

ENTER

by

Nikola Raykov

E-mail: 138.vlez@gmail.com

Tel: 00359 88 22 88 138

Notes to Reader:

Whenever we see a quick black-and-white series of shots, there is some movement in the individual shots. If a static object is shown - then the camera is moving.

There are no windows in any of the rooms. The only exception is the apartment, which the protagonist recalls in his memories.

The movie begins with no opening credits.

Whiteness.

FADE IN FROM WHITE:

Out of the whiteness slowly emerges a blurred cream-colored spot. Then everything falls into darkness and again lightens to bright whiteness. We gradually make out the opening eyes of a YOUNG MAN. They do not focus on anything in particular. He closes them again.

INT. WHITE ROOM

His body (around 30 years old, good-looking) is lying on a hospital bed in the middle of an empty bright white room. It seems as if he is waking up from a reverie or some sort of dream. He re-opens his eyes, rises slightly and slowly looks around the room but finds no signs, objects, or windows.

His face speaks confusion. He gingerly manages to move his muscles, pulls back the blanket and after a pause gets down from the bed. With some difficulty, he manages to stand up. He lowers his eyes: he is wearing white pajamas.

Only when he turns round does he see the single way out of the room: a door. It is ajar and large distinct letters above it spell 'ENTRANCE'. He slowly starts for the door but stops just before reaching it.

He turns around and examines the place once again. His eyes take in a completely empty room, with no windows and a single bed in its exact center. Nothing that can give him any clues whatever. The young man turns around and crosses the threshold.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

We see a long, narrow hallway devoid of objects and people. Both walls are lined with closed doors bearing no signs. The hallway looks sterile and well lit but ends in both directions with dim, dark bends. Either direction looks exactly the same.

The young man hesitates awhile, then heads left. As he walks, he looks at some of the doors; he puts his ear against one but can hear nothing. When he reaches the end, he turns round the corner.

We see another hallway that is identical to the first one, except it is a mirror image. The man uncertainly walks on. The doors are odd: the lock is turned upside down, and the handle is below it - an inverted version of the doors we have just passed. Perplexed, he keeps walking.

LONG, HEAVY FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM. The youth slows down and after a while halts. THE FOOTSTEPS GO ON. He turns around. SILENCE. The hallway is empty, revealing no trace of the source of the strange sound. FEMALE HEELS BEHIND HIM. The youth spins round again. This time we see a female silhouette approaching from the distance.

The man confidently starts toward her, delighted to meet someone at last. When we come near, we can clearly see the woman is wearing a NURSE's outfit, although, oddly, one sleeve is missing. She is young (about his age) and attractive.

YOUNG MAN

Excuse me...

The woman pays no heed to him. She keeps walking without the slightest hint of noticing him.

YOUNG MAN

Excuse me, may I?...

No reaction from her. Without as much as glancing at him, she passes by and away while THE SOUND OF HER HEELS FADES AWAY. The man is perplexed, his eyes follow her as she walks away.

YOUNG MAN

(sarcastically)

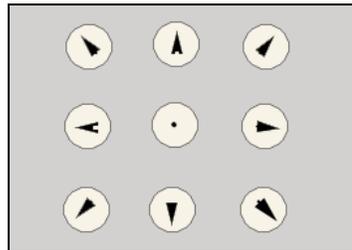
Hey, thanks a lot...

Then he heads forward, toward the end of the hallway and the door of an elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR

The elevator is waiting. The large solid door slides open before the young man. The interior is spacious, dilapidated and dark. The door slides shut behind the man. We look down at the controls of the heavy-duty freight elevator.



While the youth stares in confusion, wondering which button to press, THE HEAVY SOUND OF A START AND MOVEMENT, the car begins to move. After a short while it halts.

The door opens to reveal another passenger. AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN (about 45-50), looking austere and well-read, wearing a suit and spectacles. He enters the cage and the door closes behind him.

YOUNG MAN

Excuse me...

The man casts a stern glance at him. AGAIN THE HEAVY SOUND OF A START AND MOVEMENT, as the car starts going.

YOUNG MAN

(continuing)

...what I'd like to ask may sound a bit odd, but... I'm not sure how I got here... and I don't know what this place is. Can you please help me?

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

(speaks in Latin, no translation provided for the viewer)

Luciferi primo cum sidere
frigida rura carpamus, dum
mane novum, dum gramina
canent.

YOUNG MAN

No...

(gestures along with the words)

I don't understand. Don't you speak English?

The elderly gentleman laughs deep and haughty. The car halts and the door opens.

ELDERLY GENTLEMAN

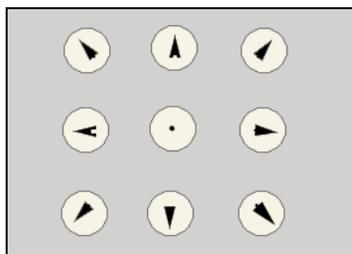
The next stop is for you.

(as he speaks,
he hands a wax
candle to the
youth and goes
out)

The enormous doors close again. Start, movement, halt, opening.

The youth is about to get out but in the very last instant notices a matchbox on the floor and stops short. He bends down and picks it up; just then, the door begins to close and he rushes to it, but the two wings join together right in front of his face.

He glares at the closed doors, then back at the elevator controls, when all of a sudden the car starts moving again. When it stops and the doors open, the youth goes to the controls showing no intention to walk out.



The doors stand wide-open. He presses the middle button on the left. The door begins to close, but simultaneously the opposite wall opens up with HEAVY RUMBLE, as if it was two-winged sliding door. The youth presses another button, but nothing happens. Another, then another, then another. Nothing. He has no choice but to step between the wide-open walls, into the gaping darkness beyond.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR

As the youth's silhouette emerges from the darkness, we see the way ahead. An endless, damp and moldy wide corridor, with small islands of light along its middle cast by greenish luminescent tubes. Both walls are lined with old doors that seem to have been there for centuries. Huge water pipes skirt them from above.

The youth strikes a match -

FLASH INSERT of an old black telephone on a pedestal in the center of an empty white room

- and brings it to the tip of his candle.

On one of the doors, unlike the others, there is a sign:

∞

He walks to it and tries if it is open. Locked. His try awakens DEEP GROANS OF CLATTERING AND CREAKING coming from somewhere nearby. He fearfully steps back from the door, but the noises don't stop.

He walks forward until the corridor forks, THE NOISE FINALLY DIES AWAY; however, the new branch bends away into darkness, and the youth decides to keep his direction. The corridor seems infinite.

NOISE OF DRIPPING WATER. A large dark drop falls from somewhere above and hits his shoulder. Startled, he turns his head. The spot on his white pajamas is bright red. He touches it. Apparently it's blood. PALPITATION.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- BLACK-AND-WHITE IMAGES; QUICK CUTS -
a closing window
upturned moving palms