

"15"

by

Tim McClelland

919-710-5032

tdm5003@yahoo.com

WGA Registration: 1646715

FADE IN:

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

SUPER: "15 Years Ago"

The playground is bustling with children and parents alike. A woman walks with her 10 year old son through the playground.

The young boy is ADRIAN. He looks like your average happy 10 year old.

Adrian is with his MOM. She is a pretty woman in her early thirties

She sees a friend of hers and they wave at each other.

ADRIAN

Mom, can I go play?

MOM

Sure, but stay close. I'm going to talk to Brenda.

Adrian walks off into the playground and his Mom watches while he starts to play with some other kids. She walks away and starts talking to her friend.

She periodically looks at Adrian to check up on him. She sees him running and playing with some other kids.

After a few checks she looks and Adrian is gone. She begins to scan the playground for him, but she can't see him anywhere. Her looks become frantic as she walks away from her friend. The friend looks baffled as the Mom walks away without a word. The Mom rushes through the playground looking at every faceless child that isn't hers. It becomes a blur as she can't see Adrian.

MOM

Adrian! Adrian!

She begins to push people out of the way as she looks in a panic. She sees a young boy that looks like Adrian and she runs over to him.

MOM

Adrian!

She grabs the boy and turns him so she can see his face. She is pale with worry as she realizes it's not him. The boy looks frightened as she begins to scan the playground again and the boy runs away from her.

MOM

ADRIAN! ADRIAN!

People are shooting her dirty stares and pulling their children away.

MOM

ADRIAN! ADRIAN!

Her yells become a deafening silence as her face becomes the epitome of distraught. Tears are rolling down her face as she cries out to no reply.

INT. DR. MOUNTEBANK'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: "Present Day"

DR. MOUNTEBANK sits behind his desk. He is a very distinguished looking man in his sixties. His appearance alone screams pompous. His office is dark and decorated with darker colors. There is no nameplate on his desk and no diplomas of any kind on the walls. He has some books on shelves, but his office is marred by out of place hunting "trophies." There is a mounted deer head behind his desk, a stuffed wolf in the corner of the room, and large mounted fish on the wall. This place looks like the Bates Motel from Psycho.

Sitting across from him is Barton. He is a 26 year old man who is dressed in a nice suit with a brightly colored shirt, but without a tie. He looks like a nightclub owner.

DR. MOUNTEBANK

It's time to progress things with  
Adrian.

BARTON

I concur. He's become too complacent all cooped up in that house. It's sickening and it needs to stop.

DR. MOUNTEBANK

I'm glad you see it that way. We will amp up his regiment. I expect you will keep a close watch.

BARTON

Absolutely. He's my responsibility. He needs to move on...Start again. This will do us some good.

EXT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

This is a small, simple house. It has years of wear on it and it looks like nobody does a lot of upkeep on the outside of it. The grass is a bit too long and the paint is chipping away.

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The layout of the house is unsophisticated. The front door is centrally located in the entranceway. The right side of the first floor has a large living room and the left side has a dining room that leads into the kitchen. At the center of the entranceway is a stair case leading to the upstairs and next to that is the door to a large, one room basement. The second floor has a bathroom at the top of the stairs. On the left side is Barton's room and the master bedroom. On the right side is Adrian's room and the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor office. It is designed in such a way that, from the entranceway, you can see all the rooms upstairs.

The entire house is a cluttered mess. There are stacks of books and newspapers all over the place. They line the walls in all the rooms with the exception of the kitchen, bathroom, and Adrian's Bedroom.

2<sup>ND</sup> FLOOR OFFICE

Adrian, now a handsome 25 year old, sits in his bathrobe with stubble on his face. His good looks are tarnished by his current state.

He is at the desk looking out the window with binoculars when he sees a delivery truck pull up across the street. He watches the driver step out of the truck carrying a package.

The driver walks up to the house across the street and stops just a few paces shy of the front door. He looks over his shoulder and then turns and looks over the other. He makes sure no one is around to see him. He steps off to the side of the front door into some shrubbery.

Adrian becomes enraptured in the events unfolding in front of his eyes. He leans forward in his chair eager to see what happens next.

The driver sets the package down in a flower bed where it rests among a beautiful assortment that's in full bloom. He quickly takes another look around to make sure that no one can see him before he begins to unbutton his pants.

Adrian's eyes widen through the lenses of the binoculars.

The driver drops his pants to the ground and squats over the box.

Adrian is glued to the action and unable to look away.

The driver's face winces in an effort to produce something worthwhile and all at once his wincing ceases as we see a look of comfort envelope him.

Adrian is disgusted and yet he can't look away.

The driver rips one of the flowers out of the dirt and quickly cleans himself up before he stands up. He pulls up his pants and buttons them as he kicks dirt onto the box to give his excrement a festive dusting. He leans down and picks up some dirt, which he promptly drops onto the box for one final covering before he picks it back up. The driver holds the box with a few fingers out away from himself like it was a bomb about to go off. He walks back

to the front door of the house where he sets the box down again. He quickly knocks on the door and then runs back to his truck

Adrian watches the driver get into the truck as he notices a sign on the back of the truck that reads "Questions or Comments" and then it lists a phone number. He quickly reaches for his phone and begins to dial the number as the driver slams on the gas allowing his tires to squeal as he pulls away.

ADRIAN

(on the phone)

Yes, I'm calling in regards to one of your drivers...License plate number?

He looks through the binoculars as he sees the truck turning the corner.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

814-XY4F...Yes, I just wanted to enlighten you to superb job your driver has done. He took such care in making sure the customer would never forget this delivery. He brought so much to this one drop off that I could only assume he brings the same amount of struggle and effort to every package he delivers. Marvelous...simply marvelous.

Adrian sees his neighbor come out of the house and look down at the package. She seems confused as she picks it up. He sees the neighbor get a quick whiff of the rank cube in her hands, which leads to her quickly dropping the box. The neighbor clutches her chest as they begin to vomit violently all over the box.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

This package is having such an effect on everyone it touches. I couldn't be happier with the service your driver performed. He's changing lives...No, no. Thank you.

Adrian hangs up the phone as he sees Barton's car pull up out front. He sees Barton step out of the vehicle and head for the house.

ENTRANCEWAY

Barton enters the front door as Adrian comes down the stairs.

ADRIAN

So?

BARTON

So.

ADRIAN

You here to harp on me or are you simply here for a quick check up?

Barton heads into the living room and Adrian follows.

LIVING ROOM

Barton goes and sits in a chair as Adrian comes in and sits on the couch.

The living room is cluttered. There are massive stacks of newspapers and books lining the walls. There are a few family photos around the room. We see one photo in particular which features Adrian when he was 10, Barton when he was 11, and their parents all posing together.

BARTON

I'm not here to harp on you. It's the same as it always was. You're here, in this house, suffering its tortures. The circle perpetuates.

ADRIAN

And my rebuttal shall remain the same. I'm content here. I don't need anything outside of this house.

BARTON

Fifteen years is a long time to stay cooped up in here. The mere thought seems baffling and I would have trouble believing it had I not seen it myself. Progress isn't a bad thing yah know.

ADRIAN

I don't need motivation. There's no progress to be made.

BARTON

The hell there isn't. You need to stop living in your own sheltered little world.

ADRIAN

It's my life.

Barton smirks at the comment.

BARTON

No it's not...It's not so much a life as it is a blueprint of one.

ADRIAN

It has meaning for me.

BARTON

That it does.

ADRIAN

I hope you're cognizant of the fact that I don't need constant checkups.

BARTON

Fine.

Barton stands up and begins to pace around the room as he exams the debris known as belongings.

BARTON

So how's your love life?

(MORE)



BARTON (CONT'D)

Still a continuous cycle of tasty bits dangling in front of your ugly mug just out of reach?

ADRIAN

There have been some big developments as of late. I have been talking to this girl named Lisa and I feel like it's going pretty well.

BARTON

And you met her how?

Barton leans against the wall while he starts to flip through a book called "Love Wins" by Rob Bell.

ADRIAN

On a dating site. I'm out there. I'm playing the field.

BARTON

Lisa is someone you've never met from a dating site. You realize she is looking for a real relationship, which you can't provide? Once she realizes that, your chatting will be like Wile E. Coyote dropping off a cliff. A brief glimmer of hope before plummeting to a painful end.

ADRIAN

You don't know that?

BARTON

Yeah, I do, and if you really want to test it, tell her about your situation. Invite her over for dinner. It won't work because no girl will understand your situation or even come to your house for a first date.

(MORE)

BARTON (CONT'D)

They will want to make sure you meet in a public place as to assure you're not a rapist or some other such deviant.

ADRIAN

Well, I can assure you that I can make it work. It doesn't need to play out like that.

Barton puts the book down and he walks over to Adrian. He leans down to him in the chair.

BARTON

Here's a far grander idea for you to toy with. Let it happen that way. Let yourself have a reason to leave this place.

ADRIAN

There is no reason for me to leave this place. Female or otherwise.

BARTON

What else do you have in this bland existence?

Adrian looks frustrated with what he's hearing as Barton backs away and again leans on the wall.

ADRIAN

That's not the only thing keeping me going.

Barton rolls his eyes.

BARTON

What? Your job? You write product reviews for websites. It hardly seems like a rewarding career.

ADRIAN

They were enamored with my review of the puppy pads.

Adrian points to some stained puppy pads in the corner.

BARTON

You don't even have a dog! You  
pissed on those things!

ADRIAN

They were meant to soak up urine  
and they accomplished said task.  
End of story. Plus, I have my  
fiction writing.

BARTON

Yeah, because your G.I. Joe fan  
fiction is really taking you  
places.

ADRIAN

I just made Roadblock gay. So,  
needless to say, I'm truly  
tinkering with the core character  
dynamics. It's really a brave new  
world for the Joes and it has me  
plenty occupied.

BARTON

It's just too bad that being  
occupied won't cut it. You need  
to experience things far greater  
than that.

ADRIAN

I'm overwhelmingly complacent.

BARTON

And that's the problem. True  
satisfaction is outside of this  
house. Friends, work, women.  
That's what your missing and don't  
tell me you don't want those  
things because if you didn't you  
wouldn't spend so much time online  
talking to strangers. You crave  
something you can never have.

ADRIAN

I have everything I need within  
the confines of these walls.

Barton begins to walk around the room again.

BARTON

What happens when you don't?

ADRIAN

Why speculate?

BARTON

Because these are things you  
should be thinking about. You've  
gone and turned this house into a  
prison where you sit in solitary  
confinement. I'm your sole  
contact in this world. Therefore,  
without me around, you've  
literally got nothing.

ADRIAN

I like to keep my thoughts based  
in reality.

BARTON

Stop skirting the issue. You've  
been here far longer than anybody  
thought. It's time you moved on.

ADRIAN

If you're being facetious, it's  
okay to let me in on that fact.

Barton sits back down and stares Adrian down.

BARTON

Let me tell you a story.

Adrian looks a little baffled by the statement.

BARTON (CONT'D)

It's about a man who survived a  
shipwreck and washed up on a  
small, uninhabited island.

(MORE)

BARTON (CONT'D)

He waited for rescue, but it never came so he built himself a small hut out of driftwood. It wasn't much, but it was enough to store what little he had and it kept him sheltered from the brutal heat of the sun. One day, he was out gathering food and when he got back to his hut it was in flames. He dropped to his knees and cursed God for his misfortune. The next day a ship came upon the island and he was rescued. He asked the men on the ship how they found him and they said they saw his signal fire.

ADRIAN

Let me guess, I'm the sheltered man on the island in need of rescue.

Barton stands up and walks to the front door.

BARTON

I don't know anything about a rescue, but what I do know is that you're about to experience the fire. Whether that's good or bad for you remains to be seen.

Adrian stands up and goes over to Barton by the door.

ENTRANCEWAY

ADRIAN

What are you talking about?

Barton opens the front door.

BARTON

Don't forget to take your pills. Dr. Mountebank will be in touch. He may stop by to check on your progress.

Barton exits the house and leaves Adrian standing alone in silence.

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Adrian sits at his computer in the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor office. He is in the midst of a conversation over an instant messaging program. We see that his chat name is YoAdrian and he is chatting with LisaLisaTurtle. You can hear a DING every time a message is exchanged.

ON THE MONITOR

Lisa's words appear:

"Barton sounds really great. I hope I get to meet him someday."

BACK TO ADRIAN

Adrian begins to type a response just as there's a DING from another of Lisa's messages.

ON THE MONITOR

Lisa's words appear:

"I hope to meet you someday too...hopefully soon."

BACK TO ADRIAN

Adrian looks panicked as he scrambles for something to say. He stands up from the desk and paces back as he hears another DING from the computer.

ON THE MONITOR:

Lisa's words appear:

"Are you still there?"

BACK TO ADRIAN

ADRIAN

Fuck!

Adrian sits back down and he takes a deep breath as he places his hands on the keyboard. After a moment, he begins to type.

ON THE MONITOR:

Adrian's words appear:

"I'm not sure I'm ready for that."

Lisa's words appear:

"We've been talking for weeks.  
I'm ready to meet. I thought the  
feeling was mutual."

BACK TO ADRIAN

Adrian looks scared as a response seems to escape his shaking fingers.

ON THE MONITOR

Lisa's words appear:

"Am I wrong? I thought we really  
had something here."

Adrian's words appear:

"You're not mistaken. I really do  
feel something."

Lisa's words appear:

"Then let's grab coffee. Keep it  
simple and quaint."

BACK TO ADRIAN

He rubs his face in frustration.

