

**"Composition 1 "Geunhausen" Short-Movie Screenplay"**

(Geunhausen - Adjv. - An unreliable narrator, a narrator who is unable to deliver a coherent or ceaseless story due to the state of their current mental ability.)

Fade in:

Ext. Rural Apartment Complex - Morning

A faded brick apartment building stands behind a bustling New York city street in the early hours of the morning. Background music exudes a drab and emotionless tone.

Dissolve to:

Focus - A MAN'S SLEEPING EYES

The eyes suddenly open to the sound of a wailing alarm, along with the sound of a sharp breath of air.

Int. Apartment - Morning

STEPHEN VINCENT, a balding middle-aged man awakes from a coma-esque slumber with the morning sunlight irritating his hungover eyes.

INSERT - Shelving

Awards for achievements in medicine crowd the small floating shelving above his faded twin bed.

PAN TO:

INSERT - Photo

Enclosed in a smudged frame is a photo of a younger, happier Vincent embracing his pregnant wife

Narration Begins:

VINCENT (Voice Over)

(Brusquely)

This photo was taken almost 6 months before the state revoked my medical license. I wasn't much happier back then, but myopia allowed me to foolishly believe I had it all worked out.

Int. Apartment - Morning

Stephen winces as he dismounts his cot, exposing his flesh to the probing sunlight. His eyes bloodshot and his arms riddled with scabbing needle marks, veins connecting like tunnels beneath rodent holes.

Vincent (V.O)

The hefty bag of human waste you're gawking at was quite the high roller in his day, decadent and depraved. I lounged with the one percent and worked hard to encapsulate the horrible flaws of the elite.

Ext. Apartment Complex

ANYA VIVEDETTE, tall with purpose, greying hair slicked into a professional bun on the crown of her head, steps out of her new Mercedes Sedan onto the city street, her polished stilettos accentuating the begrimed city street. She strides fiercely towards the buildings entrance

Int. Apartment

Vincent hurriedly pulls a stained t-shirt over his torso to cover his newly applied fentanyl patch, startled by Anya wiggling her key into the socket, aggressively pushing the door ajar. She immediately notices what Vincent is attempting to hide.

Anya

(Disappointed)

We've been separated for two years, yet I'm still here feeling sorry for you. Did you at least take care of Charlie?

Vincent (V.O)

You didn't hear that wrong, my dearest ex-wife actually trusted me with the wellbeing of her dog. I wasn't quite sure whether to be astonished at her foolishness, or insulted at the exiguousness of the tasks that she believes to suit me.

INSERT - Vincent's Closed Eyes

Vincent

Frankly, I forgot he was even with me. I'll...

Cut to:

Wide Shot - Int. Apartment

The apartment is empty. Vincent whips his gaze to his door, which is firmly locked shut. His heart's pace slows back down before he pulls his shirt up to reveal the fentanyl patch is missing.

FOCUS SHOT - Vincent's Bed

Vincent shakes his head and wipes his eyes, taking one last glance around the apartment before choosing to lay back down to rest.

Fade to Black.

Cut to:

Focus - A MAN'S SLEEPING EYES

Vincent's eyes awaken sharply once more to the same wailing alarm. Another sharp breath.

Cut to Black

WHITE OUT

CREDITS