

MOROACĂ

Written by

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Based on, Nosferatu

ACT 1

FADE IN FROM  
BLACK:

Procreation Propaganda ad provided by the city of Murnaue.

INT. BLANK ROOM - NIGHT

In a room with blank white walls, a woman with small glasses on the bridge of her nose sits on a chair with her ankles crossed wearing modest neutral clothing. She smiles fiercely at the camera as it approaches her. She doesn't move an inch.

PROPAGANDA WOMAN

Hello Men and Women of Murnaue. I would like to personally congratulate you all on another year of purity. Thanks to you we have a full class of Successful Youths and little to no underdeveloped deviants. This is a time to celebrate but to also remind ourselves of the rules that let us be pure. The three categories of we, Impulse Truth and Virtue. It is our responsibility to ourselves, past, and future generations to find proper harmony amongst these primal portions of self. Would you want to be doomed to a life of lust?

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BLANK ROOM - NIGHT

PROPAGANDA WOMAN (V.O.)

You will be damned to a life of uncontrollable subconscious desire and lust. You will lose your purity and promise of fulfillment in this life and your next. You will be banished from your home and you will become a lesson to every generation to follow, what happens to a primitive, unhonorably, animal.

The same woman sitting in the same spot, now wears a long red robe and sits with her legs spread and chest nearly exposed. The spotlight has gone from white to red and the surrounding walls are black. The chair sits in a dark liquid.

The woman stares deviously upon the audience while she is eating a incredibly red apple. As she takes a bite a red liquid drips down the side of her face.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BLANK ROOM - DAY

The woman is back in her original state wearing her neutral clothes, legs crossed at the ankle, and surrounded by white walls.

She leans in closely smiling.

PROPAGANDA WOMAN

But luckily, not this year. On  
behalf of the city of Murnaue and  
The SF, congratulations and dont  
forget, you cant run away from your  
destiny!

The woman puts up her arm with her pointer finger and thumb out and facing the ceiling.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. CROSSROAD - EVENING

A woman, MOROACĂ, face hidden, walks through a crossroads and towards a large castle like building. She is wearing a long black/brown jacket and tall boots, now soaked by the rain.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING - LATER

The halls are empty and lonely, once populated by many but now left to just one resident. There are large statues in the middle of the room, one dressed in a frilly red scarf, and a hall leading to a tall staircase.

The woman makes her way up the stairs brushing off her coat and revealing her long hair by removing it from under the collar. Her face is still hidden.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

The room is dimly lit by candles and the walls are covered in worn down propaganda posters, pictures, and tally marks for each month of the year. A bed lays in the corner of the room and in the other are large windows, which are covered in rain and difficult to see out of.

The woman strips her jacket letting it fall to the floor and walks towards the window, passing the posters, and running her hand along the picture frames of blurred people.

She pauses over a photo of a woman, delicately dusting it off and then continuing towards the window. She looks over her shoulder at the wall of tallies, smiles, then claps twice, turning on SOFT SENSUAL MUSIC.

She begins dancing to the music, running her hands over her body while humming along. As she dances, she moves towards the wall, picks up chalk, and marks an x on her makeshift calendar, exposing her armpit hair.

She licks her teeth smiles and looks towards the photo, her smile turns to a sad smirk. She then makes her way towards the window again, passing by many opened diaries, and raises both arms and leans against the sill. The silhouette of her body glows red.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - DAY

In a room with a large window stands a woman in bland clothing and short tidy hair. The light shines through the window making her silhouette dark in the bright white light.

The woman turns back in awe, as if she's looking at someone then back towards the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

The cobble stone street, surrounded by buildings with balconies, is populated by pairs of people all in similar attire. A man and his son, a group of young adults walking in two and notably two young adult men walking in the back of the pack. The street quickly clears as Moroacă walks down the center.

Moroacă walks down the center of the street wearing the same boots and long red cloak with white undergarments. She whistles as she waves around a lollipop.

MOROAICĂ  
(mocking)  
Hey sexy!

Moroaică looks over to one of the men in the back of the pack and winks.

The young man visibly gulps and abruptly turns his head back forward.

He leans over to his walking mate and whispers. The other young man looks at her in an attempt to not draw attention.

