

IT WASN'T MY FAULT

BACKSTORY

Sal is one of a few guests invited to a remote house that turns out to be haunted. What ensues are two days of confusion and terror, leading them to question their notions of right and wrong, selfishness and courage, and confronting what makes life worth living.

PREVIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES

Sal finds himself/herself alone in the cavernous halls of the house, trying to fend off the slowly rising fear as a place connected to a painful memory from his/her past reveals itself. Sal discovers that the spirits in the house are showing him/her something.

SAL

Hello? *[Sal hears a knocking on the walls]* Hello? *[The knocking leads Sal down a hallway to a kind of study or library. It's as if someone just left - but no one is there. Sal slowly realizes that the room is a place that he/she recognizes - from a memory].* Holy shit. *[Looking at every detail out in front of him/her - Sal speaks]* You even got the books right. *[Sal skims the books on the shelf - sees something that he/she recognizes - then, speaking to the room]* Very funny. *[Sal scans the room, notices a cigarette burning in an ashtray. Anger and frustration is turning into fear]* Jesus. Even the fucking cigarette? *[Sal extinguishes the cigarette - swallows]* It wasn't my fault. *[Sal feels the room start to shake. Slowly, at first, then violently]* It wasn't my fault! *[Sal, truly terrified, sinks to the floor as the room shakes]*

EMOTIONAL FLEXIBILITY EXERCISE

- 1) Emotional/sense memory of a time when you were haunted by something.
- 2) Personalization: someone who blame yourself for hurting.
- 3) Sensory condition: overall of a place of defeat.