

Black Sand - A Sandman Story

Written by

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Based on characters created by

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1 SUPER: "A dream itself is but a shadow." - William 1
Shakespeare

FADE IN:

Only a bed is visible with a young man, RICHIE (22), sleeping on it in a fetal position. We are high above the bed, looking down. Pitch black surrounds him. As we slowly move in, the room around him begins to appear.

2 INT. RICHIE'S SQUAT. DAWN. 2

Richie sleeps on a stain ridden mattress, elevated from the floor by two wooden palettes. The floor beneath him is cold, damp concrete, while the walls show off their old worn out bricks.

A beam of sun light illuminates the room. His possessions are positioned across the room in a loose attempt to make this a home. But he obviously doesn't own much.

Slowly Richie wakes. His vision is blurry. He blinks his eyes multiple times to regain focus. He turns over, trying to go back to sleep.

But he can't. Richie becomes restless, constantly fidgeting with his legs and his head position on the pillow. But it's too late. He's awake now.

Obviously tired, he sits up on his bed, leaning his back against the wall.

He notices his hands are shaking a little, so he rubs them together, trying to make them stop. But it's no use. It's the craving.

He reaches across to his backpack, finds a little zipper case inside and takes it out.

When he opens it, it reveals a charred spoon, a tiny plastic bag with some white powder, a glass straw, lighter, and a few other things.

He's freebasing cocaine.

Frustrated, Richie inspects the baggie. It's almost empty. He puts it back for a moment and stares at it. He rubs his fingers, trying to stop himself.

CUT TO:

3 INT. RICHIE'S SQUAT. CONTINUOUS 3

He smokes the coke. As the high hits him, he leans back, relaxing, enjoying the hit as much as he can. He closes his eyes, and he falls into a daze. All his sorrows disappear. As he closes his eyes, he begins to dream.

Everything around him turns black again for a moment, until...

4 EXT. PARK. DAY. (DREAM) 4

He's leaning against a tree, as he opens his eyes. But his vision is quite blurry and distorted. Flashes keep appearing, preventing him from seeing very clearly.

Richie looks over to his right and barely sees a family having a picnic in the distance. He waves at them. But the moment he does, they disappear. He looks back down at himself and sees that he's sitting in his bed.

The dream is gone.

5 INT. RICHIE'S SQUAT. CONTINUOUS 5

He still sits there, and barely any time has passed at all. He looks at his baggie. It's now empty.

Richie picks up his mobile phone, which has a slightly cracked display. He scrolls down and taps onto a contact. It's his parents number. Fingers shaking, he's about to tap it.

But he can't do it. As he switches off the display, he catches a reflection of his face on the cracked display. After a moment, he puts the phone away.

He leans his head back against the wall, and keeps staring straight ahead.

6 EXT. PAVEMENT. DAY 6

Richie walks down the street, hands in his pockets, headphones in his ears. We hear the music as its playing. He's listening to "Maceo Plex - Conjure Dreams."

A woman dressed in black trousers and black top, with black hair and black eye liner walks towards him. She looks like a goth. He slows down and finds himself staring at her as she approaches. She's beautiful. She winks and smiles at him as she walks past, but he doesn't know how to react.

Richie keeps walking, but as he turns around to look at her again, she's gone.

He stops in his tracks, takes his headphones out, and looks around to see where she went. But there's no sign of her.

Not sure what to make of it, he keeps walking.

7 EXT. SKATE PARK. DAY.

7

Richie enters a park and spots his friend MARKO (21) in the distance. Marko is on his BMX, when he spots Richie too. As Richie gets close, they warmly embrace.

8 EXT. SKATE PARK. LATER.

8

Richie and Marko sit on the concrete. Marko's bike is upside down, resting on the saddle and handle bars. He's adjusting the spokes on his bike, while Richie takes a drag from a joint.

MARKO

I'm telling you, it was big!
Massive. Had tentacles and
everything! Kept reaching for me,
and I kept tryin to kick it off.
Fuckin' scary shit. Really didn't
need that.

Richie was barely listening.

Marko looks over at him for a moment, and then reaches for the joint. Richie hands it over.

RICHIE

I haven't dreamt anything since I
was little.

MARKO

(as he inhales)
No shit?

Richie shakes his head. After Marko gives a long exhale he turns his attention back to his bike.

RICHIE

Yeah. I do see things though sometimes. And when I take a hit, it's always me looking over at my parents in a park.

(he looks over)

And I wave at 'em, but they don't notice, and I just stay there, and watch them. And then it's over.

While talking, Richie passed the joint back to Marko. However, Marko seems a bit disappointed in the story.

MARKO

That's it? That's a shit dream man. At least mine had tentacles.

(beat)

When'd you see your parents last?

Richie looks over at him for a moment and decides to change the subject.

RICHIE

Hey, you seen Sally 'round?

MARKO

You're out, huh?

Richie nods.

MARKO (CONT'D)

She's at her flat. But I wouldn't go there. She's gotten proper fucked. Never seen her look like that.

Marko hands the joint back to Richie.

RICHIE

Like what?

MARKO

Fuck. Not good man. I went over cause I heard she had some new shit. "

(MORE)

MARKO (CONT'D)

Make your dreams come true" shit
she kept sayin. But she ain't
sharin' or sellin' it anyway.

RICHIE

(smiling)

She ain't sharin with you man,
cause you're a greedy twat.

MARKO

Ha! Fuck off.

Marko cracks a smile, but snatches the joint out of Richie's
hands and gets up.

MARKO (CONT'D)

Seriously though man. Go see Jezza
or someone else. She's fucked.

Marko hops back on his bike and leaves Richie sitting there
on his own.

9 EXT. APARTMENT BLOCKS. DAY.

9

Richie sits on a small brick wall, near some apartment
buildings. His hands are shaking. The craving is really
getting to him.

He can't take it anymore. He gets up and goes.

10 EXT. ALLEY WAY. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING. DAY.

10

Richie walks down an alley way. He finds a metal staircase.
He makes his way down and finds himself in front of a big
steel door.

Richie finds the doorbell and pushes it. But it doesn't make
a sound. He tries again repeatedly but it seems broken.

Agitated, he pounds his fist against the steel door. Boom,
boom, boom.

RICHIE

Sally! It's Richie. Open up!

He waits. Nothing.

He grabs the handle to the door and rattles hit which suddenly pushes the door open. But it's tough. So he pushes harder against it to open it further and makes his way in.

11 INT. SALLY'S PLACE. HALLWAY. DAY.

11

Richie finds himself in a long dark hallway. Only the end of the hallway is illuminated with red light peering out from a door ajar. Some daylight comes in from the door behind him. The rest of it is black.

It smells awful. Richie covers his nose with his jumper, but it doesn't help much.

As he listens closely, he can hear a whimper coming from the open door. A soft female voice.

RichIE

Sally?

He makes his way forward, only to trip over something. He takes out his phone to switch on the torch.

As he points the light down, he startles and quickly backs away.

A male dead body lying in a pool of its own blood. A streak of blood goes up the wall to a large blood spatter covering it. It looks like the man had repeatedly smashed his head against the wall.

Looking over at the red light at the end of the hall, he cautiously makes his way past the dead body, approaching the open door. The whimpering gets louder as he gets closer.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Sally?

He peers through the cracked door and sees Sally sprawled across her bed. Cautiously he enters.

12 INT. SALLY'S PLACE. BEDROOM. DAY.

12

Sally is lying naked on her bed, staring up at the ceiling, whimpering to herself. She has cuts and bruises all over her pale body and is covered in huge blisters.

He slowly gets nearer to her to check on her. He leans in. She keeps looking up while whimpering.

He's about to say something to her when she suddenly goes silent. Her mouth still open. Her breathing gets louder and more rapid.

Her eyes widen.

Then suddenly she lets out a loud scream. It startles him so much he stumbles backwards. Her scream ends in what almost seems like an orgasm, as her body trembles.

RICHIE

Sally! Shhh... It's OK. It's OK.

She doesn't respond. Her eyes keep looking upwards. He doesn't dare touch her.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I ... uhm...

He wants to help her. He spots her blanket, reaches across her and proceeds to cover her up. As he covers her body, out of the corner of his eye, he sees it.

A leather pouch on her night stand and dark black powder cut into lines next to it. This has to be it. That's her new drug.

He turns back to Sally.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Hey. You look really sick.

Richie inches closer to her and looks across her blistered body.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I'll get you some help.

He quickly looks around for her mobile phone, and finds it in a pair of trousers on the floor. He dials 999.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Hello? ... Uhm... You need to send someone here quick. My friend Sally... I think she's is O.D.ing and another guy... I don't know who he is, but I think he's dead.

(beat)

(MORE)

RICHIE (CONT'D)

58 Lenton Road, Flat 7. Please come quick.

He hangs up and looks back at the pouch.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Quickly he reaches for the pouch on Sally's night stand. Suddenly her hand grabs his arm, but she has no strength left. He rips his arm free. She begins to whimper and lets out another loud scream. Scared and gripping the pouch tightly, Richie bolts out the door.

13 EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING. ALLEY WAY. DAY. 13

Richie runs out the door of the building, up the steel stairs and down the alley as fast as he can. He can still hear her screaming.

14 INT. SALLY'S PLACE. BEDROOM. DAY. 14

Sally slowly stops screaming and is now in tears, still looking up at the ceiling.

A silky, pale, female hand then grabs her hand. Sally stops crying. Her eyes then stop looking up, and look over at the person holding her hand.

Her blurry vision becomes clearer. Sally now sees a silky pale face, with soft smile. It's the Goth woman Richie saw earlier. This is DEATH.

Death sits down beside Sally on her bed. As Death smiles, Sally smiles back.

15 INT. RICHIE'S SQUAT. DAY. 15

Richie enters his room and swiftly sits down on his bed. He lifts up the pouch and slowly opens it. As he looks in, it's pitch black. He cannot see anything.

He takes out his zipper case as he did before, and in it among the other things, is a small pinch spoon. He dips it into the bag and lifts out a pinch of black sand, which glints a little in the light, like stars at night.

He holds it up to his nose and snorts it.

He feels a big rush. Flashes of visions come before him. His eyes open wide.

16 EXT. PARK. DAY. (Dream) 16

He finds himself sitting by the tree again. But this time everything is much clearer to him. He looks over and sees his family, especially his dad, clearly. Richie smiles. He's happy. Then hears a whisper.

Sandman (O.S.)

Richard.

17 INT. RICHIE'S SQUAT. DAY. 17

The voice rips him out of his vision. He's back in his room, holding the bag and the pinch spoon.

Richie

Fuck.

He digs in again with the spoon. He's about to snort it, when the voice appears again, but this time it's inside his room.

SANDMAN (O.S.)

Richard.

Richie scoots back against the wall as much as he can.

SANDMAN (CONT'D)

The sand is not meant for you.

RICHIE

Wh...What? ...

SANDMAN

You can see me when you want to see me.

Richard looks over towards a shadow in his room. Then he recognises a shape. A tall man, wearing a black leather outfit with black hair stands in the corner. His face is pale. This is the SANDMAN. Richie tries to see his eyes, but it is too dark.

Richie is petrified.

RICHIE

Who are you?

SANDMAN

I am the Dreamlord. One of the
Endless. And I'm here to take back
what has been taken from me.

RICHIE

What? I didn't take anything from
you!

The Sandman steps out of the shadows and moves towards
Richie.

SANDMAN

You did not take it, that is true.
The sand was taken from me by
mortals like you. It is part of me,
and it is not meant for you.

Richie tightly grasps the pouch in his hands.

The Sandman reaches out his hand with his palm facing
upwards. Richie looks up at the Sandman and can see his eyes
clearly for the first time. They are pitch black, with a
glint of white like starlight in them.

Richie's eyes well up. He looks down at the pouch and then
slowly hands it over.

SANDMAN (CONT'D)

Thank you, Richard.

The Sandman turns away from him and is getting ready to
leave.

SANDMAN (CONT'D)

Farewell.

Before he's almost gone...

RICHIE

Dreamlord?

The Sandman stops and turns back around. Richie is in
despair. Tears are running down his cheeks.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Is this real? I mean... Am I
dreaming right now?

SANDMAN

I'm afraid not.

RICHIE

Can you help me? My parents... I just want...

SANDMAN

I know, Richard. But nothing I can do will make your life better. I'm sorry.

RICHIE

Please! I just... I just want to be with them again. I just want them to want me again.

The Sandman just stares at him.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

You said you're the dreamlord! I know you can do something. Anything! Please. Please.

The Sandman thinks for a moment.

SANDMAN

As you wish.

The Sandman walks back up to Richie, takes his pouch, reaches in with his hand and pulls out some sand. He holds out his hand flat in front of Richie's face. With a gentle blow, the sand flies towards Richie. As we travel with the sand into Richie's eyes and through the pupils...

CUT TO:

18

EXT. PARK. DAY. (DREAM)

18

Richie wakes up leaning against the tree in the park. He gets up and looks around. Everything is solid. Everything is real. The tree behind him, everything. He looks over, and sees his family. He waves at them. His dad sees him, smiles, and waves at him to come over. Richie smiles and runs as fast as he can. He couldn't be happier.

Standing farther away from the tree where Richie woke up, the Sandman looks on. Then next to him, his older sister DEATH appears. She looks up at him.

DEATH

Do you really think that was the
right thing to do?

SANDMAN

It is what he wanted.

19 INT. RICHIE'S SQUAT. DAY.

19

Now they are standing in front of Richie's bed, with Richie's eyes in a lost daze. He looks comatose, as if he were in a daydream he would never wake up from.

The Sandman turns to walk away.

SANDMAN

Good bye, Richard.

Death begins to walk away as well, when she stops and turns back towards Richie.

DEATH

I'll be back for you later.

And she walks out.

Richie is still sitting on his bed, staring into nothingness, with a little hint of a smile.

CUT TO BLACK.