

TURQUOISE DREAM

Written by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. TURQUOISE BEACH - EVENING

The sky is tinted in swirling shades of orange. The clouds drift apart slowly to unveil the secluded surrounding.

REVEAL: **NOCTURNE LUNE (27)**

An introspective and solitary soul who is also a bit of an escapist. She finds herself in the midst of a turquoise seashore. Her long and wavy hair is jet black. Her complexion is closest to coffee. Her eyes are brown like dark chocolate.

Awestruck by the serene beauty of the shore, she wanders through the beach alone without a soul in sight. Something seems to shimmer and reflect an almost blinding light over Nocturne's eyes. She shields them with her hand then walks toward the reflecting object.

Upon closer inspection, she realizes that it is an old and retro looking TV which has two shiny golden antennas on top, and various symbols that look like buttons. Six symbols to be exact. Strangely enough, a type of TV that is unlike any contraption she has ever encountered before.

The first symbol on the right hand panel of the TV is an icon of a shining sun. The second icon right below it is of a crescent moon. The bottom right hand corner of the TV panel has two icons. The former is a sprocket while the latter is what looks like a dream cloud. At the farthest left is the fifth symbol of a seashell and underneath it is the final symbol which can be best described as an icon of a wrench surrounded by a clock.

Nocturne cannot help but be curious although truly confused as what to make of it all. So, she goes to examine the apparatus further. She decides to sit down in front of the TV on the sandy grounds and look at the symbols closely.

NOCTURNE

Whoever invented this thing must  
have been on something for sure.

Something about the dream cloud calls out to her. She reaches in closer then presses the symbol quite impulsively. The dream cloud illuminates immediately as the TV turns on displaying static on screen with it's blaring loud noise.

Nocturne is startled and annoyed at the noise yet more curious than ever. She starts to look at the other symbols to figure out what they do.

She hovers her finger over the sun and the moon to feel the buttons but does not press any of them. She goes for the sprocket button to realize that it is a dial for the volume which makes a ticking sound when turned. She twists it anti-clockwise to turn it down to a bearable decibel but cannot mute the sound completely. Her eyes now fall on the seashell button on left panel of the TV. She goes to press it which makes it illuminate. The static TV screen quickly switches on to a new orange colored screen that displays a written prompt.

PARADISE PORTAL | PORTAIL DU PARADIS

All of a sudden, **TV PORTAL**, a female voice over speaks.

TV PORTAL (V.O.)  
 (in French)  
 Bonsoir Dreamer!  
 (subtitles: Good evening,  
 Dreamer!)  
 Welcome to your paradise portal.

The words appear typed up on screen as she speaks. Nocturne is surprised to hear another voice which now has her full attention. But she refrains from speaking at first.

TV PORTAL (V.O.)  
 (in French)  
 Est-ce que vous m'entendez?  
 (Subtitles: Do you hear me?)

NOCTURNE  
 (clears throat)  
 Ouais, mais je parle un peu  
 français.  
 (Subtitles: Yeah, but I  
 speak a little bit of  
 french.)

TV PORTAL (V.O.)  
 Would you rather I speak in your  
 native tongue, Bengali?

Nocturne is dumbfounded after hearing the voice detect her native language.

NOCTURNE  
 English is fine. Thanks. How do you  
 know of the languages I speak?

TV PORTAL (V.O.)  
 I'm afraid I cannot answer your  
 question.

NOCTURNE

(to herself)

Seems like a built-in voice  
assistant of some sort but...

TV PORTAL (V.O.)

Precisely. I'm here to guide you to  
the paradise realm.

NOCTURNE

Okay? How do I get to the paradise  
realm?

TV PORTAL (V.O.)

In order to access the paradise  
realm, all you have to do is answer  
a series of questions designed for  
you.

NOCTURNE

I'm listening. Ask away.

TV PORTAL (V.O.)

Do you believe in eternal  
soulmates?

NOCTURNE

(laughs)

Does it matter what I believe in?

TV PORTAL (V.O.)

As a matter of fact, it does. I can  
help you fulfill your utmost desire  
which can only be possible by  
accessing the paradise realm.

NOCTURNE

Is this some sort of a recruitment  
for a cult? And what is my utmost  
desire exactly? Enlighten me.

