

Instinct

A SHORT FILM BY

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SCENE 01 INT. BATHROOM

A black man stands at a mirror in the back of a pale pink room, we hear a digital shutter, the dimly lit space momentarily glows from the blue light of his e-cigarette, we glide in. We are in an industrial building site, the place is wrapped entirely in pink plastic, unfinished drywall panels, electric bug zapper, tarpaulin floor, aluminium pipes. He wears in an ice-cream coloured suit with his back to us. He is taking a selfie.

DIGITAL PAN

SCENE 02 INT. ROOM 01

We digitally navigate away from him (like a Google streetview cam) heading towards a voice. Facing us is a bruised and swollen albino cagefighter wearing an actor's motion-capture head rig. White tracking dots mask his face and body, cables trail his decisive actions, lit against the construction site backdrop by lines of infrared sensors, blocking out a fight scene.

MO-CAP

I am the bomb under the table. A bald, naked, silver bullet. A truth that will out. Albert was conflicted, to call him a dick would be missing the point. To call him kind would be underestimating the degree to which one man actively and unrelentingly set about persuing the means, which would enable his own undoing. To talk him down off the ledge took endoscopic precision, bartering favours with deities, orishas not so easily misled. The traumatised hardware of his failing mind burst arteries like spring, the elevator doors rush of blood blossomed screaming into this new world through the fractures of an open mind. It was impossible. Then it was done.

CUTAWAY: A cgi golden heart pumping and bleeding liquid silver.

Our hero at the mirror reviews his pics, distracted his eyes drift off his phone.

DIGITAL PAN

SCENE 03 INT. ROOM 02

A man entirely covered in thick black molasses. Eyes covered by a virtual reality helmet made of blue styrofoam. His actions see what we can't.

MOLASSES

You're the only person I know who could fall in love backwards. Drop up out of the well, Dougie in reverse. But without your charms, I lost visibility, accountability, an instinct for what's real. Jailed behind a secure password, pulled away from community and the respect awarded small actions. How do you soothe that loss of recognition, the phantom limb. Long heels red bottoms? the status in your update? Signifiers, a firewall to your intent, admiration without engagement, shit I'm guilty. But its addiction, a deeper desire sustained by shallow reward, a false flag, a closed loop.

CUTAWAY: A white braille Rubiks cube twists in on itself.

DIGITAL PAN

Our hero at the mirror takes a long slow drag from his e-cigarette, eyeballing himself in the mirror through the flared blue blaze.

DIGITAL PAN

SCENE 04 INT. ROOM 03

A nubian wrestler dusted in flour, shirtless but wearing a vintage 3 piece grey suit. A sports face-shield masks him. Intermittently flashbulbs pop from his eyes and a blue blowtorch flame glows from his mouth.

NUBIAN

If faith is belief beyond immediate existence. Love is the proof. Whether to prosper in the reflected glory of a perfectly timed photobomb or chisel out a mount rushmore of calm affirmation. This horse runs under your colours. Let the tail wag the dog. Grow some. I waited for the angel on your shoulder to hit the pads, beat the shot clock. Wrong game, be the bat be the ball, jump ship and head for higher ground, mix your drinks, raise your eyeline, level up, change the news cycle. How did we even get here? The breadcrumbs are gone and the forest is dark, but a motherboard lights the aisles, stay with me my love, pluck that sweet tooth, remember faith, fly by wire.

CUTAWAY: A line of gold spray paint on fire is streaked a white wall..

DIGITAL PAN

Our hero watches, holding a plug just above the sink hole, keeping the tension taut so that the plug jostles with the swirling water surging down the drain. In his reflection we see an overlaid graphic, a victorian etching of his brain.

DIGITAL PAN

SCENE 05 INT. ROOM 04

Bodybuilder, Margiela diamond mask.

HYPHER

Cracks. Differences in the flow of time, discrepancies attributable not to deja vu, happenstance or a wack-ass attempt at shining, but there all the same. Katrina's hydrothermal vents, the comet debris off Drexciya, phenomena science could tether itself to, blissful certainty. Oh people knew, tea leaves, peripheral vision, a hunch. How many fingers am I holding up? Can animals fall in love? What does your soul look like? Everywhere these questions, questions that circumscribed a feeling, a police sketch, a Super8 memory, a toothbrush shank stab in the darkening night of this mighty gas giant.

CUTAWAY: Hundreds of tiny bubbles cling the hand of our hero as he holds it under the steaming water.

HYPHER (CONT'D)

But what were they getting at, had life after earth changed us, unmasked the great unwashed? Did returning to the stars from whose dust we were made give us the right to demand a flawless continuum? I woke up like this, maybe the gaps were actually doors, Dogon carvings on the walls of the firmament opening a sightline onto the places, the spaces my tumbling thoughts independently called home. Umbilical points of light connecting us to the other 9/10ths of the iceberg, an unsocial network, a river of information stretching all the way from Africa light years across the booming blackness to our own shady now. So redemption then?

(MORE)

HYPER (CONT'D)

a third act, sight beyond sight, an ironic
cameo propelling a new attempt on the
summit? Look, you may drown in this cosmic
slop, but a new drone will fly from these
nuclear flames, this friendly fire, a
superpredator with an infrared third eye on
the breathable afterlife. Its evidence hangs in
the air around you. Its your time.

Water splashes from the face of our hero at the mirror, slow motion drops hang in
the air.

DIGITAL PAN

SCENE 06 INT. ROOM 05

A voodoo figure, hidden in a bodysuit of beads, rags, tarpaulin and paint. In a
sheet rock room he faces a cluster of tv station mics. Cutaway to a bottle of milk,
the same bottle as a petrol bomb, then empty with a firework blasting sparks into
its interior.

VODOU

Are you an early-adopter? Did Prancerise
speak to you? Did you plan to be the office
bike? Look its about what you do next. There's
things we pluck from the ether, self evident
truths laid down through time, sedimentary
deposits, ancestral driftwood, dad-jokes. And
there's the nuggets life smacks you in the
chops with, just to make sure you're still
paying attention in class.

Our hero climbs up onto the sink, his body upright but hunched under the low
suspended ceiling, face lit blue by the slow tic of a wallmounted electric bug
zapper. He leans out, trying to get a signal for his phone.

VODOU (CONT'D)

It would be a rare delight to see your wig
snatched, raptured from this coil in a wall of
pyro, your smoking air yeezys as the only
proof of life, a legacy in unfree labour. But
think on my brother, work the angles, dig for
fire, for dinosaur bones, what if you
connected. What if the point of light guarded
from the wind by those you speak of, gathered
its conviction, rippled a bolt, an electro-
magnetic pulse to light up a radius of your
nearest constellations. Your peeps, your
passengers, the love of your life, a random, a
ship in the night.

(MORE)

VODOU (CONT'D)

I would die the death of all deaths, slayed by
your charms, no tweet could hold me, not
enough flashbulbs could ever light my
blackness. Free. Down from the cross.
Striding off-planet, safe in the knowledge my
frequency of love fell in the dirt and raised
your horizon. Yahtzee..

SCENE 07 EXT. HOUSING ESTATE BUILDING SITE (MAGIC HOUR)

Our hero breaks the horizon, hops a fence, behind him over mounds of excavated earth rise the skeletons of half built houses backlit in the low light of the end of day. We track with him slightly behind as he strides across the wasteland, phone at his ear he pulls out car keys. The estate wasteland echoes to a faint electronic beep, a car alarm disabled, we see hazard lights momentarily flash orange under the a weatherproof cover. Close-up on his face tracking back with him.

HERO

Hey (smiles, nods) look, er... yeah, yes.

He bubbles with laughter, genuine, relieved and excited.

END.