

# Dissipate

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Opens on CU of the night sky, stars clear. Zoom out slowly, panning down to see a young woman sitting on the ground, hands busy with blades of grass, looking up at the stars. Young woman stands and walks O.S., cuts to her opening a bedroom door, hardly anything filling the room. She undresses, throwing her clothes onto the floor before lying down on the bed. Camera pans up and around, CU on woman's face. We can see her mouthing the words 'I wish' before closing her eyes. Black out as her eyes close.

Shot of the ceiling, then movement as if the camera was the woman sitting up in bed, ready for the start of another day. A pause, then slow pan across to notice that the bedroom is completely different than the one before. Clothing is placed neatly on a chair. Young woman (as the camera) stands, begins to put on the shirt. As soon as shirt obstructs the camera view cut to a side angle as Young Woman walks out of the new bedroom into the rest of the house.

Camera follows Young Woman as she slowly explores each new room, treading cautiously throughout. Each room contains everything that she could possibly need - shots of a fully-stocked restrooms, a glance of a living room with a decently sized television and comfortable furniture, and finally the kitchen. As Young Woman has gone from room to room we follow her as the camera. Over shoulder shot as she opens cabinets, drawers, and refrigerator. As the refrigerator is closed, focus is drawn to a note taped to the door. Just one word is scrawled on it: 'Enjoy'.

Showing obvious confusion, she takes the note off of the refrigerator, turning it over in her hands. No other markings are visible. The paper is crumpled up and thrown away.

Camera follows Young Woman as she ventures back to the living room. Jump cut to side view. We observe as she grabs the remote on the coffee table, turning on the television and exploring the channels. Soon enough the front door grabs her attention, but she is soon distracted by the television once more. Moments of interruption as she goes into the kitchen to relieve her hunger, to the bathroom, etc., like one would normally do during a day staying at home.

Time passes, with occasional glances toward the door, until she finally stands and approaches it. CU as she leans in, attempting to see out through the peephole; cut to black as if from her view - it is obvious that either it is broken or there is just nothing outside. Camera pulls back as she would from the peephole and

something catches our eyes below. On the door is another note, on the same paper as before, the same writing, saying 'You can't leave'.

Confused and frantic, she grabs the door handle, twisting it with an expectance for it to open. It does not. She attempts to yank the door open. Still nothing. She rushes over to the window (here is a good opportunity for a shaky POV shot) and attempts to open the blinds. Once accomplished, she can see nothing. She hits the window, desperate for a way out. A note appears again, this time on the wall to the left of the window: 'This is pointless'.

She rushes into each room one by one, the kitchen, the dining room, the bathroom, trying to see through each window, each time greeted with a view of pitch black. Each time a note appears, each one repeating 'You can't leave. Give in.'

Throughout all of this, she shows signs of growing weaker. By the time she reaches the bedroom door, she can barely stand. Camera pans over to view the door, a final note visible: 'Give in.'

She manages to open the bedroom door after a few failed attempts, not even able to stand any longer, and practically drags herself into the room. Jump cut as the camera changes to her POV. We only see the carpet as she is looking down, but once we look up as her it is clear that we are back in the original bedroom. A glance over to the bed shows the faint outline of someone occupying the bed, but it is too awkward an angle to make out whom it is. The focus is starting to blur. The camera whips around and looks back at where the door used to be; now it is just a blank wall.

Camera whips around again, the blur worsening. We struggle to move forward as she drags herself to the bed, grabbing the side and pulling herself up.

Lying out on the bed is herself, the way she was when she went to bed the night before, eyes closed and chest not moving. The focus worsens even more as the camera shakes 'no' in denial, looking up at the wall and seeing one last note, 'Goodbye.', before the focus completely goes out. We begin falling to the side as the camera goes black.