

ABOLITION OF THE SENSES

Written by

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BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: "NOTHING CAN CURE THE SOUL BUT THE SENSES, JUST AS NOTHING CAN CURE THE SENSES BUT THE SOUL." OSCAR WILDE

FADE IN:

INT. STOREHOUSE - NIGHT

A gagged girl wearing a hospital gown is seated against the back wall of a storehouse in shadows; her cheeks stained with dirty furrows, an iron collar placed around her neck and attached to the wall by a chain preventing her from escaping. It's YOUNG OLGA, 10.

MEMORY FLASH - EXT. FOREST - DAY

A male hand forcefully grabs a girl's arm.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. STOREHOUSE - NIGHT

Tied up behind her back with a rope, Young Olga moves her hands frantically up and down.

The knot of the rope rubs against a broken pipe that sticks out from the wall.

MEMORY FLASH - EXT. BOAT - MOVING - DAY

The girl's arm hangs out of a wooden boat; her fingers brushing the water's surface.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. STOREHOUSE - NIGHT

The rope keeps rubbing against the pipe until it breaks. Then Young Olga removes the gag from her mouth and starts to turn the fastener of the slave collar.

Firmly tightened, the screw turns slowly.

MEMORY FLASH - EXT. SMALL ISLAND - DAY

A slim, green and white striped lighthouse stands on a small island.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. STOREHOUSE - NIGHT

Young Olga keeps trying to remove the screw. Drops of blood start to fall from her fingertips.

After a few more turns, she manages to open the clamp.

MEMORY FLASH - INT. ROOM - DAY

The male hand lasciviously strokes the girl's legs.
Groans of fear and anguish are heard.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. STOREHOUSE - NIGHT

Carefully, Young Olga pulls the iron collar from her neck and places it on the floor. Then she raises her eyes to a narrow, horizontal window high in a side wall.

MEMORY FLASH - INT. ROOM - DAY

The hand takes a sharp awl from a metallic briefcase.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. STOREHOUSE - NIGHT

After standing up, Young Olga places a wooden stool near the side wall and nervously looks at the small window.

A NOISE OF CHAINS is heard.

The girl slowly turns around to look with anxiety at something unseen as the noise gets louder and louder...

MEMORY FLASH - INT. ROOM - DAY

GIRL'S POV as a MAN with a white, blind eye wearing a balaclava stares at her while giggling. Then he rushes towards her.

The screen turns to black. A scream of horror is heard.

FROM BLACK:

EXT. BOAT - MOVING - DAY

SUPER: MASSACHUSETTS BAY. TWENTY YEARS LATER.

It's a sunny morning. An old skiff makes its way through the sea.

OLGA, 30, a straw-haired woman of athletic build and soft features stands near the bow. A couple of suitcases rest at her feet.

In the stern, a weather-beaten faced BOATMAN, 70, holds the handle of the outboard motor.

Olga notices something blurry in the distance, a piece of land that could be a small island with a lighthouse. Then her relaxed expression turns to seriousness...

BOATMAN

Is everything alright?

Olga nods with a forced smile. The boatman nods and turns back towards the sea.

BOATMAN

We're almost there. Let's go.

He guns the outboard motor and the boat moves faster.

EXT. SMALL ISLAND - DAY

The little rocky island with a green and white striped lighthouse, some seagulls fly around it.

Twenty yards north of the lighthouse, there is a small storehouse made of white brick; twenty yards south, stands the lighthouse keeper's house.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - WATCH ROOM'S BALCONY - DAY

Leaning on the railing of a balcony, Olga thoughtfully stares at the ocean. A few seconds later, something breaks her concentration...

A German Shepherd Dog is licking her right hand.

Olga looks down at the dog and smiles as she caresses its head. Then she stares at the sea again.

MAN (O.S.)

Nice view, isn't it?

Hypnotized by the marine landscape, Olga doesn't hear the voice talking to her.

MAN (O.S.)

You like it?

Olga turns to her right and finds an older, slightly untidy, grey-haired man with glasses and holding a typed contract. It's BRIAN, 60. She smiles confusedly at him.

OLGA

(with a light
Slavic accent)

Sorry, you were saying?

BRIAN

I was asking you about the landscape, but I see you're totally enchanted by it. Yeah, so much beauty can block our senses.

OLGA

Well, I'm afraid it's a bit different in my case...

Olga points at her right ear.

OLGA

When I was a child, I suffered a serious infection in this ear and I can't hear very well. Actually, I can't hear anything at all.

BRIAN

Oh, I'm sorry.

Brian passes behind her and places himself at her left.

BRIAN

Better this way, isn't it?

Olga smiles at him and nods. He hands her the contract.

BRIAN

Here's your job contract, Olga. Have a good look at it. And if everything is correct, please sign at the bottom of each page.

Olga starts to read the first page of the contract.

BRIAN

As I told you, it's only for a six month period, but it could be extended if you feel good here; and as long as the town council doesn't carry out its threat of automating this old relic.

Without taking her eyes off the contract, Olga pulls out a pen from her down coat and clicks it.

BRIAN

How long have you been here in U.S.? You speak English very well.

OLGA

Barely two years. But people say that we, the Poles, have an aptitude for languages.

BRIAN

Yeah, so it seems.

They smile at each other.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S HOUSE FAÇADE - DAY

Accompanied by the dog, Brian and Olga leave the house. He locks the door.

BRIAN

Comfort, clean and quiet. That's what my mother always said about a good house. She was a very smart woman. Here, take the key.

Brian gives her the key of the keeper's house.

BRIAN

Lock it every time you leave, especially at night.

OLGA

Why?

BRIAN

Don't worry, nobody's gonna try to break into it. It's only that sometimes the town's boys... Teen pranks, you know.

Olga pockets the key. Then she glances at the small storehouse beyond the lighthouse.

OLGA

And that place?

Brian turns to look at the storehouse for a second. Then he turns back toward her.

BRIAN

It's nothing, just a storehouse. Junk and dust are the only things you'll find in there, especially the second one. It's not worth it.

(beat)

C'mon, follow me, I'll show you the rest of the island.

They walk away from the house.

EXT. PIER - DAY

Olga unties a rope from a wooden pier and tosses it to Brian, who is standing in a skiff with the dog. A second boat, older and smaller, is moored next to the first one.

Brian starts coiling up the rope as Olga raises her eyes towards the green and white striped lighthouse.