

COMATOSE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Our little film begins.

The first shot depicts the face of our protagonist, 'THE GIRL', as she is peacefully drowned in slumber. Sunlight, yellow and soft, fills her face, adding a touch of glow that she otherwise might be lacking.

The next shot allow the surroundings of our composition to fall into place. The Girl sleeps on a chair, a broken metallic black one, her legs resting in a crossed fashion on the shelf yonder. One of her hands in dangling at the mercy of gravity, a burnt out cigarette stub resting between her fingers, somehow, for the force seems to have given up long ago. Just beside the chair stands a bottle of rum, three quarter finished, bathing in sunlight.

But the scene is not empty: vocally so to say. As we inspect the girl and the surroundings within the bounds of which she dwells - a caged bird, her V.O shall forever accompany the visuals.

THE GIRL (V.O.)

Though it has considerably ceased,
yet sometimes I wake up in my
slumber to breed my dreams. Waste
not, haste not, time is a culprit
of your sleep. Bread, butter, milk,
this is what his mouth smelled of
when he first kissed me; there was
a map in his eyes, which I had to
follow - and now I am happily lost.

At this very moment, The Girl's eyes snap open.

A moment.

She reaches for the lighter laying unclaimed on the shelf and proceeds to light what's left of the cigarette.

THE GIRL (V.O.)

Buds, little wombs all around,
every color of the palette, and
when they bloom, mountains wake up
and rise. In the midst, a pond,
burning gold, mirroring the
midnight sun.

She extinguishes the cigarette in the ashtray, swings her legs back to the ground and gets on her feet. For the first time we properly to all what she's clad in: a tee and shorts.

The moment she stands, a trail of blood leaves her short and runs down, along her leg.

THE GIRL (V.O.)
 (closing her eyes upon the
 trickle)
 Everybody I thought I knew is dead.
 I am, I believe, on my way out.

The blood starts collecting at the foot of The Girl.

C.U on her face, her eyes closed.

THE GIRL (V.O.)
 Some things are just happening in
 my head. Others are not. Dreams.
 Reality. Difference. Belief.
 Ignorance.

The blood at her feet disappears. She acknowledges it.

THE GIRL (V.O.)
 Illusions. Or. Reflections.

She proceeds to move along the small cubicle - her room. It's just enough to accommodate a singular being. A bed in the form of mattress lies on one side, on the other side is the chair in front of the shelf that now enjoys its newfound vacancy. The room is decorated with frames embracing feminine forms. On the other side, just beside the door, stands a table, the contents of which are illuminated by a lamp. Books, stationery, a hammer - but most importantly, the focus is stolen by a recording equipment: a microphone.

THE GIRL (V.O.)
 I am just one dream away from
 collapsing into the abyss of
 reality.

She has covered the course, she has reached the table.

Our camera scans it. All the objects that it harbors.

We reach the lamp; the girl peeks to witness the light that burns within the hollow dome.

A moment.

THE GIRL (V.O.)
I love to watch it burn. Then die.
Be gone. Mother, father, brother.
Gone.

She switches it off. The light flickers its last and is lost.
The screen cuts to black.

CUT TO:

EXT. THIRD FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

There are four rooms on the third floor. One belongs to our protagonist, two carry a lock, the door of the last lies slightly open.

The Girl sits on the staircase beside her room eating a sandwich. The hammer sitting beside her.

THE GIRL (V.O.)
Sometimes I come out of my room.
Sometimes the prey takes it
chances. Sometimes it's worth it.

Slippers and shoes lay astray in front of the doors we have just witnessed.

THE GIRL (V.O.)
Everybody's dead. Even the wail of
the sirens. Sometimes when I close
my eyes, I can still hear the
sirens wail.

She closes her eyes.

Black.

THE GIRL (V.O.)
The cries, the screams, the sum of
all madness.

Her eyes open as she releases cigarette smoke from her mouth.
She gets up and moves towards the railing, with the hammer
still in her possession.

THE GIRL (V.O.)
Chaos. A chaotic melody. Malady.
Poetry.

She takes a peek - three floors beneath.

THE GIRL (V.O.)

If I want, I can end it all. All the misery shall be gone, this very moment. But the fall will only succeed in killing me. I won't be dead. Like the others.

She turns around. Her hand caressing the metallic railing.

THE GIRL (V.O.)

But the end is just around the corner; with every blink of the eye a moment passes, the skin rots, a drop of blood dries. With every blink, the fact settles sturdy, the next blink shall fall short halfway through and you'll be gone.

She opens the door and looks behind for the last time as she enters.

THE GIRL (V.O.)

