

Are You Well?

written by

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SUPERSCRIPT

Written across the screen are the words:
Water is soft to the pliant and
hard to the forceful. Nothing is so
compelling a creature, both
dangerous and desired.

FADE IN

EXT. THE FOREST - THE GOLDEN APPLE TREE - DAY

We meet EVANGONE, young and beautiful, wearing an ivory dress with a design at the hem: a golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate.

We see her climbing a tree with bare feet, her hair loose blowing in the light breeze. Her forehead is soaked with sweat from the heat of the day. She stands on a branch on her tiptoes, reaching for one of the last 3 golden apples still hanging on the tree.

She strains, making a struggling sound, and then grabs it! Evangone smiles with a wide-eyed look of elation... but then her smile turns to surprise as she hears a crack-

The branch gives way and she falls with an audible:
OOF!

The GOAT that is tied to one of the lower branches of the tree snuffles at her hair and she laughs, playfully pushing the goat out of her face.

We see that there are plenty of other apples that were once on the tree that are now laying on the ground around Evangone, rotting in the dirt under the sweltering heat of the sun.

Evangone sits up and tosses the apple up and down in the air.

She brings the apple up to her open mouth, ready to take a bite when-

EXT. THE FOREST - UNDER THE GOLDEN APPLE TREE - CONTINUOUS

Her eye catches a beautiful narcissus flower, growing at the edge of the trees. Evangone looks intrigued. Everything but the trees are dying from the heat, even the grass is dry and crispy. The flower shouldn't be alive.

She takes a bite of the apple, scrunching her nose and spitting it out, looking grossed out. There is a worm inside the apple.

Tossing the apple aside, she gives a glance at the other apples on the ground. They are all rotting. Looking up, she considers the apples above. They're higher on the tree and harder to get to: a risk.

Looking back to the flowers, she nods to herself decisively.

EXT. THE FOREST - THE FLOWER TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

Walking over to the flower, she kneels to feel at the earth beneath it, but it's bone dry, like the rest of the Earth around it. She looks up in confusion to see, to her visible surprise, that there are more flowers up ahead.

She looks back and forth between the flowers and the tree behind her.

Evangone returns to untie the goat from the tree, encouraging them with cheeky noises to follow.

EXT. THE FOREST - INTO THE TREES - CONTINUOUS

She looks back once at the tree just as the tree disappears from view.

They walk through the forest together, following the flowers in a snaky, arching pattern through the trees until, at last, they lead to a large clearing.

EXT. THE CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Evangone looks wide-eyed in wonder at the trail of flowers through the center of the field of wheat. With childlike glee, she takes off with the goat, following the trail, smiling and laughing until, at last, she finds-

EXT. THE WELL - OUTSIDE THE DEAD CIRCLE - CONTINUOUS

THE WELL. It is an average-looking well, with a wooden planked overhead and a stone base. The only sign that something might be off about it is that, around the well, there is NO life. No wheat, no flowers, for about a 6-yard distance around it.

She laughs, looking back from where she came from and then at the well in disbelief. She looks pleasantly surprised.

EXT. THE SIDE OF THE WELL - CONTINUOUS

She walks the goat over to the well and ties it against the side. The breeze blows her hair, but the bucket remains perfectly still. Too still.

Evangone moves to the side of the well, rotating the crank of the handle to try and fetch them both some water. Her lips are already lightly chapped, and she licks them to bring attention to it. The Handle creaks terribly with age.

She rotates it back the other way once she feels it hit the water. The bucket returns to the surface... but inside, there is only a red apple.

Clearly confused, she laughs without humor to herself, glancing down the well, and then back at the apple she holds in her hand.

In the background within the trees, a shadowy figure stands, unseen.

With a shrug, she decides there was just an apple down in the well and feeds the apple to the goat without hesitation. The goat tugs backward at its restraint, hesitating before she presses the fruit to its lips. The goat eats it, juice falling from its mouth.

Evangone leans down to pick up a rock from the ground, still shaking her head with a clear look of disbelief. She drops it into the well and then listens for the PLUNK of it hitting the water below... silence. She turns the crank back and forth a few times, testing out the feel of it. Her look of disbelief grows into outright bewilderment. She looks down the well again and sees nothing. She feels the bottom of the bucket: dry.

