

Novacane

By

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The words "Morning 16 hours before" appear on the screen.

FADE IN

EXT. GREG'S HOUSE - DAY

We dolly up to a beaten down looking house, cutting to a dolly of the living room where loneliness vibrates off the walls. A framed picture of GREG (18), his little SISTER (13) and his MOTHER(45) sits at the corner of the living room table. We dolly through the hallway at a low angle until we turn to the restroom and hold the shot where the door is wide open with nobody inside. We can hear the dripping of water. A cockroach walks across the floor. We focus on it. A foot suddenly steps on the roach, walks into the restroom and shuts the door, leaving the body of the cockroach on the floor. We slowly do a close up of the roach.

"Novacane" text appears.

CUT TO

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

Greg stands shirtless in front of the mirror with shaving cream on his beard. The tap water is running, puffing steam out. We focus on Greg as he stares into the mirror.

GREG (V.O)

July twenty fifth two thousand and thirteen, and I am still God's lonely man. (pause)(sigh) I haven't slept in days.

Greg begins to shave his beard, slowly cutting the hairs. After the third shave he accidentally cuts himself. Blood pours out of the cut and he rushes the razor over the streaming tap water but is entranced instead in the water, ignoring the cut. We slowly get closer and closer to the water and cut back to his face, starring at the tap. The steams flows out of the water. The sound of the water overflows everything else. A long moment passes. . . A knock suddenly comes from the door, knocking Greg out of his state. A voice comes from beyond the door.

MOTHER (O.S)

Honey?

Greg tears off some toilet paper and sticks it on the cut.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

I'll be out in a second.

MOTHER (O.S)

I need you to hurry? I have work at nine.

GREG

Going!

Greg reaches for the tap water but it's too hot. He jerks back when some of the water falls on him.

GREG

Fuck.

He grabs a towel to turn the water to cold. Greg bends over the sink and throws water on his face, getting rid of the leftover shaving cream. He leaves a big gap of skin in his hairy beard. He gets a towel, wipes his face and walks out the restroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Greg walks into the living room. His sister sits on the couch watching a reality T.V show. Greg walks up to her.

GREG

Morning.

His sister stares at the T.V ignoring him.

She turns to him and then turns back to the T.V.

SISTER

Morning.

Greg turns away, into the kitchen, let down by the lack of conversation.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A match turns on the gas stove, sending flames all around. We see a pan as it sizzles. Pancake mix is thrown onto the pan as it flows.

Greg's Mom stands at the stove making pancakes.

Greg walks over and gives his mother a kiss. She nods her head.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Good morning, mom.

MOTHER

Morning baby, thanks for cleaning up the house. I just got caught up at work again and it really does help a lot.

GREG

You don't have to thank me. I was bored anyways.

MOTHER

I do, look I'm-I'm working some double shifts now and with the money your dad owes me, I could finally buy you that game thing you wanted.

GREG

I don't really need it.

MOTHER

No, you asked for it and I'm gonna get it. You deserve it. You've been a good kid. Robbie was telling me about his son and he goes out every night to party. I just thank the lord for giving me such a good son. Now you're sister is going to a friend's house and I'll be home late. Just make sure all the doors are locked.

GREG

(sigh) I know, I know.

MOTHER

Go call your sister and tell her the food's ready.

Greg walks into the living room. We stay in the kitchen as his mother puts the pancakes on a plate and places them on the table. His mom coughs. She covers her mouth. Her eyes widen. She suddenly runs to the sink and begins to cough uncontrollably. She tries to catch her breath but can't as her lungs cough and cough absolutely nothing. Her eyes tear up as she bends over the sink, about to throw up but nothing comes out. Finally three drops of blood drop from her mouth. Greg runs into the room to pat her on the back, trying his hardest to help her.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Mom! Mom!

His mother finally stops, she takes big gulps of air, and after a awhile regains her breath. A smile comes across his mother's face as she tries to calm down her son but a hint of uncertainty shows. She then grabs her son's head in both her hands, trying to comfort him as well as herself.

