

AN OUNCE OF VIOLENCE

Written by

Address
Phone Number

INT. WORK PLACE, CAFETERIA - NIGHT

A middle aged man, no older than 30, stands in front of a coffee machine where he proceeds to pour creamer and sugar into a paper cup. He's dressed in a hoodie and jeans, this is ANTON KAIAPHAS.

The cafeteria is empty, wide, spacious. A JANITOR sits at a table in the back scrolling on their phone. The hum from the lights fills the otherwise silent room.

As the coffee maker beeps, Anton swirls the sugar and creamer then pours the coffee inside the cup. He then makes his way to an empty table and sits.

Running his fingers through his hair, he removes the hood and appears stressed. Eyes closed, deep breath, then FOOTSTEPS are heard approaching. A chair gets pulled out followed by someone sitting across from him.

Anton looks up and sees LENNY, a young man a little younger than him with a skinny frame like the glasses he wears; his hair reminiscent of NAPOLEON DYNAMITE.

The two stare at each other for a moment.

LENNY

We can still make this whole thing work, you and I.

ANTON

No.

LENNY

But we could take out every little problem here with just the itch of a finger.

Anton shakes his head as he grabs his coffee and sips from it.

LENNY (CONT'D)

But hey, if you really think they have your best interest at heart then just tell me and I'll leave the whole situation be.

ANTON

They don't.

Lenny leans in.

LENNY

Then why don't we do something about it?

ANTON

Because I said so.

LENNY

Oh, come on. Since when has that ever stopped me from trying?

Lenny flashes an eerie smile.

ANTON

I'm working on something. Something that I hope can get us out of here.

LENNY

Us? Again? You know how many times I've heard you say this?

ANTON

I mean it.

LENNY

Just like the other times too? And what if this plan of yours doesn't pan out?

Anton takes another sip of his coffee.

LENNY (CONT'D)

I get you want to be the hero, someone who makes something of himself.

(beat)

But people like us, you and me, what if we're not supposed to be the heroes?

Anton shakes his head.

ANTON

Then I'll make sure we are.

LENNY

How?

Anton rotates the coffee cup in his hands, staring at it while deep in thought.

ANTON
I don't know yet. But I'll make
sure we won't be viewed as the
villain.

Lenny scoffs at this.

LENNY
Yeah, you let me know how that
turns out.

KNOCK-KNOCK!

INT. ANTON'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A much younger Anton, about 16 years old, sits at his desk
writing in a notebook.

SUPER: August 19, 2013.

Anton looks up from his notebook to see his Step-Mother in a
night gown standing in his doorway. Her fragile frame and
short blonde hair matches her sunflower littered gown. This
is MYRA (F, 39).

ANTON
I'll be down in a bit.

MYRA
How was the weekend at your moms? I
didn't get to see you come home
last night.

ANTON
It was okay.

MYRA
Just okay?

ANTON
Chaotic as usual.

Myra nods.

MYRA
Are you okay?

Anton slowly nods, thinking about the question.

ANTON
Yeah.

MYRA

Your father is making breakfast.
Should be ready in fifteen minutes,
make sure you're down stairs by
then.

Myra weens herself off the doorframe and walks off. Anton looks back down at his notebook, taking a deep breath, then closes it; packing it in his bookbag before dipping out of his room.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Cooking at the stove is Anton's Dad. His glasses, short brown hair, and deadpan face give a look of innocents to a degree. This is DEVIN (M, 42).

Flipping the pancakes and getting the bacon out from the microwave, he places the food down on the table where Anton sits.

DEVIN

Sleep okay?

ANTON

Yeah.

DEVIN

Any weird stories from Mom's house?

Anton looks up from his food, hesitant to release any info. Devin looks over his shoulder, eyebrow raised.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

You can tell me, it's always
interesting hearing what goes on
over there.

ANTON

I, ah, accidentally hit someone in
the face with a golf club.

Devin's eyes go big as he turns around.

DEVIN

What?

ANTON

It was an accident. I didn't see
Trent coming up behind me as I
pulled back.

DEVIN
Is he okay?

ANTON
He's fine, just a little bit of
blood.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

FLASHBACK

TRENT, a 12 year old boy, stands holding his mouth crying as blood profusely runs down his nose. Anton stands in front of him in a panic and concerned.

ANTON
Stop crying, stop crying!

TRENT
You hit me in the face!

ANTON
You put your fucking face in front
of the gulf club!

Trent screams louder. A door is heard slamming opening.

MOM (V.O.)
What the hell happened!?

Anton looks over his shoulder, eyes go wide. Then looks back at Trent.

ANTON
Trent, I need you to stop now or
we're both dead.

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Anton looks down at his plate, pancakes with chocolate chips.

DEVIN
Well, I'm glad he's okay.

ANTON
Yeah, it wasn't like the incident
with Ian.

DEVIN
With Ian?

ANTON
Where I had him pee on the electric
fence.

Devin shakes his head and goes back to the stove and proceeds
to clean the mess of pots and pans.

DEVIN
Well, did you get your homework
done?

ANTON
(mouth full)
Yeah.

DEVIN
You're not lying?

Anton shakes his head as Myra enters the kitchen.

MYRA
(to Anton)
You ready?

Anton looks down at his plate, only taking one bite out of
his pancake.

ANTON
No?

Myra looks at the pancake noticing...

MYRA
Chocolate chips?

DEVIN
It's for health benefits.

MYRA
What?

DEVIN
Like ah, prolonged energy
throughout the day. Its a new study
conducted by Harvard. Very
interesting.

Nodding her head and raising an eyebrow, Myra turns her
attention to Anton.

MYRA
Hurry up, I'll be in the car
waiting.

Anton nods and begins to dig into his food. Myra leaves the Kitchen.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

As the bell rings and the hallway floods with kids, Anton seems to flow against the current causing him to stick out like a sore thumb. His hoodie up with books in hand.

About to make his way past the bathroom, a group of KIDS push him into...

INT. SCHOOL, BOYS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anton gets shoved in, dropping his books on the floor. He quickly pushes his back against a wall as FOUR boys huddle around him. One steps forward, beefy with a plaid shirt and gold bracelet; a true preppy boy. This is JOSH (M,16).

JOSH
I see you didn't get the memo.

ANTON
Please, don't.

JOSH
Where's my twenty bucks?

ANTON
I don't have it.

Josh punches Anton in the stomach causing him to hunch over.

JOSH
I told you, twenty bucks for the book store today, Anton.

ANTON
I don't have money for you, Josh. I don't have money for lunch, just let me be.

Josh Shakes his head and grabs Anton by his shoulders, throwing him into the opening of the room. Urinals line one side as stalls line the other.

Landing on his knees and looking up, Anton gets a mean left hook to his face.

JOSH
I'll just beat my moneys worth out of you then.

Josh cocks back, swinging at Anton again.

Just taking the hits, Anton tries to scoot himself back but it doesn't help deflecting the punches being thrown his way.

Soon, his back is against the wall. Hit after hit, blood runs from his nose. Looking past Josh, the door swings open and in walks YOUNG ANTON II who is the same age and dressed in darker clothes.

Anton II walks over to Anton who lays on the floor, gets down on one knee and leans into his ear.

ANTON II
Show this cock sucker what fear
really is.

Anton II leans back and stands watching, invisible to the other boys in the room.

Josh Cocks back his hand and launches a punch that is CAUGHT by Anton. Slowly rising to his feet, Anton spits a mouth full of blood off to the side and stares at Josh, who now has a look of 'oh shit'.

Anton cocks his arm back and launches a punch at Josh's face, followed by another, and ANOTHER.

Josh stumbles back and lands on his ass as he begins to shake.

JOSH
Wait.

ANTON
No.

Anton releases a series of punches that break Josh's nose with a bone crunching POP! The group of BOYS who stood watching try to intervene but stop as Anton leans in and BITES Josh's nose off.

Spitting it off at the foot of one of the boys, they all stare scared before rushing out of the room. Blood, lots of it, is seen spewing up as Anton continues to release hit aft-

INT. SCHOOL, OFFICE - LATER

Anton sits writing in his NOTEBOOK with a black eye and broken nose. A tap on his shoulder causes him to stop writing.

OFFICE ASSISTANT
Mr. Bennington will see you now.

Looking up at the woman in a long dress, he nods at OFFICE ASSISTANT (F,28), then closes the notebook and walks into...