As she continues down the street people cover their children's faces and turn in the opposite direction.

MOROAICĂ (CONT'D)  
(speaking loudly)  
Aw come on - I wont bite.

Moroaică pulls her cloak off her shoulder, and LAUGHS maniacally.

A woman yells out "you cant escape your destiny, Vamp!"

Moroacă looks up and over her shoulder and continues to laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNCIL ROOM - LATER

The room is white and circular, a table with three people sit at the center. They are all dressed in white bland clothing.

The woman that sits in the center, the same woman from the propaganda video, is slightly higher than the other two and is holding a large open book with glasses on the tip of her nose. The other two sit facing forward. There is a man on both knees before them.

The two entrance doors fling open with a loud bang. Moroacă is on the other side with her hands on her hips standing in the middle. She shutters when the doors hit the wall, disrupting her fierce pose.

She gets back into character as the kneeling man runs out past her.

She watches him scurry away and LAUGHS.

The council people stare at her and straighten their posture. The woman in the middle straightens, adjusts her glasses, as her face hardens.

Moroacă makes her way to the center of the room to where the man was kneeling.

MOROACĂ

Long time no see Paulina - looking  
ravishing-

Moroacă is interrupted by the woman abruptly shutting the book before her.

COUNCIL MEMBER 2

Brave of you to show your face  
here. Didn't we learn our lesson?

Moroacă's face shifts from giddy to smut. She looks down, chuckles and looks back up at them.

COUNCIL MEMBER 3

(emotional)

You disobeyed the contract you  
wretched vamp! You-

PAULINA raises her hand with pointer finger and thumb untucked.

PAULINA

Enough.

Moroacă smirks.

PAULINA (CONT'D)

We knew this would happen one day.  
No-one ever expected you to be...  
honorable.

Paulina shoots Moroacă a quick stern grin. Then clears her throat.

PAULINA (CONT'D)  
What do you demand from us.

Moroacă looks directly at Paulina.

MOROACĂ  
Oh no...not us, just you.  
(Chuckles) You act like you haven't  
been dying to see me all year.  
Wheres my welcome mat, my basket of  
fruit.

The room is quiet.

MOROACĂ (CONT'D)  
I'm here to maybe make some  
friends, find some...suitors...have  
fun. Ever heard of it?

Moroacă raises her brow.

MOROACĂ (CONT'D)  
But most importantly, I think Id  
like to find myself a place more  
local, make Murnaue *my* home,  
permanently.

The room is tense and the council stiffens.

MOROACĂ (CONT'D)  
Im bored - need some...pets  
(drawn-out) It gets so lonely in my  
dungeon-

Moroacă smiles and shifts. She plays with the shoulders of  
her cloak, looking down and smirking while exposing her skin.

PAULINA  
(annoyed)  
Don't play games. We know what you  
desire!

Moroacă quickly looks up into Paulina's eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

A dark room only lit by one red spotlight from above.

Moroacă and Paulina are intertwined with each-other wrapped in a sheet. Passionately touching each-other while Moroacă stares seductively at the viewer.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNCIL ROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

The three council members remain in their seats as Moroacă continues to stand before them.

Paulina, discovered, shakes her head and abruptly stands making her seat SQUEAK behind her and slamming her palms on the table.

PAULINA  
(shouting)  
Enough!

Moroacă laughs and moves her cloak back onto her shoulders appropriately.

Paulina notices her two council-mates confusion towards her reaction and straightens herself and sits again, hands remaining on the table.

PAULINA (CONT'D)  
Tonight. Yes - then, we will have what you need,... but only in the event that once they are in your possession, you leave and never return to Murnaue. You do not belong here and you never will.

Moroacă shifts her weight and narrows her eyes.

Unsettled, she straightens her shoulders and walks towards the table they are seated at. She leans over and places her hands on the table, across from Paulina.

MOROACĂ  
(softly and sternly)  
Ill have to think about it.

Paulina shifts back away from Moroacă, retracting her hands.

Moroacă stands quickly and begins to walk away less confidently.

Moroacă turns back and a kiss towards the council members and laughs as the two doors shut behind her.

