

Breathe.

By

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1        **INT. HOUSE, COMPOSITE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

White feathers twitching: an injured baby swan COOING.

2        **INT. HOUSE, COMPOSITE - DAY**

Twitching fingers.

Dry fumbling lips form a fractured *hum*.

WHOOSH WHOOSH a systematic air pumping sound.

**BEDROOM:**

STACEY, late forties, haggard expression, biting nails.

Transfixed by a wall of photo frames.

Following her eyes to the corridor: WHOOSH WHOOSH.

BEEP! It's 7:00am.

Her eyes, dead, drained.

Stacey pulls the curtains open.

Coloured by thick black shadows: Bars on the window.

Stacey is still sitting in the dark. Nothing changed.

Her hand catches motes of dust, as she kills the alarm.

We follow her into the HALLWAY:

WHOOSH, WHOOSH. . . louder than before

Stacey stops at a door: bolted shut, taped at the sides.

Stacey puts her ear to the door.

Nothing.

A bubble of water forms from the tape as she continues down the hallway.

**LIVING ROOM:**

WHOOSH, WHOOSH, alternating pumps contracting.

MYLES, hallow cheeks, yellowing skin, mid 20's.

His eyes dilate.

DROP DROP.

Stacey removes the bed pan, replaces it.

Changes the fluid bag hanging from a metal rod.

(CONTINUED)

Stacey retires to the chair.

Picking at flakes of faux leather.

MOMENTS LATER:

GRUNTING, PANTING.

Arms shaking, lifting his limp body.

Knees quake.

THUD. Water ripples over his skin.

Breathing tube kinked over the bed.

BEEP! Heart-rate monitor flashing RED.

Straightens out the kink.

She pulls him by his arm, out from the water.

Skin stretching over his ribs.

3     **INT. HOUSE, COMPOSITE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Fare white wings attempting to spread.

4     **INT. HOUSE, COMPOSITE - DAY**

She holds him there. Threatening to submerge him.

His Jaw jitters - No words.

DING DONG!

5     **EXT. HOUSE - DAY**

Stacey opens the door.

An ELDERLY NEIGHBOUR waves from down the path.

She steps forward.

CRUNCH.

Lifting her foot up.

A paper swan.

Bin opens, swan goes on atop many other.

6 INT. HOUSE, COMPOSITE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Looking up from the small twitching bird: a child's wide eyes.

MYLES at 5 years old.

7 INT. HOUSE, COMPOSITE - DAY/NIGHT

Stacey stands by the hospital bed.

Seeing Myles at 5 years old, stroking his uneven fringe.

Corners of her mouth twitching at the scuffs on his knees.

She locks on to the BIG ORANGE BUTTON.

A MENACING LAUGH.

She edges closer.

The button shrinks.

Hesitant- her finger inches on.

The button disappears.

A MENACING SNICKER.

Stacey steps back in shock.

The button reappears.

Her finger launches.

HAULT. She holds her finger millimetres away.

CLICK, the button inverts itself.

THE LAUGH LOWERS AS THE MACHINE POWERS DOWN.

BEEP heart-rate monitor flashes RED.

Stacey attacks the respirator.

A WAVERED ELECTRONIC HUM- the respirator starts up.

Stacey wipes her eyes with her tattered cuff.

Picking up her coat.

SLAM.

Sunlight begins to fade to darkness.

CRASHING, BEATING WINGS.

A small stream of water, leads us to the sound.

(CONTINUED)

Entering the **HALLWAY**, over a micro waterfall.

Following it to a small hole in the tape.

CRASHING becomes louder. HISSING from behind the door.

CLUNK, SLAM, Stacey ENTERS. She sees the puddle.

Scrambling to the mop. Swipe, wring, repeat.

Checking her watch.

Sliding over to the door.

Tapping over the tape, not as neatly this time.

DING DONG.

CRASHING ensues inside the room.

THUD Stacey strikes the door, the crashing stops.

Blowing a strand of hair from her face.

MOMENTS LATER:

A pen scratches on a clipboard.

NURSE, (30's, over-weight) checking Myles vitals.

Stacey is sitting in the chair.

Picking.

Scratching the faux leather.

A MENICING LAUGH.

Stacey shoots up.

Nurse glares at her.

SLAM. we get a glimpse of the nurse as she leaves.

Stacey leans on the door, aching.

Watching the nurse drive away.

Rain begins to pitter-patter on the windows.

MONTAGE:

Her sons bed: empty.

White sheets drenched in blood.

Peeling them open: a small bloodied fetus.

END MONTAGE.

THUNDER

Stacey wakes sitting in the chair.

SPLAT! A drop of rain on bursts on staceys face.

Dark circles forming on the ceiling.

The drips turn into trickles.

Stacey LAUGHS with tears in her eyes.

The glow of the big orange button lights the room.

Stacey approaches her sons bed.

His teeth chattering.

8 **INT. HOUSE, COMPOSITE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Stacey sitting at a table across from her Son.

Taking the white baby swan from his out reached hands.

Folding his hand across his eyes.

9 **INT. HOUSE, COMPOSITE - NIGHT**

Stacey presses her lips against his forehead.

Approaching the Big orange button.

It's glowing in her eyes.

She extends her arm.

DEEP BREATH.

SMACK. She launches forward but the button is gone.

MENACING SNICKER.

She looks down.

It's on her chest.

SMACK.

His chest.

SMACK.

It's gone.

PANTING. It's dark.

RUSHING WATER. The tape is FLAPPING in the flumes of water gushing from the the door.

The Orange glow comes back. GROWLING.

Stacey wades over to the KITCHEN.

Ransacking the cupboards.

Reaching in pulling out a Hammer.

Stacey fast approaching the Big orange button.

Pulls her arms back ready to swing.

10 **INT. HOUSE, COMPOSITE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Myles stands at the window watching:

Stacey holding a shovel with both hands in the air.

She drives it downwards.

Tossing it aside before making contact.

11 **INT. HOUSE, COMPOSITE - NIGHT**

CLUNK The Button disappears.

CRACK, CRACK, CRASH.

The door bursts open with an orange glow.

WINGS BEATING.

Stacey edges closer. Hesitant.

A silhouette lurches from the door way.

Eyes glowing orange.

It steps forward.

Large splaying wings.

Spines of feathers poke out from its black-tarred wings

Moonlight REVEALS: THE BLACK SWAN

Stacey backs away.

It swipes at her.

She lunges with the hammer.

It flocks to the hospital bed.

Standing ontop of her Son.

Stacey drops the hammer, running fists first at the swan.

Pulling it into the water.

It thrashes.

Beating her with it's wings.

She releases it from her grip.

Picking up the hammer.

CRACK.

The Orange light goes out.

Stacey scuttles back.

The room flashes red.

Her Son's body convulses.

She scuttles into the room with a broken door.

Turning off the taps.

Barricading the door.

The moonlight projects a shadow from the swan mobile.

Stacey looks out towards the sea.

Gulls CHIRPING on the Horizon. BEATING WINGS.

THE END