INT. SCHOOL, PRINCIPLES OFFICE

A man in a button up shirt and tie sits at his desk wearing a pair of reader glasses as he types away at his computer. Looking over the frame, MR. BENNINGTON (M, 51) gestures to a seat in front of him.

MR. BENNINGTON
Please, have a seat.

Anton walks over to the open chair and sits. Mr. Bennington finishes typing then removes his glasses and looks at Anton.

MR. BENNINGTON (CONT'D)
Looks like you got into a bit of trouble.

ANTON
I'm fine.

MR. BENNINGTON
Are you really?

ANTON
Yeah.

MR. BENNINGTON
Your teacher says otherwise.

ANTON
I don't want to start anything, I'm fine. It was an accident.

MR. BENNINGTON
How was that an accident?

Anton sits quiet, looking down at the floor. Mr. Bennington looks at him slightly confused.

ANTON
I fell.

MR. BENNINGTON
Was this Josh's doing again?

Anton sits, now beginning to pick his nails. Anton nods.

ANTON

Yeah.

MR. BENNINGTON

And what did you do?

Anton looks up from the floor through his brow.

ANTON

Nothing.

MR. BENNINGTON

Well, people don't just attack
without reason.

Anton nods and looks back down at the floor, Mr. Bennington
leaning in trying to press.

MR. BENNINGTON (CONT'D)

So?

ANTON

No.

Anton begins to shut down.

MR. BENNINGTON

No?

ANTON

It wasn't Josh, nothing hap-

KNOCK-KNOCK!

OFFICE ASSISTANT

Mr. Bennington, Josh is here.

MR. BENNINGTON

Send him in.

Anton's face changes as he looks at MR. Bennington, sour.

MR. BENNINGTON (CONT'D)

Is that alright with you?

No response.

Josh walks in, sits down, face is PRISTINE.

JOSH

Hello Mr. Bennington.

MR. BENNINGTON

What happened to Anton?

Josh looks over to see Anton who is still staring at MR. Bennington, but now with a more angry look. Oh, if looks could kill.

JOSH

I don't know. What did he tell you?

Mr. Bennington slams his palm down on the table making Josh jump, Anton doesn't.

MR. BENNINGTON

(calm)

Tell me what happened.

JOSH

He-, he threw the first punch. I was washing my hands and he came up behind me and decked me in the back of the head. So I protected myself by throwing a few punches to get him off me before dipping out of the bathroom.

Mr. Bennington turns his attention to Anton, still looking pissed.

MR. BENNINGTON

Is this true?

Anton shakes his head: NO.

Mr. Bennington looks back at Josh with an eyebrow raised.

MR. BENNINGTON (CONT'D)

He's got quite the job done in on him. I don't see anything done to you.

JOSH

I swear. Ask Nick, Brian, and Alex. They were all there.

MR. BENNINGTON

Funny how it's always the same group of guys that have your back.

Josh shrugs.

JOSH

We're always hanging out with each other. I don't know what else to tell you.

Mr. Bennington takes a deep breath and studies his computer, thinking.

MR. BENNINGTON
Josh, you're suspended from the
Friday night game.

Josh looks taken back from this statement.

JOSH
What?

MR. BENNINGTON
Not a word.

Mr. Bennington looks at Anton, finger pointed.

MR. BENNINGTON (CONT'D)
And you, three day in-school
suspension.

Anton closes his eyes and starts to chuckle, throwing Mr. Bennington off.

MR. BENNINGTON (CONT'D)
That's funny?

ANTON
Why am I getting punishment?

Josh looks sour at Anton, knowing.

MR. BENNINGTON
Taking into consideration that
maybe his story is true, did you
throw a punch?

ANTON
Not. One.

Mr. Bennington looks back at Josh.

JOSH
That's not true.

Mr. Bennington is silent for a second, calculating.

MR. BENNINGTON
Fine, then one day of in-school
suspension. Now both of you, out of
my office.

Anton smiles, then leaves followed b-

MR. BENNINGTON (CONT'D)
Except you, sit down for a minute.

Pointing at Josh, he sits back down in his chair as Anton leaves. The door closes leaving just the two.

MR. BENNINGTON (CONT'D)
If I see him in here one more time,
I will make sure not only are you
permanently removed from the
football team; but every other team
in the school district.
(beat)
Understood?

JOSH
Do you really think my dad would
allow you to do that?

MR. BENNINGTON
I don't give a fuck what your dad
would allow. This is my school. I
run it, not him. Are we clear?

Josh swallows his pride, HARD. Then nods.

MR. BENNINGTON (CONT'D)
Good, now get the hell out of my
office.

Josh rises to his feet and leaves.

INT. ANTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laying in bed, Anton throws a foam ball up at the ceiling just to catch it and repeat the process. A soft Knock on the door causes him to stop and look to see Myra walk in. She stares at him for a moment, seeing the black eye.

MYRA
Dinner's almost done.

ANTON
I'm not that hungry.

Myra makes her way into the room, sitting on the edge of his bed.

MYRA
Why do you keep getting yourself
into these types of situations?

ANTON
I was minding my own business.

MYRA
I find that hard to believe.

ANTON
Why?

MYRA
Because someone doesn't just beat
up someone just for the fun of it.
You had to have engaged him in some
degree.

Anton looks back at the ceiling, jaw clenching.

ANTON
I bet him money on something
stupid.

MYRA
What?

ANTON
It was a game. It was supposed to
be for fun but he took it serious.

MYRA
Well if you tend to bet money on
anything people are going to take
that serious.

ANTON
Yeah I know. I-
(beat)
I didn't know he was going to do
that though. It was stupid.

Myra looks puzzled, as if she has something to say. Anton
looks over and notices.

ANTON (CONT'D)
What?

MYRA
I don't, really, know the best way
to tell you. But, the other day we
took your dad to the hospital.

Anton sits up slightly.

ANTON
Everything's okay?

MYRA

Well, we found this thing on his back that looked weird. So we had doctors run some tests on it and the results came back today. It doesn't look good.

ANTON

What do you mean?

MYRA

It looks like he has cancer.

Anton looks at Myra, lost.

ANTON

Cancer?

MYRA

Yeah, the doctor is going to have to take something from his lymph nodes to see how much of it has spread.

ANTON

How does he feel?

MYRA

He said he hasn't felt much pain but either way they're going to have to take a chunk out of his back.

Anton lays back down looking at the ceiling.

MYRA (CONT'D)

And depending on what stage he is at depends on how long and potent the treatments will be.

Myra bobbles her head as if to be unsure.

MYRA (CONT'D)

It's hard to say, the doctor said there's multiple avenues for treatment now. So we'll have to play it by ear and see how severe it is.

Anton closes his eyes and turns over in bed.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

ANTON

Yeah, just want to sleep.

Myra nods and rises to her feet heading towards the door.

MYRA

Just keep your spirits up. I can see it on his face that he's scared.

ANTON

I feel helpless.

MYRA

Just keep him in prayers and hold on to hope. That's all we can do for right now.

Anton nods as Myra leaves closing the door on her way out. For a moment all is quiet.

ANTON II (O.S.)

What a bitch move.

Anton opens his eyes, eyebrows pointed. He turns over to look and see Young Anton II sitting in a chair with his legs propped up on a desk.

ANTON II (CONT'D)

I mean, if I was getting my ass whooped, I definitely would of swung back.

ANTON

For what? It's not worth the hassle.

ANTON II

Oh, no it is. Once it becomes a daily routine for you. To go through the process over and over-, and over.

Anton II stands up and gets close to his bed. Picking up the backpack and digging through it, he pulls out a notebook.

Anton gets up a little, eyeing Anton II.

ANTON

Don't.

ANTON II

Ah come on. Lets have a little fun at least. Please?

Anton II waves the notebook around with a slight smile on his face.

Anton takes a deep breath, then gets up and plucks the notebook out of his hands.

A TIMELAPSE over the course of a few days occurs as we watch Anton sit at his desk and write in his notebook, DAY and NIGHT until...

INT. ANTON'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Rolling over and stretching out, he stumbles out of bed and dresses himself with whatever clothes lay on his floor. He looks around his room, visibly more dirty.

ANTON
(to self)
I need to clean you when I get home.

Anton leaves the room.

INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Myra and Devin sit on the couch with the television off. No words being said, just staring at one another. Footsteps come stomping down the stairs and Anton comes walking in.

He stops quickly, getting the vibe something's off.

ANTON
What's going on?

POLICE OFFICER#1 (M,37) walks into the room. Bald, buff, looks like a real dick head with his hand resting on the handle of his gun.

