

DISAPPEARANCE

By Robert Yun

Based on the novel by Robert Yun

"Veronica or What's Left of Her"

About this Film Script:

"Disappearance" is a script for a film based on the novel "Veronica or What is Left of Her" by Roberta Yun.

It is a psychological thriller with elements of mysticism and horror.

NAT. HAIFA - BUS STOP – DAY

A girl is standing at the bus stop. She looks young, with an air of being no more than seventeen. She is dressed provocatively, perhaps too much so, in black knee-highs paired with a mini-skirt which leaves almost nothing to the imagination and the full length of her legs visible. Her breasts, which are not at all large, nonetheless, in their pouting perkiness, seem to want to break free from her t-shirt as her nipples form two small bulges on the T-shirt. Her black hair hangs down covering her pale face, the paleness not spoiling her beauty. Under thin eyebrows large brown eyes peer out, the only thing marring her beauty might be a smile on her face. Even her height of one meter sixty is all but perfect!

An empty bus pulls up. Before getting on the bus, she looks into the camera. The wind blows. The bus moves in our direction. It drives right through us and we follow it with our eyes as it disappears.

Main CAPTIONS against the backdrop of a panorama of Haifa.

INT. HAIFA - POLICE STATION – DAY

A young, pleasant-looking WOMAN, of about thirty years old, is being interrogated in a small room; she was the neighbor of a girl who disappeared under mysterious circumstances.

The investigation has been ongoing now for several days, but no progress has been made. Annoyance and frustration are clear on the face of the POLICE OFFICER, emotions which turn not only into anger but into outright hatred.

Speaking Hebrew.

POLICEMAN

Why, is that in your written statement,
you describe her in the present tense?

He feels something in his eye and carefully attempts to get it out; he feels very nasty indeed and the sweat-soaked back of his shirt is not helping.

FEMALE

I remember her as if am looking at her
right now. Don't you think I actually
trivialized the testimony a little?

These types of girls are in fact very rare: her own special style and constantly sighing, long legs and high heels...

POLICEMAN

No.

He looks in the mirror. He really feels bad, some sort of illness has clearly settled inside his body, the air conditioner doesn't work and the heat is relentless.

FEMALE

I told you I'm no use to you. Just don't think that I'm stupid or don't understand anything, I'm just simply her neighbor.

POLICEMAN

Damn it! Okay! You're free to go, I have no more questions for you at this time.

FEMALE

I really hope you solve the case.
Goodbye.

She stands, puts a cigarette back in its pack and slowly heads to the door.

The policeman watches her as her heels click down the corridor. He's left alone with the case...

INT. HAIFA - ARTHUR'S APARTMENT – DAY

We're in a living room. It exudes the air of being long uninhabited. There is not enough light in the room to make out the details and you need to strain your eyes as everything seems to be a blurry gray. The dark room inspires a certain fear. There is a wall unit in the living room, very old and scratched up, a table in the corner of the room on which there is a computer and books lying under and around the table. Most of the books are in Russian, although there are many books in Hebrew and English. Looking at the piles of books, covered with a thick layer of dust, it is obvious that no one has touched them for a very, very long time.

The blue sofa is under the window, the only light in the room hangs over the portrait of a

girl and there are two bottles of beer lying on the floor near the sofa. In one of the bottles there is still some liquid that has long gone flat. Due to the smell of beer poured on the only rug in the apartment, also quite old, it seems that the whole apartment is haunted. Several pairs of shoes are strewn about near the front door...

The heavy, stuffy air clogs the throat. Throughout the apartment there is the extremely unpleasant smell and the stale air makes it impossible to take a full breath. All of this because Arthur did not bother to air out the apartment, but even worse he left all of the blinds completely closed so that the only daylight that ever penetrated into the interior was through the tiny cracks. The sun's rays that did manage to make their way into the rooms did so like arrows. Peering into the few beams of light, you can see dust particles dancing.

