

DARK SOULS & DOLLAR BILLS

written by

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EXT: LEIGHT ST. DIRTY YARD & FACTORIES - DAY

Tip-toeing in at slow speed, we tilt down to capture the grittiness of our surroundings that form a dirt yard, consisting of jagged rocks, fractured glass, haunted buildings and deserted vehicles. Our energy begins to lag at the sight of death and decay surrounding us.

Capture cutaways for the locations of the homeless alike.

CUT TO:

EXT: CHURCH GATES, WYCOMBE TOWN CENTRE - MORNING

The morning consists of greyish-blue skies and balmy air. We zoom into the scene gradually, out of focus for a few moments allowing the colors of the subject and the surroundings to intermingle. As we regain focus, we are startled by the prison-like iron gates that stand overpowering us. The subject (AMBER, 20s) pauses with her face pressed into the bars, eyes forced shut and furrowed at the brows, replicating the suffering of a living nightmare. We feel the suffocation of being trapped within a vortex of systematic oppression. Moments later, her eyelids begin to flicker as if the nightmare is drawing to a close, within seconds her eyes are open, widening with shock. We freeze in an extreme close up of a beautiful soul imprisoned by the black clouds of darkness leaking from her sad eyes. The eyes begin to stream, closing and opening as the tears begin to flood.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT: DARK MIXING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

We struggle to focus on the glazed glass containing waves of a deep turquoise fluid, waves crashing from side to side in one small bottle. As we zoom out, our attention is struck by a label with Chinese writing, it reads: SOLUTION FOR ERADICATION. Zooming out even further, we focus on a beautifully elegant white hand, with long red oval-shaped nails and cocktail rings glistening back at us on the three middle fingers. The hand moves softly, caressing the bottle seductively, almost as if were as precious as human skin. She unfastens the lid and begins to fill the dropper.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT: HIGH STREET BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

We hesitate as the door to never-ending darkness creaks open leading us into a forgotten basement, accompanied by the ancient creaks and shrieks you'd expect to hear within an aged building. The musty scent of the past fills the air, where spiders webs and dirt occupy the majority of the space, grabbing our attention to the far side of the basement, we notice heaps of newspapers forming a handmade protection blanket. We travel even deeper, to reveal the shaved head of a sleeping woman. (AMBER, 20s) sleeps peacefully, wrapped up in fetal position amidst the harshest of circumstances.

AMBER begins to move, her tattooed arms emerge from the blanket of newspapers as stretches, releasing a nights worth of tension from sleeping on the cold, hard ground. She yawns, before grabbing the bridge of her nose and frowning in frustration at the oncoming of a migraine.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT: HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

A beautifully elegant oriental woman, lays in bed lavishing herself in comfort and luxuriously silky sheets dressed in a slinky nightie with her hair wrapped up in a towel. We watch in awe as she prepares herself with fine clothing and jewels, forming an immaculately groomed living goddess. She applies a spritz of perfume, tampering with an already made-up face and arranges an ensemble of sinister-looking items.

She's the epitome of an undeniably beautiful narcissist.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STREETS - AFTERNOON

We pause fixated on a pair of ice-blue cold eyes belonging to (X,LATE 20s) filled with sadness and despair that swiftly turns into a furrowed brow of self-pity and frustration, irritated by the ongoing state of vulnerability. We zoom out to reveal a wide shot of the subject, buried in the sinking concrete of a cold alleyway in torn and dirtied clothing. He shivers each time the wind hits, further sweeping his longish blond hair from side to side. Unexpectedly, a hand covered in red patent material reaches out to him with a bottle of water, the water appears to have a strange blue-tint to it, he accepts the supposedly kind gesture without question, eyeing it up and down and contemplating for a few moments, before smiling and placing his hand on his heart and gulps it down immediately.

After X has hungrily consumed the contents of the plastic bottle, he begins to shiver furiously and his vision becomes severely blurred. He smiles nervously, expecting the strange feelings to subside.

The hand appears once again, slowly from out of focus into focus and hands a bundle of cash with a small note in Chinese attached. It reads "AND GRATEFUL YOU ARE, YET ALL REWARDS REQUIRE SACRIFICIAL EXCHANGE." The hand reappears gesturing him away from the alleyway.

We capture from X's blurry point of view as he is led astray by a hand covered in red patent, staggering like a slave to an intoxicating alternate reality.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT./EXT. VANILLA POD CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

We capture a pair of beautifully patent high heels, pointed to perfection, gliding up to the elegant yet athletic legs that strut down the streets gracing the footwear. Gliding upwards, we capture every single detail of her glorious physique in awe of the way that she is just dressed to perfection. A black pencil dress hugging her gentle curves as her hips sway from side to side, her hands protected from the elements by leather gloves accompanied by a statement clutch purse. She (SASKIA,27) is groomed immaculately, glued to her cell phone and nodding in agreement whilst remaining masked by a huge pair of deathly black sunglasses.

She subtly lifts the glasses, piercing the room with short, sharp glances. She ensures the space is all clear before opening a large brown envelope. She carefully removes some documents that read back in Chinese as: "MASTERING ERADIX".

