

LUCARNE

Written by

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CLOSE ON, an

ANALOG WALL CLOCK -

as it ticks away the seconds, folding into minutes, inching closer to the nearest hour; over this shot, we hear a young man speak.

This young man will be known only as THE BOY.

THE BOY (V.O.)

I am always in awe of our ability  
to compress the most meaningful of  
things, down to something almost  
insignificant.

The clock keeps ticking...ticking...ticking...before,  
stopping.

A hand comes into frame, removing it from the wall. That  
same hand flips the clock over and moves down towards the  
battery compartment, removing the cover and replacing the  
batteries.

The hand settles the clock back onto its place on the wall.

But nothing happens. The clock is still dead.

THE BOY (V.O.)

I wish I could have so much of it  
back.

#### **INT. THE BOY'S ROOM - DAY**

Pueblo revival inspired. Smooth walls, curved ceiling.  
Around the room we find: A knee high, poorly built, book  
shelf; An easel with a stack of paintings(Not very good)  
holding up a broken leg of the easel; a desk clings to a  
wall (also poorly built), with an old computer monitor and  
tower taking up most of the space; just off to the right of  
that, still on the desk, is a stack of physical computer  
games. The cases are worn to hell, just like the VHS cases  
stacked near an RCA CRT-TV;

Center of the room is dominated by a full sized bed and sat  
on this bed, is The Boy.

He stares off into the distance. Someone knocks on the door.  
Without much effort or care, he lifts himself from the edge  
of the bed and crosses the room, answering the door.

Quickly bursting past him, mumbling greetings, is his friend  
TOBY (mid 20s).

Toby quickly runs fingers quickly across the keyboard of the old computer, talks with a pace as fast as his fingers. The boy sits back on the edge of the bed.

TOBY  
(to the boy)  
Did you figure out what was wrong  
with the internet?

THE BOY  
Haven't got around to it.

TOBY  
You should. Might get you  
motivated.

THE BOY  
Why are you on the computer then?

TOBY  
Just going through your very old  
emails. You still have them on  
files right?

THE BOY  
I don't know...why is it important?

TOBY  
Because I think I sent you  
something that wasn't meant for you  
and It might've been last week or  
last month.

THE BOY  
What is it?

TOBY  
...contact information.

He pulls up a file on the screen...

THE BOY  
Who's?

TOBY  
Jess.

ON THE SCREEN: Walter, Jessica. Age: 24 Address: N/A.

TOBY  
Shit.

THE BOY  
What is it?

TOBY  
Her address.

THE BOY  
What about it?

TOBY  
(points to the screen)  
Well...that's usually where it  
would go.

THE BOY  
I see...and that's a problem  
because...?

TOBY  
Because I thought about her  
recently.

THE BOY  
Okay?

TOBY  
Yeah.

THE BOY  
You couldn't just find her new  
address on your own?

TOBY  
I wasn't aware she moved dickwad.

THE BOY  
Look, I got things to do.

TOBY  
(looks around)  
Yeah, I bet.

THE BOY  
Why did you think about her, if you  
don't mind me asking?

TOBY  
Because...I kinda just remembered  
all the good times me and her had.

THE BOY  
That was high school though.

TOBY  
So? It wouldn't matter if it was  
elementary school, ya know?  
(MORE)

TOBY (CONT'D)

I just -- fuck, look, my heart skipped when I thought about her, okay?

(then)

It wasn't just a moment of time I thought about, it was the whole experience. Just the thought of being with her filled me happiness. Even if there isn't a chance we can be together, I'd rather have an answer.

Toby shuts off the computer, spins in the chair towards The Boy.

TOBY

You should come out with me tonight.

THE BOY

Why?

TOBY

Don't you get tired of this stuffy ass room?

THE BOY

Not necessarily.

TOBY

You should be. I've been here a couple minutes and I'm already tired of it.

THE BOY

An absence of your presence would be very much appreciated.

TOBY

Don't mind me, I'm almost gone.

THE BOY

What were you planning on doing tonight?

TOBY

If I tell you, would you come?

Maybe...probably not...

THE BOY

Depends.

TOBY  
...okay. Well, I thought we'd get a  
few drinks...then go dancing.

Speculative...

THE BOY  
Dancing...where?

TOBY  
(mumbles)  
Augua seven.

THE BOY  
What?

TOBY  
(clearly)  
Aqua seven.

THE BOY  
You know I hate clubs.

TOBY  
But you've never been to one.

THE BOY  
I live right next to one.

TOBY  
That's a fucking dance hall man,  
its not the same.

THE BOY  
It sounds the same when it bleeds  
through the fucking walls.

TOBY  
Jesus man, don't wanna experience  
any joy in your life?

THE BOY  
(arms spread)  
I got all the joy I need right  
here.

He flops down on the bed, laying on his back, he looks up  
through the --

SUNROOF -

where a deep light blue sky fills all four corners of the  
window pane; it gets closer...

THE BOY  
(re: Sunroof)  
This is all I need.

beat;

TOBY (O.C)  
Any clouds in that sky?

Frame starts filling with blue...

THE BOY  
Not yet.

...a cloud peaks in from the bottom of the frame.

**INT. THE BOY'S ROOM - LATER**

Toby is gone. He paces around the room while in the midst of a phone call.

THE BOY  
(into the phone)  
Yes, I'm calling in regards to my internet.  
(then)  
Yes.  
(then)  
I was told a technician would come this week.  
(then)  
Okay.

**INT. THE BOY'S ROOM - NEW ANGLE - LATER**

Afternoon, bleeding into the evening. The boy kneels by the book shelf, looking through a pretty sizable collection, hoping to find something he maybe never got around to reading.

All the spines are beaten and the titles have almost all but faded on them.

He keeps looking over them...spots a small gap between two books he's read more times than he can remember.

Reaching between the gap...he pulls out: Jim Harrison's "A Good Day To Die"

Before he reads, his fingers scan his selection once again, drifting along the tops of the books, pulling out an often used ZUNE.

He sticks some earbuds in it and jams them into his ears.

The zune comes to life, he cycles through a catalogue of soundscapes: Waves, Leaves, Thunderstorms, etc..

He hovers over the waves soundscape...waiting...

Then, he starts to hear it, feel it too, the music rising from beyond his walls, bleeding in from the dance hall next door.

Now, he clicks play.

Waves build in his ears, crashing, receding and crashing again. A meditative rhythm; hymn of the Earth.

The music is drowned in an oceanic cauldron as his eyes flow across the page....

...his mind starts to become transported...

...today close to becoming an afterthought...

...then...

Everything rushes back in. Immersion shattered. The music an invading force, louder and more belligerent than before.

He looks down at the Zune: LOW BATTERY.

He gets frustrated, snatches his ear phones out, slamming the book shut, setting it on the bookshelf.

The vibrations eventually brings the bookshelf down. They spill onto the floor like a clumsy wave.

Frustrated...

THE BOY

Fuck!

He gets up, starts collecting the books, placing them on his bed. The music climbs in volume, sounding almost like the band is ready to breach from the other side of the wall.

This terrible fucking music is driving him insane.

Suddenly, an arm full of books getting ready to be gently set down on the edge of his bed, are cast to the ground and his fist slices through the stale bedroom air, slamming with a weight inferior to that of the bass, against his wall.

THE BOY

Fucking stop!

(MORE)



THE BOY (CONT'D)  
(pounding on the wall  
with both hands)

Stop!

He pounds viciously at different points in the wall...

Then, he comes down, with too much violence in that fist, onto a part of the wall that is more hollow than the others and he creates a MASSIVE HOLE.

Now the music is not only loud, but it is clear, as are the sounds of conversation and laughter and cheering and humanity.

For a moment, he catches himself, pulling his fist out of the wall...staring the suspiciously dark hole...

Suddenly, he retreats to his bed, wrapping a pillow around his head, covering his ears, sealing his eyes shut.

But the voices get louder...clashing with the music...sounding hellish...

#### **INT. THE BOY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Saved from pitch darkness by the moon's angular light beaming through the sunroof. A few stars twinkle in the sky. The boy lays still for a moment, the pillow now just gently resting on his head.

Silence. Stillness blankets the room. The boy slowly wakes up.

In the dark, he fumbles towards his desk and turns on a lamp.

Then, he switches on the computer. It whirs to life, a series of startup graphics flashing across the screen.

That old school windows background juts onto the screen, programs load...he slide an old game into the computer tower. The outdated machine spits and gurgles and rumbles to life as the disc spins in the tray.

Then, as the game loads on his screen, he gets up and walks over to his TV and puts a VHS in.

The tape plays. In a single stride he flows back into his chair, throws headphones over his head and gets ready to play...but something itches at him.

He glances over his shoulder...like little knives his eyes cut through the dim-dark surrounding his bedside and peer into the hole he created.

A moment passes and he turns back to his computer and starts playing.

ON THE TELEVISION -

clouds against a blue sky rush over the screen...the camera moves in as he we hear The boy clicking away on his keyboard.

hold.

### **INT. THE BOY'S ROOM - MORNING**

The boy is motionless, sprawled out across his desk. Slobber drenches his keys. Its calm for the moment, then --

-- someone knocks on the door.

He snaps up, rushes towards the door, fixes his hair and face, then opens it to:

ANGELA, the cable technician, mid 20s, bright blonde hair and a disposition not dragged down by her very boring job. She bobs in the doorway with a contagious energy, smiles brightly at The Boy and says --

ANGELA  
I'm with your provider.

He is stunned...

THE BOY  
Excuse me?

ANGELA  
I'm here to fix your internet.  
(looks down at her  
clipboard)  
You are Mister...?

### **INT. THE BOY'S ROOM - LATER - NEW ANGLE**

His computer desk is dragged out. Angela is kneeled over with a toolbox at her side, rifling through an assortment of cables.

Her eyes travel up to some of his PC Games.

ANGELA  
Play a ton?

THE BOY

What?

ANGELA

Video games. You play a lot?

THE BOY

Here and there.

ANGELA

Bet you'll be happy once you get  
the internet on huh?

THE BOY

Yeah I guess.

She goes back to work. He watches her intensely. Like a boy,  
he undresses her with his eyes.

She looks back at him, spots the hole in the wall.

ANGELA

What happened there?

THE BOY

(looking over his  
shoulder)

There's a dance hall next door, the  
music was loud....I tried banging  
on the wall.

ANGELA

Ahhh I see. You should have someone  
patch that up.

THE BOY

Oh I got that covered.

ANGELA

You're handy like that?

THE BOY

Yeah, I used to work with my  
father.

ANGELA

What did he do?

THE BOY

Drywall.

ANGELA

Oh, nice. My boyfriend does  
something similar.

Boyfriend strikes him like a knife in the heart...

THE BOY

Cool.

ANGELA

Same thing happened with the  
bookshelf?

THE BOY

Oh...yeah.

She nods, goes back to work, drilling a hole in the wall. He  
watches her with less intensity now; utter disinterest.

The drilling becomes a droning, oppressive, noise.

THE BOY

(shouting)

Hey!

She stops...

ANGELA

Yeah?

THE BOY

Almost done there?

ANGELA

Just about. Just gotta run the  
fiber optic cable through the rest  
of the home.

THE BOY

Shouldn't take you much longer.

The air shifts, she realizes some tension in his words...

ANGELA

I'm sorry did I do something to  
offend you?

THE BOY

No. I just value my peace is all.

ANGELA

Oh...okay.

Awkward. She goes back to drilling.

He walks around his bed towards the nightstand, pulls out a  
pack of smokes, throws one into the corner of his mouth and  
lights it up....

...takes a long drag...lays back...blows the smoke over his lips...sits back up.

For a moment, it sounds like waves ushering through the walls, dissipating just at the door before attempting to gather and assault once more.

This all stops the moment Angela stands up, her work finished.

He takes another long drag on his cigarette.

ANGELA

Would you mind starting your  
computer for me?

He almost leaps off the bed, sauntering towards the computer chair, half planting himself onto the seat.

With a satisfying click of a button on the tower, the computer comes to life once more.

Fingers glide across the keyboard in a brisque motion as dots appear onto the password bar.

Enter. Access granted.

In the bottom right corner of the computer screen, a GLOBAL ICON spins in the bottom right corner (control panel) of the screen.

He is online. But, to make sure...he doubles clicks a web browser icon...it loads...Angela leans over his shoulder...

...it opens onto a homepage.

She exclaims...

ANGELA

Great! So that's me all done.

She starts gathering her tools...

THE BOY

Wait.

She stops, looks at him, desperation bubbling off his skin...

ANGELA

Is something wrong?

THE BOY

No...I just...

ANGELA

Yes?

THE BOY

Was hoping something else was wrong  
with the computer.

ANGELA

If there was I wouldn't be within  
the realm of knowledge required to  
help you sir, I would direct you to  
our IT department.

THE BOY

You don't work in that department?

ANGELA

Unfortunately not.

THE BOY

Unfortunately.

Couldn't be more awkward...

ANGELA

If things run a bit slow, give it  
time or reset it.

THE BOY

Sure thing.  
(then)  
You said something about a  
boyfriend?

ANGELA

(uhh)  
Yeah.

THE BOY

That's nice. Must be nice.

ANGELA

It is, really.

THE BOY

When I saw you...I didn't think  
you'd have a boyfriend honestly.

What the hell?

ANGELA

Excuse me?

THE BOY

I just-- I dunno what I'm saying.  
Thank you for coming and helping  
me.

ANGELA

Yeah.

She starts packing her stuff quickly and some little trinkets spill out onto the floor. He tries helping.

ANGELA

It's fine.  
(he's still trying)  
Please stop.  
(still not stopping)  
Stop!

He looks up at her...she's breathing heavily, rightfully very nervous...

ANGELA

Just, please, let me get my things  
and go.

He steps back...

THE BOY

Yeah, okay.

He takes another long drag, watching her pick the bits and bobbles up before leaving the room, leaving the door wide open in the wake of her abandonment.

We hear her footsteps hurry off in the near distance.

He sits on the edge of the bed, watching the open door for a moment...letting the cigarette dwindle as it burns between his lips...

...then, he gets up and slams the door shut.

#### **INT. THE BOY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

The evening approached quick and without a moment of music. The boy sits at his desk, browsing the internet, opening up an online CHATROOM.

THE BOY (V.O.)

I started to appreciate Tuesdays  
since they became the only day of  
the week that the dance hall would  
be closed.

He starts a chat with a female user: Janine662

THE BOY (V.O.)  
 Things started to get that  
 way when they began running  
 out of money to keep the  
 place open. I listened to a  
 blow up between the owner and  
 his wife about the funds, the  
 lack of youth...the internet.  
 I was never one to be  
 religious, but I prayed it  
 would happen to them. That  
 their dreams would be crushed  
 and the life they spent  
 building, would vanish. I  
 prayed for that.

(beat)  
 Does that make me awful?

JANINE662  
 (typing in chat)

Hey!

THE BOY (V.O.)  
 I've been asking myself that  
 question nearly every  
 Tuesday. I feel a strange  
 sadness when I am not  
 fighting with the music to  
 sleep. Then that sadness  
 turns into an anger I can't  
 comprehend when that same  
 music intrudes upon my life.

THE BOY  
 (typing in chat)  
 How you doing baby?

JANINE662  
 (typing in chat)  
 I'm good but I'm horny. U?

THE BOY (V.O.)  
 I hoped one day it'd burn  
 down with everyone in it,  
 taking me in the process.  
 Martyrdom.

THE BOY  
 (typing in chat)  
 Extremely horny.

He slips his hands down his pants, fondling himself.

JANINE662  
 (typing in chat)  
 What would you do to me daddy?



THE BOY (V.O.)  
I never told anyone  
this...but I think the  
shadows in this room have  
started to speak to me.

THE BOY  
(typing in chat)  
I'd bend you over and ram  
into until burst.

Janine662 sends a half nude image in the chat. The boy  
starts masturbating.

He gets well into it, his thoughts silenced by lust, she  
types in the chat:

JANINE662  
(typing in chat)  
You like??

But he's too busy to even care about a response...he gets  
well into it now...almost finished...then...

...his door creaks open.

He stops immediately, his head snapping up, eyes peering  
into the dark of the crack...

...the black nothingness stares back at him.

The door opens a bit more...the split becoming more of a  
maw...unknown who is other side.

THE BOY (V.O.)  
Sometimes...I want to shout back at  
the shadows.

It opens even wider, just enough for light to come in and  
when a SHAPE finally starts to form in the dark...

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.

