

VULTURE

Written by

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INT. CELL - UNKNOWN - POORLY LIT

OVER BLACK.

Enter the voice of the monologue.

M

“War was a beast in which people started to eat each other, from flesh to the bone. Humans eat humans, raw and alive. The right power for the stronger to execute is the torturing and thrilling part. They said the holy war was not over yet, and I was never a hero.”

A young “prisoner” M, lies in the bed, glancing through his “honorable” evidence of past with pathetic satisfaction. stepping around the cell room. Close-up to the face.

M (CONT' D)

“They are liars.”

Detailed close up through what is in M's hands as he is caressing those items: old photographs, badges. M even kisses those photos, stepping down the bed, dancing around.

GLITCH TO:

M (CONT' D)

“Memories were not my agony. Realizing I could no longer be wet and soaked up and drowned in it was the painful part. Illusions was gradually becoming my life, like a spotless Boston ivy.”

Blending into MANSION. Shifting in-between Cell set and Mansion set. as M is doing the same gestures.

GLITCH OUT:

INT. CELL - UNKNOWN - POORLY LIT

BLEND IN:

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

M (CONT' D)

“I saw bodies and limbs and bodies around me, inside my mansion, and I saw my home as that doomed bomb shelter.”

M walks towards the TV from his , opens it. TV screen glitches as images of cruelty of war.

M (CONT' D)

“There must be some mistake. I had lost my two arms for the war, and I could still recall how I have lost my arms for saving someone from the bombing. I gave everything, even my sanity. But I did not gave my dignity admitting I was a monster they have convicted.”

M sits down on the sofa, acting from relaxed to crawling and shrinking, hugging himself out of fear or anxiety. TV screen glitches into Cell set, M is doing the same action and at the same position staring at where the TV should be.

M (CONT' D)

“Blood should never be on my hand.”

Close up to the TV screen. More glitch of montage of war scenes. Noises and sounds of war. Then fall into a great silence. Sound of TV turned off. Black out.

M (CONT' D)

“As I had said, I was an hero.”

Zooming into the screen of TV (GREEN SCREEN)

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

GLITCH TO:

BEGIN OPENING TITLES: “VULTURE”

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Entering background music. M is sitting in the sofa, reading newspaper, looking at the clock. Seems to be waiting for a visit. M is shaking his foot and seems nervous and excited for the expected visitor.

Knocking sound.

SUPERIMPOSE:

Oh! This must be my visitor!

M stands up, almost is jumping to open the door with. Then he welcomed the “officer” T with a passion.

M is offering a hand shake. Close up to the hand-less limb. T is paused for a second, and is annoyed / disgusted and refused the handshake.

T is walking towards the sofa and sit on it with a neat army sitting gesture, and he pulls out a document, with “Death Penalty” on it.

M is gathering all the “glorious” evidence, and put them on the chair. M is panicked and clumsy due to his excitement and anxiety.

SUPERIMPOSE:

Greetings, my good Dir. I have been waiting for you!

M rushes to fetch some drinks for T.

GLITCH TO CELL: M is rushing towards the cell toilet and pulled a glass of toilet water.

M rushes back with “drink” and hands it to T.

SUPERIMPOSE:

Let me offer you the finest wine. You must been traveled long for listening to my glories from war!

T is looking confused, and poured the drink to the ground. M wants to stop T, and looks angry (M’s body gesture) . He wants to kneel down for the drinks, but he sits down awkwardly (CLOSE UP TO: M) , then he begins to talk about his own thing.

M hands to T a old black-and-white photograph.

SUPERIMPOSE:

This is my wife! See, I am about to be a father!

CUT TO:

The photograph of a pregnant fine lady.

CLOSE UP TO(GRADUALLY): T sits still, bending his head, looking confused.

CUT TO:

M is still talking about the photograph, and as he talks, he begins to be more and more excited and confident.

T is shaking his head constantly, and denies what M has been saying.

M seems so angry and argues with T.

M hands to (harshly) T some badges of him, as he introduces, he stands up, he twirls and dances about it.

SUPERIMPOSE:

You want evidence? Here are my evidence!

CUT TO:

Close up to the badges.

T is confused and crossed his arms. T seems to refuse and wants to end this conversation. T does not agree a single word and a thing, and he stopped trying to argue with M, and stamped “EXCUSED” beside on the death penalty paper.

CUT TO:

M gives T a newspaper, with a report of him as “a war hero saving lives in the bombing shelter”, standing up, shouting and yelling, with waving hands.

T returns the photograph and the badges.

GLITCH BETWEEN SETS:

CLOSE UP:

The content of the photograph begins to change. The pregnant lady is turning into a dead pregnant woman.

As it glitches, the MANSION begins to twist and change.

M is tearing the photograph, as he is mentally breaking down.

SUPERIMPOSE:
I did not kill her!

M is throwing badges on ground, and typing at them.

SUPERIMPOSE:
Those are MINE! I never steal them from corpses!

CUT TO:

INT. CELL - EXTREMELY POORLY LIT- ALMOST DARKNESS

M is sitting on the floor by himself watching a clip (of him eating his own hand, and his comrade) is projecting on the cell wall. As he watches, he turns around looking at the camera, the clip adds a layer of words (colored RED on black-and white footages) of his “hero report”.

GLITCH TO /BACK&FORTH :

MANSION breaking down. M kneels on the ground, picking up the badges and holding them on the chest, and he crawls towards the shredded photograph and trying to put it back together.

T is standing, and looking at M coldly, without moving.

Close up to the “Death Penalty”. T walks out of the room.

M is still kneeling, and fetching towards the door (camera).

Close up to M’s face, as the background SET glitch more and more extreme, and fixed in the CELL set.

SUPERIMPOSE:
I was a HERO! And I still am...

FADING TO BLACK.

BEGIN CLOSING TITLES & CREDITS

FIN.