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Darkened Room

By David Lynch

I have a friend.
My friend is sitting in a darkened room.
My friend is crying.
Do you see her?
I cannot see my friend.
Is she talking?
Don't... Don't look at her!
Are you listening to me?
Please come out here!
Someone's saying something about her again.
Don't leave me alone out here!
Come out here!
Please!
Please!
There's this hole in my slip.
And I have no idea how it got there.
Any clues?
No?
That really pisses me off.
You think I don't notice these things,
but I do.
You do think that, don't you?
Don't you?
Don't you?
Look at me!
I notice things.
I notice every little fucking thing.
I think you need to realize that now,
and you're gonna realize it really soon, too.
There's nothing you can do about this little thing that's happening to you.
And even if here was,
it's a little too late to do anything about it.
Don't you think?
It's your fault, you know that?
You do know that, don't you?
This watches weren't even working watches,
and you go and buy one,
carrying out some bullshit paranoia crap...
...about how it's gonna do this, or that.
Now look at you.
You're wrong...
...when you think this is all a little bit of a bad dream.
Do you see that?
See, if I were to tell you what was really happening?

No.

You haven't been listening...

...but you will.

When I'll tell you what really happened.

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