(in French)

S'il vous plaît.

(Subtitles: Please.)

TV PORTAL (V.O.)

(in French)

L'amour inconditionnel.

(subtitles: Unconditional  
love.)

Isn't that what you desire most?

Nocturne refrains from speaking again. The TV Portal takes a pause.

TV PORTAL (V.O.)  
And what about Soleil? Does that  
name mean something to you?

Nocturne is shocked to the core this time to hear the voice  
utter the name. She loses her composure.

NOCTURNE  
How the hell do you know about her?  
(looks around)  
Has someone been spying on me this  
whole time?

TV PORTAL (V.O.)  
If you want your answers, you must  
be patient and willing to answer  
the series of questions.

NOCTURNE  
What if I switch you off right now.  
What happens then?

TV PORTAL (V.O.)  
If you switch off now, you will  
never get to be with Soleil.

NOCTURNE  
What's that suppose to mean? Do you  
know where she is?

TV PORTAL (V.O.)  
That is a complex question that I  
cannot answer just yet. If you  
would like to locate her, I can  
help with that.

Nocturne takes a deep breath and straightens up.

NOCTURNE  
I'm all ears.

TV PORTAL (V.O.)  
Soleil is the one you desire most.  
Correct?

NOCTURNE  
That is one way to put it.

TV PORTAL (V.O.)  
I can comprehend how you must feel.  
But I must ask you again. Do you  
believe in eternal soulmates?

NOCTURNE  
Yes, I do. I always have.

TV PORTAL (V.O.)  
That is the precisely the answer I  
was in search for. Now I must  
deliver a message to you that you  
must remember by heart.

NOCTURNE  
Hold on, my memory isn't the best.

TV PORTAL (V.O.)  
Acknowledged. You can trust me to  
guide you ahead. Are you an  
auditory or visual learner?

NOCTURNE  
Definitely more of a visual  
learner. But-

TV PORTAL (V.O.)  
(interrupts)  
Understood. This is where I leave  
you. Please follow the written  
instructions ahead.

NOCTURNE  
Wait what?

TV PORTAL (V.O.)  
All the best! Over and out.

The TV Portal goes silent. Impatient and frustrated as hell,  
Nocturne gets up and starts walking away from the TV.

NOCTURNE  
I cannot believe this! What a  
complete waste of my time.

A new voice comes echoing out of the TV speakers. A voice  
that stops Nocturne on her tracks as it calls out her name.

SOLEIL (V.O.)  
(whispers)  
Nocturne.

She turns around in disbelief of the visuals on the TV screen  
transpiring before her eyes.

Nocturne unearths the existence of her own parallel incarnations spanning through epochs with her eternal soulmate. She begins to witness a prevue of their lifetimes.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

FADE IN:

REVEAL: **SOLEIL LUMIÈRE (35)**

The one who possesses exquisite beauty and grace that is almost celestial to the beholder. Her wavy blonde hair shines bright like long locks of gold. The shade of her skin resembles the custard in crème brûlée. Her eyes are hazel or amber at times depending on how it catches the light. She is quiet, elusive, and erudite. An ethereal empath and soul soother through and through. For Nocturne, she is paradise personified.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARADISE REALM - MYTHOS EPOCH - NIGHT

TITLES: KNIGHT + QUEEN {FABLE} [Circa 1751]

DISCOVER: **KNIGHT NOCTURNE (25)**

Queen's Guardian. Fearless. Loyal.

DISCOVER: **QUEEN SOLEIL (33)**

Matriarchal Ruler. Ethereal. Healer.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARADISE REALM - VOYAGE EPOCH - DAY

TITLES: SEAFARER + EXPLORER {TALE} [Circa 1839]

DISCOVER: **SEAFARER NOCTURNE (23)**

Sailor. Adventurer. Deep Sea Diver.

DISCOVER: **EXPLORER SOLEIL (31)**

Captain. Quest-Seeker. Storyteller.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARADISE REALM - VIRTUOSE EPOCH - NIGHT

TITLES: AUTEUR + PERCUSSIONIST {STORY} [Circa 1927]

DISCOVER: **AUTEUR NOCTURNE (24)**

Screenwriter. Editor. Visionary.

