

PALETTE

Written by

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CLOSE ON a red ladybug. A swarm of ants climb and bite its shell. A small hand enters frame and saves the helpless creature.

Reveal **DOLLY** -- 10 years old, wax in her ears. She admires the lady bug's glistening red body on the tip of her finger. The color is captivating. Beautiful. It shimmers in the sunlight.

A fistful of sand hits Dolly and the moment is broken. The culprit stands in the sandbox. A 10-year-old **BULLY**. He glares down at Dolly. The wax in Dolly's ears protects her from his insults. Other children watch on. Silent bystanders.

The Bully continues to harass her. She tries to read his lips. She can only make out the tail end of the sentence:

"...will your head explode?"

She looks up at him. Confused. Fear in her eyes.

He grows more threatening:

"...take that stuff out..."

"...do it, freak!"

Dolly attempts to walk away. The Bully shoves her face into the sand. Sits atop her. Digs his finger into her ear. PULLS OUT the wax.

SOUND invades the scene. We view the world through Dolly's eyes. The grating screech of the swing set, the piercing voices of happy children -- all of it produces horrifying flickers of CRIMSON. Like a strobe light with a harsh red filter.

FLICKER. Red streaks distort and bend the Bully's face.

FLICKER. His mouth a gaping black hole.

FLICKER. Another splash of color, his eyes glow red.

Dolly starts to hyperventilate. She shuts her eyes. Desperate to shield herself from it all. But the halo of the image remains.

DOLLY

Stop! Colton... Please...

The Bully rejoices in her agony.

BULLY

Take cover, she's gonna blow! 10,
9, 8, 7, 6...

Dolly grasps desperately at his hands. She can't get out. She opens her eyes. Sees the sharp tip of a rusty HAND RAKE poking out of the sand.

BULLY (CONT'D)

...5, 4, 3...

Dolly reaches out. Grabs the hand rake. Swings it with all her might up at the Bully. The tip of it embeds itself in something soft. The countdown abruptly stops.

The wax falls to the sand. She stuffs it back into her ear. The invading color subsides.

Thunk. The Bully's body lands beside her. The rake tip deep in his eye. Blood starts to pool around his head. It stains the sand red.

The dampened CRIES of frightened children. Concerned parents comfort and shield their kids from the carnage.

Dolly looks up to find a **MOM** (30s, red hair, distinctive freckles) choking back tears as she approaches. They lock eyes. Dolly reads her lips:

"What did you do..."

Off this. Dolly looks up at the sky. Majestic blue.

2

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - PRISON WARD - DAY

2

MATCH CUT to a BLUE SKY. Pull back through a barred window. A dingy, sterile white room. Chipping paint.

Dolly (now in her 20s, dressed in standard DOC beige scrubs) sits on one side of a Steel-case desk. Across from her sits a **CASE WORKER** (50s, worn out, fingernails stained yellow from cigarettes). She reads from the discharge manual. It's all very rote.

CASE WORKER

... Upon release you are under
mandate of Avenue A Transitional
Housing...

Pull out further to reveal a state sanctioned **ASL INTERPRETER** sitting beside the Case Worker. She signs to Dolly. Dolly nods affirmative.

CLOSE ON Dolly's ears. A Phonak ACTIVE NOISE CANCELLING hearing aid in each. Her world is completely silent.

CASE WORKER (CONT'D)

After a 30 day term you will need
to provide a permanent address.

(looks down at file)

We'll enroll you in FreshStart, get
you with one of our partner employers
so you can save up for lodging.

The interpreter signs. Dolly signs back to the interpreter.
The interpreter reluctantly translates.

INTERPRETER

The Rhodes School for the Deaf is
part of the FreshStart program.
Dolly saw openings online, she'd
like to be placed there.

The Case Worker looks back down at her file. Shakes her head.

CLOSE ON the Case Worker's mouth. Dolly lip reads.

CASE WORKER

Not possible.

DOLLY

Why not?

CASE WORKER

Because, Dolores, you're not deaf
and you don't have a certified deaf
interpreter license.

DOLLY

I can get one--

The Interpreter signs to Dolly. Feeling for her **[ASL
conversations will be denoted by brackets]**.

INTERPRETER

**[You have to enroll in a course.
It's expensive and takes time,
Dolly.]**

Dolly looks at the Case Worker. Desperate.

DOLLY

Just mark that I'm hard of hearing.

CASE WORKER

And take jobs away from people with
an actual disability?

Dolly pleads with the interpreter for help.

DOLLY

[What am I supposed to do? I need a job where I don't have to hear people.]

INTERPRETER

[You have the tools. If you get overwhelmed, just feel the floor, see the sky, count your breaths.]

(beat)

[Dolly, you'll be okay.]

DOLLY

[What about the people around me?]

Dolly is frustrated. Fearful.

3

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - PRISON WARD - CELL - LATER

3

Dolly is led back to her cell by a **GUARD**. Her young **CELLMATE** sits on the cot across from Dolly's. Her knees to her chest. Crying. Distraught. The guard locks the cell. Leaves.

Dolly takes a seat beside her.

DOLLY

What's wrong?

CELLMATE

It's my day...

She speaks into her chest. Dolly can't read her lips.

DOLLY

Look at me, say it again.

CELLMATE

They're taking me. I can't do it, I'll fucking kill myself...

Dolly thinks a beat. She stares at the **INMATE NUMBER** on her cellmate's jump suit. Dolly stands. Starts unbuttoning her jumpsuit.

DOLLY

Get undressed. Hurry.

Off her cellmate's confused look...

4

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - PRISON WARD - ECT ROOM - LATER

4

Find Dolly on a gurney wearing her cellmate's jumper. A **NURSE** cross-references the inmate number to the number on her intake chart. It checks out.

She attaches the output-leads to the electrodes on Dolly's temples. Places a mouthguard between her teeth. Cranks the electro-stim machine to 115 volts.

NURSE

Deep breath.

The Nurse hits the power button. A charge of electricity assaults Dolly. She convulses. Veins protruding. Eyes nearly bulging out of her skull.

5

INT. BELLEVUE HOSPITAL - PRISON WARD - CELL - LATER

5

CLOSE ON a notebook under a dim light. A felt tipped pen in frame.

"8.19.22: Got cellmate out of ECT."

Above the entry are others just like it. A long list of good deeds. Pages and pages of them.

Reveal Dolly on her bunk. All is dark save for her plastic book light. She closes the thick moleskin. The front cover reads: "Amends Journal".

Dolly points the light across the room. Her cellmate is fast asleep. Dolly sits up. Takes off her bra. Shines the light on it and removes the underwire from one of the cups. She bends the rigid wire strip until it straightens out.

She quietly moves to the sink. Places a ratty, hand towel in her mouth. Takes a deep breath. Looks at her distorted reflection in the metallic mirror. She removes one of her noise canceling hearing aids.

The **SNORE** of her cellmate. The **FOOTSTEPS** of a guard on patrol. The **HUM** of electricity from the wall socket. Every sound produces a color in her field of vision. Vivid and overwhelming.

She raises the wire and slowly **INSERTS** it into her ear canal. Deeper and deeper. She grimaces. Blood starts to trickle down her neck. The tip touches her ear drum--

A disorienting whooshing sound. Red light flickers in her field of vision, assaulted by the strobe of color. Her synesthesia triggered.

FLICKER. An amber wave ripples Dolly's reflection.

FLICKER. A stroke of magenta drags her skin down her face.

FLICKER. Pops of black leave her with holes for eyes.

She can't take the pain or the frightening images. She drops the bloody wire. It clanks as it hits the sink. She hits the floor. Unconscious.

6

INT. SECOND CHANCE PRINTING AND PACKING - DAY

6

CLOSE ON the window of a dye tumbler. A brilliant canary yellow fabric turns inside.

REVEAL a large warehouse. Rows of rusted silver drums. Steam rises from pools of adhesive acid and mordant. Sheets work their way along an automated conveyor belt. Submerging into steaming cauldrons of color.

Women work the floor. Their uniforms read "SECOND CHANCE PRINTING AND PACKING." They're all formerly incarcerated. Their hands stained by the chemical dye. Their coughs a result of prolonged exposure to the toxic fumes.

Find Dolly (bandage over her ear) sprinkling mordant into a milky-white bath. She has on one of the few industrial respirator masks. An **ELDERLY WOMAN** beside her does not.

JIM (50s, bald, leering, paunchy) passes by with a clipboard. Checking off inventory. Overseeing the operation. Dolly gets a glimpse of his *decaying front tooth -- its purple-plum hue glistens*. Jim catches her staring. Gives her a creepy wink. Dolly quickly looks away.

Jim stops in front of a woman. Glances at his clipboard. Then back up at her. He smiles.

JIM

Looks like you're up for an assessment.

She reluctantly stops working and follows Jim into his office. Dolly and the others look up as the door closes and the blinds are drawn. All feeling for her, all disgusted by what goes on behind that door.

The Elderly Woman beside Dolly is suddenly hit by a coughing fit. A deep, loud hack. Dolly unfastens her mask and hands it to her suffering co-worker. The Elderly Woman offers a nod of appreciation.

7 **INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT**

7

Dolly has her amends journal open. She writes her latest entry:

"8.21.22 - "Gave Terry my respirator."

She closes her journal. Looks up at the advertisement banners that run along the headboard of the train. Rectangular, swaths of solid red. No words or decals. Just the bold color.

8 **INT. GUGGENHEIM PUBLIC CARE FACILITY - NIGHT**

8

Dolly stands at the vacant front desk. Her hands stained from work, a look of exhaustion from the day. She holds her amends journal under her arm.

A faded SIGN reads: *Making Each Moment Matter - Guggenheim Public Palliative Care of New York.*

A few moments pass. Overworked nurses mill about from room to room. The beeps and pings of hospital monitors. The air is stale. The smell of cleaning solution and shit. Finally the **SWITCHBOARD NURSE** returns to her post.

SWITCHBOARD NURSE
Gonna need your name and ID.

Dolly doesn't hear her. The Nurse clocks Dolly's hearing aids. She writes a note:

"Name and ID."

DOLLY
I don't have an ID...

SWITCHBOARD NURSE
Sorry honey, can't give you a visitor badge without one.

DOLLY
Please, I just want to see my mom, Sarah Barnes.

A **MALE NURSE** (50s, short, bearded, his melancholic demeanor offset by his warm eyes) filling out a chart nearby, perks up at the name.

MALE NURSE
She's good, her mom's been asking for her all night.

SWITCHBOARD NURSE
You sure, Lenny?

MALE NURSE
Yeah, I'll take her back.

Lenny SIGNS to Dolly.

LENNY
[Right this way.]

Lenny leads Dolly down the central hallway.

DOLLY
[Thanks for helping me.]

LENNY
[Wasn't for you.]

Off that, Lenny enters a hospital room. Dolly takes a breath and follows him inside.

9

INT. GUGGENHEIM PUBLIC CARE FACILITY - HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME 9

A **WOMAN** (late 50S, frail, sinewy blue veins) lies unconscious. We recognize her from the opening. Her freckles. It's the **MOM** from the playground.

Mom's diagnosis is on a white board: *Metastatic Bone Cancer, Stage 4, Unresponsive, Do not resuscitate.*

Lenny approaches the bed. Motions back at Dolly.

LENNY
Look at that, she finally came! I told you she would.

Dolly stands timidly in the doorway. Lenny goes to exit. Dolly stops him.

DOLLY
[Can she hear me?]

LENNY
[Depends if she likes you.]
(beat)
[By how long it's taken you to visit, wouldn't get your hopes up.]

He leaves Dolly alone with Mom. Dolly takes a seat beside her. The amends journal on her lap.

DOLLY

Hi. I know we haven't been in touch, but I've been working on a way to say sorry. Forgiveness isn't something you're given, but something you earn. Which is why I've kept an amends journal. I wish you were awake so you could see it.

Dolly opens it up to the first page.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

If you can hear me, I'll read you some entries.

(reading)

December, 13th 2014. Wrote letter to parole board for Candice. December 14th, 2014. Gave my blanket to a sick cellmate. December 16th 2014, took the blame for the incident in the cafeteria so Shonda wouldn't be put in solitary...

The aura of a flashing light catches her eye. She looks up. Mom's vitals monitor is flashing red. Her heart rate skyrocketing. She looks at Mom. Her chest heaving. Struggling to take in air.

The sight of her struggle is alarming. Dolly stands up. Backs away from the bed. A couple of **NURSES** rush in.

NURSE

Hit her with Seconal...

The Nurse administers the barbiturate straight into the IV bag and within seconds she starts to stabilize. Dolly exits.

10 **INT. GUGGENHEIM PUBLIC CARE FACILITY - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER** 10

Dolly quickly makes her way towards the lobby when she sees a SIGN posted near the elevator doors: "*Blood drive -- 4th floor.*"

She contemplates momentarily.

11 **INT. GUGGENHEIM PUBLIC CARE FACILITY - 4TH FLOOR - LATER** 11

Dolly is hooked up to a TRIMA MACHINE. Blood flows through the needle in her arm to a bag on an IV stand.

She opens up her pamphlet from the RED CROSS. "*Blood donors can save up to 3 lives with a single donation...*"

Dolly opens her amends journal. Writes her latest entry.

"8.21.22 - Donated blood, saved up to 3 lives."

She shuts the journal. She looks at the row of curtained-off gurneys. A nurse pulls one back. She sees LENNY. He's hooked up to a large machine. Donating blood and plasma. They meet eyes for a moment. The curtain is pulled closed.

12

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

12

Dolly stands, weak from her donation. Her hand grips a pole to steady herself in the crowded train. Out of nowhere, a **DRUNK MAN** BUMPS into her and knocks out one of her HEARING AIDS. It goes skittering across the ground. SOUND floods in. The screeching wheels. The chatter of the crowd. The world begins to strobe red.

Dolly drops to the grimy floor. Desperately searching for the sound suppressant.

FLICKER. A deep purple strobe distorts the train car.

FLICKER. Blotchy red elongated limbs and torsos.

FLICKER. Body parts appear to explode with pops of scarlet.

Finally she spots the hearing aid. As she crawls through a criss-cross of legs, she spies the SUBWAY BANNERS. What were once solid red squares now have text:

If you're reading this, we have a job for you.

She continues to crawl. The banners come in and out of view:

Palette. The world's leader in color design.

She finally nabs the sound suppressant:

1 Chroma Way, Edison, New Jersey, 08817

She hurriedly places it back in her ear. The strobing light stops. She falls into an empty seat. Her little episode has drawn attention. She feels eyes on her.

She looks back up at the banners. They're solid red once again. *Was she imagining things?* She glances down at her hands, sees the soot and blood caked under her fingernails. A reminder of her hellish job.

She turns her gaze back up at the banners. Struck by an idea. She FLICKS OFF one of her hearing aids and the WORDS RETURN.

If you're reading this, we have a job for you.

The advertisements are stereograms. Like a MAGIC EYE for the select few that can distinguish between the text color and the blocks of red.

Dolly writes down the address in her amends journal. Flicks her hearing aids back on.

13

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - LOBBY - MORNING

13

The automatic sliding glass doors part way for Dolly as she enters a sparkling white foyer. Oversized, square color swatches line the walls. Every "Color of the Year" over the last half-century. A handful of tourists sit on a bench watching a VIDEO on the history of color.

In the center of the room is a SCULPTURE of a horizontal "P".



