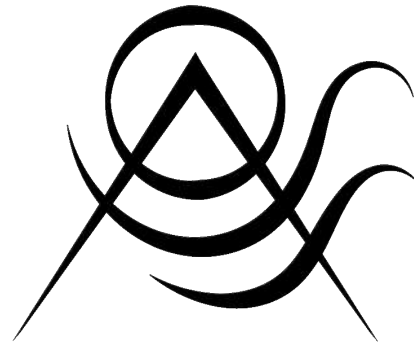


*Inspired by real events.*

## **ASTRAL PLANE**

STORYBOARD  
Written by

Catarina De Cèzanne



## 1. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

### 1.1 TOP SHOT - Full shot to Medium - ZOOM IN (slowly)

XANA (Alexandra, in the 20s) sleeps deeply.

CAR HEADLIGHTS filter in through the opened windows and scan her entire body at diagonal angles. The cars outside SOUND LIKE WAVES passing by as she is slowly erased from the world. Her lips pronounce inaudible words.



### 1.2 WIDE - FRONTAL - STATIC

XANA'S BODY LIFTS SLOWLY, ELEVATING IN PARALLEL ANGLE WITH THE CEILING, AND SEPARATING ITSELF FROM HER PHYSICAL BODY THAT REMAINS ON THE BED. It's like seeing twins, where one of them is transparent. This is her Astral Body.

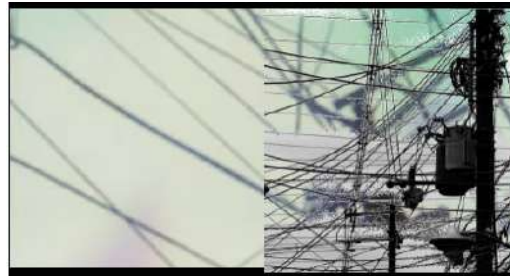


**CUT TO BLACK + TITLE**

## 2. EXT. STREET - SUNSET

### 2.1 Medium - Low Angle - Static

Birds fly away near city wires, antennas and post lights. THE ELECTRICITY SOUND ECHOES THROUGH THE STREETS, in a monotone.



### 2.2 ESTABLISHING SHOT, EXT WIDE - FRONTAL - STATIC

Dozens of windows are scattered across perfectly geometrical buildings, in the poor suburbs. Everything is dirty and rusted. The sound of electricity matches...



### 3. INT. BEDROOM - SUNSET

#### 3.1 CU ear - STATIC

Xana's sound earring device. She can't hear from her RIGHT ear. She then puts on the HEADPHONES.



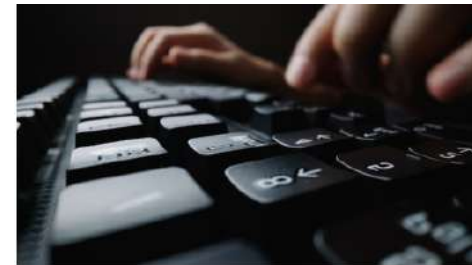
#### 3.2 Medium - Eye Level - Static

She is sitting at her desk, still in a night dress behind TWO PC SCREENS. The COMPUTER FAN sounds as old as her apartment.



#### 3.3 CU KEYBOARD - STATIC

Xana pauses the SONG and moves to the other screen, that shows an online video. She plays it:



#### 3.4 CU PC Screen > Xana Reflection - Static, RACK FOCUS

##### 3.4.1 TRACKING LEFT TO RIGHT > Next SCREEN

INSERT - SCREEN. Soundwaves blocks on a timeline are moved in a Music SOFTWARE. Her penetrating gaze is reflected on the screen. She's a MUSIC COMPOSER.



INSERT - VIDEO: A MAN (40s) talking directly at...**us**.