DISCOVER: **PERCUSSIONIST SOLEIL (32)**

Percussionist. Vocalist. Heart melter.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARADISE REALM - COSMOS EPOCH - DAY

TITLES: NAVIGATOR + ASTRONAUT {CHRONICLES} [Circa 3005]

DISCOVER: **NAVIGATOR NOC (32)**

DISCOVER: **ASTRONAUT SOL (40)**

Deep Space Expeditionaries. Aviatrices. Utopia pioneers.

FADE OUT.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. TURQUOISE BEACH - EVENING (CONTINUOUS)

The TV screen goes pitch dark for a moment. Nocturne is too stunned to speak after what she just saw with her own eyes. She patiently waits for what's to come next on the display.

PARADISE REALM = SUN + MOON + RESTORE CLOCK

Nocturne does her best to figure out the simple equation which seems to make complete sense to her now. She pushes the sun symbol first then the moon, and lastly the wrench clock. Each of the buttons illuminate into a bright warm light.

A verse quickly appears on the TV screen. Nocturne ponders on the written words for a moment wondering what to make of it.

NOCTURNE

(recites)

There are parallel realms  
Not yet explored  
Where exist eternal soulmates  
Spanning through epochs  
Entangled & intertwined  
By a transcendent bond

(MORE)



## NOCTURNE (CONT'D)

Unconditional love & lifetimes  
 Beware of the polar paradox  
 Shadows must loom & eclipse  
 Before rainbows & sunshine  
 Memories hold the key to time  
 Connection is all that reminds  
 A portal unbolted to their  
 paradise.

As soon as she finishes the verse, the TV screen suddenly casts a glowing projection of light across from where Nocturne stands. It forges an opening to the paradise realm through a portal in the middle of the seashore. A shimmering figure emerges out of the threshold. Before she knows it, Nocturne realizes that it is her eternal soulmate approaching.

Each step Soleil takes forward, she begins to embody all of her incarnations that morph and shimmer through. From the Queen to the Explorer to the Percussionist to the Astronaut, one by one, until the Soleil of this millennium epoch comes to the fore.

Nocturne freezes in place in absolute shock. She is forced to turn her gaze at her own self as she feels her body morphing into all of her own incarnations. From the Knight to the Seafarer to the Auteur to the Navigator, in a similar fashion through the epochs until she is whole.

## SOLEIL

(in French)

J'suis là.

(subtitles: I'm here.)

Soleil smiles and stretches her arms out. Nocturne's eyes well up with tears contemplating the depth of all her unfulfilled dreams of unconditional love that all of a sudden seem possible in that very instant.

Not wasting another second, Nocturne runs to her one true Soleil. But she falters as they inch closer to their embrace. Soleil rushes to catch Nocturne before they both fall to the sandy ground coming into contact for the first time in this epoch, and holding each other tight.

## SOLEIL (CONT'D)

Tell me something. What year is it?

## NOCTURNE

2017. Where were you all this time?

## SOLEIL

I wish I could answer that.  
 Speaking of time.

(MORE)

SOLEIL (CONT'D)

We don't have much. We have to make it out of here before dark. The portal gates close at sunset.

NOCTURNE

Holy shit. Where do we go from here?

SOLEIL

I can't say too much. But I promise you that you will be safe with me. Take my hand.

Nocturne obliges without hesitation and holds Soleil's hand.

Suddenly, the shore falls under attack. The **INTERRUPTORS** take over the atmosphere. Dark clouds begin to form and hover over the sun cloaking it slightly.

The TV Portal begins to malfunction while the display switches back and forth to static until it turns completely off. The portal closes and vanishes from view.

NOCTURNE

Now what?

SOLEIL

Do you have faith in me?

NOCTURNE

More than you could ever imagine.

Soleil holds on to Nocturne's hand a little tighter. They make a run for it together. They duck and dodge the attacks of the Interruptors surrounding them like bombs bursting in the sand creating showers of sand dust. They find a boulder to crouch behind while Soleil holds Nocturne close to her heart shielding her ears from all the explosions transpiring around them.

SOLEIL

Listen to me, Noc. Remember, in this realm, anything is possible when you are a dreamer.

NOCTURNE

Any vehicle out of here would do wonders for us right about now.

SOLEIL

(in French)

Exactement.

(subtitles: Exactly.)