It rotates like a Calder Mobile. It's hypnotic to look at. A strange, timeless symbol.

Dolly's fixation is broken as a **PALETTE PAGE** passes by with a group of **SCHOOL CHILDREN** on a tour.

The Page motions to a mounted photo: A medical vial labeled "Gadolinium," a blue-black fluid inside.

PAGE

... We've even leant our expertise to the medical field in creating Gadolinium blue, an iridescent contrast dye used to detect strokes. It saves lives every day.

(beat)

We look at the work we do in the for-profit sector as a means to an end, a way to fund what we really care about here, and that's giving back. At Palette, we make the world a better place, one color at a time.

(beat)

So, anyone interested in working here?

SCHOOL CHILDREN

Me! Me! Me!

Dolly cuts through the mass of children to the front desk. A **RECEPTIONIST** greets her.

RECEPTIONIST
Welcome to Palette, how can I help you?

DOLLY
I saw the advertisement in the subway.

The Receptionist doesn't miss a beat.

RECEPTIONIST
For the tours? They start on the hour every hour from 9a.m. to 6p.m.

DOLLY
They said if I could read it, you have a job for me.

The Receptionist's demeanor shifts.

RECEPTIONIST
Just a moment.

She picks up a phone. Mutters something inaudible into it.

14 **INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - ASSESSMENT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER** 14

Dolly stands in the center of a stark white room. A single, porthole viewing window along the far wall. On an easel before her rests a Farnsworth Munsell hue test. 100 colored caps arranged in a circle.

LATRICE (50s, air of authority, dressed in all black) enters. She has on a distinct pair of glasses. One lens clear. The other darkened. Obstructing her left eye from our view.

Latrice gives Dolly the once over. Notices her hearing aids. She takes out her phone. Writes a note on it. Hands it to Dolly: *"This is a Farnsworth Munsell 100 Color Vision Test."*

DOLLY
I can lip read.

Latrice takes the phone back. Points to the colored caps.

LATRICE
I'd like you to arrange these in order from lightest to darkest in under three minutes. Do you think you can do that?

DOLLY

What?

LATRICE

Give it a shot. You have three minutes starting... now.

Latrice hits the timer on her phone. It ticks down from 3:00.

Dolly starts moving the caps around. Trying to do what Latrice asked of her. But their differences are so subtle it's hard to tell one from another. She stops trying.

DOLLY

I'm sorry.

Latrice spots the SMALL TYPE on the hearing aids:



Active Noise
Cancelling

She looks back at Dolly. Intrigued.

LATRICE

You're not deaf.

DOLLY

I have synesthesia, it's a sensory processing disorder--

LATRICE

No you don't.

Off Dolly not following --

LATRICE (CONT'D)

You have Chromesthesia. Sounds produce colors. When you read the ads in the subway...

(taps on the ear)

They weren't in, were they?

Dolly shakes her head slightly.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

This time, try without those in your ears.

DOLLY

I can't do that.

LATRICE

Your senses are linked. Without sound you lose the ability to distinguish chroma, saturation, color value. It's like taking away the black keys that help a pianist decipher between natural pitches and semitones.

DOLLY

Doesn't matter, it's not safe--

LATRICE

The room is nearly sound proofed, you'll be fine.

DOLLY

It's not me I'm worried about.

A long beat. Dolly contemplating what to do next. She looks at the formidable door.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Does that door lock from the outside?

15 **INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - VIEWING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER** 15

Latrice watches Dolly through the porthole window.

DOLLY

(muffled)

Locked?

Latrice nods affirmative.

16 **INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - ASSESSMENT ROOM - SAME** 16

Dolly takes a breath. Removes her noise-canceling hearing aids. She can suddenly hear everything. Her breath. Her heartbeat. The whoosh of her joint fluid. The buzz of the lights. She steadies herself. Looks down at the hue test--

The colored caps shimmer and glow. Brilliant, oversaturated hues. They pulse ever so slightly. As if they have a heartbeat.

Dolly begins to move them. One after the next falls into place. She's a total savant. Her motions fluid. No hesitation.

She finishes the circle. All the caps in place. A ring of beautiful, sparkling earth tones. Dolly looks mesmerized.

LATRICE (V.O.)
I'm coming in.

Latrice's voice booms out of the PA system. Dolly quickly reattaches her hearing aids. All settles. Latrice enters. A warm smile on her face.

LATRICE
Well done... and we're both still
in one piece.

17

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - LATRICE'S OFFICE - LATER

17

A glass cube overlooking the warehouse floor. The only pieces of furniture other than a desk is a single pillar. Atop it sits a distressed glass vial filled with a golden-amber pigment. An indecipherable Latin phrase is scrawled across it.

LATRICE
You scored a zero...

Dolly sits opposite Latrice. She can't stop looking at the golden vial.

LATRICE (CONT'D)
As in zero wrong. The only other
colorist to have done that had
Chromesthesia, just like you.

Latrice notices what has Dolly's attention. Reads the Latin.

LATRICE (CONT'D)
E *plumbo in aurum.*
(translating)
From lead to gold.

Latrice takes the vial off the pillar. Hands it to Dolly.

LATRICE (CONT'D)
The Church employed alchemists to
try and change lifeless rock into
something of value. This is as
close as they got. Liquid pyrite.
Fools gold. Alluring but worthless.
(beat)
Still, they laid the foundation for
what we do here.

Dolly examines the color. Latrice knows she has her interest.

LATRICE (CONT'D)
Come work for me.
(beat)
(MORE)

LATRICE (CONT'D)

Maybe you'll find a way to do what they couldn't.

Dolly puts the vial down.

DOLLY

I don't really know what you do.

LATRICE

We create color. Every one you've ever seen. From the shade of Twitter's little blue bird, to the yellow stripe of Black Lives Matter, symbols of commerce and justice all born right here. Just look out there...

Latrice points out her window to a mix of corporate banners and non profits hanging from the ceiling over the production floor: McDonald's, Facebook, Red Cross, Susan G. Komen's Pink Ribbon, Amnesty International yellow.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

90% of our decision making, whether we vote for a candidate or support a charity, is all based on color. It's primordial, our oldest sense, making it the strongest marketing tool on the planet.

(beat)

I'm offering you a job... but you can't wear those.

Latrice taps on her ears.

DOLLY

Then I can't work here.

LATRICE

Of course you can.

(beat)

You don't know your potential--

DOLLY

I know I'm capable of hurting someone.

LATRICE

Your condition is not something to be afraid of, you just have to learn to control it.

DOLLY

I'm sorry.

Latrice holds her stare for a long beat.

LATRICE
What a heartbreak.

Latrice stands. Walks around her desk. Extends a hand to Dolly.

LATRICE (CONT'D)
It was a pleasure to meet you,
Dolly. Thanks for stopping in.

Dolly gets up. Shakes Latrice's hand.

LATRICE (CONT'D)
Kinoka, the other colorist who had
your condition, want to know what
she did with her gift?

DOLLY
What?

LATRICE
In the early 2000s, Tokyo had a
problem with people committing
suicide by train. To address this,
Kinoka created a shade of cerulean
blue that tricks our brain into
producing a surplus of melatonin,
completely calms our nervous
system. We put her blue in LEDs at
stations across the city and by the
end of the year, there was a 94%
decrease in jumpers.
(beat)
She saved thousands of lives, all
with a little color.

We see the story land with Dolly.

18 **INT. SECOND CHANCE PRINTING AND PACKING - LATER** 18

Steaming caldrons. Toxic fumes. Coughing co-workers.
Lecherous Jim walking the floor hunting his next victim.
Dolly looks miserable and worn down.

19 **INT. GUGGENHEIM PUBLIC CARE FACILITY - ROOM - LATER** 19

Dolly sits at Mom's bedside. She has her amends book on her
lap. She opens it. She's about to start reading when she
notices Mom's face held tense under the beams of the
fluorescents.

Dolly shifts her gaze up to the light above the bed. It's oppressive. Suffocating. Dolly thinks a beat.

She gets up. Moves to the door. Closes it. Then...

She clicks off her hearing aids. Heightening her color sense. She hears Mom's death rattle. Her breathing labored under the harsh, white light.

Dolly scans the room: The beige walls glow, the green numbers pop off the monitor, but it's the sheer blue curtains shimmering in the moonlight that get her attention.

She approaches. Unhooks one of the curtains from the windowsill. She walks back and stands on Mom's bed. Tucks the sheer fabric in around the light frame. Creating a makeshift filter. A soft, blue glow descends on the room.

Dolly gets down. Mom's face is already less tense.

Satisfied, she takes a seat back in her chair. Shuts her eyes just for a moment. But drifts off to sleep.

20

INT. GUGGENHEIM PUBLIC CARE FACILITY - ROOM - MORNING

20

OVER BLACK.

LENNY (O.S.)

Look at you! Got some color back in
your cheeks, death rattle gone,
still got some fight.

Dolly opens her eyes to find Lenny at Mom's bed. She quickly puts her ears in to blot out the noise.

Lenny looks back at Dolly.

LENNY (CONT'D)

[I guess I was wrong.]

DOLLY

[About what?]

LENNY

[She must like you after all.]

Dolly looks over at Mom. The bags under her eyes have receded. Her lips pink and healthy.

Dolly glances up at the blue filter over the light -- it helped.

21

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - LOBBY - DAY

21

Dolly approaches the Receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST

Welcome back--

DOLLY

I need to speak to that woman in charge.

RECEPTIONIST

Lots of those here, do you have an appointment--

PEARL (O.S.)

Latrice is expecting her.

PEARL (20s, mousy, eager to please) approaches Dolly. Extends a hand. Dolly shakes it.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Pearl, it's a pleasure.

Dolly shakes her hand, notices her necklace -- a miniature "P" like the logo in the center of the Lobby.

PEARL (CONT'D)

We're so happy you're back.
(she takes her hand)
Come.

Pearl leads Dolly through a set of white doors.

PEARL (CONT'D)

(pre-lap)
You must have scored well on the Munsell...

22

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

22

Pearl leads Dolly through a winding set of hallways. Harsh, white fluorescent light. Every so often they pass a set of industrial freezer doors.

PEARL

You don't have to tell me what you got, but I bet it was really good.

DOLLY

Zero.

Pearl looks in awe of Dolly.

PEARL

Now I see why Latrice is so high on you.

Pearl touches her hand reassuringly. A genuine smile.

PEARL (CONT'D)

If you aren't a freak of nature, you go to school for color theory, probably got me at least one extra cone--

They round another corner, this one leads to...

THE HALLWAY OF IRIDESCENT LIGHT

Blacklight tubes shine overhead. Dolly abruptly stops.

The floor is covered in **BLOOD**. The viscous liquid glows. So do the whites of Dolly's eyes.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Sorry, delivery day.

A worker pushes a cart of animal carcasses up ahead.

PEARL (CONT'D)

The city drops off roadkill, we use the oil from the pelts as binding agents in some of our colors.

Pearl catches the look of disgust on Dolly's face.

PEARL (CONT'D)

At least the poor things get a better final resting place than the city furnace.

Dolly looks up at the blacklights.

DOLLY

What're those for?

PEARL

UV light kills the bacteria, easier than hosing this place down with lysol every day.

(motioning forward)

Almost there.

Dolly watches the dead heap of possums, raccoons, and coyotes roll around the corner. The glowing trail of blood in its wake.

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - PIGMENT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bins of minerals, rocks and lichens. Row upon row. A library of earth's natural pigments.

Latrice and a color technician move from bin to bin. Taking inventory.

LATRICE

Restock the red ochre... and the creek rock.

Pearl approaches with Dolly. Latrice lights up.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

I hope you've had a change of heart.

DOLLY

I'll take the job, but only if I can work alone.

LATRICE

That's not how we do things. Palette is like a beehive. A colony of worker bees and drones all buzzing about, helping one another fortify the honeycomb.

DOLLY

Sorry for wasting your time then--

LATRICE

Why don't you come foraging with us.

PEARL

Yes! Dolly, it's the best. We have to resupply our base pigments so we're all heading up to the Catskills to go mineral hunting.

LATRICE

It's a nice way to unwind, reset our color senses. No cell phones, no distractions, it's practically silent.

Dolly looks interested but afraid to say yes.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

You know that thing that causes you so much distress, you can use it to calm yourself too. I can show you.

PEARL

Please come, Dolly. It's so nice to get out of the city.

DOLLY

I can't miss work.

LATRICE

You'll be back first thing Monday. I promise it'll beat getting chemical burns.

Latrice motions to Dolly's chalky, mordant stained hands.

Dolly considers the offer...

24 **EXT. AVENUE A TRANSITIONAL HOUSING - FRONT STEPS - MORNING** 24

Dolly waits on the curb. A duffle bag over her shoulder. Sipping a cup of street cart coffee. She looks anxious. She turns to go back inside when a fancy Mercedes sedan pulls up.

Whoever's driving opens the passenger side door. Inviting her in. Dolly waits a beat.

25 **INT. SIDNEY'S CAR - SAME** 25

Dolly gets in. Closes the door. The driver is looking at her.

SIDNEY

What's up, I'm Sidney.

SIDNEY (late 20s, powerful blue-purple eyed stare, seen some shit, now found her place) extends a hand. Dolly shakes it.

DOLLY

Dolly.

SIDNEY

You shouldn't drink that shit. Coffee'll mess up your color perception.

(beat)

Sorry, I know it's a bitch to quit.

Sidney takes a hit off her vape pen. Offers it to Dolly.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

It's kush, it'll help with the caffeine withdrawal.

DOLLY

No thanks.

Sidney takes another hit. Puts it away.

SIDNEY

If you have to pee, say the word.

Sidney pulls into traffic and off they go.

26

INT/EXT. CAR - ROUTE 30 - LATER

26

Dolly watches the landscape change out the window. From skyscrapers and concrete to towering pine trees and rolling hills.

They drive along Pepacton Reservoir, the Delaware River, the Bluestone Quarry. The beauty is breathtaking.

Dolly's attention is suddenly drawn to a WOLF running along the tree line. It paces the car. Its two-tone eyes periodically locking with Dolly's. It's beauty breathtaking.

27

INT. EMERSON RESORT - ROOM - NIGHT

27

A basic, corporate hotel room. Beige walls. Two queen beds. Desk, mini bar. A stock image of a flower framed on the wall.

Dolly is in bed. Amends journal open. She writes:

"8.23.22 - Changed light in your room. Blue to ease your pain."

She looks up. Finds Sidney drinking a miniature bottle of Bombay Sapphire from the mini bar. She sees Dolly watching.

SIDNEY

Want one? They're on the house.

Sidney fills the bottle up with water. Puts it back. Smiles.

Dolly tries to hide her judgement.

DOLLY

I'm tired, I'm going to go to bed.

SIDNEY

I'll wake you up if there's a fire.

DOLLY

What?

SIDNEY

You know, cause you can't hear the alarm...

Sidney taps on her ears. Playfully mocking.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Bad joke.

Sidney gets in her bed. Turns off the lamp. All goes dark save for the glow of the TV.

Dolly turns onto her side. Shuts her eyes.

28

INT. EMERSON RESORT - ROOM - MORNING

28

Dolly is dressed in her usual jeans and a hoodie. Sidney comes out of the bathroom wearing all black.

SIDNEY

They didn't tell you to bring darks?

Dolly shakes her head.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

I brought extra.

Sidney starts to root through her bag.