Mr. Bennington walks into the room behind Police Officer#1 holding up a notebook.

MR. BENNINGTON
Leave something in class the other day?

Anton's face changes to as if he got hit in the chest with a bat, the look of fear engulfing his expression.

ANTON
I-I di-

MR. BENNINGTON
I thought it would be best to
discuss the things I read in your
notebook as a group.

Mr. Bennington tosses the notebook on a nearby table.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Anton sits across from Devin and Myra who stare at their son
with mixed emotions, worry and frustration.

DEVIN
Why didn't you come to us?

ANTON
I have, bu-

DEVIN
(cuts Anton off)
No, you haven't.

ANTON
I guess then I don't know what I'm
doing wrong.

DEVIN
You don't?

MYRA
Devin, please.

DEVIN
No, you have a whole notebook about
how you want to kill people.
Beheading. SHOOTING! Murdering
people. You're going to sit there
and tell me you don't know what's
wrong?

Devin stands holding the notebook in his hand, shaking it.

ANTON
(soft)
It's not like I was going to do any
of those things.

DEVIN
And how are we supposed to know
that? How are we supposed to know
you're not going to do something
that-

Devin chokes up and sits back down.

ANTON

I wouldn't do anything like that.

DEVIN

Then why fucking write it? It
doesn't make you sick?

Anton narrows his eyebrows, looking down at his feet and
shakes his head.

ANTON

No.

Devin looks at Anton baffled.

DEVIN

You have me in here.

ANTON

I've written about everyone.

DEVIN

You've said some pretty foul things
about me in here.

ANTON

And everyone else that's pissed me
off.

Devin closes his eyes, searching for the right way to express
that...

DEVIN

Listen, we think it would be best
that you talk to someone about
these issues you're having.

ANTON

I'm fine.

DEVIN

You are going to talk to someone,
or-

(beat)

I don't even know. This is some
serial killer shit, Anton.

ANTON

What?

DEVIN

The people who shot up their school wrote shit like this, I don't want you to turn into that.

ANTON

I'm not.

DEVIN

I don't want to turn on the ne-

ANTON

These are all thoughts and feelings I have no other means of expressing. Things I can write down, analyze, dissect without having anyone point a finger and say somethings wrong with me.

DEVIN

That doesn't make it right!

Anton takes a moment, a deep breath and plotting his next words carefully.

ANTON

Sorry if sometimes I feel like I want to shove someone's head in a doorway and slam it for twenty four hours. But just because I say that, or write it down, doesn't mean I'm going to do it.

Anton rises from his seat and takes a step towards his dad.

ANTON (CONT'D)

I would hope that you know I'm smart enough to know the difference between right and wrong.

Anton walks off and makes his way up the stairs as Myra and Devin stare blankly off into space. Devin throws the journal on the table and leaves the room.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

LOIS, a woman who is no older than 40, sits at her desk wearing glasses that hang from the tip of her nose for dear life. Her leopard printed clothes matches her glasses.

KNOCK-KNOCK!

She looks up from her scribbles to see Anton standing in her doorway. She smiles as she rises, removing her glasses and making her way over to him.

LOIS
Anton?

ANTON
Yeah?

LOIS
Nice to meet you, come on in.

She gestures him in and closes the door behind him.

As he walks in, he looks around the small room seeing multiple books, degrees, and family photos.

LOIS (CONT'D)
Go ahead and have a seat in that comfy chair right there.

She points to an empty seat as she makes her way to her desk.

Anton sits in the chair, rubbing his knuckles, visibly nervous.

LOIS (CONT'D)
How has your day gone so far?

ANTON
Uh, good?

LOIS
Good? Sounds questionable. Have you done anything?

ANTON
So far, no. Just play video games and wrote a little.

LOIS
Oh, you're a writer?

Anton nods.

ANTON
Yeah.

LOIS
What kind of stuff do you write?

ANTON
Just basically whatever comes to
mind.

LOIS
What's your favorite genre?

ANTON
I don't really have a specific
genre, anything really.

Lois pulls out a pen and opens her notebook to a blank page.

LOIS
And what was it that you wrote
today? If you don't mind me asking.

ANTON
Just about my mom.

LOIS
What did you write about her?

Anton stares at the floor, rubbing his fingers together.

ANTON
(trepidatious)
Um, it's hard to explain.

Lois leans forward slightly.

LOIS
If you don't feel comfortable
telling me, that's okay. But I want
you to know that anything you say
in this room is only between us.
None of the information that is
expressed or shared in this room is
given out to anyone.

ANTON
Even my parents?

LOIS
Even your parents.

ANTON
Why is that?

LOIS
By law, unless I feel you're a
danger to yourself or others around
you, the things shared in this room
are locked within confidentiality.

Anton leans back, appearing to be more at ease.

ANTON

I can talk about how I wanted to bite the nose off of some kid at school for beating me up in the bathroom?

Lois nods.

LOIS

Is that what you want to talk about?

Anton looks down at his finger nails, picking at them slightly.

ANTON

No.

LOIS

We can talk about whatever's on your mind.

ANTON II (O.S.)

Be careful not to give away too much too quickly.

Anton looks over to see Anton II standing at the book shelf, skimming over the titles before looking over his shoulder.

ANTON II (CONT'D)

Would suck to scare her off just like everyone else.

He takes a second, then Anton turns his attention back to Lois.

ANTON

We can talk about the bullies at school first.

LOIS

Where ever you like to begin.

She gives a warm smile and begins to nod her head and take notes. We turn to see a CLOCK on the wall as it FAST FORWARDS some time until stopping at 4:55.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The clock on the wall slowly ticks by being the only audio we hear for a moment. Then...

LOIS (O.S.)
Did you do anything in return?

ANTON (O.S.)
For him cutting me off?

LOIS (O.S.)
Yes.

ANTON (O.S.)
No.

As we look away from the clock, Lois sits at her desk holding a clipboard and jotting notes. New attire, same glasses.

Anton sits across from her, now much older in appearance like at the beginning.

SUPER: TWELVE YEARS LATER.

He lays himself back in the chair which allows him to recline, relaxed. He has his hands folded over his chest as he looks up at the ceiling.

LOIS
And why not?

ANTON
'Cause that would of served no purpose. What am I going to do? Scream at him or flip him off just to get a gun to my face?

Lois nods and jots this down before pressing.

LOIS
What did you want to do?

Anton raises an eyebrow, still staring up at the ceiling.

EXT. TRAFFIC INTERSECTION - MORNING

DAY DREAM

A beat down older truck manages to cut off a small sedan only to come to a full stop at a traffic light. Anton gets out of the sedan and walks up to the truck's window.

ANTON
Hey, bitch!

The window rolls down halfway revealing a woman with teal colored hair, glasses, and a few piercings on her face to give a vibe of 'fuck with me, I dare you'. We'll call her RODEO (F,40).

RODEO
What do you want cunt nugget?

Anton's eye twitches, irritated.

ANTON
You cut me off, twice.

RODEO
Twice? No I didn't.

ANTON
Ya' did.

Rodeo smiles, as if the situation is about to make her day.

RODEO
Get back in your car before my
boyfriend and I both beat your ass.

Anton takes a moment to collect himself as he takes a step back.

RODEO (CONT'D)
Awe, it's okay. Maybe next time you
act tough, the pe-AH!

Anton reaches in, busting the window and grabbing Rodeo by the collar of her shirt. He rips her out of the drivers side and onto the pavement where he begins to punch her repeatedly.

BOYFRIEND (M, late 30's) rushes over in a panic. Cocking his arm back, Anton is quick to throw a punch so hard it DECAPITATES the Boyfriend sending his head flying into the car.

Turning his attention back to Rodeo, he begins to stomp on her head repeatedly until it POPS like a grape... then CONTINUES.

ANTON
Fuck you, fuck the mail man, fuck
the person who ran into me last
week, fuck your moth-

LOIS (V.O.)
Anton?

DAY DREAM ends as we...

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Anton sits up looking at Lois sitting behind her desk.

LOIS
Do you want to tell me?

He shakes his head.

ANTON
No, not really.

LOIS
Is it violent?

ANTON
Yeah.

Lois nods and jots this down in her journal before removing her glasses and sitting back in her chair.

LOIS
I'm going to pivot here. Have you
been putting your writing to any
use?

Anton's face adjust slightly, intrigued from the question.

ANTON
As in?

LOIS
Sending your stories out to people.

Anton lays his head back down, this time closing his eyes and shaking his head.