(MORE)

SOLEIL (CONT'D)

I need you to picture a flying  
vessel out of here now.

Nocturne closes her eyes and searches within her soul to manifest an escape route out of the shore. As fate would have it, a hot air balloon quickly comes into view.

NOCTURNE

Wow...that actually worked?

SOLEIL

Not quite what I expected but it'll  
do. Let's go.

Nocturne and Soleil brace themselves and somehow manage to make it to the balloon. They quickly untie the ropes and jump right in taking flight into the sunset.

EXT. HOT AIR BALLOON - SUNSET

Nocturne takes refuge once again in Soleil's arms crouching down this time to not get spotted. A long moment passes up in the air with the setting sun while they remain in each other's embrace until the coast seems to be clear.

Nocturne looks up deep into Soleil's hazel eyes that starts to glisten a bit.

NOCTURNE

Hey, what's wrong?

SOLEIL

(shakes her head)  
I'm just content to be here with  
you in this moment.

NOCTURNE

So am I.

Nocturne's eyes fall on Soleil's lips. They inch closer to each other, their lips nearly touching.

The orange sky abruptly switches into the darkest shade imaginable as the **SHADOW LOOMERS** take the sky causing a total solar eclipse.

Soleil attempts to say something only to realize that she is losing her voice. Nocturne feels powerless.

NOCTURNE (CONT'D)

Soleil?

In an instant, Soleil evaporates into smoke and fades away consumed by the Shadow Loomers.

SOLEIL (V.O.)  
(whispers)  
Nocturne...

Nocturne is left all alone once again. Helpless and defeated.

The balloon begins to slowly disappear beneath her feet and before she knows it, Nocturne begins to fall from the sky headfirst.

EXT. LA BREA TARPITS (LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA)- DAY

Nocturne awakens short of breath from her slumber feeling completely disoriented until she realizes where she is. Her bleary eyes try to find their focus as she looks up to the blue sky above. The fluffy clouds drift apart this time to make way for the late afternoon sun.

SOLEIL  
(whispers)  
Nocturne.

Nocturne is shaken and somber at first, yet so relieved to see Soleil laying right next to her. Her hazel eyes catching an amber shade in the sunlight.

SOLEIL (CONT'D)  
J'suis là. Tu vas bien.  
(subtitles)  
I'm here. You're all right.

NOCTURNE  
I had the worst nightmare you could  
possibly imagine...

The sound of a distant clock keeps ticking away.

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION - PSYCH WARD - NIGHT

TITLES: Montréal, Quebec [Fall 2017]

Nocturne is sleeping in her room on a single hospital bed. Suddenly someone barges into the room and shines a light on her face as she jumps up awakened and terrified.

NIGHT STAFF  
Night checks.

Night Staff leaves and closes the door behind him. Nocturne lays back down visibly shaken.

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION - PSYCH WARD - DAY

Nocturne walks down the narrow and dreary corridor in circles. She notices an elderly patient looking a bit agitated as she talks to ANGRY NURSE.

ELDERLY PATIENT

Look I need to get my stuff, would you please open my locker now?

ANGRY NURSE

I told you. I am busy. You have to wait.

NOCTURNE

(to Elderly Patient)

What's wrong?

ELDERLY PATIENT

I've been asking her all morning. I'm cold and I want my scarf but they won't open my locker.

NOCTURNE

(to nurse)

Just open the locker for her.

ANGRY NURSE

Ms. Lune, I would advise you to go back to your room and not meddle in things that are not your business.

Nocturne gets triggered all of a sudden and blurts out.

NOCTURNE

(shouting)

Why can't you just do your job, huh? I mean what's the big problem?

Angry Nurse gets visibly threatened and motions to the staff room window next to her. Suddenly a whole bunch of nurses charge towards Nocturne followed by a female police officer. They grab her by both arms and drag her behind.

NOCTURNE (CONT'D)

(screaming)

What are you doing? Let me go!  
Bitches! Let me go!

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION - NOCTURNE'S ROOM - DAY

They drag Nocturne to her bed. She tries to fight her way out with all her might but without any luck. They forcefully lay her down clasp down roughly on both her arms and legs so she can't break free. Nocturne still resists. They pull out an injection.

NOCTURNE

(pleads)

No. No. Please, don't do this to me. Stop.