DOLLY

Why do we have to wear black?

SIDNEY

Black's a no-color, makes it easier for us to spot hues in the sediment.

She tosses Dolly black pants and a shirt.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Get changed, van leaves in 10.

29

EXT. KAATERSKILL TRAIL - MORNING

29

15 women all dressed in black. They collect foraging tools from a bin -- chisel, brush, collections bag. They shoot the shit with one another.

BRYN (20s) walks by with a box to collect cell phones. Sidney is about to drop her phone in. Holds it back.

SIDNEY
No looking at porn, Bryn.

BRYN
I'll make sure to erase the history
this time.

Sidney drops it in. Dolly is last in line.

BRYN (CONT'D)
Phone?

DOLLY
I don't have one.

BRYN
I wish I had that kind of willpower.

Latrice approaches Dolly. Holds out her hand.

DOLLY
What?

LATRICE
Your ears.

DOLLY
I--

LATRICE
Nothing can trigger you here.
(beat)
We're a family, Dolly. The
functional, loving kind like we all
wish we had. We look out for each
other.

Dolly takes out her hearing aids. She shuts her eyes. Sound
rushes in. A hawk overhead. Trees rustling in the wind. A
creek off in the distance. Her eyes open. The world is in
technicolor.

She hands her hearing aids over to Latrice. Latrice turns to
the group to make an announcement.

LATRICE (CONT'D)
Alright girls, pair-up and stick
together. Chumani will lead us, she
knows where to find the goods.

CHUMANI (30s, Sioux heritage, easy going confidence) walks to
the front of the group.

CHUMANI

If you don't want to get eaten by a bear, stay on the path. Onward.

Chumani heads off down the trail. Everyone follows.

30

EXT. KAATERSKILL TRAIL - VARIOUS - LATER

30

The colorists are spread out across the landscape. Dots of black all in a row unearthing pigments.

Dolly watches them. Every scrape, chisel and crack turns the colors of the natural world into an acid trip.

CLOSE ON a hand scraping a Charoite stone against a wet boulder in a stream. A streak of glowing green is produced.

CLOSE ON a chisel cracking sediment. Reveal a piece of rich, yellow hydrated oxide in the dirt.

CLOSE ON a hand collecting petrified tree sap. Like shards of shimmering, purple glass.

CLOSE ON bright red ochre soil, an indigo petrified spruce cone. One color after the next.

Dolly is moved by each. The green inspires her, the yellow seduces, the purple centers, the red excites.

SIDNEY

Jackpot.

She holds up a muted yellow pebble to show Dolly.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Oxidized amber. Beautiful, fucked up byproduct of runoff from old steel mills. Know what we use this for?

Dolly doesn't.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Big Bird, Amnesty International logo, Ikea. From tragedy to triumph.

(beat)

Help me dig it out.

Suddenly. A gentle, tapping sound off in the distance grabs Dolly's attention. A soft, pink glow emanates from an outgrowth of trees on the neighboring ridge.

She shuts her eyes. All goes black. Tap-tap. The pink flashes in her minds-eye. It's completely calming. Intoxicating.

TAP-TAP. A VOID appears.

TAP-TAP. A cocoon of color.

TAP-TAP. Formless. Shapeless. Never ending.

TAP-TAP. A single light source emanates a heavenly golden glow.

She opens her eyes. Walks off into the brush. Follows the pink glow. Leaving Sidney on her own. Several moments pass. Sidney finally looks up. Dolly is gone.

31

EXT. KAATERSKILL TRAIL - RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

31

Dolly stands alone. At the foot of a rushing river. Tap-tap. The pink halo glows through the trees just on the other side.

She wades into the water. The current strong. Up to her chest. She fights to stay upright. She takes a step. Then... She slips and she's pulled under.

The sound of the rushing water overwhelms her. The world starts to strobe red. Her synesthesia popping off. She surfaces for a moment. Gasps for air. Then she's swallowed up once again.

She's running out of air when... she feels a pair of arms wrap around her. Pull her back up to the surface.

Another gasp of air. Her mystery hero pulls and swims her to safety on the other side of the riverbank.

Dolly stares up at white clouds. Trying to catch her breath. The strobing red synesthesia still present. She hears the tap-tap. tap-tap. Shuts her eyes. The pink calms her. The red strobe dissipates.

SIDNEY (O.S.)

If we'd have died, I would've
fucking killed you.

Dolly opens her eyes. Finds Sidney beside her. Out of breath.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

DOLLY

I heard a color...

32

EXT. KAATERSKILL TRAIL - TREE CANOPY - MOMENTS LATER

32

A soaked Dolly leads Sidney through the brush.

They break through a thicket of shrubs. Finally they emerge to find: A **DEAD HIKER**. She's on her back. Her rib cage exposed. Ravens poke at her innards. Tap-Tap. Tap-tap. Majestic, PINK CRYSTALS grow off areas of exposed skeleton.

Dolly's knees buckle at the gruesome sight. She looks away.

SIDNEY
(re: the ravens)
Get off!

The ravens take flight. Leave the corpse alone. Sidney places a comforting hand on Dolly's back.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Fucking awful, she must have lost
the path.

DOLLY
What?

SIDNEY
People go missing up here all the
time... her poor family.

Dolly looks at the crystals. They're the same color she was hearing.

DOLLY
What are those?

Sidney gets closer to the corpse. Inspects the geodes.

SIDNEY
Pink vivianite. Ground water mixes
with the iron in the soil, crystals
grow off the bone like a petri dish.

Sidney looks back at Dolly.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
We have to collect them.

DOLLY
No! We can't touch her.

SIDNEY
Those birds were just tearing at
her flesh.

DOLLY
It's not right.

Sidney looks back at the body. The crystals have made their way onto the shoulder straps of her hikers pack.

SIDNEY
Off her pack then.

A long beat. Dolly doesn't protest.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
You don't have to watch, I got you.

Sidney moves back to the body. Starts picking off the crystals one by one off the straps. With every snap, Dolly sees a flash of the wondrous shade of pink.

Dolly averts her eyes to a neighboring ridge. When a WOLF appears. It looks just like the one she saw on the ride up. Its eyes shimmer in the sunlight. It sits there. Watching Dolly. Off this strange, majestic presence--

SNAP. More flashes of pink in Dolly's field of vision...

33

INT. EMERSON RESORT - BAR - NIGHT

33

CLOSE ON several streaks of color. Someone crushes the pink vivianite crystal to a powder. Adds a drop of linseed oil. The powder transforms into an acrylic-like paint.

A glass muller spreads the intoxicating pink across the table. The lens of a glass loupe inspects it up close.

PEARL (O.S.)
It's hypnotic, like it makes me
happy just looking at it.

Reveal Colorists and Latrice standing around the hotel bar table. Marveling at Dolly's color.

BRYN
See the notes of teal? Gives it a
restorative quality.

SIDNEY
We can use it for green initiatives,
eco-friendly shit, multi use.

CHUMANI
Good find, new girl.

Latrice notices Dolly still looking out of sorts. In shock.

LATRICE

Let's all raise a glass to our
Synesthete. Thank her for trusting
us enough to come along this
weekend. More importantly, for
using her talents for good, for
turning something tragic into
something beautiful.

(raising her glass)

To Dolly!

Colorists raise their glasses.

COLORISTS

(in unison)

To Dolly!

They all drink. The acknowledgment feels good. Pearl leans
over, whispers to Dolly:

PEARL

How'd you find it?

DOLLY

I... I heard it.

Dolly catches sight of the NEWS on a flatscreen over the bar.
She reads the headline:

"Missing Hiker's Family Gets Closure"

A photo of a YOUNG WOMAN in a hiker's backpack. Smiling. A
red "x" appears over where she was found in the Catskills.

Dolly can't shake the day. The sight of the dead hiker. All
the merriment and revelry in the bar irks her.

34

EXT. EMERSON RESORT - PORCH - LATER

34

Dolly sits alone on a bench. Staring out at the night sky.
Latrice sits down beside her.

LATRICE

Overwhelmed?

DOLLY

They're all laughing and that
girl's dead.

LATRICE

That girl's family gets to bury their daughter because of you AND as an added bonus you found one of the rarest naturally occurring pigments on the planet.

The pep talk does little to comfort Dolly.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

Are you ready?

DOLLY

For what?

LATRICE

For me to show you how to use your "disorder" to keep your cortisol levels in check.

(beat)

Open your hand.

Dolly opens it. Latrice pours a dash of pink vivianite powder onto her palm. Spreads it across her hand. She holds it up.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

How does it make you feel?

Dolly stares at her palm. The color sparkles on her skin.

DOLLY

Calm.

LATRICE

Colors illicit emotions. Some good some bad. This particular pink resembles the sky at dawn. Which makes us feel... at peace.

(beat)

Shut your eyes. Listen to your breath. Try and visualize it...

Dolly shuts her eyes. A long moment passes. Then...

BREATHE IN. The void appears again.

BREATHE OUT. This time on command.

BREATHE IN. The pink hue. A godly ray of golden light.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

Now, whenever your fight or flight is triggered, just close your eyes and there it'll be. Your happy place.

Dolly keeps her eyes shut. Lost in the pink. She slowly opens her eyes.

DOLLY
How did you know how to make this?

LATRICE
I still got it, even with half my rods and cones...

Latrice TAPS her dark colored lens. Alludes to an injury to the eye that she keeps hidden from view.

LATRICE (CONT'D)
I had a genetic advantage. Not as rare as yours, but I was a Tetrochromat.

DOLLY
What happened?

Latrice holds a beat.

LATRICE
I flew too close to the sun.

There's a hint of remorse, a small crack in her armor. She quickly recomposes herself. Confidence restored.

LATRICE (CONT'D)
Now I make color another way.
(re: Dolly)
You're like raw ore, you start out gray and lifeless but with the right shaping, guidance, I can make you shine.

She touches the color on Dolly's palm.

LATRICE (CONT'D)
Once you get down the basics, you just have to learn to trust your eyes, your instincts.

Dolly admires the color once again.

DOLLY
Thank you.

LATRICE
Thank you for finding it.
(beat)
Ah, almost forgot...

Latrice takes out Dolly's hearing aids. Returns them to her.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

If you keep them out, there's a place for you in our little family.

35

INT. EMERSON RESORT - ROOM - LATE NIGHT

35

Dolly's journal is open. She's writing a new entry:

"8.24.22 - Found missing hiker. Gave family closure."

Sidney walks in. Drunk. Falls onto her bed.

SIDNEY

I should help more old ladies cross the street...

Dolly looks over at Sidney lying on the opposite bed.

DOLLY

What?

SIDNEY

(off her journal)
Your saintly deeds.

DOLLY

You read it?

SIDNEY

You didn't say not to.

DOLLY

It should go without saying--

SIDNEY

Who cares! You're practically Mother Theresa. All those little things you do must get you a lot of smiles...

DOLLY

That's not why I do it.

SIDNEY

But it must be nice.

DOLLY

Your colors help a lot of people--

SIDNEY

I guess I'm just not as enlightened
as you.

DOLLY

Why do you do it then?

SIDNEY

You know when you walk into Palette
and see all those iconic colors
hanging from the rafters? It's all
I want, to see one of mine up there
one day...

(beat)

Probably some deep fucked-up
approval-seeking shit left over
from childhood.

A long beat.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Most of the time we're over here
using color to save the freaking
world and we don't get so much as a
thank you.

(beat)

I'm jealous of you is all, Dolly.

Dolly can't stop thinking about those words -- *save the
freaking world.*

36

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - COLOR LAB - DAY

36

Three rows of flat drafting tables. Colorists are hard at
work. Industrial steel fruit press, mortar and pestle, wet-
milling machine at each work station. Tools of the trade.

Dolly and Pearl watch it all.

PEARL

This is where you'll create the
world's next great color.

Dolly looks out at the room full of women.

DOLLY

(whispers)

Do any men work here?

PEARL

Men require longer wavelengths in
order to see the same hues we do.
Thus, no male colorists.

Another colorist - **TALIA** - pulls a giant, dead, aqua-green mantis shrimp out of a jar of formaldehyde. Its Latin nomenclature is written alongside the glass: *Squilla Empusa*.

It's placed in the fruit press. The vice is brought down. We hear the loud crack of its shell. Dolly is taken aback.

PEARL (CONT'D)

We take what's dead and turn it into something beautiful. The same way colorists have done for thousands of years, creating pigments from all sorts of organic material, like modern day alchemists.

(beat)

Once we naturally derive the color, we make synthetic copies for mass production. Let me show you your station.

Pearl leads Dolly to a vacant drafting table.

PEARL (CONT'D)

All you have to do is sign your start paperwork and this will be your playground.

Pearl opens a black, leather folio. Inside is a contract several pages long. Dolly flips through the pages. Lots of small type.

PEARL (CONT'D)

It's the NDA. What we do here at Palette is proprietary, sacred really. If our trade secrets fell into the wrong hands, people could abuse them.

SLICE. Dolly gets a paper cut. A few droplets of blood stain the last page of the contract red.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Shit. Let me see...

Pearl delicately takes Dolly's thumb and places it to her lips. Her saliva staunches the blood flow. An intimate moment.

Dolly looks at her thumb. The bleeding has stopped. Pearl smiles. Dolly looks down at the page. Sees a droplet of her blood splattered across a quote near the dotted line:

"E Plumbo In Aurum"

It's the same Latin phrase on the vial in Latrice's office.

DOLLY
(sotto)
From lead to gold...

PEARL
Our unofficial motto, a way to
honor those who came before us as
Latrice likes to say.

Pearl hands Dolly a pen.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Sign and initial.

Dolly puts pen to paper. Hesitates. Then signs her name.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Oh, almost forgot...

Pearl takes a satin jewelry bag out of her pocket. Drops a necklace into her hand just like the one she's wearing.

DOLLY
What is it?

PEARL
Palette's Sigil. And also...

Pearl turns the "P" upside down to form a "d."

PEARL (CONT'D)
...a d for Dolly.

She smiles warmly and fastens the delicate gold chain around Dolly's neck.

PEARL (CONT'D)
Welcome to Palette.

DOLLY
Thanks.

Pearl smiles. Squeezes Dolly's hand. Dolly looks happy to be part of the family.

37

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - OPERATING THEATER - DAY

37

Dolly sits on a circular pew beside other colorists. Three rows cascade down to A SALES REP on the floor below. He speaks up to them.

SALES REP

... This will be the most ambitious holiday fundraiser in Macy's history. For every one dollar spent, we'll donate two to the Boys and Girls Clubs of America. We want the 11.3 million needy children out there to have school supplies, stocked pantries, and most importantly - lots and lots of toys this holiday season.

Dolly is enraptured. Inspired by the initiative. Every few words emits an orange-red halo in Dolly's periphery.

SALES REP (CONT'D)

I know y'all are going to be looking for that perfect green, which I'm obviously partial to...

The sales rep straightens his green tie, gets a few laughs.

His words PULSING the warm hue.

38

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

38

The room is dark save for the glow of an old desktop computer. Dolly searches "orange-red" in google. Scrolls page after page. Looking for the color that was emanating off the Sales Rep.

She shuts her eyes. The Sale's Rep's words echoing...

ECHO. A VOID appears.

ECHO. An empty space bathed in a warm, orange-red light.

ECHO. A golden sphere glows in the distance.

39

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - COLOR LAB - DAY

39

Dolly is at her work station. She mashes Tithonia flowers with her mortar and pestle. Runs her finger inside the bowl. The orange hue isn't right.

