

I AM PLAIN

SCRIPT TOMEK KONTNY
DRAWINGS PAWEL PIECHNIK

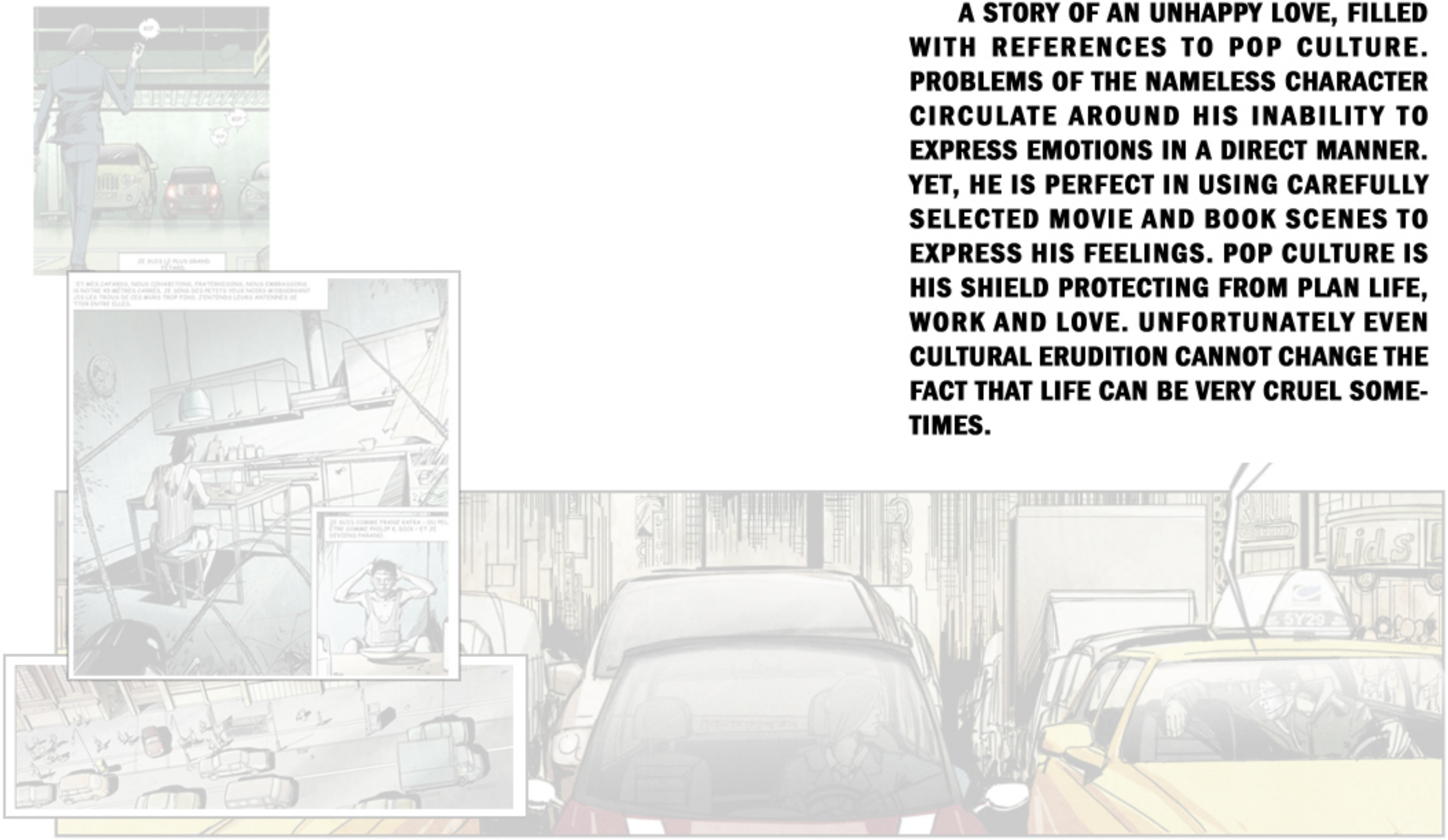


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I AM PLAIN

A STORY OF AN UNHAPPY LOVE, FILLED WITH REFERENCES TO POP CULTURE. PROBLEMS OF THE NAMELESS CHARACTER CIRCULATE AROUND HIS INABILITY TO EXPRESS EMOTIONS IN A DIRECT MANNER. YET, HE IS PERFECT IN USING CAREFULLY SELECTED MOVIE AND BOOK SCENES TO EXPRESS HIS FEELINGS. POP CULTURE IS HIS SHIELD PROTECTING FROM PLAN LIFE, WORK AND LOVE. UNFORTUNATELY EVEN CULTURAL ERUDITION CANNOT CHANGE THE FACT THAT LIFE CAN BE VERY CRUEL SOME-TIMES.



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<BEDROOM, THE CHARACTER IS LYING ON THE BED>

I AM PLAIN.

2

<BREAKFAST, THE CHARACTER AND CORNFLAKES WITH MILK>

I EAT CORNFLAKES WITH MILK.

<ON A SPOON FULL OF MILK YOU CAN SEE DRIED-UP DROPPINGS>

IN CORNFLAKE WASTE I NOTICE DRIED-UP RAISINS THAT WEREN'T THERE YESTERDAY. WHEN DID ROACHES MOVED IN?

<THE CHARACTER CONTINUES EATING>

I EAT RAISIN WASTE. THIS IS FAIR. ONE MAN'S WASTE IS ANOTHER'S FOOD.

<FLOOR OR A HOLE IN THE WALL PERSPECTIVE, IN THE FOREGROUND YOU CAN SEE CONTRASTIVE FRAGMENTS OF ROACH'S ANTENNAE OR LEGS>

ME AND MY ROACHES – BROTHERS IN ARMS ON OUR 45 SQUARE METERS. I FEEL LITTLE, BLACK EYES GAPING AT ME FROM THE THIN WALL HOLES. I HEAR EXCORIATING ANTENNAE.

<INSTEAD OF CHARACTER'S FACE YOU SEE FACES OF F. KAFKA AND P. K. DICK>

I AM FRANZ KAFKA, OR PHILIP K. DICK – I'M GETTING PARANOID.

3

<KITCHEN SINK, THE CHARACTER PUTS DISHES INSIDE>

I FINISH MY CORNFLAKES AND DON'T WASH THE DISHES. I WONDER IF I COME BACK HERE, WILL THE ROACHES IMPRISON ME IN A HIGH CASTLE.

<BEDROOM, THE CHARACTER BY THE WARDROBE, HE CHOOSES A JACKET>

I PUT ON MY BEST JACKET.

<HE CLOSES THE FRONT DOOR, A BRIEF-CASE IN HIS HAND>

I AM THE BEST WORKER IN THE OFFICE.

<HE HEADS FOR THE CAR PARK>

I AM A PARTY ANIMAL.

<HE OPENS THE CAR>

ONLY MY MOOD IS NOT THE BEST.

<DRIVES HIS CAR AWAY>

4

<FEW FRAMES OF A CAR, ON ONE YOU CAN SEE PUNCHING E. NORTON; R. DE NIRO IN A CAB, AND LATER ON EVERY SINGLE CAB IS DRIVEN BY DE NIRO; DAREDEVIL WITH B. AFFLECK'S FACE IS LOOKING AT THE CHARACTER'S CAR FROM THE ROOFTOPS>

IN THE CAR PARK I SEE EDWARD NORTON IN „FIGHT CLUB” PUNCHING SOMEBODY.

I PASS BY A FEW ROBERT DE NIROS IN CABS.

WAS IT BEN AFFLECK SCOUTING THE CITY?

<A FEW PEOPLE WITH HEADS PASTED FROM NEWSPAPERS, THE CHARACTER SEES THEM FROM BEHIND A WINDOW>

WHY DID I PUT AWAY MY MEDICINE?