One of the nurses, KIND NURSE sees the agony in Nocturne's clouded eyes and starts to back out.

KIND NURSE

You know what? I can't do this.

ANGRY NURSE

Move. Let me do it.

Nocturne breaks down into tears. The nurses turn her around and inject into her buttocks. Nocturne's eyes blur out into darkness.

EXT. TURQUOISE BEACH - NIGHT

It's dark and deserted at the beach. Nothing but the waves swaying down to the shore. The TV comes into view. It turns on. A new interface appears on the TV screen.

WELCOME TO PARADISE REALM  
MYTHOS EPOCH {Circa 1751}  
VOYAGE EPOCH {Circa 1839}  
VIRTUOSE EPOCH {Circa 1927}  
COSMOS EPOCH {Circa 3005}

EXT. QUEEN'S CASTLE GROUNDS - NIGHT

TITLES: MYTHOS EPOCH [WINTER - QUEBEC] {Circa 1751}

Misty clouds are ready to brew up a snow storm through the wintry night.

INT. QUEEN'S CASTLE CHAMBER - NIGHT

QUEEN SOLEIL

(in French)

Reste avec moi un moment s'il vous plaît?

(MORE)

QUEEN SOLEIL (CONT'D)

(subtitles: Stay a moment with me,  
please?)

KNIGHT NOCTURNE

There is nothing in the world that  
would make me more content, your  
majesty. But I must stay on guard  
outside for your own protection.

QUEEN SOLEIL

It's getting colder by the minute.

KNIGHT NOCTURNE

Do you need me to fetch some more  
logs for the fireplace?

QUEEN SOLEIL

No, that will not be necessary.  
Wouldn't I be safer with you right  
here by my side? Or at least I will  
feel a little warmer.

Nocturne attempts to mask her smile artfully as ever. She  
bows down to Soleil and takes leave without answering the  
question.

EXT. QUEEN'S CASTLE GROUNDS - OUTPOST - NIGHT

Nocturne guards the gates to the Queen's chamber in the  
blizzard until it dissipates, and the night moon shines  
through. It even lingers in the sky to become a morning moon.  
A sight quite rarely anyone witnesses that is if they are not  
awake.

INT. QUEEN'S CASTLE CHAMBER - NIGHT

The dome of the Queen's chamber opens up to unveil a window  
through which the sky can be viewed with a giant telescope.

Soleil is the only other soul that lays awake awaiting a  
knock on the door from her true guardian. Just long enough to  
see that morning moon and sun coexist together in the same  
sky at the same time.

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION - PSYCH WARD - OFFICE - DAY

Nocturne comes in through the door. Overbearing and stern,  
DR. SAFARI sits across from her at the table.

DR. SAFARI

Ms.Lune, please take a seat. How have you been feeling lately?

NOCTURNE

Just peachy.

DR. SAFARI

I see. Would you say you are feeling rather up than down?

NOCTURNE

I don't know. You're the doctor. You tell me.

DR. SAFARI

I think we understand each other when I say that I am here to help you with the psychosis you have experienced for the past few weeks-

NOCTURNE

You mean month?

DR. SAFARI

If you would let me finish, Ms. Lune. Yes, you have been here for an entire month now. For the duration of which you have refused to take any medications.

NOCTURNE

I believe I have every right to refuse the meds that you want to prescribe that will very well make me into a dazed zombie like everyone else here.

DR. SAFARI

That is precisely why you are still here, Ms. Lune. I have reviewed your previous medical records sent over from Toronto. You were diagnosed with bipolar 1 disorder in the fall of 2015 when you suffered from your first manic episode. You were 25 then? Correct?

NOCTURNE

What's your point?



DR. SAFARI

You see, people with your condition don't usually suffer from a second manic episode for at least seven years from their first episode. While you have already experienced two episodes in the span of two years.

NOCTURNE

And?

DR. SAFARI

And...let me ask you this. Are you still harboring the delusions that you were being spied on by that actress. What was her name again?

Nocturne's eyes catch a darker shade and widens. She looks furious but keeps her composure somehow.

NOCTURNE

Her name is Soleil.

DR. SAFARI

Right. Soleil Lumière. So, do you still believe that she and her entourage were spying on you?

NOCTURNE

Oh, give me a break.

