

The Journey of the Seeds Episode 27 The house on the lake

by

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EXT. MOSCOW - NIGHT CLUB

The music is playing. Everywhere around young guys and girls are dancing. Dasha (19, pretty blond) is standing in the corner, among her friends. She's in the good mood, relaxed, having fun. Tanya (20, Dasha's best friend) comes to her, drinking cocktail. Tanya looks back, at the opposite wall - Yuri is standing there.

TANYA
(with irritation)
This moron Yuri still can't take
his eyes of you.

Dasha keeps indifferent face.

DASHA
Really? Where? I can't see him.

Tanya nods to the direction where Yuri is standing. Dasha briefly looks there.

DASHA
Oh, indeed.

She avoids looking at his direction. Tanya gives Yuri another contemptuous look and turns back to Dasha.

TANYA
Wanna bet? I owe you a drink if he
dares to ask for a dance.

Dasha finally looks at Yuri and smiles to him.

DASHA
That's so silly.

Tanya grins.

TANYA
What? Don't tell me you want to
give him a chance...

Slow music starts playing. Dasha smiles and moves forward, gently pushing her friend aside. Tanya watches Dasha goes to the center of the dance floor and smiles. Then starts looking around for a couple for herself.

Dasha meanwhile is moving through the dance floor between the dancing people. She notices Yuri is also moving her way. Suddenly a figure in the jacket with hood appears in front of her. She recognizes him - it's her ex-boyfriend, Vladimir (also a DJ in the club). He looks right at her.

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DASHA

Vlad? What are you...?

He quickly and gently embraces her. She looks at him with great surprise and sees his eyes - she sees great despair and fear in them. Mortal fear. Before she realises all this, he kisses her, but Dasha manages to notice some red glowing around his head - or was it the game of the lights? She doesn't resist the kiss, she feels weak. It lasts only a few seconds, then she sees Vlad step back - his eyes are cold and indifferent to her. The glowing is no more. She watches him moving away, sees Yuri come to her - according to his face he didn't like what he saw. Dasha makes a step to him and... FADE OUT.

INT. FOREST

Dasha opens her eyes and finds herself in the dark forest. No sun is shining, the place is dark. No foliage on the trees, the sky is covered with grey clouds that seem not moving at all. Dasha looks around in fear.

DASHA

Where... am I..

Behind her, in 100 meters there is a wall of fog or mist. It has the color of dry blood, dark-red. The wall is moving to her. Once the trees are covered with fog, they disappear from Dasha's sight, like this red mist is consuming them. Dasha finds nothing better but to run away from the wall of fog. In 200-300 meters the forest ends and she sees the lake. And an old house near it. Dasha looks extremely surprised, because she recognizes the house and the lake - it is the house of her grandmother. But she remembers that it was situated in a village, but there's no other houses around. She hesitates now. She hears a distant noise behind, like a crowd of people is whispering somewhere far. She looks back and sees that the wall of the red fog is higher than the trees now and as wide as the eye can see. Dasha runs to the house, the fog is chasing her. While running on the shore of the lake, she notices that fog has covered a part of it already and the surface of the lake is going with bubbles now, like something rises from the deep. Dasha freezes at the door of the house, with growing fear looking at the water. But still, enters the house without waiting what's coming out of the lake.

INT. HOUSE - CORRIDOR

Dasha closes the door and breathes out. She looks around and with surprise understands that everything here is familiar to her. She makes a few steps forward and enters the hall.

