DEA

by

Andrés Rodarte López

Andrés Rodarte López Av. Alfredo V. Bonfil CDMX, Coyoacán 04480 777-327-4458 andres.rodarte. lopez@gmail.com INT. DARKNESS ROOM UNKNOWN

DEA opens her eyes (camera view) and everything is dark. She sits up and see her body in a nightgown. She looks around, but only few thing in a room could been seen, we mostly see her under a bed sheet. When looking to the right a dimming light shows up, in a door's silhouette. DEA stands up, and proceeds to walk towards the light. A lock of her hair slides in front of her eyes.

DEA (Slightly Breathing)

DEA takes the metallic doorknob with caution, as she does the light starts to die, like the light as you go into the deeps of the ocean. The furniture in the room is barely visible.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FOREST ROOM NIGHT

DEA takes her hand and removes the excess of sweat in her forehead. She looks at her palm, which is really wet.

DEA (Slightly Groaning)

DEA holds her stomach with both arms, not in pain both with discomfort. She looks up, looking to the right side, she sees the bathroom door. DEA stands up with the floor full of dry leaves.

DEA (Surpise sound)

DEA breaks the leaves under her foots. The environment

starts to get wet, and the smell reassembles the smell of wet mud.

DEA (Makes long sniffs)

DEA walks towards the door, she's looking at her feet, to see the leaves and, as she get close to the door, she starts to see the path in front of her. Being at the door, she looks its frame. A lizard is walking upwards the frame that has some roots ends. At the same time DEA is opening the door and getting in, not seeing that the room is in complete darkness and without floor making her fall.

DEA (Breathing in terror)

. . .

DEA looks around, nothing is visible, even her arms, that are extended, are barely visible. DEA starts to hug her self and putting her body in fetal position while, falling. The sound of air is intensifying and she closes her eyes.

DEA (Making a sound with her trout)

...gulp...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WINTER ROOM NIGHT

DEA wakes up in a closet. She opens her eyes and sees her knees, take the look up and sees some clothes hanging. In the floor some shoes.

DEA (Exhalates)

. . .

The breath of DEA is visible to her, she looks at her hands and the tips of her fingers get a rose tone.