CUT TO:



## INT. FESTIVAL - NIGHT

The relatively blank room, other than few propaganda posters and contracts signed by dozens of caretakers hang on the walls. A group of young adults sway before a stage to light ambient music. They all speak and laugh lightly, however they all seem to be relatively emotionless/shallow.

Paulina walks up the stage wearing a long white gown with her arm raised with pointer and thumb pointing before her above her head. She approaches a podium.

She hushes the relatively quiet crowd, and lowers her arm.

The two other members stand off to the side also wearing white.

PAULINA  
(over microphone)  
(Clears her throat)  
Hello group...,

Paulina looks down at a paper on the podium searching for the number.

COUNCIL MEMBER 2  
(whispering)  
Four zero dash-

Paulina shoots the Councilman an annoyed look while she taps the mic filling the room with a loud BUZZ from the feedback of the microphone, while also interrupting the council-member.

## INT. HALLWAY - AT THE SAME TIME

The hall is empty and the music from the festival plays lightly in the background. It is night and many of the lights are low.

Moroacă enters wearing the same outfit from previously but now with a red feather boa. She adjusts herself and walks down the hallway towards the music.

She walks past a door labeled bathroom, then stops, takes a few steps back and enters the room.

CUT TO:

Paulina straightens and smiles shallowly looking back to the crowd.

PAULINA

(Clears her throat again)  
Congratulations group four zero  
dash N. - 18 years in the making,  
and YOU - have proven to be pure  
citizens. We are here to welcome  
you into our society and to honor  
your success. Please feel free to  
help yourselves to our beverages  
and snacks provided by the  
(excentuated) most generous SF.

Paulina gestures to the untouched table with a jug of dark  
liquid and a basket of crackers and cookies.

The crowd lightly CLAPS.

Paulina holds her chin high.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The bathroom is poorly lit and outdated. In the corner is a  
chair across from a mirror.

Moroacă stands before the mirror.

She raises her chin and smiles. She then approaches the  
mirror.

She seems to analyze herself in the mirror, and we see her  
put on red lipstick and smile softly.

She exhales deeply and turns away from the mirror.

It is clear to the viewer now that she does not have a  
reflection.

She leaves the bathroom after shaking her hair and putting on  
a smile.

CUT TO:

INT. FESTIVAL - AT THE SAME TIME

Paulina stands on the stage before the crowd.

PAULINA

We hope you have a wonderful night,  
and remember -

Paulina Raises her arm with fingers pointed.

PAULINA (CONT'D)  
You cant run away from your  
destiny!

The crowd applauds, including the council members as Paulina exits the stage. Council member 2 claps slower and less enthusiastically than the other.

The MUSIC plays again and the group separates into groups and begin to dance once again and few stand before the snack table munching on the provided food, unsatisfied but refraining from expression. The atmosphere is dull, but the group seems to be enjoying themselves.

The Moroacă makes a similar entrance as earlier. The doors swing open resulting in a BANG. The crowd quickly turns towards her and the music SCRATCHES to a stop.

Moroacă stands before them with her lollipop and hesitates before entering. She scans the crowd. Her face is fierce but mildly intimidated.

She clears her throat and begins towards the crowd.

MOROACĂ  
I heard we're celebrating tonight?

A girl chokes on her water.

MOROACĂ (CONT'D)  
Something about maturing?

Moroacia walks past a group of people and smacks a boys ass.

He jumps.

MOROACĂ (CONT'D)  
I'm also celebrating something  
tonight.

She walks towards the center of the room. She spins to face the crowd.

MOROACĂ (CONT'D)  
Luck for you all. It is my 40th  
anniversary. (Pause) Can you  
believe that?

The crowd is quiet.

MOROACĂ (CONT'D)  
Ive been doing this shit for 40  
years. But this year is different.  
Im tired of the game. The chase-

MOROACĂ (CONT'D)  
I will be free.

Moroacia drops her coat to her feet, closes her eyes, raises her hands and claps.

Almost immediately, the sensual music she was listening to before begins to play loudly on the speakers.

Moroacă smiles with her eyes still closed as she raises both her hands above her head.

The crowd flinches dramatically at the sound of the music and all look and whisper towards each-other frantically.

Moroacă smiles, opens her eyes and gestures for the crowd to separate.