MAN

Everything we know that exists, light, sound... Everything we see, feel and think is a collapse of some vibrational wave functions. Everything is made by frequencies of invisible strings. Life is like a hologram. And that hologram we call reality is roughly only 5 per cent of what truly exists. This means that ninety-five per cent is... *something else*:



### 3.5 CUTAWAYS.

#### 3.5.1 CU - STATIC

Smoke comes from a mug with ORANGE TEA.

#### 3.5.2 Wide - Static

The bedroom is a mess of wires,

3.4.3 **Medium** music posters and decorated with philosophical and cosmic themes. Her obsession.

#### 3.5.3 Medium CU

There's a phone charger adapter UK-EU on the floor.

3.5.5 **Medium** There are three mirrors, an Orchidea in the corner and a world map with the sentence:

*"Be a true traveller. Don't be a temporary tourist."*

#### 3.6 Medium - PROFILE, SHOULDER LEVEL - STATIC

The bell RINGS twice and she leaves the bedroom.



### 3.7 MCU - Ground Level - TRACKING

The camera tracks the barefoot from the desk to the door.



### 4. INT. ENTRANCE - CONTINUES

#### 4.1 EXT CU GLASSES - STATIC

Xana opens the door and sees herself mirrored in the glasses of a middle-aged DELIVERY MAN. He's silent and apathetic. She looks down and sees a WHITE BOX in his hands, with a specific symbol—a mix of science with esoterism.



#### 4.2 EXT CU BOX - TILT DOWN (slowly)

MAN (O.S.) CONT'D

--Each cubic metre of empty space contains energy: A world we are not aware of. A world we cannot see.--  
but what if we could reach those worlds?...  
It was already proved that in the micro-world, Particles can travel and be in one dimension, or many, at the same time. Studies show they change when they're observed... by us! Conscious beings. Our mind exists as a field connected with the entire world.



#### 4.3 REACTION SHOT - EXT CU FRONTAL - STATIC

She accepts it



#### 4.4 LONG SHOT - DUTCH ¾ SIDE - STATIC

and the Delivery Man retreats.

She comes back to the bedroom.



## 5. INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUES

### 5.1 MCU GROUND LEVEL - TRACKING

THE DOOR CLOSES and she returns to the bedroom.

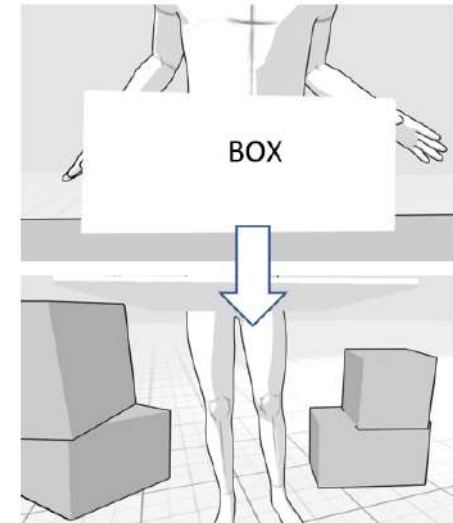


### 5.2 MCU BOX - FRONTAL - TILT DOWN

She lands the box on the desk, next to the computer screen that showcases the video of this MAN still talking.

MAN (O.S.) CONT'D

Life-awareness is perhaps a side effect of accumulated entropy; - a byproduct of Evolution! Some beings have evolved a way to control the entropic dimension of consciousness and not just experience it! Here you'll learn to do that, to be awakened, expand yourself and reach those unknown worlds.



### 5.3 CU - FAKE P.O.V. HIGH ANGLE - HANDY CAM

She starts unboxing. On the floor next to her, there are TWELVE MORE OPENED BOXES. This is not her first time.

Xana finds the CD in the box and a DIARY. Half of the pages were already written with different calligraphies, different languages, different people and dates. No signatures. They're all anonymous.



The last item on that box is an empty package with a new address. Then looks at the man behind the screen.

#### 5.4 CU PHOTOGRAPH - FAKE P.O.V. - RACK FOCUS

She looks at an old PHOTO of herself and a FRIEND MARIO on the desk. Mario in the photo has a necklace with the SYMBOL.