She feeds a reddish-orange rock through her wet-miller. The watery run-off in its basin is still not a match.

She soaks several Orange Baboon Tarantulas in a bath of clear solvent. Extracts the arachnid's dark orange hue. Drains the container. The shade is uninspired.

Pearl looks over from her station at Dolly's desk.

PEARL

First off, you should be using more linseed oil if you don't want soupy diluted hues...

Pearl takes the jar of linseed oil and dashes it on some dry orange pigment. It comes to life.

PEARL (CONT'D)

Secondly, why are you working with orange? Green is for giving! Our brains associate it with money, it's a cognitive reflex. Emerald, moss, mint if you're reaching--

DOLLY

I'm not going for orange... I heard a color in the meeting, but I can't find it.

PEARL

Can you describe it?

40

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - RESEARCH LIBRARY - LATER

40

Pearl drops an overstuffed binder down in front of Dolly at a long library table. Its cover reads "H5 V7 C16."

PEARL

Hue 5, Value 7, Chroma 16.
Red/orange color spectrum. If it's ever been made, it's in there.

Sidney is looking at a binder of her own at the table.

SIDNEY

If you're on the Macy's campaign you should be--

PEARL

Viridescent. I told her.

Dolly starts to flip through the pages. Photo after photo of red/orange throughout history. Each photo is accompanied by the hue's chemical makeup -- Tibetan monk robes, an ancient statue of Krishna, Portuguese merchant ships -- she turns another page and sees a photo of a Chinese Tapestry:

The Dragon Boat Festival. A terrifying figure presides over the river. He's streaked in an intense red/orange hue. Onlookers along the river's edge are consumed in flames. Flesh and blood pool into the water. The image is horrifying.

"Yanluo. Ruler of Hell. 827 BC. Shanghai Museum."

DOLLY

That's it.

Pearl looks down over her shoulder at the color.

PEARL

Realgar.

DOLLY

How do we make it?

PEARL

We don't. It's arsenic sulfide,
like rat poison on crack.

(joking)

You want it, you gotta fly to
Shanghai and steal the tapestry.

SIDNEY

But if you really, really want
it... I know a way.

41

EXT. CHINATOWN - OPEN AIR MARKET - DAY

41

Sidney leads Dolly through a crowded market. The noise and stimulation is overwhelming. Strobes of red light start up.

FLICKER. Splotches of color unravel the faces of strangers.

FLICKER. Sinister floating heads.

FLICKER. A demonic procession of shoppers.

Dolly stops walking. Shuts her eyes.

BREATHE IN. The VIVIANITE PINK void fills the screen.

BREATHE OUT. Her happy place.

SIDNEY (O.S.)

Dolly, you coming?

Recomposed. Dolly opens her eyes. Falls back in step with Sidney. They arrive at a booth. Tinctures and traditional Chinese medicines laid out on the table. A young MERCHANT texts on her iPhone.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

(Mandarin)

Realgar?

The Merchant grabs a plastic carton off a shelf. Opens it to show Sidney and Dolly: A breathtaking red geode.

The Merchant speaks to them in English.

MERCHANT
We only have raw ore.

SIDNEY
(Mandarin)
We want Realgar wine. Ward off evil
spirits...

The Merchant shakes her head.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
(Mandarin)
How much to make it?

MERCHANT
It's too dangerous.

SIDNEY
(Mandarin)
We'll pay good money.

The Merchant consults with an old woman at the back of the booth.

DOLLY
What's happening?

SIDNEY
She's asking the old lady if she's
down to make you some pigment--

DOLLY
I'll do it.

SIDNEY
You inhale that shit it will
literally melt your lungs.

DOLLY
Rather mine than hers.

SIDNEY
Dolly... don't be a martyr--

Dolly yells back to the Merchant.

DOLLY
I want to buy it, just like this.
(points to the geode)
How much?

Sidney shares a look with The Merchant, both miffed by Dolly's insistence on doing it herself.

SIDNEY

Someone has to sieve while you grind. I'd volunteer, but I like oxygen too much.

The Merchant bags up the raw ore.

42

INT. GUGGENHEIM PUBLIC CARE FACILITY - LOBBY - LATER

42

Dolly is at the front desk. Vacant as usual. She sees the nursing schedule on the white board. Lenny's name all over it. Working doubles nearly every day of the week.

Dolly heads down the main hallway. Blue light spills out of rooms. Blue gels have been put on the fluorescents. The staff adopted what Dolly did for Mom. This makes Dolly happy.

43

INT. GUGGENHEIM PUBLIC CARE FACILITY - MOM'S ROOM - LATER

43

Dolly sits at Mom's bedside. Mom is still comatose. But her breathing is strong. Vitals stable.

DOLLY

I wanted to drop this off in case something happens to me.

Dolly leaves her amends journal on the side table.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

I'm making a color, it's dangerous but it could help a lot of kids not go hungry and get school supplies.... and toys. So it's worth it.

Dolly gets up. Turns to exit. Finds Lenny perched in the doorway. He overheard the conversation.

LENNY

[If you need a hand, I can help.]

DOLLY

[You work every shift...]

LENNY

[They make me take Sundays off.]

(beat)

[Tomorrow's Sunday.]

A long beat.

DOLLY
[Why do you want to help me?]

LENNY
[You can tell who cares by who shows up at the bed. Took you a sec, but you came around.]

DOLLY
[Well, no one would show up at mine so that must say something too.]

LENNY
[Yeah, that you need more friends.]

She catches sight of Lenny's RED CROSS sticker on his scrubs: "Be Nice to me, I gave blood today!"

DOLLY
[I thought you had to wait like two months before giving again?]

Lenny looks down at the sticker. Then back up to Dolly.

LENNY
[Not if you use someone else's ID.]

Lenny is surprisingly more like Dolly than she thought. Dolly considers Lenny's offer. Asks him one last question that's been on her mind.

DOLLY
[You're not deaf.]

LENNY
[My daughter was.]

The *was* alludes to a tragedy.

LENNY (CONT'D)
[Still prefer ASL, I like the quiet.]

Dolly couldn't agree more.

44

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - LOBBY - NIGHT

44

Dolly leads Lenny through the dark lobby. The GLOW of a VIDEO SCREEN catches his eye. A BEARBRICK BEAR floats in a white abyss.



The image of the shimmering children's toy rapidly changes colors. Lapis, ochre, amber, cochineal. Lenny stops before the screen. Taken by the image.

DOLLY
[Come on.]

LENNY
[What's that?]

Off his question, a video on the HISTORY OF COLOR starts to play. The Bears dissolve away. A series of ancient prints depicting Alchemists at work.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
From antiquity to the middle ages, diviners tried diligently to turn everyday materials into gold. This search, for what became known as the Philosopher's Stone, promised immortality to any who possessed it. Instead, it lead to the color wheel of modernity. From Lapis Lazuli--

CLOSE ON A MURAL: Enslaved men, women and children working the mines. Chains, whips and violence. A stack of brilliant, indigo-colored stones. "Lapis Lazuli. Sar-i-Sang mines, 7570 BC."

NARRATOR (V.O.)
To Scheele's green....

CLOSE ON A MURAL: Soot-covered smelters. Molten arsenic pouring into a tin pan. A fire burns beneath it. It glows emerald green. Onlookers watch on. "Scheele's Green. Sweden. 1775."

NARRATOR (V.O.)
To Lead white...

CLOSE ON A MURAL: Orphaned children on an assembly line. They grate blocks of WHITE LEAD into glass canisters. One child lays dead on the floor, open sores dot his body. "Lead White. Shogun Empire. 1813."

NARRATOR

A cornucopia of color the likes the world had never seen.

CLOSE ON A PAINTING: Evelyn De Morgan's "The Worship of Mammon."

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Today, historians believe the hunt for the Philosopher's Stone can be traced all the way back to the Book Of Matthew.

PUSH IN on a woman in the painting, clutching the knee of a giant, golden statue. Dolly notices the faint outline of the PALETTE SIGIL on the statues hand, just like the one she wears around her neck.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

To the fallen angel Mammon, expelled from the gates of heaven for stealing its golden walkways.

Something in the painting catches Dolly's eye...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

For Mammon's sacrifice, we here at Palette consider him the Patron Saint of Color. Our earliest forbearer who bestowed upon us the color of the gods.

... In the distant background sits a wolf. Watching. Waiting. Dolly taps Lenny on the shoulder.

DOLLY

[Let's go.]

45

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - COLOR LAB - MOMENTS LATER

45

The lab is empty save for Dolly and Lenny. The ruby red, realgar geode sits on her desk. Dolly sets up.

DOLLY

[You put up blue in all the rooms.]

Dolly removes an industrial steel grater from a box. The hue book from the library is open to the formula for Realgar.

LENNY

[Your mom's my girl but she can't keep all the good stuff to herself.]

Dolly hands Lenny a respirator mask.

DOLLY
[Makes sure it's tight.]

CUT:

A gloved hand shaves the red geode down with the grater. The particles fall onto a sieve that's gently shaken. Even finer particles are caught in the collection bowl below.

Dolly looks intensely focused as she grates. A bead of sweat runs down her forehead. Lenny shares her level of intensity as he shakes the strainer.

CUT:

Fine, red/orange powder in a bowl. A drop of hydrochloric acid is mixed in. Then another. The powder smokes and hisses. Lenny looks at the formula from the hue book -- "HCl, AQUA, REALGAR GEODE, LINSEED"

LENNY
[There's no amounts, how'd you know
how much to put in?]

DOLLY
[You have to feel it out, trust
your eyes.]

LENNY
[It all just looks orange to me...]

Dolly is concentrated on the task at hand.

DOLLY
[That's why you're the assistant.]

The powder slowly starts to change colors.

CUT:

Dolly taps a tiny bit of the now brilliantly hued pigment onto the table. Adds a drop of linseed oil. Spreads it across the table with a glass muller.

Dolly and Lenny lean over to inspect the streak of color.

The red/orange hue is transfixing. Hypnotic. Shimmering. A vortex of color. Like a slow moving current. It sucks you in.

LENNY
[Fucking-a...]

He looks up at Dolly. We can tell she's smiling under her mask.

She goes to sign back to Lenny when she notices -- *sparkling red/orange residue on her ring finger.*

Like acid eating away at metal, the flesh of her finger starts MELTING AWAY.

Bone and sinew exposed.

Blood pours out of the bubbling skin and open sores.

46

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - HALLWAY - LATER

46

We're looking down at Dolly on a gurney. She's being wheeled quickly into surgery. Her ring finger completely eaten away. Blood everywhere. Despite the carnage, she still has a little smile on her face.

She shuts her eyes and REALGAR RED slowly fills the screen.

47

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - POST SURGERY - NIGHT

47

Dolly wakes up to find Latrice at her bedside. Dolly doesn't know what to make of this.

DOLLY

I'm sorry--

LATRICE

You're not in trouble, I came to see how you're doing.

Dolly was wrong -- *someone did show up at her bedside.* We can see that this touches her.

DOLLY

Just my ring finger.

LATRICE

A small sacrifice, gives you a good excuse to remain single.

Latrice smiles warmly down at Dolly.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

What you created is remarkable.

Latrice holds up a square swatch of Dolly's color creation.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

I got them to choose your color.

DOLLY

Who?

LATRICE

The Advisory Board. I make recommendations but ultimately they decide...and they chose yours.

Dolly takes a moment to process this.

DOLLY

For the campaign?

LATRICE

Congratulations, Dolly.

Latrice hands Dolly the swatch of color. She stares at it.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

What do you call it?

DOLLY

I... I don't know.

LATRICE

You made it, you name it.

Dolly thinks for a long beat. A name comes to her.

DOLLY

Colton Red.

In honor of the boy she killed. Tears start to form in Dolly's eyes.

LATRICE

What's wrong?

Dolly wipes them away.

DOLLY

I'm just... happy.

48

EXT. MACY'S HERALD SQUARE - NIGHT

48

The iconic storefront is awash Colton Red. A massive crowd has gathered. Children in Boys & Girls Club t-shirts are on stage. Santa Claus, wearing a realgar-hued Santa robe, hands out gifts.

Find Dolly. Her hand still wrapped in gauze. Marveling at the spectacle. Lenny stands beside her.

MC

... Thanks to all of you, we've raised more than 50 million dollars, making this Macy's biggest Give the Gift of Giving campaign in our company's 150 year history!

The MC's words pop and sparkle in Colton Red as well. Lenny rummages through his bag. Pulls out Dolly's amends journal.

LENNY

[Think you got something to add to it.]

She takes the journal back and looks up at the revelry. A great, big smile across her face.

WOMAN (PRE-LAP)

He tried using a wire from his mattress to choke out a CO...

49

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

49

PROJECTION SCREEN: An INMATE is dead on the cold cement floor of his cell. His head bashed in. A pool of blood behind bars.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Use of force by staff is up 61%...

NEXT SLIDE: Another INMATE. His face so blistered by pepper spray he can't open his eyes.

WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I mean, we just had a juvenile go blind because of a pepper spray incident with one of our officers.

FINAL SLIDE: "CCA: Correction Corporation of America"

TRICIA MYERS (50s, perfectly manicured, a CCA pin on her lapel) puts the slide clicker down. Latrice, Dolly and Sidney sit beside her at a conference table.

The remains of lunch are scattered about -- Peter Luger's burgers and fries.

TRICIA

My husband's been in the business of rehabilitation for over 25 years and I've been right at his side.

(beat)

Never seen so much violence as what's going on in there now.

LATRICE

We think we can help with that.

TRICIA

Tried Beethoven, yoga, meditation,
nothing's helped so far.

LATRICE

Well, nothing works better to calm
our little lizard brains than color.

TRICIA

Which one?

LATRICE

That's a question for our
colorists. Dolly?

Dolly thinks to her own "happy" color, that vivianite pink.

DOLLY

Pinks and peaches are good for
anxiety.

SIDNEY

But you got big time aggression
issues, so blues, cyan, ocean and
sky color temps.

LATRICE

It's a complex problem, rest
assured we'll find a solution.

TRICIA

I'll be praying you do.

LATRICE

Let's show you the mock up.

50

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - SOUND STAGE - DAY

50

Darkness. The lights flicker on. A large white room with a
PRISON CELL constructed in the center of it. Latrice leads
Tricia and Sidney over to it. Dolly is slow to approach.

LATRICE

It's an exact replica of yours.
6x8, single mattress and wash
basin.

Tricia walks inside to inspect it.

TRICIA

You paint the bars and see what happens...

LATRICE

Trial participants will be held for 18 hours, monitored for everything from galvanic skin response to heart rate.

(beat)

We'll go through every color of the rainbow until we find one that works.

Tricia looks satisfied.

TRICIA

Just because people do bad things, doesn't make them bad people.

We see those words resonate with Dolly.

TRICIA (CONT'D)

Everyone deserves dignity.

LATRICE

Absolutely.

TRICIA

What're you thinking for timeline?

Latrice and Sidney lead Tricia to the exit--

TRICIA (CONT'D)

We got a board meeting coming up, would be nice to reassure investors we're not about to be Attica 2.0.

They disappear into the hall. Dolly stays back. It's just her and the cell.

She walks in. Hesitant. She sits on the bed. Takes it all in. Then lays down. Shuts her eyes. Brushes her hand along the bars, the sound of skin sliding along polished metal...

