



DUALISMA

WRITTEN BY
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Written by

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OVER BLACK

A gasp for air. The sound of a viscous liquid splashing and dripping. Something splats around.

Pull out from the black to reveal:

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

A nine-year-old boy with red hair, NOAH, lifts himself from a six inch puddle of black tar.

He grabs onto the cave floor, pulls himself from the mess.

His shoes come off, stuck in the tar.

Out of the pit, he peers back to watch the sludge swallow his shoes.

The cave is made of rough black rock. It's narrow with low-hanging stalactites.

Noah crawls toward the bluish light about twenty feet ahead around a curve.

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

Noah crawls out from the cave. Lifts himself to his feet. Peers out at the landscape.

His lips tremble as he peers around in shock.

A vast landscape of black rock with purple leafless trees. A blue object, maybe a moon, glows in the sky.

A white glow emanates from a black structure about a mile away. Hills and caverns between them.

Noah stumbles.

A purple vine slithers around his leg.

He reaches down, pulls to rip it off. He slips, his hands reach back, he hits the ground. He sits up, examines his scratched hand.

The vine slithers up his thigh. He reaches down, grabs it.

The vine retracts as if injured. Steam rises from spots of blood on the vine.

It pulls back into a hole in the ground.

Noah examines his hand. Curious. He smears blood between his finger and thumb.

He rises. Looks out at the structure with white light. Starts toward it.

EXT. LANDSCAPE - MONTAGE

- 1) Noah hops down from a large rock.
- 2) Noah climbs a small rock face. His foot slips. He panics, then catches his breath. Keeps climbing.
- 3) Noah climbs up from behind a ledge. White light shines on his face

EXT. CAVERN - NIGHT

Noah looks down at the edge of a 10 foot bottomless crack.

He checks the length, checks behind him. Only about 10 feet of running distance.

He walks as far back as he can, gears up. His nervous face glazed with sweat.

He cocks back, then bolts. Jumps.

He flies over the crack. His foot catches the edge, slips on some loose rock. He smashes against the side. He grabs at everything as his slips down into the crack.

His hand grips a big rock at the edge. He catches himself by one hand. He reaches up with the other. Tries to pull himself up. He struggles, but can't lift himself.

His head darts back and forth for anything to grab.

A vine creeps down over the edge, inches its way toward him.

He bits his lip, lets one hand go, reaches for the vine.

His hand is red with scratches. He touches the vine, it retracts from the blood.

He grabs onto the ledge.

The vine inches toward him again. Closer. Closer.

Noah shoots his hand out, grabs the vine. It squirms in his hand. It retracts up, pulls Noah with it. Noah smiles with relief.

Then, he stops halfway up the ledge.

Another vine grips onto his leg, pulls him down.

He reaches down to touch it. Too far. The other vine struggles to retract into its hole and pull him up.

He lifts the leg with the twisting vine, reaches his arm down. The vine inches up his leg. Then, his hand touches it. A sizzling noise as steam rises from the point of contact with the blood. It lets his leg go.

The vine in his hand pulls him the rest of the way up, then retracts into its hole.

He lays on the ground, catches his breath.

EXT. STRUCTURE - NIGHT

White light illuminated Noah as he approaches the stalactite structure. A large, jagged door leads to a bright room.

Noah steps in.

INT. STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS

Noah squints. His eyes adjust.

POV of the white light. A bright circle of white in the center of the black and purple rock structure.

Stalactites and stalagmites point toward it, as if it pulls them in.

A wind sweeps Noah's clothes and hair toward the light.

Noah steps toward it, slow.

He reaches out, to the circle. Touches it.

He pulls his hand back, examines it. The red scratches are healed, the blood cleaned.

Noah steps closer. Closer. His body is consumed with white light.

He crawls into the circle of white energy. It swallows him whole, then explodes.

SMASH TO:

OVER WHITE

A gasp for air. The sound of a viscous liquid splashing and dripping. Something splats around.

Pull out from the white to reveal:

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

Noah crawls out from the cave. Lifts himself to his feet. Peers out at the landscape.

His lips tremble as he peers around in shock.

A vast landscape of white rock with tan leafless trees. A yellow object, maybe a moon, glows in the sky.

A black glow emanates from a white structure about a mile away. Hills and caverns between them.

Fear comes over Noah's as the black glow reflects in his eyes.

FADE OUT.

THE END