We slither into the bedroom like snakes and rise up over the bed on which Arthur lies. We hover over his body, looking at him from head to toe then fly up over it and engulf the entire bed. The only difference between this room and the previous is that it has less furniture: a bed, a small bedside table and some chairs on which are scattered a few belongings. There is also a small wall closet in which a few personal possessions can be seen.

If you were to run your finger along the floor, you would discover a thick layer of dust and thanks to the air currents, the semi-transparent dust balls would float across the tiled floor. The bedroom, like the living room, is poorly lit, again, with few rays of light ever entering it.

Just look at how Arthur sleeps, unashamedly heavy air pushes his body into the bed. By the way, he sleeps only in his underpants. We know Arthur is dreaming as his eyes can be seen to move under his eyelids.

A very strange feeling comes over us. No, this is not fear, it is something different. It feels as if we are not alone. It is impossible not to feel as if someone else is present in the apartment. Suddenly strange sounds begin to seemingly grind up everything, pure horror... We turn, but do not see anything, only darkness, but something is there, a kind of detached force watching our backs, breathes and is perhaps, waiting....

Suddenly, a stream of cold air rushes into the room, which is impossible even theoretically, since everything is closed with iron locks. But, something, no doubt, is there, just like Arthur is. With the cold air comes the smell of a dying sea....

VOICE

Arthur, Arthur...

The voice is female, and the words are uttered as if the owner of the voice is afraid to disturb someone.

Arthur wakes up but the dream is still present in his head. To the observer it seems that he is delirious, he is soaked with sweat. Suddenly a hum can be heard to start. Not understanding where it is coming from, Arthur reluctantly begins to look around, the sound starts to increase and in a moment is beating him on the head, but finally sobriety takes over – it's just an alarm clock that was under the bed. Unable to bear the ringing, he abruptly reaches down, grabs the alarm clock and turns it off.

ARTHUR
(speaking Russian)
Damn it...

Arthur lies down on the bed again and starts to fall asleep.

Suddenly he opens his eyes and looks at the ceiling, as if he is trying to see something....

ARTHUR
(speaks Russian)
Son of a...

Arthur jumps out of bed, rolling red eyes seem to fill his sleepy face feeling is as if he has not blinked for a long time. His head feels swollen. He goes into the living room and feeling sick immediately runs to the toilet. He becomes so nauseous that he begins to throw up and out of strength he sits in front of the toilet. He starts to feel dizzy, and the nausea returns, even stronger than before.

Arthur in the shower

The bathroom is no better than all of the other rooms in the apartment, green and black lines have appeared on the walls from the dampness in the air. Arthur feels so weak that he puts his palms on the wall to stop from collapsing. He gets in the shower and turns on the water at full blast to try to wake himself up. The flow of the water forms indentations on his body and his long hair covers his face...

Arthur standing in the kitchen

Arthur stands at the kitchen entrance. The camera captures everything: dirty dishes, the kitchen cabinets, the floor, the sink. He walks over to the refrigerator and opens it. Instead of seeing food we see the dirty white interior of the fridge. It is so quiet that you can hear the cockroaches scattering. Then we are watching Arthur from inside the refrigerator, the door closes and we plunge into darkness.

ARTHUR
(speaking Russian)
Great! All that's left is
starving to death.

INT. HAIFA - BUILDING IN THE TECHNION - DAY

A Computer Science exam is being held in room 607

Arthur appears at the door, his eyes dashing as he looks in different directions and he imagines his head bouncing dozens of times, like a ball on the floor. He feels like he is floating and it seems to him that he is flowing like liquid down steps. Not noticing a single living soul around him, suddenly he hears a scream.

INVIGILATOR
(speaking Hebrew)
Please go to the second row, seventh
seat!

ARTHUR
(yells in Russian)
What're you yelling for you cow!

INVIGILATOR
(in Hebrew)
What did you say? I didn't understand
you.

ARTHUR
(in Hebrew)
Nothing.

Continuing to walk, he feels like he is swimming again. He picks up a question paper and sits at the table.

As if through his eyes we look at the questions. Gradually the picture becomes blurry and then dark...

