

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

An unknown man (JOHN DOE) wears a dark business suit and lies on a bed facing up. A draft of breeze causes a window's curtain to shyly flap. John's eyes follow the curtain's movement with uproar attention.

An attractive unknown woman (JANE DOE) wears a red babydoll and lies next to him, watching his inert left hand that lays close to her. A wedding ring is seen around his fourth finger.

Before John turns his sights to Jane, she closes her eyes and pretends to be sleeping. Jane moves her body in a sensual way and begins to stretch her arms about to wake up.

John closes his eyes and pretends to sleep. Jane opens her eyes, stands and walks to the wardrobe. Her slender hands caress the wardrobe's door handle with curiosity before opening it.

Jane ignores the predominant male clothing and goes straight for the few female dresses that hang around. Despite all the dresses being in a smaller size, she grabs a pretty but worn-out prom dress.

Jane releases a childish giggle and looks around if afraid of someone to notice her. Feeling safe, she spins around whilst holding the dress in front of herself.

Words like 'HARLOT', 'THIEF' and 'TART' written with a strong red colored lipstick illustrate the walls around the cozy traditional room.

As Jane flaunts herself in front of a nearby wooden floor standing mirror, John stares at her in admiration, acting surprised. Suddenly, his left hand begins moving. Next his left arm quivers, and soon the rest of his upper body follows suit.

John, with the sheet still covering his lower body, lets himself fall heavy to the floor. Even with the loud sound, Jane ignores the locomotion.

The carpeted floor is full of trinkets such as a jewelry box, a nostalgic clock, etc - objects from a lifetime but now discarded like old memories.

As John crawls on the floor, he pushes aside a bouquet of yellow roses. A small card attached to the flowers says 'Be My Valentine'.

John gets closer to the tall standing Jane but she continues to not notice him. With her eyes closed, she allows her hands to feel the dress's fabric, almost in an erotic sense.

Before John grabs her left ankle, he opens and closes his right hand in quick moves as if testing himself in case his own strength fails him.

Awaken from fantasy of prom queen glory, Jane turns and looks down at John in a pitiful manner. Jane grabs John's arms and uses her own body to support him but struggles to place him back into bed.

By instinct, she adjusts his pillow in a tender way and places back the fallen sheet on top of him.

Quietly, Jane sits in the bed next to him. Jane's eyes are attracted to a photo frame standing on the nightstand opposite of them. Its framed image is quite blurry. Without taking her eyes off the photo, her hands explore and comb John's hair.

Her attention then turns to a glass of water on the nightstand close to her. She opens a small sachet and drops a white substance into the glass. In a seductive way, her finger twirls the water to mix its contents.

John is staring out the window. The breeze is gone. The curtain is very static. As he continues to stare, Jane brings the glass to his face but his numb mouth doesn't welcome the glass. Still, she forces him to swallow most of the liquid.

John wets his own lips with his tongue and in a weak state raises his head to steal a kiss from her. To reward his effort, JANE brings her face closer to him but kisses his forehead instead.

John's head turns away. He looks at a photo frame standing on the nightstand on the other side of the bed, its image is more blurry than before. John faces Jane. With a tender look, she smiles back at him. He looks afraid.

Slowly but surely, his whole body becomes stiff, his face appears lifeless. John's eyes remain open and a tear rolls down his cheek.

By bringing forth his remaining strength, John manages to wide open his mouth but no sound comes out. The effort distorts John's forehead, and as a consequence it exacerbates the ugly look that now represents the living statue called John.

Jane breaths deeply while admiring her final masterpiece. Taking her time, she walks round to the other side of the bed and picks up the photo frame: it is a photo of John in a public park embracing a mysterious woman that is not Jane. Jane's smile turns into a wide grin as she puts the frame facing down.

THE END.

Moving Inside

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