51

INT. JUVENILE DETENTION FACILITY - FLASHBACK

51

A young Dolly runs her hands along the bars of her first cell just as she's doing now. Each time her hand connects with metal, a POP of BLUE-PURPLE flashes over the frame.

52

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - SOUND STAGE - PRESENT DAY

52

Dolly continues to run her hand over the bars. Shuts her eyes.

CLINK. A VOID of blue-purple appears.

CLINK. Dolly takes in the color.

CLINK. A glowing halo of golden light. Another **CLINK**, then...

CLOSE ON: JIM'S blue-purple decaying tooth (her disgusting, old boss from the dye factory). It matches the color of Dolly's auditory hallucination perfectly.

Dolly's eyes open.

53

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - COLOR LAB - THE NEXT DAY

53

Dolly is at her drafting table. It's barren. She's not working on anything and Pearl takes notice.

PEARL

Color block?

DOLLY

What?

PEARL

Let's go for a walk. There are wildflowers blooming along the edge of the highway, maybe they'll inspire something.

DOLLY

I'm not blocked, I know the color.

PEARL

Then what's the problem?

DOLLY

I can't get what I need to make it.

CHUMANI (O.S.)

Holy fucking shit...

Chumani and a handful of other colorists are crowded around Sidney's work station. We can't see what they're looking at.

BRYN

What is it?

SIDNEY

Blue Sapphire.

Pearl and Dolly break through to find a hypnotic streak of emerald blue awash across the glass drafting table.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Like the ocean on a starry night.

Dolly can perceive a motion to it. A wave of majestic blue.

CHUMANI

Or a valium for the eyes.

SIDNEY

That's the idea.

BRYN

Ash and arsenic reduction?

SIDNEY

Uh-huh.

TALIA

And the base note?

SIDNEY

A magician never reveals her secrets.

TALIA

Come on--

SIDNEY

What's the difference? Chu will make a synthetic, and we'll never run out.

CHUMANI

Is this the one? Color of the year Sid...

SIDNEY

Don't jinx me.

CHUMANI

Maybe even get you a seat on the advisory.

SIDNEY

Seriously shut the fuck up.

Dolly looks intimidated and pained by the power of the color.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Doll, how's yours coming?

A long silent beat as everyone waits for her to answer. Pearl answers for her.

PEARL
Fucking amazing.

54

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - BEAUTY TESTING FACILITY - DAY 54

Row upon row of nail polish. A rainbow of colors. The room is dark. Save for a single lamp light over two pairs of hands.

DOLLY (O.S.)
Pearl...

In super slow motion. Pearl paints honey-amber nail polish on Dolly's nails to match her own.

DOLLY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What's the advisory?

The question pauses the next brush stroke momentarily.

PEARL (O.S.)
Nothing you have to worry about,
Latrice handles them.

DOLLY (O.S.)
How do you get on it?

The next nail is painted.

PEARL (O.S.)
You don't "get on it." When...if
the time comes, they choose you.

The applicator floats up the next nail bed. Dolly persists.

DOLLY (O.S.)
Well...who are they?

The brush stops. Finally we pop out. Pearl looks up at Dolly.

PEARL
What we do here, you and I, the
other colorists, we get people to
buy things, donate to a charity,
chill out in a jail cell. But the
advisory...
(beat)
Their colors have changed the
course of human history.

A long beat. Then. Pearl smiles. Holds up their nails together.

PEARL (CONT'D)

I don't know if it's the fumes or
the color, but I feel better.

Dolly feigns a smile back.

55 **INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - RESEARCH LIBRARY - LATE NIGHT** 55

Dolly sits alone at a table. A large stack of color-temp books beside her. She's looking through RGB "80, 80, 100" -- blue/purple on the color wheel. She flips through the pages.

- Tyrian Purple fabric from 15th century Greece. A painting of Greek Royalty in Purple robes, slaves grovel at their feet.

- Blue-Purple Sea Snail Shell. A photo of millions of them. Crushed and mulched for their color.

A DESPERATE MOAN interrupts her research. Then another. It's loud and heartbreaking. The cries echo through the floor vents. The sounds of a dying animal bellow from below.

56 **INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER** 56

The elevator doors open. Overhead lights flicker and turn on as she makes her way down a dark corridor. Giant, industrial freezers line the hallway.

She stops outside of one. Looks through its port-hole window: Dead Chameleons. Their carcasses hang upside down from hooks. Bright, spotted patches of color cover their bodies. It's horrifying and beautiful all at the same time.

Suddenly. Dolly hears the creature's cry from a storage room further down the hall. She quietly approaches. Pushes in...

57 **INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - STORAGE ROOM - END OF DAY** 57

It's dark. She can't see anything. The sound of heavy, labored panting. Dolly searches for a light switch. Finds it. A single overhead fluorescent turns on. The dingy room is empty save for one thing -- A caged ASIATIC BLACK BEAR.

More commonly known as a BILE BEAR. A species farmed for the rumored medicinal properties of the bile in its gallbladder.

The cage is so small the bear can't move. Its paws have been HACKED OFF to protect workers during extraction. It has an open fistula near the base of its stomach. Liquid from its gallbladder oozes out and leaks onto the floor. A puddle has formed.

Dolly slowly approaches. Bends down. Touches her hand to the puddle. The viscous liquid drips down her palm. The color: **BLUE SAPPHIRE.** *The magic behind Sidney's color.*

Dolly meets the gaze of the desperate creature. Sees the terror in its eyes.

58 **INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - LATRICE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER** 58

Dolly holds her hand out for Latrice to see. The color now dried and caked on her palm.

LATRICE

One bear to get more humane conditions for thousands of people behind bars sounds like a fair trade.

DOLLY

She's torturing it.

LATRICE

Dolly, I will make sure it's put down humanely.

(beat)

And let's not act like we're card carrying members of PETA, you ate a burger for lunch.

A long beat.

DOLLY

There's just other ways, she didn't have to do that. It's like... cheating.

LATRICE

Cheating what? There is no cheating.

Latrice points to the multitude of corporate and non-profit flags hanging over the warehouse floor.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

All that matters is the color.

59 **EXT. NYC STREETS - NIGHT**

59

Dolly walks with purpose through the rain. She's completely drenched. A look of torment across her face.

60 INT. GUGGENHEIM PUBLIC CARE FACILITY - LATER

60

Dolly enters looking like a wet mop. She approaches the front desk. Water drips onto the floor with every step.

DOLLY
Is Lenny working?

NURSE
When's he not? Room 5.

Dolly walks down the hall.

61 INT. GUGGENHEIM PUBLIC CARE FACILITY - HALLWAY - SAME

61

Dolly knocks. No one answers.

DOLLY
Lenny?

She waits a beat and then pushes in...

62 INT. GUGGENHEIM PUBLIC CARE FACILITY - ROOM 5 - SAME

62

Dolly enters. Lenny sits in a chair at an ELDERLY WOMAN'S bedside. Her face is strangely frozen. No sign of life.

LENNY
[If you came to see Mabel, you just missed her.]

Dolly spots the IV line in Lenny's arm as he signs to her.

DOLLY
[What... what are you doing?]

He's getting high off the dead woman's morphine drip. Dolly can see the narcotic flowing through his raised blue veins.

LENNY
[Didn't want to waste it, know how much water poppy fields use? Make you sick.]

A long silence. Lenny feels judged under Dolly's watch.

LENNY (CONT'D)
[What do you want?]

Dolly looks disoriented. Out of sorts.

DOLLY
[My company's fucked up.]

LENNY
[Of course they are, what'd you expect?]

Lenny signs very slowly. His hand movements off. Labored.

DOLLY
[Why're you doing this?]

LENNY
[I'm a fucked up person.]

DOLLY
[You're good--]

LENNY
[You don't know anything about me.]

DOLLY
[You help people--]

LENNY
[I killed my family.]

That just hangs there. Dolly doesn't know what to make of it.

LENNY (CONT'D)
[Wife and daughter. I fell asleep at the wheel. Flipped the car.]
 (beat)
[You know they make you ID the bodies even if you're with them? My daughter's jaw was missing...]

He trails off thinking about them. He looks to the tattoo on his forearm just below the needle. It's a BEARBRICK BEAR like the one in the Palette video. But this one is in memory of his daughter. The dates 2011-2019 written above it.

LENNY (CONT'D)
[My little bear.]

DOLLY
[I'm so sorry.]

LENNY
[No one's all good.]

A long reflective beat.

LENNY (CONT'D)

[Your company does messed up shit,
seems like they do some good too.]

DOLLY

[I think they try.]

LENNY

[That's it. Repentance is a daily
practice, when you don't do it...]
(motions to the IV bag)
[Bad shit happens.]

The sentiment resonates with Dolly.

Lenny shuts his eyes. Lets the high wash over him. Dolly sees an unopened FENTANYL PATCH on the table beside the dead woman.

63

INT. SECOND CHANCE PRINTING AND PACKING - NIGHT

63

The red glow of steaming caldrons of color. Pervert Jim is inspecting the freshly dyed sheets that hang from the rafters. A pair of NEW EMPLOYEES beside him.

DOLLY (O.S.)

Hey...

Jim slowly turns to find Dolly.

JIM

Helen Keller returns.
(beat)
What do you want?

Dolly looks anxious. The two workers stare at her.

DOLLY

I just...

Jim's *blue-purple front tooth* glistens in the light.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

I never had my assessment.

JIM

You don't work here anymore.

DOLLY

Can we just like talk in your
office for a second?

JIM

I'm trying to close up--

Dolly hesitantly places a hand on his shoulder. He looks confused. Not sure what to make of what's going on. She whispers in his ear.

DOLLY
 I haven't been with someone since
 I've been out...
 (beat)
 The girls told me how good you
 felt.

Jim is suddenly very intrigued. He looks at his workers.

JIM
 (re: the sheets)
 Box them up.

64 **INT. JIM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

64

Dolly enters first. Jim shuts the door. Locks it. Dolly turns around to face him. A long beat. Then... he undoes his belt buckle. Before he has a chance to get his pants off she KISSES HIM.

Jim grows eager. He moans in anticipation when...

DOLLY
 Wait -

Dolly pulls away. Leaves him panting and wanting more.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
 I gotta use the bathroom.

Jim nods to his bathroom. Starts rubbing himself.

65 **INT. JIM'S OFFICE - PRIVATE BATHROOM - SAME**

65

Dolly closes the door. She takes out the FENTANYL PATCH from her pocket. Opens it. Hands shaking. Peels off the adhesive. She checks her other pocket -- a pair of MEDICAL PLIERS.

She looks at herself in the mirror. Terrified. She tries to muster up the courage to go back out there.

66 **INT. JIM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

66

She opens the door and he's immediately on her. He's now down to his boxers. He quickly goes in for another disgusting, aggressive kiss.

She fumbles for the fentanyl patch. Part of the adhesive gets stuck on her own finger. FUCK. She desperately tries to peel it off before the drug kicks in.

JIM
(muffled)
Relax--

She finally gets it off her finger. Pulls away from him.

DOLLY
I can't... I have to go.

Dolly is bailing on her plan. She goes for the door. But he yanks her back.

JIM
Don't be a cock tease.

He tries to kiss her again. She tries to pull away.

DOLLY
Let go!

He puts his hand behind her head, smashes their faces together. Sucking her lips into his. She tries desperately to squirm away, but he's not letting go. So...

Dolly BITES down hard on his upper gums and TEARS away. Jim screams and crumbles to the floor in agony. He clutches his mouth. Blood pours from it.

Dolly has blood on her face too. She spits something out into her hand -- *the dead tooth*.

JIM
(muffled)
What the fuck!

He writhes in pain on the floor. Dolly backs away. Staring down at the disgusting bloody tooth. Quaking in fear. She VOMITS.

DOLLY
You wouldn't let me go--

JIM
(muffled)
You're a fucking psycho!

Dolly backs away towards the door.

DOLLY
I'm... helping you. Repentance is a daily practice.

She looks conflicted. Glances down at Jim's shining tooth.
Finds her resolve.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

This can do so much good...

67

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - COLOR LAB - LATE NIGHT

67

CLOSE ON: The tooth being melted down to a Periwinkle putty.

CLOSE ON: A couple drops of linseed oil.

CLOSE ON: A sprinkle of Soda Ash.

PULL OUT to find Dolly at her work station. Looking down at her wondrous creation. A work light beams down on it. All we see is the soft, blue hue of the color reflecting in her eyes.

68

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - COLOR LAB - THE NEXT DAY

68

CLOSE ON a streak of PERIWINKLE. It's the exact color she saw in the cell. It ripples and moves under a spotlight.

CLOSE ON a streak of SAPPHIRE BLUE. Hypnotic and glistening.

Latrice stands before a glass drafting table. She marvels at the two colors. Dolly and Sidney on either side of her. The rest of the colorists are circled around in front of them.

BRYN

Respect, Dolly.

PEARL

(off Dolly's color)

Told you it was fucking amazing.

LATRICE

They're both melodious.

DOLLY

Which one are we going with?

Latrice looks up from the colors at Dolly. Sees her eager, nervous anticipation. Her competitive drive.

LATRICE

Let's see them both on the bars.
Whatever the results, I'll make my
recommendation to the advisory.

Dolly looks disappointed. Sidney amused.

SIDNEY

A good old fashioned color war.

CHUMANI

I don't think the lab has enough time to prep and prime each--

LATRICE

Oh, who's in charge of the lab?

CHUMANI

What?

LATRICE

I mean if you're saying there might be an issue, I should talk to whoever's in charge of making synthetics.

CHUMANI

Latrice, you know I am--

LATRICE

Oh good! Then get it done or find a job elsewhere.

CHUMANI

Yes, Latrice.

Chumani gazes at the floor in shame. Latrice looks to Dolly and Sidney with a smile.

LATRICE

Good work, you two.

Latrice's mood flips on a dime. Off that, she exits.

SIDNEY

Chu, it's all good. I'll do the RGB color scale on them--

CHUMANI

It's fine, I got it.

Chumani's bottom lip quivers. She fights back tears. Bryn places a hand on her back to comfort her. Chumani recoils.

CHUMANI (CONT'D)

I said I'm fine.

As a tear falls down her cheek she rushes out. Sidney scoops up the two compact size containers of color.

SIDNEY

Latrice is great when the sun is
shining on you, but when it's
not... ice queen.

(beat)

Chu, think you forgot something...

Sidney follows after Chumani with the sample colors in hand.

Pearl grabs Dolly. Ecstatic.

PEARL

You're a killer, let's go!

69

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - CHEM LAB - DAY

69

CLOSE ON an LED SCREEN. A color spectrometer chart. The
"Sapphire Blue" sample is being scanned and broken down by
percentage into hue, saturation and light: 240%, 100%, 50%.

CLOSE ON a stream of neutral blue being dispensed from a
narrow faucet. Then a shorter stream of purple. Lastly, a
touch of red.

CLOSE ON the puddle of paint. Concentric circles of blue, red
and purple. A paint knife breaks the frame and starts to mix
the colors until the puddle is a uniform blue hue. An exact
match of Sidney's Sapphire.

70

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - SOUND STAGE

70

WORKERS in white painters suits. Their identities concealed
by respirators. They pull hoses down from the ceiling. They
aim the nozzles at the jail cell. Open the valves. Sapphire
Blue sprays out like heavy mist. The bars are coated in the
intoxicating color.

