

Mad Love Song

By

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Based on:

"Mad Girl's Love Song"  
by Sylvia Plath

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Black.

DREAMER

I shut my eyes and all the world  
drops dead.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The sky is faded, gloomy but somehow bright. The tips of  
trees glide past the edge of frame.

DREAMER

I lift my lids and all is born  
again.

Below, the dull gray of the asphalt is sliced by lines of  
yellow...

DREAMER

I think I made you up inside my  
head.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

...those lines change to a zipper; a zipper clutched by two  
fingers, falling downward, revealing ivory skin beneath.

A DARK WHITE DREAM silhouetted in the window of a white  
room. She releases the zipper of the dress. Her hands fall  
to her sides.

DREAMER

The stars go waltzing out in blue  
and red.

All-consuming eyes gaze towards the heavens, makeup smeared.  
Eyes welling.

DREAMER

An arbitrary blackness gallops in.

Tears fall from her chin.

DREAMER

I shut my eyes and all the world  
drops dead.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A drop of sauce splashes onto a plate.

DREAMER

I dreamed that you bewitched me  
into bed.

The plate rests on a table before her, covered with the bones of the meat she has just devoured.

DREAMER

And sung me moonstruck, kissed me  
quite insane.

She would be flawless if not for the sauce smeared around her mouth and lips.

DREAMER

I think I made you up inside my  
head.

She grips a wine glass as she slouches back in her throne, admiring her work.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

DREAMER

God topples from the skies, hell's  
fires fade.

Violent movement. She runs.

DREAMER

Exit seraphim and Satan's men.

Streaking through a barren field. Determined. Not running from but running toward.

She disappears into the horizon.

DREAMER

I shut my eyes and all the world  
drops dead.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Flowers. Wilted and colorless. Squeezed between two hands.

(CONTINUED)

DREAMER

I fancied you'd return the way you  
said.

Sleeping beauty on a bed of white.

DREAMER

But I grow old and I forget your  
name.

Petals fall to the floor.

DREAMER

I think I made you up inside my  
head.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Snow covered ground. Trees interrupt the sight of her...

DREAMER

I should have loved a thunderbird  
instead.

...she climbs the hill.

DREAMER

At least when spring comes they  
roar back again.

She emerges at the peak, her white clothing stripped away  
for red.

She stands. Her hair flutters in the wind.

DREAMER

I shut my eyes and all the world  
drops dead.

She does not belong to the world around her, yet it is hers  
still.

DREAMER

I think I made you up inside my  
head.

Her eyes meet ours.