INT. HOUSE - HALL

Dasha slowly enters the room. Pictures on the wall. Old furniture. Sofa, chairs and bookshelves. Small table in the middle. She approaches. She sees her childish toys, her cloth, she used to wear many years ago. She sees the photo of her family, made 15 years ago. Father, mother, grandmother and Dasha. She takes it and looks at it for a long time. Her lips are moving, as if she's trying to say something, but doesn't know what exactly. She's ready to cry. Strange noise behind the window. Dasha carefully puts the photo on the table and goes to the window. She looks at it - beyond it there is a red whirlwind, nothing else can be seen. Dasha, hypnotised, continues looking and the voices of many appears in her head again. It is indistinguishable what they're talking. Dasha still watches at the red whirlwind. She can see that some silhouettes appear and gone in it. The voices become louder. Dasha falls on her knees, puts hands on her ears and starts singing a random melody that came to her head. The voices fade. Dasha stands and sings for some time, until she understands that there's only her voice. She opens her eyes - no red storm she sees in the window. The lake, the forest. She stands up, looks around. A few steps - she hears noise again, but it is different this time. It's coming somewhere from the second floor. Dasha goes to the stair. She stands on the stair and sees the closed door, and the music can be heard behind that door - the same music played in club. Dasha makes a step to the door. Someone knocks at the front door from outside. Dasha freezes. She looks at the door and makes another step up.

GRANDMOTHER

(very silently)

Dasha...

Dasha stops. She recognises the voice - it's her old grandmother that died 7 years ago. She hesitates.

GRANDMOTHER

Open the door... let me in...

Dasha becomes angry. She come to the closed front door and stands in front of it now.

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DASHA

Let you in? Who are you?

GRANDMOTHER

It's me, you old granny. Have you forgotten me and this place?

DASHA

(nervously)

You died! It's not real! All of it!

GRANDMOTHER

Of course it is not real. But death... death is different here. It is still me.

DASHA

(breathes out, nearly cries)

Where am I? Why are you here?

Pause.

GRANDMOTHER

It's... complicated, you know. Think of it as a bad dream. Remember bad dreams? I used to tell you fairytails to calm you down. Some many years have passed...

Dasha can't hold herself - she comes to the nearest window, removes the curtain and looks at the porch. She sees no red mist or whirlwind, only her old grandmother on the porch. She's standing there with effort, but is smiling, as she used to. Dasha is shocked (positively). She comes to the door.

DASHA

Why are you here, granny?

GRANDMOTHER

I'm here only to help you get out of this place, you know it, Dasha. Please... let me help you.

Music from the second floor becomes louder but only for a second, then fades away completely. Dasha opens the door. Her granny is standing there, looking at her and smiling. She makes a step inside. Dasha rushes to her and embraces.

DASHA

Granny... i missed you so much. I missed...

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Dasha cries on her chest, grandmother stands still. She puts her hand on Dasha's head.

GRANDMOTHER

Sh... it's all fine, my dear. It's almost over. We've done here.

Dasha cries louder. Some noise makes her rise her crying face. She sees the red fog spreads from the grandmother in all directions. Like this old woman is the source of it. Everything the fog touches, changes. The walls, the floor, the furniture. Dasha, in shock, makes a step back and keeps looking on the changes. The village house turns into something that reminds palace of XIX century. Dasha's things in hall turns into expensive jewelery, dresses, old books. Her photo is now a portrait of a beautiful woman with a scar on half of her face, that makes her look cruel and ugly, in some way. Dasha turn to granny in shock.

DASHA

What...

Granny's face stats changing. IN a few moments, Dasha looks at the women from the picture. She looks at Dasha with a little sorrow in her eyes.

VERONIQUE

As i said, it's over.

The waves of red fog rushes to Dasha and start climbing her from the feet. She watches in horror how she dissapears, piece by piece in it. At the same time the choir of voice in her head becomes louder and louder, until completely fills her. She's no more.

EXT. MOSCOW - NIGHT CLUB

Yuri goes among dancing couples. Suddenly, before he reaches Dasha, one of them dances in front of him. He walks them around and sees Dasha. But she's standing with the Guest. He embraces her and kisses. Yuri freezes. For a second, he sees that the red glowing now is around the heads of them both. He feels anger and dissapointment. But he moves forward. He comes to them and pushes the hooded man away from Dasha, does it rough.

YURI

Sorry, lady's dancing with me.

He looks at Dasha's eyes, she looks back and smiles. She's like just being awakened. She recognizes Yuri, so steps to the side from the hooded man. Still, Yuri is unable to see

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the face beneath the hood. But the glowing returns. The guest turns around and goes. Yuri wants to follow him, but feels someone gently takes his hand.

VERONIQUE

Yuri, right? Wanna dance?

Short pause. Yuri hesitates.

YURI

Sure.

They dance.