

SUICIDE SCRIPT
Shelly Silver
House Productions

NEW YORK*

It starts with a nervous feeling in my stomach that won't go away.
This feeling grows, till I can no longer eat or sleep. It's not a question of where the feeling comes from,
only how to make it go away.

I start to play a game. The game where I tell myself, if it gets bad enough, I can just end it.
Then the game becomes real.

This is a story of suicide
Or the idea of suicide
This is a story of desire
Or the loss of desire

RONALD McDonald

Better to leave, better to end up dead where your neighbors won't see. To be an anonymous pile of blood
and bone fragments, a shoe displaced half a block away. If you're gonna do it, best to do it out of town.

You were always such a drama queen. Get over it. You'll never leave. You'll never leave me.

AIRPORT COUPLE

If a place can be defined as relational, historical, and concerned with identity,
Then a place which cannot be defined by history, inter-relationships and identity will be a non-place
The traveller's space is the prime example of a non-place. A space which offers the individual contact
only with another image of herself

AIRPLANE

I wanted to kiss you, so I did. You were sweet & eager.
The bathroom was so small, when the plane...lurched; my hair got caught in your zipper. Ouch!
Sorry I bit you (sorry I bit you!) Suddenly you reminded me of him.

JAPAN

BUS SHOTS AROUND OSAKA AIRPORT

I'm a filmmaker who can't tell a story.
She couldn't tell a story to save her life.
What can be so difficult? Any moron can tell a story. You start with a hero.

But I don't want to be a hero. Heroes are boring. I want to steal. To steal what I need. I want to be a
pirate.

She can be a pirate. You can be a pirate. And I will be a pirate too

POKEMON

I know what you're thinking. When things get a little tough, she just runs away. Such a wimp, a real loser.

Don't listen to him. Listen to me.

GIRL BEING PHOTOGRAPHED AT ZOO W/SNOW WHITE

Dear mom & dad: The trip went well. Everything's fine. I've decided to start a new film here. A comedy. It should be great. Maybe even better than great. Can't wait to talk to you about it.
Love, Amanda.

(whispered) Failed. Suicidal.

AROUND TENNOJI, STREET AT TWILIGHT W/FUGU

Why am I here? I'm not here to make a film. and yet I'm filming. I'm here to disappear, in the space between your arms, in the moistness between your lips. In the warmth between your thighs.
I think of you as overwhelming me.

ZOOM IN ON SMILING GIRL PORN & MAN IN TRUCK

Dear Nance:

I know I left without saying goodbye. I'm sorry. Please forgive me.
Love, Amanda

WOMAN ON PLATFORM WIDE TRAIN PULLS OUT

Dear John, Dear John.

I didn't mean it to hurt, I mean, any more than it did.
Later, Amanda. Amanda. Amanda.

TRAIN INTERIOR

They say that filmmaking is born of insecurity and the impermanence of things,
But on the surface, it seems like such a simple act.
The filmmaker goes to a country, and then comes back and tells us about it. About the neighborhood celebrations, the people. About horror movies and absolute beauty, Politics, and the magical function of the eye. About things that are supposed to quicken the heart, and about things that do. And, about the difference between space and time. The distance, for example, between him and me.

So close, I can pass the time counting the black hairs that make up the line of his eyebrows, and yet I'll never be able to cross this small distance. To reach out with my hands and touch them. And touch him. And touch you.

TRAIN LEAVING, NIGHT

Anyway, it's time for a story.

Once upon a time, there was a princess.

The princess abandoned all. Thrown and glory. Husband and child. She abandoned all, taking nothing, and left.

She walked for so long that she stopped thinking of returning, and stopped thinking about stopping.

Finally she came to a cool mountain pond, where she heard a voice that said ‘do what seems good to you.’ She took off all her clothes, and plunged in.

Dad.

ZOOM IN ON MAN W/UMBRELLA

Please stop writing to me. I find your letters....disgusting
Please stop. You never had any self control.

FAMILY ON BENCH

OK. Another day.
Watching other people’s families. They stare back.

Then this girl turns to me, and in perfect English says:
I love you. But I can’t stand to look at you. You’re stupid and ugly and different, and large.
You disgust me. Go away. You won’t leave? Then I will. I will forget you ever existed.

MONORAIL INTO STATION

And then it happens, like a bolt out of nowhere
This inexplicable feeling. This feeling that can’t be explained, that I can’t explain,
Is pulling me head first, feet first
OK. So. I will not - kill myself out of lack of desire.
(she will kill herself, she will kill herself, she will kill herself, whispered)
I will kill myself when my self loathing, my lack of desire towards myself,
becomes unbearable. (she will kill herself)
SHUT UP! (she will not kill herself)

I will kill myself because I will not be able to support being surrounded by other people’s desires.

