SHOOTING WITHOUT EDITING

short meter

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The original script

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1. INT. DORM BATHROOM – EVENING

A tiny bathroom, the walls of which are decorated with old ceramic tiles.

ANTON, 21, thin, with red-rimmed eyes, looks with an expression of anger and hatred in his eyes at his left palm, which contains three white pills.

anton

(he looks at himself in the mirror)

And God created man in his own image. And whose image is in me?

(pause)

Who the hell knows… Damn doctors and damn medicine! I was fine without this chemistry!

(hits himself on the cheek with his right hand)

You pathetic weakling!

At this moment, Anton notices something in the reflection, and his gaze breaks through the fourth wall, as when an actor looks directly into the camera towards the viewer.

THE VOICE OUTSIDE THE DOOR

(knocks loudly)

Anton, why are you hanging out there?

Anton freezes for a few seconds, as if he is not looking at his reflection, but into his soul. Suddenly, he growls soundlessly, showing his teeth, taking out all the pain and hatred on himself.

The pills slip out of his hands and fall onto the sink. Close-up of three white tablets. Next to it is an empty package of the drug "Prozac". Anton turns on the faucet, and the pills disappear into the sink along with the water.

Anton tries to smile in the reflection of the mirror, but the corners of his lips turn down every time. His gaze is darting: now he is immersed in himself, then he breaks the fourth wall and looks directly into the camera.

2. INT. DORM SEVENTH FLOOR HALL – EVENING

A spacious hall with a cozy balcony. There are comfortable sofas and chairs in the corners, which can comfortably accommodate up to twenty people. In the left corner there is a large artificial plant illuminated by natural light from the balcony. A "Do not touch" sign is attached to the plant.

Anton is sitting on one of the small sofas among two dozen people. Everyone is talking animatedly, laughing, and he doesn't take his eyes off the camera (if he were being filmed). This gesture of his causes fear and discomfort.

The camera angle and location change, but Anton continues to find and look into the camera lens without emotion.

...People find empty seats and sit down, arrange sofas and chairs in a semicircle.

The PRESENTER enters the center — tall, rather handsome with long hair. Everyone is looking at him admiringly, unable to look away, as is the camera lens.

Anton is still looking at the camera, sometimes glancing at the players and the Presenter, but his gaze expresses incomprehension: why is everyone so delighted with him?

PRESENTER

(loud and clear)

People, let's go! Let the game begin!

(pretentiously)

Who's the mafia — don't get burned, okay?

Everyone applauds, except Anton.

anton

(looking at the camera)

Do I have a question?

Everyone is looking at him, not at the camera.

Presenter

Are you new? I haven't seen you before.

anton

(he looks at the camera, which is now filming everyone from the ceiling)

Am I the only one who sees the camera?

Everyone turns their gaze to where Anton is looking.

Presenter

A camera?

(looks at the surveillance camera)

Are you talking about the surveillance camera?

There is only one camera installed in the lobby of the floor, and it is not directed where Anton is looking.

Presenter

She's always here, just like on the rest of the floors. Big brother is watching us all.

All the people in the lobby are laughing.

anton

Hey, don't you see this shit? There's a camera in there!

He points his finger directly into the camera lens, which is now located on the left wall of the hall.

Everyone is looking at his hand, but they are not looking at the camera. They whisper and laugh softly, looking around.

anton

Seriously, don't you see…

Anton is interrupted by an unknown girl, VICTORIA (20+). She is short, of medium build, with a round face, brown eyes and brown hair just below her shoulders.

Victoria

(in a trembling voice, he scratches his wrist)

Hello everybody!

She's wearing a navy-blue t-shirt and a cross around her neck.

Victoria sits down on an empty chair at the edge and glances at the Presenter. Her face lights up with a slight smile, but it quickly disappears, giving way to seriousness.

Anton can't take his eyes off her.

Presenter

(claps his hands, Anton)

Dear, what about the camera on the hall wall?

ANTON

(he looks away from Victoria)

What? A camera?

Anton lost the thread of the conversation and forgot what they were talking about.

The camera is now behind Victoria's left shoulder. Anton looks there, tilting his head. She notices his gaze, turns around and sees the lens behind her back and freezes in surprise. They both look at the camera, which is creepy.

OLEG

(the player in the cap)

Can we start already?

Presenter

Good idea.

He approaches each player and puts a card face down in his palm so that no one can see the suit.

