

KNITTING OUT Treatment

In a small, suffocating village where nothing ever changes and everyone knows each other, stories are not written, they're whispered and believed until they become truth.

Tullah grows up in a crooked house on top of the hill, isolated, where she spends most of her time knitting and weaving in an ancient weaving loom just like her mother and great-grandmother.

As a child, she is told a story by her mother, Abigail; a story about a curse passed through generations of women in their family. A curse born from shame, from a great-grandmother who was cast out and humiliated for not being a virgin on her wedding night and believed to be cursed. Since then, love has never belonged to them. Unless a woman remains with the first man she gives herself to, she will be haunted.

Tullah believed this without questioning. During the first years of school, she's mocked and bullied for having polycoria; a double iris in one of her eyes which marked her as different and something to be avoided and pitied. She learns early how to disappear in plain sight and how to watch without being seen, how to exist without belonging anywhere.

After the death of her father, Abigail finds a lover who comes and goes and she convinces, and perhaps herself, that this man is her father who came back in the body of another.

As a teenager, Tullah tries to run away but her extremely religious mother convinces her again about the dangers of the world and cruelty of others, locking her in her room to pray. Tullah grows into a quiet, observant young woman, isolated from the world.

After Abigail's death, the house falls silent. For the first time, Tullah is free but she doesn't know how to be. She keeps knitting as a hobby and finds a job in a small local second hand shop. A shop that sells fragments of other people's lives. There, she meets Hannah, a luminous, careless, rebellious and effortlessly loved young woman who moves through the world like it belongs to her and insists she doesn't care about what other people think. Tullah watches her with fascination.

Her story starts when she sees John, in the distance and he looks back at her in a deep penetrating gaze, that lingers enough to make her feel seen. He is a heavy-metal quiet young man with restless energy. Their connection is awkward, uneven but electric. He is one of Hannah's friends, who she watches like one watches fire; with excitement and distance, unsure if it warms or burns. When Tullah and John sleep together, it isn't just intimacy, it feels like destiny, but John does not believe in destiny. He drifts, hesitates and pulls away.

And in the distance, something inside Tullah begins to fracture...

The weight of the curse is sealed in her mind. The intense romance slowly mutates into ritual. After undergoing surgery to correct her polycoria (pupilloplasty) as an attempt to reshape herself into something society accepts, Tullah turns inward and discovers an esoteric practice: Bounding Spells, quiet manipulations of energy, intention and matter. At first, it feels harmless. A way to hold onto something slipping away.

One day, a foreign gallery owner, Marlene, who the villagers believe is the first sign of a threat for local businesses, enters the second hand shop and compliments her creative tapestries offering her business card. When Tullah visits the gallery with some of her best tapestries; a tapestry of a portrait of her pet-tarantula "Rita", Marlene criticizes it and sells her an expensive training instead.

She refuses paying and begins to knit compulsively. Thread becomes language. Repetition becomes prayer. Each stitch a quiet attempt to bind love, to anchor it, to make it stay. She incorporates

fragments of John, strands of his hair, traces of his presence, weaving him into fabric as though memory could be made physical.

Nightmares invade her mind. Her knitting deepens and evolves. Fragments of dreams and reality confuse her. Was John in her house? Did they have a fight? Is someone buried in the backyard? Did he die or is he just absent?

The boundary between grief and delusion dissolves completely. Death, for Tullah, is not the ending, it is a transformation.

When she presents a portrait of John in a creative tapestry, Marlene decides to represent her as an artist if she is capable of knitting a whole collection like this one. Marlene does not notice how *real* this portrait is.

As Tullah once explained to John; If souls can move, they can return, they're simply displaced, waiting to be found again.

Tullah, who has slowly become part of Hannah's group of friends who still question John's strange absence, meets another guy who works in the Cinema, Oliver; a filmmaker from elsewhere who carries echoes of John in his manner, his gaze, his distance and refusal to stay.

They meet, date and make love. When Oliver leaves her and brakes her heart, the pattern tightens. Her knitting darkens... Blood, skin, matter.

Hannah, who was struggling in a toxic relationship with Eric, becomes closer to Tullah in a fleeting intimacy blurred between the lines of friendship and desire. When Hannah denies their connection in public, out of shame, something inside Tullah finally breaks.

Tullah's house is no longer empty. A presence lingers in its corners; a shape made of shadow. Something watches, breathes, waits. Whether it is real or born from her unraveling mind is unclear.

Her tapestries multiply and she starts to get recognition. She becomes famous and her tapestries more intricate, visceral, alive. What was once private becomes public, her pain becomes spectacle. What people don't know is that they're not portraits, they are containers. Fragments of John, Oliver, Hannah. Preserved in silence. Love has finally immobilized; but Hannah's friends begin to notice and admiration curdles into suspicion.

The self-proclaimed activists break into Tullah's house intending to expose her and find more bodies entangled in fabric, lives suspended between matter and memory.

Tullah is there, waiting for them, and so it is her monster.

The village, unified by fear, turns against her. They gather, accuse and condemn, reclaiming their role as judges, as they once did with her ancestors, but Tullah no longer belongs to them. She has already crossed into another language. She locks them inside the house that made her.

Then, she burns it with all of them still inside. Fire consumes what thread could not release. The loom, the walls, the past. It all collapses into ash.

Tullah walks away.

Alone, as she began but no longer invisible.

She is free.

Knitting Out is a story about love that refuses to end, about obsession and belief that reshapes reality, about the danger of superstition with the weaving used as metaphor of the women's role in society and their spirituality. It is about a woman who was never taught how to let go, only how to hold, endure and weave.

It asks what happens when care becomes control, memory becomes matter and loneliness becomes creation. It tells us how the artistic industry is often corrupted and elitist, and how people's opinions on one another are fickle and narrowed-minded.

It questions whether the monsters we fear are ever truly external, or simply the form our desires take when they are left unanswered.