

The Purple Lady

By

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INT. PURPLE ROOM

purple smoke cascades through trees in the night.

Titles.

EXT. CITY STREET NIGHT

the man pushes past the murky shadows under the glare of storefronts and signage. dark crowds, the camera moves past and lands on a man crossing the street.

The camera follows him from the opposing side of the darkly lit crowd on the side walk.

He pushes past a young woman with blond hair in a purple dress, knocks her without intention. He turns to see the back of the purple dress being lost into the crowd in a moment of slowing motion. He stops to look and picks up the strange bowling pin on the end of a necklace. The camera stops on him as the stream of people move past him. He holds his hand out to inspect the item, its strangeness causing him anxiety at what this could imply. The woman is gone and he takes the object with him, stepping on a dead pigeon as he walks down the street.

Cut to:

EXT. TRAIN CROSSING

A darkness crosses the alley at a high angle, hiding a triangle of thickly black. The camera follows him slowly, like the one that watched him from the street. He man begins to sweat profusely, having a strange and anxious reaction to the necklace in his pocket and having to remove his jacket; his shirt soaked in the yellowish sweat. A state of panic and obscurity strike from the darkness, not unlike what he has felt earlier.

Turning a corner he is met with a train track at a rural looking intersection that cuts through the city. The man has suddenly lost his equilibrium and understanding of his surroundings. What he notices first as shadows passing the walls of adjacent buildings form the image of four dark bodies edging towards him, two of them gripping heavy bowling pins.

Within a circling camera, he attempts to pass them eyes wide, stops in front of them. He attempts crashing through them but is thrown back. One of them is kicked onto his back by the man's struggling feet, but the camera continues

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circling as he regains his footing and continues. Bursts of silky music from an unknown source reverberate through the intersection.

The sound and warning lights of an incoming train begin to sound and drown out the sounds of the attack. They are dark, revealing only silhouette and short hair, black boots. cutting to a low angle up at they're hidden faces, breathing hard and hitting. A scalpel and staple gun are out efficiently, cutting to glimpses of the chrome tools glimmering.

As he struggles, one of the men steps in front of the light as a tall silhouette holding a bowling pin. THE MAN looks up at him as his limbs are held back. The figure slowly lifts the pin and swings. A train slices through the intersection.

cut immediately to:

EXT. LAWN DAY

There is a man in the center of the lawn covered by black robe-like suit. His head is white with a plaster-like powder. Watering his lawn and trimming the blooming flowers he speaks internally.

THE WHITE MAN

We've been meaning for contact. you
are what we need.

EXT. BACK ALLEY NIGHT

WIDE ANGLE OF THE MAN LYING IN THE EMPTY INTERSECTION.

The bowlers are gone. THE MAN sits up and looks around. He breathes sharply.

CLOSE UP: HIS HAND SLIDES UP HIS FACE AND TOUCHES THE SCAR ON HIS FOREHEAD.

MONTAGE: PURPLE SMOKE RUSHES PAST, FLASH OF THE SILVER KNIFE, THE CHROME STAPLE GUN, A DEAD PIGEON AND A CRASH OF BOWLING PINS.

The montage played over loud audio spikes and train wheels.

He turns over, his face covered by his left arm as he stumbles up, faltering stepping foreword. He holds his weeping forehead; the camera tracks back as he begins foreword. He walks in a circle to begin, then pushing foreword towards the camera. He is at a run now, slowly

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picking up pace to a sprint, the reflection of the light off the blood passing again and again off his forehead, his eyes wide and wild. The four are gone.

V.O MAN

I can now. I can see the Purple Lady.

INT. CITY RESTAURANT

The seller takes a sip of the milk shake and puts the cup back on the table slowly. In the background a bowler attempts at a strike, the bowling pins resembling that on the necklace.

There are two of them at the table, a larger older man in a large beige suit and a tall skinny man wearing sunglasses and a mechanic's uniform.

