

SCENE REWRITE

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Shot: a single red balloon curves through cloudless sky. The weather is spring in October: mild, doomed. A small fist uncurls and the ribbon rises past the frame. Cut red balloon, cut sky. Write the dog howls like a baby in an alley. Mournful thing. No, get rid of the dog. Write a body in a chair in knots, unknitting. Zoom into sinew, an agony, i.e., when the skin draws taut. The body doing all it can not to kill itself slow or even please itself quick. Introduce the stranger and the bed the body does not sleep in. Cut lateral crawl of *I mean*. Insert crossfade. The body says: no one can make thinking a stone to hold then throw at a window. Cut the body in the chair, insert broken window. Shot: paper. A fine point's silver buds black. Blur of hand brushed against. Thatched cream, blot dilates into surface, the bleed beneath a stalled stroke. Voiceover: The weather has been forgivingly warm. If forgiveness comes it should be in heat. No one writes letters these days. No one wrote in a letter asking — *Is the language doing it for you? Did you write yourself out of the bed you didn't sleep in?* Cut to balloon barking in an alley. Add the sky ripped with howl. Cut the baby. Dissolve to stock shots of a bloom's frame by frame rot. Run her in reverse. Pull back, cut to notepad: *resist analysis*. Tight shot, close on face, crumpled. Ink irised to a pin. Cut to body. Wind through petals, the mouth moving. Translation: *I can't tell*. The body rises from the chair. The chair the body throws at the stranger goes right through, breaks nothing.