PHOTOS OF HEROINE & OTHERS MECHANICAL DRUMMER IN FRONT OF SHOP

Meanwhile he whispered:
I like you, I like you a lot, I like you, I like you a lot I like you, I like you a lot. I like you
I like you a lot. I like you a lot

MAN ON CELL PHONE

And you. With the beautiful ears. You have everything to offer me. I can offer you...nothing.

MAX BILLBOARD

And you. Kissing you and kissing you and kissing you. First your jaw, then your eyebrow, then your
.... But you just laid there, me doing all the work. You, frozen, arm up, back curved, the stingiest
sigh escaping from your wondrous lips.
That made me want...nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Plenty of Nothing.

PET STORE MONKEY

Dear John. Dear, dear, dear John.

I know you don't want to hear from me. And I know I promised not to send any letters. But this is only a postcard. Just a small piece of cardboard, some ink and a stamp.
There are so many things I never got a chance to tell you. Like did I ever tell you how...small you are? So small you could fit, exactly, into the palm of my hand.

OCTOPUS SIGN

Dear Nance:
I miss you. I never knew that I could miss you so much.

HAMSTER ON CHAIN

Dad. I'm not your little girl. I'm not your little...anything.

VARIOUS PEOPLE CROSSING STREET

Dear Nance,
Not every day, but most days, I go fishing. My camera makes a line, between my eye, the lens...you.
You.

UMBRELLA GUY

You exist, only because I'm looking at you.

This fishing is really amazing. I reel them in, and then, I can read people's minds.
For example, I know what she's thinking. And you, I know what you're thinking too.

It is within my best interests, to be very tender.
And she's thinking: "I want more power"

I want more power too!
The bait, the hook, the sinker.
Soft. Large.
I'm Hungry!
That dream again, about my cat dying, and me eating her. Or was it the other way around?
My life is just happening to me. Children and all.
This is no democracy. The leader leads. And the rest follow like dogs.
Every ending, should be a beginning.
My life is going straight to hell!

Sex. Sex would be good tonight!

Is what I'm doing wrong? Aren't all filmmakers fisherman, bounty hunters. Or at the least, petty thieves?

I don't think what I'm doing is wrong. I don't so much want to Take what's not Mine
What I'm trying to do...is connect. To connect my solitude...with theirs.

Solitude for me is hard. And the flesh, at least my flesh...is weak.

PLATFORM OF TRAIN

Hey, you see that guy? Yeah. Him. The one with the longish hair. We met, later that night.

He tied me up, the ropes cutting deep into my wrists and ankles. After, we noticed his bite marks on the soft white flesh of my inner thighs. First black, then turning purple, blue, then green.
I told him that I loved his anger. Then, he kicked me out.

WOMAN ON SAME PLATFORM

She, I met on the afternoon of the very next day. Saturday. We didn't talk at all.
She didn't know any English. Only: stop, go More. Thank you. Please.

TRAIN STATION W/PEOPLE STILLS

We know what you're going through
You came to the right place
We've had a record number of suicides here this year
We worry about you
You came to the right place
I love you
This THIS is the place to do it
Come do it w/us. Come.
Do it with us.
Come. Do it...

With us.

MOSAIC GIRL INTO INSECT

In Japan, suicide isn't illegal; you just have to pay for it. For example, let's say I was to jump in front of a train on the JR Line. My family would have to pay for the delay, averaging approximately 1/2 hour
And the cleanup. The JR line is a popular line to choose, as it's fees are lower.

PEOPLE PASSING TIFFANY BILLBOARD STILLS

(all together) now (cough) that I'm a wreck- wreck - now (cough) that I'm a wreck - wreck (cough)

PEOPLE PASSING TIFFANY BILLBOARD MOVING

they just leave me.
People walk with
Their backs to the train
It's nobody's fault
How long must one look at something
It's nobody's fault
You came to the right place
And jump on the tracks at the last minute
This, this is the place to do it
You have everything to live for
It seems that their coming in bunches
You have everything to live for
Work is all I've ever known
The economic crisis has created quite a lot of anxiety
People just think about themselves
It's not your fault
This is the place to do it
In such a setting suicide is an epidemic

It's nobody's fault, It's nobody's fault, It's nobody's fault,
 It's nobody's fault, It's nobody's fault, It's not your fault
 People only think about themselves
 Work is all I've ever known
 It's not your fault. It's not your fault. It's not your fault.
 You have everything to live for
 This is the place to do it

How long must one look at something
 Come on.

KABUKI PHOTO STILLS

Come on!
 You fucking smelly stupid self absorbed American woman. Asshole. Jerk.
 You know nothing about me. You know nothing about us. You call yourself a fucking filmmaker.
 You should know something about
 PROJECTION

POLITICIAN STILLS TWILIGHT IN SARAH'S TOWN

Dear Nance,
 I remember, it was that time between day and night. When all the edges go fuzzy. We'd be running
 around like crazy people, finishing up some game. We knew it was time to go inside, but we didn't want to
 go home.