ANTON
No.

LOIS
And why not?

ANTON
Because I don't know if they're
good.

LOIS
How will you ever know if you don't
try?

ANTON
I don't know. I just don't, I don't
want to be disappointed. Or worse.

LOIS
Worse?

ANTON
Disappoint others.

LOIS
How so?

ANTON
Seeing the reactions I've gotten
before, I don't know if it would be
worth it.

LOIS
I think you just need to learn how
to turn that aggression and hatred
into art.

Anton chuckles at the statement.

ANTON
(to self)
Art.

INT. ANTON'S BEDROOM - LATER

Entering the small studio apartment, Anton hangs up his coat on a nearby coat rack and flips the lights on while shutting the door behind him.

The place is somewhat clean, a little mess from a cereal bowl still sits on the counter with a gallon of milk resting right beside it.

Anton picks the gallon up and sniffs the inside, making a sour face.

He pours the milk down the drain while running some water down the sink.

After throwing the gallon away, he makes his way to the couch where he sits down and grabs his laptop.

Opening it, he types his password and is instantly greeted with a WHITE BLANK SCREEN.

VOICES begin to seep in, soft and muffled, then like a hose releasing the water from the spout, the voices pour in louder and LOUDER until he begins typing.

EXT. LENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A beat down house that resides in the middle of a wooded area sits quiet. One light emitting from and upstairs window.

INT. LENNY'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lenny lays in bed with a small television running in the background.

BEEP-BEEP!

Waking from his slumber, Lenny reaches over and slaps the snooze button on his alarm clock.

Rubbing his face and stretching out, he grabs his glasses on the nightstand and propels himself to sit at the edge of his bed.

Looking up at the doorway, he sees his door ajar leading into the dark hallway. Across from his room, his MOTHERS door ajar as well with her peeking through the crack.

The door closes before MOANING and THUMPING are heard echoing through the house.

Lenny rises from his bed and walks over to close his door. Turning on the lights, we see a room that is littered with clothes all over the floor.

As he walks over to a closet and begins searching for clothes, we can see an ASSAULT RIFLE resting in the back of his closet.

INT. LENNY'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

As Lenny walks out of his room and closes the door, he makes his way up to his Mothers door and knocks on it.

LENNY
I'm leaving for work, Ma'.

No response.

He then proceeds to head down the stairs.

I/E. LENNY'S CAR

Getting into the car, Lenny starts it up and takes a moment as he looks back at the house. In his bedroom, the silhouette of his Mother with WHITE PIERCING EYES stares at him.

He stares back for a second, then puts his car into drive and heads off.

She continues to stare, haunting.

INT. WORK PLACE, MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Machines run, people move back and forth between them. Like a sore thumb, Anton is seen walking in with his hoodie up. Making his way to his desk, he sets his belongings down and sits in his chair staring at the computer monitor.

Someone walks up next to him, a woman slightly younger than him. She has a neck tattoo and more along her arms. She also wears a hoodie that is twice the size she is. This is BRITTNEY (F, 23).

BRITTNEY

Nice of you to show up for work today.

Anton looks over his shoulder to give a look at Brittney, raising an eyebrow.

BRITTNEY (CONT'D)

Type shit, where am I going today?

ANTON

On machine 44.

Brittney nods and walks off.

A man, same age as Brittney, walks up wearing sweatpants and a beanie. His look, a mix between homeless and not knowing what the fuck is going on. This is HEWITT (M, 23).

HEWITT

Hey sexy, how was your mini vacay?

Hewitt walks up and gently rubs his hand on Anton's shoulder.

Anton doesn't even acknowledge the act.

ANTON

You're gonna be on 1974. Watch over the autos as well, please.

Hewitt nods.

HEWITT

Still in a mood I see.

ANTON

What?

Anton looks up from his screen to look at Hewitt.

HEWITT

Nothing.

Hewitt walks off to his machine, then one last person walks up to Anton.

Lenny makes his way across the floor, waving at people but not getting much of a response back from anyone.

LENNY

(to Anton)

Ready to get this shit show on the road, Captain?

Looking over, Anton sees Lenny which is the first time we get a semi smile from him. Both greet each other, history obviously between the two.

ANTON

How was yesterday?

LENNY

Dick head one and two pretty much did nothing but chat with each other.

ANTON

They didn't run their machines?

LENNY

Nope. Ended up having to separate them and that only made things worse.

ANTON

How so?

LENNY

Brittney kept going over to Hewitt's machine. I guess they got into a small fight last night because he was caught talking to some other girl she didn't like.

Anton rolls his eyes and rubs his forehead in frustration.

ANTON

Fucking stupid.

LENNY

And then boss lady was upset you weren't here.

ANTON

It was my day off, what?

(beat)

For what?

LENNY

She was upset no one was here to start up the other department.

Anton shoots Lenny a look, *'how stupid is this woman?'*.

NANCY (O.S.)

Anton!

Looking past Lenny, Anton sees a middle aged woman, Filipino, dressed sharp standing outside of her office. This is NANCY (F, 30's).

NANCY (CONT'D)

I need a word.

He takes a deep breath, then looks at Lenny.

LENNY

Yeah, you have fun with that.

Lenny pats Anton on the shoulder trying to hide his smile.

ANTON

Fuck you, you're on machine 55.
I'll move you when second shift leaves.

LENNY

Promise?

Anton rises to his feet and heads towards Nancy.

LENNY (CONT'D)

(to self)

I feel like that's a no.

INT. NANCY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Nancy sits at her computer typing away. Anton enters but doesn't pull Nancy's attention yet.

NANCY

Go ahead and have a seat.

Anton does just that.

NANCY (CONT'D)
And close the door.

Right before he sits, he reaches over and shuts the door.

Sitting in the seat, he leans back and stares up at the ceiling. Nancy finishes typing and finally turns her attention to Anton. She flashes a fake smile.

NANCY (CONT'D)
How are you doing?

ANTON
Good.

NANCY
That's good. I was curious why you weren't in yesterday.

ANTON
I had P.T.O. I had put in. You approved it.

NANCY
Oh, that's right.
(beat)
So I got notified the other day that someone from second shift has been staying past their time.

Anton narrows his eyebrows.

ANTON
What?

NANCY
Cindy? Has she been staying after?

ANTON
Yeah, she clocks out and we chat for a bit. Why?

NANCY
She clocks out?

ANTON
Yeah.

NANCY
Oh, well she's still not allowed to be on the floor.

Anton is taken back from this statement.

ANTON

What?

NANCY

She's distracting you from your job.

ANTON

No, she's not.

NANCY

She could be pulling you away from your duties as coordinator.

ANTON

But, she's not.

NANCY

Okay, let me put this more straight forward. She is not allowed to be seen speaking with you after she has clocked out while you are still on the floor working.

Anton sits forward.

ANTON

You really want to make a big deal out of me chatting with someone on the floor?

NANCY

For well over twenty minutes, yes. I also noticed you've been printing things on the work computer again.

Anton bites his lip and leans back in his chair, irritated.

ANTON

Yup.

NANCY

We've been over this that the printer is not meant to be used for personal items or agendas as it could block the use of it from other people needing it.

ANTON

Yup.

NANCY
Is there a problem?

ANTON
Nope.

NANCY
It seems like there is.

ANTON
Well, when I see other people using
it the same way I do, then yeah. I
guess there's a problem.

NANCY
Who?

ANTON
I've seen you print things off for
your own personal agendas.

NANCY
What do you mean?

ANTON
Tickets? Pictures of your dog?
Different cars you're shopping for.

Nancy adjust her glasses, thinking.

NANCY
No more printing personal items. No
more chatting with operators for
lengthy periods of time.
Understood?

Anton nods.

ANTON
Are we done?

NANCY
Yup.

Anton rises to his feet and walks out of the room. Nancy
turns and continues typing on the computer.

INT. WORK PLACE, MAIN FLOOR - LATER

Fewer people are on the floor. Anton sits next to Lenny who
is running a machine.

ANTON

That's not what I'm saying.

LENNY

Then what are you saying? To me it sounds like you're willing to give it a shot.

ANTON

Maybe? Maybe I want to see where things go.

LENNY

I fucking told you.

ANTON

Yeah, yeah.

Lenny pushes the button on the machine causing the door to close and he sits in a chair.

LENNY

Other than work talk though, how's things outside going?

ANTON

As in?

LENNY

With your Dad?

ANTON

I tried talking to him the other day.

LENNY

And how'd that go?

