

FADE IN:

INT. DISTANT INTERTWINED MINDS – SUNRISE

It's a certain kind of lonely

Shouldering through a crowd of drones

To swim in an ocean, surrounded by people

Buzzing together with the heat of Mob

While waging wars in your head

While I try to understand

That are like silent films of the past

How crushingly alone

Playing over and over

Thinking for myself can be.

I can't explain how desperate I am to connect

I am the deaf guy dancing at a party

But the wires in my brain

Out of time, lost to the moment,

Must have short-circuited when I wasn't paying attention

But not the happy version, no,

To the monotonous drone of the ticking clock

I am the deaf guy dancing amidst everyone

That everyone else seems content

The moment after he realizes how out of time he is

Living their lives in time to

How far away from everyone he is

Tapping their feet in time to

By handicap and isolation

The hands of ticking time

A different thing

Until death taps them on their shoulder.

Tap, tap, like a slap

Am I the only one

The Mob laughs

Losing rest

As the handicap struggles

While contemplating the restlessness

But even that I cannot do the same

That pulses throughout my body

The distance created by being off-beat

In time to a ticking time bomb

But just a tad too much

That I hear far off in the distance

The distance too much,

As I watch the sun rise

So much between him and everyone else.

Even further off in the distance.

Between me and everyone else.

Together lost.

FADE OUT.

Duncan:

“It was Taylor’s idea. She sent me half of the text and asked me to add to it. Hers is everything that is not indented, but for the script stuff. I read it carefully, what she had done, and felt the intense loneliness that she was writing about.

I got it completely. Prison is full of people, but at the same time you are utterly alone.

There is more there, of course, but that was—for me—the key. My initial idea was to continue it going forward, but then I realized it should be a sort of duet, two lonely souls talking over each other—unheard in a sense, and lost, but conjoined by the idea. I like to think that it worked.

I like to think that it is more than just the two of us.”

Taylor:

“The two pages of poetry that my penpal, Duncan, and I have created is by far the most meaningful work that I have ever been involved with. The poem that we collectively wrote was inspired by a letter where I mentioned how beautiful the sunrise was on a particular morning. I asked him if he was able to see the sunrise from within the prison. His response provoked the collaborative poem which exposes a common feeling of isolation, appreciation of nature, and human frailty between the two speakers. When I received Duncan’s response to my lines, I was overwhelmed by the collective isolation that we both felt.”