Anton gets the card and looks at it.

The camera angle is now behind Anton's back. Victoria looks around in search and notices the camera behind Anton's back, which greatly surprises him.

Anton explains to her with a gesture that she sees (two fingers towards her eyes, then into the camera) the camera behind his back. Victoria, looking at the camera and then at Anton, nods her head, making it clear what she sees.

Anton smiles for the first time and the corners of his mouth don't fall off.

Presenter

Take a look at your cards. Mafia are kings, if the other one is, you are civilians.

The abrupt change of shots shows first Oleg and LILIA (a girl in a short skirt). The camera focuses on her bare legs. Anton looks at her feet and licks his lips. Victoria notices his gaze and, smiling, confuses him.

Presenter

Did everyone look at their cards?

(looks at everyone)

Then let's start... sleeping in the city… Let's all close our eyes!

In the dark, only the voice of the Presenter can be heard.

Presenter

The mafia wakes up and chooses a victim.

In the darkness and silence, there is a rustle of movement of arms, legs and a slight cough from the sides.

Presenter

The mafia is closing its eyes... now the whole city is waking up.

(he looks at Anton with a sly smile)

The mafia chose a victim... And this is our new guy!

(pointing at him)

Anton reveals his card showing his suit, the queen of spades.

anton

Well, I'm out… Obviously, they don't like new people here.

Victoria laughs lightly, the others, as if not noticing her laughter, continue to whisper among themselves.

Presenter

In this game, it's better not to stand out at the beginning.

(he smiled, pleased with himself)

Introduce yourself and tell me who you think you're working for.

(looking at everyone)

And yes, by the way, there are two mafias in the game. I forgot to tell you. I beg your pardon!

The players look at each other, and no one gives even a fraction of a hint that he is a mafia.

The camera focuses on Oleg again, then on Lilia.

Anton looks at Victoria, and she nods, making it clear that she is also thinking about them.

anton

My name is Anton. Who am I suspecting…

(looks at the camera)

A girl in a short skirt (Lilia) and a player in a cap (Oleg). Sorry, I don't know your names.

Oleg

(jumps up)

What kind of hit-and-run? I am peaceful!

LILIA

(fake)

Oh, I'm just a girl in a skirt, what are you...

VICTORIA

(laughs)

Yeah, "the girl in the skirt." Like the serpent in Eden.

Anton laughs.

Presenter

(looks at the players)

Hey, are you reading the Bible here or are we playing?! Don't break the atmosphere!

(to Anton)

An interesting suggestion. Why did you think of them?

(looks at everyone)

Did the cameras tell you…

(everyone laughed except Anton and Victoria)

anton

(looks at the camera, which is behind Victoria's back)

Very witty, but no. Although…

(looks at Victoria)

You asked, I answered. Can I be silent as a dead man until the end of the game?

Victoria laughs loudly, but immediately covers her mouth with her hand so as not to give out her laughter, which is not very pleasant to the ear. The other players and the Host remain unperturbed.

Presenter

The dead man said his last word.

The players laugh, but fall silent after a couple of seconds.

Anton and Victoria meet eyes, and then look into the camera that hangs from the ceiling.

ANTON

(slightly irritated, to the Presenter)

You're a funny guy.

Presenter

The dead man spoke.

All the players, as if they were rehearsing, laughed again and stopped at the same time in an instant.

anton

(looking at everyone)

Of course, your jokes are as flat as my grandmother's knife blade.

Again, only Victoria laughed.

Oleg

So, what's next? Shall we continue the game or will we continue to listen to the words of the dead?

He laughs at his own joke alone.

Presenter

It's a good idea.

Victoria raised her hand.

Presenter

(looks at Victoria)

We have questions.

Victoria

(he scratches his wrist and looks at the camera behind Anton)

Can someone tell me what kind of cameras are filming us?

anton

Oh, I found an adequate one!

OLEG

(shouting)

Are you kidding me?

PRESENTER

(looking around)

Is this a joke? What kind of cameras are these?

Anton and Victoria look synchronously at the camera standing behind Lilia. She disappears there and appears behind the left wall of the hall. They point their finger there. The players in that corner turn sharply to look at the wall.

Presenter

(scared and annoyed)

There are no cameras. Are you kidding us?

The camera appears inside a large artificial plant, and the petals frame the frame.

Anton and Victoria get up and walk towards the camera. Their fingers touch the lens. Suddenly, the light turns off for a couple of seconds, and the image on the camera is distorted.

