

I'AM BEJO - WEBCOMIC

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When you think your friend is around you, you are alone!

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FADE IN

INT. BEJO'S ROOM - DAY

BEJO (23) is sitting in front of his drawing table in his small messy room. Some pens, pencils, and some variety of rulers are scattered on top of it.

There are some clothes and dirty laundry in the floor. The wall to his right is full of full badly colored drawings and comic strips while the other side full of his black and white drawings and comic strips.

Bejo is reading a book entitled "MASTERING WEB DESIGN - CONCEPT AND PRACTICE". His eyes are sharply staring at the pages while his right hand playing a pencil.

He closes the book with loud snap and slams it to the table. His eyes stare deeply at the table while his left hand is still grappling on his book.

BEJO

So, from all of web concept, the most suitable concept for my web is ---

Bejo move his gaze to the wall on his left, still with very sharp eyes.

BEJO

--- webcomic!

Bejo rises from his seat and puts his left leg on his chair.

Confident begin to grow on his eyes.

He smirks as the design of his web suddenly pops up on his head.

BEJO

The web comic will be updated daily. The story will be all about me, based on my experiences. And the best of all, it will be full colored!!

As he said the last words, his face frowns. He suddenly remember what is on his back.

He turn his face to the other wall. He suddenly despise his own full badly colored works.

Bejo screams as he frustrates about his poor coloring skill.

BEJO

No, no, what should I do?

Bejo walks back and forth trying to think a way out of his problem.

BEJO

No! I can't give up. There's no time to waste. I must improve my skill.

Bejo stops walking and stares his computer at the corner of his room. He paused for a moment.

BEJO

It's time to practice!

Bejo quickly sits down in front of his computer. He regains his sharp confident eyes as well as his smirk.

INSERT:

Bejo push the switch button with his right thumb. The label on his CPU shows that the computer is a Pentium 133 generation.

BACK TO:

Bejo is still staring at the monitor. In the background, the clock shows at exactly 11.00 o'clock.

INSERT:

Bejo still has his right thumb in front of the CPU switch.

BACK TO:

The clock in the background now shows 11.10 o'clock. A BEEP comes from the computer.

BEJO

Shit! I really need to upgrade
this thing!

Bejo quickly grab the mouse with his right hand while
his left hand is stationed over the keyboard.

Bejo freezes himself. His eyes are still sharply staring
at the monitor. His face is still smirking evilly. His
right hand is still grapping the mouse. His left hand is
still on his keyboard.

Bejo suddenly stands up and smack the monitor.

BEJO

(yelling)

What the hell is wrong with the
monitor!

Bejo walks away from his seat revealing the monitor is
showing only the color of green.

He walks around his room. He is more frustrated than
before. His breath is running fast.

He then stops and closes his eyes. He tries to slow his
breath and think clearly.

BEJO

Okay, no color. That's fine.
Black and white is fine. As long
as the drawing is good and it's
updated daily --- then it's fine.

Bejo takes a deep breath. He managed to convince himself
that everything will be fine.

Bejo backs to his seat. He grabs his pencil and paper.
He bites his pencil as he thinks about what he should
draw.

BEJO

Okay, what interesting experience
that I have today?

Bejo thinks really hard. His eyes are moving rapidly on
the white paper. He's getting anxious.

BEJO

Hmm --- okay, it doesn't have to
be today's, yesterday's is fine.

His eyes are moving more rapidly than before. He's
getting more and more anxious.

Bejo sweeps away everything on the table and kick his
chair backward as he makes a sudden stand.

BEJO
(yelling)
Arrggghhhh!!!!

He slowly takes a few steps back before falling into his
bed.

BEJO
Experience --- what experience?

Bejo laughing in irony, his eyes almost burst in tears.
Bejo's feelings are mixed up realizing how pathetic he
really is.

BEJO
Friends ---

He turns his eyes to a rack besides the drawing table.
There are some photos on it. The entire photos are taken
in Bejo's room by himself. No other person appears in
those photos.

He looks at the photo with a deep regrets.

BEJO
--- I don't have any friends. All
my friends are just from the
internet.

Bejo begin to tears his eyes.

BEJO
No real friends, no real girl
friend, no ---

Bejo cries loudly and laughing out loud at the same time.

BEJO
Oh my God!! What I've done? What
I've done in these years??

Bejo wakes from his bed and walks to his drawing table.
He opens the drawer and grabs a scissor.

BEJO
This must be done!

The side of the wall with black and white drawing is
suddenly spattered with red liquid.

CLOSE ON:

Bejo's right hand is holding the scissor. His hand is
covered by red. His grip of the scissor is slowly weaken
and finally he drops the scissor.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A door SLAMS.

Bejo, wearing his jeans and shirt with his right hand
still covered in red, walks away from his room.

CUT TO:

INT. BEJO'S ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON:

One of Bejo's drawings about some people laughing taped
faintly in the wall is slowly pealed by the wind. The
almost half covered in red drawing is finally falls.

ZOOM OUT TO:

Bejo's room are spattered in red. There is an opened
paint can in the floor with the seal and scissor next to
it.

The opened window gives the blue curtain a motion.

FADE OUT.