

Eggshell ☪

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KEY

- ⊕ - Universal Seed
- ☉ - Sun
- ∧ - Distilled
- ♂ - Iron/Masculine
- ⚓ - Amalgamation
- ♃ - Wine
- ♄ - Decay
- ♁ - Opposition
- ♁ - Most Pure
- ♀ - Spirit
- ∅ - Ether
- ▽ - Earth
- △ - Air
- ▽ - Water
- △ - Fire
- ⌘ - Hour
- ☉ - Day + Night

⊕ INT. BASEMENT - TIME UNKNOWN

A pile of compost on a cold concrete floor. Stains of blood, food, and feces carpet it. ∇

A rat appears, circling from the back side of the compost pile.

We follow it, entering the world of the mouse, as it SNIFFS for something good.

Alas! Some molded cheese. The mouse begins to nibble away at the good par-

BLAM!

A handheld rock discontinues the mouse, spilling its guts across the floor.

EGGSHELL, an 11-year-old shirtless boy, is revealed. His body is composed of skin and bones and not much else. Every rib is visible.

He cannot speak but occasionally utters sounds which he uses to express himself when he feels powerful emotions.

EGGSHELL

UWEEGHH!

His pupils dilate as a tsunami of serotonin crashes within his body.

He ecstatically lifts up the flattened mouse by its tail, holding it up to his face to get a closer look as it suspends with blood oozing to the tip of its snout and dripping down.

Eggshell appreciates the wonder of the creature then decollates it.

#CRUNCH# #CRUNCH# #GNASH#

Eggshell then pinches^ the splattered organs off the floor and slurps them like spaghetti, enjoying every precious second of it.

Text on screen: *The alchemical symbol for "eggshell" - worn out, decayed, and damaged.*

INT. BASEMENT - AFTERNOON

(O.S.) FOOTSTEPS LIMPING slowly CREAK the floorboards from upstairs.

The basement door slowly CREAKS open, filtering in light from above.

STEP... CLANK... STEP... CLANK...

A man walks his way down to the single dangling bulb of the basement. CLICK.

MASTER, 64, a Santa-like figure if Santa were filthy and dismal.

He sees Eggshell curled up in his 6' by 6' ♂ cage which confines him to the back corner of the basement.

Master's feet are shown. One foot appears normal but dirty, the other a peg.

Food gets PLOPPED on the ground in front of master just outside the cage, but still close enough to be within the reach of Eggshell.

The food is as edible as usual. Typical gourd peels, discarded meat, ground coffee, and of course, eggshells. ∇

MASTER

This will be all you get this week.

Eggshell doesn't understand language but can tell that master is not bearing good tongue.

MASTER (CONT'D)

The tides are changing little one.
You'll have to survive on this for
a while.

Master kneels down. He extends his hand into the cage holding an unwrapped bar of dark chocolate.

Eggshell knuckles his way to master like a curious chimp and grabs the chocolate.

MASTER (CONT'D)

This is a gift from mother. There
won't be any more from her again.

Eggshell is **amazed** at how sharp the corners of the chocolate are. He's never seen something edible be crafted with such precision.

He SNIFFS the bar, then nibbles at it in an attempt to preserve its delicate shape as he explores it.

EGGSHELL
 (deeply satisfied)
 HUEEEUUHHH...

The bitterness, the sweetness, the texture...
 It all ~~aaa~~ into a kaleidoscope of sensations. The bitterness reflecting his dark life, the sweetness of a fleeting escape, and the texture mirroring the galaxy as it melts away into the black hole of his esophagus, beyond the point of no return.

Master sees into the stars of Eggshell's eyes as they water up. ↘ puddles of an ocean inside him gush their way out and down his cheeks.

Master gently holds the side of Eggshell's face as though he were admiring a lover.

MASTER
 It's okay Shell. This is life.

Master stands back up, CLICKS the light off, and slowly LIMPS away as Eggshell continues to CRY.

All that's left is the light of ☉ filtering through the bushes beyond the basement window. A deep orange of the setting ☉ highlights the mildew curtaining the basement walls.

A profound sense of totality sinks into Eggshell as he WEEPS like a baby, CRYING so intensely that his chocolatey drool has nowhere else to go but out of his mouth.

The door upstairs LATCHES shut.

We listen to the tears.

Listen.

FADE TO BLACK.

☺

INT. BASEMENT - DAWN

Not a single thing has moved since yesterday. Eggshell dare not disrupt the aftertaste of his most profound sustenance yet.

The rooms upstairs are quiet, not a step to be heard. This is generally of no concern, but such a meaningful gift made Eggshell infer that Master left for what would be longer than usual.

Eggshell lays in his corner, listening to the mourning doves outside SING songs of love, or maybe of pain. It is oddly peaceful, like a windless \triangle before a storm.

Eggshell spends the whole day in stillness, as if he were a "Zen master" embracing the present for exactly what it is.

Laying down, staring at his compost pile, Eggshell reflects on life while \odot light reflects off \vee (Aqua Vitae) bottles from the other side of the basement.

Usually, Eggshell spends most of the day fasting. Today, he let his mind fast too.

((*Today was the calm*))

(((((Tomorrow the storm))))))

☺

INT. BASEMENT - NEXT DAY

The magnitude of the chocolates effect has subsided. The house is still ().

Everything is like it was yesterday, except today his stomach is a scrap tighter and the birds are a bit quieter.

Eggshell stands up. How strange. As he looks at his defecation corner, he notices slender stools with blue bruised caps growing from his feces.



