

ADVERSARY

Written by

Brandon Banks

E-mail: Brandonscriptwriter@gmail.com

Copyright(c) 2015 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Ira, tubby (16), lays in his bed asleep. An elderly man, Ira's grandpa, walks into his room. He lightly shakes him. We can see a picture of Ira's parents on his night stand.

GRANDPA

Hey Ira, time to get up. I made you breakfast.

Ira slowly opens his eyes. He smiles.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Ira and his grandpa sit at the kitchen table together eating breakfast.

GRANDPA

So how are your classes going?

IRA

Awesome. It's hard work but it's worth it.

GRANDPA

That's great. I'm so proud of you for sticking with it.

EXT. IRA'S NEIGHBORHOOD

Ira peddles his bicycle down the street.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - GRANDPA'S ROOM

Grandpa sits on his bed in silence. We see pictures of a younger grandpa in his platoon during the war. He stares at a pill bottle on the dresser. He gets up and opens it. He stares, then closes it back up, and sits back down. He suddenly begins to breakout in tears.

INT. DANCE STUDIO

Music plays. We see Justine (25) a fit, overly optimistic woman doing dance moves. There is a large group of people (mostly women) following her lead. We see Ira, drenched in sweat, and exhibiting laser focus.

JUSTINE

And 1-2-3-4. Turn, and turn, rock it out a little bit.

Although Ira may not look physically fit, he is in pocket with every dance move like a professional.

INT. DANCE STUDIO - LATER

The session is over, and all of the dancers are exhausted.

JUSTINE
Great job everybody!

Justine takes her headset off, and walks through the group. She stops at a middle-aged man.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
Hey Randy, I see that leg is recovering just fine.

RANDY
Yeah, well I'm trying.

JUSTINE
Your looking great.

RANDY
Thanks Justine.

She continues to pass through the crowd, and stops to greet an elderly lady.

JUSTINE
Did you get a good work out?

ELDERLY LADY
Always Justine, your classes are just wonderful.

JUSTINE
Thank you so much.

We see Ira putting his things in his bag.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
There's my star pupil!

Ira looks up and smiles.

IRA
Hi, Justine.

JUSTINE
Every time I see you, you get better and better.

Ira gives a big cheesy grin.

IRA
Thanks!

JUSTINE
Soon I'll be taking lessons from
you.

IRA
Haha. No. I don't think so.

JUSTINE
Give me some.

She sticks out her fist. Ira meets her in the middle and they fist bump. Ira laughs.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
See you tomorrow Dance Machine.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ira enters through the front door.

IRA
Hey grandpa! I'm home!

Grandpa walks upstairs from the basement.

IRA (CONT'D)
Oh there you are.

GRANDPA
Hey.

Ira's grandpa seems somewhat distant.

IRA
Is everything okay?

Grandpa pauses.

GRANDPA
Just putting some of your dads
things in the basement.

He walks to his room and closes the door behind him. Ira's face demonstrates confusion.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

Ira runs the shower while staring in the mirror.

IRA
Great job.

He smiles.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Ira lays back on his bed. He listens to music with his headphones. There are posters of professional dancers on his wall, one big poster on his ceiling. Ira looks up at the poster on the ceiling, and smiles.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Ira sits at the kitchen table eating. Someone watches him from the shadows as he eats.

GRANDPA
Enjoying that meal little piggy?

Ira jolts. He turns his head, and sees his grandpa, standing in darkness. He disappears. Ira sits there in a state of disbelief.

INT. DANCE STUDIO - EVENING

JUSTINE
Great job everybody! I'll see you tomorrow. Remember always stay hydrated.

The dancers in the studio are exhausted and sweaty. Everyone grabs their things and begin to head out.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
Hey Ira!

Ira turns around. Justine walks up.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
There's this competition coming up, and I have to put a team together...

Ira's eyes widen.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
Well what I'm saying is... I'd like
you to be on my team.

Ira's face lights up.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
So what do you...

IRA
Yes!!!!

JUSTINE
Haha! Great! I'll give you more
information tomorrow.

EXT. DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT

Ira smiles with excitement. He gets on his bike, and peddles
home.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE

Ira walks in the house.

IRA
Grandpa! I'm home! I've got some
great news!

Silence. Ira walks toward his grandpas room.

IRA (CONT'D)
Grandpa! Guess what?!

He opens his door, but the room is empty.

IRA (CONT'D)
Hmmm.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Ira looks up at the poster on his ceiling.

IRA
I'm going to make you proud mom and
dad.