ANTON

Eh, not the best.

LENNY

Pissing match?

Anton nods, looking down at his hands and picking his nails.

ANTON

I don't know. I don't know what it is that got so bad between us.

LENNY

One of these days you're going to have to sit down and chat with him.

ANTON

I know.

LENNY

What about the writing? How's that going?

ANTON

Still floating around ideas. I've been getting overwhelmed with everything lately.

LENNY

What's everything?

ANTON

Work, writing, therapy.

LENNY

Sounds like you're caring too much again.

Anton shrugs his shoulders.

ANTON

I probably am.

LENNY

Need to stop that.

The machine door opens. Lenny grabs the parts out of the machine, observing them.

LENNY (CONT'D)

You're worrying too much about the things you can't control.

ANTON

Like?

LENNY

Tell me some of the things you're worried about and I'll tell you.

Lenny sets down the pieces he had in hand and loads new pieces into the machine. Pushes the button and sits back down.

ANTON

I'm trying to figure out who the fuck told Nancy I've been chatting with Cindy.

LENNY

Who cares, move on to something more important.

Anton nods, digesting the answer.

ANTON

Um, I don't know if my father hates me. If he thinks I'm a failure at life for not continuing in college and getting my bachelors degree.

LENNY

With all due respect, fuck him. You have an A.A. don't you?

Anton nods.

ANTON

I do.

LENNY

That's more than what I got.

Anton licks his lips, nervous now.

ANTON

I'm scared that I won't have him for much longer.

Lenny pauses, biting his cheek. Carefully deciding his next move.

LENNY

How bad has it gotten?

ANTON

The chemo is just making things worse.

LENNY

What stage?

ANTON

Four.

Lenny nods, placing his pieces into a tray of some sort.

LENNY

Well, there's nothing that you can do about the situation. Only try and do what you can now.

Anton nods.

ANTON

That's the tricky part. I just
don't know what I need to do.

Lenny's door opens and he stares at the pieces inside the
machine.

LENNY

I think you need to do what I did
with my dad.

ANTON

I've already tried talking to him.

LENNY

No, I mean, you need to hear him
out. And then explain yourself. If
he doesn't understand your side of
the situation then there's nothing
you can really do. That's something
out of your control.

Lenny looks back at Anton, pitiful look.

LENNY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

ANTON

It's fine.

LENNY

It sucks, trust me I know.

Anton nods.

ANTON

Yeah.

INT. ANTON'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Anton makes his way through the door, the sun rays skipping
through his window. As he sets his keys on the counter and
walks over to the window, he closes the blinds, strips down
to his boxers, then jumps into bed.

Taking a deep breath, he stares at the ceiling as his eyes
flutter shut.

I/E. ANTON'S CAR - NIGHT

DREAM

Anton is driving through the night and pulls into a parking lot where a WOMAN (F, 20's) is seen running out of a black SUV. She appears distraught.

A MAN (M, 20's) that is slightly more bigger than her chases after her and tackles her onto the pavement.

ANTON
What the fuck?

Anton pulls his car up beside the altercation that's occurring and gets out of his vehicle.

ANTON (CONT'D)
(to Man)
Hey!

Man looks over, eyebrows narrow.

MAN
Everything's fine, get back in your car.

ANTON
What the fuck are you doing?

Anton tries to help the Woman by trying to pick her up off the pavement.

WOMAN
Please, just go. Don't worry about this.

MAN
She's causing a scene, get back in your car!

Man pushes Anton but seems to have no effect as he continues to try and pick up Woman.

ANTON
(to Woman)
Are you okay?

MAN
I said get back in your car!

Man places a hand on Anton's chest, pushing him back harder. Anton is quick to push his arm away and get into Man's face.

ANTON
Don't fucking touch me again.

MAN

I said...
(pulls out gun)
...get back in your Vehicle!

POP-POP-POP!

Anton's chest bursts as he drops to his knees. Three bullet wounds cause him to bleed profusely from his chest.

Man leans into Anton's ear.

MAN (CONT'D)

(whisper)
Now say hi to your mother for me.

Man steps back and puts the barrel to Anton's head and pulls the trigger-- POP!

Anton's head cocks back as he falls backwards THROUGH the PAVEMENT, which swallows him like an ocean.

INT. ENDLESS OCEAN - CONTINUOUS

Anton begins to sink, deeper and deeper away from the surface as the blood trails from his chest and head. HE begins to get younger, and younger until he appears to be no older than FOUR.

A blanket covers him as a couch catches his fall and soon the dark ocean dissolves into...

INT. MOM'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

YOUNG ANTON (M, 4) lays on the couch now in dinosaur pajamas. The room is dark but distant yelling wakes him up.

MOM (V.O.)

...and I'm telling you, you're wrong! You don't know what you're talking about!

STEP DAD (V.O.)

I'm not going to put up with this. You're not doing well off your meds.

MOM (V.O.)

I swear to god, if you walk out of this room, I'm throwing the fucking clock at you! I'm going to kill you if you walk out on me again.

STEP DAD (V.O.)
You're threatening me?

MOM (V.O.)
NO, that's a promise.

Young Anton rises up and peaks over the couch towards the door where the voices are coming from. He holds his blanket tight.

STEP DAD (V.O.)
You're not going to do anything.

The doorknob jiggles, followed by a loud CRASH as two people are heard wrestling. Then the light goes out under the door and all is quiet.

MOM (V.O.)
Oh, Anton. You didn't see anything
now did you?

Anton shakes his head as the door creeks open. Blackness consumes the room, nothing can be seen inside.

MOM (V.O.)
Good, now go back to bed before
mommy has to punish you too.

Young Anton quickly lays down and closes his eyes. A blur of something darts to the back of the couch and stands there, blood covering the night gown that MOM (F, 40's) is wearing.

A hand reaches down about to grab Young Anton. Shaking, Young Anton turns slowly and lets out a scream.

END DREAM.

INT. ANTON'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Anton jolts awake, sweat beading down his head. He quickly kicks his legs over the bed and grabs a nearby towel to wipe the sweat off.

He rises to his feet, shaking his head as he walks off.

I/E. LENNY'S CAR - AFTERNOON

With his seat leaned all the way back, Lenny sleeps with a coat over his chest.

KNOCK-KNOCK!

Startling him, he looks at his window to see RONNIE. His overweight and receding hairline give a creepy appearance.

RONNIE
(muffled)
Roll down the window!

Lenny props his seat up and rolls down the window.

LENNY
Yeah?

RONNIE
Why's you sleepin' out here?

LENNY
So I can actually get some sleep.

Ronnie nods, confusion still masking his face.

RONNIE
Well ah, I need's you to give your
mother somethin' for me.

Lenny clenches his jaw as Ronnie digs into his pocket and pulls out a wad of cash. Counting the money, Ronnie flashes a slight smile.

Lenny continues to stare at the steering wheel until cash is shoved into his face.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
Here ya' go. Give that to her.

He just stares at the money in Ronnie's hand for a moment, then takes it.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
Ya' got a special mom. Takes good
care of ya.
(beat)
Takes good care of me too.

Ronnie chuckles at this as he takes a step back from his car.

Lenny looks at the house, nothing but darkness inside. Then he looks down at the passengers side and reaches for something.

Walking to his vehicle, Ronnie puts the rest of the cash into his pocket.

Lenny exits his car and proceeds to walk up behind Ronnie.

After a few steps, Ronnie turns around with an eyebrow raised.

RONNIE (CONT'D)
What do yo-

POP!

Lenny shoots Ronnie right between the eyes, causing him to land on his back with a THUD.

Continuing to walk up with his gun raised, Lenny now stands over Ronnie's dead body and proceeds to EMPTY the ENTIRE CLIP.

Once the gun is emptied, he tosses it off to the side and stares blankly for a moment.

LENNY
I hope she took really good care of
you.

Lenny then goes to dig into Ronnie's pocket and pulls out the rest of the cash and his CAR KEYS. Stuffing it into his pocket, he picks Ronnie up from behind and drags him through the woods.

We pass so many trees where, soon body parts scatter the area. Arms, legs, heads. He drops the body and then proceeds back to the driveway.

Walking up to Ronnie's car, he gets in and starts it up. Driving down the driveway and down a DIRT ROAD, Cars are seen littering the area where he decides to park next to a beat down truck.

Shutting the car off, Lenny exits and tosses the keys before making his way back to the house.

INT. LENNY'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Making his way up the staircase, he walks past his Mothers bedroom door that CREEKS open; causing him to stop.