He hasn't encountered such an oddly shaped being before. Of all the things he witnesses grow in his cage, this is quite a large entity.

Out of curiosity, he plucks one and sends it down his gorge.☹ The taste is rather bare, like that of a cardboard box. Nevertheless, he decides to eat the rest.

There isn't much to do in cellar one, and Shell can't leave his cage anyway, but he knows how to pass the time.

He tends his maggot farm, making sure to flip each of his carefully composed \overline{aa} 's of decaying compost patties.

Every 48 ⌘ mold grows from topside down, and so he flips his creations every other day to ensure an open surface for spores to land. In the meantime, maggots from below recycle the layer of fungi that has been growing until then. ∇⊙

Quite the farm for a boy his age. Eggshell grows mold for maggots and eats them as they spawn, always making sure to leave at least 20 of them around at a time.

After flipping his hand-crafted compost patties and gushing a few maggots into his system, Eggshell tends to his ant colony next.

While he has never seen the [mother] queen, he infers of her existence living in the cracks beyond the cage.

Every so often he smushes the lines of ants traveling to his pile and clumps them into little protein bites.

Ants love fruit scraps, so Shell keeps that mostly concentrated on one side of the pile, the side farthest from where he sleeps. This way he can collect ants as he pleases, without having to deal with the sensation of them crawling on him while he sleeps. At least for the most part.

Given how time consuming it is to scrape up enough ants to make them an enjoyable bite size, Shell commits to the work of alchemical elevation.

INT. BASEMENT - ⌘ LATER

∇△∇△∅ Shell feels lightheaded. His breath feels more holistic, gravity feels a little stronger, and the basement seems more open than usual.

With every ant he smushes his fingertips get more sensitive; he can feel the life force of every little being release into the ∅ as he compresses their bodies to a disc. ∇

This makes him slow down. He puts his face to the floor and takes a good look at the ant he just killed. Its flattened and lifeless body appears to be melting. The legs begin to warp slightly the longer he stares at it. ∇

His attention brakes from the dead ant as another one approaches it, swinging its facial claws over its lost brother, but quickly returning to its mission of collecting food for the colony. △

Shell notices this. He watches as the ant continues on, as if nothing significant has happened. △

∅ (As if death was not something to be mourned) ∅

Flowingly, as his focus turns to the line of ants approaching and leaving the compost pile, he experiences a profound pulse of oneness. ▽

The colony flows as if it were a river of organic matter, moving as a whole. Like drops in an ocean, intertwined with the waves of the macro, each ant is just one little unit of a greater body. ▽

This calms Shell. His hunger subsides as his focus remains on the ants. ▽

The artery of ants is breathing, mimicking his respiration. The longer he observes, the more difficult it becomes to tell apart the colony from Eggshell. ▽△

Is there even a difference? 00000

Suddenly, a rabbit appears right beside the window. Eggshell notices it since it casts a shadow as it hops into place.

While the occurrence is rare, this is a creature he has seen before. It looks him in the eye, echoing a ripple of consciousness, which is echoed back. °

He looks into the soul of the rabbit, feeling the freedom, hunger, and curiosity it bears.

What a beautiful window the eyes are...

Hop! The bunny is as quick to go as it was to show.

Eggshell's attention follows a trajectory of enclosure.

)As his attention though the window gently subsides, his))
 (visual field follows the dancing drapes of mildew down to ((
)the ground.))
 ())
)His consciousness returns to the pile.))

The maggots are exceptionally active today. He approaches them to get a closer look. Their spongy presence is enchanting.

The pile a temple, and the maggots as students, Eggshell watches over them like a God. One with the power to rearrange them as he pleases.

(But that is not what a God would do, so he only watched)

Their honeyed bodies expand and shrink to the rhythm of the pile.

The whole mountain is a gently melting fountain of degrading matter, and the maggots are travelers on a sacred journey, guided by the natural rhythm of Ψ .

Shell feels a deep connection to the pile, witnessing the cosmic dance of life and death in its \mathcal{V} form.

As he continues witnessing the pile, tranquility quilts over him like the endless fabric of time. The boundary between Eggshell and the compost is entirely dissolved. There is no separation upon which he can ground or identify himself with.

In this transcendental moment of connection, there is a realization of the basement's true nature. Like a drop, an ant, a pile, or a mushroom, the basement is a piece of an infinitely larger whole.

The cage [becomes] a vessel, navigating the currents of time, and the pile a beating heart, a working engine, moving the body from creation to destruction.

Shell's visions \diamond crystalize \diamond so vividly that closing his eyes makes no difference. Fractals spiral him deeper and deeper into a kaleidoscope of mere presence.

Eggshell curls up, trying to grasp onto something tangible as his \wp drifts seamlessly through a vacuum of substantial matter.

The subtlety of his hands wrapping around his legs revive his first ever memory. Shell is transported back into his mother's womb. He can feel the tightness of his prenatal chamber and the trauma of his own birth.

He feels the warmth of his mother's beating heart, pulsing through him like ∇ of ancestral gore.

Because Shell's entire life experience has been limited to his fermenting flume, he has been gifted a rare insight of secrets from the universe.

The universe speaks in tongue which Shell can understand. One of visions and sensations.

His destimulating life experience has allowed Shell to feel nothing other than the gentle and rare occurring pulses of his environment. The cold, hollow, and hopeful pulses keeping the basement alive.

He knows of no world beyond the basement walls yet knows there is a mother from whom the basement is born.

END.