ON THE MONITOR

Adrian's words appear:

"I'm not able to meet for coffee."

Lisa's words appear:

"Would you rather get dinner? I know a great Italian place."

BACK TO ADRIAN

Adrian hops up out of the chair. He looks out the window and he watches a tree blow in the wind. He takes in this small picturesque view of the world he can't venture into. We see the longing for it in his face as he turns back to the computer and sits down.

ON THE MONITOR

Adrian's words appear:

"Why don't you come over to my house? I can cook a mean tortellini. Italian just so happens to be my specialty."

BACK TO ADRIAN

There is a long pause with no response from Lisa and Adrian begins to look concerned.

ON THE MONITOR

Lisa's words appear:

"I'm not comfortable with that. I would rather meet in public."

Adrian's words appear:

"Trust me, it will be great. Just the two of us."

Lisa's words appear:

"I can't. You hear so many stories about creepy guys that lure woman into bad situations. I have to insist on a public meeting first."



Adrian's words appear:

"You know I'm not a questionable  
guy."

Lisa's words appear:

"Then why won't you meet me in a  
public place?"

BACK TO ADRIAN

The moment of truth hits Adrian like a ton of bricks as he  
has to will his fingers to type the words.

ON THE MONITOR

Adrian's words appear:

"There are certain elements about  
myself that I've been enigmatic  
about."

Lisa's words appear:

"I'm waiting!"

Adrian's words appear:

"I suffer from agoraphobia."

Lisa's words appear:

"What's that?"

Adrian's words appear:

"It's an intense fear of crowds,  
public places, and wide open  
spaces in general."

Lisa's words appear:

"I don't care about that. Let's  
just meet somewhere without a big  
crowd then."

Adrian's words appear:

"It's a bit more complicated than  
that as my case is a rather  
severe."

Lisa's words appear:

"How severe?"

Adrian's words appear:

"I don't go outside of my home.  
At all."

BACK TO ADRIAN

There is a long pause while Adrian nervously waits for a response and just when he feels it can't take any longer, there's a DING from the computer.

ON THE MONITOR

Lisa's words appear:

"So you never leave your house?"

Adrian's words appear:

"No."

Lisa's words appear:

"Not even for me?"

Adrian's words appear:

"I'm sorry. I can't."

BACK TO ADRIAN

Adrian sits and waits for a response that doesn't seem to be coming.

ON THE MONITOR

Adrian's words appear:

"This shouldn't change things.  
I'm still the same gentleman that  
you've come to know over these  
past weeks. I'm still me."

BACK TO ADRIAN

Adrian sits and stares at the screen as there is still no response from Lisa. He watches as we see LisaLisaTurtle go from being labeled "Online" to being labeled "Offline." Adrian's face goes pale as he sees this girl slip through his fingers.

He slowly builds a quiet rage that spills over into full blown as he pushes the chair out from under him. The chair SLAMS violently into the wall as Adrian walks to the bookshelves and pushes some of the books to the ground as he YELLS in anger. Adrian backs himself into the corner as he slides down the wall to sit on the ground. His eyes well up with tears and they begin to spill out onto his distraught face.

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Adrian, still looking like a mess from his failed conversation, enters the bathroom and grabs his bottle of pills. He opens it and shakes two into his hand before popping them into his mouth. He replaces the bottle and then takes a drink of water to wash the pills down before exiting the room.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - NIGHT - ADRIAN'S DREAM

Adrian's Mom stands by a police car crying as officers scramble around her. She is distraught as one of the officers puts a blanket around her. Another officer is standing with her and questioning her.

OFFICER

Ma'am, can you tell me what the  
boy was wearing?

She stands in silence unable to respond.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Ma'am, please. Any information you can give us would help us in locating your child.

She still stands in silence as the officer reaches out and places his hand on her shoulder. Her head darts up as she stares the officer down and we hear the sound of a door SLAM.

CUT TO:

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The SLAM of a door is heard from downstairs as it awakens Adrian.

Adrian is in his bedroom sleeping in his small twin bed, which still has dinosaur sheets on it. His room hasn't aged with him and it still looks as though it belongs to a 10 year old.

The SLAM of a door is heard from downstairs as it awakens Adrian. He slowly lifts his head as he looks around. He seems truly groggy and out of it.

ADRIAN

Hello.

Adrian gets out of bed, but he uses the room to stabilize himself. He can't seem to function properly as he stumbles out of the room.

UPSTAIRS

Adrian stumbles out of his room and he looks down the stairs at the front door. A SHADOW QUICKLY FLASHES past the outside of the window by the door. Adrian is disoriented and not sure of what he sees.

ADRIAN

Hello! Is somebody there? This isn't funny!

Adrian makes his way down the steps.

## ENTRANCEWAY

Adrian gets to the front door and he looks out the window next to it. His eyes scan the front yard looking for anything. He sees nothing and then he grabs the doorknob. He unlocks the door and twists the knob. He hesitates for a moment before opening the door a small crack. He peers out the crack he made in the door and a small breeze sends a chill down his back as he freaks out and closes the door. He quickly locks the door and he rests his head against it while he takes a few deep breaths. Even the smallest exposure has caused him great discomfort.

Adrian turns and sits down at the bottom of the stairs as he focuses his gaze on the front door. His eyelids become anvils as they begin to drop. He quickly opens his eyes again, but he can't stave off his drowsiness as it overtakes him.

## INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Adrian is still seated at the bottom of the stairs. He is still sleeping as drool oozes out of the corner of his mouth and down his chin. The early morning sun creeps in through the window and it makes its way up his face. The warmth of the sun is enough to wake Adrian who promptly stretches and looks around as he wipes the drool away from his face. He stands up and goes to the door where he looks out the window. There is nothing to see as he backs away and ascends the stairs.

## MONTAGE - ADRIAN'S DAY

-- He brushes his teeth.

-- He does some pushups.

-- He caresses the stubble on his face before he grabs his razor.

-- He does some sit ups.

-- He showers.

-- He opens the front door a sliver and checks to make sure it's okay before he reaches his arm out to grab the newspaper that is sitting in front of the door. Once he

has the paper, he SLAMS the door shut. He locks it and drops to the ground to try and slow his breathing and to stop himself from shaking.

-- He eats a bowl of cereal while reading the newspaper in the kitchen.

-- He opens up a box for a foot bath/foot massage and he looks it over.

-- He has his feet planted in the foot bath while he types up a review for it on his computer.

END MONTAGE

INT. DR. MOUNTEBANK'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Mountebank sits at his desk while Barton sits on the other side of it.

BARTON

Why start small? Why not just dish it out like a blunt force trauma?

DR. MOUNTEBANK

Do you doubt my practices?

BARTON

Not at all.

DR. MOUNTEBANK

Then I implore you to keep to the path and leave your mind focused on the task at hand.

BARTON

It's just that I've been looking forward to this. The end, you know?

DR. MOUNTEBANK

You must quell such thoughts. All will happen as it should and, I promise, it will make the end result that much more satisfying.

Barton nods in the affirmative.

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Adrian is in the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor office putting the foot bath back into its box as he hears the BEEPING of a truck backing up. He looks out his window and sees a moving truck coming to a stop in front of the house next door. The moving truck has a picture of an old man riding a crocodile on the side just below the words "Agares Movers."

A woman steps out of the driver's seat of the moving truck and walks into the front yard of the house. She grabs the FOR SALE sign out of the front yard and she tosses it to the ground.

Adrian grabs his binoculars and he looks at the woman. This is RAZIELA. She has long, flowing hair, a slender figure, and a beautiful face. His heart skips a beat as he drinks in her perfection. She moves in slow motion as, in his eyes, she is on a higher plane of existence.

The woman looks around the neighborhood taking in her surroundings. She looks up at the window where Adrian is seated.

Adrian locks eyes with Raziela for a quick minute before he realizes it. He rapidly rolls out of his chair and onto the floor so that he is out of site. He sits up against the wall and cracks a huge smile.

ADRIAN

Wow.

Adrian lets a moment pass before taking a peek out the window. He scans the yard, but doesn't see the woman. He sits back in his chair, but he moves it back away from the window a bit. He looks at the moving truck and sees a phone number on the side of it. He picks up his phone and dials the number on the truck. There is a CLICK from the phone followed by an automated voice.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)

You've reached the afterhours  
answering service for Agares  
Movers.

(MORE)

## AUTOMATED VOICE (CONT'D)

Please leave us your name, number,  
and reason for calling and we will  
get back to you. Thank You.

Adrian hangs up as he sees Raziela come back out of the house. He watches her go to the truck and open up the back door. She grabs a box and carries it back into the house. Adrian settles into his chair to enjoy the rest of the show.

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Adrian enters the bathroom and he grabs his pills. He quickly takes two of them and he washes them down with water before exiting the room.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - ADRIAN'S DREAM

A pitch black basement with a dirt floor where nothing is visible and all you hear is the sound of a young boy crying.

You hear the creak of a door open and a bright light shines down the basement stairs illuminating a 10 year old Adrian crying at the base of the steps. Adrian wipes the tears from his eyes as small glimmer of hope enters them.

It's at this moment that a shadow steps into the doorway. The shadow looks to be that of a large man and it quickly blocks the light that was embracing Adrian. The shadow stands motionless just looking down at Adrian. After a moment, the shadow begins to descend the stairs towards Adrian as the young boy disappears into the shadow.

CUT TO:

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Adrian's eyes shoot open as he comes to in his bedroom. The sound of muffled, unclear voices can be heard from outside the room. Adrian again is groggy and having trouble waking up. He hears the voices and he forces himself up out of bed. He uses the room to stabilize himself as he makes his way to the door.



ADRIAN

Hello! Is there someone there?

Adrian opens the door of his bedroom and he steps out into the area atop the steps.

UPSTAIRS

Adrian looks down the stairs and he sees shadows moving about in the dining room.

ADRIAN

Who's there!? Who's in my house!?

Adrian begins to descend the stairs.

DINING ROOM

We hear people scramble out of the room as Adrian enters.

ADRIAN

I'm not playing around! Who's here!? This isn't funny, Barton!

The backdoor SLAMS as Adrian turns towards it. Adrian walks to the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Adrian goes to the back door and he looks out into the backyard. There is nothing and no one there.

Adrian steps away from the door and he goes to the sink. He is still disoriented and drowsy. He uses the sink to splash water on his face in an effort to wake himself up.

He steps back into the dining room.

DINING ROOM

Adrian grabs a chair from the table and he sets it in the corner. He sits in the chair so that he can see from all directions.

His eyelids begin to envelope his eyes as sleep once again wins the battle with consciousness.

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

The front door to the house opens and Barton enters carrying a bag of groceries. He looks into the dining room and he sees Adrian asleep in the chair.

DINING ROOM

Barton walks over to Adrian and he nudges him to wake him up. Adrian comes to and shakes off his slumber as he sees his brother.

BARTON

What are you doing sleeping down here?

Adrian picks away the crust in his eyes as he gathers himself.

ADRIAN

I've been weathering a storm here. People. There have been people in the house.

Barton looks confused.

BARTON

That's not possible.

Adrian stands up as they walk into the kitchen.

KITCHEN

ADRIAN

Oh, it's possible.

Barton puts the bag of groceries down on the counter.

BARTON

It was probably just a bad dream.

ADRIAN

I've had bad dreams. This was no dream. There were people here.

BARTON

Have you been taking your medication?

ADRIAN

Every day.

BARTON

Then let's just bring it on back. It was probably just a bad dream. You know your medication keeps all the bad at bay.

Barton begins to walk around the kitchen while putting the groceries away. Adrian follows him around like a lost puppy.

ADRIAN

Apparently not because I've taken a swan dive into the deep end of insanity.

BARTON

I'm not sure what you want from me. I can talk to Mountebank and maybe get you another medication.

ADRIAN

This isn't about popping another pill or two. I want the locks changed and I want to add more locks to the door. I want locks on locks. Can we padlock the locks?

BARTON

You don't need to add more locks. If somebody wanted in, they will get in. This is a house, not Fort Knox.

ADRIAN

I am under the impression that you're not taking my concerns seriously.

BARTON

How long have we been doing this?  
This isn't my first rodeo. It was  
a bad dream, let's move on.

ADRIAN

I would prefer not to.

Barton grabs a box of food and pats Adrian on the back.

BARTON

Alright, Bartleby...the scrivener  
right? Yeah, I caught that one.  
Now let's get some food in you.

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Adrian is sitting in the computer chair in the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor office looking out the front window with binoculars. He sees a truck for a lawn care company across the street. He watches the men working on the yard across the street as he notices the phone number on the truck. He grabs the phone to make a phone call as he hears a KNOCK at the front door. He stands up and walks out of the room.

UPSTAIRS

Adrian looks downstairs and sees Raziela standing in the entranceway.

ADRIAN

You must be insane if you think  
it's ok to simply walk into  
someone's house!

RAZIELA

You should probably lock your door  
then.

ADRIAN

I can assure you that it was,  
without a doubt, locked.

Raziela points over her shoulder with her thumb at the unlocked door.

RAZIELA

Obviously not.

Adrian makes his way down the stairs.

ENTRANCEWAY

ADRIAN

That doesn't change the fact that you can't come walking into my house uninvited.

RAZIELA

And you shouldn't spy on your neighbors with binoculars, and yet the world keeps turning.

Adrian appears a bit ashamed.

ADRIAN

I don't spy.

RAZIELA

That wasn't you upstairs watching me through binoculars?

ADRIAN

Well...yes, but it was a far cry from espionage. I merely like to keep a watchful eye on the neighborhood.