He looks at the door, then makes his way into her room.

INT. LENNY'S HOUSE, MOTHERS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As he walks to the foot of her bed, we can only hear someone moving around; it's too dark to see.

He grabs a pillow and tosses it on the wooden floor. He lays down and stares at the light coming in from the doorway.

Closing his eyes, the door slowly closes engulfing him in darkness.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Lois sits at her chair going over her notes.

LOIS

Three shots to the chest, huh?

Anton sits in the same chair, though, this time he sit's hunched over picking at his thumb.

ANTON

Yeah.

LOIS

And then your mother showed up in your dreams again?

Lois lowers her nose, peeking over the frame of her glasses as she analyzes the information.

ANTON

Yeah. I feel like every time she does, it's a sign I should of done something.

LOIS

Done what?

ANTON

What ever I could have. To help in those situations. And now it's going to eat at me that I have this-
(beat)

I don't know what happened to that girl.

Lois raises her eyebrow as she adjust back in her seat.

LOIS

Oh, so this situation did happen?

Anton nods.

ANTON

Yeah. But I rolled up, put my window down, and when that woman told me she was fine and not to worry I-

Anton picks at his finger nail some more, avoiding eye contact.

Lois nods and sets her notes back down on her desk.

LOIS

I think we all like to think we'd want to do something in those situations.

ANTON

I should of done something.

LOIS

And you beat yourself up more for it because of what happened in your past. But when those situations do arise for us, more times than we'd like to admit, we as humans tend to stick to ourselves. Because just like in your dream, what if he did have a gun?

Anton nods.

LOIS (CONT'D)

How long ago did this happen?

ANTON

About two weeks ago.

Lois nods and leans forward in her seat.

LOIS

How about your father?

ANTON

What about him?

LOIS

Have you two talked?

Anton shakes his head: NO.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Why not?

ANTON
I tried, and it just seemed like it
was going no where.

LOIS
How so?

ANTON
We both argued, went in circles.

LOIS
About?

Anton squeezes his face, as if trying to remember.

ANTON
I don't even know.

LOIS
Have you seen him?

ANTON
No.

LOIS
Why?

ANTON
Part of me doesn't know what I
would say.

LOIS
And the other part?

ANTON
Scared.

LOIS
And that is exactly why I think you
should do it.

Anton bites his nail, a small amount of blood runs before he
nods.

INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - LATER

Anton walks with his hands in his pockets and hoodie up. As
he turns to enter a room, he walks in only to see the room
completely empty. He removes his hoodie and walks out.

NURSES rush back and forth from room to room as Anton makes
his way to the FRONT DESK. Behind the desk, a woman no older
than 26 sits stapling papers together. This is NURSE#1.

ANTON
Hey, is Devin on this floor? I
didn't see him in his room.

NURSE#1
What's his last name?

ANTON
Kaiaphas.

Nurse#1 raises a brow.

ANTON (CONT'D)
K-a-i-a-p-h-a-s.

Nurse#1 types the letters into the computer and analyzes
files that pop up on screen.

NURSE#1
Okay, let me see.
(beat)
Ah, yes. He's been transferred
upstairs.

ANTON
What room?

NURSE#1
Room four-three-one. Just take the
elevator over there up and once you
exit, take a left. Should see his
room on the right.

ANTON
Thank you.

Anton walks off.

INT. HOSPITAL, DEVIN'S BED - SAME

Devin lays in bed with tubes hooked up to him. Off to his
side is Myra who sits in a chair.

The television is on, a nature show of some sort displays
animals attacking each other.

MYRA
Are you sure you don't want to
change the channel?

DEVIN
No, there's nothing else on.

MYRA
Do you want food?

Devin looks over at her, intrigued by the offer.

DEVIN
McDonalds sounds wonderful right
now.

Myra flashes a smile.

ANTON (O.S.)
Do you want me to grab some for you
real quick?

Devin and Myra both look over to see Anton walk into the
room. He slowly approaches Devin's bedside.

DEVIN
Oh wow, look who it is.

ANTON
How are you feeling?

DEVIN
I'm alright. Everything hasn't
stopped hurting if that's what
you're asking.

Myra gets up and walks over to Anton's side, giving him a hug
in the process.

MYRA
Missed you, keep him company some
and I'll go get the food.

ANTON
I can go get it, honestly. It
wouldn't be a problem.

MYRA
No, no. Sit and chat a while with
your dad.

Myra turns her attention to Devin.

MYRA (CONT'D)
I'll take it you'll want a cheese
burger?

DEVIN
Two please, with fries.

MYRA
And what to drink?

DEVIN
Diet coke.

Myra nods and turns her attention to Anton.

MYRA
Has your order changed?

ANTON
Still a Big Mac meal.

Myra smiles and pats his shoulder.

MYRA
Good, then I'll be right back.

Myra makes her way out of the room. Anton takes a minute looking at his dad.

DEVIN
You can take a seat next to me, I
wont bite.

ANTON
You sure?

Devin scoffs at the comment as Anton walks over to the empty chair.

MOMENTS LATER

Anton stares at the television flipping through the channels before landing back on the animal show.

ANTON (CONT'D)
This is all you have for
entertainment?

DEVIN
No. Sometimes the nurses like to
come down and play the, "*how hurt
are you*" game.

Anton looks at his father, puzzled.

ANTON
What do you mean?

DEVIN
They ask what my pain levels are
at. You see that chart over there?

Devin points to a poster on the wall.

ANTON

Yeah.

DEVIN

I make the face of what I'm feeling
and they guess the number.

Anton shakes his head with a small smile.

ANTON

And how are you feeling today?

Devin puts on the biggest smile he can.

DEVIN

Guess?

Anton looks at the chart, the smiley face under the number
TEN.

ANTON

I'm going to say, ten?

DEVIN

If that's what it looks like to
you, then that's where I'm at.

Anton nods, smile fades.

ANTON

You weren't the other day.

Devin's face softens as well.

DEVIN

Is that why you came in?

ANTON

No. I ah-

(beat)

I really wanted to see how you were
doing.

DEVIN

Why?

ANTON

Because.

Anton looks down at his hand, picking at his now bandaged
thumb nervously.

DEVIN
Can you tell me why?

ANTON
Because I really wish we could go
back to talking to each other the
way we used to.

DEVIN
In what way?

ANTON
In the way that I could tell you
something and not see the look of
disappointment in your face.

Anton looks at Devin now.

DEVIN
Why do you think I'm disappointed
in you?

ANTON
Because of the job I'm at. And the
stuff I like to write about.

Devin takes a deep breath.

ANTON (CONT'D)
Because of mom.

DEVIN
What about her?

ANTON
I don't know. But I have this dream
that happens over and over when I
was at her house as a kid. That
night when you had to pick me up.
Do you remember?

Devin nods.

DEVIN
I do.

ANTON
I just don't understand what I did
wrong. Or what I did to do
something that would-
(beat)
I don't know.

Devin adjust himself in the bed, leaning more towards Anton.

DEVIN
Do you blame yourself?

Anton nods, tears swelling.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
For what?

ANTON
Everything. I blame myself for
taking that frustration out on you.

Devin shakes his head.

DEVIN
You shouldn't.

ANTON
But I do. And it's something I
don't know why I do.

Devin reaches over and grabs Anton's hand.

DEVIN
I want to tell you something.
(beat)
That day, when Myra and I decided
to go in and choose to get full
custody over you, your mom started
a whole shit show with us. Telling
us she was going to get the best
lawyers and we were going to lose
while making our lives a living
hell blah, blah, blah. But when the
time came and we walked into that
court room with all of our
documents and papers ready to go,
do you know who didn't even bother
to show up?

Anton's eyes flurry in.

ANTON
Mom.

Devin nods.

DEVIN
She didn't even bother to show up
and fight for you. I have, since
day one. Myra has since day one.

ANTON
I'm sorry.

DEVIN

Listen to me, if there's one thing
I want you to take from this, I
don't hate you. I am not
disappointed in your personal
achievements, whatever they may be,
that is a false idea that you
should never have. Ever. Okay?

Anton nods, wiping a tear from his face.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

I need to hear you say it.

ANTON

Okay.

DEVIN

Good.

Devin begins to smack his lips together, as if tasting
something in the air.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

That's weird.

ANTON

What?

DEVIN

I taste iron.

ANTON

Iron?

DEVIN

Yeah it's like-
(shortness of breath)
Oh, whoa.

Devin begins to look vividly uncomfortable before shaking.