VICTORIA/ANTON

(simultaneously)

Here's the camera!

Oleg

(behind the scenes)

It says "Do not touch!"

A low-frequency hum sound. The players are whispering to each other.

Presenter

(irritated, but with a tremor in his voice)

Stop fooling around! It's just a game!

ANTON

(without taking his eyes off the camera)

Do you believe that yourself?

The camera abruptly disappears.

3. Int. Dorm room — evening

The camera moves away from Anton and Victoria, who are frozen in front of the "disappeared" camera, and is transferred to a room littered with wires and laptops.

Two nerdy students— MISHA (20+, wearing glasses, holding an energy drink in his hand) and DASHA (20+, wearing a hoodie with a 404-error print and a cross around his neck)— are frantically poking at keyboards.

There's a poster on their wall that says, "your living room is a movie set! Create, choose, manage with the help of ChatGPT v.10.3." and the poster for the movie "and god said: let there be light... And then ctrl+s" with actors on the background of clouds.

Misha

(in a panic)

What have you done?! Anton catches cameras like a streamer!

Dasha

(flipping through the script)

This ChatGPT is buggy! We gave them free will... And they ate up our entire processor!

The monitors show footage from the lobby. Anton and Victoria go to the place where the camera disappeared. Suddenly, pixel patterns resembling snakes flash on the screen.

Dasha

(he screams, scratches his wrist)

Mish, what's going on!

Misha

Anton and Victoria shouldn't see the cameras! We have removed this parameter!

4. Int. Dorm seventh floor hall — evening

Anton points at the empty wall from where the camera has just disappeared.

Victoria notices a barely visible flickering silhouette in the corner.

Victoria

Look... There's something there.

Anton

(squinting)

Just like in the old games — texture artifacts...

Victoria

(he grabs his cross)

Maybe it's an angel?

Anton

Or maybe they're demons.

Victoria

(she shows him the cross.)

My grandmother took me to see exorcists. She said, "demons show things that aren't there."

Anton

That sounds familiar. Only my demons are in pills.

Their eyes meet. Victoria smiles sincerely for the first time.

The other players freeze for a moment, like NPCs in games.

5. Int. Dorm room — evening

Dasha hits the keyboard in desperation. A window pops up on the screen: "critical failure".

Dasha

(in despair)

I'll try to enter a command...

Dasha types: change the reaction of the players = panic.

Footage from Dasha’s laptop monitor: the players suddenly jump up from their seats, start shouting and pointing at the walls. Oleg punches the sofa.

Lily

(crying)

These two are very strange. I want to leave!

The camera is shaking as if it is being shaken by an invisible hand. Everything freezes completely.

Dasha

Mish, ChatGPT is messing up the plot again!

Misha

(unsuccessfully presses the buttons)

I can't restart it... Everything is hanging!

6. Int. Dorm seventh floor hall — evening

In the hall, everyone except Anton and Victoria (she scratches her wrist non-stop) does not move. The light flashes again, but this time it doesn't stop.

Anton grabs Victoria's hand, preventing her from scratching her wrist.

Anton

Uh-uh... What are you doing? Wake up!

Victoria

(he breaks free, trembles)

Leave me alone! It freaks me out... It seems that we are not the only ones who are buggy here.

(he points at the flickering corner)

7. Int. Dorm room – evening

Dasha is in a panic. Her eyes are filled with tears.

Dasha

No, no, no, no!

She unplugs the cable from the wall outlet, and the screen goes out, plunging the monitor into total darkness.

Misha

(he hits the table with his palm)

What are you doing?! Now it's time to ship from scratch!

Dasha nervously fiddles with the wires, then stops abruptly. Her gaze falls on the table - there is a package of Prozac and a bottle of water.

Dasha opens the package with trembling hands, pours the last three yellow-green capsules into the palm of her hand. She looks at them in surprise, but then swallows them, washes them down with water.

Dasha

(looks at the empty package of Prozac)

Misha, ... And you didn't think that he had become so much like that?

Misha

(without looking up from the monitor)

Who! Anton? You're on your own…

Dasha

(interrupts, scratches her wrist)

I'll die without this stuff... The code is not written, there is nothing to breathe.

She throws an empty package of Prozac into the trash.

Misha

(with pity)

Anton is struggling with depression, and we are struggling with his reality.

Dasha starts scratching her wrist harder and makes it bleed.