71

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - SOUND STAGE - THE NEXT DAY

71

The room is colored Sapphire. From the walls to the bars. A
heavily **TATTED DUDE** (Machine Gun Kelly, rail thin) lays on
the cot inside the cell. Wires and monitors all over his
body. Heart rate, GSR, Blood pressure.

He gives a little wave towards a two-way mirror...

72

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

72

CLOSE ON the test subject profile one-sheet. A thumbnail sized pic of the Tatted Dude. Height. Weight. Relevant history: court ordered anger management, a couple disorderly conduct charges.

A **PALETTE RESEARCHER** sits at a desk that looks out onto the jail cell. A laptop open in front of her. Monitoring Tatted Dude's vitals.

PALETTE RESEARCHER

GSR and heart rate unchanged, blood pressure's still down 12 points though...

Reveal Latrice, Sidney and Dolly watching the trial from an elevated row of chairs behind the Researcher. Sidney looks disappointed.

SIDNEY

Fuck.

LATRICE

It's trending in the right direction.

SIDNEY

It's been 6 hours, I think we got what we got.

Dolly hides her smile. Satisfied by the lackluster results.

73

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - SOUND STAGE - LATE NIGHT

73

Hoses retract from the ceiling. Nozzles aimed. Valves opened. A mist of PERIWINKLE BLUE.

74

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - SOUND STAGE - THE NEXT DAY

74

The room is now Periwinkle. Another test subject behind bars. This one looks like The **HULK** (20s, shaved head, giant cross necklace). He saunters around the cell. Runs his hand along the bars. Whistles to himself.

75

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

75

The Researcher takes his readings.

RESEARCHER

GSR is a zero. Heart rate 48. Blood pressure has dropped 80 points in two hours...

The read out makes Dolly very happy.

SIDNEY

If he passes out, is that a good thing or a bad thing?

DOLLY

Someone jealous?

Sidney is surprised by the clap back.

SIDNEY

All on the same team, Dolly.

Latrice is intensely focused on the test subject. Watches his every move.

76

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES -SOUND STAGE - LATER

76

Hulk sits on the cot. His eyes half massed. Staring off into space. He actually looks drugged. He mutters something under his breath. Inaudible at first. He starts repeating it...

HULK

... Cannot worship God and Mammon. Matthew verse five... God and Mammon...

SIDNEY (O.S.)

He's saying something...

77

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - OBSERVATION ROOM - INTERCUT

77

Dolly and Sidney stand beside The Researcher. They lean in closer to the window.

RESEARCHER

His... his GSR just started to spike like crazy--

DOLLY

What?

LATRICE

Turn on the microphone.

The researcher turns on the PA. Hulk's unsettling words start coming through the speaker.

HULK (V.O.)
Verse 5 chapter chapter 24 chapter
24 verse 5 God and Mammon God and
Mammon and God and Mammon...

Hulk slowly stands up. Approaches the bars. Looks right at the viewing window. Directly staring at them.

HULK (V.O.)
God and Mammon God and Mammon and
God and Mammon...

The words trigger Dolly's synesthesia. Strobes of Red.

FLICKER. Hulk clutches his face.
FLICKER. Splashes of red dissect his features.
FLICKER. The color peels skin from bone.

Dolly shuts her eyes. Tries envisioning her calming pink. No use.

RESEARCHER
His heart rate's jumped to 180.

SIDNEY
The fuck is he doing...

He stops muttering. Then. CRACK! The Hulk smashes his head against the bars. A gash appears on his head. Blood trickles out.

Everyone GASPS in horror.

RESEARCHER
Stop!

CRACK. He slams his head again.

78

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - SOUND STAGE - SAME

78

CRACK. CRACK. CRACK. Hulk is bludgeoning himself to death.

Latrice, Dolly and Sidney rush into the room.

SIDNEY
Bro, relax!

Latrice fumbles for the keys to unlock the cell. Dolly approaches the Hulk. Blood sprays on her as he continues to bash his head.

DOLLY
Please... stop.

Hulk passes out. Collapsing to the floor in a pool of his own blood. His face unrecognizable from the self inflicted beating.

Latrice finally gets the door open. She rushes in.

LATRICE
Sidney, call an ambulance!

Dolly stands there. Staring at the red blood oozing across the periwinkle floor.

79

INT. JERSEY GENERAL HOSPITAL - TRAUMA CENTER - LATER

79

Paramedics rush Hulk in on a gurney. Dolly follows closely behind. They're met by doctors and nurses. His face a mix of crimson and periwinkle. His eyes are perpetually open. Oddly angled down.

PARAMEDIC
Blunt force trauma, semi-responsive.

DOLLY
Why won't he shut his eyes--

DOCTOR
Trap door fracture to his orbital bone, they're stuck in place.

They wheel him down the hall towards an operating room.

DOLLY
Can't you close them?

DOCTOR
I need you to step back, please.
(beat)
Stay with us, Mr. Ramirez.

DOLLY
Help him! Do something!
(looking at Hulk)
I'm so sorry.

They arrive at the room. Dolly tries to enter. A nurse stops her.

NURSE
Ma'am, you can't come in.

DOLLY
Don't let him die--

NURSE
Honey, he's in good hands.
(beat)
You can help too.

DOLLY
How?

NURSE
Have a seat in the waiting room and
pray for him.

DOLLY
Fuck you!

The nurse shuts the operating room door. Dolly is left alone.

80

INT. JERSEY GENERAL HOSPITAL - DONOR CENTER - LATER

80

Dolly barges in. Still caked in blood. She looks like a madwoman. She frantically approaches THE RECEPTIONIST.

DOLLY
Hi, I want to donate.

RECEPTIONIST
(off the blood)
Are you okay?

DOLLY
It's not mine. Are there forms, or
what do I need to fill out?

RECEPTIONIST
It doesn't work like that.

DOLLY
I don't drink or smoke or drug. I
can give tonight, you have people
waiting, right? I'm ready.

RECEPTIONIST
Miss, maybe you should see a doctor--

DOLLY
Unless it's to cut out my fucking
kidney I don't need one!

RECEPTIONIST

I'm going to call security if you don't calm down.

His VOICE suddenly triggers her synesthesia and she's hit by a STROBE of RED. She shuts her eyes and clutches her head.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

(into phone)

There's a woman who's having some sort of episode--

Pearl and Chumani burst in. Immediately take hold of Dolly.

CHUMANI

Sorry she's fine, we have her.

PEARL

We got you, Doll.

Dolly is in tears. Big labored breaths. They lead her out.

81

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

81

Chumani drives. Pearl in the backseat beside Dolly. She's inconsolable.

DOLLY

It's my fault, the color drove him insane--

PEARL

The guy was already insane!

DOLLY

I have this darkness, I shouldn't be out in the world.

Pearl grabs her face. Looks her in the eye.

PEARL

Listen to me, he was some Jesus freak maniac that should never have been in the trial.

(beat)

It's not your fault.

Those words comfort Dolly ever so slightly.

DOLLY

Where are we going?

CHUMANI
Latrice wants to see you.

DOLLY
Is she mad?

CHUMANI
Maybe a little--

PEARL
Chu! Shut up.
(beat)
She just wants to make sure you're
alright. We all do.

Pearl holds Dolly. Tries to console her.

LATRICE (PRE-LAP)
The hospital called...

82

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - LATRICE'S OFFICE - LATER

82

Dolly sits across from Latrice. Shoulders hunched. Eyes on the floor.

LATRICE
He's going to make it, you need to
pull yourself together.

Dolly looks up. Relieved.

LATRICE (CONT'D)
Mistakes were made. Doesn't mean we
go running around the hospital.

DOLLY
I just wanted to make things right.

LATRICE
You didn't mean to hurt him.

DOLLY
No.

LATRICE
But you could have opened us up to a
lawsuit, it wasn't easy explaining
away the neurotoxin in his bloodwork.

Dolly doesn't follow.

Latrice Takes a handheld UV LIGHT out from her desk. Holds it over one of Dolly's color swatches. Fluorescent specks appear.

LATRICE (CONT'D)
 Monkshood. The toxin's iridescent.
 It's impossible to wash out and
 it's all over the synthetic-

DOLLY
 I don't understand--

LATRICE
 I get it, you wanted to win.
 (beat)
 The synthetic doesn't quite capture
 the essence of the original, it's
 never as powerful. But next time
 you spike it, make sure your base
 pigment isn't poisonous.

DOLLY
 I... I don't know what you're
 talking about. I didn't use
 Monkshood--

LATRICE
 What did you use then?

Dolly flashes to Jim's TOOTH. She can't answer that.

DOLLY
 I didn't even make the synthetic!
 Latrice reaches across. Takes Dolly's hand.

LATRICE
 Hey... don't lie to me.
 The reassuring touch catches Dolly off guard.

LATRICE (CONT'D)
 We're building off of Sid's color,
 which needs work.
 (beat)
 Go home, get some rest, come back
 tomorrow inspired.

83

INT. SUBWAY - LATE NIGHT

83

Dolly's stare is fixed on her phone. She has a webpage up.
 Researching Monkshood.

CLOSE ON: An illustration of the beautiful purple-flowered plant.

CLOSE ON: "...the attractive blue to dark purple flowers contain the **potent nerve poison Aconitine**...ingestion or **inhalation** can cause **disorientation** and **psychosis**."

The train SCREECHES into the next station. Dolly is hit with the RED STROBE. She closes her eyes. Envisions Pink Dawn...

PRE-LAP: A doorbell rings...

84

INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - LATER

84

Dolly waits at the door. Sidney answers. A beer in hand. Eyes half-massed. Drunk.

DOLLY
Can we talk?

Sidney hugs her. Takes her hand to pull her inside.

SIDNEY
Come on, sure you could use a drink.

85

INT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SAME

85

Glass and steal. Sterile. Cold. The sliding balcony door open. A gentle wind blows in from the Park. Dolly takes the place in. Sidney grabs a beer for Dolly out of the fridge.

SIDNEY
What a shit day.

She hands her the drink.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
I heard he's going to make it so...
cheers to that.

Sidney clinks Dolly's bottle and takes a drink. Dolly doesn't take a drink.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)
Hey, you made a great color. Don't
beat yourself up over it, the guy
just flipped his shit.
(beat)
It's not on you.

DOLLY
I know.

SIDNEY
Good.

DOLLY
It's on you.

Sidney almost smiles. Not sure what to make of the comment.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
You... you sabotaged my color.

Sidney laughs. Dolly doesn't.

SIDNEY
Oh, you're for real right now.

DOLLY
It's okay--

SIDNEY
You trying to pin this shit on me?

DOLLY
No one needs to get in trouble.
We'll just tell Latrice it was a
mistake, you accidentally knocked
some base pigment into the
synthetic and--

SIDNEY
You need to go.

Sidney grabs Dolly's unopened beer back from her.

DOLLY
You took my color to the lab.

SIDNEY
I'm serious, this is fucked up.

DOLLY
Latrice was giving me attention,
you didn't like it. You knew my
color was better, admit it.

SIDNEY
I was nice to you! Like out of my
way nice to you because all the
other girls were talking shit.
(beat)
But they were right, you're a...
freak, freak, freak--

The words echo those of the Bully's on the playground. They haunt and torment Dolly.

DOLLY

Please, just tell her what you did--

Sidney hits PLAY on her phone. Suddenly. "JUMP IN THE LINE" blasts from the speakers. It's loud. Like deafening loud.

SIDNEY

Sorry, can't hear you!

Dolly muffles her ears.

DOLLY

Turn it off.

SIDNEY

Or what? You're going to run off and tell mommy on me again?

Dolly looks pained by the music.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

You're all holier than thou, but I know who you really are, Dolly...

Sidney approaches Dolly. Gets in her face.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

A killer.

Everything starts to strobe. Red and black.

FLICKER. Dark, oppressive clouds of color.

FLICKER. Colored smoke begins to fill her lungs.

FLICKER. Dolly starts to COUGH. Suffocated by the colors.

DOLLY

Stop--

SIDNEY

A child killer at that.

DOLLY

I'm not--

SIDNEY

People don't change, they just get better at hiding.

(beat)

And you act morally superior to me because I hurt little Paddington!

Dolly tries to back away from Sidney. With every word the colors multiply. Dolly's cough worsens.

FLICKER. Strobing colors. Sidney's face starts to lose shape.

FLICKER. Her features fall away.

FLICKER. One giant, angry mouth appears.

FLICKER. Her teeth as sharp as razors.

DOLLY

Please stop!

SIDNEY

You know what they say, Doll. Throw stones from glass houses...

Dolly is backed into a literal corner. Blinded in terror. Unable to breathe.

SIDNEY (CONT'D)

Be prepared for yours to break.

Dolly snaps. PUSHES Sidney with all her rage.

Then. Everything goes quiet. The sound of the peaceful breeze.

The colors subside. Dolly opens her eyes to find Sidney gone. The view of the park through the open balcony door before her.

Slowly. Dolly steps out onto the balcony. Looks down over the guard rail to find:

Sidney's body. Blood splatter. Broken bones. One eye looking up at her. The other missing. Dislodged on impact. She spots it:

The eye. A blue-purple glow amidst the leaves in the gutter. A gruesome sight. Dolly backs away in horror.

She runs out of the apartment.

86 **EXT. APARTMENT LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER**

86

A crowd has gathered around Sidney's body. SHOUTS for an ambulance. A doctor. Dolly puts her head down. Hurries off in the opposite direction.

87 **EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - NIGHT**

87

Dolly wanders the streets. Letting her feet drag her along.

Her heart beat quickens and she's hit with a series of **VISIONS:**

CLOSE ON: The rake-tip embedded deep in the young boy's eye.

CLOSE ON: The Hulk's bloody face bashed in on the purple floor.

CLOSE ON: The black void of Sidney's empty eye socket.

CLOSE ON: Her purple iris buried in the leaves.

Dolly starts to cry. Unable to hold the guilt.

88

INT. NYPD PRECINCT - LOBBY - LATE NIGHT

88

It's a busy night. The bullpen is full with people waiting to be booked. A group of drunk **GIANTS FANS** arrested for disorderly conduct. A pair of **TEENAGERS** handcuffed for joy riding in a stolen car. An **UNHOUSED WOMAN** demanding the cops return her tent.

Dolly stands in the landing. Approaches the **PRECINCT COMMANDER** at the lofted desk. Busy with paperwork.

PRECINCT COMMANDER
(doesn't look up)
You want to file a police report,
triplicates are on the back wall.

Dolly hesitates.

DOLLY
I need to talk to a detective.

The Precinct Commander slides a notepad towards her.

PRECINCT COMMANDER
Write your name, take a seat. Call
you when we have someone available.

Dolly writes her name down. Takes a seat in the bullpen.

A profanity laced rant. A desk drawer slams closed. It all sends colors strobing in Dolly's field of vision. She tries to envision her calming color. When...

... Her attention is drawn to a TV mounted on the wall. Black and white concert footage. A familiar voice.

HARRY BELAFONTE
*... Day, me say day, me say day, me
say day-o... Daylight come and me
wan' go home.*

A chyron appears on the TV -- *Harry Belafonte Live at Sankei Hall, Tokyo, 18 July 1960.* A **CLOSE UP** of the iconoclast belting out his most iconic song.

HARRY BELAFONTE (CONT'D)
Day-o! Dayyyyyyyyyy-o!