ANTON

Dad?

Anton rises to his feet, alarms begin to go off and NURSES
flood the room. NURSE#2 (F,33) checks the screen and vitals.

NURSE#2

He's slipping into a cardiac
arrest.

ANTON

What's going on? He was just fine a minute ago.

NURSE#2

Clear the room, please.

ANTON

What's going on?

Getting removed from the room, Anton begins to scream at the Nurses until he is removed and the door closes in his face.

INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - LATER

Anton and Myra sit in the hallway, clearly distressed as a DOCTOR (M,47) exits the room. He says something that visibly upsets Myra and Anton.

INT. LENNY'S HOUSE, MOTHERS ROOM - NIGHT

Lenny lays on the floor, eyes closed. Sleeping.

A pair of high beams shoot across the room causing his eyes to flutter open. Once awake, he slowly rises to his feet and heads out the room.

Making his way from MOTHERS BEDROOM, through the HALLWAY, and into HIS BEDROOM, he walks up to a window where he looks down to see a CAR pulling up to the house.

CREEEK!

Lenny looks back and sees his mothers door close. He walks up to the door, looking down at his watch on his wrist.

LENNY

Mom, I have to go to work.

No response.

He begins to make his way down the stairs but stops as he sees someone standing at the foot of the steps. Devin stands, staring at Lenny, both silent for a moment.

DEVIN

Is your mother upstairs?

Lenny just stares at him, a mix of confusion and fear mask his face. Then he looks up to see Mother peeking over the staircase where the whites of her eyes pierce the darkness. She sinks back down slowly out of sight.

Closing his eyes, Lenny shakes his head as if trying to shake this bad dream, but then looks back at Devin to see him ascend the stairs.

Lenny dips past him. The door to the house opens as DEVIN#2 enters the house, followed by another Devin, and another.

Lenny pushes his way past all of them as he exits the house.

EXT. LENNY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Making his way to his car, he starts it up and looks at all the multiple Devin's just staring at him, a pitiful look on all their faces. Putting his car in drive, he rides off down the road looking in his review mirror. Empty.

Lenny slowly unravels and begins to snap, slapping himself in the head as tears begin to run down his face.

LENNY
Stupid, stupid, stupid-
(beat)
FUUUUUUUUCK!

INT. WORK PLACE, MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

Brittney sits at her machine, one headphone in her ear as she waits for the door to open. She bobs her head to music slightly until someone catches her eye walking by, it being Anton.

She jumps from her seat and walks up behind Anton where they now stand at his DESK. He sets his backpack down and notices her standing with a smile.

ANTON
What?

BRITTNEY
I heard the news.

Anton tightens his hand into a fist.

BRITTNEY (CONT'D)
People seeing you talk to Lizzy.

He loosens his grip, staring aimlessly at Brittney.

ANTON
I'm not in the mood.

BRITTNEY
Well, I need your help anyway with
the job on the machine.

ANTON
What?

BRITTNEY
Can you come take a look?

Anton looks out over the floor, looking for someone.

ANTON
Is Lenny here?

BRITTNEY
Who?

ANTON
Le-, never mind. Show me.

Brittney shows the piece in her hand, almost shoving it in
Anton's face.

BRITTNEY
Do you see that?

ANTON
No.

Anton grabs it from her hands and looks at the piece more
precisely.

BRITTNEY
The nick at the top, is that
passable?

ANTON
Pass it.

Brittney raises an eyebrow, not sure of Anton.

BRITTNEY
Are you sure?

ANTON
Why do you question my responses?

BRITTNEY
I just don't want this to fall on
me.

ANTON
It's no-

LENNY (O.S.)

Anton!

Looking past Brittney, Lenny is seen walking up to Anton with a look of concern.

ANTON

You alright?

Lenny stands about arms length away.

LENNY

We need to leave.

ANTON

We? What's going on? You look like shit.

BRITTNEY

Are you sure it's fine?

ANTON

(to Lenny)

Talk to me, tell me what's going on.

LENNY

My mom, she's been having men come in to her house like a revolving door. I can't live like this anymore Anton. I need to leave.

ANTON

It's fine, you're okay.

Nancy is seen walking up.

BRITTNEY

Hello?

ANTON

Let's go for a small walk, alright?

LENNY

I'm scared of what I did.

ANTON

What did you do?

LENNY

I did something, something bad.

ANTON

What did you do?

BRITTNEY
I'll just fucking scrap the pei-

LENNY
Shut the fuck up!

ANTON
Shut the fuck up!

Both look at Brittney.

Brittney looks baffled, unsure how to respond.

Anton looks back at Lenny, who is now gone.

NANCY
Anton, my office.

Anton turns his attention back to Nancy.

ANTON
Wait, wait this isn't making any
sense.

ANTON II
Uh, oh. Is someone slipping?

Anton turns to see Anton II leaning against the wall.

ANTON
What?

ANTON II
Oh, I'm not here. But you might
want to answer her.

NANCY
Anton, my office!

Anton flurry's his eyebrows in and looks at her.

No. ANTON

Nancy grits her teeth.

NANCY
Okay, then we're gonna have a chat
with HR.

Anton scoffs at the comment.

ANTON
You think I'm scared of them? Or
even afraid of you?

NANCY
You should be.

ANTON
Not even a sliver of fear runs down
my body.

BRITTNEY
Okay, enough guys.

Anton turns, anger increasing.

ANTON
How about you mind your own fucking
business for once?

BRITTNEY
Type shit.

Anton grips the air, fists visibly shaking.

ANTON
I fucking hate when you say that.

Brittney smiles.

BRITTNEY
I know. It gets under your skin
doesn't it?

ANTON II
I know you want to deck her. Do it.

Anton shakes his head.

ANTON II (CONT'D)
Come on, like this!

Anton II walks up and CLOTHES LINES Brittney, sending her
flying onto the floor. She gasps for air, staring up at the
ceiling as Anton II hovers over her. He turns to look at
Anton.

ANTON II (CONT'D)
Or, maybe it would help if I just
did this as Lenny.

Anton II walks past Anton MORPHING into Lenny as he
approaches Nancy.

LENNY
They're nothing to us, Anton.

Lenny cocks his arm back and launches it at Nancy's face.
Sending her flying onto her back.

ANTON II	LENNY (CONT'D)
There's so much we can do, Anton. Just let us free.	There's so much we can do, Anton. Just let us free.

Looking back at Brittney, she is standing on her feet, fine.

Same with Nancy as he looks at her.

ANTON
(to Nancy)
I need to go home.

NANCY
I think that's a good idea.
(beat)
Permanently.

Anton shakes his head, confused.

ANTON
What do you mean?

NANCY
Your fired. Now grab your things
and go.

ANTON
Wh-, no? You can't do this to me.

NANCY
I can, now go before I have
security escort you out.

Nancy turns his back on him as she makes her way to her
office. Anton follows, desperate.

ANTON
No, please! Just listen to me! My
dad died, I'm stuck at a dead end
job I don't want to work at, I
don't know what the fuck I'm doing
with my life!

Nancy slams the door in his face. He is quick to cock back
his arm and break through the glass window. He belts out,
body shaking.

Then he stands silent. Slowing his breathing, he walks off.

We look back at the window of the door, it's still IN TACT.
He never punched it. Nancy sits typing away on her computer.

INT. WORK PLACE, CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER

Anton and Lenny sit at the table, staring at one another.

LENNY

We were never meant to be the hero,
Anton. So lets give them a villain.

Anton shakes his head, holding a cup of coffee in hand.

ANTON

No.

LENNY

You know, Lois would probably love
to hear about this. You starting to
question what's real and what's
not. Aren't you?

Anton shakes his head.

ANTON

I'm not.

LENNY

Right. Keep telling yourself that.

Lenny knocks his knuckles on the table and leaves as Anton
continues to sit at the table.

INT. ANTON'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Anton's eyes flutter open as he looks over at a clock and
slowly rolls out of bed. He takes a minute before putting on
a pair of sweat pants and a hoodie.

INT. ANTON'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

As Anton walks out to his fridge, he notices Anton II sitting
in front of his computer.

ANTON II

It's been a minute.

ANTON

Please, just let me sit in silence
for once.

ANTON II

I still don't get what you're
trying to do here.

Anton pulls out a gallon of milk, followed by a bowl and makes himself some cereal.

Anton II walks over to the counter.

ANTON II (CONT'D)
What are you scared of?

ANTON
I'm not scared.

