy. It's time
you slept and smelled the fumes.
You MUST sell yourself for money,
it's called work!

SHE ENTERS her half-burnt ROOM locking the door. OUT OF BREATH, MR ACCEPTS his WEAKNESS and hobbles down to the LIVING ROOM. Looking down, SHE RECOGNIZES HIS frailness.

MR (CONT'D)

Open your pores to real strife. No
use pounding it in you. We need to
force it in. That's the solution?

SOLANDRIA'S SURPRISED by something in her hand. It's The FACES WITHIN book. She flips to a drawing of a PERSON glowing holding TWO FIRE ORBS. She READS TO HERSELF:

SOLANDRIA

"In the right HE held THE SUN with
the writing of the rays. In the
left SHE held THE CORE, the fire
that is within. Though the night
hides from day... the cold dark
crust could not contain the
pressure from... The FIRES WITHIN."

IN THE KITCHEN, MRS holds a METAL POT over her head turning it in circles. SOLANDRIA meditates like in the ILLUSTRATION.

MRS

How are we going to do that? It's useless, we tried that, Remember? No use trying to make her whore.

MR

Wipe that smirk off your face! I don't want that face on you when I'm talking to you, girl.

MR sees SOLANDRIA through a HOLE in the ceiling. She's lost fear of them; they're in HER ELEMENT. She speaks POWERFUL.

SOLANDRIA

What face?!

MR

Oh, don't play stupid. Those faces you always put on... always behind me staring in, wearing those... things. I don't have to feel them. They're disgusting. I've never known anything more pathetic.

SOLANDRIA

What are you babbling about fool?

MR

You pretend you can't hear me!

SOLANDRIA

I hear you fine. It's your tongue that's forked.

MR SEES MRS in the kitchen through a hole. Her HEAD's in the SINK looking with the magnifying glass, CHAIR on her butt.

MRS

(getting emotional)

Dear, we try to instill our morals, our experiences, our better judgment into you--

SOLANDRIA SEES MR waving his cane through her floor.

MR

--and you don't hear a single word or thought we lay upon you. It's hurtful!

MRS's HALF in a FOOD PANTRY; her legs kick off the ground. SHE TOSSES boxes and cans over her hunched back FRANTIC and fearful of STARVING. MR's FRANTIC as the house IS BURNING.

MRS
You ignore us like we don't exist!

MR
We set you up with room, food--

MRS
--suitable job--

MR
--and no gratitude for what we have
done for you--

MRS KNEELS down looking for crumbs in the items she tossed.

MRS
--or even try to do for you--

MR HURRIES outside to a BEAM that just caught FIRE. HE UNZIPS
his pants and PEES on the FLAME as it sizzles.

MR
--we send you away for private
lessons, one on one training with
lubricators on the top, at the
prestigious private positions. You
come back without a single bit of
penetrating adeptness in there.

He picks up a ROCK with great EFFORT while TALKING. He HURLS
it into the LAVA hoping it'll do something to stop the fire.

MR (CONT'D)
You don't have a single concept of
what is important to OUR survival
in this world on fire. The least
you can do for us is spread 'em!

SOLANDRIA sees MRS LOOKING UP with a METAL PAN TOP to SHADE
her head. Her MASK's in SHADOW, body LIT BY LAVA. SHE SLOWS.

MRS
Are you going to find some suitor
with pretty face to support us? OH,
that'd BE nice! We'll find a buyer.

MR helps MRS to her feet, but they FALL due to MR's WEAKNESS.

SOLANDRIA
I don't-

MR
You don't understand a single thing
about the world I live in.

They FINALLY get MRS to her feet. HE pulls the CHAIR OFF. MRS holds the TOP keeping FACE IN SHADOW fanning herself. Her MASK GLOWS SINISTER. Excited seeing it, MR fits a METAL bowl TILTED to the lava. With a FRYING PAN, his MASK GLOWS EVIL.

SOLANDRIA

(admitting)

No... I don't.

He's SHOCKED, as his franticness also SLOWS with METAL.

MR

(in a sinister tone)

Finally... you see.

SOLANDRIA regains her memories. SEEING THEM GLOW, she must AMPLIFY power. She starts to GLOW in brilliant VIOLET FIRE.

SOLANDRIA

I see... I see a lot of things, but you wouldn't understand a single one of them within your darkened blindness. You are just COLD CRUST.

MR

I understand you are lost to reality and BLIND to the truth!!!

SHE BURNS even brighter in FIERY PASSION igniting her SPIRIT.

SOLANDRIA

No! I SEE the FACES of TRUTH. I see every face, every mask that hides your insecurities. I see faces of fear below masks of hate. I see a shivering LITTLE BOY beyond your facade and a LITTLE GIRL with muted tongue. Faces of arrogance, masks of pride you wear to hide yourself. Never more... can you hide.

SHE CLOSES her EYES MOMENTARILY burning BLINDING bright.

MRS

She's burning! She's burning!!

(pointing at Solandria)

You!.. You started this fire. It was YOU the WHOLE time. You're to blame!

MR

CAGE her! Bind her mind NOW!