

INT. ROOM 23 - LATER

Bernard lays in his bed. His room is dark, eerily quiet. A clock ticks on the wall across the room, approaching 3am. His bags lay open on the floor.

He rolls over, unable to sleep - staring up at the ceiling. The ceiling stares right back. The clock hits 3am. Bernard shuts his eyes.

Then, muffled, weeping cello notes descend from below. The abnormal notes continue, crying for Bernard.

His legs slowly move off the bed and touch the floor as they make their way across the room, towards the door.

His body is still, possessed. The door drifts open, and the captured Bernard leans out, mesmerized by the music coming down the hall.

INT. ZANN'S ROOM

A bizarre room depicts slight color through the darkness. A figure is in the center, back turned. He motions playing a cello when he suddenly turns and the music stops; his face is grizzly and torn, his eyes jet black.

Violent strum.

CUT TO BLACK.

The whimper of the cello returns.

MONTAGE - BERNARD'S DESCENT

Bernard is at his desk, struggling to write a lecture. He cannot finish complete sentences without the music from the night before dominating his thoughts. His fingers tap the desk to each note, but he tries to shake himself free from this trance.

He fights to write another sentence, but his pencil breaks in his grasp. He throws the pencil across the room in frustration, when it hits the cello. His head turns to face the instrument. He arises and approaches it.

Bernard picks up the cello in the room, eyes fixed.

He strums the first notes softly, a determined look across his face.

The bow glides across the instrument naturally, professionally.

Ecstasy as he plays. Neck twisting with each strange note.

His hair is hardly kempt, his clothes wrinkling as he expresses through the instrument.

Papers with makeshift music sheets are sprawled across the floor with violent handwriting. Some crumpled. He is writing another sheet against the wall, as the pencil breaks in his hand.

Days and nights cycle through his window, as he remains in the room.

He stares at his gruesome image in the mirror.

His shirt is torn, revealing his discolored, starved frame.

His eyes are now bloodshot - unmoved from the sight of the cello.

He laughs hysterically at the window in his room, the music much too loud now to hear him.

His fingers are blistered and bleeding on the neck, his hand is shaking with the bow - when suddenly he stops.

He stares up at the ceiling, shaking.