She tries to let the bucket down into the well again, obviously confused and frustrated. However, as she cranks the bucket back up to the surface, she doesn't get a chance to look in the bucket.

The shadowy figure is closer now behind her, within the field of wheat, still vague and hard to distinguish.

EXT. THE SIDE OF THE WELL - THE GOAT - CONTINUOUS

The goat begins to bray horribly, collapsing on the ground and seizing violently. He makes a display of it, flailing and choking and foaming at the mouth, eyes wide with agony.

EXT. THE GOAT - CONTINUOUS

The goat's eye reflects the shocked and panicking Evangone, surrounded behind by flowers and, at the very edge of the foliage next to the empty barren land surrounding the well, the shadowy figure stands, looming, vague in form.

The goat lets out one last strangled noise of death and then goes still. Evangone trembles, taking a moment of crying silence before slowly approaching the goat, shaken and disturbed.

She freezes as the goat's mouth begins to open, despite being very much dead. The throat swells visibly, revealing a SNAKE slithering up from within the creature's mouth.

In a panic, Evangone stumbles back... and falls backward inside the well.

INT. INSIDE THE WELL - ???

She falls in slow motion, screaming and reaching towards the fading light of the outside. As she falls, the texture of the well fades until it's unclear if she's actually falling. The shadows seem to be etched intricately with symbols and words, some with meaning and some without.

As the light shrinks to a pinpoint on her face, Evangone closes her eyes.

INT. DEEP INSIDE THE WELL - THE FIELD OF BONE - ???

Evangone wakes with a gasp. There is unnatural lighting barely illuminating the space. She looks around in a panic, unseeing, but when she sits up, there is a crunching sound beneath her and she freezes.

Picking up something protruding beneath her, she brings it close to see... She screams. It is a human rib.

Below her is a sea of human ribs, completely covering the floor for as far as the eye can see. She squirms to get away, but they are everywhere. She tries to clear the space beneath her, but they seem to go down forever too.

She arches back and screams, arms wrapped around herself in sheer pained confusion and fear. When one scream isn't enough, she screams again, tears sliding down her cheeks.

Once she's finished, she catches her breath, panting, looking around for anything distinguishable. Up: there is no light from the sun.

She cannot see the top of the well, nor the exit. Around: she cannot see the sides of the well, and the dim darkness seems to stretch on forever.

Evangone takes a deep breath, rubbing her arms up and down crossed firmly over her chest. Her stomach growls. With a look of grim courage, she gets up, brushing off her dress and shakily beginning to walk through the sea of bones.

FADE IN

CONTINUED WALKING

She is a bit thinner, and the shadowy figure is distantly behind.

She hears something thrown in front of her from behind by the shadow. Still refusing to turn around, she picks the object up and shivers. It is a rib carved intricately into the shape of a man. Her stomach growls. She glances to the side, almost looking back, but closes her eyes and tosses it aside, continuing forward.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

MORE WALKING, TRIPPING AND FALLING, STARTING TO STAND

She is a bit thinner still, and the shadowy figure is closer now.

She hears something else thrown in front of her and groans. She starts to trudge forward like she isn't going to pick it up but hesitates. Her stomach growls. Her curiosity gets the best of her, and she picks it up. It is a rib carved into a phallus. Evangone's face contorts, warring between grim amusement, anger, and fear. She tosses it aside with more force this time, storming forward.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. DEEP INSIDE THE WELL - THE FIELD OF BONE - ???

Evangone is visibly thinner, gaunt. The light barely reaches her as she trips again to her knees, shivering as the darkness wraps itself around her, like hands traveling the side of her thigh and the curve of her waist. She shuts her eyes to it, teeth grinding. One last item is thrown, and she picks it up furiously. She freezes.

It is in the shape of a baby.

She screams, crushing the carved bone to dust with a slight flash of light within the confines of her fist. The darkness shrinks back a bit, far enough for her to look up and see-

INT. DEEP INSIDE THE WELL - THE POMEGRANATE TREE - ???

A pomegranate tree, standing in the darkness. She smiles, dry lips cracking as she scrambles over to the tree. She grabs a fruit from the branch, tearing it in half and moaning at the sight of the fresh fruit.

