

L'observatrice détachée

Written By

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EXT. PROMENADE OF CLOCKS - DAY TIME

We pace ourselves, gliding along the promenade carelessly. We are disrupted by the emergence of a GANG formed of clocks. There is no escape. We are surrounded and they have no intention of letting US or the OBSERVER leave any time soon.

THE OBSERVER (V.O.)

I remember being surrounded. Their scathing insults ticking away, piercing through my delicate exterior, weighted attacks, forcing me into a state of peripheral despair. The pressures of society were deafening me with their expectations. The stages of life defined by numbers and time limits, credentials on paper, determine the calculation of respect I'm due for every achievement to date. Tick after tick, fueling me with yet more pressure of not being, doing or having enough. It's a trap with an invisible escape. Maybe I've not been included in society's raffle.

(beat)

Maybe I don't need to be.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE EXTREMES OF NATURE - DAY

We find ourselves at peace with the waves, but our solitary escape fails to last longer than a few seconds. Chaos entails: We see a dead tiger floating on the waves, joined by a villa in the middle of nowhere, and secured by the entrance of the forest. The journey feels somewhat soulful until we are interrupted by the emergence of buildings of urban origin and the luxury of the world's most lavish interiors.

THE OBSERVER (V.O.)

When I allowed myself to be vulnerable with nature and the extremes, I found home somewhere in the middle of it all. Craving everything and nothing. I am a cocktail, formed of the wilderness and home comforts.

CUT TO:

INT. TORNADO OF GHOSTS FROM THE PAST - NIGHT

The tiger begins to vomit imagery formed of the observer and the past that she has tried to escape, essentially GHOSTS FOR PASTS. Swarms of statue heads appear.

THE OBSERVER (V.O.)

And I find myself bathing in peace,
drenched in love, but the army of
voices can't allow that to last. I
found my inner voice deep in
conversation with the engineer of
sabotage. "History has it's eyes on
you," they chant, dragging me back
into my chaotic state.

Everything goes BLACK for a moment. Our eyes close.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN - MORNING

We've opened our eyes to the sight of the clouds looming off. The atmosphere is somewhat hazy, and yet it seems we've been granted an express pass to our heavenly fate, while ascending a stairway. .

THE OBSERVER (V.O.)

The heavens on earth were summoning me
to the kingdom above on a glossy,
velvet-cushioned stairway. As I
ascend, I find my thoughts wandering.
Will I be granted numerous midnight
conversations with God? Will there be
WiFi? Most importantly, can I truly
stay far from temptation?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WILDERNESS - DAY

We suddenly find ourselves descending. Not much has changed: signs of life appear and disappear. The sun appears in the form of a clock, spinning backwards, entrapping us in a state of confusion, before tearing us away from our thoughts and back to the present moment.

THE OBSERVER (V.O.)

I stop myself in my tracks as I'm
reminded of the many times that I've
danced with death, yet here I stand,

being swayed between my connection to the destructive ego and the light of my spiritual connection. On one hand, you are told the desires of the ego will bring more suffering and desire, but we don't see that side until the pleasure-seeking has come to its predicted end. And well, the spiritual world of enlightenment seems to bring me everything I can't buy, but can never hold me in its grip for long.

(beat)

I simply feel there's dozens of questions and no answers. Heaven and hell are on earth. The angels and demons are scattered everywhere. Concrete gods are watching our passing, lingering in our blind spots, plotting to obliterate the entirety of our existence.

CUT TO:

INT. WINDOW FROM THE MANSION - DAY

Peeking out of the window to the future, the observer views her old home and lifestyle through news. Her voice is one of nostalgia for a past life.

THE OBSERVER (V.O.)

That day was so clear, standing behind the window, longing to be anywhere but here. My mind constantly being seduced by the possibilities that I thought would complete me, and forever plagued by the insatiable desire to escape. Suddenly, this abyss of luxury is nothing more than a pretty backdrop for the fact that this whirlwind had orchestrated to murder my soul.

INT. MANSION & STATUES

A STATUE suddenly appears. Then another. Then another. Soon the room is FILLED with them.

THE OBSERVER (V.O.)

(beat)

It would be impossible to count the many times I prayed for a rebirth, but it was pointless to try to survive in

the same surroundings where they
wanted me dead.

The statues suddenly disappear, leaving us in an empty room,
surrounded by antiques, which slowly melts away, redirecting
us to the gallery of self-awareness.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLERY OF THE PAST

We find ourselves trapped within a peculiar gallery, the
pictures forming the most challenging moments of the past we
left behind us. Suddenly everything becomes distorted.

THE OBSERVER (V.O.)

And here I stand, in the ashes of who
I used to be. In the middle of my mind
museum, wandering, floating without
resistance. Allowing the weight of the
past to melt into the background.

EYES suddenly appear in the pictures. They move left to right
like an ongoing tennis match.

THE OBSERVER (V.O.)

We're being watched. Right here, right
now... right this second. Eyes will
judge. Eyes will speculate. Eyes will
wander.

CUT TO:

INT. DESERT - DAY

A LONELY GATE appears in front of the sandy desert. A lone
CAMEL exits. We EDGE closer to the GATE. About to enter --

THE OBSERVER (V.O.)

After all this madness ends, I wonder
where we will go? What if there is no
heaven or hell, but only the in-
between? Just one everlasting
playground of absurdity.

THE END