The crowd splits in two and Moroacă walks down the center dancing sensually.

She SINGS fragments of dreamlike songs while dancing chaotically.

After a while the audience circles around her as she continues to dance now getting lost in herself.

She runs her hands over her body and drops her coat to the floor again. She grabs both ends of the boa and runs it across her neck and over her chest with her eyes closed. The music continues while the crowd now watches in awe.

A young man, the same from the street, pushes his way to the front to watch her. Others look at him confused while he studies her movements.

He then closes his eyes and begins to mimic her movements. He drops his jacket next to hers as he continues to get fully engulfed by her emotion.

Moroacă continues dancing and swaying to the music when she begins to cry.

The people surrounding watch her, realizing she is crying and the women in the crowd begin to look concerned. Everyone watches and slowly they begin joining in, also shedding their layers.

Soon most of the room is following Moroacă and some are crying as well, including the young man from earlier.

Moroacă unaware, opens her eyes to see the crowd welcoming, dancing and crying with her. She grins widely, now having her tears run down into her mouth. She licks her teeth and continues to dance stripping even more clothing.

Her white undergarments become more and more visible as the crowd gets lost in their expressionistic dance.

She spins around dancing at the center of this group which is now filled with people dancing sensually with each other. When the euphoria is violently interrupted by a child's scream.

The crowd stops immediately and Moroacă turns to see Paulina on the stage gripping a small child's arm.

Moroacă is whipped back to reality and suddenly becomes aware of the situation. She grabs her robe from the floor and redresses in red/black. Looking around her, she notices the young adults uniformly standing before the stage around her as if they weren't dancing a moment before.

The young man that initially joined her stands next to her staring forward but slightly angled towards Moroacă, breaking the formal lines of the group.

Paulina drags the child towards the center of the stage as the child whimpers.

Moroacă collects herself, holds her head high, and walks through the crowd of young adults towards the stage. She stands before Paulina and the child.

MOROACĂ (CONT'D)  
(softly surprised)  
A...a child?

Moroacă looks towards the scared child.

PAULINA  
(speaking softly)  
No sacrifice is to great to sustain  
docility.

Paulina looks at the child and then clears her throat as she turns back to Moroacă.

PAULINA (CONT'D)  
It is - faulty.

Her face shrivels as she looks at the child who is now revealing a doll wearing a dress that was once behind his back.

Paulina lets go of his arm and walks behind the podium.

PAULINA (CONT'D)  
(stern)  
(Taps the microphone and clears throat) Attention. Let this be a lesson to each and every one of you.

Moroacă and the child walk through the crowd towards the exit.

PAULINA (CONT'D)  
Fantasies are not lies or deceptions but rather reveal the dark truth about the internal life of their host.

Moroacă and the child continue towards the exit. Moroacă bends to grab her jacket when the young man bends with her and beats her hand. He lifts the jacket and hands it to her while the others remain forward but watch out of the corner of their eyes.

PAULINA (CONT'D)  
Fantasies in their nature conceal this horrid truth since conscious articulations of desire and identity **will** lead us astray.

Moroacă smiles, licks her teeth, looks at the child, and hold her head high. The child continues next to her when she turns to face Paulina, walking backwards.

PAULINA (CONT'D)  
When we manifest our fantasies into our daily lives we open ourselves to lust, promiscuity, and most important impurity at our most core.

Moroacă continues backwards as the child watches her. She reaches the door.

PAULINA (CONT'D)  
Let this be a lesson for each and every one of you...and do not ever forget-

Moroacă WHISTLES loudly interrupting Paulina.

The crowd turns quickly. The doors behind Moroacă magically open.

Moroacă raises her hand above her head with her pointer and thumb exposed.

MOROACĂ  
You cant run away from your  
destiny!

Moroacă turns and grabs the child's wrist.

She walks out the doors and they close slowly.

Paulinas arm slowly lowers.

Before the doors fully close, she looks over her shoulder at the crowd facing her. Now, most of them are wearing subtle red garments. Moroacă smiles and the doors close.

Paulina stands before the crowd with a shameful look, her hand is now lowered to her side. The crowd all face her, all clad in bland neutral attire.

Doors SLAM.

CUT TO BLACK.

**THE END**