MOTHER

I'm all right baby. Don't you worry now.

Greg notices the drops of blood in the sink.

GREG

You just fucking coughed blood!

MOTHER

Don't you curse in this house. I've taught you bett-

GREG

But you're bleeding! We have to go to the doctor, We have to go get you checked, you could have can-

MOTHER

(annoyed)Come on, I'm fine. Really I am. You just worry too much.

GREG

No, you're not! That's not fine. You're sick and-

Greg's voice shakes.

MOTHER

Baby, I'm fine. You really need to calm down.

Mother pulls out a cigarette from a pack that was on the table. She puts it in her mouth and bends over to the stove to light it. She comes back up while letting out smoke.

MOTHER

I'm fine! See!

She flexes her muscles and lets out a laugh.

MOTHER

With God, everything is going to be alright. Have some faith. Nobody can live without faith.

(CONTINUED)

She looks down at her watch. Greg's sister walks in holding a tablet with headphones in both ears. She sits at the table, ignoring everybody around her.

MOTHER

Damn, I'm going to be late. Greg,
serve your sister some pancakes.

She kisses Greg on the cheek and his sister on top of the head.

MOTHER

I'll see you guys tomorrow. Love
you guys and god bless.

GREG

Love you too mom.

Mother walks out the front door.

Greg turns to look at the red blood dots at the sink. He stares at the them, focusing all his attention. We turn back to Greg's face as he rubs his thumb across his lips.

GREG (V.O)

My mother always says stuff like
that. "God bless and God
everything." What has he ever done?

Greg turns to his sister who sits at the end of the table with the music blasting into her head phones. We look from the perspective of his sister as she looks at her tablet. Greg can be seen at the corner of the screen talking but the music is too loud to hear what he's saying. We see Greg as he stares.

GREG (V.O)

Everybody is like this now. It's a
fucking shame.

We see what his sister sees on the tablet as she chats with a friend. A hand abruptly slams the table, Greg slides a plate of pancakes in front of her.

SISTER

What the fuck is your problem?

GREG

Don't say that.

SISTER

Whatever.

GREG

Yeah, whatever. Just shut up and eat your food.

His sister's phone rings. She pulls it out of her pocket, ignoring Greg.

SISTER

Yeah? You're outside? Alright, I'm going.

She gets up and runs out the door.

GREG

Hey! Call me when-

She shuts the door.

He picks up her dish and cleans it in the sink. Then he picks up a cigarette from his back pocket and lights it with a lighter.

GREG (V.O)

I remember when she was just a little girl. Beautiful and smart. It's all a waste now.

A photo of his father holding a baby catches his eye. He picks it up off the fridge in an angry manner. We focus on the picture. He turns it around and the words "father and son" are written. He turns it around.

He lights the bottom right corner of the picture with the lighter, slowly burning away the image of his father.

CUT TO

INT. GREG'S ROOM - DAY

The clock on the wall ticks and ticks. Greg sits on his bed staring at the wall doing nothing. We see the clock slowly ticking again. Greg lets out a deep sigh.

He gets up and walks over to his computer. We see the clock again. In the search bar, Greg types "www.youporn.com". He scrolls through pages and pages of porn. His face is still. He finally clicks a video. It's an amateur porn. The video plays. He puts his hands in his pants and moves his hand slowly, making a weird disturbed face, not of pleasure. The moans begin from the video and flashes of it appear on the screen. Every time a flash of porn occurs we get closer to his disturbed face then cut to his hands, then to his face

(CONTINUED)

and back and forth. A tense minute passes as Greg plays with himself, but feels no pleasure. He gives up, pulls out his hand and slumps into his chair. We go back to the clock, tick ticking away.

Greg gets up and searches throughout his closet. After a awhile he pulls out an orange pill bottle, takes out a pill and swallows it down. He sits back into the chair and rolls away from the screen but still stays looking at it. This time he doesn't even try masturbating. He just sits with his fingers in front of his face, moving so as to block the image and then reveal it. The video finally ends, Greg stays sitting down, moving his fingers to block and reveal the image.