Raziela walks into the living room and Adrian follows her.

RAZIELA

Sounds like spying to me.

Raziela begins to walk around the room and look at the photos and books that are all over the place.

ADRIAN

I don't go out much. I need to stay fresh on what's going on in my neighborhood.

RAZIELA

Yeah, I know. The neighbors told me.

ADRIAN

The neighbors?

RAZIELA

Yeah, I've been getting to know everybody and they told me all about you. I thought that you sounded super fucked up, so I just had to come meet you.

ADRIAN

I'm not "super fucked up."

RAZIELA

You haven't been outside in 15 years.

ADRIAN

Technically, but-

RAZIELA

That's super fucked up.

Raziela starts picking up some of the books and moving them around.

RAZIELA (CONT'D)

You need to clean up. You got definite hobo swag going on.

Adrian walks over and takes the books from her and he puts them back where they came from.

ADRIAN

You seem to be under the impression that you have the right to intrude and just start moving my personal effects.

RAZIELA

Okay. I'm just trying to help.

ADRIAN

I don't need your assistance.

RAZIELA

Could have fooled me.

Raziela grabs the remote control off the coffee table and she turns the TV on. She flips it to channel 15, which features an awful reality show. Adrian sees the 15 on the TV and he snatches the remote from Raziela's hand. He quickly changes the channel.

ADRIAN

Please, do not lay your hands on anything.

RAZIELA

Shit. If you don't like the show, just say so.

ADRIAN

It's not the show. It's the number.

RAZIELA

The number? What, like the channel?

ADRIAN

I have a thing about that number.

RAZIELA

Fifteen.

Adrian twitches from the sound of the word.

ADRIAN

I do not care for it. I can't explain it, but every time I have contact with that number, in any way, I feel pain. It's practically excruciating.

RAZIELA

Okay then.

Raziela rolls her eyes as she steps away from the TV.

ADRIAN

If you insist on being here,  
please sit down and refrain from  
touching anything.

Raziela holds up her hands and looks sarcastically offended  
as she walks away. She sits in a chair and Adrian goes to  
the couch.

RAZIELA

So what do you do all day? You've  
got to be bored as shit.

ADRIAN

I have plenty that occupy my time.

Raziela grabs a notebook off the coffee table and starts  
flipping through it. She sees all of Adrian's hand written  
stories.

RAZIELA

What are you writing?

Adrian grabs the notebook and closes it.

ADRIAN

It is fiction that I'm writing for  
eyes that aren't yours.

Raziela picks up the photo of Adrian, Barton, and their  
parents.

RAZIELA

Are those your parents? Where are  
they?

ADRIAN

Yes. They have passed away.

Adrian grabs the photo from her and he puts it back where  
it was.

RAZIELA

Sorry, that sucks. Is that why  
you don't go outside and shit?



ADRIAN

They are unrelated.

RAZIELA

Then what does it have something to do with?

ADRIAN

Being as how we are merely getting acquainted at this juncture and I don't even know your name, I would rather not talk about that.

Raziela puts the picture down and Adrian looks frustrated.

RAZIELA

Right, sorry.

Raziela puts her hand out to shake hands.

RAZIELA (CONT'D)

I'm Raziela, but my friends call me Razi. Pronounced like Nazi, but Razi. You should call me Razi.

Adrian shakes her hand.

ADRIAN

Adrian. It's nice to make your acquaintance, Razi, a rather atypical name though.

RAZIELA

It wasn't my choice, but I make do.

Raziela looks around the room as Adrian smirks at her comment.

RAZIELA (CONT'D)

So, when was the last time a woman was in this place. By the looks of things, it's been a while. No female touch.

ADRIAN

Not since my mother passed.

RAZIELA

I could help you.

ADRIAN

What help could you possibly offer me?

RAZIELA

Clean this place up. You know...maybe make it look less like a homeless shelter and more like a home. Get rid of that hobo swag.

Adrian looks baffled.

ADRIAN

Why would you want to help me? Did my brother put you up to this?

Raziela stands up.

RAZIELA

Look, I'm just trying to be neighborly. You could use some help and I'm offering it.

Raziela walks to the front door.

RAZIELA (CONT'D)

Think about it, and if you decide you'd like my help, just stare at me awkwardly through your binoculars and I'll come running.

Raziela exits the house and Adrian just looks so confused.

ADRIAN

A bit brazen.

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Adrian sits at his desk in the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor office. He is on the computer looking at internet porn. He clicks on a

"voyeur" video and it begins to play. Adrian sees a man watching through a window while a woman undresses herself. Adrian's hand begins to venture beneath the desk towards his crotch. We see quick flashes of Raziela's face as Adrian touches himself. It intensifies and we see a quick flash of Raziela stripping and dancing. We see quick flashes back and forth from Raziela to Adrian. There are quick flashes of Raziela dancing naked in front of fire. These flashes get faster and faster until Adrian finishes and he leans back in his chair.

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Adrian enters his bathroom and he grabs his bottle of pills. He shakes two out into his hand and he stares them down.

ADRIAN  
Here's hoping.

He tosses the pills into his mouth and he swallows them with some water before exiting the bathroom.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - ADRIAN'S DREAM

Ten year old Adrian lies face down in the dirt floor of the basement. His eyes are full of tears as we see the shadowy figure of a man by the bottom of the stairs. The man is zipping up his pants and doing up his belt. He walks up the stairs and he leaves Adrian lying face down in the dirt as he slams the basement door and the darkness once again engulfs the young boy in life shattering despair.

CUT TO:

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Adrian snaps awake in his bed covered in sweat from the dream he just had. He is breathing hard as he throws the sheets off himself and gets out of bed.

ENTRANCEWAY

Adrian walks down the stairs as he rubs the sleep out of his eyes. He stops and glances quickly into the living room before heading towards the kitchen. He abruptly stops and turns back towards the living room.

## LIVING ROOM

Adrian dashes into the room as he looks around. The room is clean. His books are all nicely arranged on shelves and the clutter has been cleaned up. His face is in shock as he wanders around the room looking through all his books to make sure they are still there. He looks over the family photos as he can't believe the state of the room. He begins to pull books from the shelves and move things about. He begins to make the room a beautiful mess again.

## INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Barton enters the house where Adrian is sitting on the steps anxiously waiting for him. Adrian jumps up and points into the living room.

ADRIAN

Look at...at this...this? What the hell?

## LIVING ROOM

Barton looks at the room while Adrian walks about pointing at the changes.

BARTON

Yeah, it's clean.

ADRIAN

I think that Razi was the perpetrator.

BARTON

Razi? Who the hell is Razi?

ADRIAN

Razi, the devilish female that resides next door.

BARTON

I didn't realize that someone bought that place.

ADRIAN

She was here yesterday rambling on about how she could clean this place up for me. I think she came in while I was sleeping and she messed with the whole feng shui in an effort to screw with me.

Barton grabs Adrian by the shoulders to calm him.

BARTON

Two things. First, I'm glad you talked to a real live woman. That's big stuff. Second, it wasn't her. It was me.

ADRIAN

You? Why? The violation of my personal space is beyond words.

Adrian shirks off Barton's hands and walks away from him.

BARTON

I did it for you.

ADRIAN

It's an intrusion into everything I hold dear.

BARTON

Or it's your brother trying to keep your home looking good. You should live well where you dwell.

ADRIAN

Why not talk with me before you make changes? Why do it while I'm sleeping?

Barton takes a seat on the couch.

BARTON

Because I knew you would overreact, which is why I didn't tell you. You're welcome by the way.

ADRIAN

You will receive no gratitude from me...Wait? Does that mean the sounds I heard in the house a few nights ago were you as well?

BARTON

No. Like I told you before, I had nothing to do with that. It was probably a dream.

ADRIAN

I'm not sure my sense of calm can trust you. At the very least, would you be kind enough to divulge the location of the rest of my belongings? There are missing items.

BARTON

They're in the basement.

Adrian can't stop pacing through the room.

ADRIAN

The basement? You know I don't go down there.

BARTON

Well, if you want your things, that's where they are.

Adrian goes out into the entranceway of the house and Barton follows behind him.

ENTRANCEWAY

Adrian goes to the basement door behind the stairs and he stops when he sees a numeric keypad that locks the door.

ADRIAN

What sort of hell are you trying to put me in?

BARTON

I added a lock to the door.

(MORE)

BARTON (CONT'D)

If you want your things, you'll have to put in the code and go get them.

ADRIAN

And the code just so happens to be what?

BARTON

All you have to do is hit star fifteen.

A shudder of pain flows through Adrian as he hears the code.

ADRIAN

Why would you do that?

BARTON

Because it's necessary.

Barton goes to the front door and exits the house as Adrian stands staring at the keypad.

Adrian examines the keypad with his hands looking for the screws or a spot to undo it, but he can't see anything.

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Adrian is in his kitchen cooking when the sound of the front door opening and closing is heard.

ADRIAN

Barton? Is that you?

Raziela enters the kitchen.

RAZIELA

Not the last time I checked.

Adrian stops what he's doing.

ADRIAN

Your trespassing needs to cease.

RAZIELA

Stop leaving your door open.

ADRIAN

The door is never unlocked. With the certainty of death and taxes, I locked that door.

Adrian seems frustrated and confused.

RAZIELA

Then talk to the person who screwed the pooch on that one.

Raziela points towards the living room.

RAZIELA (CONT'D)

I saw you cleaned up your living room. I dig it. It's a good start.

ADRIAN

I took no part in that travesty. My brother, or so he claims to be, took it upon himself to accomplish that particular feat.

Raziela walks over to the counter where Adrian is and starts to pick through his food.

RAZIELA

Brother, huh? That's super nice of him. Like rainbows and sunshine kind of nice.

ADRIAN

Or an invasion of my sanctum. I feel violated. Just like the moment I find myself currently in while you sift through my food.

Raziela takes a bite of the food.

RAZIELA

So sorry, Adrian. Maybe I should just leave.



Raziela starts to leave the kitchen as Adrian goes back to his food. Raziela stops and turns back towards him.

RAZIELA (CONT'D)

That is unless I got invited to dinner.

ADRIAN

This portion was meant for one.

Raziela throws her hands up.

RAZIELA

You know, I get it now.

Adrian stops and looks at her.

ADRIAN

Get what?

RAZIELA

Why you've been alone all these years. It's not because you don't like being around people. It's because people don't like being around you. It's because you're a piece of shit. Deep down, you're just a bad man.

Raziela exits the kitchen as Adrian gets a look of frustration.

ADRIAN

Stop...I could turn this into two meals I guess.

Raziela walks back into the kitchen.

RAZIELA

See, was that so hard?

ADRIAN

You're impossible.

DINING ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

Adrian and Raziela are sitting down together at the dinner table eating.

ADRIAN

Do you really think that I'm a  
"piece of shit" as you so put it?

RAZIELA

Kind of, but it's probably due  
more to the fact that you lack  
simple skills in human interaction  
rather than the fact that you're  
actually an ass. You just need to  
get out more.

ADRIAN

Now you're mimicking my brother.

RAZIELA

I'll take sounding like over  
looking like.

ADRIAN

No, you look--

Adrian looks her over.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

--absolutely fine.

Raziela looks a bit taken aback.

RAZIELA

Were you checking me out?

Adrian's cheeks get rosy with embarrassment.

ADRIAN

No, I wasn't. I was simply--

Raziela gives Adrian a quick punch to the shoulder.

RAZIELA

You were checking me out.

Adrian is speechless.

RAZIELA (CONT'D)

It's okay. I'm used to guys checking me out. Plus, you probably haven't seen a woman in the flesh for some time. I have to be a system shock for you.

ADRIAN

I assure you that my system remains un-shocked.

Raziela sports a devilish smile.

RAZIELA

Have you jerked off while thinking about me?

Adrian's embarrassment only intensifies as he nervously laughs.

RAZIELA (CONT'D)

You did. You had filthy dream sex with me while touching your penis. Was I good?

ADRIAN

You lack a filter?

RAZIELA

Don't change the subject. Was I good?

ADRIAN

I was able to achieve the goal I set out with.

Raziela laughs as she gives Adrian another playful punch in the shoulder.

RAZIELA

You are one dirty birdie. Deep down you really are a bad man. If you weren't so sheltered, I might have to call you a pervert.

ADRIAN

I don't think I have the deviant nature of a pervert.

RAZIELA

It's honestly a compliment. You have millions of filthy sluts to choose from on the internet, but you chose me. I feel flattered.

ADRIAN

This is not the kind of conversation I was expecting.

RAZIELA

Nonsense, you need to break out of your shell. You are all cooped up in here with no one to talk to. You need this. You need actual human beings to talk to so that a conversation like this doesn't freak you out.

ADRIAN

Is that so? Is this customary, everyday conversation for those outside this house? People reminiscing about masturbation. If that is the case, it makes the world seem even less appealing... and possibly a literally filthy place.

RAZIELA

And you think that I have a dirty mind, but you're the one thinking about a world dripping in filth. You sick bastard.

ADRIAN

You started down this path.

RAZIELA

Maybe, but you won't talk to me about yourself, so we had to talk about something.

ADRIAN

I am not a terribly fascinating subject to dwell upon. Every tale I tell takes place in this house and they aren't exactly enthralling yarns.

RAZIELA

What about the story that caused you to lock yourself up in this house?

Adrian pushes his food away as a look of dissatisfaction overtakes him.

ADRIAN

That is not a story for a newcomer in my life.

RAZIELA

And yet I'm good enough to make filthy dream love to. You will open up to me...One of these days.

ADRIAN

Maybe...One of these days.

