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CATHARTIC RAGE

By

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EXT. CORNFIELD — NIGHT

A close-up of a rotting corn cob infested with maggots and flies. Buzzing, writhing in brown light. The footage is grainy, as if it's an old home video.

TRANSITION

We see a galaxy glimmering against the void of space. A glitch ripples across the stars. The entire galaxy flickers like it's about to go out.

Suddenly the stars are on fire.

A calm, silent voice of a young woman speaks. It belongs to LUNE.

LUNE (V.O.)

The reality as we know it is  
broken.

TRANSITION

Picture montage of a serious-looking woman growing sadder at every changing frame. It's her, Lune. One of the flashes is a framed photograph of her, with the words MURDERER and PYROMANIAC scribbled across in red letters. During the quickly changing montage her eyes change from dead and disturbed to pure rage.

INT. LUNE'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

Black screen.

LUNE (V.O)

I used to wake up in a dark room.

Blackness. Fearful, glossy eyes open in the dark. They glance left, right, then up.

LUNE (CONT'D)

I tried to turn on the night lamp,  
but electricity didn't work.

Hazy, greenish dark, through which we can make out the figure of  
a night lamp and an old teddy bear.

LUNE (CONT'D)

Only sound was the buzzing of  
fluorescent lights.

Blinding lights flash and flicker in Lune's  
disturbed, wide eyes.

LUNE (CONT'D)

I ran in my cold, lightless home.  
Across the corridor. I tried to  
shake my aunt, but she didn't wake  
up, she was pale - she was... The  
entire world was...

TRANSITION

A tilted tower of a church burns in the night.

TRANSITION

We see half of the face of dark-haired Lune, blood dripping from  
her eye in a strange fever dream lighting.

LUNE (V.O)

I only ever awakened inside new  
nightmares.

Finally, we see her whole traumatized face. Her expression looks  
frozen, like she doesn't want something to notice her presence.

Flashes of goggle lenses, raven beaks, withered flowers, pills,  
rotten pumpkins and injection needles appear rapidly. It ends

(CONT'D)

with a shot of her, and now we see what's behind her. The hooked beak and goggle lenses reflecting light, casting its shadow over her. A blood tear rolls across her cheek.

LUNE (V.O)

Sometimes I fear I never woke up.

The faces are changing again, this time slowly. We can see the expression change from happy, to dead, to sad, to angry. The hair and eyes change too, as if years pass during the montage and she gets older, more serious. Over the flashing images, the words are spoken:

LUNE (V.O)

This life in my skin feels like  
the Frankenstein's monster. Just a  
grey little moth. Living proof of  
what once was.

QUICK CUT TO

Close-ups of eyes, going from desperate to damaged and slashed, covered by a metal moth diadem, then scarred and slowly healing, yet looking cruel and desperate.

All eyes going fast.

LUNE (V.O)

And somehow I feel like time's  
running out.

INT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

A dark figure in front of roaring fire, the flames and shadows concealing his features.

Flashes of a statuesque, tricorn-wearing figure in a dark scenery, stretching the string of a large bow, a broken clock

face behind his head like a halo, yellow light coming through the glass. His eyes have a faint white glow.

QUICK CUT TO

Flashes: things burn. Knights, warriors, everything burns black.

LUNE (V.O)

One day...

Blackness turns into the galaxy again.

LUNE (CONT'D)

...as if you were just a dream...

The faces quickly switch back and forth. The final one smiles.

LUNE (CONT'D)

...everyone will forget.

A single tear falls across the half of a face, as hazy brown dark surrounds the waxy-looking skin.

Fade to black.

LUNE (CONT'D)

(PRAYS QUIETLY)

May the fire keep us human

May the fire keep the monster at  
rest

Holy light of fire

who burns the brightest

when the blackbirds find nest.

**FADE OUT.**

THE END

Based on  
"Reality Thief's Theory"  
an upcoming book series  
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