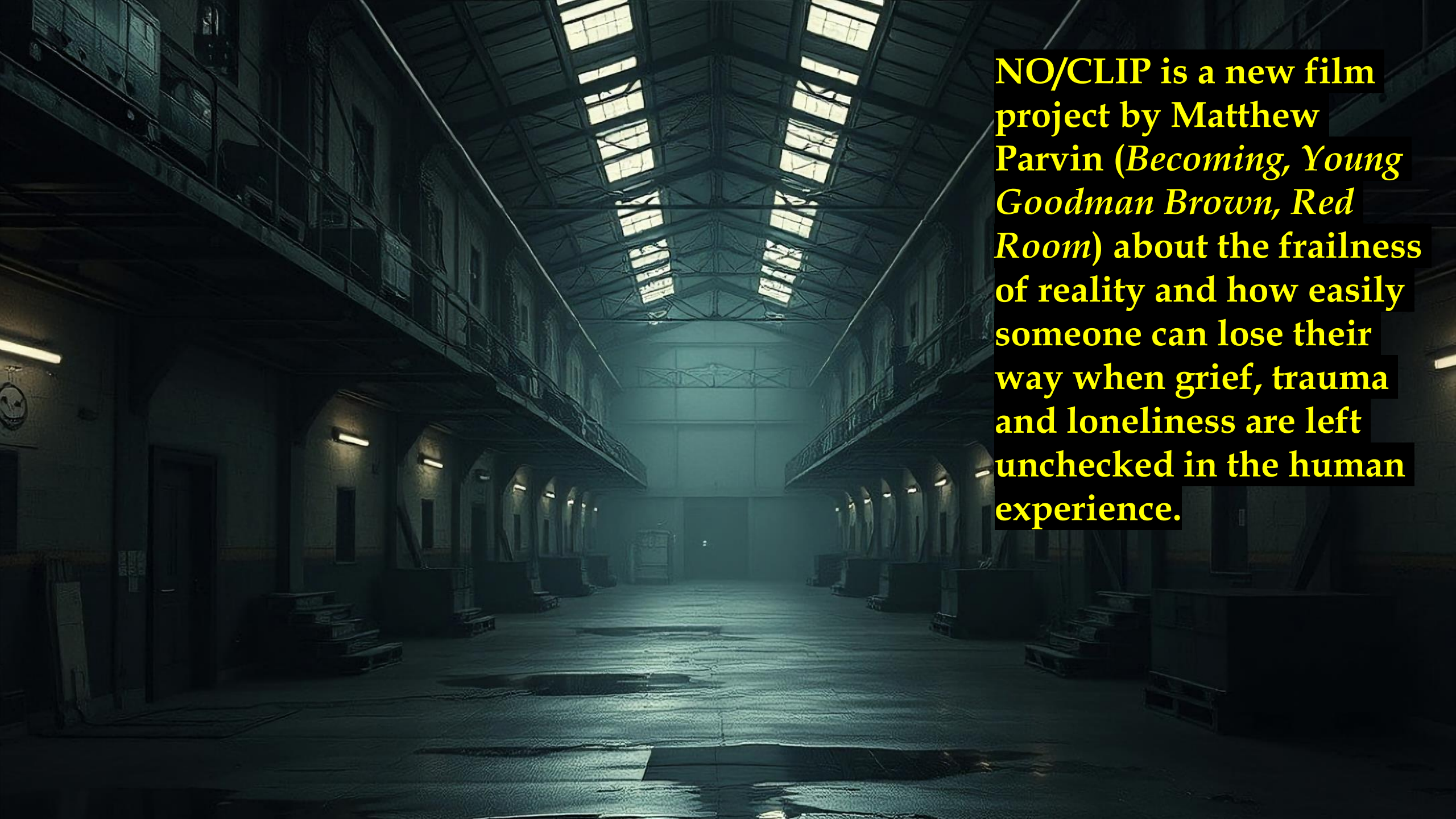


NO/CLIP

A long, empty hallway with yellow patterned walls and a grid ceiling with recessed lights. The hallway is viewed from a perspective looking down its length. The walls are covered in a yellow, textured wallpaper. The ceiling is a white grid with recessed rectangular lights. The floor is a light-colored carpet. There are several dark door frames visible along the walls.

