

THE DARKSIDE

ACTS I/II/III

Written by

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DRAFT ONE

FOR THE IMPACT

EXT. HUSTLING SEASIDE CITY STREET - DAY (MOVING)

CACOPHONY of street noise: horns, bells, dogs barking.
Through it a WHOOSH of wind, the RUMBLE of skateboard wheels.

Dodging the crowd, we pass a BUSINESSMAN, MOTHER and CHILD, a
COUPLE and a STRAY DOG. It becomes clear we're tailing pert
buttocks in denim shorts walking briskly just ahead.

RAMÓN (O.S.)

LUIZ! LUIZ! Eyes on the prize,
Fuckwit!

The outline of a mobile phone through the denim pocket.

LUIZ, Skateboard Pickpocket (12ish) green tee-shirt, zooms
along, skateboard an extension of himself nods to teen
gangleader RAMÓN, green shirt, skateboarding nearby. Luiz
speeds up, passes a pretty GIRL, owner of the butt.

EXT. THE CORNER, OFF THE MAIN DRAG - DAY

Luiz glances about, watchful. Runs his fingers over the
phone, checks for damage, unlocks it in a few taps. Scrolls
through, plays a video. His eyes widen. Plays it again.

EXT. HUSTLING SEASIDE CITY STREET - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Luiz hurtles along. THUNDERING in his ears reflects his fear.

Sunlight beams onto faces in the crowd: fearful Businessman;
weeping Mother dragging her child; Couple locked in a
desperate embrace. The dog, ears flat, WHIMPERING.

A foot blocks his skateboard. Luiz stumbles, jumps off mid-
run. Ramón flips Luiz' board. Tucks it under his arm.

RAMÓN

Don't EVER do that again, Luiz, you
piece of dog shit!

Luiz hands over the phone.

LUIZ

I wasn't gonna to keep it. There's
something big going down, Ramón.
It's all over the net, man. I --

RAMON

Remember, I OWN you! Without me you
got no future.

Ramon glides away, casually pocketing the phone. Luiz runs after him but on the skateboard Ramon is much faster.

LUIZ

Ramon! Give me back my board. I need my board, Man. Please!

EXT. HUSTLING CITY STREET - DAY

Luiz races through narrow streets, sweating, heart POUNDING. He squints up through the city haze at the jammed roads, junkyards. The far away high-rises. Everything a blur.

EXT. BEAT-UP NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Luiz runs into a deserted square. Stops. Backs into a dark alley. RAMON'S GANG cross the square with a huge looted TV. Luiz spies his skateboard discarded in rubble.

Luiz skates down the alley. Shutters SLAM shut as he passes.

EXT. LEAFY, RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBOURHOOD - DAY

Luiz rides the lip of the curb down a deserted street. The WHOOSH and RUMBLE of the skateboard obliterate all sound. A CAR speeds out of nowhere. The skateboard flies in the air, slams to the ground. Luiz rolls in the gutter, crying, clutching his leg.

EXT. DESERTED BUSINESS NEIGHBOURHOOD - DAY

Luiz slides, grinds and flips on his damaged board - every trick he knows to gain speed - across curbs, slopes and steps. The sky darkens.

EXT/INT. HIGH RISE TOWER BLOCK - DAY

In half-light, the skateboard lies upside down (the dark-side), wheels spinning by an iron fire door.

In obvious pain, Luiz races up the stairs, floor by floor; passing the sounds of WAILING, SHOUTING, DOGS BARKING.

INT. APARTMENT DOOR, TENEMENT TOWER BLOCK - DAY

Luiz kicks the door open. A rush of WIND and he's knocked over by his dog MANO who leaps at him YELPING and wagging. Luiz buries his face in Mano's fur.