GREG (V.O)
I need some fresh air.

EXT. CITY - DAY

Greg walks along the downtown area of his city smoking a cigarette. We follow him as he walks along the sidewalk.

He walks off camera.

EXT. PARK - DAY

An establishing shot of Greenwood Park.

Greg sits down on a bench. The park is a lovely green with a little bit of people scattered about. He sits down and looks around to the nature that surrounds him. We see a bird.

GREG (V.O)
Sometimes I wonder about the birds.
I would give anything to be so
beautiful and free. They have no
worries and everything to live for.
That's real beauty.

Greg looks all over the trees. The birds fly away. He looks around the park and notices something, he leans forward entranced.

GREG (V.O)
Then I saw her. . .

We see a beautiful young girl named TIFFANY (17). She sits on a bench across from him, silently reading *The Cather in the Rye*. Greg stares from a distance. The sunlight seems to focus on her, like an angel that just fell from heaven.

(CONTINUED)

GREG (V.O)

And instantly, I was in love.

Greg runs off in the other direction. We follow him running and panting until he stops at a store. He runs inside and we stay looking from the outside. A moment passes. Then Greg runs out the store, carrying flowers. We follow him as he runs, until he reaches the corner, where he bumps into a HOMELESS MAN, knocking down all the cans he had in his bag.

GREG

I'm really sorry man. I didn't see you coming.

The homeless man throws cans in the bag, Greg picks up the rest.

HOMELESS MAN

Oh no, it's fine, it's fine.

The homeless man holds the bag open.

GREG

Here's your cans.

Greg and the homeless man see each other face to face for the first time. The homeless man's face turns from neutral to pure horror. He pulls away.

HOMELESS MAN

No, yo-u keep them.

GREG

But I don't want them.

HOMELESS MAN

Neither do I.

GREG

But they're yours.

HOMELESS MAN

You have evil in your eyes. (short pause) I've known many a people like you, and they never find meaning. (pause) God help you son.

The homeless man walks away. Greg stares at his back confused.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Greg sits down on the same bench he did before. He holds the flowers in his hands and looks over to Tiffany who continues to read.

GREG (V.O)

Love really has no time. I don't know her but yet I want her, need her. Like an angel among the filth, no one can touch her.

Greg gets up and slowly walks over to her. Each step is a step measuring his courage. He finally reaches her but turns back at the last moment, then turns back again towards her in his indecision. He taps her on the shoulder.

GREG

Hi, um (pause) my name is-

Tiffany turns around. The roses hit the ground. We see Greg's face turn to horror. Greg falls to the floor in shock, he begins to crawl away. Tiffany is faceless. She has no mouth, no eyes, and no nose. We focus in on her, as she tilts her head. Horror fills Greg as Tiffany falls over and hits the ground. Her head explodes on impact sending huge amounts of blood spewing all over the ground. Greg yells at the sight of it as we dolly into his face.

He shakes his head. The day dream has taken a toll on his courage. He throws the flowers on the floor and walks away. We focus on the flowers. A moment passes. Greg picks up the flowers. We pull up to reveal his chest up and his face of determination.

GREG (V.O)

Some sort of unexplainable idiotic love courage consumed me.

He sighs.

GREG (V.O)

Here we go.

He taps Tiffany on the shoulder. She turns around.

GREG

Hey, I saw you from over there and hey... Ha, I just had to talk to you.

Tiffany smiles.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

Oh?

GREG

Can I sit?

Tiffany answers reluctant.

TIFFANY

Uh, yeah, sure.

Greg sits, leaving space in between them.

GREG

I don't know what it is about you.

Tiffany looks at him.

TIFFANY

What do you mean?

GREG

There's just something about you,
something that gave me the courage
to talk to you, be here with you. I
can't really explain it. I saw you
and I just knew I had to talk to
you.

Tiffany smiles.

TIFFANY

You're weird.

GREG

Oh?

TIFFANY

But in a good way.

Greg shyly let's out a little laugh.