She moves to eat one quickly but hesitates.

Her hand trembles and she looks at the fruit with suspicion. The shadow remains behind, waiting at a distance. She never looks at it, but goosebumps visibly rise on her skin.

Evangone's stomach growls one last time, and she caves, eating 7 seeds one at a time, her fingers and lips stained red with the juice.

For the first time, behind her, we see the vague shape of a smile on the shadowy figure.

She grabs her lower stomach above her uterus with a lurch and a cry of pain, the dark hands more visible and aggressive, grabbing at her from below. Evangone panics again, throwing the pomegranate away and running for her life. Her eyes dart around, desperately searching for some way to escape.

INT. INSIDE THE WELL - CONTINUOUS

That is when there is a loss of gravity. She floats, the bones rise around her before fading away to black. She makes the motions of running but moves nowhere.

When she finally looks down, or up to her, a light extends upwards towards her, like a lightbulb hanging from the ceiling. As she reaches down, the perspective turns so that the lighting is reaching down and she, in turn, is reaching up. Her fingertip meets the light and-

INT. WITHIN THE ABYSS - ???

Dark water rains down harshly, entirely enveloping her. She struggles, swimming around directionless. It is hard to discern which way is up and which is down. Then, like she's been drowned, she freezes, drifting, hands slowly reaching out, palms raised.

Her left eye is strikingly detailed, emphasizing her lashes and the dark circles beneath. They part open to show her eyeball. Reflected within it are the 7 pomegranate seeds, and reflected between them, the shadowy figure, far too close, reaching out to her.

As the perspective widens, it's revealed that she is no longer in the water. Even so, she is floating... and while the rest of her has lost significant weight, there is a roundness to her stomach beneath the dress.

Evangone looks up, squinting into the darkness at a small pinpoint of light. Her eyes, dull a moment ago, alight slightly with something akin to hope.

With a fierce movement, she opens her arms and legs wide and screams. Light flashes from her eyes and mouth, roots erupting beneath her pushing her up... up... up... The sides of the well take texture and she grabs a hold of the stonework. Crying out as her nails bleed from the strain and gravity kicks in once again. She claws her way up, weak but filled with adrenaline, the shadows pursuing her, wrapped around her, but not quite touching.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WELL - EVENING

Evangone climbs her way out of the well, collapsing on the ground, shivering and gasping. She is as dry as she was before she fell, with dark streaks, like hand marks around the skirts of her dress. There are small blood stains too. She looks gaunter than ever. Her lips are severely cracked and chapped, bone dry. Even her skin has taken on the chalky hue of someone who hasn't had a drink of water in far too long.

The ground is now frozen from snow and ice. The vegetation in the clearing is visibly dead.

Looking to where the goat once lay, there is only the bucket.

Evangone manages to get to her knees, screaming silently, rocking herself back and forth. She sobs, but no tears fall. She's simply too dehydrated.

Managing to get to her hands and knees, she snuffles, crawling her way over to the bucket. With no hesitation, she yanks it over... to see the apple inside, with one bite taken, and the pomegranate, with 7 seeds missing. Both still fresh.

Swallowing hard, Evangone moves back, curling into a ball against the side of the well. A gentle, female hand pets down the side of her hair as the lighting warms. Evangone smiles.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WELL - DAY

Evangone is curled in sleep in the same spot next to the well. Time has passed. Her complexion is healthier, and the bump of her stomach is now gone. There are smile lines at the corners of her mouth and eyes.

She opens her eyes, getting up with a stretch and a yawn. She is wearing a purple dress, pinned at the shoulder by a shard of bone.

Standing, she looks out at the field, full of beauty and life. Closing her eyes, the female hand pets the side of her hair once again, also older now.

Evangone steps up onto the side of the well, taking a deep breath... then steps forward and drops.

As she disappears into the well, the sun dims to a cool tone, and the first few snowflakes begin to fall.

BLACK SCREEN - CLOSING

Written across the screen are the words:

"All the dawn and eve behold of
earth, but you and I are left - for
the deep sea has kept the rest! And
what prevents the tide from
overwhelming us?" ~Ovid,
Metamorphoses 1.348