A series of **VISIONS**: Sidney giving Dolly an extra pair of clothes for the pigment hunt... saving her from drowning... helping her buy Realgar... making a confession to her in bed:

SIDNEY

... When you walk into Palette and see those iconic colors hanging from the rafters? It's all I want, to see one of mine up there one day.

Those words just hang there.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)

Dolores Martin?

The voice snaps her back to reality. A **DETECTIVE** waits at the front of the room for someone to claim the name.

Dolly spies the precinct's *Wall of Fame*. Portraits of great police chiefs and officers over the decades.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

Dolores? Going once, going twice...

Dolly stands up.

89

EXT. SIDNEY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAWN

89

Close on SID'S EYE. A hand breaks the frame. Picks it up.

HARRY BELAFONTE (V.O.)

*Daylight come and we wannnnnnt
gooooo hooooome!*

Reveal Dolly. Admiring the purple-blue iris as the song crescendos. A round of applause. Then silence.

90

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - COLOR LAB - THE NEXT MORNING

90

Dolly sits in the dark of the lab. The warm glow of her work light casts a shadow on her face. As if under a trance.

The clock strikes 9am. The overheads flicker on. Colorists flood into the room. Chit chat as they set up for the day.

Pearl approaches Dolly. Notices her swollen face, her sleepless eyes.

PEARL

You okay?

Dolly looks at her. Lifeless. Off that, Latrice walks in. Everyone stands at attention. She surveys the room.

LATRICE
Where's Sidney?

No one answers.

BRYN
She's... late?

LATRICE
We're working off her base, find her. Please.

Bryn exits.

LATRICE (CONT'D)
We need all hands. Sidney's design's a work in progress, but we have to show Trish something.
(off her watch)
We have 2 hours to improve upon it before she gets here--

TALIA
She wrote a note...

Everyone looks to Talia. Standing at Sidney's drafting table. A small, wooden box in the center.

LATRICE
Read it.

TALIA
(reading)
"In this box please find Bloom Purple. I gave it everything. Your humble servant of color, Sidney Bloom."

Latrice approaches the table. The colorists follow suit.

A long beat. Latrice clicks open the box to reveal:

A sparkling, golden-purple -- the color of Sid's eye.

The pigment takes Latrice's breath away. She dumps it on the table. Adds a drop of water. Spreads the glistening color like a shimmering river. It's undeniable.

LATRICE
Sidney... she knew it...

Colorists are awe struck. Entranced by the shade.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

She did it.

As others marvel, Pearl notices Dolly trying to hide her tears. Pearl looks closer and spies a bit of crimson around the beds of Dolly's fingernails. *Dried blood.*

The Greek Chorus of Philip Glass's KNEE 3 starts to play.

GREEK CHORUS

1234, 1234, 1234, 1234, 1234...

Dolly is lost in the color...

91 **INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - CONFERENCE ROOM**

91

Slowly PULL OUT from the golden-purple to find Tricia from CCA staring at the color. Latrice over her shoulder. The opera is all we hear.

GREEK CHORUS

1234, 1234, 1234, 1234, 1234...

As Tricia begins to cry tears of joy...

92 **INT. NYC CORONERS OFFICE - FORENSIC LAB - SAME**

92

CLOSE ON black and blue bruising on a bare chest. Slowly pull back. Reveal Sidney's sheet-white corpse on a steel slab. The **CORONER** examines the chest contusions. You can almost see the faint outline of a hand print where she was pushed.

Suddenly. Something embedded in her skin catches the light from the coroner's headlamp. It shines back. The coroner takes a closer look under an optical magnifier.

We see the microscopic debris in clear view: *honey nail polish.*

93 **INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - OPERATING THEATER - MORNING**

93

Dolly sits beside her fellow colorists. Most of whom are crying. A buttoned up **HR REP** and her **PARTNER** stand before them.

HR REP

... They believe alcohol and marijuana were a factor. Intoxication--

BRYN

She wasn't even depressed, she didn't say anything...

Bryn is inconsolable. Dolly is guilt stricken.

FLASH TO: Sidney's eyeball in a petri dish. A soldering iron breaks frame. Burns the white sclera. It bleeds and melts away until the color of the iris is all that's left. **BACK TO:**

Dolly is starting to lose her grip. Pearl notices. Clutches her hand. Tries to give her some comfort.

HR REP

Stress and anxiety, deadlines, you
can feel like you're drowning if
you don't have someone to talk to.

HR REP II

That's why it's important you all
find a person to help you process
and grieve.

94 INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - HALLWAY - SAME 94

We're on an NYPD badge as it bounces on the hip of **DETECTIVE REID** (50s, disillusioned, charmless). He follows Latrice into the...

95 INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - OPERATING THEATER - SAME 95

The HR Reps are interrupted by the arrival of Latrice and the Detective. Dolly is frozen in fear.

LATRICE

Ladies. This is Detective Reid. He
would like to see your nails.

Everyone looks confused, including the HR reps.

BRYN

Is this about Sid?

LATRICE

Line up. Nails out.
(beat)
Dolly, with me please.

Colorists begin to line up, shoulder to shoulder.

Dolly can't move. Pearl whispers in her ear.

PEARL

You're going to do amazing things.
(beat)
It's an honor.

Pearl touches the Palette Sigil around Dolly's neck. Before Dolly can make sense of what she's saying... Latrice gently pulls Dolly up. Takes her out of the room.

The colorists all hold out their hands. A mix of muted pastels, nudes and a few bright acrylics. Chumani looks pissed off by the inspection.

CHUMANI

You think one of us did something?

DETECTIVE MANSFIELD

Relax, miss.

CHUMANI

We just lost fucking family, you're gonna tell me to relax?

96

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

96

Latrice leads a confused Dolly into the soundproofed room. A view of the operating theater below out of a small, porthole window.

DOLLY

What's happening--

Latrice locks the door. Dolly watches through the tiny window:

97

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - OPERATING THEATER - INTERCUT

97

The Detective walks the row. Taking his time.

BRYN

(to HR Reps)

You said she was drunk, she fell...

With every step the Detective gets closer to Pearl.

CLOSE ON: Pearl's nails. *The same honey color as Dolly's.*

CHUMANI

NCIS going to find some clue from our nail polish? This is such bullshit.

Pearl looks up at Dolly. Gives a little smile. Then steps forward.

PEARL

That bitch stole my fucking color!

OBSERVATION ROOM

Dolly bangs on the glass.

DOLLY

No!

OPERATING THEATER

Pearl holds up her nails.

PEARL

A little push and down she went.

The Detective grabs her hand for closer inspection.

PEARL (CONT'D)

The glove fits, no?

DETECTIVE REID

Take it easy.

The outburst is frightening.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Dolly runs to the door. Desperately tries the handle.

DOLLY

Open it! Please.

(beat)

Pearl didn't do it!

LATRICE

Pearl wanted this, Dolly. It was her decision...

Dolly goes back to the window. Bangs on it with open palms.

DOLLY

Stop! No, no, no...

Bang. Bang. Bang. It's no use. She reels her arm back. PUNCHES the window with a closed fist. Once, twice. Her knuckles start to BLEED.

LATRICE

Stop it.

One more punch. We hear the CRUNCH as she breaks her hand.

OPERATING THEATER

Colorists back away from Pearl. Bryn looks heartbroken. Tears in her eyes.

BRYN

You pushed her...

PEARL

And all the king's horses and all the
king's men couldn't put Sidney back
together again!

The detective leads her out before she can rile things up any further.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Dolly collapses to the ground in tears. Clutches her bloody, mangled hand. Latrice takes a seat on the floor in front of her.

DOLLY

They should take me, it was me.

LATRICE

Pearl wasn't going to make anything meaningful, she wanted to do this for you--

DOLLY

I don't deserve it. Pearl... She shouldn't have done that, it should be me. I'm fucked up--

LATRICE

You have a remarkable gift.

Dolly is inconsolable. All the pent up guilt coming out.

DOLLY

Sid was yelling at me, I begged her to be quiet, the colors wouldn't stop. I pushed her--

LATRICE

And we can't let her sacrifice go to waste!

Latrice REMOVES HER GLASSES for the first time. Reveals:

Chemical burns encircling an EMPTY EYE SOCKET. Keloid scar tissue protrudes from the opening. A nauseating sight.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

I gave my sight trying to transmute mercury into gold...

Latrice leans in. As if looking at her with her missing eye.

LATRICE (CONT'D)
 I could have quit, left all this, but I
 had a responsibility. To color. Just
 like you.

The moment is sobering. Snaps Dolly out of her agony for a moment. Latrice slides over along the wall. Holds Dolly close.

LATRICE (CONT'D)
 You're forgiven, you're loved, my
 sweet girl, no matter what...

Dolly clutches onto her like a child clutches her mother. Dolly relaxes into her. Submits. Comforted. All the tension she's been holding onto finally starts to release.

98

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - EXECUTIVE SUITE - LATER

98

Latrice lays Dolly down in bed. Tucks her in. Sits on the bed beside her. Places a comforting hand on her back.

LATRICE
 You turned something tragic, into
 something beautiful...

Latrice takes out a SQUARE SWATCH of Bloom Purple. Puts it on the bedside table.

LATRICE (CONT'D)
 You helped Sid achieve something she
 could never have done on her own.

Dolly looks up at Latrice. An expression of love and relief.

99

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - EXECUTIVE HALLWAY - LATER

99

Latrice exits. Softly closing the door. Bryn is there waiting.

BRYN
 How is she--

LATRICE
 Watch her.

Any warmth Latrice had has melted away. She slips on her coat.

LATRICE (CONT'D)
 If she tries anything stupid, call me.

Latrice is on the move before Bryn can ask anything more.

Bryn looks in the small porthole window at a sleeping Dolly. Her eye is drawn to the purple swatch on the bedside table.

PUSH IN on the alluring color...

100

EXT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - LOBBY - WEEKS LATER - NIGHT

100

A massive BLOOM PURPLE banner. It's the Color of the Year Ceremony. Black tie. Press and party goers alike stand before a stage. Tricia and CCA board members also in attendance. Latrice at the podium. The banner beside her.

LATRICE

(reading from her speech)

... A 63% reduction in violence and self-harms in both public and private prisons. Bloom Purple is a testament to peace, to justice.

Raucous applause. Find Dolly watching from the back of the lobby. A CAST on her wrist. She's there but not there. Lost in the purple glow. Lenny stands beside her. Her plus-one to the event. He looks moved by the speech.

LENNY

[You gotta get me a job.]

DOLLY

[Men can't work here, your eyes don't see color like ours.]

LENNY

[I'll be the janitor, I don't care.]

Dolly notices a **WOMAN** (70s, French, severe box bob cut, couture everything) staring at her from stage.

LATRICE

Now I would like to hand things over to three time COY finalist, creator of Rolex gold and Unicef blue, our esteemed Chairwoman Margarite Sevan.

The Woman who was just staring at Dolly takes the podium.

MARGARITE

Thank you, Latrice. Tonight we not only celebrate this wondrous shade as our Color of the Year, but also honor its marvelous, dedicated creator Sidney Bloom.

(MORE)

MARGARITE (CONT'D)

A woman who tragically lost her own life in its creation. We hope that she's found a peace equal to the one she so graciously left behind for all of us.

Margarite motions to someone off stage. The Bloom Purple banner starts to rise to the rafters. More applause. Dolly is both happy and saddened by the ceremony. She hands Lenny her drink.

DOLLY

[I'm gonna get some air.]

101

EXT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

101

Dolly stands alone. The gated-in blacktop parking lot before her. She takes in the peace and quiet when a WOLF CUB appears between cars.

Its multi-colored eyes stare right back at her. It's just like the one that was watching her forage for color in the Catskills. It takes off scared. Instinctually, Dolly goes after it.

It trots into wild overgrowth that runs along the fence line. Dolly sees a small dirt pathway and continues her pursuit.

102

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - OVERGROWTH - SAME

102

Dolly runs parallel to the wolf along the path. Careful not to let it out of her sight. She's getting winded, but she's not stopping. Something drives her forward. She has to know where it's going.

She reaches a new fence line. A caged-in area of land at the very edge of the Palette property. The wolf squeezes under a small opening. But Dolly can't go any further.

She peers into the enclosure. Her eyes adjust to the darkness. A cave comes into a view. It's manmade, like one you'd find at a zoo.

That's when she notices it. The eyes. Dozens of pairs. They reflect and twinkle in the moonlight. They're all two-tone. Aqua, gray, reds and yellows all paired together. All staring back at her.

CHUMANI (O.S.)

Not in the mood to party, huh?

Dolly turns to find Chumani in the shadows. She's smoking a cigarette. Watching the wolves.

CHUMANI (CONT'D)

Me either.

DOLLY

What are we doing with them?

CHUMANI

Breeding them. For their eyes.

(beat)

They change color with the light.

The army wants a camouflage that can do the same, protect our soldiers on the front line.

Dolly looks back into the cage.

DOLLY

Are we fucked up for what we do?

Chumani motions to the wolves--

CHUMANI

Well, depends which wolf you think we're feeding?

(then)

The Cherokee say we all got two wolves in us at war. One is evil, all anger, envy, greed. The other is good, full of peace, love, courage.

(beat)

Which one you think wins?

Dolly gets her point.

DOLLY

The one you feed.

Chumani puts out her cigarette.

CHUMANI

What they don't tell you...

Motions to the cage full of identical looking wolves.

CHUMANI (CONT'D)

Is that it's near fucking impossible to tell them apart.

Suddenly. FLOOD LIGHTS turn on. Beam down on the cage. The wolves are aglow. A door slides open. A dozen WHITE BUNNIES sprint into the enclosure. The wolves are quick to descend on them. They rip at their flesh. Blood covers their white fur.

Dolly watches the gruesome scene unfold.

103

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

103

A **COLONEL** (50s, bookish, combat uniform) from the Army Corp of Engineers is talking Dolly and Latrice through a presentation. Bryn, at the projector, clicks through slides for them.

On the screen, a world map of human migration patterns.

COLONEL

... Floods, fires, hurricanes, concurrent weather events like we're already seeing will send an estimated 2 billion climate refugees fleeing. Sectarian violence, armed conflict, mass starvation, drought, disease will be unavoidable. Next slide.

Bryn clicks the slide. A chart. A timeline of climate events.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

These biblical end-time events aren't 100 or even fifty years away... but here within the decade. Next slide.

Click. A solar panel. Cross-hatched mirrors over black squares.

COLONEL (CONT'D)

And these panels are what we at the Army Corp of Engineers believe are our salvation. Solar. Right now we get less than 1% of our energy from them when we could be getting over 90. Reducing carbon emissions globally by 68% and effectively ending the biggest security threat to mankind.

(beat)

The problem's that the black color we're using now in our panels isn't black enough--

DOLLY

Black isn't a color though, it's the absence of color.

COLONEL

My mistake, that's why we're here. We need your expertise to create a black that can absorb more light than ever before so we can convert it into energy.

(beat)

I don't mean to sound hyperbolic but... the world kind of depends on it.

Latrice smiles. He's come to the right place.

LATRICE

You want us to make you a black hole, suck in particles of light like the Great Annihilators, as physicists like to call them.

COLONEL

Can you make something like that?

Latrice places a hand on Dolly's.

LATRICE

Dolly is the most gifted colorist we have. If anyone can do it, it's her. Isn't that right?

Latrice's gaze is fixed on Dolly. One of admiration and expectation.