GREG

Well I hope so.

An awkward silence. Tiffany looks down and plays with her feet as Greg stares at her.

GREG

What are you reading?

TIFFANY

Oh, it's The Catcher in the Rye.

GREG

Is it any good?

TIFFANY

Yeah, real good actually. I've read it like about five times. You read?

GREG

Na, not really. I loves movies though. I-I get bored reading.

TIFFANY

You know reading is just like a movie, except that you're the one making the movie in you head. It's better.

GREG

Yeah? Maybe I should read more.
(pause) Well listen, uhm, I know we don't really know each other but let's go see a movie.

Tiffany smiles. She thinks to herself silently.

GREG

You know if you're not doing anything.

Greg stares and Tiffany looks down again. She plays over the possible scenarios silently in her head. Finally she answers.

TIFFANY

OK. Yeah. Sure.

GREG

Yeah?

TIFFANY

Sure, why not?

GREG

OK.

Greg smiles. Tiffany puts the book in her purse. They smile at each other and begin to walk off. Tiffany walks distant from Greg.

(CONTINUED)

GREG (V.O)

I don't know what came over me.
What kind of courage it was, but
suddenly I was a man and nothing
could stop me.

INT. THEATER - DAY

Greg stands at the ticket booth. Tiffany looks on. Greg comes back with two tickets.

GREG

OK, we have-

He pulls out his phone, checks the time, then sticks it back into his pocket.

GREG (CONTD)

Thirty minutes. You want to go get
an ice cream?

TIFFANY

Sure.

They walk off.

A black screen appears. The words "AFTERNOON 10 hours before" appears on the screen.

INT. MALL - DAY

Greg and Tiffany sit next to each other. Tiffany eats off her ice cream cone while Greg sips on a drink. She turns to him.

TIFFANY

What movie is it?

GREG

The stranger. It's this Woody Allen film about love, passion, and basically the meaning of life. I actually saw it last week. You're going to love it, it's amazing.

TIFFANY

Oh? Didn't a new movie just come out from that really funny guy? We should've gone to see that one.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Which guy?

TIFFANY

Oh you know, that really funny guy.
Damn it, what's his name? (pause)
(snaps her fingers five times) He
came out in that movie where he was
a water boy.

GREG

Adam Sandler?

TIFFANY

Yes! Didn't he just come out in a
new movie? We should've gone to see
that one. That one looks good.

Greg stares at her for awhile before Tiffany finally
notices.

TIFFANY

What?

GREG

Nothing. Tell me about yourself.
I've never seen you around school.

TIFFANY

That's because I go to a private
school.

GREG

Which one?

TIFFANY

The one leaving town, by the lake.

GREG

Yeah, academy right? How is that?

TIFFANY

Love it. I couldn't see myself
going anywhere else. That place
made me who I am.

GREG'

The people there are so stuck up
though.

Tiffany is taken away. She looks at him.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

They aren't. They are the nicest people I've ever met. I've never met a stuck up person there. You're the one being stuck up.

GREG

Well you're not so bad.

Greg looks at her. Tiffany quickly looks to the ground.

CUT TO

INT. THEATER- DAY

Tiffany sits to Greg's left. She holds a bucket of popcorn. The movie starts. Tiffany watches the movie, bored, while Greg looks at her and looks back at the movie simultaneously. His mind is somewhere else. He whispers to her.

GREG

Good movie right?

TIFFANY

Yeah. Uh huh. Really boring.

Tiffany doesn't look his way. We focus on Greg's face as he turns his attention to the screen, dolly in. Sudden images of porn start to pop up. He looks back at Tiffany, the images of the porn pop up again. He closes his eyes, shakes his head, and opens his eyes again. Everything is back to normal. He takes a huge calculated breath, then puts his arm around Tiffany. She looks reluctant but concedes. A moment passes. The flashes of porn begin to pop into his head again. He shakes them off once again. Tiffany notices and turns to him.

TIFFANY

You ok?

Greg just smiles.

GREG

Yeah, fine.