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<THE CHARACTER GETS OUT OF THE CAR NEXT TO A HUGE SKYSCRAPER, HE IS WEARING GIANT ANT'S COSTUME, THERE'S EVEN A HOLE, SO YOU CAN SEE PART OF HIS FACE; CO-WORKERS IN HIS OFFICE ALL LOOK EXACTLY THE SAME; EVEN AS AN ANT, THE CHARACTER HOLDS HIS BRIEF-CASE>

I AM LABORIOUS.

<IN THE FOLLOWING FRAMES THE CHARACTER PASSES BY A RECEPTION DESK AND AN OFFICE – EVERYONE IS WEARING ANT'S COSTUMES WITH HOLES FOR FACES; WHEN GREETED BY THE CHARACTER THE LEAN OUT FROM THEIR CUBICLES ETC.>

I GREET YOU LABORIOUS ANTS.

HI, HI, WHAT'S UP.

WHAT ARE YOU WORKING AT.

I AM WORKING AT.

<AN ANT SITS IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM; AROUND IT THERE ARE WORKERS' DESKS; THE ANT STAND IS IN FRONT OF A HUGE DRUM – GALLEY-LIKE, IN ITS SIX "HANDS" THE ANT HOLDS SIX DRUMSTICKS>

I WAVE MY LIMB HALLO TO THE DRUMMER.

6

<THE CHARACTER BY THE PHONE (ON HIS DESK); HE WEARS SCREAM-LIKE MASK>

I AM THE KILLER FROM „SCREAM“. I CALL YOU TO DELIVER OUR REALIZATION TERMS. OUR SELF-FULFILLMENT.

<PHONE CORD IN FRAME, THEN ZOOM IN THE JAW AND LIPS OF THE CHARACTER>

YOU BUY AN AD FROM ME, AND THE COMMISSION WILL ALLOW ME TO PAY THE RENT. THIS IS A FAIR TRADE. A GOOD OFFER. ONLY THE TREES DIE. WHEN YOU SWALLOW THE HOOK I PULL THE STRING GENTLY.

<FRAME LOOKS LIKE PREDATOR'S DISPLAY WITH DIGITS>

INTERNAL CALCULATOR AT THE BACK OF MY HEAD DISPLAYS MY COMMISSION ON THE RIGHT SIDE, NEXT TO REMAINING LIVES.

<THE CHARACTER WITH A SHOTGUN STANDS BY A MAN'S BODY WHOSE HEAD IS SMASHED; THE CHARACTER TAKES OUT PAPER AND WRITES WITH A PEN; AROUND HIM YOU CAN SEE SAVANNAH AND SOME DESKS HERE AND THERE; ANTS BY THE DESKS>

I AM ERNEST HEMINGWAY. I SHOT A FAT CLIENT AND I WILL DESCRIBE IT IN THE MONTHLY REPORT.

<THE CHARACTER KNEELS BY THE BODY; YOU CAN SEE CHARACTER'S BACK AND THAT HE IS DOING SOMETHING WITH THE BODY>

THEN I WILL CUT A PART OF HIS SHIN AND CHEW RAW MEAT DRINKING WHISKY.

<ON THE MONTHLY REPORT YOU CAN SEE BLOTS – BLOOD STAINS>

THESE ARE NOT COFFEE STAINS.

7

<3-4 SAVANNAH FRAMES – IT'S GETTING DARK, SUN SETS, LESS AND LESS ANTS BY THE DESKS; BODY PILE BY THE FIRST DESK IS GETTING HIGHER; VULTURES CIRCLE OVER IT AS WELL AS FLIES; THE LAST FRAME: IT'S ALMOST COMPLETELY DARK, PILED UP DEAD MEN'S EYES GLOW; YOU CAN PUT SOME TINY FRAMES WITH PHONE CORD, OR CHARACTER'S FACE BETWEEN SAVANNAH FRAMES>

8

<THE CHARACTER IN THE EMPTY OFFICE; OVER HIS CUBICLE YOU CAN SEE TROPHIES – CLIENTS' HEADS WITH SHINY, GLASS EYES>

I AM THE END OF THE SHIFT. I HUNG SHOT CLIENT'S HEADS ABOVE THE FIREPLACE.

<THE CHARACTER KNEELS AND LOOKS UNDER THE DESK; AT THE LEGS' HEIGHT HE MARKS ANOTHER DAY – JUST LIKE CONVICTS – HE SCRATCHES ANOTHER LINE; IF THERE ARE FOUR LINES THEY GET CROSSED OUT; ALL SURFACES UNDER THE DESK ARE FILLED WITH CROSSED LINES>

DISCRETELY I MARK ANOTHER DAY OF MY VOLUNTARY IMPRISONMENT.

<HE HOLDS HIS BRIEFCASE AND ANT'S COSTUME UNDER THE ARMPIT, AND LEAVES WORK; REPEATED SCENE OF OPENING THE CAR>

I GET INTO THE CAR AND I AM PERFECTLY UNLIKE MICHAEL SCHUMACHER.

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<TRAFFIC LIGHTS, CROSSROADS, TRAFFIC JAM AND TOTAL STANDSTILL, SOMETHING IS BROKEN, PERHAPS AN ACCIDENT TOOK PLACE? EVERYTHING ON ONE BIG FRAME; ZOOM IN TO FURIOUS CHARACTER SITTING IN HIS CAR – HE IS WEARING M. DOUGLAS'S FACE; THE SAME FRAME, BUT HIS CAR IS ALREADY EMPTY>

MICHAEL DOUGLAS IN „FALLING DOWN” IS ME.

<A FRAME SIMILAR TO PREVIOUS TWO, BUT WITH A DIFFERENT CAR AND DIFFERENT DRIVER – HE IS BEING TORN OUT FROM HIS CAR>

I CHOOSE A RANDOM VICTIM AND RELEASE MYSELF.

<SURPRISED MAN IS PUNCHED IN THE FACE BY THE CHARACTER>

WITH THE WHOLE BENEFIT OF MY INVENTORY.

10

<THE MAN PUNCHES THE CHARACTER IN THE FACE; NEXT FRAME – THE CHARACTER WIPES HIS BLEEDING NOSE>

MY NOSE IS BLEEDING. I AM SO FUCKIN' POETIC.

<THE CHARACTER DASHES AT THE MAN; THEY BEGIN FIGHTING ON THE GROUND, AMONG CARS>

WE ROLL OVER LIKE ANIMALS.

<THE SAME FRAME, BUT WITH EVERY SENTENCE THE FRAME ZOOMS OUT – AS IF THE CHARACTER IS LOOKING AT HIMSELF FROM UP ABOVE; YOU CAN SEE THE WHOLE CROSSROADS; IN EACH FRAME MORE AND MORE SPECTATORS CAN BE SEEN>

I AM A BUDDHIST MONK. I AM FAR AWAY. I AM SO REMOTE FROM WHAT I AM DOING THAT I WIN.

11

<SINGLE FRAME FROM A SIGNIFICANT HEIGHT, STREETS OF THE CITY RESEMBLE A WOMAN'S FACE>

THEN I RECOLLECT THE PERSON WHOM I WAS SO EAGER TO MEET.

12

<ONE SENTENCE PER FRAME, THE VIEW ZOOMS IN AND FINALLY YOU SEE THE CHARACTER RECEIVING A BLOW, THE MAN BEAT HIM UP PRETTY BAD: BLACK EYE, BRUISES, CUT LIP AND BLEEDING NOSE>

WHILE SITTING IN THE LOTUS POSITION I BREAK MY LEG. I LOSE INTERNAL EQUILIBRIUM AND BECOME MYSELF AGAIN. BEING ME THE ONLY THING I CAN DO IS LOSE.

<STRANGE MAN – PERHAPS WITH A FACE OF STALLONE'S ROCKY? HE LOOKS AT THE CHARACTER WHO STUMBLINGLY HEADS FOR HIS CAR; NEXT FRAME – THE CHARACTER IS IN THE CAR AND LOOKING IN THE MIRROR TRYING TO WIPE THE BLOOD AND SMOOTH HIS HAIR>

I AM AN INDIAN OF ANY RANDOM FUCKIN' TRIBE. FOR A BLINK OF AN EYE I SHOW THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF MY WHOLE TRIBE. THEN I COVER MYSELF WITH A SMALLPOXED BLANKED.