DR. SAFARI

Ms.Lune, I have been patient with you so far. But I would advise you not to take that tone with me.

NOCTURNE

Is that a threat? What are you going to do? Inject me some more.

Dr. Safari's face turns red with anger.

DR. SAFARI

If you continue to talk to me in that tone-

NOCTURNE

(interrupts)

You are so biased.

DR. SAFARI

That's it. This meeting is over.  
Clearly you are still quite fragile  
and unstable, Ms. Lune. And I  
refuse to discuss your case until  
you learn to behave in the way that  
is required of you. Keep in mind  
that you will be held here  
indefinitely because you continue  
to refuse medication.

Dr. Safari picks up his files and storms out of the room  
while Nocturne is left to contemplate her fate.

INT. SAILBOAT DECK - DAY

TITLES: VOYAGE EPOCH [MONSOON - BENGAL] {Circa 1839}

In the tropical land of rivers and ever-greenery. Soleil and  
Nocturne are sailing through the Bay of Bengal.

EXPLORER SOLEIL

We should arrange for deep sea  
diving more frequently.

SEAFARER NOCTURNE

You say that, Captain. But you  
seldom wish to do so.

EXPLORER SOLEIL

What can I say? I rather enjoy  
observing the entire process as you  
go deep into the water.

Rain starts drizzling all over the deck drenching Soleil and  
Nocturne. They soak it all in for a moment. Nocturne walks  
over to Soleil and grabs her by the waist pulling her closer.

SEAFARER NOCTURNE

What else do you enjoy, Captain?

Soleil's cheeks turn rosy as she puts her arm around  
Nocturne's neck then looks deep into her brown eyes. Nocturne  
slowly leans in for a kiss. Only Soleil acts demure this  
time. She pushes her away just in the nick of time.

EXPLORER SOLEIL

(in French)

La patience, ma chère. C'est une  
vertu.

(subtitles: Patience, my  
dear, is a virtue.)

Soleil walks away with a smirk to leave Nocturne yearning for more of her precious time and touch.

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION - PSYCH WARD - DAY

Nocturne is seated on her desk listening to music while she scribbles on her notebook. She is startled by a hand on her shoulder.

It's FLORENCE (30), a gentle and compassionate lady who is Nocturne's assigned nurse. Her hair is long and blonde just like Soleil's.

FLORENCE  
(in French)  
Désolé Nocturne.  
(subtitles: I'm sorry,  
Nocturne.)  
I didn't mean to scare you. How are  
you feeling today?

Nocturne catches her breath as she takes off her headphones.

NOCTURNE  
The usual, I guess.

FLORENCE  
You know, if you feel up to it, we  
can arrange walking privileges for  
you on the hospital grounds. In  
fact, the docteur would like to see  
you.

NOCTURNE  
But I would not like to see him. I  
want to be left alone, please.

FLORENCE  
I think it would be in your best  
interest to see Dr. Safari. It is  
your only way out of here. Think  
about it. The sooner you get  
better, the sooner you can attend  
your university again. Isn't that  
what you want?

Nocturne gets triggered all of a sudden and starts screaming at the top of her lungs.

## NOCTURNE

It's been over a month since I have  
been out in the sunshine, when you  
said I would be out of this  
Godforsaken place by now!

## FLORENCE

We have been over this, Nocturne.  
We are not the enemy here. You know  
I did not and could not promise you  
anything.

## NOCTURNE

That's the thing. Nobody keeps  
promises anymore anyway. There is  
no way out.

Nocturne puts her headphones back on and goes back to  
scribbling.

EXT. STREETS OF LOS ANGELES - SUNSET

TITLES: VIRTUOSE EPOCH [SPRING - CALIFORNIA] {Circa 1927}

Palm trees far and wide. Turquoise seashores and exquisite  
sunsets.

We see footsteps gliding down the pavement with a cane.  
Judging by their gate, one could be certain that it must be  
of a man. But by the flow of her long and wavy jet black hair  
in the breeze tells another tale. Just an old soul that  
chooses not to adhere to the status quo. So, she suits up all  
dashing just like a man, as she pleases.

INT. SPEAKEASY - BAR - NIGHT

The art deco of the speakeasy is impeccable beyond words.  
Auteur Nocturne walks right in and takes the hat off to  
reveal her face. Bartender notices her come in.