She turns back to the movie. Greg looks at Tiffany. Flashes of porn pop up again.

Greg suddenly pulls Tiffany close and attempts to make out with her. Tiffany quickly pushes him away. Greg goes back in and this time grabs her boob. Flashes and noises of the porn flash on the screen. Tiffany pushes him away.

(CONTINUED)

TIFFANY

Get off of me , fucking creep.

She slaps him and leaves. Greg follows.

GREG

Tiffany! I'm sorry, I messed up.

A PERSON in the audience yells.

PERSON

Shut up over there!

INT. THEATER HALL - DAY

She walks quickly in front, Greg tries to catch up.

TIFFANY

Leave me alone!

She walks out the door and onto the street. Greg follows.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THEATER - DAY

GREG

Tiffany! Come in. I fucking love
you!

We follow Tiffany as she walks away from the theater. Greg comes out the door and tries to catch up. She suddenly sprints into a store that sits next to the theater.

INT. STORE - DAY

She runs through the crowd and hides in between the racks of clothing. We follow her, losing Greg. Her phone rings. She answers it as she continues to peer out.

TIFFANY

Dad? Yeah, I'll be home in a little
bit. I just came to the store by
the house. (Pause) No, I don't
wanna mess up your day off, i'll
just walk home. I'll see you in a
little bit. (pause) Love you too
Dad.

She hangs up and peers out again. Greg is no where in sight. She waits and then bolts out the front door. A distant voice suddenly springs from the back.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Tiffany! Wait! Hold on!

Tiffany continues to run as fast as she can. Greg runs behind her, trying to catch up but his lungs have trouble keeping up.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Tiffany runs with Greg following through multiple streets. We follow them as he tries to catch up while yelling at her.

GREG

Tiffany! Tiffany! Tiffany!

Tiffany turns a corner, runs inside a house, and closes the door. Greg walks up the steps, he sees her as she closes the door.

INT. TIFFANY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tiffany runs inside, panting, she runs to look out the window. TIFFANY'S DAD walks in from the kitchen.

TIFFANY'S DAD

Hey, honey. I slept all damn da-

Tiffany turns around, sweats drips down her worried face.

TIFFANY'S DAD

What's wrong Tiff?

TIFFANY

This random guy followed me home.

A knock suddenly comes from the door.

GREG (O.S)

Tiffany! Come on! I'm sorry, look I love you! I know we don't really know each other but I just know it.

Her dad gently pushes her back. He opens the door to find Greg standing there, trying to catch his breathe.

TIFFANY'S DAD

Get your ass off my property before I call the cops.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Sir, I-I just want to talk to Tiffany.

TIFFANY'S DAD

Fuck off.

Tiffany's Dad pushes Greg backwards sending him to the ground. Tiffany appears behind her father. Her eyes peer out behind her papa bear.

GREG

Tiffany! I-I just want to explain. Tell him you know me.

TIFFANY'S DAD

Go bring me my phone, honey.

Tiffany runs off. Greg gets up. Anger fills him.

GREG

You're just like the rest of them.-

He walks closer to the door, making sure that she hears him.

GREG (CONTD)

- I thought you were different from all the others! (short pause) But you're-you're fucking worst! Worst than all of them. Did you hear me Tiffany? You're a whore, a bitch, a slut, a cun-.

A fist comes across Greg's face. He falls to the floor from the blow. He looks up to see Tiffany's Dad over him as he punches him repeatedly. Greg face becomes a bloody mess. Tiffany runs outside and pulls off her father.

TIFFANY

Come on, dad. He's not worth it.

She pulls him off. Tiffany's dad looks over at Greg and spits out saliva that lands perfectly on his face.

TIFFANY'S DAD

And get off before I call the cops!

Tiffany and her father retreat into their home. Greg stays on the floor with blood all over his face. He slowly gets to his feet, stumbling to catch his balance. We see his beaten up face as he stands looking at the door.(shot of door) He walks off.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Greg turns the corner from Tiffany's house. His face is a bloody mess as stumbles along the sidewalk, furiously. His phone rings from his pocket. He looks at it, it reads "Incoming call DAD". He holds it in his hands for awhile, thinking over his next move in his head. He finally answers it, with great hesitation. We look from afar.