Not yet! We can't stop yet! We're winning. We were always winning (how'd we do that?)

I always wanted your curly hair. Your glasses. Your perfect family. So I thought.
 The later it got the faster we ran, faster and faster. We could hardly breathe, or see straight
 We were one object. A moving thing.

BILLBOARD LIGHT BOXES OF EYE, EAR, ARM AMANDA'S ARM AND LEG IN SHOWER

Opening the door to my house, my mother would be waiting, she never worked, she was always home.
 Watching me like a hawk. Why watch a nine-year-old? What was there to see?

VIRGINIA SLIMS BILLBOARD

Dear Nance.
 My head itches. I think I have lice. Head lice.
 I want to live. I don't know how.

TAKARAZUKA WOMAN & MARLBORO MAN BILLBOARD

You look terrible. Your hairs dirty. You smell. You have shit on your...pants. Are you alright?

No I'm not alright. I'm lost. And I'm trapped. And I can't find my way out.
 Can you help me?

Can we help you? YES!

You have to go home

I have no home.

Everyone has a home. It's where you belong. Nobody wants you here
 You don't belong here. You never have. You never will. You can't just leave where you're from.
 Accept it. What did you think? That you could escape? You can never escape.
 Face it.
 Go home. It's nice there. Very nice. You're needed there (you're needed)
 You're wanted there (you're wanted) They're waiting for you (they're waiting)
 Waiting

GREEN TELEPHONE

Dear Mom. Dear Dad.

No, I don't need anything, especially not money. I don't know who you could possibly be talking to, but I'm really doing fine.

BUSINESSMEN GOODBYES CONT'D

Dad, Dad

I don't need your money. Throw it out the window. Shove it up your ass. Your tight ass. Tight Ass.

MOON

AMANDA WAVING FROM SCREEN & BILLBOARD ETC

Where is the character at home? It bears less on a geographical territory than a linguistic territory
 The country of a character ends where others no longer understand the reasons she gives for her deeds and actions. Her deeds, accusations, actions

JAPANESE GUY NITE BY NEON BRIDGE

Leave. Leave leave. Sunderu go home go home go home.

2 KIDS SIGN

She's strange.

She's worse than strange. She's a ghost.

She doesn't speak. It'd be nice if she said thank you at least, right?

But of course when ghosts talk, all they do is complain.

OKONOMIYAKI GUYS COOKING

Dear Mom:

I was sorry to hear that dad's sick. No. I can't come home right now.

I know it's his birthday. I know you'll pay. I'm sorry, but I just can't. I don't know what else to say.

It's just impossible. I'm sorry, but it's just impossible. I'm really sorry.

Love. Amanda.

Dear John:

I didn't mean to erase your hard drive. I didn't mean to steal your money...to slash your couch.

I'm really sorry. I can explain, really. Call me. I still want you. I love you. Only kidding.

It was Emerson who said that there are three wants that can never be satisfied.
That of the rich wanting more. That of the sick wanting something different
And that of the traveller who says, anywhere but here.

AIRPLANE

Originally the word travel meant suffering, torment, affliction, pain. And it's true. Travelling is a disease.
A wondrous self-afflicted disease. It's my disease. All mine. But you can catch it too.

AMANDA IN HOTEL ROOM LEGS, FEET

The convulsive letting go of the body. Lips forced open, breathe stealing through
In this way, sex is just like catastrophe

GIRL IN PHONE BOOTH

Dear John, Dear John,

Do you remember the dirt underneath my fingernails? (cough) The dead skin between my toes?
My loud incessant snoring? How I scratched my mosquito bites till they bled? (cough)
My urine that smelt like coffee? Not to mention the other odors (cough) that disengaged from my body?

Do you remember? Do you? Do you? (cough) Do you remember?
Or was it you? With your sagging limp body and your coarse greasy skin? How hair sprouted from your
nose and elbows? Your smelly feet. Your eyebrows laced with dandruff.
How hair sprouted from your nose, your ears, your ass, your palms your shoulders
How long must one look at something?

ON BUS, ZI ON KISSING COUPLE BILLBOARD

One day girl, you're going to go too far.

AMANDA IN REST STOP LOOKING IN CAMERA

You know you don't do it perfectly
I know you don't do it perfectly, but you want to do it nonetheless
I know you don't do it perfectly, but I want to do it nonetheless
But I want you to do it nonetheless

AMANDA IN BATHROOM, ETC.

I may have something you want. Looking for a young hung stud. Must be discreet and disease free, and
very submissive

white bi-female, fast and quick, or slow and easy, your call, after that just zip up and leave. No goodbyes.

Endless unlimited pleasure. Good dog. Good dog.

Looking for a threesome, or foursome. Not interested in meeting your parents.

Ready for you.

Single white female, 20-20 vision. I like to watch

CU OF MAN BY POOL HAWAII

TAKEOFF Vienna Airport

I'm scared. Have you ever tasted death? Yes. And it tastes like chicken...

IN AIRPORT, FRONT DOOR, ETC

You don't have to kill yourself. Just keep cutting, deeper and deeper, here. Don't hold it like that. Hold it like this. Would you like me to show you? It'll hurt. Then it'll stop. There. Easy.
Ow. OW!

PINK FOUNTAIN

Dear Dad. Here's a metaphor.
The penis you forced down my throat. The one connected to your body, is still there.
I finally got around to discussing it with mom, who in a fit of anger said
That I had to be mistaken, that it wasn't there. That it had never been there.
That I had asked for it, begged for it. That it had been removed long ago, at great expense
And finally, that there was no removing it now. That it was best for everyone to keep it there

PORN ON HOTEL TV

You wouldn't exist without me. Never forget this. You don't exist without me. What I found so irresistible about you, was your desire to disappear.

SUNSET FRANKFURT AIRPORT TRACKS WINDOW ON DUSTY ITALIAN TRAIN

I have failed miserably. The game is played, and I've lost.
You have. Absolutely. Definitively. Miserably.
The game is lost, with this one exception. That you can take the dice in your hand and throw them again.

FRIBOURG POOL

At this, a hot wind blew. And as if by magic, a small set of dice appeared, at my feet. I threw the dice
And instantly found myself, next to a Pond. Masturbating. I don't want to be here! I bent down, and
threw the dice again and instantly found myself next to the Pond.

Masturbating. I don't want to be here! My frenzied hands threw the dice again. "NO. You will rub me to nothing."

And then I stopped and said this is what comes of people who leave everything.
This is the risk. And this is the chance.

I cleared her throat and pronounced firmly 'I must go forward, and to go forward I must go backwards.
I must go back and wreak my awful revenge. It is only then that I can, start anew.

I found myself home

SANTA AT SEAPORT

We don't want you to talk to him. Or be with him. Or dream about him

SECOND BLONDE GIRL

Isn't it strange, how the established order with its relations of domination over such a large percentage of the population can perpetuate itself SO Easily. Making the most intolerable situations seem acceptable And even Natural

We don't want you to talk to him. We want you to shoot him. That's right! Shoot him. Bang!
We want you to blow him up. Get him out of your life. We want him to die.

RIVER SHOTS THROUGH RAILING

Dear dad,
I send this small package to you. It is for you. Just for you. Only for you.
Stupid of me to include this letter, which you will never get to read. As it and you will be blown Blown, blown. To a hundred million glittering bits. I loved you.
Boom. BOOM!

AIRPLANE TO JAPAN

I'm here..

OUTSIDE KANSAI AIRPORT, KOREAN AIR WALK

I'm home.

Who am I now? A victim? A murderer? Can murder be a cure? Am I cured now?

AMANDA ON BUS

What would Dad think? Dad? Dad! DAD!
This isn't the movie you set out to make, now is it?

At least it's got a story. A shred of a story. And a character, such that she is.
A tiny improvement, for a change.

You never listen to what I say.
You never say anything.
Well I was saying something and you weren't listening.
Oh shut up.
You shut up.

SIGN OF MAP GREY W/ARROW

It was you or me. I chose me. For me to survive, you had to die

Dear Nance:
We haven't spoken for 25 years. Last I heard you had run away from home. You must have been a teenager then. I hope you were running towards something.
Love, Amanda.

KEWPIE

Dear Mom:

AMANDA ON STREET, NITE

Dear Mom

I heard Dad died. Must be hard on you. We all have to go sometime.

Love, Amanda.

Dead.

KAMPAI W/HERSELF

In the suburbs of Nara, in a cheap chain restaurant, the story flounders.

The character trips, falls over, head over heels, scraped knee, bruised cheek.

Gravel glistening in her palms. The things that quicken the heart.

Revenge. Revenge is overrated.

EMPTY BEER GLASS

HITTING SODA MACHINE SMILEY FACE

Let go.

FADE UP ON WHEAT WAVING

Every day offers us the possibility to be reborn. Only, the possibility.

I've done everything I can. Everything I can think of to find a small untouched girl.

That innocent happy girl, that was me.

I have failed. I haven't found her. She isn't lost or dead. She was never there. She never existed.

I wanted to help her, to save her, but I accept now that it was impossible. You were always already there.

You were always there before me. I am left, unlike when I started with me.

No, not you, but ME.

BUS W/GIRLS

CREDITS