<TRAFFIC JAM UNLOADS, THE CHARACTER LEAVES IN HIS CAR>

13

<THE CHARACTER WALKS INTO A RESTAURANT, A FEW PEOPLE BY THE TABLES, WAITERS LOOK AT HIM SURPRISED, HE IS STILL WEARING MARKS OF A FIGHT; HE TALKS TO A WAITER WHILE SCRUTINIZING THE RESTAURANT AND SMOOTHING HIS TIE, THEN HE WALKS THROUGH THE PLACE LOOKING PERFECT, WEARING S. CONNERY'S FACE>

I WALK INTO A RESTAURANT AS SEAN CONNERY, AS JAMES BOND. I EMANATE WITH DISCREET CHARM OF AUTHORITY AND TIPS, I SMILE AT WAITRESSES. I ACT, BECAUSE ACTING SKILLS ARE FUNDAMENTAL FOR THE AGENT OF HER MAJESTY.

<BORED WOMAN IS WAITING AT THE TABLE, BLONDE, TYPICAL DRESS, SOME FOOD IN FRONT OF HER ON THE TABLE>

MY QUEEN AWAITS ME. I LOST HER FAVOUR.

<THE WOMAN TALKS, GESTURES, POINTS ACCUSINGLY AT THE CHARACTER>

I AM A CONVICT WAITING FOR THE VERDICT. NEITHER DEATH NOR TORTURES, AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT SHE THINKS.

14

<THE TABLE IS MOVED TO A DESERTED ISLAND, TO THE BEACH WITH PALM TRESS, THE CHARACTER IS SITTING IN THE SAME MANNER, THE WOMAN TALKS WITH HIM; IN THE NEXT FEW FRAMES SHE DISAPPEARS, AND HE – SITTING IN THE SAME MANNER – GROWS A BEARD, HIS CLOTHES ARE SHATTERED, IN THE END HE IS A HALF-NAKED SKELETON SITTING IN THE SAME MANNER, THE JUNGLE IS SCORCHED, BLACK AND COLD>

I WILL BE DEPORTED. ON A DESERTED ISLAND I WILL BECOME TOM HANKS IN „CAST AWAY”. I WILL HAVE A FEW LETTERS UNSENT TO THE QUEEN, DESCRIBING MY WARS WITH NATIVES AND HER BECOMING A RULER OF THE SCORCHED LAND.

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<A TABLE, THE CHARACTER LOOKS NORMAL AGAIN, STOCK MARKET IN THE BACKGROUND, IN THE FOLLOWING FRAMES MORE AND MORE TRADERS WEARING RED BRACES CAN BE SEEN NEARBY, THEY ALL WEAR THE SAME FACE – THE FACE OF A RIVAL, THEY KNEEL BEFORE THE QUEEN, GIVE HER CHOCOLATE BOXES, FLOWERS, DIAMONDS, EVERYONE DOES SOMETHING TO GET IN FAVOUR; THE CHARACTER SURVEYS THE SCENE DOING NOTHING APART FROM DRINKING SOME WATER OCCASIONALLY; SUDDENLY HE WEARS E. MCGREGOR'S FACE>
WHEN I PONDER UPON HOW MUCH SALTWATER ONE MUST DRINK TO BECOME INSANE AND DIE THE QUEEN DELIVERS THE NEWS OF THE DAY. I AM EWAN MCGREGOR – THE ROUGE TRADER – LOOKING AT EXCHANGE QUOTATIONS. THEY ARE VERTICAL. QUEENS SHARES REACH DIZZY PRICES, THEY ARE SOLD OUT. I AM BROKE. I LISTEN ABOUT THE NEW OWNER.

<A MUTE FRAME, THE CHARACTER RUBS HIS EYELIDS WITH A THUMB AND INDEX FINGER>

16

<THE WOMAN CONTINUES TALKING AND THE CHARACTER – FOR A MOMENT HE WEARS M. BRANDO'S FACE – CONTINUES LOOKING AT HER; TYPICAL ITALIAN MOBSTERS WITH TOMMY GUNS SHOW UP AT THE TABLE SMASHING EVERYTHING, GOING POSTAL ON WAITERS AND FINALLY THEY CARRY BLOOD-COVERED BODIES OUTSIDE THE FRAME>

I AM MARLON BRANDO IN „GODFATHER”. I MAKE ONE CALL TO MY MEN WHO MIX CEMENT AND MORTAR. I MAKE AN OFFER THAT SHE REJECTS, I DON'T KNOW WHY. HER LOVER IS DROWNING IN EAST RIVER. IN A FEW YEARS TIME I WILL BE THE EEL WHO LIVES IN HIS SEAWEEED-COVERED SKULL. NOW I COMMAND EXECUTION.

<ALL TRADERS ARE GONE, IT IS EMPTY AND ONLY THE FLOOR IS COVERED IN BLOOD, THE WOMAN STROKES THE CHARACTER'S FACE OR HOLDS HIS HAND>

NOTHING WILL COME OF IT, AND MY NEXT OF KIN WILL TURN AGAINST ME, BECAUSE I AM MARLON BRANDO IN „ISLAND OF DOCTOR MOREAU”. UGLY, TIRED AND DOOMED TO FAILURE.

17

<ZOOM IN TO CHARACTER'S MOUTH, HE STARTS TALKING; THEN A FRAME WITH THE WOMAN, WHO IS BEING TORN BY BULLETS, BLOOD ON HER JACKET; THE FOLLOWING FRAMES INCLUDE STAGES OF HER BEING TORN APART BY BULLETS; THE CHARACTER GRABS HIS ARM AND YOU CAN SEE BLOOD BETWEEN HIS FINGERS; HIS THIGH, NOSE ETC. START BLEEDING> – FOR A BRIEF MOMENT HE IS WEARING CHOW YUN FAT'S FACE; AT THE END OF THE SCENE THE FOOD SHE HAD ON HER TABLE STARTS RUNNING AWAY, CUTLERY AND GLASSES FOLLOW UP>
HOWEVER, I AM NOT USED TO LEAVE WITHOUT A FIGHT. I AM CHOW YUN FAT IN ANY MOVIE. I SHOOT WORDS AND INFLECT HUNDREDS OF DEADLY WOUNDS. BLEEDING BODY SHIVERS WITH REMORSE AND GUILT WHEN RICOCHETS REACH ME. I GET HIT PRETTY BAD. VEAL WE EAT DECIDES IT IS NOT THE SAFEST PLACE AND RUNS AWAY.

<A PIECE OF MEAT WITH LETTUCE WING FLIES AWAY>

A PATHETIC METAPHOR OF A PIGEON CARRYING OUR TORMENTED SOULS.

18

<THE CHARACTER STANDS UP AND BOWS BEFORE THE CRYING WOMAN – HE IS WEARING H. HOUDINI'S FACE AND HIS TOP HAT; HE SMASHES A GLASS DOOR WHILE WALKING OUT FROM THE RESTAURANT; WHEN HE REACHES THE CAR THE RESTAURANT FALLS TO PIECES, EXPLODES>
I AM HOUDINI. I DISAPPEAR LEAVING MY AUDIENCE SHEDDING TEARS OF ENCHANTMENT AND YEARNING FOR ANOTHER SHOW. I LOVE IT. WALKING OUT I THINK I MIGHT BE A TOTAL PRICK, BUT I KNOW IN A MINUTE I'LL BE SOMEBODY ELSE.