GREG

Yeah?

Nobody answers.

GREG

Hello?

Finally a voice comes on. His father slurs his speech as if he's drunk but it's hard to tell.

DAD (O.S)

Hey! I have the money for your mom so whenever you want to come pick it up.

GREG

Uh huh

DAD (O.S)

Uh huh? What the fuck is that? I'm sick of your bullshit. You're just bitchy, like your mom. Always have to give me shit. I should go over there and beat-

The music swells in as the dad's voice fades. A moment passes as Greg just nods his head.

He throws the phone into the air. His face turns to more anger. He stumbles away onto the street. We follow him.

He walks off to the side, out of the view of the camera.

EXT. FRONT OF CHURCH - NIGHT

Greg walks down the street. He pulls out a cigarette and lights it, puffing the smoke into the air. We follow him up the street that is isolated with silence all around. He walks onto the sidewalk in front of a catholic church. A voice comes from inside the shadows of the church.

(CONTINUED)

UNKNOWN

Isn't it too late for such a young man to be out?

Greg turns and looks. We pan to all the shadows but nobody is there.

GREG

Mind your own fucking business.

Greg continues to walk but is stopped by the voice again. We look back to the shadows and an old man slowly appears wearing a black hood.

UNKNOWN

Is that any way to talk to your superiors?

GREG

I'm sorry father, I didn't-

UNKNOWN

Oh don't you worry. I'm not a father.

GREG

(sarcasm) Well whoever you are, I'm sorry.

Greg continues to walk away.

UNKNOWN

Don't you want to know who I am?

GREG

Not really!

He continues to smoke.

UNKNOWN

Well I guess I misjudged you Greg.

Greg stops and walks back to the unknown man, pointing his finger at him.

GREG

How the hell do you know my name?

UNKNOWN

I know everything about you Greg, I've been with you for some time now.

(CONTINUED)

GREG

Leave me the fuck alone.

Greg quickly walks away.

UNKNOWN

Wouldn't you like to know if you're going to die soon?

The unknown man's voice stops Greg in his tracks. He walks back in haste.

GREG

What the hell did you say?

Greg throws a wide punch but the Unknown man dodges, sending Greg reeling towards the wall.

UNKNOWN

Now Calm down boy. Touching me will only speed up the process. (pause)
Now, I said don't you want to know if you're going to die soon.

GREG

Are you threatening me? I'll beat your ass-

UNKNOWN

You could try, certainly you could, but you can not and will not win.

GREG

And why the hell not?

The Unknown man moves his face inches away from Greg's.

UNKNOWN

No man can defeat Death.

Greg lets out a laugh.

GREG

You're death?

DEATH

I go by many names. You see my role in this economy requires for me to be feared in many cultures.

GREG

Are you telling me I'm going to die soon?

(CONTINUED)

Greg is amused. Death continues to speak in a calm manner.

DEATH

Of course not. I am only here to evaluate you, not tell you when, that would defeat the purpose.

GREG

So you're here to evaluate me?
(scoffs) Not even you believe that shit.

Death smiles and nods in agreement.

GREG

With all disrespect, fuck off old man.

He starts to walk away again. We follow him from the chest up down the street. He mumbles to himself.

GREG

Fucking hobos.

Greg's face turns to shock as he suddenly stops in his tracks. Death walks onto the sidewalk, his figure in the distant background.

We go to Death's face. An evil smile grows across his face.

Greg begins to walk backwards until he reaches Death. Death turns to Greg peering into his frightful eyes. He speaks in a commanding tone, different from earlier.

DEATH

Get on your knees.

Greg falls to his knees. His mouth opens ready to talk.

GREG

Wha-

DEATH

Shut your mouth!

His mouth shuts automatically.

Death is in front of Greg, looking down at him.

