

Solitas

Written by

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Based on an original concept

INT. BLANK ROOM - MORNING

A young woman, AISLING, 20s, untamed hair, blindfolded, straitjacket, arises from the floor, like Dracula. Suddenly realizing her current state, she tries to violently wriggle out of her constraints. Aisling eventually exhausts herself and makes her way around the room.

BAM! Her foot hits against something on the ground. Aisling reels back from the pain. She bends down to check what she felt beneath her.

A STYLELIZED TIMER in bold red is mounted on the sterilized wall of the room behind her. It is currently counting down the time, 9 minutes; 9 seconds left. Counting down to what?

Down on the floor, Aisling uses the very tip of her nose to feel what she hit. A small black plastic bag with a few torn holes at the bottom, looking a bit heavy, based on Aisling's struggle to lift the bag, using her DECAYING TEETH. It's hard to make out what's seen through one of the holes. In an instant, a THUD is heard.

Something dropped on the floor.

The object in question that dropped is a SLICK-CLEAN SMALL LOCKBOX. 8 minutes; 10 seconds left. Aisling kneels down and uses her teeth to grab the box handle and rapidly shakes it like a dog using a chew toy like a rag doll.

The box is thrown halfway across the room. A few rotten teeth and blood droplets drip on the ground. Aisling spits out some blood while breathing very heavily.

6 minutes left. On the second try, Aisling attempts crushing it, with her right foot. Unfortunately, the intense stomping only results of a limber foot. Her tiny bone sticks out through the skin of the foot like a sore thumb.

Tries again, using the other foot. With all the might of the force stomps down on the box to smash it open. This, however, results in an extremely shattered foot.

She tries to limp away. She slips on a small blood puddle, falling back down on the floor. Aisling crawls over to the box like a caterpillar. She grabs the handle again, shaking it like a rag doll.

She hurdles the box against the corner of the room. The handle is the only thing from the item that broke away from. One down, one to go.

1 minutes; 30 seconds left on the timer. Aisling decides to try once again. This time, using her head, literally. By, banging her head on repeat on the metal lock.

The lock starts showing cracks, meaning it working. However, it's not the only think that starts cracking. The forehead breaks open, revealing a noticeable white bony spot of her skull, bleeding.

Countdown ends in 50 seconds. So far, missing a few teeth, shattered feet, exposed bones. A few crimson stains on her blindfold and constraints.

30 seconds. Using her head again while lying back on the floor, slides the box against the wall for support. Then, goes back on to slamming her head on the cracked lock despite the injury. She has 10 seconds left!

CRUNCH-SNAP! The lock break. Aisling lays besides the box, unresponsive. It begins to slowly open like a jack-in-a-box.

CUT TO BLACK