Misha

(he notices, frowns)

Dash, back to the old thing?

Dasha

(nervously)

What?

Misha

Wrist…

Dasha notices the blood and brings her wrist to her mouth, licking it off with her tongue.

Misha

Ugh... Don't do that…

Dasha is looking at the already connected laptop monitor with the main ChatGPT page.

Dasha

(moves her finger at the keyboard buttons)

Let's start from the beginning. Five more days…

Misha

(he looks at the screen, clicks his pen nervously)

Dash, let's not experiment with ai! The client paid for the standard scenario, not this one... Psychedelic nonsense.

Dasha

(sighs, fiddles with the cross around his neck)

Mish, you said yourself, "you need to stand out." ChatGPT v.10.3. Is a chance... And the client wanted to be "creative"!

(pause, looks down)

Misha

We're like gods deciding what's going to happen next!

Dasha

(nervously)

They're not real... Just a line of code! And you're like everyone else! Are you afraid that your "code" will be more alive than you?

(laughs discreetly)

Masha

(softly)

Dash... We both know why we're doing this. To escape. At least there should be gods here...

(looks at the ceiling)

And who are we to God?

(the camera captures his gaze in the lens)

8. INT. DORM BATHROOM – EVENING

A tiny bathroom, the walls of which are decorated with old ceramic tiles

Anton, 21, slim, with reddened eyes and wet hair, looks with an expression of anger and hatred in his eyes at his left palm, which contains three yellow-green capsules.

anton

(he looks at himself in the mirror)

And God created man in his own image. And whose image is in me?

(pause, he feels a sense of deja vu)

Who the hell knows… Damn doctors and damn medicine! Without this chemistry... it was normal!

(hits himself on the cheek with his right hand)

You pathetic weakling!

(he looks up, looks ahead)

At this moment, Anton notices something in the reflection, and his gaze breaks through the fourth wall, as when an actor looks directly into the camera towards the viewer.…

9. INT. DORM ROOM — NIGHT

The room is in semi-darkness. Misha is asleep, bent over the keyboard. Dasha, her eyes red from insomnia, scrolls through the lines of ChatGPT code. Fragments of Anton and Victoria's dialogues flash on the screen, mixed with fragments of their own conversations.

Dasha

(he whispers, bringing his face closer to the monitor)

...You need to stand out... The client wanted creative...

(pause)

This is... my words. Literally.

She scrolls through the tapes further. There is a code with comments on the screen.:

Character: DASHA (ID-001)

Motivation: escape from reality through scenario control. Weakness: dependence on capsules (Stability parameter <20%).

DASHA

(He jumps up)

Mish! Wake up!

MISHA

(rubbing his eyes)

Has everything loaded yet?

Dasha

(he points at the screen)

Look! We... We're in code! As an NPC!

MISHA

(reads aloud, turns pale)

Character: Misha (ID-002). Function: system stabilization. Loyalty to Dasha: Seventy-eight percent...

(jumps up, drops an empty energy drink on the floor)

Has the AI been practicing on our chats?

DASHA

(typing feverishly)

I'm trying to find the root directory...

A window appears on the screen:

"Access is denied. Your privilege level is 0/10."

A surveillance camera clicks behind them — the one that Anton saw in the lobby. She turns, focusing on their faces.

MISHA

(slowly)

Dash-Dash... Do you-do you-do you see that?

DASHA

(in a whisper, scratches her wrist until it bleeds)

Don't you get it? We are not gods. We are content too.

A notification pops up on the monitor:

«The SHOOTING WITHOUT EDITING scenario has been completed. Start exporting? YES/NO».

MISHA

(reaches for the keyboard)

Click "NO"!

DASHA

(grabs his arm)

Stop! And if it is... A test?

The surveillance camera zooms in dramatically, filling the entire laptop screen. The silhouette of a man in black flashes in the lens — not Anton, not Victoria.

Dasha

(shouting at the camera)

Hey! We're human too!

SILHOUETTE

(the voice is distorted, like a speech synthesizer)

Mistake. Level zero characters do not have the "Self-awareness" parameter.

The surveillance camera zooms in dramatically. In her lens, instead of a Silhouette, an image of a burning tower appears for a split second, dissolving into pixels.

SILHOUETTE

(voice superimposed on a biblical chant)

And the Lord scattered them from there over all the earth, and they stopped building the city and the tower.

(quote from Genesis 11:8)

end