#### 5.5 MEDIUM INSERT - SCREEN

MAN

Now, listen. This video will disappear from the internet in four hours. If you're one of the lucky ones, you may already receive a CD with the next exercises, and the group's diary.

You must then send it to its new recipient. May our astral paths cross again.

The video turns off by itself. Disappearing from the web..



#### 5.6 CU - HANDY CAM

VOICEMAIL

(in Portuguese)

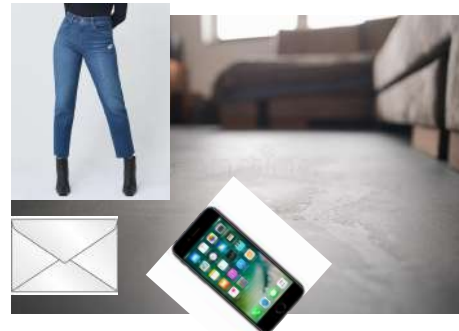
Your call has been forward to an automatic voicemail..



#### 5.7 FLOOR ANGLE - CU CELLPHONE + ENVELOP - STATIC

Xana throws the phone to the floor in pure anger.

Xana takes an ENVELOP with the same symbol from below the door. "THE NTC FOUNDATION".



**5.8 MEDIUM - FRONTAL ¾ - STATIC**

She looks through the window and sees

**5.9 WIDE HIGH ANGLE - P.O.V. - STATIC**

a man staring with dark clothes hidden below a hood. He leaves and reveals the symbol on his back. It is a cult.

**5.10 CU CANDLES + DIARY - LOW ANGLE - STATIC**

Xana lights a few candles. On her nightstand, she has the DIARY and a paper with steps: She risks "Light Candles".

INSERT PAPER - "DAY 42. - incense"; "get rid of all possessions"; "lay down"; "play the CD".

**5.11 TOP SHOT - FRONTAL - ZOOM IN (VERY SLOW)**

Xana *lies* on the bed with her phone on speaker, speaking in Portuguese.

CARLA (O.S.)

(on speaker)

It's a shot in the dark, you should focus on your career while you're there, Xana.

XANA

What for? They say the world is full of opportunities. Unpaid 6-month full-time opportunities paid training, no contract jobs. Too old, too experienced. We're in the gap, Carla. I guess they are so "open" to all gender equality bullshit, and all races, they forgot to mention that we needed to be rich too!



**6. EXT. TERRACE - DUSK**

**6.1 CU Flames - FAKE P.O.V.**

Xana burns her diplomas and certificates.

**6.2 MEDIUM - BACK - STATIC**

**7. INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUES**

**5.11 TOP SHOT - FRONTAL - ZOOM IN (VERY SLOW)**

XANA (CONT'D)

Portugal has that curse, only for the locals,  
not the tourists. Y'know, the curse that came  
from the old imperialists. - Stagnation,  
conformity, the one step forward two steps  
back, saudade...

(sighs)

It's like we're asleep. Reality is a  
hologram.

CARLA (O.S.)

We invented the Caravela, ATM, via verde.

XANA

(laughs)

Apparently, we're good at paying stuff but  
not at making money.

(serious)

The country survives on tourist pensions... It is a place you  
go to die...

Xana remains in silence, then looks to her phone that was OFF this whole time.



XANA

Carla?

**7.1 Medium - FRONTAL, HIGH ANGLE - HANDY CAM TRACK HER EYES**

Xana gets up and slowly turns back to see HERSELF on the bed. Her feet do not touch the ground.

CARLA (O.S.)  
(defragmented)

...Hello?

**7.1.1 Focus on PHONE**

The phone remains off,

**7.1.2 MCU - FRONTAL - TRACKING**

she takes off her earring device. The sound echoes strangely in this reality, with no source.

CARLA (O.S.)

