WHAT REMAINS

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

ANARA (female, 30) lays in bed with the alarm clock on her bedside table flicking to 2:13 AM.

VOICE (V.O.)
(whispered)
Wake up.

Anara opens her eyes.

VOICE (V.O.)
Wake up.

Anara groans, rolling over and covering her head with the sheets. Suddenly, the room is filled chanted whispers that overlap each other, some laughing manically.

VOICES (V.O.)
Wake up! Wake up! Leave me alone! It itches! Wake up! This feels great! I need more! Wake up! My head hurts! Make it stop! Wake up!

The voices get louder and louder, the screen on the alarm clock spinning through the minutes. It stops at 3:13 AM, and the voices halt.

Anara relaxes, throwing the covers off her head. She gets comfortable, and goes back to sleep.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

Anara wakes up to her alarm clock ringing at 7:00 AM. She wakes up, and gets out of bed.

MONTAGE

- She goes to the bathroom to brush her teeth. She tries to squeeze some toothpaste out, but the tube is empty.

- She tries to tie her hair up in a pony tail, but the band snaps.

- She opens up a cabinet, finding an unknown bottle of pills inside. She hesitates, picks them up, then shakes her head. She hurries to put them back. She shuts the cabinet closed.

- She turns on the shower, stepping in.

ANARA
(SOTTO)
Ah! It's cold!

- She walks to the kitchen to prepare breakfast, getting out a pan and a carton of eggs. Her stove won't turn on.

- She grabs her bag, searching through it.

ANARA (CONT'D)
(SOTTO)
Where the hell are my keys?!

- The alarm clock reads 8:00 AM.

ANARA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(SOTTO)
I'm gonna be late!

END MONTAGE

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Anara steps out of her apartment into the hallway. STEPHANIE (female, 35) steps out of her apartment too, also rushing.

ANARA
Oh, Steph. Good morning!

Stephanie ignores her, quickly walking to the elevator. Anara goes to follow her, but suddenly, her bag breaks from the bottom. Everything in her bag spills onto the floor.

ANARA (CONT'D)
(SOTTO)
What's going on today?!

Anara hurries to pick everything up, sticking as much as she can into her pockets. Stephanie, up ahead, gets on the elevator. Anara watches the doors close.

After getting another purse, Anara walks to the elevator and presses the down button. She can hear the elevator travelling up from the first floor, only for it to shudder and stop on the floor below. The lights blink. The elevator broke.

INT. STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Anara hurries down the stairs, checking her watch and seeing it's now 8:30 AM.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

She enters the lobby, rushing out the doors.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

She stops at the front entrance. In front of her, ambulances and the flashes of police cars. Anara watches as someone gets zipped up in a body bag on a stretcher. All of this just happened to completely cage her in. She can't leave.

ANARA
(SOTTO)
You know what? I'm calling in sick.

She slowly turns, walking back inside.

ANARA (CONT'D)
(SOTTO)
Calling in sick!

INT. STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Walking up the stairs, Anara sees Stephanie ahead of her.

ANARA
Oh, Steph! You calling in sick too?

Stephanie, again, ignores her, opening the stair door on her floor and disappearing. Anara stands on the stairs, frozen.

ANARA (CONT'D)
(SOTTO)
Is she angry with me?

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Anara opens the stairway door, looking down the hall and watching as Stephanie takes a deep breath before reentering her apartment.

ANARA
(SOTTO)
She's definitely angry with me.

Anara sadly walks back to her apartment, and enters.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Anara is asleep in bed, the alarm clock on the nightstand hitting 2:13 AM.

VOICE (V.O.)
Wake up.

Anara opens her eyes, visibly annoyed.

VOICES (V.O.)
Wake up! Wake up! Leave me alone! It itches! Wake up! This feels great! I need more! Wake up! My head hurts! Make it stop! Wake up!

Again, the voices get louder and louder. The screen on the alarm clock spins again through the minutes. It stops at 3:13 AM, and the voices halt. Anara relaxes, gets comfortable, and goes back to sleep.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - MORNING

Anara wakes up to her phone buzzing with a text message. She sleepily reaches for it. With the date showing it's now Saturday, we also see a text from Anara's MOM (female, 60).

Text reads: *Alright. Fine, I believe you're sober. But you still can't come to the house. Sorry.*

Anara stares, before throwing her phone on the floor. She turns away from it, and covers her head again with her sheets. She stays that way for a moment, before angrily turning back around and grabbing her phone.

She sits up, dialing her Mom.

MOM (O.S.)
Hello?

ANARA
Look, I've worked really hard to get as sober as I am, Mom. But you're still saying I can't come to the house, why? Cause you think I'll ruin the peace or something -?!

MOM (O.S.)
Hello?

ANARA
Huh?

MOM (O.S.)
Anara? Hello?

ANARA
Hello!? Can you hear me?!

MOM (O.S.)
Really, Anara? This isn't funny anymore.

Her Mom hangs up.