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(translation)

**1 INT. BAR - DAWN 1**

THE POET is in his home bar drinking a glass of whisky. He is thinking about his next poem. He has not written in months due to a creative block. He keeps drinking. Sweat starts pouring out his forehead. He wipes it off with his shirt. Then... he disappears.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

**2 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 2**

The Poet is in his bathroom looking at his desperate image on the mirror. He reaches a pill case lying in the sink. He tries to resist his urge, but ends up taking the pill anyways.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

**3 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT 3**

The Poet is in his desk with a pencil in hand and a paper lying on the surface. His mind full of thoughts, but out of ideas. The mixture of drugs and alcohol begin to kick in. He starts losing clarity. He faints in his chair. Everything turns black.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

**4 EXT. DREAM - DAY 4**

The Poet appears below a giant and mysterious tree. He starts inspecting it. He feels a dark presence. His face looks at the camera. Scared.

CUT TO:

**5 EXT. DREAM - DAY****5**

A mysterious hole in the ground is surrounded by warning tape. The Poet appears besides the hole. The wind starts rising. The Poet screams. Is it a... telephone?

FADE TO:

**6 ??? DREAM - ???****6**

The face of the poet screams. He is stuck in a bad trip. Loads of surreal images pop in his mind. When suddenly, he wakes up.

CUT TO:

**7 INT. ROOM - NIGHT****7**

The Poet is in his room. Breathing heavily. No furniture around him. Consumed by darkness. He screams... and disappears.

CUT TO:

**8 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT****8**

The Poet is lying on the floor next to the sink. He has the pill case in his hand. He doubts, but ends up taking the rest of the pills anyway.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

**9 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT****9**

The Poet tries to write, but his heart is going at full speed. He is trembling. His body can not keep up with the drugs. Darkness consumes him.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

**10 INT. UNKNOWN - NIGHT****10**

A candle appears. A mysterious hand is lighting it up. When the candle is finally shedding its light, it suddenly stops.

CUT TO:

**11 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT****11**

The Poet is standing in the middle of the living room, surrounded by darkness, the only light being the light of the candle. The camera tracks his body from his feet to his face. He is holding the candle, tightly. He blows it. Darkness has finally taken its full form.

THE END.