A Film Project by Matthew Parvin



NO/CLIP is a new film project by Matthew Parvin (*Becoming*, *Young Goodman Brown*, *Red Room*) about the frailness of reality and how easily someone can lose their way when grief, trauma and loneliness are left unchecked in the human experience.

LOGLINE



A young woman, struggling with past trauma and isolation, “no/clips” out of our dimension and into a new one filled with liminal spaces, loneliness, and malevolent creatures seeking to block her escape and keep her in this reality permanently.



Synopsis

Tarin Walsh is alone. In her twenty-four years of existence, she has always been alone. No mother. No father after six years of torture. No friends. Nobody. Except for the year and a half when she had **Lena** in her life. But that's been over for a while. Now, her 900 square foot apartment in Brooklyn feels like a vast empty space where she rots every night. Alone.

Until today.

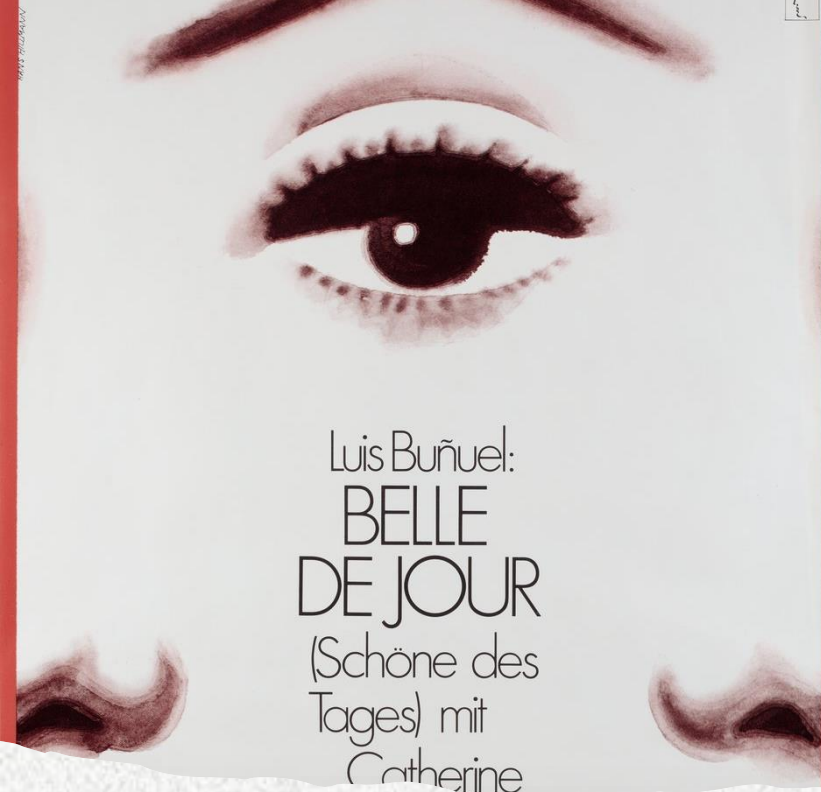
Today, at noon, Tarin crossed East 48th Street, trying to meet her Uber. But she tripped on the lip of a manhole cover. Tarin didn't hit the wet concrete of New York City. Instead....

Tarin fell onto wet carpet. She looked up and was surrounded by moldy office walls and buzzing fluorescent lights. And nothing else. Seemingly miles and miles of blank space. No people, no furniture, no windows. And no exit.

Only the faint, almost indistinguishable laugh coming from somewhere in the distance.

In this dystopian, lonely void, Tarin must navigate the liminal levels, avoiding unseen pursuers with malevolent intent while confronting her past mistakes to find the hidden exit to the next level and possibly....

The way home.



INFLUENCES



Tarin Walsh

A twenty-four-year-old barista working in Bed-Stuy, Brooklyn. At ten, she was taken from an abusive home and put into foster care. A recent college graduate with hopes of teaching, circumstances forced her to strike out on her own. But she's always been alone. Diagnosed with Social anxiety at a young age, Tarin always avoids people. Except for Lena. They were together for a year and a half; the best time of Tarin's life. But now Lena's gone, along with what was left of Tarin's hope.



Inhabitants of the No/Clip



Something wicked this way comes....



Lena Horsely

From Chicago's south side, Lena has always been running from something. In Chicago, it was an abusive stepfather and a fentanyl-addled mother. In college at Brown University, it was ridicule for her midwestern accent and the scars on her face. In New York, it was from Tarin.



Rourke

Nothing ever goes right for Rourke. Fending for himself, he found an early escape in football. But living on your own at age twelve and being dyslexic, a life of touchdowns wasn't in the cards. Neither was a family, until he found Tarin's mom. A ready-made clan for him to step into. But she was an addict. And the kids didn't respect him. So, like everything else in his life, family didn't come to him right either. So, he lashed out. If life wouldn't go right for him, he'd make it...

No matter what.



Project Analytics

The image shows an empty office room with yellow patterned wallpaper and a drop ceiling with two fluorescent light fixtures. A wooden desk and a blue office chair are positioned on the right side of the room. There are two doorways and a window visible.

Length:

Feature Film

Genre:

Horror/Psychological

Estimated Budget:

\$100,000 - \$250,000

M/F Ages 18-30:

60% Of Movie Audience Target

Diversity:

Multicultural Cast

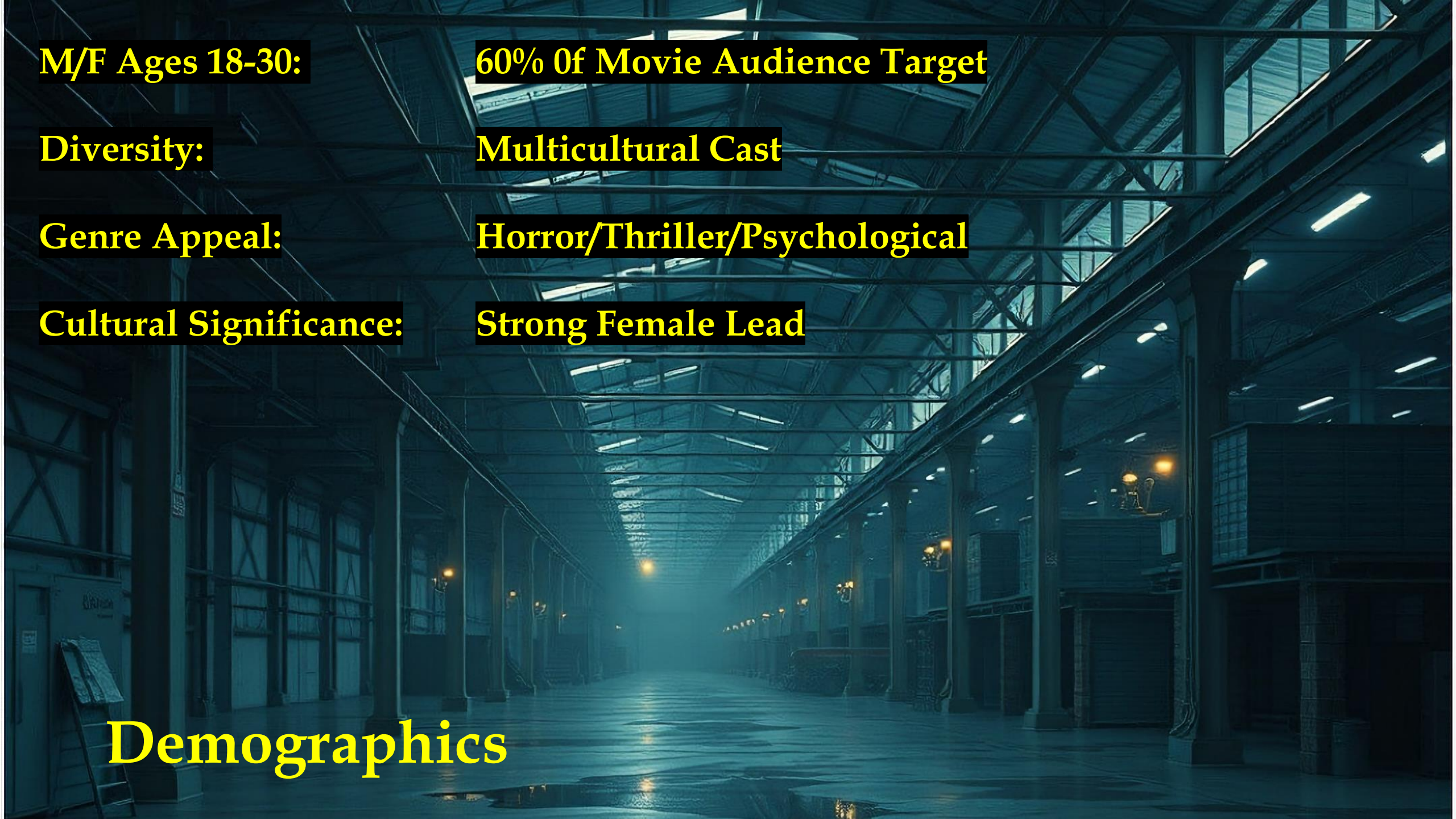
Genre Appeal:

Horror/Thriller/Psychological

Cultural Significance:

Strong Female Lead

Demographics



INT. NO-CLIP/LEVEL 0 - UNDETERMINED

CLOSE SHOT - TARIN'S HANDS

The pink flesh of her hands are dripping with water.

BACK TO SCENE

Tarin rises, surrounded by a low, persistent buzzing. Unshielded electrical wire.

Her clothes are sopping, but not from rain. Beneath her Michael Kors loafers is yellow carpet, saturated with moisture. It smells of mold.

She looks about. Yellow wallpaper stares back at Tarin, a brown diamond pattern covering every inch.

Above are fluorescent office lights, their tubes beaming out lifeless, cold illumination, bringing the room into intense detail.

What is this place?

INT. NO-CLIP/LEVEL 3 - UNDETERMINED

Her sopping shoes stick to the smooth concrete like Velcro.

Each step echoes in the vastness of this warehouse.

No windows. No movement. Nothing but endless rows of closed bay doors.

Tarin walks cautiously down the spacious corridor looking for any sign of life. But everything is so still.

In the distance, like a warm breeze, as sound floats into Tarin's ears.

Giggling.

INT.NO-CLIP/LEVEL 33 - NIGHT

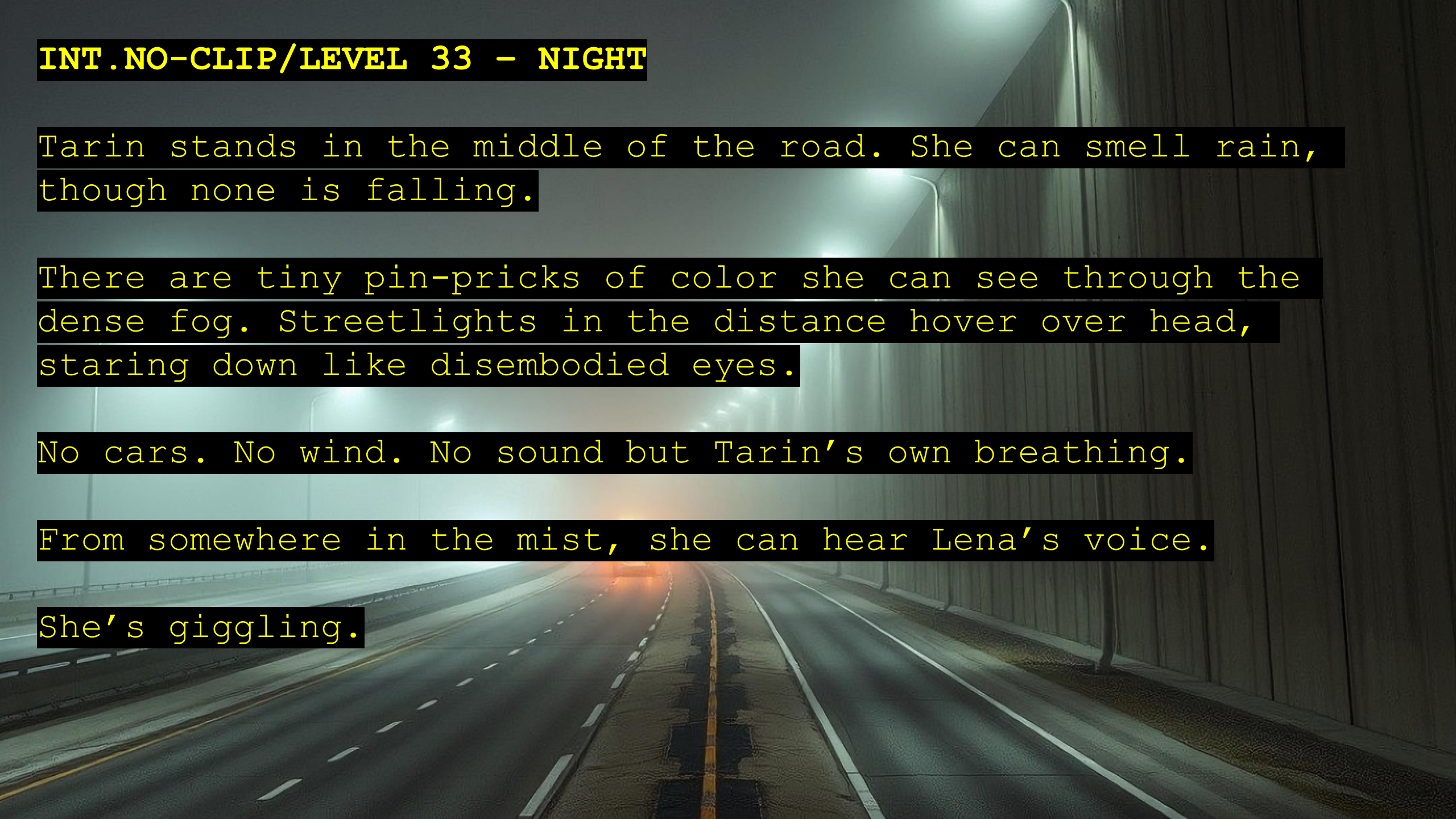
Tarin stands in the middle of the road. She can smell rain, though none is falling.

There are tiny pin-pricks of color she can see through the dense fog. Streetlights in the distance hover over head, staring down like disembodied eyes.

No cars. No wind. No sound but Tarin's own breathing.

From somewhere in the mist, she can hear Lena's voice.

She's giggling.





ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Matthew Parvin is an award-winning screenwriter (*Becoming*, *Young Goodman Brown*, *Long Time Comin'*, *Dear Caroline*). He currently resides with his wife, two children and puppy in suburban Detroit, Michigan, where he has lived most of his life.

Contact Info

mattparvin77@gmail.com

(734) 626-3472