

The assignment

Fabricate an *One Minute Movie* by predetermined criteria.

The concept

In class *Miss K.* asks us to come up with an *One Minute Movie*. Because I read a poem the evening before about the subject the first thing that pops to my mind is this:

“Worn out doll, approx. a hundred years old, doesn’t feel wanted anymore by this generation and decides to end her doll life by throwing herself of the roof.”

Somewhat lurid concept -I admit- but hey; it made *Steven King* very famous.

The implementation

So it happens I am in possession of a very old doll. Because of the fact my mother didn’t get the daughters she wanted, I inherited the thing. Don’t tell.

Dolls in those days weren’t able to walk by themselves and the *Duracell rabbit*

wasn’t born yet, so I had to find a way to let her move. I came up with the idea to make it a stop-motion movie (what was I thinking?).

After I’d written the script I made a storyboard. Well; sort of.

1. The scene:

Openings scene. Lilly (the doll) in the bushes. We don’t know the reason why but we’ll soon find out.



What it looks like in reality:



To give away some of the atmosphere the dark voice of a man (guess who) is reading out the poem I mentioned before. For that extra *schwung* I chose to play sad classical music on the background*.

*not as in 'I played an instrument'. I only play the flute.

2. The scene:

The situation is explained by some flashbacks, obviously in black and white. First we see a little girl playing with Lilly.

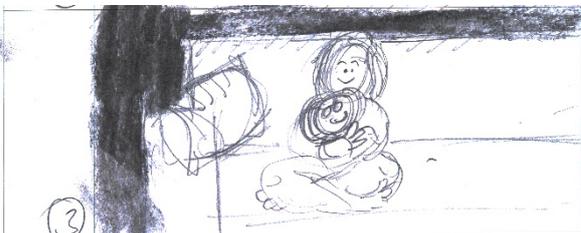


What it looks like in reality:



3. The scene:

Then we see the same girl but a few years older. She is still happy with Lilly and cuddling her.



What it looks like in reality:



4. The scene:

Eventually she is fed up with the doll, throws her aside and starts playing with her *Playstation*.

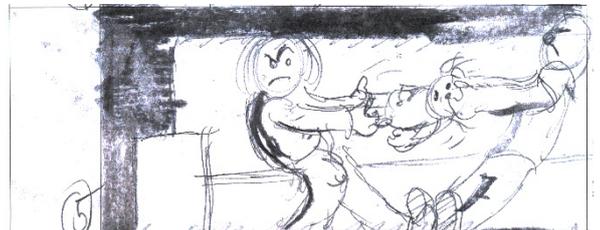


What it looks like in reality:



5. The scene:

Her girlfriend is entering the room. She wants to play with the doll but 'our' girl won't let her. They start to 'fight' over Lilly.



What it looks like in reality:



6. The scene:

In the next flashback we see a dog chewing on Lilly's legs and sniffing her crotch. We don't know for sure but my guess is she probably doesn't like that.



What it looks like in reality:



7. The scene:

Lilly is fed up with the situation and starts walking towards the living room door.

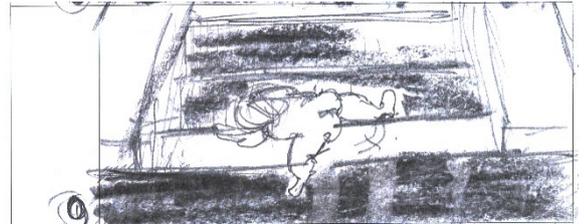


What it looks like in reality:



8. The scene:

Lilly looks back one more time and starts climbing the stairs. Even for a doll that must be the shortest way to go up.



What it looks like in reality:



9. The scene:

After climbing the stairs (also filmed from another angle), she enters the office.



What this looks like in reality:



10. The scene:

Whilst her plan comes together, she looks at the window, the chair, the desk and a pile of books.

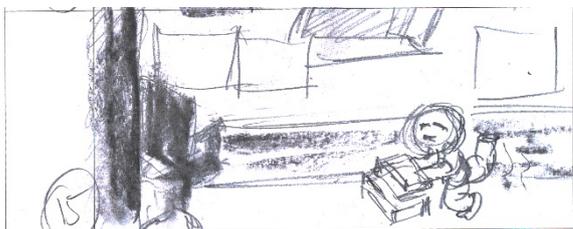


What it looks like in reality:



11. The scene:

To get on the desk she decides to walk towards the pile of books to use them as a step-up.



What this looks like in reality:



12. The scene:

When she reaches the desk, she walks towards the window pane and starts climbing.

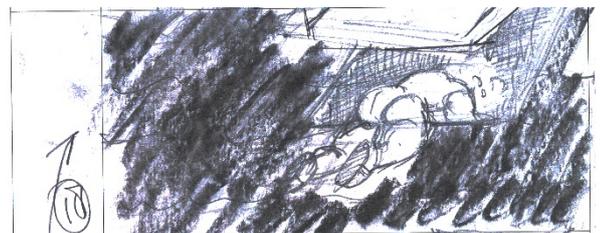


What this looks like in reality:



13. The scene:

She climbs out of the window, upon the roof.



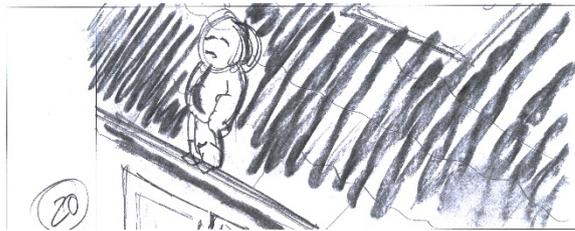
What this looks like in reality:



14. The scene:

Sliding down the roof, she lands on the ledge and turns around.

The music stops and in the silence there's the echo of the last word of the spoken poem: 'Forgotten', echoing. *Quelle dramatique!* (←French)



What this looks like in reality:

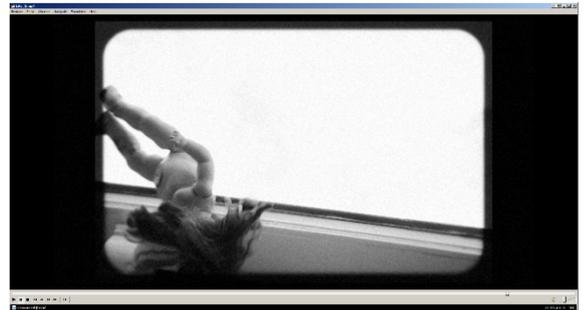


15. The scene:

Accompanied by the tunes of, again, George Mertens' *Meditation of Thais* by *Massenet*, Lilly jumps towards a certain -doll- death.



What that looks like in reality:



16. The scene:

We end where we've begun; with a close-up of Lilly in the bushes*.



What it looks like in reality:



**Bushes* thou ask? Yes, *bushes*.

Because throwing off a hundred year old doll of the roof is quite a cruel thing to do to such a sweet thing. So I rewrote the ending and made Lilly safely fall into some soft bushes. I mean; I might be a pain in the ass sometimes but I'm not without a heart. *Amen*.