ANTON II
Then let me have a crack at it, eh?

Anton shakes his head as he gets a spoon from a nearby drawer.

ANTON
No.

ANTON II
Why not?

ANTON
Because what do you have to say or share other than being violent?

ANTON II
It's just a little. It's not like any of it matters, right?

Anton shakes his head, upset.

ANTON
I can't believe I'm arguing with myself.

ANTON II
You need to let go. Of everything.

ANTON
Dad died, and you want to play this game?

ANTON II
You need to channel all of that frustration into something--,
(smiles)
And I know just the way to do it.

INT. ANTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Anton sits at his table, visibly distraught and upset. Across the table is an empty chair where he stares blankly. Then he picks up the pen and applies it to the paper. At the top we see 'good-bye' before he begins to write.

EXT. WORK PLACE, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Anton II stands in the darkness wearing a black hoodie, holding an Assault Rifle and Mask. Rain pours down HEAVILY. He puts on the mask and racks a bullet into the gun.

INT. ANTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Anton removes the pen from the paper and looks up, sitting across from him now is Anton II. Anton II reaches over and places his hand on the one Anton uses to write.

ANTON II
Keep going. I got you.

Anton's hand is guided back to the paper where he continues to write.

EXT. WORK PLACE, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

As Anton II racks the round into the gun, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a set of headphones. He puts them in and tosses the case off to the side.

He rummages through his phone until stopping on the song MADHOUSE by CALL ME KARIZMA.

Anton II then proceeds to walk to the door of the building gripping the AR tight. As he progresses to the door, he looks around to make sure no one is around to witness his entrance.

Getting close to the door, he uses his badge to get in and ENTERS the...

INT. MAIN SHOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

He raises his gun at the first person he sees and POP! Head shot.

POP! Another. He begins to open fire as he makes his way through the shop floor to his department.

Rounding a corner, he enters the PRINTING DEPARTMENT where he opens fire on everyone who is running and screaming in fear.

Brittney rounds a corner, POP!

Hewitt rounds a corner, POP!

Lenny rounds a corner, POP!

Anton II has no mercy for anyone, SHOOTING THE CAMERA causing it to shatter and drop to the floor. We watch his feet march forward.

As he moves his way through the facility he reaches Anton's desk, where Anton sits writing.

Anton II walks up putting the barrel of the gun to Anton's head.

ANTON II
I'll make sure to take care of both
of us.

ANTON
This was your plan? To kill us
both?

ANTON II
To set us free.

Anton smiles.

ANTON
No. I'm going to make sure I've
taken care of you.

Anton II turns his head, puzzled, then pulls the trigger.

POP!

Anton's head shatters, like glass shards in slow motion. No blood, but chunks of diamonds floating through the air.

ANTON (V.O.)
I get what you're trying to do.
You're so angry, but lets try and
target this a different way.

The lights to the facility go out and soon it's just Anton II standing in a...

INT. BLACK PIT - UNKNOWN

Anton II looks around, aiming where he can to make sure he doesn't get surprise attacked.

ANTON II
What are you doing?

ANTON (V.O.)
Something I should of done a long
time ago.

The sound of crackling is heard followed by an overwhelming fire.

Anton II turns to see a House. Half on fire, half perfectly built. Anton II removes his mask and takes out his headphones.

ANTON II
What do you want me to do?

ANTON (V.O.)
See what's inside.

Anton II looks at the house for a moment, then makes his way towards it.

INT. BROKEN HOME - UNKNOWN

Anton II pushes in through the front door, flames engulfing one side of the house as the other stands perfectly untouched.

ANTON (V.O.)
Two families, two very different
lifestyles.

ANTON II
I know. I helped you get through it
all.

ANTON
You did. And through that, you
helped me meet Lenny.

ANTON II
We were the reason you weren't
afraid!

Something darts past Anton II causing him to shoot the walls, missing whatever it was.

He manages to hit a Picture of a Younger Anton right between the eyes.

ANTON (V.O.)
I created you both because no one
would listen. You allowed me to be
this version where no one could
tell me what I could say or what I
could do.

ANTON II
The better half of you.

ANTON (V.O.)
The half I wanted to be.

A shadowy figure emerges from the flames, eyes piercing white. Its Mother.

ANTON II
This is it? Your demon?

ANTON
My mother? Yes.

The shadowy figure manifests itself more, a fragile woman with blood on the nightgown. Her feet barely touching the floor. Hair poofy, look of a monster. This is Anton's Mom.

Anton II opens fire, but each bullet does nothing. The floorboards shake before hands burst through and grab ahold of Anton II's ankles.

ANTON II
Get the fuck off!

ANTON (V.O.)
All those men we had to see come
in, day and night. All those
bodies.

Anton II opens fire some more but the bullets pass through Mom causing no threat to her.

ANTON II
What the hell?

ANTON (V.O.)
Ah, you feel powerless now?

Anton II's gun jams as Mom gets into arms length and picks him up by the throat.

ANTON II

Get off!

ANTON (V.O.)

She's the reason you cant trust no body. That love and affection you endlessly chase, all because you never got it from her.

Mom opens her mouth and begins to suck the SOUL from Anton II.

ANTON II

No! Stop!

ANTON (V.O.)

She's the one to blame for all these thoughts. She's to blame for you.

ANTON II

I said, GET OFF!

Anton II grabs Mom by the throat and SOCKS her in the face. Mom drops Anton II and he picks up the AR, quickly unjamming the gun and putting a round into her face.

POOF, like a cloud of smoke, she vanishes.

The hands fade back into the floorboards.

BOOM! A door is heard slamming causing Anton II to focus his sights up a set of stairs. He takes a moment, then makes his way up the stairs that are half on fire.

As he reaches the top, all the doors in the hallway are closed except for one at the very end.

ANTON II (CONT'D)

So what? Do I scare you now? Am I too much for you?

ANTON (V.O.)

For me? No, never. But for others, you might be.

Anton II continues to push until he reaches...

INT. YOUNG ANTON'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door gets pushed open slightly, followed by Anton II dropping his gun and staring at a TODDLER version of Anton.

Toddler Anton sits on the floor playing with toy cars making the sound effects with his mouth as he pushes them.

ANTON (V.O.)
So I'll give you something to fear.

ANTON II
Which is?

ANTON (V.O.)
Not being able to protect him.

Anton II stands, staring at the innocents. Then grips the door handle and leaves the room. Toddler Anton stares up at the ceiling with a wide smile as a cute laughter escapes.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Lois flips the last page and sets it off to the side. She takes a second to collect what she has just read.

LOIS
Wow.

ANTON
Bad?

LOIS
Um, there's quite a mix of emotions
that I'm not sure of.

ANTON
Like?

LOIS
A little bit of everything.

ANTON
So it's bad.

LOIS
Let me put it this way, out of all
the things you have written and let
me read, this is probably my
favorite.

Anton's face lights up slightly.

ANTON
Really?

Lois nods.

LOIS

Yeah.

(beat)

Do you really have to shoot up a bunch of people though?

ANTON

I didn't, my other half did. So technically, I didn't.

Lois shakes her head with a soft chuckle.

LOIS

I guess. Besides the few grammar errors, I think you should try to shop this one.

Anton looks at the papers in Lois's hand, face struggling.

LOIS (CONT'D)

What is it?

ANTON

I don't know. This one was kind of personal.

LOIS

Of course. A lot of artists tend to pull from what they know.

ANTON

I'd just hate to have someone judge me on my way of thinking, though. Or, my views on things. It's kind of scary.

LOIS

Best things in life usually are.

Lois puts the papers together and stacks them nice and neat before handing it back to Anton.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Besides this, everything else has been going good?

Anton nods.

ANTON

As much as it can be.

LOIS

You've gotten a new job?

ANTON

I did.

LOIS

Where at?

ANTON

I work in marketing now, it's somewhat different from manufacturing. Nice though.

LOIS

That's good.

Lois looks up at the time and picks up her pen and notepad.

LENNY

Well, I'll schedule you for another session in August.

ANTON

Three months from now, sounds good.

LOIS

Should give you time to work out the kinks in the story and ship it. I'd like to see that on the big screen.

Lois smiles, Anton smiles back.

ANTON

We'll see what happens.

Anton makes his way out of the room.

EXT. PUBLIC STREET - MOMENTS LATER

As Anton walks down the street dipping and weaving through people, he stops and looks down at the script in his hands. Taking a breath, he rolls it up and tosses it in a nearby trash before walking off to be another person in the crowd.

END