Raziela plays with her food for a moment before perking up.

RAZIELA

So, what's it like?

ADRIAN

What's what like?

RAZIELA

When you step outside. You have to feel something when it happens otherwise you wouldn't have a problem going out there.

Adrian sits and thinks about it for a moment.

ADRIAN

I imagine it would compare to being thrown...

(MORE)

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

...out of an airplane without a parachute or coming to the realization that you're about to wreck your car in a deathly fashion and knowing there is nothing you can do to prevent it from coming to fruition. All of the sudden, I begin to tremble and I have a shortness of breath while I struggle to even maintain consciousness. The world is all at once focused on my shortcomings and I feel the gravity of that monumental judgment on my buckling shoulders...I remember a time when I was about 12. Barton couldn't fathom what I was going through. In his mind, I was just faking my ailment, and one day, he grabbed me by the front door. He opened it and threw me out onto the porch. I don't remember what happened, but my uncle, he was raising us at the time, he told me that I was screaming and crying while I pounded out every ounce of energy I had on the door in an effort to get back inside to the safety of these walls. I don't remember my actions, but what I do remember is the anxiety and pain I felt from the simple exposure to what I felt was unsafe. When I came to on the couch, after my uncle carried me in, I saw Barton with a look of shock as he stared at me from the corner. That was the first time I knew he understood that my pain was real.

Raziela sees the sincerity in Adrian's eyes as she reaches out and holds his hand.

RAZIELA

You need to get your shit under control cause that's fucked up stuff.

ADRIAN

I wish to thank you for your kind words as I now feel much better about having opened up to you.

Raziela smiles.

RAZIELA

I'm kidding. I'm a playful sort.

Adrian musters up a small, yet restrained, smirk.

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Adrian enters the bathroom and he grabs his pills. He takes two pills and exits the bathroom.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY - ADRIAN'S DREAM

A 10 year old Adrian runs and plays on the playground equipment. He keeps looking up and seeing his mother talking to her friend. He waves at his mother and she waves back as he smiles and continues to play.

Adrian climbs up the slide and he slides to the bottom. He goes to stand up as the large shadow of a man looms over him. He looks up and sees the shadowy figure looking down at him.

The bright sunny day now turns to a dark night.

Adrian looks around and sees nobody. The playground is now empty. There are no kids playing and his mother is gone. He turns to the playground equipment and he watches it disappear.

The playground is now the dark dirt floor basement he was trapped in.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - ADRIAN'S DREAM - CONTINUOUS

Adrian walks over to the corner and slouches down to the ground as the dark shadow of a man walks over to him.

CUT TO:

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Adrian wakes up breathing hard. He tries to shake it off as the sunlight washes over him with its warm glow. He slowly gets himself out of bed.

ENTRANCEWAY

Adrian walks down the steps as he ties the belt on his bathrobe. He turns into the dining room.

DINING ROOM

Adrian walks into the dining room and it looks straightened up as his books and newspapers are missing. He looks angry as he walks to the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Adrian sees that the kitchen is all straightened up and he hurries to the phone and he begins to dial. The phone rings and we hear the BEEP of a voicemail.

BARTON (O.S.)

Hey, you've reached Barton. Leave me your name and number and I'll get back to you as soon as I can.

ADRIAN

(on the phone)

Stop screwing with my stuff!  
Violating my home! I don't need you moving and cleaning. Leave my home be.

Adrian slams the phone down and looks over his kitchen in frustration.



INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Adrian is sitting in his living room writing fan fiction in his notebook when the front door opens and Raziela enters.

RAZIELA

I thought you were going to start locking that door?

ADRIAN

At a certain point it becomes futile as your reappearance was imminent.

Adrian puts the book down as Raziela looks into the dining room.

RAZIELA

It looks like your brother gave you another quick polish.

ADRIAN

Regrettably. He is starting to test the limits of my good nature.

RAZIELA

Lighten up and embrace it. It's good for you.

Raziela steps into the living room and she sits down next to Adrian. It's much closer than his comfort zone would like to allow.

ADRIAN

Just make yourself comfortable.

RAZIELA

As if I wouldn't.

ADRIAN

Your veracious nature demands it.

RAZIELA

So, how are you going to entertain me today?

ADRIAN

Don't you have an occupation you must frequent?

RAZIELA

I work mostly nights and right now I would rather relax.

ADRIAN

What is your occupation?

Raziela smiles as she puts her hand on Adrian's leg.

RAZIELA

Do you really want to know? Is it picking at that weird little brain of yours?

ADRIAN

I do find myself oddly intrigued by what you do with your time?

RAZIELA

I'm a dancer.

ADRIAN

What, like ballet?

RAZIELA

No, fuck-tard. I'm a stripper.

ADRIAN

A stripper.

RAZIELA

Yeah, you know, like I get up on a stage and have men pay me to take my clothes off.

Adrian looks a little flustered as Raziela pats Adrian on the head.

RAZIELA (CONT'D)

Aw, you're thinking about me naked again aren't you?

ADRIAN

No, I just--

RAZIELA

Don't worry; it's like I said, I'm used to guys checking me out.

ADRIAN

It doesn't cause feelings of anxiety?

RAZIELA

No, why should it? I know I look good, so why not let it work for me?

ADRIAN

Your level of confidence is something that I'm not privy to.

RAZIELA

I'm sure there's a lot you're not used to.

Raziela inches closer to Adrian on the couch and she puts her arm around him.

ADRIAN

Your actions perplex me?

RAZIELA

You're probably not used to a woman being this close to you. Plus, I know you thought about me naked.

ADRIAN

This is not copasetic.

Raziela grabs Adrian by the jaw.

RAZIELA

Of course you aren't. You're so sheltered that the simple things in life have eluded you. Have you ever even kissed a girl?

Adrian simply shakes his head "no."

RAZIELA (CONT'D)

Good.

Raziela leans in and kisses Adrian. Her form is perfect, but he seems taken aback and very stunned as his eyes remain open and his lips seem tight. After a moment, Raziela pulls back and lets Adrian ease away.

RAZIELA

There, now you've kissed a girl.

ADRIAN

Why...Why did you do that?

Raziela stands up and she pulls Adrian up to his feet.

RAZIELA

Because it makes me feel good to make you uncomfortable. I know that you just haven't been able to enjoy what so many of us take for granted and it freaks you out. I haven't felt this good since I took Billy Thatcher's virginity. Poor guy, he needed that.

ADRIAN

Is that why you find the time to come over here, because I'm a charity case that you like screwing with?

RAZIELA

You're far beyond a charity case, but I do enjoy messing with you. It's kind of my thing.

Adrian steps away from Raziela.

ADRIAN

I'm confused about how I should feel.

RAZIELA

What's to know? I feel good and you got kissed. Let's move on. Do you want to grab my tits?

Adrian looks shocked as he turns and looks at Raziela.

ADRIAN

I feel as though you are really expediting things.

RAZIELA

They're just tits. I whip them out every night for guys who don't look half as good. The other day, there was this like 400 pound guy who got winded just standing up. He bought a dance in the champagne room for a half hour. He was so fat that I couldn't even feel his dick through his pants. You can always feel a guy get hard through their pants, and there is no way that fatty magoo wasn't rockin' a chub, I mean, look at me, but nothing because he was so fat. His dick was like lost in the fat rolls. It was gross at the same time that it was almost a fascinating mystery you wanted to solve. Anyway, that was a long winded way of saying I've done worse for uglier people.

Adrian just looks at her in silence as she begins to grow tired of it. Raziela reaches up and grabs on her own chest.

RAZIELA (CONT'D)

See, nothing to it. It's just flesh.

ADRIAN

My level of unease is staggeringly high right now.

Raziela rolls her eyes as she grabs Adrian's hand and places it on her breast.

RAZIELA

See, was that so hard?

After a moment of grasping, Adrian retracts his hand.

RAZIELA

Pretty spectacular, right?

ADRIAN

It was nice.

RAZIELA

Nice! You just grabbed your first tit and now you lack the words to tell me how you feel. Come on, make a girl feel special. Hit me with some great words so that I don't feel self-conscious about my boobs.

ADRIAN

They were delightful.

RAZIELA

You can do better.

ADRIAN

They were striking, impressive, staggering.

RAZIELA

Doing better. Hit me with a few more.

ADRIAN

Phenomenal, extraordinary, fantastic, marvelous, outstanding, unparalleled, wondrous, tremendous, unreal, out of this world, scintillating, sumptuous, brilliant, sublime, transcendent, ultimate, supreme, unrivaled, consummate.

Raziela smiles as she puts her hand on Adrian's arm.

RAZIELA

Aw, thanks. You sure do know how to make a girl feel special.

ADRIAN

It was the single most grandiose experience I have ever had the pleasure of taking part in. Your breast has caused my mind to go adrift. It's gotten off to, I know not where. I find myself grasping at straws in an effort to safely replant my feet back onto solid ground as I feel as though I'm floating on air. I can barely articulate the gratitude I have developed for the act that you have performed here today. In all my years, I have often pondered what such an experience could have possibly felt like.

Raziela puts out her hands to stop Adrian from talking.

RAZIELA

Thanks. I appreciate it, but you can stop now.

ADRIAN

Right.

Adrian goes back to the couch and sits down.

RAZIELA

This has been a big day for you hasn't it?

ADRIAN

Just a smidgen past the norm.

Raziela sits down next to Adrian and looks at him.

RAZIELA

We made good progress here today.  
I can't even begin to imagine how  
you would handle sex.

Adrian looks shocked.

RAZIELA (CONT'D)

Oh, calm down. We're not having  
sex. But if we did, I would rock  
your world.

ADRIAN

Knowledge I am pleased to know.

RAZIELA

You're probably a premature  
ejaculator aren't you?

ADRIAN

I don't--

Raziela slaps Adrian on the arm.

RAZIELA

You don't have to answer that.  
Besides, most guys are quick on  
the trigger their first time out.  
Billy Thatcher barely lasted a  
minute.

ADRIAN

Wow.

RAZIELA

All this makes you uncomfortable  
doesn't it?

ADRIAN

Extremely.

RAZIELA

And that's why you fascinate me.  
This might not be a conversation  
for polite company, but it's not  
unusual.

(MORE)



RAZIELA (CONT'D)

Yet you have never talked to anyone like this so it's painful and out of your comfort zone. I like it. That's where you need to be. Outside your comfort zone.

ADRIAN

You'll find me a tad bit disagreeable on that particular notion.

Raziela sees that Adrian is tense and uncomfortable.

RAZIELA

All right. All right. You look like you're about to shit a brick. I'll stop. How about we watch a movie or something?

ADRIAN

That I could handle.

RAZIELA

Excellent.

A SHORT TIME LATER

Raziela is lying on the couch with her head resting in Adrian's lap as they watch "Bill & Ted's Bogus Journey." Adrian seems more focused on Raziela's head in his lap rather than the movie.

Raziela grabs the remote and turns the volume on the TV up. She turns it up to 15 and then sets the remote down. Adrian quickly grabs the remote and turns the volume down to 14.

Raziela sits up and looks at Adrian.

RAZIELA

I just thought of something.

ADRIAN

Can it wait until the movie is over?

RAZIELA

We can watch this movie anytime,  
but I might only have this thought  
once. Do you really want to  
squander it?

ADRIAN

Touché. What's on your mind?

RAZIELA

How have you not woken up when  
your brother comes in to rearrange  
your house? It had to have been  
loud. Are you a heavy sleeper?

Adrian seems to be taken aback by the comment.

ADRIAN

That's actually a really good  
thought.

RAZIELA

Those are the only kind I have.

ADRIAN

How is that possible?

Adrian stands up from the couch and begins to pace through  
the room.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

You're right. I shouldn't have  
slept through that. How could I  
have not heard something?

RAZIELA

That's what I'm saying.

Adrian stays silent as he paces and thinks. He is struck  
by an idea.

ADRIAN

The pills!

RAZIELA

Pills?

ADRIAN

Yeah, Barton gave me the medication. It has always made me drowsy and I've recently starting seeing and hearing things that couldn't possibly be in the house. It has to be the medication.

RAZIELA

So you're saying your brother drugged you so he can come in here and rearrange your stuff? Why? What's the point?

ADRIAN

Maybe he's under the impression that by messing with the house he can force me out of it. Make it an uncomfortable place to be and I won't want to be here anymore. Well, it's not going to work. I'll stop the medication and he won't be able to pull the wool over my eyes any more.

RAZIELA

Cool beans.

Adrian looks baffled.

ADRIAN

Cool beans?

RAZIELA

Yeah, it means awesome.

ADRIAN

Why? Don't people generally enjoy their beans hot?

RAZIELA

It's just a saying.

ADRIAN

It seems to be an ill-conceived one as the phrase lacks logic.

RAZIELA

Hey, I don't right 'em, I just say  
'em.

ADRIAN

Right.

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Adrian enters the bathroom and he grabs his bottle of pills. He opens the bottle and dumps the contents of it into the toilet. He flushes the toilet and watches his pills circle the bowl before disappearing into obscurity. Adrian puts the top back on the pill bottle and then tosses it into the trash can before he exits the room.

ADRIAN'S ROOM

Adrian crawls into bed and turns off the lights. He closes his eyes.

ADRIAN

Not tonight.

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY - ADRIAN'S DREAM

Adrian's parents have a missing child command center set up in the living room. There are people scattered about gathering up fliers and making phone calls. The place is bustling with do-gooders trying to find Adrian.

Adrian's DAD is on the phone talking. He hangs it up and walks away from it.

DAD

Has anyone seen my wife?