At the moment nobody acknowledges my presence but these forces. These forces with a dagger in their possession, advancing towards me, for a piece of my soul, a piece of my flesh - hungry Shylocks.

The door closes behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Girl is back inside her room. We follow her up front: Black Swan fashion. She reaches for the cigarette packet on the shelf, flips it open and counts -

THE GIRL (V.O.)

Soon I will be running short of cigarettes.

(glances at a pile of boxes on the corner of the shelf)

Then food. Breath is ample, as always. I will have to step out one way or the other, one of these days.

FADE OUT.

FROM BLACK:

THE GIRL (V.O.)
It began like every other famine.

FADE IN:

The Girl stands in front of many newspaper clippings, witnessing them.

THE GIRL (V.O.)
With one person. Then two. Four.
Fifty. Then hundreds. Thousands.
Millions. Infecting all within its
reach. Like a virus.

CUT TO BLACK:

FROM BLACK:

THE GIRL (V.O.)
And now everything is gone.
Everything gone like as if it was
nothing.

INT. ROOM - INSERT

BLACK AND WHITE:

The Girl stands naked in front of the photo frame adorned wall. We dolly in.

THE GIRL (V.O.)
Sometimes you wake up feeling so
broken, so unevenly shaped,
experiencing that tight clutching
grip upon your heart, or is it just
the breathing - from grape to
raisin, as if your life was
draining.

In her hands is an old analog camera. She moves the viewfinder of it to her eyes, analyzing the room and her possessions via it.

THE GIRL (V.O.)
I was a photographer once. I gifted
people the preserved memory of
their most cherished moments. Now,
there is nothing left to
photograph, except for these
mementos of my very existence.

The frame within a frame moves to stop on an imagery of The Girl herself, dressed differently, looking flushed with an essence of life - an essence of being.

The Girl is B&W moves aside the camera from her eyes - watching.

THE GIRL (V.O.)
 Mother nature and her creation -
 motherfucking man. The duo at
 fault. Guilty.

CUT TO BLACK:

From BLACK:

THE GIRL (V.O.)
 And I will tell you why.

INT. ROOM

DREAM SEQUENCE:

The Girl as witnessed in the frame. The music begins. So does her dance. Alive, energetic, rhythmic. The narration presides over anything.

THE GIRL (V.O.)
 The Man wakes up in the morning. He begins polishing his shoes. Breakfast is laid on the table. His mother sits nearby a window applying a lipstick. Darker and darker. He polishes his shoes. Faster. A maid walks up to the doorstep of this very house and rings the bell. Darker and darker. Faster and faster. No one answers the door. The maid waits. Patiently. She had been taught that relentlessly. A newspaper boy passes the house riding his bicycle, throwing a newspaper to the maid's feet. She bends to pick it up. Riding off, the newspaper boy looks around, leering at her bosom. Someone opens the door and she enters the darkness. The maid is seated at the table laden with breakfast. The Man stands behind her. Her mother sits yonder. She proceeds to eat but is interrupted. The man demands something from her. Fear. The maid fearfully unzips her purse, takes out a pregnancy kit and hands it to the Man. It's negative.

(MORE)

THE GIRL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The mother gently caresses the hand of the maid and asks her to eat. She begins. The Man swiftly moves behind her, taking off his belt. The moment the maid swallows her first bite, the Man takes her neck within the bounds of his belt and begins to choke her. He chokes her till she is barely left alive. Next we know, the maid is on her all fours, naked, on the bed, red eyed while the Man penetrates her from behind. He pulls her hairs and makes her watch while he ravages her body, her soul - and all the while, the mother feeds her breakfast, one spoon at a time.

Along with the voice over, the dance sequence ends and we

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. ROOM - EVENING

An essence of darkness has settled in The Girl's room. The lamp on her desk is lit. She sits on the chair behind the table, adjusting the microphone. She logs in to her laptop.

THE GIRL (V.O.)

Perhaps one day I will step outside and shall never be back. When I am gone, killed and dead for good, and if you are listening to this then do realize that this short sightedness will consume us all. One by one. Pawns. Once we felt so powerful in unison, but this here, is a game of Gods. God, who we never see or experience. God who so beautifully pit us one against the other. Predator. Prey. Survival of the fittest. This is a sure fall, the end is inevitable and it doesn't matter which side you're on. The winner is the biggest loser and the loser has it easy.

The Girl makes an entry into her laptop: Day 79.

THE GIRL (V.O.)

They will not have it easy, those who put me here once I -

The Girl moves the microphone close to her mouth.

A moment.

She begins.

THE GIRL
Wake up. Wake up. Wake up.

CUT TO BLACK:

Her voice fades out.

Title and credits.

The End.