INVIGILATOR

(in Hebrew)

Wake up young man! Your Student ID please!

She tugs at his shoulder and immensely enjoying herself, her long skirt, hat and her extremely strict look serving to highlight her faith in God.

Half the exam down the drain and still a blank slate! He looks at the questions continues drawing a blank. Suddenly, out of nowhere, inspiration strikes and he begins to intuitively circle the right answers.

NAT. HAIFA - TECHNION – DAY

On the benches outside the examination hall after the exams

Five friends are sitting together, all students of the technical institute: DIMA, EUGENE, RAFI, ERIK, Arthur. RAFI – an Israelite who does not know the Russian language. Eric is Arthur's brother.

Speaking Hebrew.

DIMA

So how'd the exam go knuckleheads?
(takes a cigarette out of a pack)

EUGENE

I breezed through it using only
half my brain.
(smiles)

RAFI

Yeah sure, our little frickin Einstein, as
for me I was all but owned, 80%
maximum.

EUGENE

You guys need to study once in a while
and not only think about girls and how
to get 'em in the sack.

RAFI

Wrong! Girls first! Getting through
studies is always doable.

DIMA

Eugene's right. You all need to wake up,
instead of walking around with your
hands down your pants.
(rubs his crotch for emphasis)

ERIK

You know what? I really like the word
"masturbation". Masturbation is the
same as, say, depression. Either you
actually did "it" and you're gonna have
a baby or you are engaged in
masturbation. You blush when you hear
the word don't you Rafi?
(cigarette hanging from his mouth)

RAFI

Yeah, and... So what? I know how to
work with my hands.
(proudly raises his hands and looks
around)

ERIK

I got lucky, I got the exact questions I
studied for! Hit the books for a couple
hours and voila! No doubt way over
eighty. How 'bout you bro?

ARTHUR

Not too good! I think I got a couple of

questions completely wrong, but it's all right, everything'll be fine, I hope.

ERIK

Well, if anyone would know, it's you.

RAFI

Hey! Check out who's coming.

A female student named Anat is walking by them.

RAFI

Hey Anat! What's up? Come on by the club tonight, we'll talk, relax a little ...

ANAT

I wanted to but unfortunately you messed everything up! Thanks for that.
(Keeps walking. Guys laugh)

ARTHUR

Who's that?

RAFI

The one who will share my bed.

DIMA

Don't forget to change the sheets first.
(all four laugh)

RAFI

Real funny! But she will be mine. And you have no idea what I'll do to her.

EUGENE

We have no doubts! As always you will outdo yourself.

RAFI

Exactly.

tares after her as she is walking away)

DIMA

All that, is of course well and good, but
how about taking off and going
somewhere to celebrate passing
exams?

ERIK

Now that would be nice.

EUGENE

Yeah! I really need a break.
(He stands up and starts dancing)

RAFI

By the way, Arthur! We're all so young,
living in a dorm and you've already had
your own apartment for a couple of
months – which means, party! The least
you could do is show us where you live
and how you get by all alone! I mean,
it's like you've become unreachable.

ARTHUR

Yeah, sorry about that but I'll make it
up to all of you. Just need to clean up a
bit, and then we'll have a party! No
worries there! Hell, we can even have
an orgy over there. Seriously!

RAFI

Really!? You don't say!

ERIK

You started working too much, think
about that. It'd be easier to come back
to the dorm man. Truly much more
economical.

ARTHUR

Maybe it's be better if you quit smoking, otherwise, you know, one cigarette after another.... Why are older brothers such nags? Really! Anyway, I need to take a leak, urgently! And damn it's cold here.

ERIK

I'll go with you. Hey guys! We'll meet later at the dorm.

Arthur and Eric start to leave.

DIMA

Sounds good! I'll go buy drinks. It's too expensive to get drunk in bars.

RAFI

Well then... I guess I'll go on one of my exploits. Don't forget to call me! I know how you jerks are, you'll eat everything without me! No way I'll forget New Year's! Even though I don't celebrate it there should always be solidarity in everything. And I mean "everything" and it can't be any other way.