## BARTENDER

(shouts out)

Hey Turne! Back again. Wonder  
why?

Nocturne winks at him and walks straight towards the back.  
She opens a door to a little nook that is all decked out with  
a towering book shelf and a telescope pointing towards a  
circular window. There's even a spinet piano. She grabs the  
telescope and turns it upward. Then she goes to the piano and  
presses a few keys.

The bookshelves opens up like an elevator door to reveal the threshold to the steps of an underground auditorium.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Nocturne sits at the front row wide eyed as the violet stage curtains open. Big band jazz group takes the stage by a storm. Soleil is on the drums. She is exquisitely beautiful in every aspect of the word. Her entire being is scintillating and not simply on the outside.

Nocturne looks on mesmerized as her heart sinks deep into the depths of her soul at the very sight of her performing. Soleil makes eye contact and acknowledges her. All Nocturne can muster up is an involuntary spasm of the lips that attempts to smile. She smiles back at her endearingly. The crowd cheers on.

INT. BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Soleil bids farewell to her band mates for the night. She looks across the backstage to see Nocturne waiting around the corner. As soon as her band mates take leave. She runs to her and holds her tight.

AUTEUR NOCTURNE  
You were amazing. As ever.

PERCUSSIONIST SOLEIL  
Tu m'as manqué.  
(subtitles: I missed you.)

AUTEUR NOCTURNE  
Not as much as I missed you.

Soleil pulls Nocturne even closer and they kiss softly.

AUTEUR NOCTURNE (CONT'D)  
(catching her breath)  
What if someone sees us?

PERCUSSIONIST SOLEIL  
Let's get out of here.

INT. MENTAL INSTITUTION - NOCTURNE'S ROOM - DAY

NOCTURNE (V.O.)  
I have died a terrible death buried  
deep into the depths of darkness  
with no one to pull me higher or  
closer.

(MORE)

## NOCTURNE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I had to dig my way out and crawl  
out of the caverns for the lights  
to emanate. Still I fear the  
caverns will collapse into a  
quicksand but this time I need to  
be ready to pull myself from under  
the deep water because the mirage  
may persist but you can fight it  
till you see the horizon.

Nocturne writes away on her notebook as her favorite song  
blares from the headphones.

## INT. SPACECRAFT - GALAXY VIEW DECK - SUNRISE

TITLES: COSMOS EPOCH [AUTUMN - PLANET MIRAGE] {Circa 3005}

Nocturne and Soleil dance in unison on a revolving vinyl  
dance floor as music blasts from the deck sound system.

The planet they inhabit is a retro-futuristic utopia. No  
social or cultural barriers and hierarchies exist here. All  
external forces from the Interruptors to the Shadow Loomers  
are extinct. Harmony, peace and unity prevails.

## NAVIGATOR NOC

Look the sun is about to come up.

## ASTRONAUT SOL

(in French)

Mais j'suis là pour la lune.

(subtitles: I'm here for  
the moon though.)

Nocturne smiles and takes Soleil by the hand and they walk  
off the dance floor together. They head toward the window of  
the galaxy view deck where the giant orange ball of light can  
be viewed in all its glowing glory from a safe distance.

## NAVIGATOR NOC

Did you ever think that we would  
make it this far?

## ASTRONAUT SOL

I had no doubt on my mind.

## NAVIGATOR NOC

All I am is yours.

## ASTRONAUT SOL

We are eternal.

Soleil places a hand on Nocturne's cheek and kisses her on the forehead.

ASTRONAUT SOL (CONT'D)  
So, ready for our next expedition?

NAVIGATOR NOC  
You bet.

ASTRONAUT SOL  
Which epoch should we be revisiting this time?

NAVIGATOR NOC  
Surprise me.

Her eyes twinkle with anticipation.

EXT. PARADISE REALM - MILLENNIUM EPOCH - DAY

It's the golden hour on a crisp day. Nocturne walks down a trail of fallen autumn leaves hand in hand with the woman of her dreams while the waft of wind serenades their path. Soleil's sleek golden locks shimmer so brilliantly in the sunlight. Her hazel eyes deep like the turquoise ocean hypnotizes Nocturne into losing herself in them as always.