SELLER

need more time to get this shipment. its coming straight from the top, the boys in charge. the man *inside*. its the stuff we need, to really get things going on around here.

SCRATCHING MAN

Where's it coming from?

SELLER

it doesn't come in, its already here you see. it doesn't come in from anywhere, not a place. It comes through the sweat of those who have seen the purple. That's the real stuff. that stuff can't be bought.

flash of purple smoke slowly cascading through trees.

SCRATCHING MAN

i thought your work was selling.

SELLER

Like I said, I sell the residuals, I sell their sweat back to them.

SCRATCHING MAN

hmmm. (scratching his left arm)

Another bowler attempts a strike on a distant lane.

(CONTINUED)

SELLER

the sweat is still potent, sell the sweat of one user to the next. Its what really sells. and its this purple that we need to really get things going on around here.

the camera moves back from the table.

the MAN is standing at the back of the alley near the back entrance now making eye contact with the dealer at the table. The dealer looks for a moment, checks his watch and then beckons him over to the table. The other tables are empty and dark.

SELLER

take him for example, he's a real up and comer, a real go getter (slapping his shoulder and sending blood across the table and onto the SELLER's paper plate that rests a dead pigeon).

the dealer leans in close to the man's ear, whisper's a sentence and rubs the back of his neck. the man gets up.

SELLER

I'll be seeing you.

there is a pause as they look at each other, the scratching man clearly is not ready to leave. The seller slides an eye dropper filled with purple fluid across the table and the scratching man slips it into his pocket.

SELLER

This... should do the right trick.

he leaves and the camera follows him out of the room.

INT. WASHROOM NIGHT

Scratching man burst through the door and heads to the last open stall. Leaning against the metal divider, he takes the purple eye dropper out of his pocket and puts a drop in each eye. the editing during the preparation is quick but once he looks into the mirror at himself the camera hold a longer shot of him staring at himself.

the sound of young boy's voices is heard fading in. Suddenly he turns to his left and there is a flash of white light across his face as he stares leftward

cut to...

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET- DAY

A group of boys stand around in a clump in the middle of the street. One aims a pistol up at a telephone post, where a squirrel is sitting at the top. The boys surrounding BOY WITH PISTOL taunt him. Slurs like cum-rag and puss balls. BOY WITH PISTOL takes it, doesn't shoot the squirrel, instead moves HIS aim towards a pigeon. Some piss-poor french kids shoves BOY WITH PISTOL. His name is JAQUES.

BOY WITH PISTOL
(shouts)
Eat it JAQUES!

BOY WITH PISTOL re-aims at the squirrel. then aims back to the pigeon.

INSERT: BOY WITH PISTOL'S MOUTH

BOY WITH PISTOL
(mos)
Eat a dick, JAQUES.

BOY WITH PISTOL shoots the pigeon's leg. (none of which is shown on camera) It falls to the cement. The pigeon dies from sadness and the long fall to the cold ground. A whale noise is heard.

THE CAMERA LOWERS TO THE BOYS' SPEECHLESS FACES

PURPLE LADY
(o.s. with french accent)
Mon dieu!

An sweaty french lady in a purple bathrobe wobbles down the middle of the street in a hustle.

PURPLE LADY
(french accent)
Assasin! Assasin!

She's rude and inconsiderate The boys run except a few. SHE pushes herself into the boys' lives. SHE incorrectly judges them for what they are and continues to shout. THE BOY WITH A PISTOL turns towards her.

BOY WITH PISTOL
Eat a snake, whore!

PURPLE LADY
(French accent)
Mon Dieu!

The Boy with Pistol raises his pistol and a purple flame shines over the PURPLE LADY's face.

INT. PURPLE BATHROOM- DAY

The PURPLE LADY sits naked, sweating in purple bathwater, the water so purple it stains her body. SHE lies still for 30 seconds, and takes in the purple. A pigeon sits outside her window then without bringing her to hesitation a snake slips out of the bath water between her breasts. It curls through her body then slides down her mouth. A gun shot breaks her.