19

<THE CAR DRIVES AWAY LEAVING SKID MARKS; THE CHARACTER DRIVES THROUGH THE CITY, NO ONE IN THE STREETS APART FROM HIS COPIES STROLLING, KISSING WOMEN, HOLDING THEIR HANDS, LYING ON A BLANKET, SITTING BY THE FIRE, ETC.>

I AM TOMMY LEE JONES IN „THE FUGITIVE”. I WILL LOSE THE TAIL WHEN I LOSE MY HEAD. LITERALLY. AFTER TRANSFUSION I WILL STILL BE COLD-BLOODED.

<IN THE MIRROR THE CHARACTER SEES HIMSELF HAVING SEX WITH A WOMAN IN THE BACK SEAT OF THE CAR, HE DRIVES MORE RECKLESSLY, ALMOST HITTING SOMEONE IN THE CROSS-WALK, AVOIDS HEAD-ON COLLISION – THE FACES HE WORE IN THE TEXT ARE CHANGING CONSTANTLY>

I AM BRUCE CAMPBELL IN „EVIL DEAD”. I WANT TO KILL WITH MY BARE HANDS. I WANT TO PLAY RUSSIAN ROULETTE WITH DEER HUNTERS. I WANT TO BE JAMES DEAN PRESSING ON THE GAS PEDAL. I FEAR NO DEATH. REBELS' OBITUARIES ARE FRONT PAGES OF GUTTER-PRESS.

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<THE CHARACTER LOOKS INTO THE HEADLIGHTS OF AN INCOMING CAR, HE CLENCHES HIS TEETH AND EYELIDS, HOLDS HIS HANDS ON THE WHEEL>

THE BUDDHIST PART OF MY PERSONALITY CLAIMS I HAVE A CHANCE FOR REINCARNATION AS AN ECHIDNA (TACHYGLOSSUS ACULEATUS). GEEE THANKS.

<WITH SMOKING TIRES THE CAR STOPS BY THE ALL-NIGHT (ANT/ROACH IS IN THE SHOP'S LOGO), A FEW WINOS DRINK SOMETHING>
I BRAKE, BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO EAT BUGS IN MY NEXT LIFE.

<THE CHARACTER WALKS INTO THE SHOP, A CAR THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO COLLIDE WITH THE CHARACTER'S CAR CAN PASS BY IN THE BACKGROUND>

I AM SICK OF THEIR COMPANY EVERY DAY.

<FOUR SMALL FRAMES, ONE PER SENTENCE, ZOOM IN TO: A WALLET, A BOTTLE, BRAKING OF THE EXCISE BAND, DRINKING STRAIGHT OUT OF THE BOTTLE>

I BUY MEDICINE. LIQUID MEDICINE. I READ THE LEAFLET. I TAKE A PRESCRIBED DOSE.

21

<4-5 HORIZONTAL FRAMES – PAGE WIDTH, THE CHARACTER IS IN A PARK OR ON A GLADE CUT BY AN ASPHALT PATH WITH BENCHES, BLOCKS OF FLATS IN THE BACKGROUND, HE STANDS BY A BENCH AND DRINKS STARING AT BLACK SKY ABOVE HIM; WHILE DRINKING HE DOES NOT NOTICE A SHOOTING STAR BEHIND HIS BACK>

I SHOOT MYSELF WITH HALF A MAG OF THE BOTTLE. IT GETS DIZZY IN MY HEAD AND EVERYTHING LOSES MEANING. AMAZING METAPHORS CONNECT GALAXIES WITH PRIMITIVE LIFE FORMS ON EARTH, MEMORIES WITH ILLUSIONS, POP CULTURE WITH FUCKED UP LIFE. ANOTHER SHOOTING STAR BEHIND MY BACK.

22

<THE CHARACTER COMES BACK HOME, WALKS UP THE STAIRS, OPENS THE DOOR – FRAMES SIMILAR TO THE ONES IN THE BEGINNING, WHEN HE WAS WALKING OUT, BUT NOW HE IS DRUNK AND STAGGERS>

I AM REASONABLE. I DRINK ENOUGH JUST TO COME BACK HOME IN ONE PIECE AND NOT TO THINK ABOUT ANYTHING.

<THE CHARACTER IN BED, CLOTHED>

I DIE OF HELICOPTERITIS.

23

<3-4 STRONG FRAMES, ROACHES CRAWL THROUGH THE WALLS, THEY WALK UP THE FURNITURE, THEY ARE ON THE CHARACTER, THE ROOM IS CRAWLING WITH THEM, IT IS DARK>

I CAN HEAR ROACHES EATING THROUGH THIN WALLS. I CAN FEEL ROACHES ON MY SKIN. I CAN SEE ROACHES FUCKING THE QUEEN.

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<ON BIG FRAME; THE CHARACTER COILED UP IN AN EMPTY ROOM – NO ROACHES, HE SLEEPS IN HIS BED>

I FALL ASLEEP.

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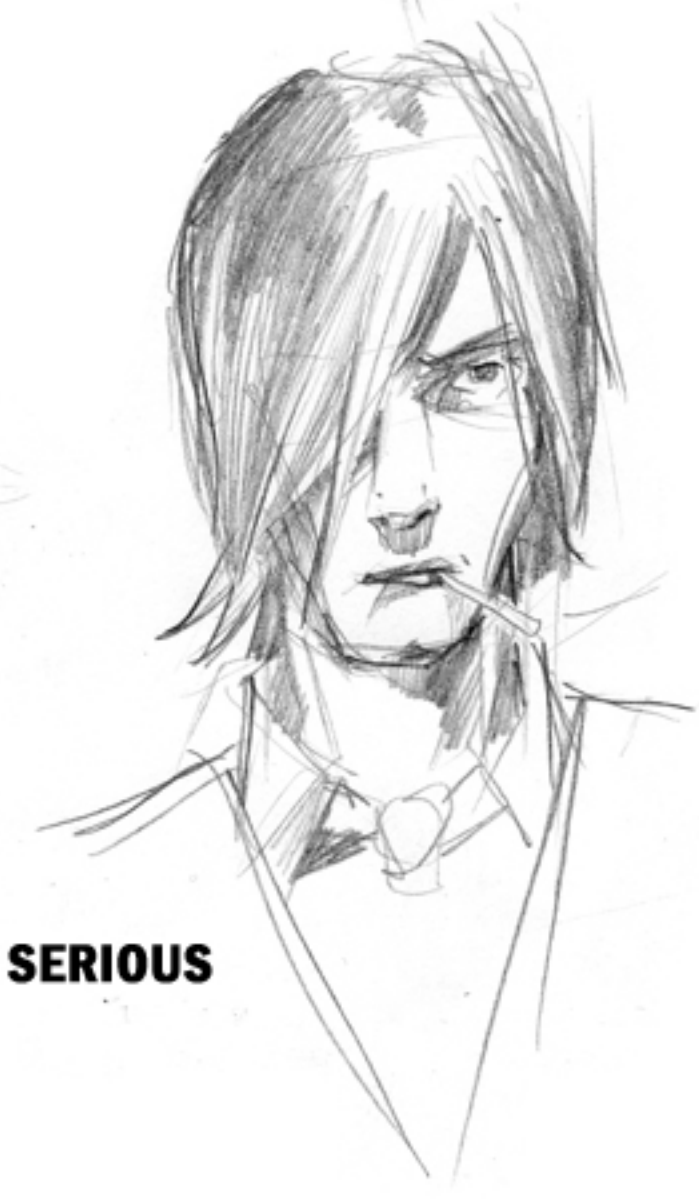
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ZOOM ON FACE



