

Me and the void

written by

Dina

Asalya

Phone: 07940026617

E-mail:
120131uk@saein
stitute.edu

INT. DINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

DINA (22), a film student, sits stooped at her messy desk, her eyes tired and her intensity low. Her laptop screen is blank and glaring back. The room is filled with strewn camera equipment, paper notes, and empty coffee cups.

She stares at the screen while her fingers are frozen on the keyboard.

Her PHONE BUZZES violently on the desk. A notification from "LAYLA" lights up the screen:
"Just submitted! Good luck!"

V.O. (DINA)

Everybody around me is finishing their final project. she slowly turns her phone face down.

And here I am, stranded. Not because I don't want to move. But because I don't know how to.

She exhales, frustrated. Stares at the mess. Silence.

INT. BATHROOM – NIGHT

Dina is in front of the mirror. She has smudged mascara stuck to her cheeks and puffy eyes.

She slowly wipes off her makeup – as if scrubbing away the weight of the day, the stress and the expectation

A soft KNOCK on the door.

MOTHER (O.S.)

(Voice filtered through the door, gentle)

Dina? Can I come in?

Dina doesn't answer. She just stares at her reflection, looking defeated.

The door opens slowly. Her MOTHER (50s) stands in the doorway, her face soft with concern. She takes in the sight of her daughter: the puffy eyes, the messy hair, the used makeup wipes on the sink.

She doesn't say "What's wrong?" or "Are you okay?".

Instead, she steps forward, picks up a clean cotton pad, and runs it under the warm tap. Gently, she moves Dina's hand aside and starts carefully wiping away a streak of mascara Dina missed.

Dina flinches at first, then her shoulders slump, accepting the help. She closes her eyes.

MOTHER:

(Quietly, almost a whisper)

Your father... he used to get like this before a big deadline. He'd lock himself in his study for two days. I'd just slide food under the door.

A small, sad smile touches her lips at the memory.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I never knew what to say to him either.

Dina opens her eyes, meeting her mother's gaze in the mirror. It's not a look of pity, but of shared understanding. A silent "I see you."

Her mother finishes, tossing the cotton pad away. She rests her hands on Dina's shoulders for a moment, giving a gentle, reassuring squeeze. The warmth is palpable.

Then, without another word, she turns and leaves, closing the door softly behind her.

Dina is left alone with her reflection again. But the weight on her shoulders feels a tiny bit lighter. A single, fresh tear escapes—but this one feels different. Less lonely.

Sunlight cuts across the room. The ALARM on her phone blares. Dina's eyes open. She doesn't move. She watches the dust motes dance in the light beam for a full minute before she slaps the alarm silent.

She sits up. Her eyes fall on her camera on the nightstand. She reaches for it, her movement slow, heavy.

Morning light through curtains. Alarm buzzes. Dina opens her eyes.

She doesn't get up right away.

Eventually, she sits, grabs her camera from the nightstand.

Dina frames a shot of wind-blown leaves. She modifies her camera to capture the beauty of silence.

A SMALL GIRL (12), in a red dress, stands a few feet away, watching curiously.

GIRL

What are you filming?

Dina lowers her camera, slightly annoyed at the interruption. She sees the girl's genuine curiosity.

DINA:

(a tired sigh)

Nothing, really. I am Just... leaves.

GIRL:

Why?

Dina open her mouth. Closes it Dina just stares, she has nothing. The girl loses interest and runs off.

V.O.

Why? I didn't have an answer. And for the first time, that question didn't feel like a failure. It just felt... like a question.

They look at each other. The young lady rushes back to her mum.

Dina watches her. The moment lingers.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Dina sets up her phone to record.

DINA (TO CAMERA)

I'm Dina Asalya. My profession is filmmaking. I didn't intend to tell this story. But it belongs to me.

She stops recording. Sighs.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

- Dina records herself sobbing and shedding tears inaudibly.

- Dina deleting footage In frustration.
- Recording voice notes on her phone.
- Her laptop crashes. She bangs the table.
- Dina Screams.
- Later, she chuckles by herself while furiously dancing to music that only she can hear.
- Writing on her mirror: "*I AM HERE.*"
- Watching the girl's scene from the park.
- Close-up: her eyes filling with something like hope.

V.O.

I thought I need to be perfect.

But now... I just want to be real.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Dina's editing. Quick cuts: feet walking, sky flickers, streetlights.

She listens to her own V.O. while watching the edited sequence.

V.O.

This is my story. Raw, shattered, incomplete... Mine, though.

The scene plays out with silence. Mother enters, puts a cup of tea next to Dina, and picks up some dirty coffee cups from her desk.

MOTHER

Quietly, not looking at her

Honey, You've been in here for days.

She waits for a response. Dina says nothing. Her mother sighs, a sound of helpless concern, and leaves.

V.O.

That silence... it was heavier than any argument. It was full of everything she wasn't saying. "I'm worried. I don't know how to help you."

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

She checks the audio, changes the camera, and resets her lights. hits the record.

DINA (TO CAMERA)

She lets out a shaky breath, almost a laugh) I thought about making something profound. But this is all I had. Me. This room. The mess. So... here.

She smiles slightly. Honest. Vulnerable.

INT. DINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Her finger hovers over the mouse. On the screen: UPLOAD FINAL PROJECT_VIDEO.mp4. She closes her eyes. Clicks.

V.O.

I finally did it.

She uploads the video. "SUBMITTED SUCCESSFULLY."

A choked sob escapes her. She covers her mouth with her hand, her body shaking with relief. She sits in the dark, crying and smiling.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

In front of her camera Dina stands in her graduation gown. She looks at her reflection, then at the lipstick-stained message "I AM HERE" still faintly on the mirror. She picks up a cloth and calmly wipes it clean.

Her phone is set to record again.

Dina Applies soft makeup. Looks at herself in the mirror.

DINA (TO CAMERA)

I'm not the same person who started this.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Dina! We're going to be late!

DINA

Coming!

She looks in the mirror. Holds the lens steady. She smiles - it's real, I'm proud. For the first time, she truly feels it.

V.O. (DINA)

Her voice is calm, a little amazed, finally

It's done That's it. No big revelation.

Just... done

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Dina stands alone in a quiet, empty hallway, wearing her graduation gown. She looks nervous but determined. She takes a deep, calming breath.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Dina Asalya.

As she hears her name, she starts walking steadily towards a doorway filled with bright, natural light.

CLOSE UP on her face as she walks. The nerves soften, and a small, genuine smile begins to form.

FROM DINA'S POV - She spots her MOTHER standing just off to the side, her phone held up to record. Her mother gives her a proud, tearful smile.

BACK TO DINA. She reaches out and accepts a rolled-up certificate.

She holds it to her chest. She looks back at her mother one last time. Her smile widens, becoming real, proud, and full of relief.

FADE TO BLACK.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

"YOU'RE NOT ALONE. YOU'RE NOT BEHIND. YOU'RE HEALING. AND THAT TAKES TIME."

FADE OUT.

THE END