EUGENE

What am I supposed to do?

DIMA

You? Why don't you go and stick it in your Marina!

EUGENE

She has an exam tomorrow.

RAFI

Man, the weather's evil today. In this

kind of weather it's better to stay at home. Of course if you don't have a home, then you're all alone, and nobody needs you! You'll get soaked to the bone and kick the bucket! But at least a fairy with big tits will be waiting for you... Damn weather...

INT. Technion - RESTROOM - DAY

Arthur and Eric enter the restroom.

ERIC
Well?

He goes up to the urinal and does everything he can to relieve himself without getting his pants wet.

ARTHUR
What well?

ERIK
(first sentence in Hebrew)
What's wrong with!?! Have you lost your frickin mind?? Have you even looked in the mirror lately? You look like a walking corpse complete with red eyes! An unshaven monkey, do you even sleep anymore?

ARTHUR
I sleep, but not much, gotta work.

ERIK
Why are you making your own life difficult? You're torturing yourself for nothing.

ARTHUR
For nothing?

ERIK

I was proud of you. That's my brother! I would say! That's my brother! He's the smartest guy I know, if only I had his brains! I swear to God, I compared everyone to you, and everyone was a cut below you.

ARTHUR

Your mistake is that you actually believe your own comparisons.

ERIK

No, I don't "believe"... Something happened to you! You couldn't have just changed like this for no reason! It's because of "that" isn't it?

ARTHUR

Be careful not to pee on your jeans. You seemed grown up but apparently you never learned to hold onto your hose.

ERIK

Arthur...

ARTHUR

Everything will be OK...

ERIK

You don't show up at lectures, it's impossible to get through to you! Do you even think about what the consequences could be? Or don't you even care?

ARTHUR

Why are you dramatizing everything?

ERIK

We could live together, since you do not want to live in the dorm. I could move in with you.

Zips up his fly.

ARTHUR

It would be nice, really! But for now I need to be alone... Sorry bro.

ERIK

Do you even call mom and dad? They are worried sick about us.

ARTHUR

Yeah.

(moving towards the sink)

ERIK

Do you even know that mom got a promotion at the office?

ARTHUR

No, she never told me. I'll have to congratulate her somehow.

ERIK

Yeah! Please try.

(opens the tap)

ARTHUR

And so... How are you?

ERIK

That's not important! You don't even care. So why keep the conversation going like this when you don't give a damn about anything. Everyone sees how you've distanced yourself. How

you've become an entirely different person.

ARTHUR

What the hell are you talking about?

ERIK

Almost six months have passed since what happened! And you, you can't forget anything.

ARTHUR

I don't remember anything. Someone smeared me all over the asphalt and is walking around free as the breeze.
(Looks in the mirror, water drops fall from his face)

ERIK

Yeah sure, you're just messing with my head. You've been beaten a hundred times, but this time, *this* time something in your head snapped. No way dude, that won't get it. It was her, her disappearance that's screwed you all up.

ARTHUR

Okay then! I'll just shut up.

ERIK

If I knew who did it I would rip out their damn throats! I'd tear them to bits.

ARTHUR

Yeah sure! And I would have helped you, but... It's all in the past...

ERIK

Don't forget that you have me dude...

ARTHUR

I've never forgotten that.

ERIK

Please don't make me doubt you, and don't you do anything stupid! For the sake of our parents... For us... If you do decide to tell the truth, I will accept that! I won't do anything to you...

ARTHUR

"To" me? What?! Why? What the hell are you getting at?!

They Exit.

INT. UNKNOWN CITY - HOSPITAL - DARKNESS

A semi-realistic comic book world
Speaking undefined language.

THE DOCTOR in the hospital.

A nervous tic has settled onto his face
He looks at all the white coats;
People in white coats make him nervous.
He gets up and slowly walks towards the exit.

VOICE beyond the CAMERA
Doctor!

He turns to the left and sees his own reflection in the mirror: a white coat that clumsily covers his body...

NAT. TECHNION - NEAR ULMAN BUILDING – DAY