SERIOUS



ANGRY



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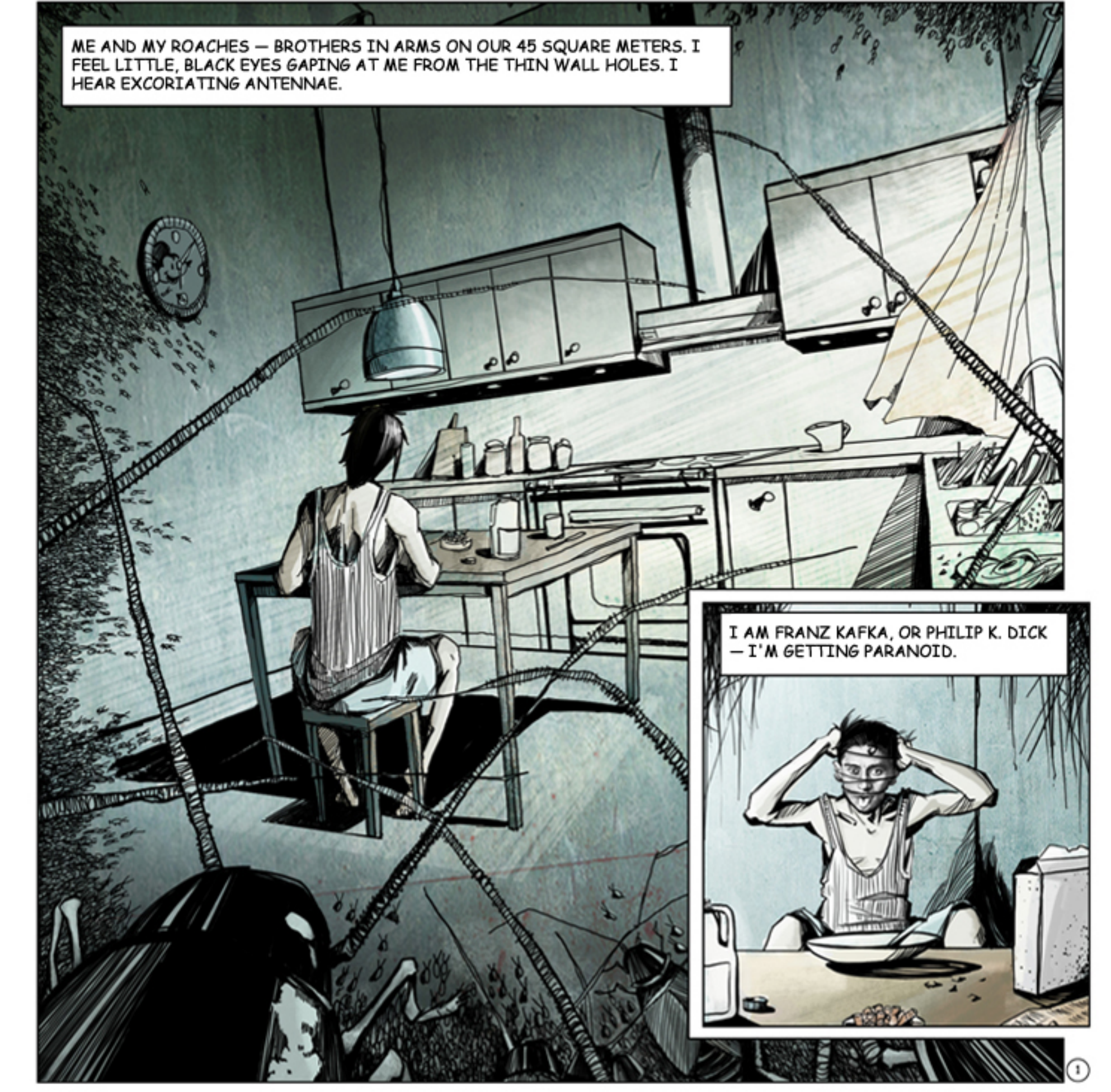
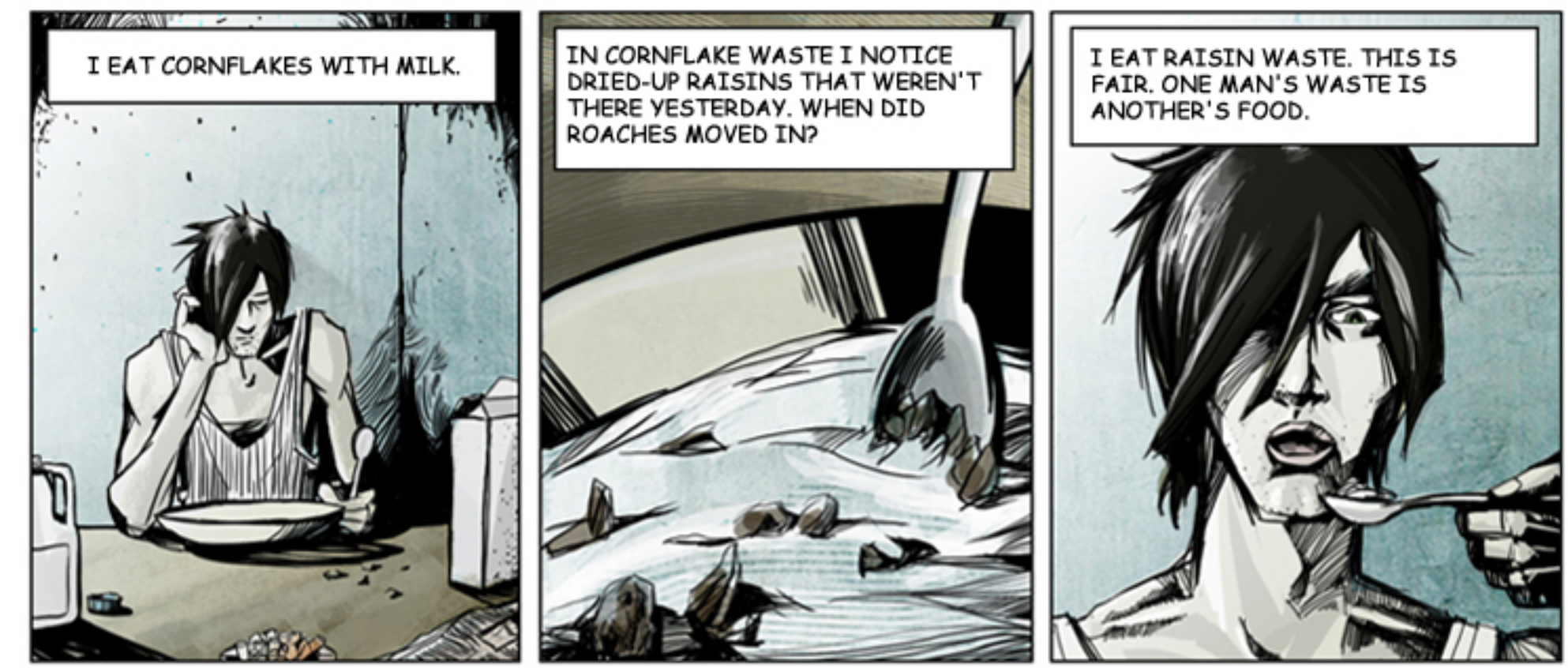
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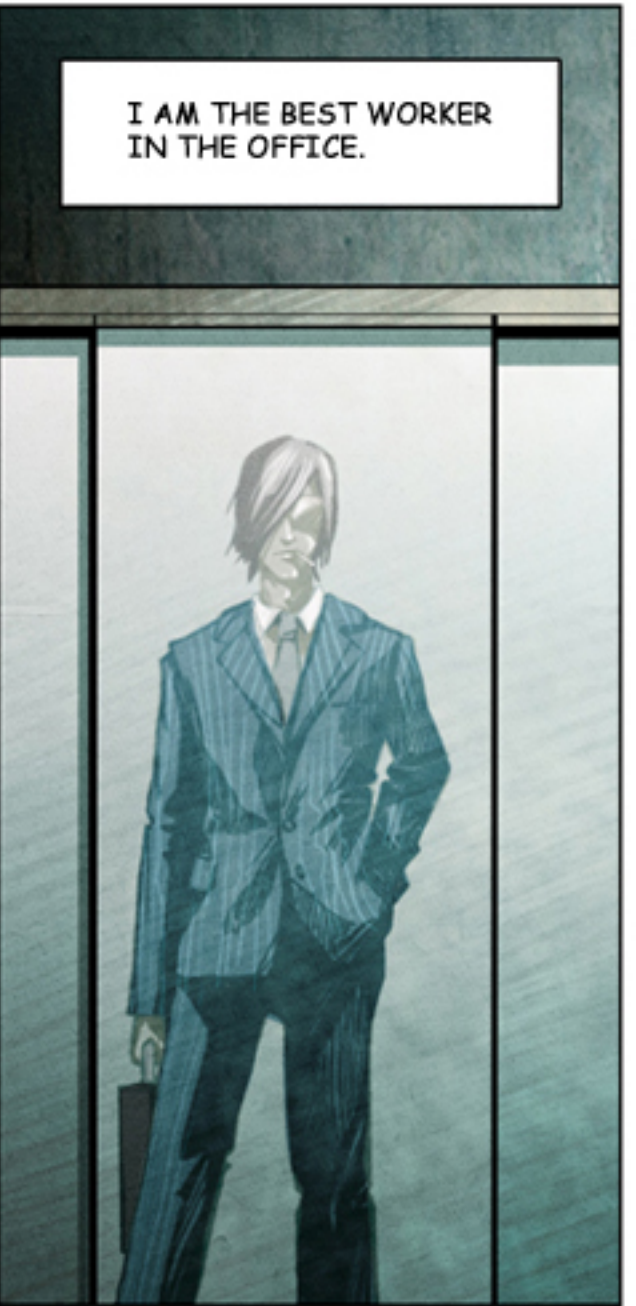
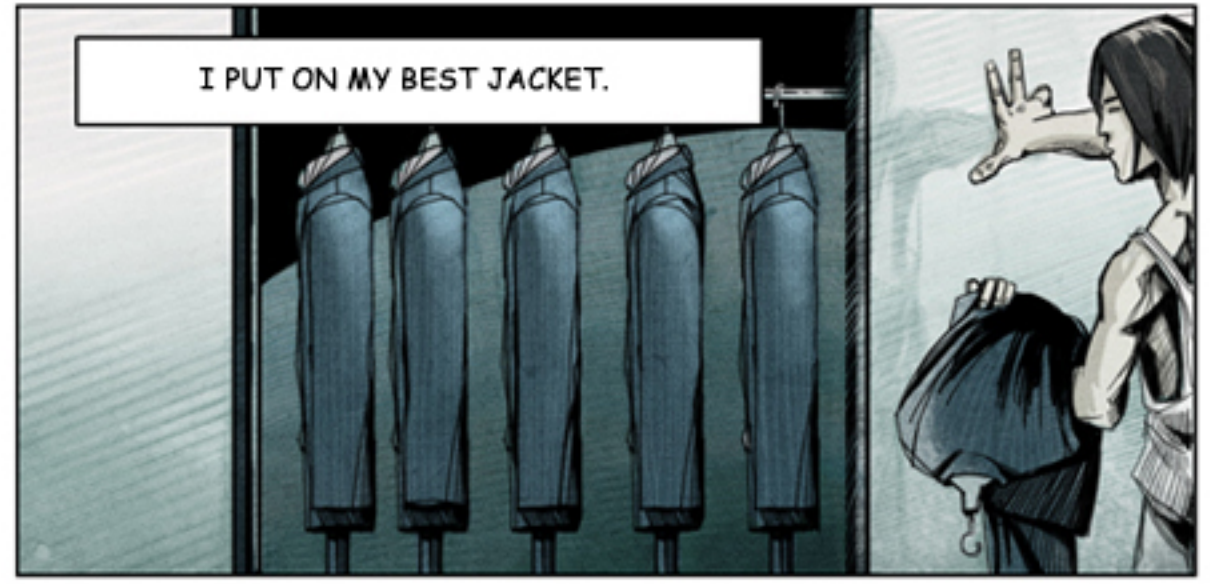
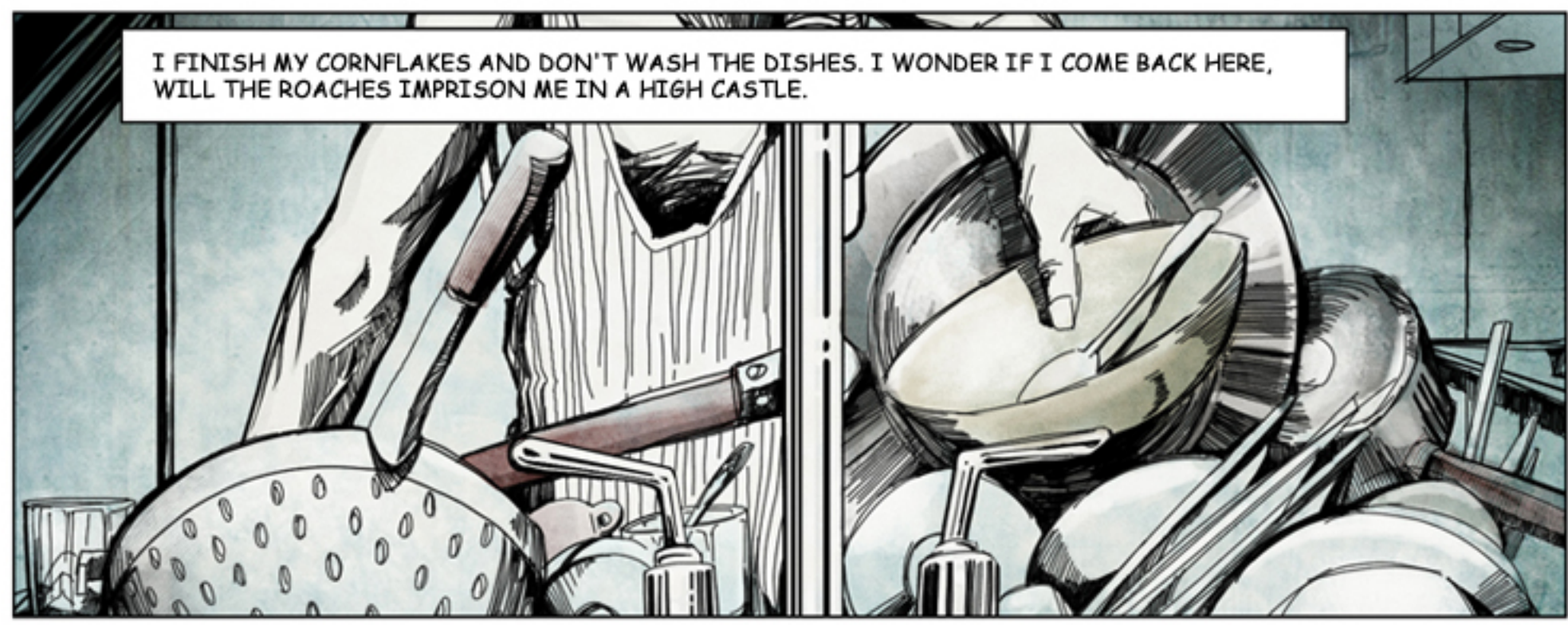
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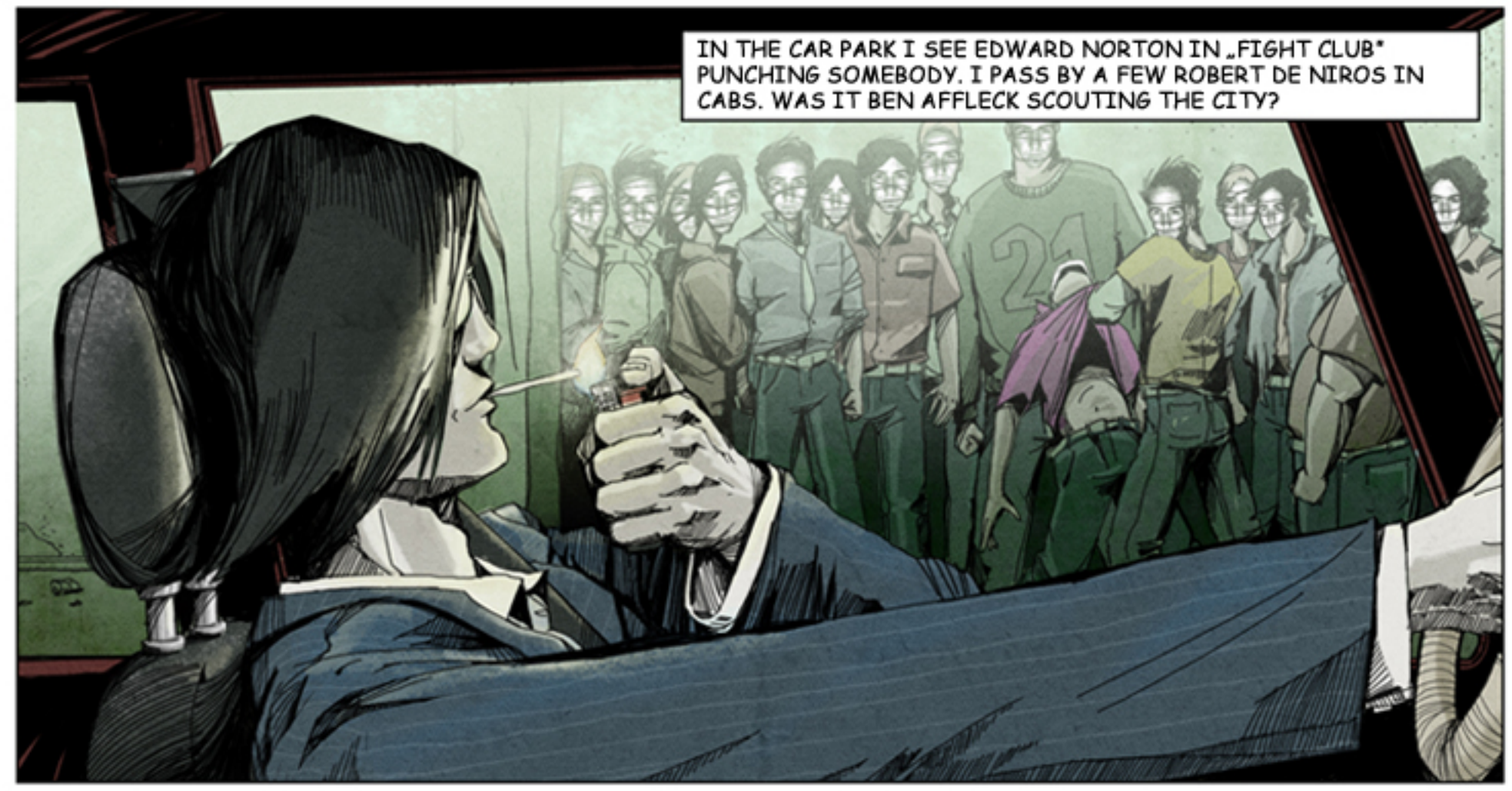
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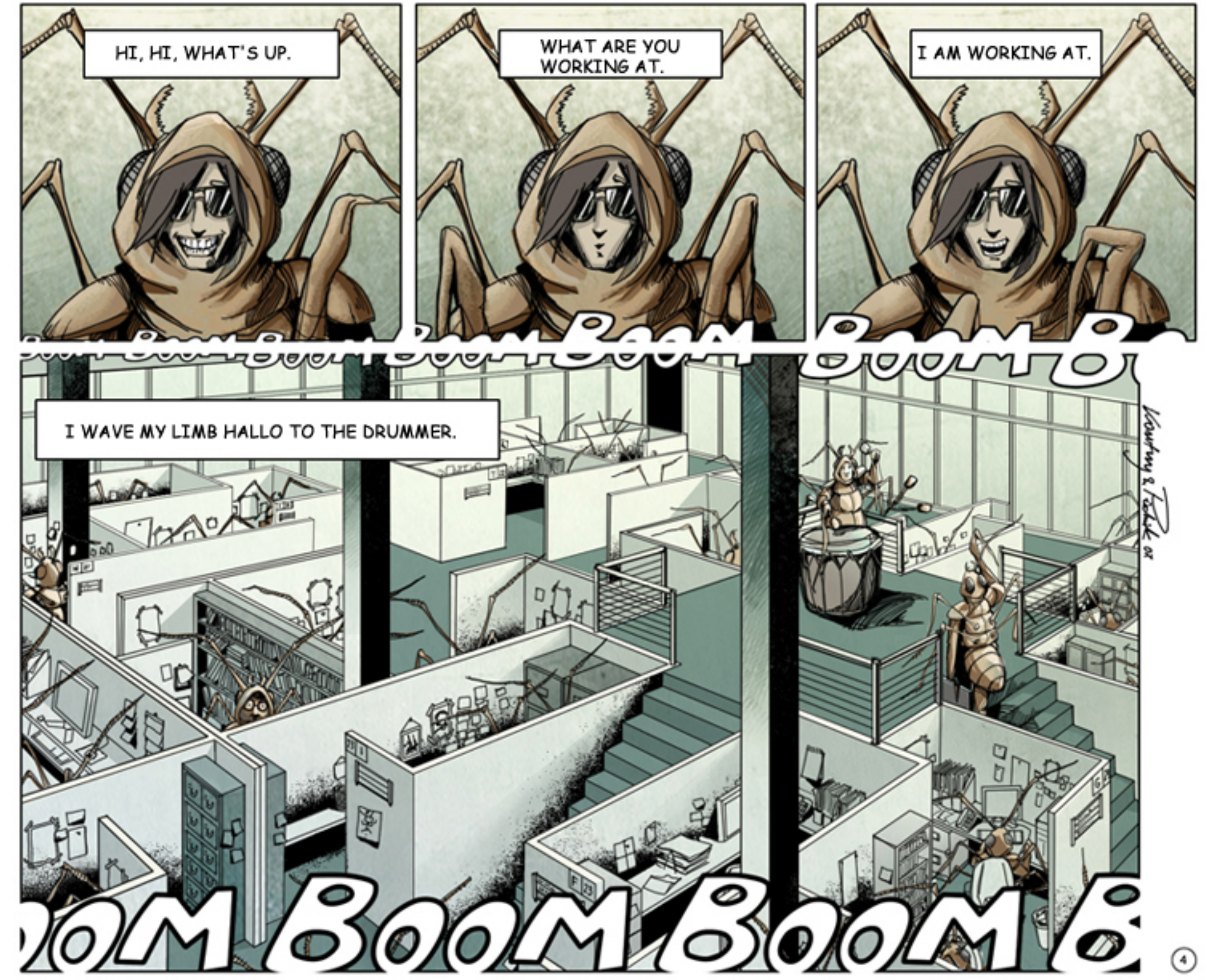
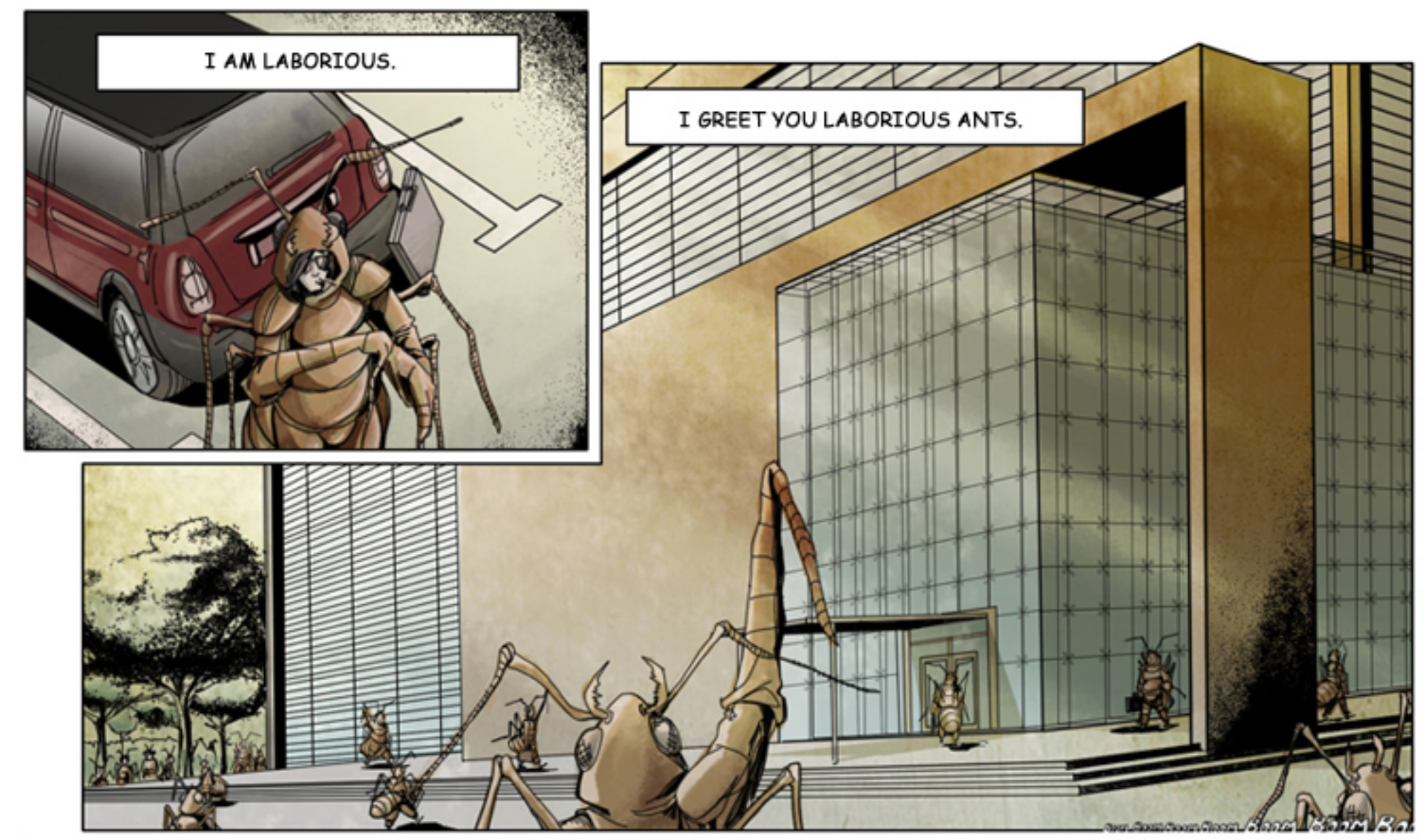
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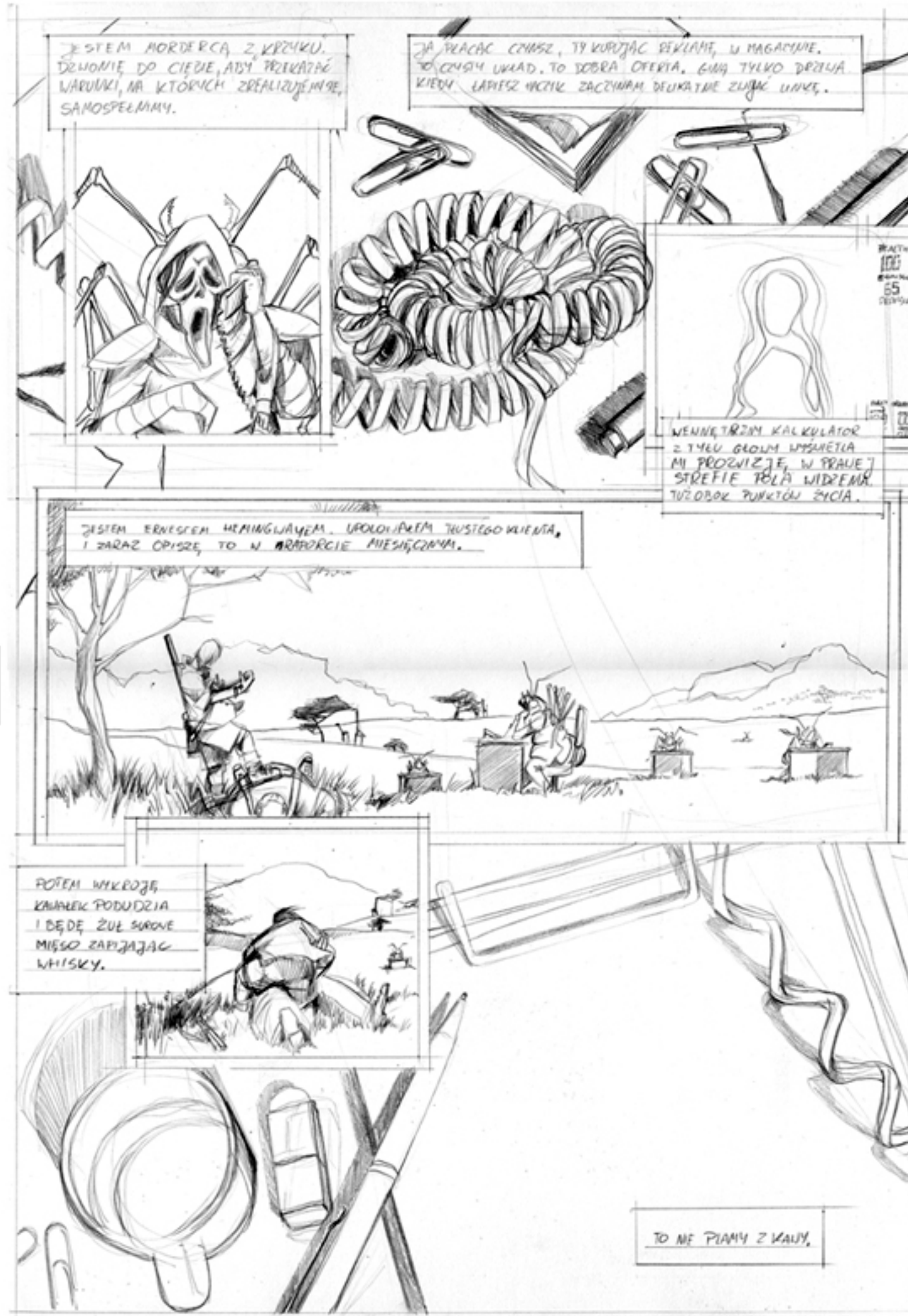