104

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - HALLWAY - DAY

104

Meeting over. Latrice, Dolly and Chumani are on the move.

DOLLY

I'll start putting together base pigments. Coal, obsidian--

LATRICE

No base pigments, we make Black the way it's been done for millennia.

DOLLY

How's that?

105

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - BLACK ROOM - LATER

105

Latrice and Dolly stand before a monolithic, 7-foot-high cylinder. It's imposing and frightening. Like an upright tomb.

LATRICE

Combustion burner. An air free,
high pressured crucible of fire.

Latrice opens the chamber.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

You place the body inside, let the
flesh burn away until all that's
left is scorched bone, hard
carbonaceous matter to be pound and
ground into black char.

(beat)

The same way our cave painting
ancestors did it 50,000 years ago.

DOLLY

What do you mean, body?

LATRICE

One with a beating heart. Oxygen in
the blood stream gets you a richer,
deeper black during the burn.

A long beat. Dolly holding Latrice's stare.

DOLLY

I'm not doing that.

LATRICE

You heard the colonel, *the world
depends on it.*

(beat)

They'd be unconscious. Comfortable.
We're not sadists.

DOLLY

I'm not killing again - I can't...
do that again.

LATRICE

Dolly, accidents happen.

DOLLY

What?

LATRICE

Let it go.

DOLLY

You didn't push her--

LATRICE

I said move on!

A charged beat. Latrice tries to quell her frustration.

LATRICE (CONT'D)
We're done with this.

Latrice takes a breath. Recomposes herself.

LATRICE (CONT'D)
Either you make the color or I'll
find someone else who will.

She exits. Dolly looks shook.

106

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - BASEMENT HALLWAY - SAME

106

Dolly tries to catch up with Latrice who's several paces ahead.

DOLLY
Latrice, wait. I'm sorry...

Dolly quickens her pace. Closing the gap just as they enter--

THE HALLWAY OF IRIDESCENT LIGHT

DOLLY (CONT'D)
I'll do it!

Finally Latrice stops. Turns to face Dolly. The UV tubes cast a sinister glow over them.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
But there has to be another way.

Latrice looks disappointed. Just as she's about to move on--

DOLLY (CONT'D)
Your hands...

Latrice fingertips GLOW. Covered in speckled, white streaks.

LATRICE
I was in the med lab earlier
inspecting contrast dyes.

Dolly looks back up at Latrice. As it dawns on her...

DOLLY
You... you did it.

LATRICE
What?

DOLLY

You spiked the color with the
Monkshood.

LATRICE

What, because of this?
(holds up her hand)
There's more than one iridescent
tone-

DOLLY

But only one is that shade of
purple.

Latrice looks back at her hand. All she can see are white
specks. She realizes Dolly can see so much more.

Dolly is overwhelmed with emotion. Anger. Sadness. Confusion.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

Why?

Latrice flashes with impatience.

LATRICE

I love how it's always the little
worker who thinks they know how to
run a company, you have no idea
what goes on behind the scenes.

(beat)

Sometimes you have to encourage a
little competition, a little
gamesmanship to get the best work
out of people.

She approaches Dolly. Now with compassion.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

Of course I had no idea you were
going to take it as far as you did,
but that confirmed how equipped you
are for this.

DOLLY

You're fucked up--

LATRICE

I knew you were coming, and I knew
I had to be patient.

They now stand face to face. Latrice is hit with a wave of
affection for her young protege.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

Someone was going to make up for all
that potential I wasted...

Latrice truly unveils herself for the first time to Dolly. No more hiding. Her emotions bubbling up to the surface.

In this manic moment, Latrice takes off her glasses.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

You're my amends, Dolly.

Dolly starts to back away. Horrified. When her phone vibrates. A text comes through from Lenny in all caps:

"YOUR MOM WOKE UP."

107

INT. GUGGENHEIM PUBLIC CARE FACILITY - HALLWAY - LATER

107

Dolly is a woman possessed. Determined to get to Mom's room. The entire place awash in an ominous red glow.

Lenny stands outside the room. Dressed in his civvies. He's being yelled at by a **GRIEVING MAN** who's being held back by a **HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR**.

GRIEVING MAN

... Get out of here! What the
hell's wrong with you!? Fucking
junkie!

He lunges towards Lenny and the Security Guard catches him.

SECURITY GUARD

Take it easy--

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR

He's leaving, he's gone. Lenny.
Now.

LENNY

I'm sorry, I'm going--

Lenny catches sight of Dolly approaching.

LENNY (CONT'D)

There she is, just let me talk to
her, you'll never see me again.

DOLLY

[What's going on?]

LENNY
[The jig is up.]

He mimes shooting up in the crook of his arm.

LENNY (CONT'D)
[I wanted to tell you... it takes a
second for them to come back online.]

Dolly's confused. Lenny motions to Mom's room.

LENNY (CONT'D)
[She's saying she doesn't have a
daughter.]

Lenny looks at her sympathetically. Dolly takes a breath...

108 INT. GUGGENHEIM PUBLIC CARE FACILITY - MOM'S ROOM - SAME 108

Dolly enters. Mom is frail but alert. They meet eyes.

A spark of recognition. Mom looks uncomfortable by Dolly's presence.

She watches Dolly as she quietly takes a seat at her bedside. A long beat. Lenny watches the interaction from the doorway.

DOLLY
Hi.

Mom remains silent. Studying Dolly.

DOLLY (CONT'D)
I know I can't undo the pain I
caused. That nothing I say can
bring back **your son...**

Off this admission, we realize this is not Dolly's mom.

This the mother of the boy Dolly killed on the playground.

FLASH TO:

109 EXT. PLAYGROUND - FLASHBACK - DAY 109

We pick up from where we left the opening scene. Mom bends down and brushes the hair out of her dead boy's face. Blood everywhere. She screams for help. Her cries are agonizing.

Dolly looks across the playground to find her own **MOTHER** watching on with disdain. We see the shame in her eyes. Off this we cut back to:

110

INT. GUGGENHEIM PUBLIC CARE FACILITY - ROOM - PRESENT

110

DOLLY

I've tried to live in service of
others as a testament to his life...

Dolly places her amends journal on the bedside table.

DOLLY (CONT'D)

I've kept an amends log. If you'd
like, I can read it--

WOMAN

I didn't want to press charges.

She has barely enough strength to speak. Labored breathing
between each word.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

But your mother... she begged me to
relieve her burden.

Dolly is struck by the statement. The words bring a swirl of
color into her visual field. The red strobe returns.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(slowly, as if remembering)
She named you Dolly after Dolly
Parton, but instead... she got
Dolores, the Patron Saint of Pain
and Sorrow.

The Woman takes a long, labored breath. Crimson flashing.

FLICKER. Her face splits into a mirror of itself.

FLICKER. Colors flash and pop.

FLICKER. Four eyes. Two mouths. An evil Doppelgänger.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I believed you were just an
innocent child who'd done a bad
thing...

The Woman leans in close to Dolly.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

But she told me... she said there
was nothing innocent about you.

The Doppelgänger glares at Dolly. Venomous. Rageful.

DOLLY

She... she was wrong.

WOMAN

A mother knows her child like no
one else... a mother knows.

Dolly starts to shake. Tears stream down her face.

DOLLY

Forgive me. Please...

The Woman pushes the amends book back to Dolly.

It's a complete rejection of Dolly's attempt at salvation.
Confirmation of her worst fear -- *she's rotten*.

Dolly can't stop the tears. She doubles over. Heaving.
Uncontrollable sobs. It goes on for a long, long time.

Then. It stops. She sits up. We see her face. Something has
changed. She looks indifferent. Almost possessed as she looks
at the Woman.

111

INT. LENNY'S CAR - LATER

111

The car is silent. Dolly stares out the window at the passing
cityscape. They come to a stop at a traffic light. Lenny
looks over at her.

LENNY

[She was wrong.]

DOLLY

[About what?]

LENNY

[Kids are always innocent.]

Dolly remains silent as a river of people walk across the
intersection. They both take in the mass of humanity. Lenny
rambles on in all his highness.

LENNY (CONT'D)

**[Everyone's fucked up to each
other, like on a fundamental level.
Know what I mean? Change isn't
possible... not by me. Or you.]**

Lenny's eyes half-massed. Dolly looks over her shoulder:

The backseat is stacked with medical boxes. IV bags. Vials of
Morphine and Dilaudid. Lenny helped himself to it all on his way
out.

112

INT. LENNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

112

It's a shoebox. The kitchen doubles as a shower/bathroom. Tidy but rundown. Dolly sits before the small in-room furnace. Her amends journal on her lap. A fire burns behind the opaque glass door.

Lenny is setting up a pair of IVs over the back of a rickety wheelchair he must have stolen from the care facility.

Dolly opens the furnace and places her AMENDS JOURNAL into the fire. Good deeds burn up before her eyes. Emitting a powerful blue glow. Disembodied voices from her past pop and hiss as they go up in flames.

Lenny takes a seat beside her. Both watch on as all of Dolly's good deeds go up in flames.

Lenny ties his arm off with a tourniquet. Dolly stares at his daughter's Bearbrick Bear tattoo on his forearm.

LENNY

[Thought it would end up something like this...]

He sticks himself with the IV needle. Adjusts the PCA PUMP that controls the flow of narcotics into him.

LENNY (CONT'D)

[Just figured I'd be doing it alone.]

Lenny holds up the needle he's prepared for dolly.

LENNY (CONT'D)

[If you can't beat 'em, join em.]

Dolly stares at the needle. His words swirling in her head. She thinks a long beat. Catches sight of the shining Palette Sigil charm around her neck reflecting the fire light.

DOLLY

[You're right.]

Lenny smiles. His eyes flutter. His torso suddenly very heavy. He looks down to find Dolly with her hand on the PCA Pump. She's turned the dial to fully open.

LENNY

[Hey... I'm good...that's enough.]

He tries to brush her hand off of it, but he's lost the strength. The liquid painkiller floods his system and THUD. He hits the floor. He's alive, but so high he can barely move.

Dolly looks back into the furnace. Stares at her journal as the final pages burn. Philip Glass's KNEE 3 begins again.

GREEK CHORUS

1234, 1234, 1234, 1234, 1234...

113

INT. PALETTE INDUSTRIES - BLACK ROOM - NIGHT

113

Darkness.

GREEK CHORUS

1234, 1234, 1234, 1234, 1234...

The overheads flicker on. Lenny is unconscious but breathing. Propped up in a wheelchair before the cylinder. Dolly opens the chamber door. Gets behind the wheelchair. Tips it forward. Dumps the body into it. Thunk. His head collides with the medal siding.

She locks him in. Opens the gas valve. Hits ignite. A bright orange flame glows inside the chamber.

Dolly looks into the porthole window: Lenny's flesh melts down his skull. The whites of his eyes burst. The calming blue of his irises boil away. His dark pupils disintegrate.

GREEK CHORUS (CONT'D)

*La, Fa, La, Si, Do, Si, La, Fa, La,
Si, Do, Si...*

She stares through the flames into the dark recess of his eye sockets. PUSH IN on infinite blackness...

114

EXT. SOLAR FARM - NEVADA DESERT - DAY

114

Black spirals on a barren desert landscape. Concentric rings of solar panels. Thousands of them. A dark pupil. So dark, the blackness draws you inward. The absence of light tricks the eye. It appears to suck the world in around it like a black hole on the face of the earth.

Dolly has on a black suit and black sunglasses to match. She stands beside Latrice and The Colonel from the Army Corp of Engineers as they walk the site. A **REPORTER** takes notes.

COLONEL

... These are microscopic filaments of carbon, like a dense forest of trees trapping 99.99 percent of the sun's rays, making it the blackest material ever on record.

(beat)

(MORE)

COLONEL (CONT'D)

We have the most powerful energy source in the universe at our disposal and -- thanks to Dolores and the good folks at Palette -- we've found a way to capture it.

The Reporter turns her attention to *Dolores*.

REPORTER

I know you can't give away trade secrets, but anything you can tell us about how you did it?

A long beat.

DOLORES

Blood, sweat and tears.

The Reporter smiles. Scribbles the quote down on her notepad.

Dolores looks out at the endless desert. Red light strobes in her visual field. But the fear is gone.

115

INT/EXT. TOWN CAR - NEW YORK CITY - DAY

115

Dolores and Latrice ride in silence. On their way back to the city from JFK. Latrice's phone buzzes. She picks up.

LATRICE

Yes... Very good... We'll see you soon.

Latrice hangs up.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

The advisory. They've invited you up.

The words just hang there. Latrice looks on affectionately.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

You're shining, Dolores. A North Star, guiding us safely into harbor.

Latrice is overjoyed. Living vicariously through Dolly.

LATRICE (CONT'D)

I'm very proud.

She reaches over and untucks Dolly's necklace from her collar. Displays it brazenly on her chest.

Then clutches Dolores's hand like an adoring mother.

116 INT. THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY 116

A glass cube rising up and up. Dolores watches as the city disappears beneath the clouds.

The elevator finally comes to a stop. The top floor of the tallest building in the city. The doors open...

117 INT. THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING - PENTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY 117

Dolly walks down a long marble tiled corridor. A warm glow from dimly lit sconces. Massive oil-on-canvas paintings line the walls. The bloody history of color. One after the next.

She reaches the great doors at the end of the hall and pushes through to...

118 INT. THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING - BOARDROOM - DAY 118

A boardroom in the sky. 11 woman of various nationalities sit at a glass conference table. All appear ageless. Refined. Exquisitely dressed. This is **THE ADVISORY**.

The French color scion Dolores saw earlier -- Margarite Sevan -- motions for her to take a seat.

MARGARITE

Please...

Dolores takes a seat at the table. All eyes on her.

MARGARITE (CONT'D)

Around this table sit women who've changed the course of history through color.

Margarite goes around the room. From colorist to colorist.

MARGARITE (CONT'D)

Krishna Blue... St. Patrick's Green...
Tyrian Purple... Stradivarius
Orange... Tibetan Yellow... The White
Flag of Surrender... The Pink
Ribbon... Coca-Cola Red... McDonald's
Gold... Facebook Blue...

She lands back on Dolores.

MARGARITE (CONT'D)

And finally... *Bone black*. We welcome you, Dolores Martin, to the board.

COLORISTS
 (in unison)
 Welcome.

MARGARITE
 Now, you must drink from the *Dominus
 philosophorum*. Behold the white stone.

KNEE 3 breaks in. The collective cries out--

GREEK CHORUS
 1234, 1234, 1234, 1234...

Margarite stands. Motions for Dolores to follow. Leads her to an ancient, wooden door.

MARGARITE
 Go on.

Dolores turns the golden knob.

GREEK CHORUS
 1234, 1234, 1234, 1234...

119

INT. NYC SKYSCRAPER - ROOM OF THE STONE - SAME

119

The chorus falls silent.

Dolores steps into the dark room. A stone cup brims with a glowing, molten GOLDEN LIQUID. It casts a golden light. The very same one Dolly's been seeing in her color voids.

A pair of two-toned, predatory eyes light up the darkness. It's a wolf. The same one from the Evelyn De Morgan painting "The Worship of Mammon."

A deep, disembodied baritone speaks to Dolores in the darkness.

MAMMON (O.S.)
 (in Latin)
 Drink...

Dolores steps forward. Raises the cup to her lips. Just as she's about to drink--

FADE TO BLACK.

(x)END CREDITS(x)