Ira relaxes on his bed, and closes his eyes.

GRANDPA
All that dancing, and your just as
disgusting as ever.

Ira quickly opens his eyes. He sees grandpa standing in the doorway with a disgusted look on his face. He disappears into darkness.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Ira sits at the table eating dinner. He takes a butcher knife from the drawer and sits it on the table. He looks around in paranoia.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Ira puts the butcher knife behind his pillow. He lays in his bed with his cellphone next to him. He gently closes his eyes.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ira lays in his bed sleeping peacefully. Ira's door swings open, and grandpa comes rushing in. He yanks the covers off, and drags him out of bed onto the floor at lighting speed.

IRA
Grandpa stop! You need to take your
medicine.

GRANDPA
Get up.

Ira doesn't budge.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)
I said get up!

Ira gets up, and back peddles toward his bed, but grandpa grabs him by the arm and pulls him out the room.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE

IRA
Where are we going? Grandpa please,
you need to take your medicine!

His grandpa stops him at the stairs. He begins to pull Ira down, Ira resists.

IRA (CONT'D)
Why are we going down here?

Grandpa turns around with a terrifying look on his face.

GRANDPA
You get down here, now!

Ira allows himself to be pulled. They get to the bottom of the stairs.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)
Get in there.

IRA
But...

GRANDPA
Now!

Ira walks into the basement. Grandpa immediately closes the door and locks it.

IRA
Please! Don't do this!

Grandpa leaves.

IRA (CONT'D)
Please grandpa, you need to go back
to the hospital!

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

Ira is shrouded in complete darkness, all that can be heard is his heavy breathing.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE

Grandpa returns with wood nails and a hammer.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

The loud sounds of hammering bellow from outside. Ira cries.

IRA
No! Please! Grandpa!

The hammering finally stops. Ira turns around, facing the dark basement.

Ira lays curled up in a corner.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - MORNING

Ira wakes up groggy.

IRA
It wasn't a nightmare.

Ira's stomach growls. He walks up to the door and bangs on it.

IRA (CONT'D)
Grandpa! Can you please let me out?
I need something to eat!

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER

IRA
He's really not letting me out.
This is crazy, this is crazy!

Ira punches the wall.

IRA (CONT'D)
Owe!

He shakes his hand.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER

IRA
So thirsty.

Ira's stomach growls.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER

Ira charges at the door, ramming it with his shoulder. He charges again, and again. He falls to the floor and grabs his shoulder in pain.

IRA
Ahh!

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER

We see Ira sitting in the corner shaking his head back and fourth profusely.

IRA
Come on, come on, come on!

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER

Ira begins punching the wall. He squirms in pain after every punch, but continues.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - LATER

Ira shirt is torn, and wrapped around his bloodied fists. With all his effort, Ira has still only made a subtle impression on the wall. He punches again. Suddenly he loses control of his body, and passes out on the floor.

EXT. SOMEWHERE (DREAM SEQUENCE)

Ira walks up to a vending machine. He puts money in, and gets several cold drinks. He gulps the beverage down, and exhales gently.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT

Ira walks out with a tray full of greasy foods. He has two giant cheeseburgers, and two large french fries. He sits down at a table. He bites in to the cheeseburger, and signifies that he's in heaven.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT (DREAM SEQUENCE END).

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

Ira licks his lips and rubs his stomach as he sleeps.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - MORNING

Ira sits in the corner twitching.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

The basement is dark. Suddenly we hear activity coming from outside. The door opens, and light enters the basement. Ira's grandpa moves in quickly with a glass of water. He sees Ira laying passed out on the ground.

GRANDPA

Ira. Ira!

Grandpa slaps him. Ira opens his eyes.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

Drink this.

He puts the glass up to his mouth, and pours it. Ira drinks it down. He pours down more water.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

Come on lets get you something to eat.

Grandpa helps him to his feet.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Ira and grandpa sit at the kitchen table. Ira has a buffet of food in front of him. He's eating non-stop. Grandpa has a compassionate look on his face. He looks to say something, but words don't come out. He begins to cry.

GRANDPA

Ira, I'm so sorry for what I did.
Thankfully something made me come
to my senses.

Ira continues to eat.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ira lays in bed. He has numerous water bottles by him, and snacks.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Ira lays in his bed. He impulsively cries.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

We see the shadow of someone walking by, through the cracks of his door. Ira tenses up. The shadow dissipates. Ira gets on his phone.

IRA

Hi, I want to do an emergency
admission for my grandpa.