...That day the fucking chimney fell from the building and I have to pay for the damage to my car and the court expenses on top of it!

CARLA (O.S.) CONT'D

The law is not made for the citizens, it's made for the institutions! It's like we don't even exist.

Xana is stressed. The sound grows more distorted, her voice is still in this conversation but her body is elsewhere.

XANA (O.S.)

If thoughts could be materialized through visualization, then TV would be a control mechanism for a repetitive



reality. Thousands of subconsciouses thinking and feeling the same News at the same time. We're not informed, we are inuring to chaos. It's addictive. We see it, we want it, we attract it...

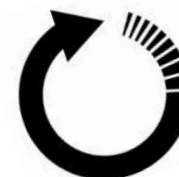
### 7.1.3 MCU - Circle TRAV (follow her eyes)

She faces a mirror and sees herself facing the opposite direction, back from her.



### 7.1.4 MCU - TRAV BACK TO XANA > THEN AWAY INTO HER P.V.O

Then turns away from the mirror and the whole room is different.--



## 8. INT. BEDROOM - UNKNOWN (DIFFERENT DIMENSION)

### 8.1 P.O.V - ONE SEQUENCE SHOT - HANDY CAM

--Her physical body is on the bed.

She notices her hands. They're transparent like her body.

Tries to touch a pen on the table, but it repels away.

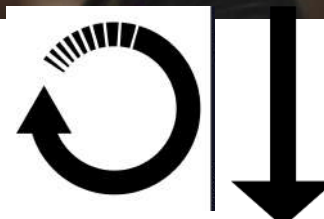
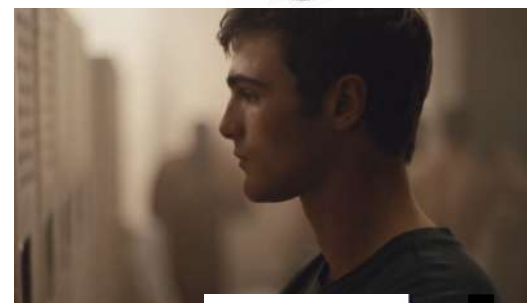
She looks around. SOUNDS are more intense.

*THE COMPUTER SOUNDS ALIVE.*

The colour on the paintings resonates with a specific sound.

She looks through the window and sees **A TRAIN FLYING AWAY IN THE STARLIGHT SKY.** She's amazed.

A page of this screenplay is on the floor.



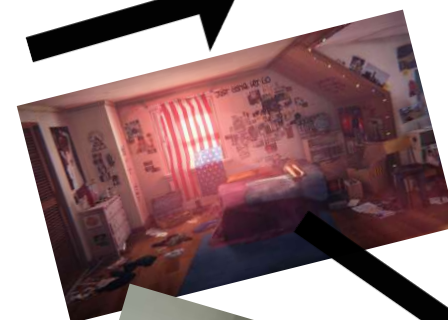
*Her shadow moves apart from her body...*

**CAMERA MOVES LEFT-DOWN (DUTCH ANGLE)**

**9. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**9.1 MEDIUM - PROFILE. DUTCH ANGLE MOV LEFT TO RIGHT - TRACKING**

Xana wakes up, excited. The CD from the Box is still playing a meditation sound. Xana looks like she came from a carousel, with a smile that translates «I did it! I finally made it!»



## 10. INT. BEDROOM - DAY

### 10.1 CU PAPERS - PROFILE - STATIC

The window is open. The wind blows the DIARY and papers fly out of it to the floor.



### 10.2 Medium - PROFILE, SHOULDER LEVEL - STATIC (same as 3.6)

Xana is working on her music software, her daily job and notices it. She gets up to close the window, accidentally unplugging the headphones. Her music plays loud.



### 10.3 FULL SHOT - STATIC

She dances a little and then picks up the papers. As she passes her hand on them she hears WHISPERS.