DEATH

I usually don't do these kind of visits. I go from person to person, evaluating and taking care of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEATH (cont'd)
business from a distance. It's much cleaner that way, but when I find one of your kind, (pause) I just can't control my curiosity.

Death kneels down to the face of Greg. Greg looks at him frightened.

DEATH
You see, most people are black or white. Yes, everybody has flaws but you can tell right away from a good and bad person and, well, it gets boring. Don't get me wrong I love what I do. (pause) But when I find people like you. (pause) Well, (sly laugh) I needs entertainment as well.

Death stands up.

DEATH
You may speak now.

Greg tries to catch his breathe, he gags on his own saliva. He looks up to Death.

GREG
So you haven't made up your mind?

DEATH
Oh, no, I have.

GREG
Then what do you want? I don't want to die. And-

DEATH
But yet you secretly wish for death and obsess over the thought. You're the angst and thoughtful. You live life day to day with no greater picture and feel love for nobody not even yourself. You lust over and over again and still hate everybody and everything.

GREG
I love her.

DEATH

Ha! You barely know her.

GREG

But I still love her.

DEATH

Well it may all soon be over so
don't worry so much.

Greg stands and points to the cross painted on the church.

GREG

So is he real?

DEATH

If you believe so, then yes.

GREG

What about the people who want to
believe but can't?

DEATH

I have no answers. Follow your
instincts like everybody else.

GREG

My instincts. (laugh) (pause) Why
must he hide behind a fog of
illusions and miracles? Why can't
he just talk or show himself. Life
is too hard to live believing in
nothing. No one can live like that.

DEATH

Most people don't question
anything.

GREG

Ha, you got me there.

DEATH

Everything is in your perception.
Many people die in happiness.

GREG

Yeah, I guess so. (pause) So you
have no answers?

DEATH

Answers would defeat the purpose.

(CONTINUED)

GREG
Purpose? Ha, what purpose?

DEATH
The purpose of living and growing.

GREG
Now I know you really aren't death.
Way too much optimism.

DEATH
Not optimism, just truth.

GREG
Yeah, I guess.

Greg gets a pack of cigarettes from his pockets, sticks one in his mouth. He lights it and look up again to the cross.

GREG
Maybe there is no God.

He takes a puff from his cigarette. He looks around him but Death is nowhere in sight. Greg pulls out a orange container from his pocket. Two little blue pills fall into his hands, he gulps them without any water. He looks back to the cross.

GREG
God, Oh God, why have you forsaken
me?

We do a close up of the cross.

The word "Night" appears across the cross.

INT. GREG'S ROOM - NIGHT

Greg sits at his desk writing on a piece of paper.

GREG (V.O)
It's is July twenty fifth two
thousand and thirteen and I am
still (pause) lonely. The emotions
that fill me up are-

We see that last sentence as he writes. He thinks a little and scratches it out. He continues to write.

GREG (V.O)
I love you mom and none of this was
your fault. I don't understand why
I am this way but I tried, I really
did.

He signs his name, sticks it into an envelope from his desk. He writes on the envelope "why", clears all the mess and leaves it on his desk.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

We see the top of the fridge. Greg's hand reaches across and pulls a metal box. He puts it on the table. We stay on the box as he walks towards his sister's room. He slightly opens the door, the t.v is blaring, illuminating the room. Greg walks back to the kitchen. He carefully opens the box and thoroughly looks over the contents. After a moment of pure astonishment, he pulls out a gun. He slowly turns around and makes his walk to the room.

INT. SISTER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Greg quietly opens the door. The T.V lights up the whole room. He shuts the door behind him. His sister lays in her bed sound asleep. He makes his way over to her and points the gun to her temple. We follow from the gun, to the temple, to Greg's sweat filled face.

He takes deep breathes as he cliches the gun in his hand. He slowly begins to squeeze the trigger. Sweat drips from his chin. Everything turns silent except the clock that loudly ticks away. He tries to gain the courage, one moment at a time. He pulls back. Bang. The whole room goes dark. Greg runs out the door, letting light in and then shutting it as he leaves.. We stay in the room.