You can see the look of panic come across Ira's face.

IRA (CONT'D)
I'm 17, so I'm not an emergency
contact.

Ira's eyebrows arch

IRA (CONT'D)
He almost killed me! Investigation?
How long will that take? No I don't
want to call the police, I just
want him to get treated. He's not a
bad person...

Ira's doorknob slowly turns.

GRANDPA
Ira did you lock this door? Who are
you talking too?

Ira hangs up the phone.

IRA
Nobody grandpa.

GRANDPA
Oh. Well have a good night, and
once again I'm sorry.

IRA
Good night.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - EVENING

Ira tiptoes through the house with his bag. The front door
seems miles away. He hears a creaking noise, and begins to
quicken his steps.

EXT. IRA'S HOUSE

Ira breaths heavily. He gets on his bike and peddles.

INT. DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT

JUSTINE
Good job everyone!

The group gets ready to leave. Justine walks up to Ira.

JUSTINE (CONT'D)
What happen to you? I had to
replace you on the team.

Ira sighs.

IRA
I figured. I've been feeling a
little under the weather for a
while. I'm sorry I let you down.

JUSTINE
No it's okay, as long as your doing
aright. I figured it was an
emergency. This competition isn't
that big a deal. Don't worry,
they'll be another one.

Ira smiles.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Ira sits on his bed in deep thought. A shadow passes through the cracks of his door. The doorknob turns. The shadow disappears. Ira looks up at the poster on his ceiling, and cracks a smile.

IRA
Everything's going to be okay.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE

Ira tip-toes out his room. He stops and looks behind him.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Ira sits at the kitchen table eating. A shadow passes by. Ira gets on guard. He stops eating, and slowly gets up. Ira suddenly makes a break for his room. His grandpa comes out of the darkness and pins him against the wall. Ira quickly inhales. We look down, and see that Ira has a kitchen knife plunged into his side.

IRA
Grandpa (whisper).

Ira's grandpa has a hateful look on his face. Ira falls to the ground. Grandpa walks away into his room. Ira struggles to breathe. He crawls down the hallway leaving a trail of blood.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Ira crawls for his phone. He picks it up and dials.

911
911 one emergency.

IRA
Help (whisper).

Ira collapses.

FADE OUT:

BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. IRA'S HOUSE

Police lights flash from the front windows. We see Ira's trail of blood.

INT. JUSTINE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Ira looks at his stitched up wound. He pulls his shirt down, and smiles in the mirror.

INT. JUSTINE'S HOUSE

Ira walks out of the bathroom. Justine sits in the Living Room.

JUSTINE
So how are you getting adjusted?

IRA
Your place is great. Thank you so much for letting me stay here.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL

Grandpa talks to two police officers.

GRANDPA
There somewhere in the house, I know it. Just search the place.

The police officers smirk.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

GRANDPA (V.O.)
When I was cleaning his room I
found car keys, why would I find
car keys?!

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL

The officers laugh.

OFFICER 1
Calm down okay.

GRANDPA
They've been missing in the report.
He always had them on him. How did
that boy get them?

They start to pay close attention.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)
Okay, look I know I'm crazy. But
you have to listen to me, you need
to check that house. I will
cooperate with the investigation in
any way possible, I'll say anything
you want. Just please! Please check
that house!

They look at each other..

INT. IRA'S HOUSE

The two police officers walk into Ira's house. They split up,
one goes downstairs, the other toward Ira's room.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT

The police officer shines his flashlight around.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

The police officer moves over Ira's bed, and raids his
closet. He takes down all of Ira's posters. He stares at one
last one remaining on the ceiling. He rips the poster off,
and sees an entrance to the attic.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE

The police officer comes from downstairs.

OFFICER 2

I didn't see anything. I told you
this guy was a kook.

OFFICER 1

Bryant you have to see this.

INT. IRA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Bryant rushes into Ira's room, and sees his partner at the top of the attic stairs with a flashlight. He walks up behind him. Suddenly his body freezes, his eyes widen, and his jaw drops.

INT. JUSTINE'S HOUSE

The door gets kicked down. The officers rush in. They see Justine laying on the ground in a pool of blood. They check her vital signs. The officer shakes his head. They split up.

INT. JUSTINE'S HOUSE - IRA'S ROOM

An officer steps in. There's a picture of Ira's parents on the dresser.

INT. JUSTINE'S HOUSE

They search the entire house, but there's no sign of Ira anywhere.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD

Ira peddles on his bicycle. His eyes focused, his breathing heavy.

FADE OUT: