

OBLIVION

Written by

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INT. CAFÉ - DAY

ZOE (19) sits across from OLIVER (20), who stares pensively at the empty coffee cup by his hands. Zoe's gaze tears from the window as Oliver snaps his head up and looks alarmingly at absolutely nowhere in particular. He glances furtively over his shoulder, then leans in.

OLIVER

Have you ever entered a room and
found yourself face to face with a
vampire?

Zoe blinks a couple of times, straining to process the words. Then, she gives an unladylike snort, quickly followed by a clearing of the throat as she attempts to regain her composure. Oliver studies her in silence, his expression more solemn than before.

ZOE

Sorry but...you're kidding, right?

Oliver ignores her question and continues on, deadly serious.

OLIVER

You know, not all vampires feed off of
blood--some feed off of memories...

Zoe opens her mouth to speak, but bites down on her lower lip instead. She raises a brow at Oliver, the word concerned written all over her face.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Zoe trudges through a dark alleyway covered in blasphemous graffiti--a reasonable trade-off for a shortcut to her sumptuous bed, waiting patiently at home for her arrival.

She does a double take when she spots a familiar figure, standing in the turn of a corner. Stirred by curiosity, she pulls her phone out from her purse and switches on the flashlight. She shines the light down the passage and onto Oliver--his nose on the verge of touching the wall.

Zoe sighs in relief, then chuckles with a hint of confusion as she walks over and taps playfully him on the shoulder.

ZOE

What are you doing here so late at
night...staring at a wall?

Oliver shows no response to her question and his blank eyes continue to gaze unwaveringly at the wall.

Zoe hesitantly reaches out her arm once again, but this time nudges Oliver with a little more force.

Oliver blinks and abruptly snaps out of his trance. He flinches at the sight of the piercing light and instinctively turns his head away.

OLIVER

What the fuck are you doing!

Zoe fumblingly points her flashlight down and Oliver blinks excessively as he tries to get rid of the white spots. After a few of seconds, he notices where he is and looks pointedly at Zoe.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

What am I doing out here?

Zoe's eyes widen in astonishment.

ZOE

You're asking me?

She pauses, then scoffs.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Oh...don't tell me you're still trying to sell all that vampire shit...

Oliver tilts his head in confusion and glares at Zoe.

OLIVER

The what? Did you seriously just say Vampire? Zoe, what the hell?

A mixture of shock and anger crosses her face and her mouth drops open ever so slightly.

ZOE

You're the one who gave me a whole speech about "memory stealing vampires" and-

OLIVER

(Impatiently)

Look, I don't know what you're talking about, nor do I care. All I know is that it's late, and I'm tired, and you're not making any sense. So I'm sorry but I'm just not in the mood for...whatever this is.

Oliver turns and walks off into the night. Zoe's gaze lingers on his blur of a shadow and she rubs her temple in utter stupefaction.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Zoe sighs as she drags herself into the apartment building. She goes up the elevator and walks to her door, fumbling through her purse. At long last, she pulls out her keys. She sighs once again then unlocks the door and pushes it open with some difficulty.

FADE TO BLACK.

The elevator doors open and Zoe stands confusedly inside. She steps out warily and looks to both sides. She checks her phone and sees that it is 2pm. Zoe scratches her head, then takes a step back into the elevator. She presses 23 and goes back upstairs. She staggers to her door, where her key is still on the knob, enters her apartment, then collapses onto her bed.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Zoe opens her eyes and finds herself sitting in the outdoor parking lot. She rubs her eyes in a daze, then slaps herself across the face.

ZOE
Fuck! That hurt...

Zoe pulls her phone out of her pocket and sees that it is 6 am. She blinks unnaturally in confusion.

ZOE (CONT'D)
(mumbling to herself)
What is happening...

VERBAL MATCH CUT
ON "HAPPENING" TO:

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Zoe sits at her desk holding her head in one hand.

ZOE (CONT'D)
Happening...

She takes out a piece of sticky note and jots down, "March 15th: door 9:30pm, elevator 2am, parking lot 6am"

OLIVER (V.O.)
 (flashback)
 You know, not all vampires feed off
 of blood--some feed off of
 memories...

Zoe starts to write the word "vampire" but crosses it out
 halfway through. Instead, she puts down: "someone drugged me?"
 Zoe rubs her forehead in angst.

ZOE
 (mumbling under her breath)
 What am I thinking...

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

- 1) INT. HOTEL - NIGHT - Zoe steps into the elevator & finds
 herself standing by the staircase.
- 2) INT. ROOM - NIGHT - Zoe closes the curtains and finds herself
 standing in the bathroom.
- 3) INT. HOTEL - NIGHT - Zoe goes into the elevator
- 4) EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT - Zoe finds herself standing by the docks.
- 5) INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - Zoe goes out of the bathroom
- 6) EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT - Zoe finds herself standing in the
 middle of a dark alleyway

END MONTAGE

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Zoe sits at her desk with her head resting on one hand and
 writes on a piece of sticky note, "March 16th: elevator 10pm,
 staircase 4am. March 17th: window 9pm, bathroom 1am. March 18th:
 elevator 8pm, docks 12am. March 19th: bathroom 10pm, alley
 12am." Zoe passes out from exhaustion. Her pen makes a jagged
 line across her notes as her grip loosens.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

ZOE (V.O.)
 (praying under her breath)
 Please be in my room...please be in
 my room...please?

Zoe warily opens her eyes and finds herself standing outside her room, her face practically against the door. She punches said door in frustration, then slides down onto the ground in defeat. Her eyes widen in fear as she brings her knees up to her chest and proceeds to rock back and forth in an eerie motion.

ZOE
 (mumbling)
 Make it stop...Make it stop...
 (shrieking and clawing into
 her face)
 MAKE IT STOP!

The door next to hers opens and a MAN (middle-aged), in a white T-shirt and boxers peeks out.

MAN
 Are you okay?

ZOE
 (bitterly)
 Do I look like I'm okay?

MAN
 Geez, sorry I asked...
 (muttering to himself)
 No one has fucking manners these
 days...

The man shakes his head and slams the door shut.

FADE TO BLACK.

Zoe pushes her door open. The door squeaks like a cat who had just discovered its prey. We see a dark room, darker than the darkness of a blind man, searching for a cat in the dark--a black cat that was no longer there.

OLIVER (V.O.)
 Have you ever entered a room and
 found yourself face to face with a
 vampire? Probably not...right? But
 let me rephrase the question: Have
 you ever entered a room and
 suddenly forgotten why you came in?

A pair of scarlet eyes flashes across the rayless room.

FADE TO BLACK.