

# Obsession



FADE IN

It is night, and our point of view is over a dilapidated part of town. A young woman braves the puddles and the slippery sidewalks. Her pace is brisk and her cream-colored trench coat flows behind her. Below it; she wears nothing but plain black lingerie. The make-up runs down her cheeks and she can feel its bitter taste in her mouth.

CUT TO...

...her red lips and a man's. They are in different locations with different backgrounds. Both are talking on the phone. Man: "Stop!" The woman bites her lip. Man: "Leave her alone!"

FADE TO BLACK AND DIAL TONE

CUT TO

The young woman rests against a street corner. The drizzle is now visible as it crosses the light coming from the lampposts. She fumbles in her pocket for something and, assured of its existence, resumes her walk.

CUT TO

Twelve pills rest in a tongue. In slow motion the tongue draws back and the mouth closes. The barely noticeable larynx moves up and down, swallowing the pills.

CUT TO

She is standing at the entrance to an apartment block. The sleeves on her trench coat drip as she presses one of the buttons on the intercom.

Woman (whispered): Laura?

Jump cuts:

1 - Red nail polish cracks under the pressure of her bite;

2 - She holds her stomach with both hands;

3 - Her body falls limp on a carpet that reads "WELCOME";

4 - She looks up at the door as a light comes on in the entrance hall;

5 - She takes an empty medicine bottle from her trench coat and places it between herself and the door;

6 - A pair of male feet in flip-flop sandals steps out of the building;

7 - Same male lips, same background, same phone.

FADE TO BLACK

Man: "There's a dead woman in our building's front door." (Pause) "No, we don't know her"