A moment passes. The lights suddenly turn on. Greg's sister stands at the corner of the room. The T.V screen is broken, with smoke coming from a bullet hole.

EXT. OUTSIDE - NIGHT

Greg runs out his house with the gun in his hand. He sweats profusely. He runs into the night, running as fast as he can.

EXT. GREG'S DAD HOUSE - NIGHT

Greg runs onto the steps of a house. He knocks on the door loudly. The porch light turns on. Greg hides the gun in his jeans. A man opens the door. It's Greg's DAD.

(CONTINUED)

DAD

What the hell are you doing
knocking on my door so damn late?

GREG

Uh, I just, um, I, I came for the
money.

Dad looks at him. He walks inside, leaving the door open.

Greg follows.

INT. GREG'S DAD HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is a simple middle class home. His dad walks into the kitchen. Greg picks up a portrait of his dad's new family. A woman suddenly emerges. It's his Dad's new WIFE.

WIFE

Why are you here so late? (looks at
her husband) Robert! What is he
doing here? Didn't I tell you that
ex bitch of yours never takes care
of her kids.

DAD

Yeah, yeah, I know.

She goes into the kitchen as Greg follows them.

WIFE

I'm going back to sleep. Give him
the money so he can leave.

She walks off. His dad pulls out a wad of cash from inside his wallet. He holds up in the air like as if holding a treat from a dog.

DAD

I don't know who you think you are
coming so damn late. As much as you
like to think so, I don't owe you
nothing.

Greg looks on with a stone cold face.

DAD

The only way you're going to get
this money is by apologizing.

Greg looks on without saying a word. His dad stares at him.

(CONTINUED)

DAD

So you're not going to say anything? (pause) Greg! If you don't you're not getting crap. I know this is all you want. You're just like your mom-

He turns his back and puts the money in his wallet. His dad takes up the whole screen.

DAD (CONTD)

-bunch of selfish money whores and I never-

We hear a gun shot. A hole appears in his Dad's stomach. His dad turns around in agony. He looks in his boys eyes as Greg continues to shoot him seven times. Blood pours from his old man. Greg grabs the wallet, pulls out the money and throws it in his dad's dying face. He screams with all his might.

GREG

Here's your fucking money!

His dad slowly dies. A door opens from the hallway. Greg holds the gun in his hand as he turns automatically. Dad's wife walks in and sees her husband lying on the floor, dead, she yells and runs to him. She hold him up as she slaps his cheek.

WIFE

What have you done? Baby! Baby!
Wake up, come on baby, wake up.

A LITTLE GIRL walks into the kitchen, rubbing her sleepy eyes.

LITTLE GIRL

Mommy, what's-

WIFE

Honey!

Dad's wife stumbles to her feet. She grabs her daughter up as they run out of the kitchen.

Greg looks down at his father. He holds a cold stare. Greg slowly starts to walk out. We see his dad on the floor with all the money around him.

EXT. STREET -NIGHT

Greg walks out onto the porch. He lets out a smile and walks down the steps. In this moment he notices the stars up in the sky. He looks up.

GREG (V.O)

The sky looks beautiful tonight. As the stars shine through the air I wonder what's really out there. God- or maybe some more birds, free and without a worry. Beautiful as the word beautiful was meant to be.

A shot rings through the air. Greg's body falls to the floor from the blast. Dad's wife stands on the porch with a shotgun in her hand. Greg's face hits the floor. The neighbors all run out to see what's going on. The chatter fills up the street. Greg pulls up his gun and points it to his temple. Click. Nothing come out. He smiles and begins to look around. We see from his perspective as he looks through all the neighbors faces. Death stands in the crowd looking on, with a sly content smile on his face. Greg turns to see a beautiful girl suddenly appear. We focus on her as he does. The light focuses on her, separating her from the mass.

GREG (V.O)

And then I fell in love again.

Greg begins to laugh hysterically. The people look on, taking pictures and video. Greg continues to laugh, into the night and onto the stars.

FADE OUT