

# Release

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Leonard Shelby driving a delivery vehicle. Shots of his face - the red sun against him. He pulls up to a house. Closeups on the house number to indicate to the viewer some kind of significance. The sounds of the car door shutting are loud - the birds chirp in a way that is somehow unsettling. He knocks - it is jarring, and the door opens with a subtle but equally displeasing squeak to reveal a short and elderly woman on the other side.

(Leonard) Hello ma'am, I'm going to need you to sign here

(Woman) Certainly. \*Takes clipboard and begins to sign\* You look... Are you okay?

(Leonard) Yes, I'm fine. \*Takes clipboard back\* Thank you.

(Woman) Take care of yourself, Leonard.

As Leonard gets back into his car, the narration begins. Shots of him driving, the sun now higher in the sky with a blue and displeasing light.

(Narration) I haven't always been like this. Three months ago my mother committed suicide. Nobody saw it coming, not even my father.

Shots of Leonard's mother laughing and playing with a child - presumably a relative.

(Narration) Ever since then...

cut to bleak scene of his mother staring at a bottle of pills in the kitchen

(Narration) I've asked myself, "what made her do it?"

images of Mrs. Shelby on the edge of a bridge holding a cell phone. She dials a number, presumably calling her husband - we hear the faint sound of the voicemail answering. The background noise is reduced as she hangs up (in the meantime she has left a voicemail, but we don't hear what she says). She looks at herself through the reflection in the screen and smiles as she drops it into the water below. She closes her eyes, and we cut to Leonard laying on his bed.

(Narration) The days pass more slowly now. I feel myself losing interest. In my job, in school...

We see Leonard's girlfriend come out of the adjacent room and cuddle up next to him while he lays there motionless, not looking at her. She turns off the lights and we cut to several hours later with him laying awake.

(Narration) I broke up with Sarah after a fight a few weeks back. It wasn't something she did - but something inside me that I couldn't get out. This deep tension, some inner stress driving me away from myself, has driven itself into my every