He gets a lot of no's and negative head shakes before he walks out of the living room.

ENTRANCEWAY

Adrian's Dad looks around and then to the police officer standing by the front door.

DAD

Have you seen my wife?

The officer shakes his head no.

Adrian's Dad takes a quick look into the dining room, but he sees nothing so he ascends the stairs.

UPSTAIRS

Adrian's Dad pokes his head into the master bedroom, but he sees nothing and closes the door.

He knocks on the bathroom door.

DAD

Honey, are you in there?

There is no response so he opens the door.

BATHROOM

The bathroom door opens and Adrian's Dad walks in. His face quickly goes pale as his eyes widen in horror.

We see blood in a pool on the floor. The pool has a trail leading up to and into the bathtub, where we see Adrian's Mom lying naked in blood red water. Her wrists are slit and we see a razor lying on the edge of the tub.

Adrian's Dad hurries to the tub and he drops to his knees. He grabs his wife and pulls her from the tub.

DAD

Help! Somebody help me!

He embraces his wife's limp body tightly as tears begin to pour from his eyes.

DAD

Don't do this to me! I can't do this alone! I can't do this alone!

Her lifeless head all of the sudden turns towards him and her eyes SPRING OPEN. They are black holes. Shock overtakes him as her mouth widens and she SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Adrian awakens violently in his bed. He sits up while breathing heavily and sweating.

ADRIAN

I can't take this anymore.

Adrian stands up from his bed and he walks to his door.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

These dreams are torture.

A gloved hand grabs Adrian's shoulder as he swings around to see a tall man standing in his room. The man is wearing a long white lab coat and a gas mask. The eyes of the gas mask are blacked out and it envelopes his entire head. There is nothing visible on this man. He is completely covered. This is a MASKED MAN.

MASKED MAN #1

You have yet to experience true  
torture in this life.

Adrian is overtaken by fright as the Masked Man sticks a hypodermic needle into Adrian's neck and he pumps him full of drugs. Adrian's eyes quickly roll into the back of his head as he drops to the floor.

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

The early morning light shines through the window as Adrian shoots up out of bed. He looks around his room to see if anybody is there. Seeing nothing, he quickly goes to the mirror and looks at his neck searching for where he was stuck by the needle. His hands scurry all over his neck, but they come up empty.

UPSTAIRS

Adrian slowly creeps from his room as he looks around for anybody who may still be in his house. He doesn't see anybody, but he still creeps out of his room slowly. He walks over to the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor office and looks inside, but sees no one. He then goes to the other side and he pokes his head into the bathroom, the master bedroom, and Barton's room, but he finds nobody.

## ENTRANCEWAY

Adrian descends the stairs and he double checks the locks on the front door. They appear secure as he pokes his head into the living room and sees nobody.

## DINING ROOM

Adrian walks through the dining room to check in the kitchen, but he sees nobody.

## KITCHEN

Adrian grabs the phone and dials a number. The phone rings and we hear the BEEP of a voicemail.

BARTON (O.S.)

Hey, you've reached Barton. Leave me your name and number and I'll get back to you as soon as I can.

ADRIAN

(on the phone)

Barton, your absence is becoming problematic! This...whatever this is, isn't funny! There are people coming into the house! I am in desperate need of your assistance. Call me back!

Adrian slams the phone down in frustration. He turns around and leans up against the counter as he begins to frantically bite at his fingernails. It is at this point that he looks at his refrigerator and his face goes pale. The refrigerator is covered in crudely written 15's from top to bottom.

Adrian turns to his sink and he grabs a sponge. He wets the sponge and goes to his fridge where he begins to frantically scrub away at the numbers. His arm furiously works the refrigerator over, but to no avail. The numbers won't come off so he turns back to the sink and slams the sponge down into it in a fit of rage as he SCREAMS.

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Adrian is sitting in a chair in the corner of the dining room. He is holding a baseball bat as he keeps watch. We see the refrigerator in the kitchen is now covered with a sheet.

The front door opens and Raziela enters the house. She steps into the dining room as Adrian jumps up.

ADRIAN

There is no fucking way! It is not physically possible for you to have entered through that door! I have checked that lock a dozen times so far today! There is no fucking way!

RAZIELA

Well good morning to you too.

ADRIAN

I don't need your shit! So how the fuck did you get in here?

Raziela looks frightened by Adrian's anger.

RAZIELA

Hey, I just turned the knob and walked in. If you don't want me here, I'll leave.

Raziela heads back to the door as Adrian rushes towards it.

ENTRANCEWAY

Adrian steps in front of the door to stop Raziela.

ADRIAN

No, wait. I...I don't want to be alone right now.

RAZIELA

Okay, well if you want me to stay, I need you to calm down.



Adrian closes his eyes and he exhales in an effort to calm himself.

ADRIAN

I'm sorry. There have been a lot of weird things going on. A man was in the house last night and he drugged me.

Raziela looks bewildered by the statement.

RAZIELA

That seems like a bit much.

ADRIAN

It seems odd, but it's true. I'm not crazy. My brother thinks that they're just nightmares, but I know better. I know the difference between what's real and what isn't.

RAZIELA

Hell, I believe you, which is why it's odd that your own brother wouldn't. Of course, after all this time that you and I have spent talking, I can't believe you didn't tell me you had a brother.

Adrian shakes his head in disbelief over the statement.

ADRIAN

I've already dealt with an overabundance of oddities today; I don't need you playing mind games with me as well.

RAZIELA

What are you talking about?

ADRIAN

You pretending like we didn't talk about my brother. I told you the story about when he pushed me outside.

RAZIELA

We've never talked about your brother.

ADRIAN

We talked about him yesterday. About the fact that he might be drugging me with my medication.

Raziela shoots Adrian a smirk of disbelief.

RAZIELA

Listen, I want to believe that you're not really losing it, but that is going to be hard to do if you can't keep facts straight.

Adrian begins to get frustrated.

ADRIAN

I have my facts straight. We had a whole conversation about him.

Adrian looks almost lost. He doesn't know how to explain his sanity.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

The first day you came into my house you picked up the photo in the living room with my parents, Barton, and me. You've seen the photo.

Adrian walks into the living room and Raziela follows behind him.

LIVING ROOM

Adrian grabs the picture frame that contains the photo and he hands it to Raziela. She looks down at it as he points to it without looking himself.

ADRIAN

See. There we are.

Raziela looks concerned.

RAZIELA

Did you look at this?

Adrian seems confused by that question.

ADRIAN

I look at that photo every day.

RAZIELA

So then you know that it's a photo  
of you and your parents?

Adrian again seems confused.

ADRIAN

Of course.

RAZIELA

And no brother?

Adrian looks distraught as the color leaves his face. Raziela turns the picture around to show Adrian. He looks down at the photo and he sees his parents and himself at the age of 10. Barton is now absent from the photo. Adrian looks almost frightened as he snatches the photo from Raziela.

ADRIAN

That's not probable. I've looked  
at this photo a thousand times a  
day. It was the one last moment  
of contentment before my life  
malformed into shit, and my  
brother was with me in it. He was  
there.

Adrian runs out of the living room still holding the photo.

ENTRANCEWAY

Adrian runs up the stairs.

UPSTAIRS

Adrian runs for the door to Barton's room. He opens the door and reveals to himself that the room is filled with boxes. It is merely a storeroom, not a bedroom.

Adrian looks devastated as he closes the door to the room. He holds it shut for a moment and then he reopens it to take another look as though it was merely a trick his eyes were playing, but the room is still full of boxes. Adrian shuts the door again.

ENTRANCEWAY

Raziela stands at the bottom of the stairs looking up as Adrian, looking like a hollow shell of himself, walks down the stairs.

RAZIELA

Are you going to be okay?

Adrian doesn't respond as he walks past her and goes into the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Adrian drops down and sits on the couch still clutching the photo in his hand.

ADRIAN

The man who was here last night...he must have swapped out the photo.

Raziela drops to her knees in front of Adrian and she places her hands on his to comfort him.

RAZIELA

That may be so, but it doesn't explain why I don't remember him or any conversation we may or may not have had about him.

A light bulb goes off in Adrian's head.

ADRIAN

I'll call him.

Adrian slides to the other side of the couch and he picks up the phone that's there. He dials the number for Barton. The phone rings and we hear a CLICK before an automated voice.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)  
 Your call could not be completed  
 as dialed. Please hang up and try  
 again.

Adrian's face is stiff with shock. He hangs up and redials the number. Again we hear a CLICK before an automated voice.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S.)  
 Your call could not be completed  
 as dialed. Please hang up and try  
 again.

Adrian puts the phone down as he sinks into the couch and he clutches the photo to his chest. Raziela sits down next to him and she holds his hand as she snuggles up to him.

ADRIAN  
 I'm not crazy. I'm not.

LIVING ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

Adrian is sitting on the couch still holding the photo of his family close to his chest. Raziela enters from the entranceway.

RAZIELA  
 Why is your fridge covered?

Adrian doesn't even turn to look at her.

ADRIAN  
 Somebody...some sad excuse for a  
 human being defiled it.

RAZIELA  
 Well, I'm kind of hungry so can we  
 maybe uncover it?

Adrian puts the photo down as he gets up and steps to Raziela.

ADRIAN  
 No, we can't consume one iota of  
 what remains in that refrigerator.  
 They defiled it for a purpose.

(MORE)

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

It was a sign. An indication of their intentions. Even if I wanted to open that fridge, its contents are most likely tainted. There is no way that food is safe for consumption.

Raziela sort of smirks and nods the comment off.

RAZIELA

Okay, but that doesn't change the fact that I'm hungry and I'm going to need some food.

Adrian grabs her by the shoulders.

ADRIAN

The fridge is off limits.

Adrian snaps his fingers as an idea comes to him.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

We can eat whatever is in the cabinets.

Adrian walks out into the entranceway and Raziela follows.

ENTRANCEWAY

Adrian stops just short of the dining room and he turns to Raziela.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Or we don't eat what's in the cabinets because that's what they expect us to do. They knew that if they put the whammy on the fridge the only recourse is the cabinets, but I'm not that foolish. I won't be eating anything that's in this house.

RAZIELA

Your reasoning is fine, but I'm still hungry.

ADRIAN

I'm sorry, but there's just no eating anything that's in this house.

RAZIELA

Okay.

Raziela heads towards the front door and Adrian looks saddened by it.

ADRIAN

Where are you going?

RAZIELA

Well, if I can't eat anything that is already in this house, I will need to obtain food from outside of it.

ADRIAN

Please don't disappear with my sense of calm?

Raziela steps back over to Adrian and she places a hand on his shoulder to comfort him.

RAZIELA

I'm just going to go over to my house and grab us some food. I'll be back in a few minutes.

ADRIAN

Do you think that's a good idea?

RAZIELA

We both need to eat and this is the easiest way.

ADRIAN

I don't think that I should be alone.

RAZIELA

And you won't be.

(MORE)

RAZIELA (CONT'D)

I've already called out of work tonight so I won't be going anywhere. I'm merely going to get food and then come right back. Ten minutes tops.

ADRIAN

Okay.

Raziela goes to the front door.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Please be quick.

RAZIELA

I'll be hell-a fast.

Raziela exits the house leaving Adrian alone. Adrian quickly picks up his baseball bat and enters the dining room.

DINING ROOM

Adrian sits down in his chair in the corner wielding the baseball bat. He stays ever vigilant.

A moment later there is a KNOCK at the door.

ADRIAN

That was fast.

Adrian stands up, but then it dawns on him.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Razi never knocks.

Adrian grips the bat as he steps into the entranceway.

ENTRANCEWAY

The front door opens and Dr. Mountebank enters the house holding a key.

Adrian looks relieved.



DR. MOUNTEBANK

Hey, I didn't mean to startle you.

The doctor points to the baseball bat.

DR. MOUNTEBANK (CONT'D)

Feel free to put the bat down.

Adrian looks at the bat in his hand as he loosens up his grip and leans the bat against the wall.

ADRIAN

I'm sorry, Doctor Mountebank. I thought you were something else.

DR. MOUNTEBANK

What do you mean "something?"

ADRIAN

Someone...Something...it's all a blur.

Adrian goes over and sits on the steps.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

I can't tell reality from the delusions my mind is making up.

Dr. Mountebank walks over to Adrian.

DR. MOUNTEBANK

That's why I'm here. Voice your troubles and I can help.

ADRIAN

Do you remember my brother?

DR. MOUNTEBANK

Of course I do. You talk about him all the time.

Adrian perks up at the comment as he gets to his feet.

ADRIAN

I knew I wasn't crazy. What's going on, Doc? Do you know where he is?

Dr. Mountebank looks disappointed.

DR. MOUNTEBANK

I thought we were past this. I know your brother because you talk about him all the time, but that doesn't mean he's real. He is one of the manifestations of your mind. A delusion brought on by the years of seclusion you have forced yourself to endure.

All the hope that was in Adrian's face is ripped away from him in a mere instance.

ADRIAN

No. He's real. I've talked with him. I've seen him. He's the one who rearranged my house.

The doctor looks into the living room at how it's been cleaned up.

DR. MOUNTEBANK

Adrian, I think it's great how you've cleaned up, but you did that. You cleaned the house because I told you it was a good idea. It was meant to help you feel better about your surroundings. You're using your "brother" to try and resist the change that is taking place here.

Adrian turns away from the doctor in disgust as he walks back into the dining room.

DINING ROOM

Dr. Mountebank follows Adrian into the room.

ADRIAN

I don't want to hear these lies anymore.