INT. HOUSE NIGHT

The man enters the room to find the DAUGHTER sitting watching television. He half hides behind the door. She slowly turns to him. She has the same face as the PURPLE LADY but instead, dark black hair.

DAUGHTER
where were you?

MAN
out. I went bowling. (I killed a
snake)

DAUGHTER
sure.

There is a slow zoom into the daughter on the couch cutting with a zoom in on the man. The television goes silent.

V.O MAN
I think she's... becoming
dangerous.

EXT. BACK ALLEY NIGHT

The same alley, the figure of the white man enters the wide shot, looking down at the spot where the lobotomy occurred. The wind picks up and a squirrel crosses the tracks.

INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

The daughter sleeps soundly, light from the street through the open window cast light across her right cheek.

cut to a wider angle to reveal the father, the scar across his forehead still drips quietly. He slinks, shaking, confused but purposeful. He pauses, looking back and forth from her to the window slowly. He reaches a hand out to touch the cheek.

He slowly lifts her silently from her bed and down low to the floor, struggling slightly with the immobile body. He moves her towards the window and then suddenly quickens as he forces her body out of the window. With a final push she falls. The shot remains on him as he crouches under the sill.

Cut to a shot of her lying on the ground, and slowly beginning to regain consciousness, limbs splayed out in an exaggerated manner. She turns to look up at the open window. Bring her body and concussed head up to her feet,

DAUGHTER
you asshole! You fucking snake!

Cut back to him sitting under the window sill, He chokes up and begins crying silently. she lumbers out of the driveway and down the street slowly, the camera following her.

EXT. APARTMENT

The camera moves towards the dark house with the front light creating a cone of white down over the front door. The daughter's heavy breathing comes in first, then a cut showing her coming from the darkness and up to the front door, limping and head twitching.

She bangs on the front door, muttering to herself. She pukes a black-purple substance into the bushes seconds before the door opens. The shot pans up to reveal the name Sunset House. The door patiently opens to reveal the WHITE MAN standing in the doorway, there is a pause as there is a cut to a wide shot of the front of the building.

DAUGHTER
I need help. I think he's...
becoming dangerous.

He pauses, then reaches back for something. He pulls out a pistol and slowly hands it to her. She looks up and they make eye contact.

INT. PURPLE BATHROOM- DAY

The old lady continues to soak it in.

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INT. HOUSE NIGHT

she returns to the father's house. the darkness is what meets her first. she holds her pistol close to the chest, rubbing on the trigger, the sweat is building in her. the house is an open mouth, in through the teeth of the front doors. the filth requiem. pod like latex bags writhe on the floor, the patients inside them, squirm and sweat. the daughter moves past them, her pacing quickens. interior fog. lights beam through the widows. she turns though a corridor and in the far room sits the father. he's got the mainline pumped full of purple and his belt around the arm just under the arm pit. his blood caked scar has crusted over the incision. He sighs and flings the belt off with enthusiasm.

MAN

thats just right where it needed to
be honey!

She points the pistol at him. His face changes to a more serious derangement.

MAN

For that? Please don't be ashamed
of your father. I assure you things
have changed. We're on the edge of
something big you know. Look at
whats being done. Have you ever
thought of everything synthesized
into one single signal, one
singular purple?

He slinks onto the floor and walks four footed to her feet. Her arms follow him forward, pistol cocked. His lizard tongue sticks out and pets her black shoe.

DAUGHTER

Please...

MAN

Oh stop it!!...

The gun fires.

his bloodied head over her shoe. She kicks it way.

she walks back through the hall and fires at the sacks with the writhing loving patients. blood pours out of the hole. she exits the house.

EXT. OAKILLE STREET - SUNRISE

She walks into the street with some blood spatter around her feet. she walks in to the middle of the road as the car that the camera is in rolls away revealing the hundreds of similar houses. the credits roll, after the credits end the car slows to reveal the scratching man on the curb, scratching.

[insert daughter voice-over]

the same whispering music fades in as she exits. purple.