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SCRIPT: **TOMEK KONTNY**

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DRAWINGS: **PAWEŁ PIECHNIK**

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- INNE PLANETY – SCI-FI FANZIN, SINCE 2005(PL);
- GŁOSIK/LINK POLSKA MAGAZINE – A MAGAZINE FOR POLES IN NORTHERN IRELAND, SINCE 2006 (UK);

SINGLE COMIC BOOK PUBLICATIONS:

- FOOTBALL ANTHOLOGY: "WSZYSTKO CO CHCIELIBYŚCIE WIEDZIEĆ O PIŁCE NOŻNEJ ..." (EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT FOOTBALL...) 2006;
- COPYRIGHT: COMIC BOOK ANTHOLOGY OF FESTIWAL MYŚLI DRUKOWANEJ COM.X 2006, PUBLISHED IN 2007.

COMPETITIONS:

- 2ND PLACE IN WWW.MAX3D.PL ILLUSTRATION COMPETITION, 2005; DICK TRACY;
- 3RD PLACE IN WWW.MAX3D.PL ILLUSTRATION COMPETITION, 2006; THE LAST MAN ON EARTH;
- HONOURABLE MENTION AT FESTIWAL MYŚLI DRUKOWANEJ COM.X – COMIC BOOK COMPETITION, SZCZECIN, 2006.

COMIC BOOK AND ILLUSTRATION EXHIBITIONS:

- CENTRUM KULTURY ZAMEK – POZNAŃ, POLAND, OCTOBER 2005;
- BLACK BOX – BELFAST, NORTHERN IRELAND, AUGUST 2007.

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