DR. MOUNTEBANK

Adrian, I thought we were past this, but if you can't distinguish what is real, I'm afraid you may not be fit to live on your own.

Adrian becomes angry and turns to the doctor with a furious look on his face.

ADRIAN

I am fit to live on my own! You will not tear me away from this house! My mind is fine. I don't need you!

DR. MOUNTEBANK

There is no need for the hostility. I only want what's right for you.

Adrian points to the door.

ADRIAN

If you're not going to help, then get out. You're useless and you only seek to further my torture.

Adrian walks back into the entranceway and the doctor follows behind him.

ENTRANCEWAY

Adrian grabs the baseball bat again.

DR. MOUNTEBANK

Let's talk about this.

ADRIAN

I want you to leave.

Adrian points the baseball bat directly into the doctor's face, which causes the doctor to become perturbed.

DR. MOUNTEBANK

I am the wrong person to threaten.

ADRIAN

You're the right one at the moment.

Dr. Mountebank reaches up and places his index finger on the tip of the baseball bat. The bat instantly turns to ash in Adrian's hand and it crumbles and falls to the ground.

Adrian is in shock as he looks at the ash fragments that still linger on his hands.

DR. MOUNTEBANK

I am not to be trifled with.

The doctor heads to the front door.

DR. MOUNTEBANK (CONT'D)

When this is all said and done,  
just remember that you brought it  
on yourself.

The doctor exits the house.

Adrian opens his hand and he looks at the ash in his palm and along his fingers. He looks down at the pile of ash on the floor and he is baffled by what he sees.

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT - ADRIAN'S DREAM

The room is covered with missing child posters with Adrian's face on them. The missing child command center is empty and quiet.

Adrian's Dad is sitting in a chair in the living room with the lights out. He reaches down next to his chair and grabs a bottle of liquor. He takes a quick swig and then wipes his mouth. There's a photo of Adrian's Mom sitting in his lap that he is staring down at.

DAD

My family...Why God?...Why?

He takes another swig from the bottle of liquor.

DAD (CONT'D)

I'll tell you why. There is no God. What kind of God would allow an innocent child to be taken? To be ripped from his family.

Adrian's Dad gets up from the chair and it's at this point that we see a pistol stuffed into the back of his pants. He looks at one of the missing posters on the wall before turning and dropping to his knees.

DAD (CONT'D)

Then if that wasn't enough.

He holds the picture of his wife to the sky.

DAD (CONT'D)

You took my wife! She couldn't handle the guilt...the pain of losing our son! Why! Why! Have I not been a good man? Have I not lived my life in your eyes? I did everything right! I loved you! Why couldn't you love me?

We see a hand reach out and touch his shoulder. It appears as though he doesn't notice the hand on his shoulder. After a moment, the hand is taken away, but we never see who placed it there.

Adrian's Dad pulls out the gun he tucked into his pants and he kisses the photo of his wife.

DAD (CONT'D)

I'll see you soon.

He places the gun to his temple and BAM! A flash of light illuminates the room as the gun fires into his head. We see his blood spray out and douse some of the posters of Adrian on the wall as well as the photo of his wife. His body drops to the floor limp and lifeless. The room falls silent.

We hear the front door open and the sound of a few small footsteps walking into the living room. It is revealed that the footsteps belong to a 10 year old Adrian who is now standing in the living room. He is covered in blood.

His face and clothes all appear to have been doused. In his hand he's holding a black belt. The belt is wrapped around his hand and the metal buckle is clutched between his fingers. The metal prong of the buckle is sticking out between his fingers and there is blood dripping from the belt buckle.

Adrian walks into the room and he sees his father's brains splattered against the wall. His face is a stone as he drops to his knees by his father's side.

Over Adrian's shoulder we see a man standing by the front door of the house. This man is the 26 year old version of Barton. He is simply standing and watching Adrian sit next to his father.

CUT TO:

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Adrian wakes up in his bed breathing hard and coming to the realization that it was a dream. His hectic breathing begins to subside as he kicks the covers off himself. At this point, four pairs of gloved hands reach out and grab his arms and legs. Each pair of hands help to pin Adrian to the bed. He begins to look and he sees four Masked Men holding him down to his bed while he thrashes to try and get loose. Another Masked Man walks up to the foot of his bed and stares him down.

MASKED MAN #1

Have you been enjoying yourself?

ADRIAN

What do you want from me? I don't have anything!

The Masked Man holding down his left arm speaks up.

MASKED MAN #2

It's not about what we want.

The Masked Man holding down his right arm speaks up.

MASKED MAN #3

It's about what you need.

ADRIAN

I don't need this! I don't need  
this!

MASKED MAN #1

That is not for you to decide.

Masked Man #1 walks around the bed and he pulls out a large  
knife. He cuts open Adrian's shirt.

ADRIAN

Please, don't!

MASKED MAN #1

There is no stopping this. This  
is what you deserve.

ADRIAN

I haven't done anything wrong!

MASKED MAN #1

Are you sure about that?

Masked Man #1 slides the blade along Adrian's belly letting  
the cold steal, just ever so gently, scratch him.

ADRIAN

Please!

MASKED MAN #2

And thank you.

MASKED MAN #3

You're welcome.

Masked Man #1 takes his large knife and he begins to cut  
into Adrian. He cuts along his belly as Adrian SCREAMS in  
pain. Blood flies as Masked Man #1 flays Adrian's abdomen.  
We see blood spurt up onto the gas masks of the other  
Masked Men as Adrian's SCREAMS grow louder.

Masked Man #1 finishes cutting into Adrian's belly and he  
holds up the large flap of skin that was once attached to  
him. We see the skin drip blood down onto Adrian's stomach  
where it once rested.

MASKED MAN #1  
Your pound of flesh.

Masked Man #1 throws the skin at the wall and then proceeds to clean off the blade of his knife. He sets the tip of the blade on Adrian's chest.

MASKED MAN #1 (CONT'D)  
Is a pound really enough though?  
I'm thinking we take "fifteen."

ADRIAN  
Stop! Stop!

Masked Man #1 begins to cut into Adrian's chest. Adrian SCREAMS in pain as all of the masked men disappear.

Adrian's arms and legs are free as his body continues to jerk about. He looks down and he sees the beautiful, naked Raziela sitting on his crotch thrusting away in the throes of passion. He is in such pain, but he can't keep his eyes or his hands off of her beautiful body as it goes about pleasing him.

Raziela raises her right hand up to show that she is holding the large knife that was wielded by Masked Man #1. Her left hand goes below her waist and it comes back up covered in blood. Her bloody hand caresses her stomach and breasts as she paints herself red. Her left hand again goes below her waist, but this time Adrian looks and he sees her hand reach into his gapping stomach wound. Her hand gets covered in more blood as Adrian is shocked at the sight. Raziela again rubs her hand all over her body to paint herself in blood. This time she puts her left hand up to her mouth and begins to lick the blood off of her fingers. As she licks her fingers, she takes her right hand and places the knife on Adrian's chest. Adrian stares the blade down as his eyes go up Raziela's arm and he takes one last look at her beautiful blood covered face. Raziela pulls the knife back before she violently shoves the blade forward into the base of Adrian's jaw. The blade slides up through Adrian's mouth and through his skull. Adrian's body violently twitches as he goes limp and Raziela takes one last thrust as she climaxes.

CUT TO:



INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Adrian is lying in his bed as he awakens SCREAMING. His hands frantically pat around his stomach searching for the wound he believes he just received. He finds no wound and he leaps out of bed. He opens his door and steps out into the upstairs.

UPSTAIRS

Adrian can hear the sound of the TV as he looks downstairs. He can see the light of the TV flickering from the living room. He ever so slowly begins to creep down the steps towards the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Adrian steps into the room and he sees Raziela sitting on the couch watching "Constantine" on TV. She sees him enter and she turns down the volume of the TV. We see the volume stop on 15.

RAZIELA

Hey, I didn't expect to see you up and about.

Adrian storms over to her and he snatches the remote from her hand. He turns the TV off and throws the remote against the wall causing it to smash into pieces.

RAZIELA

That seems like a bit much.

ADRIAN

You're a part of this. You're a cog in the machine that keeps fucking with me.

RAZIELA

What the hell are you talking about?

ADRIAN

I know it wasn't a dream. I wasn't dreaming. I felt every last ounce of pain.

(MORE)

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

I felt the knife cut into my  
flesh. I felt them peel it off.  
It wasn't a dream.

Raziela stands up and inches towards Adrian.

RAZIELA

I don't understand.

ADRIAN

I felt your hands dig into the  
wound in my abdomen. I felt the  
entirety of what you did. You  
killed me.

Raziela cracks a bit of a smile.

RAZIELA

I killed you?

She puts her hand on his chest and he slaps it away.

RAZIELA (CONT'D)

You seem pretty alive to me.

ADRIAN

I felt it.

RAZIELA

Are you sure you weren't dreaming  
because that's where I found you  
when I got back.

ADRIAN

What are you talking about?

RAZIELA

When I came back with the food you  
weren't down here. I found you up  
in your bed sleeping. I figured  
you had a tough day and you just  
needed a little rest.

ADRIAN

I didn't go to bed.

(MORE)

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

I don't remember going to bed. I was down here and then I was upstairs being tortured.

Adrian turns away from Raziela and he exits the room. Raziela follows behind him.

ENTRANCEWAY

Adrian sits on the stairs and Raziela stops next to him.

RAZIELA

I've been here the whole time. You haven't been tortured. You're snoring, now that was torture.

Adrian looks infuriated.

ADRIAN

I experienced real agony and suffering.

RAZIELA

I think maybe we should call somebody. Maybe find some help for your "dreams."

Adrian points to the door.

ADRIAN

If you don't believe me, you can get out of my house.

RAZIELA

I want to believe you, but I think maybe you could use some help. Maybe you've been alone too long.

ADRIAN

I've never been alone. It's been me and my brother for as long as I can remember.

RAZIELA

The brother that doesn't exist.

Adrian stands up and points to the door.

ADRIAN

Get out. I want you out.

RAZIELA

Adrian, I can help you. You shouldn't be alone.

ADRIAN

Apparently, I've been in solitude for some time and everything is just fine. So fuck off.

Raziela goes to the door.

RAZIELA

You're not going to do any better without me.

ADRIAN

Though it seems a worthy endeavor.

Raziela exits the house leaving Adrian alone. He goes back and sits down on the steps where he slumps down to brood over the events that have just transpired.

A few moments pass and he perks up like something has caught his attention. The sound of CRYING grows louder and LOUDER. Adrian looks around searching for the sound. He stands up as the sound of CRYING gets even LOUDER and it grows more distinct as that of a young boy.

Adrian pokes his head into the dining room, but he sees nothing. He then goes and looks into the living room, but again he sees nothing.

The BOOM of THUNDER is heard as Adrian looks to the window and sees rain starting to pelt the glass. A FLASH of LIGHTNING illuminates the room as THUNDER once again BOOMS.

He continues to hear the CRYING as he focuses on the basement door. Adrian creeps towards the basement door as he looks down at the numeric lock. Adrian slowly moves his hand towards the lock, but he pulls it back unable to push the buttons. He leans in close to the door and places his ear to it. He hears the CRYING grow even LOUDER. It's

then that he hears footsteps quickly run up the stairs. He pulls his head back from the door as something SLAMS against it. Adrian steps back from the door and stands looking shocked as the door continues to get SLAMMED against. The SLAMS get harder and harder as it looks like the door might fly off the hinges and then without warning, the slams stop. Adrian looks petrified as he creeps away from the basement door.

#### LIVING ROOM

Adrian creeps his way into the living room, which is completely dark. There is a LOUD BOOM of THUNDER followed by LIGHTNING that illuminates the room. The lightning allows Adrian to see the corpse of his father lying dead on the floor. Once the flash of lightning is gone, the corpse disappears on the darkness.

Adrian is in shock. His eyes are deceiving him as the LIGHTNING CRASHES once again to illuminate the room revealing that the corpse of his father is no longer on the floor. Adrian looks relieved as we see his father now standing next to him. Adrian doesn't see his father standing there.

His father's face is covered in blood with a gaping hole in his head where the bullet exited his skull. The wound is dripping down onto his shoulder.

DAD

Adrian.

His dad reaches out and places his hand on Adrian's shoulder as Adrian turns in response to his name. Adrian sees his father as his eyes widen in horror. Adrian jumps away from his dad as he steps backwards out of the living room.

ADRIAN

You're not real! You're not  
fucking real!

#### ENTRANCEWAY

Adrian steps backwards towards the stairs as his father's lumbering corpse walks towards him.

DAD

Don't you see, son? We can finally be together. We will never be torn apart again.

ADRIAN

You killed yourself! You're not here!

Adrian's back hits the bottom railing of the stairs as his father creeps closer.

DAD

Don't walk away from me, Adrian. Come give your dad a hug.

Adrian closes his eyes.

ADRIAN

This is all in my head. This is all in my head.

Adrian opens his eyes to see that his father is merely inches from his face. Adrian screams as he pushes his dad back.

DAD

Is that any way to treat your father?

ADRIAN

You're not my father.

Just then a hand places itself on Adrian's shoulder. We see that the wrist is slit open as Adrian turns around to see his mother standing on the stairs.

Adrian's mom is naked and dripping wet as though she just got out of the tub. Her eyes are black as night and her skin is a pale white. She holds her arms out showing her slit wrists as she seems to want to embrace Adrian.

Adrian SCREAMS as she steps down towards him.

MOM

Don't be frightened. It's me.  
It's mommy. Come give your mother  
a hug.

Adrian runs into the dining room.

DINING ROOM

ADRIAN

You're not my parents! My parents  
are dead!

We see his parents, now standing together, walking towards  
him.

MOM

Do we look dead?

They stop in their tracks as his father embraces his  
mother. Adrian looks appalled as he sees his parents begin  
to kiss. It is a passionate and lasting kiss of two lovers  
who would never want to be torn apart, but it is tarnished  
by their current state. The kiss ends, but they continue  
to embrace.

DAD

Don't look so shocked. Our love  
is an eternal one.

A quick FLASH of LIGHTNING blinds Adrian. He winces and  
his parents are now merely inches from his face.

MOM

Look at us.

DAD

One big happy family.

Adrian blacks out and drop to the floor.

INT. DR. MOUNTEBANK'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Mountebank is sitting behind his desk and he looks to  
the person on the other side.

DR. MOUNTEBANK

I take it things are going well as he was rather frantic from my little visit.

We now see that he is looking at Barton.

BARTON

Things are really progressing. He doesn't know up from down at this point.

DR. MOUNTEBANK

Good. Then help him finish it so he can start fresh.

BARTON

My thoughts exactly.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - ADRIAN'S DREAM

A ten year old Adrian is sitting in the corner of the dark basement. He is CRYING as we see the large shadowed man walking down the stairs.

We finally see the face of the shadowed man. He is a clean cut man in his 40's. He is wearing a business suit and he looks like he just got off work. This is TRAVIS CONWAY. Adrian curls up into a ball pulling all his limbs into his chest in an effort to make himself disappear. Travis simply looks at Adrian and smiles as he grabs Adrian by the arm and pulls him to the other side of the room. We see them stop at a plain wooden table in the corner of the room. Travis pushes Adrian against the wall and leaves him there.

Travis steps back from Adrian. He takes off his jacket and lies it down on the table in an effort to keep it nicely folded.

TRAVIS

So, how's my little man today?

He undoes his tie and he lays it down neatly on top of his jacket.



Adrian remains silent as he looks devastated at the sight of Travis.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Did you miss me while I was gone?

He unbuttons his shirt and then takes it off. He folds the shirt to leave it nice and neat before he sets it on the table next to his jacket and tie.

Tears stream down Adrian's face as terror grips him.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You don't have to worry. I'm here now. You know you never have to worry when I'm around.

Travis undoes his belt and he pulls it from his belt loops. He sets the belt down near his jacket.

Adrian looks at the belt and his eyes almost reach out and grab it.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Since you've been such a good boy, I wanted to give you a treat. Are you ready for your treat?

Travis begins to unzip his pants as Adrian snaps. Adrian leaps forward and punches Travis in the crotch. Travis drops to his knees and grabs his crotch in pain as Adrian snatches the belt from the table. He quickly whips Travis in the face with the belt, which knocks him backwards onto the ground.

TRAVIS

Adrian, why would you hurt me like that? I've always been good to you.

Adrian quickly wraps the belt around his hand and he puts the belt buckle in his hand. He puts the prong of the buckle between his fingers and he lunges it forward. Travis catches Adrian and he holds his arms to keep Adrian from moving. Adrian knees Travis in the crotch, which grants his arms freedom. Adrian then JAMS the prong into Travis'

eye and Travis pushes Adrian away as he writhes on the ground holding his eye.

TRAVIS

My fucking eye! You little shit!

Adrian jumps onto Travis and he begins to RAPIDLY STAB at Travis' face and neck. We see the prong of the belt stab into Travis' neck where the jugular vein is and then get pulled out allowing blood to spurt forth. We then see the prong get stabbed into Travis' hand that is covering his eye. Travis moves his hand from his eye as Adrian continues to FURIOUSLY STAB at him. We see the prong of the belt brutally penetrate Travis' face and neck. He is getting what he deserves as blood flies out of every single wound that Adrian inflicts. We see Adrian get covered in a cleansing shower of blood. His face is furious, but his actions are just. Adrian JAMS the prong of the belt into Travis' mouth and knocks out a few of his teeth which causes Travis to cough up blood all over his face. Travis coughs up blood as his body goes limp and Adrian continues to STAB at what is now a corpse.

CUT TO:

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Adrian comes to sitting in the chair he has stationed in the corner of the dining room. He is disoriented and unsure of everything he has experienced. He is holding his baseball bat, but looks baffled at the site of it as he remembers it turning to ash in his hand. He throws the bat down and gets up out of the chair.

RAZIELA (O.S.)

Adrian!

Adrian looks into the entranceway and he sees Masked Man #1 holding a knife to Raziela's neck.

ENTRANCEWAY

Adrian steps into the room as Masked Man #1 backs himself towards the basement door.

RAZIELA

Adrian, help me!

ADRIAN

Why would I help you? For all I know, this is another one of your ploys to fuck with me.

MASKED MAN #1

If only you knew.

The Masked Man holds the blade tight to Raziela's neck.

RAZIELA

I told you that I've got nothing to do with this. I'm the only person who really cares about you. Don't let him do this to me.

ADRIAN

Do what? For all I know, you're about to go the way of Barton. You're probably not even real.

RAZIELA

This isn't about me trying to lie to you. I need help.

ADRIAN

You'd be amazed at how little faith I can put into my own two eyes at this point.

MASKED MAN #1

Pity.

The Masked Man pushes the knife into Raziela's neck and we see blood begin to gush forth as he slides the blade across her neck. He pulls the blade back as Raziela grabs her neck. Blood oozes out from between her fingers as she chokes on her own blood. She drops to her knees and gives Adrian one last look before she collapses to the floor dead.

Adrian's eyes are wide in horror of what he sees as Masked Man #1 goes to the basement door.

ADRIAN

Razi!

Adrian quickly drops down beside Raziela. He lifts her head into his lap as he tries to put his hand over her wound to stop the bleeding.

MASKED MAN #1

Do you believe your eyes now? Is this sufficient evidence?

ADRIAN

Why did you do that?

MASKED MAN #1

I've done nothing more than what is needed. I'm merely an instrument.

ADRIAN

An instrument of what?

Masked Man #1 opens the door to the basement.

MASKED MAN #1

The answers only come when it's all over and the fastest way to resolution is to follow me.

ADRIAN

Why am I supposed to bear this pain and suffering?

MASKED MAN #1

This pain and suffering that you have endured is but a mere morsel. You ask why, but I ask why not? Is this not appropriate? Does it not fit?

Adrian has tears flowing down his face as he continues to hold Raziela's lifeless body.

ADRIAN

Fit what? Haven't I been through enough? Both of my parents killed themselves, my brother isn't real; I was kidnapped and defiled when I was ten. Haven't I suffered enough?

MASKED MAN #1

That's not for me to say as I've already stated when you'll get your answers. I am merely here to push you in the right direction. What happens from here isn't within my control.

Masked Man #1 walks through the door to the basement and it closes behind him as you hear the numeric lock BEEP and lock.

Adrian continues to cry as he looks down at Raziela.

ADRIAN

I'm sorry. I'm sorry that I didn't believe you. I condemned you to this.

At this moment, Raziela's arm reaches up and her hand caresses the side of his face. Her bloody hand leaves a streak of red on his face.

RAZIELA

I'm not the one who is condemned.

Adrian freaks out and he scrambles away from Raziela's body. He pushes himself to the corner as he stares at Raziela's corpse still lying at the center of the room. He stares at her as we see into the dining room, which is just off to Adrian's left. Raziela is standing in the dining room with her throat slight. Adrian doesn't see her as he continues to stare at the corpse.

ADRIAN

You're dead! You're dead!

RAZIELA (O.S.)

Am I?

Adrian turns towards the dining room and he sees Raziela standing there with her throat dripping blood. He scrambles to his feet and backs away from the dining room. He steps backwards and trips over the corpse of Raziela that is lying in the middle of the floor. He sits up and sees her corpse as well as her standing just a few feet

from him. He gets to his feet and backs himself to the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Adrian backs up to the couch as Raziela walks towards him. He sees her step over her own corpse as she comes to the entrance of the living room.

ADRIAN  
You're fucking dead!

RAZIELA  
So were your parents. It didn't stop them from popping by.

ADRIAN  
They weren't real and neither are you.

Raziela runs her hand through the blood on her neck and she holds her bloody hand up to show him.

RAZIELA  
Is this not real? Is this what makes me less than you?

ADRIAN  
I watched you die.

RAZIELA  
Wasn't it just a few short hours ago that you told me of your own demise at my hands? Who's to say what state of life I'm in as your judgment seems to be compromised?

Adrian stands up and pushes Raziela away from him as he SCREAMS in anger. He walks to the wall and punches a hole in it.

ADRIAN  
I still have my sanity! I know what's real! I know! You're fucking dead! That's real!

RAZIELA

Then how is it that you're talking to me? Talking to the deceased isn't usually considered to be "sane."

ADRIAN

Don't screw with me! I'm not buying what you're selling!

RAZIELA

That's fine, as we weren't looking to sell it anymore.

Adrian perks up at what she just said.

ADRIAN

Who's we? You said "we." What did you mean? Who's we?

Raziela smiles at him.

RAZIELA

We are the ones that care about what happens to you. We are the ones that wish to see things done properly.

ADRIAN

What the fuck does that mean?

Raziela begins to fade away.

RAZIELA

This house can only hide the truth for so long.

Raziela disappears leaving Adrian alone in the house. He walks back out into the entranceway.

ENTRANCEWAY

Adrian walks in and sees Raziela's lifeless body still lying on the ground.

Adrian then turns his attention to the front door. He walks over to it.

ADRIAN

Why let it hide the truth.

Adrian turns towards the stairs and looks around the house.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Is this what you wanted!? Me to  
leave. Because you got it! I'm  
gonna fuckin' leave! I can't take  
this shit anymore! I'll  
leave!...I'll leave.

Adrian turns back to the door and he grabs the knob. The knob won't turn. Adrian's frustration quickly turns to a panic as he tries frantically to open the door, but it won't budge.

Adrian backs himself up and then he runs full speed at the door and he throws himself into it. He hits the door and drops to the ground. He grabs his shoulder in pain as he sees the door still standing strong to block his exit.

Adrian stands up and looks upstairs. He sees that all the doors to the rooms are closed.

ADRIAN

If the truth is hidden, then I'm  
not going to let it hide.

Adrian walks towards the dining room and kitchen.

KITCHEN

Adrian walks into the room and he begins to open all the drawers. His hand frantically moves the items in each drawer around as he tries to find something. He finally opens a drawer and sees what he's after. He reaches into it and pulls out a screwdriver.

ENTRANCEWAY

Adrian walks to the stairs and he ascends them.

UPSTAIRS

Adrian goes to the left and he stops at his parent's room. He opens the door to the room and he uses the screwdriver



to start unscrewing the hinges of the door. He quickly undoes the hinges as the door falls loose. He grabs the door and places it against the wall outside of the room. He quickly goes to Barton's room. He opens the door and quickly begins to undo the hinges to it as well.

A SHORT TIME LATER

Adrian removes the door to the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor office and he places it against the wall outside of the room.

We see that all the doors to the rooms upstairs have been removed and placed against the wall outside the room.

Adrian looks proud of the work he's done as he puts the screwdriver into his pocket. He goes to the stairs and descends them.

ENTRANCEWAY

Adrian hits the bottom of the stairs and he hears the loud SLAM of a door coming from upstairs. He quickly turns to look upstairs as there are four more loud SLAMS in succession. Adrian looks at the upstairs and he sees all the doors back in place on each room. Each door has been put back and they have been closed. Adrian looks shocked and baffled as he looks at each door. He quickly heads back upstairs.

UPSTAIRS

Adrian goes up to the bathroom door and he tries the doorknob, but the door won't budge. He frantically tries to open the door, but all the effort he can muster doesn't seem to show a result.

He looks to the door of his bedroom and then he runs to it. He begins to frantically try to open the door, but the result is the same as the last in that all the effort he can muster won't budge the door. Adrian SLAMS his fist against the door.

ADRIAN

Fuck!

He repeatedly SLAMS his hands against the door.

ADRIAN  
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

ENTRANCEWAY

Adrian walks down the stairs. He gets to the bottom and steps towards the dining room. He is about to enter the dining room as the wall slides over the entrance causing the opening of the dining room to disappear. It happens so suddenly that it causes Adrian to stumble backwards and fall onto Raziela's corpse. He quickly scrambles back to his feet.

ADRIAN  
What the fuck?

Adrian goes to the wall that now blocks the way to his dining room. He hesitantly puts his hand on the new wall. He feels how solid it is before SLAMMING his fist against it. He pounds and pounds the wall, but it doesn't even scuff.

He seems to come to a realization as he reaches into his pocket and pulls out the screwdriver he has. He gets a good grip on the screwdriver as he prepares to stab the wall. He stabs the wall with all his might and the metal of the screwdriver bends, but the wall is unharmed. He pulls it back and looks amazed that the wall would bend the screwdriver.

Adrian throws the screwdriver towards the living room and just as it's about to cross into the room, the living room wall closes up the same way that the dining room just did. The screwdriver hits the new wall and drops to the floor next to Raziela's corpse.

The house has blocked off everything from Adrian except for the basement and the front door.

Adrian goes and sits on the steps. He's got nothing left. He puts his head between his legs as he begins to rock himself back and forth.

ADRIAN  
I'm not crazy. I'm not crazy.  
I'm not crazy. I'm not crazy.

INT. DR. MOUNTEBANK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dr. Mountebank sits behind his desk while Barton sits across from him.

BARTON

This one is almost finished.