### 10.4 EXT CU - FLOOR ANGLE - STATIC

The ink on the paper lifts to the surface of her skin. Like when the skin is bristly, or our hair goes up with static. The WHISPERS go louder as moves her hand on top of the pages.

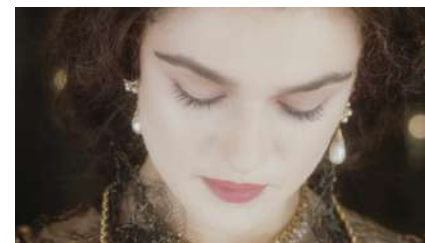


**10.6 MCU. REACTION SHOT - STATIC**

She smiles.

**10.7 - CU**

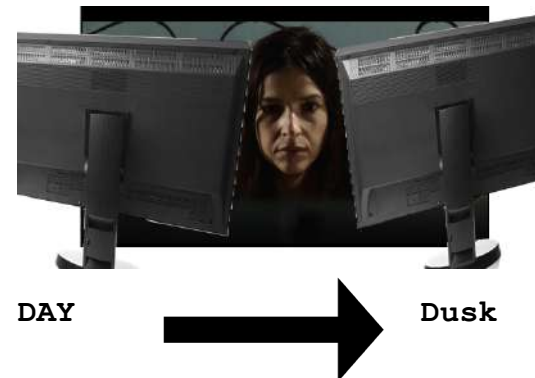
INSERT - CD is inserted into the computer.

**10.8 Medium - FRONTAL - TRAV**

Xana seats at her desk and mixes both the meditation CD and her music on the same soundtrack.

**SUBLIMINAL CUT (PC screen shadow)**

**DAY BECOMES NIGHT.**

**10.9 CU PAPERS - LOW ANGLE - STATIC / RACK FOCUS**

She passes her hand on the papers with eyes wide shut.

VOICES ON PAPER

(female voice)

It was amazing, I could spy on everyone and be anywhere!

(Mario's voice)

I saw another filthy brand. This is like another venue for them to promote themselves



for money. It was supposed to be a secret, that's why I don't sign my name. I know you'll find me.

#### 10.10 CU PHOTO

Xana looks at the PHOTO of her friend. She recognized him.



#### 11. INT. BEDROOM - UNKNOWN (DIFFERENT DIMENSION)

##### 11. 1 CU Hand



##### 11.2 CU Eye



##### 11.3 LONG SHOT - FRONTAL - STATIC LIGHT CHANGES.

Xana, in her astral-projected body, gets up from the bed..

Bulbs turn **on** and **off** as she passes.



##### 11.4 MCU - FRONTAL - MOVES CLOSER

She gets closer to her ORCHIDEA on the corner. The plant seems to be screaming inside, in a very high tone. Xana retreats.



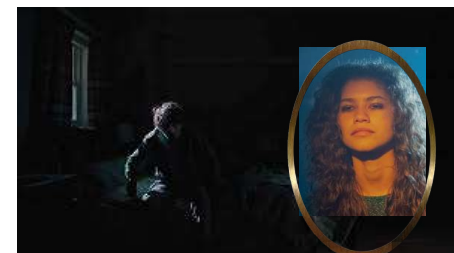
### 11.5 MCU WALL - FRONTAL - STATIC

A hole of darkness spreads across the wall, like a stain.



### 11.6 LONG SHOT - FRONTAL - HANDY CAM (FAKE P.O.V.)

In the opposite corner of the bedroom, there's an OLD WOMAN, sitting on her chair. She's looking down.



Xana approaches. The OLD WOMAN COUGHS repeatedly.

XANA

Grandma?!

**We can see both Xana and Grandmother. Xana is visible in a mirror.**

The old woman looks at her, confirming. She then frowns.

XANA (O.S.)

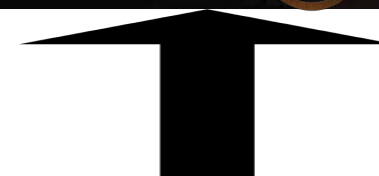
I'll bring you some water!

The older woman shakes her head and turns her eyes away... she is not looking at Xana, she's terrified looking at something *else*...

The Old Woman gestures at Xana, "go away".

Something else is behind her. She hears **IT**.

***Fear invades her eyes...***



Xana turns her head, slowly.  
Then she sees it...

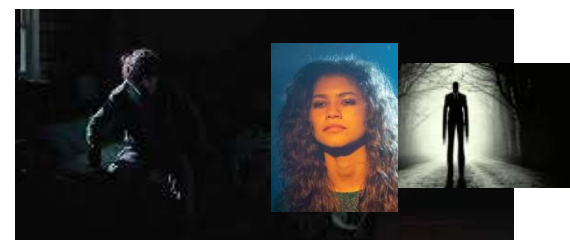
**11.6.1 P.O.V - TRAVELING RIGHT TO LEFT  
A HORRIFYING CREATURE,**

As tall and skinny as slender man, stares at them from the  
*vast darkness.*

in the mirror: Xana closes her eyes and breaths heavily. Anxiety grows.

XANA  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9...

She moves back and accidentally topples the tea on the desk.



**12. INT. BEDROOM - RAINY NIGHT**

It rains.

**12.1 MEDIUM - PROFILE - STATIC**

Xana wakes up, in panic. Her hearing device makes a LOUD and SHARP sound.

WHISPERS (O.S.)  
*They want your body.*



She removes it immediately like it was a spider.

Then turns on the LIGHT on the nightstand, next to the DIARY.  
Her bedroom seems normal now.

Her eyes carry an ocean of questions and heavy thoughts.

### 12.2 CU CELLPHONE + DIARY - RACK FOCUS

INSERT. DIARY OPENED ON PAGE 21:

*"Do NOT look at them in the eyes! Do not invite them in."*

Her CELLPHONE RINGS.

She looks at the phone.

The phone is not ringing. Xana is confused.

The sound stops. Then it rings again. This time, in real life.

### 12.3 MCU - FRONTAL - STATIC

Xana accepts the call.

XANA

Dad?

FATHER (O.S.)

Xana... it's your grandmother.

Xana puts the phone down and LEAVES.



**13. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAYS LATER)**

**13.1 LONG SHOT - PROFILE - STATIC**

Xana enters wearing funeral clothes and a sorrowful gaze.

She turns on the light and then spots the empty space in the room, where the old woman, her grandmother, once was. She walks there and touches the air of that emptiness.

Then she turns to the window.



**14. EXT. STREET (THROUGH THE WINDOW) - CONTINUES**

**14.1 MEDIUM - FAKE P.O.V. - TILT DOWN**

Rays of sunset light penetrate the branches. Autumn leaves fly away, dancing in the air until it falls...

...Down to the busy road and CITIZENS and *DARK TALL CREATURES*, starring motionless amongst the crowd. Feeding upon their souls. Xana is the only one who can see them, from the window.



**15. INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUES**

**15.1 REACTION SHOT - MEDIUM LONG SHOT - STATIC**

She reacts to what she sees.

The same DARK CREATURE is behind Xana.

THE COMPUTER TURNS ON BY ITSELF.

The MUSIC SOFTWARE plays hEr S0nG **BaCkWaRdS.- sDrAwKcAb**

Her hearing device WHISPERS loudly. She removes it but the sounds are still there.



She closes her eyes, terrified.

XANA  
1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,11,12,13,14.

**THE CREATURE** *behind her*

*IT OPENS ITS LARGEMOUTH, LIKE A BLACK HOLE.*

**15.2 MEDIUM - BACK/FRONTAL - HANDY CAM (SHAKING)**

Xana turns her head to the creature, slowly...

Xana OPENS HER EYES.

**15.3 MEDIUM OF CREATURE - FRONTAL - STATIC**

And the creature ***engulfs her...***

... and ***us.***

THE END



**CUT TO BLACK**