

COMPOSURE

Written by

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DROPS the bite.

The guitar scatters, distorts.

She closes her eyes. Breathes in.

SILENCE.

Breathes out.

4

LATER

4

Monica sits at the counter with a LAPTOP.

Jazzy backbeat.

On the screen, an email: "Dear Buying Department, In light of recent events..."

She lights up and springs forward, into a flurry of typing.

A flurry of drums.

Types.

Drums.

Deletes a line.

Cymbals crash.

She types and types, inspired. Fully in rhythm.

Drum solo.

She crescendos and finishes with a flourish.

On the screen: a long paragraph spotted with all CAPS like "YOU WILL USE A CALENDAR" and "I AM NOT YOUR MOTHER".

Reaches for the mouse. Hovers over "SEND".

Deletes the paragraph.

Cymbals.

She starts over. "In light of recent events, I hope you can please consider..."

Broken drums.

The guitar skips and stutters.

She moves around. Gets comfy.

Straightens out.

Relaxes.

Fades...

10

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

10

The world is cold grays and blues, a David Fincher horror.

Organ fuzz.

Monica enters, uncertain and wearing a blue sweater.

Spooky organ.

Walks through the kitchen, off beat. To the REFRIGERATOR...

Organ builds, buzzes.

She reaches for the door, opens, and--

ORGAN.

--nothing. A normal refrigerator with normal food.

She closes her eyes. Breathes in.

Organ fades.

Breathes out into...

11

LATER

11

John Carpenter-style synths.

Monica sits with the laptop and a cup of YOGURT.

Checks her email, a reply: "Thanks, will do!"

Checks the news: "Crisis Averted!"

Digs into her yogurt-- normal!

Looks around. Suspicious.

Faintly-- drip drip.

Drip drip.

16

LATER

16

Droning synths.

Monica examines herself in the mirror, each mole and freckle.

Takes her pulse and temperature. Coughs.

Bulges her eyes, opens her mouth. Looks into her ears.

Trims and files her nails. Brushes her teeth. Flosses.

Smells her armpit. Puts on deodorant.

Looks in the mirror. Not convinced.

17

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

17

Monica sits at the counter with chicken breast and broccoli.

Icy synths creep.

Chews. Swallows. Drinks water.

Cuts more chicken.

Synths swell.

Her knife slips and SCRAPES against the plate.

Deep breath.

The synths bubble and fade, but won't disappear.

She cuts a piece. Chews. Swallows and--

SYNTHS.

She CHOKES, struggles. A flash of PANIC, and...

She COUGHS up the chicken.

Swallows. Takes a gulp of water. Waits.

Breathes. Okay.

Looks down at the plate of chicken. Pushes it away.

Synths return.

She repeats it, too quickly. Breathes, too quickly.

Build.

She opens her eyes, adjusts her posture.

Overwhelm.

24

LATER

24

Settle.

Monica reads her book. Finishes the last page and closes it.

Lets it sink in.

25

LATER

25

Monica sits on the couch, watching TV.

On screen: a black-and-white movie with a WOMAN walking through a park, distraught.

Synths swirl and spike, off beat.

She fidgets, shifts position. Looks around.

Settles.

Sits back. Comfortable.

BREATHES.

Synths and strings come together, timed perfectly to the TV.

On screen: a VIOLINIST appears behind the Woman. She dances.

Monica takes it in. Smiles.

26

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

26

Monica enters the kitchen.

Chasing a synth, just behind the beat.

Picks up a pack of instant NOODLES. Looks at the microwave.

Minor key.

She steps around the kitchen. Trying to find the rhythm,
almost on it, dancing to catch up.

The synth picks up, livelier.

She chops and dances-- on beat.

Heats a saucepan and a pot of water.

Spins, swirls, and dances with her shadow.

The bright guitars from the omelette blend in.

Darkness fades and the world becomes normal.

Her shirt becomes green.

She cooks, laughs, dances, and cries, across the kitchen.

The instruments come together-- a perfect arrangement.

She feels everything. She is okay.

She looks down, to a bowl of RAMEN, with a poached egg and
perfectly sliced chicken and vegetables.

27

EXT. HOUSE - PATIO - EVENING

27

Twinkling piano and synth.

Monica sits with the ramen. Brings a bite up with chopsticks.

Sits back and enjoys.

Considers the backyard, the sky. Everything.

Back to the ramen. She digs around for the PERFECT bite.

Music rises.

She leans in, brings the chopsticks close.

Hand shaky...almost there...

SWELLS.

CUT TO BLACK.