DR. MOUNTEBANK

Good. Put a nail in it and let's move on.

Barton stands up to leave.

BARTON

I couldn't have done all this without your support.

DR. MOUNTEBANK

Don't sell yourself short. It's a masterpiece. All you need to do is finish it.

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Adrian is still sitting on the steps holding himself. He stands up and walks to the front door.

ADRIAN

One last try.

He tries the knob, but it doesn't turn. The front door still has him trapped.

Adrian walks over to the basement door by stepping over Raziela's corpse.

He puts his head against the door and he looks down at the numeric lock. He hesitantly brings his hand up to it and he types the numbers in. His body seems to suffer physical pain as he types \*15 into the numeric pad. Once he's done, you hear the door CLICK and unlock. Adrian opens the door and he looks down into the basement. As he looks down the stairs, he counts the steps. There are 15 steps leading down into the abyss. He hesitates, but he knows there is no other option. Adrian starts down the stairs.

## BASEMENT

Adrian takes the steps to the basement ever so slowly. He creeps his way into the poorly lit room.

This is the same basement from his dreams. This is the dirt floor pit of despair that he was held in as a child.

Adrian walks over to the table in the corner where he killed Travis. He looks the table over as he hears the door to the basement open. He looks to the stairs.

We see a beam of light coming from up the stairs. A shadow steps into the light and begins to walk down the stairs. We here every step as the man gets to the bottom of the stairs and we see that it's Masked Man #1.

Adrian looks horrified.

Masked Man #1 walks over to the table in the corner and he pushes Adrian against the wall. Masked Man #1 reaches up and takes off his mask revealing himself to be Travis.

Adrian's fear grows even more as his eyes begin to well up with tears.

Travis removes the gloves he's wearing and he lays them on the table. He then takes off the white lab coat he's wearing and lays it next to the gloves. We now see that he has his suit on underneath everything.

TRAVIS

So, how's my little man today?

He takes off his jacket and he lays it neatly on the table. He then begins to undo his tie.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Did you miss me while I was gone?

Travis lays his tie down neatly on top of his jacket. He then starts to unbutton his shirt before he takes it off. He folds the shirt to leave it nice and neat before he sets it on the table next to his jacket and tie.

Tears continue to stream down Adrian's face.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You don't have to worry. I'm here now. You know you never have to worry when I'm around.

Travis undoes his belt and he starts to take it out of the loops, but he stops.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Maybe I should leave that this time. Wouldn't want things to get out of hand again.

Adrian lunges towards Travis, but Travis grabs Adrian by the neck and lifts him off his feet with ease.

TRAVIS

This won't be like before.

ADRIAN

I killed you once. I can do it again.

Travis tightens his grip on Adrian's neck as Adrian begins to flail his limbs in an effort to hit Travis. No matter how hard he swings, Travis doesn't seem to be fazed. Travis begins to laugh.

TRAVIS

There is no winning this time. You can't overpower me.

Travis throws Adrian across the basement and he lands with a powerful THUD at the bottom of the basement steps.

Adrian struggles to stand up.

ADRIAN

You're the world's biggest piece of shit. You deserve every ounce of pain and suffering that can possibly be bestowed upon you. If I could do it all over again, I would torture you and cause you the pain that you caused me.

TRAVIS

You still don't understand.

Adrian runs up the stairs and he grabs the doorknob to try and leave the basement. Like so many times before, the door won't open. Adrian is trapped and now we see Travis standing directly behind him on the steps.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You can't escape me. This is going to happen.

Travis grabs Adrian and he throws him down the stairs. Adrian again lands at the bottom of the stairs with a THUD. Travis smiles as he sees Adrian writhing in pain on the ground.

ADRIAN

This isn't real. I killed you.

Travis walks down the stairs and he stands over Adrian.

TRAVIS

That's right. Travis is dead.

Travis puts his foot on Adrian's chest to keep him in place.

ADRIAN

I'm losing my mind.

TRAVIS

Are you? Or are you simply starting to see things for what they really are.

Travis takes his foot off of Adrian. As his foot is being lifted, we see it transform into a large hoof. Adrian looks up the length of Travis' body and we see his body transform into a large demon creature. Travis grows to almost eight feet tall with what looks like dark, charred and burnt skin. His face has dark dead eyes with a snarling mouth filled with fangs. On top of his head he has two large horns that protrude out of his skull. His horns almost scrape the ceiling of the basement. This is the DEMON.

DEMON

Do you see?

Adrian's quivering face and tear filled eyes have never shown such fear as we see in this moment. Even with everything he's experienced, this is the most terrifying thing he's ever laid eyes upon.

ADRIAN

What are you?

DEMON

I'm your reckoning. It's my duty to round out all the pain and suffering you so wish to avoid. The big man wants this finished, hence I am here to bring that wish to fruition. I am here to destroy you...or what little remains.

Adrian is crying.

ADRIAN

I've already been destroyed. I'm done. I'm done. I don't deserve this.

DEMON

Are you sure about that?

The Demon flips Adrian over onto his stomach. We see Adrian continue to cry as we hear his clothes rip. We see the Demon kneel down over Adrian.

ADRIAN

This isn't real. This isn't real.  
This isn't real.

The Demon leans into Adrian's ear.

DEMON

I assure you...it is very real.

Adrian's eyes widen in terror as the Demon smiles.

INT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - DAY

The door to the basement opens and we see Adrian limp out into the entranceway. His clothes are hanging off of him in shambles. He is barely covered. Adrian is a shattered remnant of the man we once knew. His face looks like the epitome of despair. This is a destroyed man.

Adrian limps towards where Raziela's corpse was, but it's gone now.

Adrian walks to the front door, but stops and looks to the upstairs. Upstairs he sees a masked man standing in front of each of the doors for a total of five.

ADRIAN

What more could you possibly do to me?

The door to Adrian's bedroom opens and Raziela, with her throat slit and blood all over her, walks out.

RAZIELA

Oh, you'd be surprised what we're capable of.

Raziela walks behind the masked men and she runs her hand along their shoulders as she passes each one of them.

Adrian is trembling with tears in his eyes.

ADRIAN

Why?...WHY!?

Raziela stands at the top of the stairs. She wraps her arms around the masked man who is standing there and she smiles as she looks down on Adrian.

RAZIELA

Because you deserve it you filthy piece of shit.

The front door of the house opens on its own as a breeze of fresh air rushes into the room.

Adrian turns his back on Raziela as he begins to limp towards the front of the house. He gets to the doorway and



stands in it for a moment. He feels the fresh air on his face as he closes his eyes and enjoys it.

RAZIELA

It's not going to be any better out there.

ADRIAN

It has to be.

Adrian steps outside the house.

EXT. ADRIAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Adrian steps out of the house and he limps towards the street. He feels the warm sun on his face as he smells the air. This is the world he has been missing for the past 15 years.

Barton is standing in the middle of the street with his arms wide open for a hug.

BARTON

Congratulations. I knew you could do it. How does it feel to be out of that house?

Adrian is astonished at the sight of Barton as he limps towards him.

ADRIAN

Barton? You're here.

BARTON

I've been here. I never left. I kept an ever watchful eye on everything that happened here.

Adrian looks disgusted.

ADRIAN

So you stood by and watched me go through all that torture. I have experienced horrors that I can't even begin to describe. Why would you just let that happen?

BARTON

This is my favorite part. No matter how many times we tread this ground, I can't even begin to describe the elation I feel while at this stage of things.

ADRIAN

What the fuck are you talking about? We've never done this before.

Barton smiles from ear to ear.

BARTON

If only that were true. This is actually the fifteenth time we've done this.

ADRIAN

I don't understand. Fifteenth time we've done what?

BARTON

You still don't see the whole picture.

ADRIAN

What did you do to me? I know from the extreme pain that I'm currently in that this was all real. I wasn't out of my mind or on drugs. It all really happened.

Barton claps his hands.

BARTON

Very good, sir. You would be correct. This is all real and I hope, hope, hope you are in considerable pain. I relish in the thought of your suffering.

Adrian looks baffled.

ADRIAN

After everything that I endured when I was a kid, why would any of this be justifiable? Why put me through this?

BARTON

Because that's the whole reason you're here. Don't you see? You're being punished.

Adrian looks confused.

ADRIAN

For the love of God, why?

BARTON

Oh, not God. He wanted nothing to do with you. In his eyes, you're an abomination.

ADRIAN

What are you talking about? This is me, Adrian. Why would you say such things to me? I don't deserve this.

Barton just smiles and laughs.

BARTON

You're right. Adrian doesn't deserve this, but you're not Adrian.

Adrian looks horrified.

BARTON (CONT'D)

Your name is Travis Conway.

ADRIAN

Travis Conway was the man that molested me when I was a child.

BARTON

Yes, you molested quite a few children before Adrian killed you.

(MORE)

BARTON (CONT'D)

Fifteen to be exact. You raped fifteen young boys before Adrian found the strength to end your reign of terror.

ADRIAN

I'm Adrian.

Adrian points to himself.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Me. I'm Adrian.

BARTON

Yes, you have been Adrian for some time now. It's one of many treats that I've cooked up for you.

Adrian drops down to his knees.

ADRIAN

Is this hell?

BARTON

Yes.

Adrian looks up and down the street. It looks so peaceful and calm.

BARTON (CONT'D)

What? You expected fire and brimstone. That's what they feed you in the realm of the living, but that's not the actuality of it. Hell is unique to the person. I have a guy who used to set women on fire while they slept and then he would pleasure himself to their screams. He currently lives in a world populated by women with flamethrowers. He is set on fire hundreds of times a day and I love the sound of his cries for help that will never be answered.

(MORE)

BARTON (CONT'D)

That's the hell he has earned himself. An eternity of being set on fire by those he felt it necessary to harm.

ADRIAN

But why Adrian?

BARTON

Like I said, you've been Adrian for some time now. This is one of the many tortures I've concocted for you. You are living the tortured lives of those you hurt. You will be raped and psychologically tortured for eternity. Before this you were Brett Keeler. He was so traumatized by what you did that he suffered violent night terrors. They became so severe that he chose to take his own life. I let you experience his dreams with the added bonus of the physical pain that came from him reliving the interactions he had with you. I truly loved it when you killed yourself as Brett and didn't die. That was an amazing moment. You fired the gun and the bullet tore through your skull. You gave the wall a new coat of red paint. It was beautiful how you let the blood roll down your face as shock took hold of you. You felt the hole in your head and looked so baffled by it. It was one of my favorites.

ADRIAN

Did all this happen to Adrian?

BARTON

Much of it, but I spiced it up with my own sick sense of humor.

(MORE)

## BARTON (CONT'D)

I started small with a few bumps in the night and then I let things get really interesting. Took myself out of the mix, torture dreams, Raziela's death, bringing your parents back. They were all things based from Adrian's real life, but with my hands in the mix. Adrian's parents did kill themselves. Once he got away from you, he was truly alone. He really did suffer from agoraphobia, which led to him not leaving his house for 15 years. His story has a bit of a happy ending though.

## QUICK FLASHES - ADRIAN'S HAPPY ENDING

-- Adrian meets Raziela for the first time when she stops by his house to say hello.

-- Raziela kisses Adrian while they sit on the couch.

-- Raziela stands outside the front door of the house and she coaxes Adrian out the door into the sunlight.

-- Adrian and Raziela get married at a beautiful outdoor wedding.

-- Adrian and Raziela are having a beautiful backyard barbeque with their two young children running and playing.

## BACK TO SCENE

Barton stands over Adrian who remains horrified and kneeling in the street. We now see Adrian for who he truly is, Travis.

## BARTON

Adrian truly did get what he deserved. He got a beautiful wife, amazing kids, and a long, happy life. Adrian died a very happy man.

TRAVIS

He's dead...How long have I been here?

BARTON

We don't really measure time here in the sense that you're used to as an eternity is just so long, but if it makes you feel better, you've been here for a mere 75 years.

Travis looks devastated

TRAVIS

Seventy five years.

Barton can't hide his joy as he smiles again.

BARTON

This is why I love this part so much. You get to experience the pain of realization all over again. I love seeing the devastation on your face as you realize that you have been eternally damned. Knowing that there is no escape from your endless torture, it's truly satiating for me. Especially given that you are in the infancy of your damnation.

TRAVIS

What now? Who's next?

BARTON

You get to go back to the start. You get to live as your first victim, Patrick Larchuk, and this whole cycle gets to start again.

Travis sits and thinks hard about all he's heard.

TRAVIS

I deserve this.

Barton walks over to Travis and he puts his hand on his shoulder.

BARTON

Yes, you do.

We see Travis transform into a young 10 year old boy as the setting changes to a playground.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

We see a playground full of children scurrying about and having fun on all the equipment.

We see the young 10 year old boy that Travis was just transformed into. This is Patrick Larchuk, his first victim. We watch as an adult version of Travis lures him over to his van.

Barton and Dr. Mountebank are standing off to the side watching Travis and the boy.

DR. MOUNTEBANK

I have a great adoration for what you've done here. It's one of the many masterpieces I've seen within my realm.

BARTON

I'm merely fulfilling your wishes.

DR. MOUNTEBANK

Don't sell yourself short. You're an artist and your rise through my ranks has been assured.

BARTON

You have my gratitude.

Dr. Mountebank pats Barton on the back as they look on and we see Travis take young Patrick into his van. After a moment the van pulls away.

We see a woman begin to frantically search the playground. This is PATRICK'S MOM searching for him.



PATRICK'S MOM  
Patrick! Patrick!

Dr. Mountebank and Barton smile with approval as she frantically looks for her child.

FADE OUT: