

1. opening black

1.1 WIDE:

VIDEO- BLACK AUDIO- tick tock Tick Tock-



1.2 PAN:

VIDEO -travel shot through the gears of a clock- AUDIO- TICK TOCK- and the rapping in the back.



1.3 CUTAWAY:

VIDEO-to the fiery lady dancing in the flames reflections on the glass of the clock AUDIO- tick tock, tick-tock



1.4

VIDEO-Camera continues moving through the clock- AUDIO is steadily increasing in volume and echo effect tick-tock- TICK TOCK-



1.5

The rat rips head off-roach another jumps and falls into gears just as the hammer is getting cocked back to strike the gong of midnight.



1.6

camera continues to pan travel up through clock past twitching spider/or eating a fly, camera ima -Audio is silent-twitching spider or angry making web- DEATH DECAY Camera pulls out of Key hole of clock reflections of flame lady dancing on the clock face



2.

2.1

the image- a dream a flaming angel dancing against the glass of the clock- camera continues to pull to show Chamber bedroom, dancing shadows of the fire- or dancing on the bottle of absynthe- the image of the flaming lady turns into the reflection of the fire place on the glass.

2.2

the room absolute quiet, popping hissing of the fire- the embers glowing red- pans over to a dark area a candle burning on a desk, stuff- viles, glass a reflection of the fire on the table.off of a bottle of absynthe- fire slowing going out- sahdowns every where

2.3

pan over all the books- necromancer, voodoo, alchemy- shakespeare-song of Solomon- what was the sleeping man reading and why? absythe bottle empty, reflecting the candle light woman dancinng the cigarette in his hand with smoke image- AUDIO quiet again



3.

3.1 CLOSE UP:

cut to the gear with the roach- it loosens up and the hammer releases

3.2 EXTREME CLOSE UP:

AUDIO- GONG! - on the beat- AUDIO SHOCK! EYE opens it is red-SHOCK

3.3 CUT-IN:

shows midnight- eye blinks again



4.

4.1

as camera starts to pull away from eye- show the wrinkles- Head is lying on books , image dancing for a brief second in through the absythe bottle

4.2

the camera angle is a side view looking through the distorted image of the absythe bottle seeing the smoke from the cigar dance as Lenore- or the dancing flame lady -untill he blinks again

4.3

Gongs are continuing but slowing down in time- we see from the top down- all the books he was reading, He was drinking and in sorrow- Heartbroken-



5.

5.1

5.2

5.3

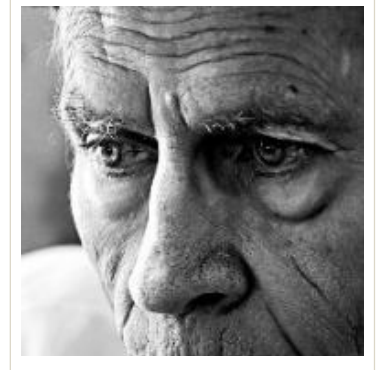
Camera sees this as he does, he blinks and then straightens up, looks closely at all his books of lore and black arts. We see a holiday decoration- Dickens Christmas Carol opened- then a death card with DEcember 1845-



he sees the photo of Lenore death card photo- and AS WE ZOOM IN SLOWLY the camera pans over to the clock pendulum the las gong has run and we can hear the tick tock- but then an irating off beat- tapping mot in sink



he stares at the picture still squinting and tired-he is listening to the beat- he shakes his head, touches his carotid artery- to fel the beat (cut to th clos up of the wrist- vein beating out of sinch with tapping- is it the tree limb, the snow melting.



6.

6.1

he pans the room and then sees the curtains- the window breeze moves them- shadows moving everywhere. He knows he is not right.



6.2

the shadows of the fire are casting shadows of images- dancing couple a woman arms trying to plead to him to come to try and touch him, another shadow rebukes the first shadows and they pull away, in the shadows he rubs his eyes



6.3

eagerly I sought the morrow- weather vane? granfather clock with the suns eyes closed- surreal moon eyes open? He wants the sun, a new day, light and life to rescue him.



6.4

PAN AROUND THE OUTSIDE- the tapping - of water around the gardens- a branch? the water dripping from the tears of staute on grave sight- unto a leaf.use the dripping of the tears to match the rapping?

6.5

he sees in the purple curtains even a figure of his Lenore- as the curtain dances with the shape of a womans torso.

6.6 CLOSE UP:

beating vein in temple, or in wrist, beat to the tapping of the door. Thrilled me filled me with fantastic terrors- never felt before



**NEED IMAGE
BEATING VEIN
IN WRIST OR
TEMPLE**

6.7

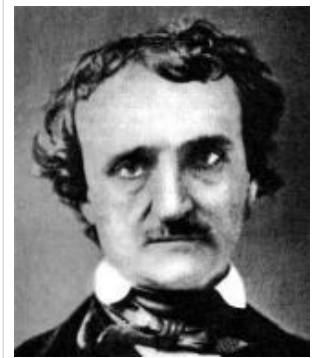
The tapping is louder insistant, he looks around his bedroom to find the beating the tapping.

6.8

looking at himself- talking to himself- trying to get a grip- get his mental shit together.

6.9

he tells himself- a mental whislte in the dark- it's only a visitor at my door- A wry smile- self embarrassment for his run away fear - and almost panic- he looks at the clock (gong) He talks to himself- It's only a human a visitor at my door- he repeats it over again to steady himself- he closes books- necromancer- some he hesitates to touch- he sees the empty absythe bottle again on its side empty- SIR or Madam...



7.

7.1

The tapping continues- and he straightens out- grabs the candle- and walking to the door



7.2

the tapping continues and as he is approaching the door, the shadows are moving his own as an old man while others reach for his shadow.



7.3

we see outside perspective looking in a small candle light getting bigger as it gets closer to the door, the tapping contiues



8.

8.1

we are approaching door (truck zoom) and they swing wide open



8.2

Deep into that darkness peering-, long I stood there wondering, fearing-



8.3

from complete black to the darkness of night- eyes getting adjusted from bright candle light- night vision-



9. Montage of DREAMING DREAMS NO MORTAL MAN HAVE EVER DARED TO DREAM BEFORE

9.1



9.2



9.3



9.4



9.5

please don't leave me here alone



9.6

dada I love you



10. back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning

10.1

the photo above the fireplace is lenore when it is whispered the shadow reaches out, and another clawed hand comes out to touch the

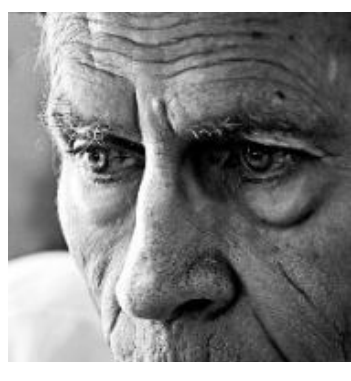
10.2

still when he returns- and sits- the tapping gets louder. "soon again I heard a tapping some what louder than before"

10.3

"Surely said I surely that is something at my windows lattice. - trees branches touching the window. the shadow is like a claw very subtle-

hand retreats clinches and retracts.



show the trees etc weather bleak, a birds nest on the ground dead birds eaten.



11.

11.1

open here I flung the shutter, when with many a flirt and flutter, in there stepped a raven of the saintly days of yore. Not the least obeseient made he not a minute stopped or satayed he-



11.2

but with mein of lord or lady perched above my chamber door. Perched upon a bust of pallas, just above my chamber door.



11.3

This ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling



12.

12.1

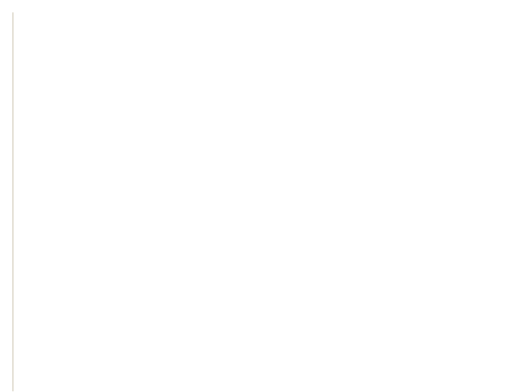


12.2



12.3

wheeled a cushion seat in front of bird of bust and door



13.

13.1

This I sat in guessing ,but no syllable expressing
to the fowl whnow burned into my bosoms
coreose fiery eyes



13.2

he wheels the large seat- to the door to connect-
understand-curious of the bird- he gets a pillow
and puts his head on it and has a vision of
Lenore- he hand rubbing the velvet pillow then
his head and he smiles- NEVERMORE opens
his eyes



14.

14.1

when the raven says never more the fire goes at
just as the raven lauches for his face his eyes
then to black, tick tock and then the gong he
wakes up startled again and looks around his
room then he rubs his eyes and shakes his head
in his foolish sigh- a grin and then the rapping
starts again- he shows a face of fear and looks at
the chamber door- fade to black.