Suspicious of her surroundings, she removes the documents from the envelope whilst maintaining a stern gaze as she digests the copious amounts of information. She glances over to her watch and then up to notice that (THE HANDLER, 20s) has arrived. She gives him a short, sharp unspeakable look before shoving the documents back into the envelope and tosses them over to his waiting hand.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH STREET BASEMENT - NIGHT

AMBER paces up and down in frustration, rubbing her stomach and remaining her composure despite the debilitating hunger pangs.

Unable to cope with the feelings any longer, she roars out in pain, gesturing towards God to have mercy upon her, she direct her hands towards heaven and grabs her prayer beads, kissing the beads and clasping her hands together to deliver prayers of sadness.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

X's eyes remain wide open with shock, he is motionless and unable to move, dressed in a smart clean shirt and trousers. The side of his mouth reveals congealed dribbled of a bluish fluid and his mouth lazily hangs open.

Blue-hues flash into his eyes, almost like he is trapped within a hypnotic state with alterations being made to his conscious/subconscious.

The red hand reappears, swiping the elegant fingers across X's drooling mouth before guiding him away from the lights. X is placed down in a chair in a cold-looking room, his eyes remain wide completely lacking movement. A pair of red hands pour blue fluid from a dropper, rubbing the liquid between both hands and then make strange movements across his head, slowly running their fingers through his hair, mimicking the movements of snakes in the grass.

He begins to fall into a state of shock, his eyes begin to move and he panics whilst coughing roughly and trying to gasp for air. The red hands, quickly clasp his mouth shut before making a "close your mouth and be quiet" gesture. The eyes return to a state of shock and movement subsides. We capture the reappearance of the same hand, pushing X onto the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Red tints fill us with such alarm, as we focus on the shadows of a pair of legs relaxing without a care, crushing the hand of an unconscious X sprawled out onto the floor.

One leg moves to stretch, removing the heel from the hand and onto the face of X.

CUT TO:

## EXT. THE STREETS - DAYTIME

AMBER strolls around with a neutral face, hopeful that some good will come into her life today. She clasps hold of a small pouch in the hope of receiving money.

We focus on her poor and severely bruised hands, shaking the pouch as the coins bounce up and down in slow motion.

In slow motion, some gold coins land in her pouch, forcing her jaw to drop in total surprise.

Moments later, we watch in awe as she sprints down the street completely ecstatic with a few golden coins that will shortly disappear.

We alter the shots capturing close-ups of her beautiful smile, dancing mid shots and energized long shots.

CUT TO:

## INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Classical music is blaring away to itself as SASKIA indulges in her life of luxury. A creepy smile planted across her face as she lathers herself in luxurious scents within a golden bathtub. She pours herself some whisky and grabs a bundle of cash, counting the money she laughs furiously before tossing it aside and downing her drink. Her laughter barely subsides, as she kicks her legs in the air, in a strange state of bliss, revealing the same high heels from earlier.

CUT TO:

## EXT. THE STREETS - MORNING

AMBER is sat crossed-legged on the ground on a dull Monday, ignored by the swarms of people rushing through the town centre. She has a paper bag placed over her head, whilst her bruised and bloodied hands clasp onto a cardboard sign reading: "KEEP YOUR COINS, I WANT CHANGE" whilst her pouch remains empty.

As the swarms of passing people subsides and the daylight turns to dullness, she rids herself of the sign and sits still with folded arms as the emptiness lingers.

We capture the silhouette of a strange person approaching, disguised with a long, hooded black cloak.

Moments later the same hand covered with patent red leather reaches out towards AMBER with a few notes, replicating a hungry animal, AMBER goes to grab the money, but the hand pulls it away with a sharp and swift snatch. Emerging back into the frame, it gestures at AMBER to follow, she shakes her head furiously. In the darkness, her neck is grabbed as the paper bag is literally torn away from her gentle face. She struggles in a fight.

CUT TO:

EXT: THE CIRCLE OF STILLNESS - MOMENTS LATER

We are shocked to reveal an extreme close up of AMBER laying in a quiet parking lot, she lays motionless, her eyes wide open with shock, yet she cannot move a single muscle.

Surrounding her head, there is a mysterious puddle of turquoise fluid, replacing what should be blood, yet she remains unharmed without a wound in sight. She clasps an empty poison bottle, similar to the one seen at the beginning and clasps it to her chest.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT: HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Zooming from bottom to top, we reveals a man in smart evening wear and a woman's glorious legs with high-gloss patent stilettos.

The man appears to be "X" in the same evening wear, with a lipstick mark planted across his shirt collar, his shirt has been slightly unbuttoned and his gaze is fixated straight ahead, it would appear he is trapped within a state of shock.

Beside him appears AMBER, completely transformed unlike her usual self, elegantly seductive. To our surprise, she appears immaculately groomed, in fine clothing with a full face of glamour and freshly styled hair. Monarch butterflies remain perched on her face, as she also appears to be traumatized.

From their POV with capture a black screen which alternates between red/turquoise Chinese writing flashing on and off the screen that reads: "STREET PARASITES MUST BE ERADICATED" switching back and forth to imagery of monarch butterflies and back to the writing.

Time passes, before we notice a flickering of movement from the two of them, slowly their necks turn and they face each other, exchanging unconscious stares which quickly turn to that of a very chilling smile.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT: HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A strange tint of color to the room fills us with yet more confusion as we focus on a large and clear bottle. As we zoom in, we reveal the silhouette of SASKIA in slow motion.