

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A single monitor illuminates the small room. It is sparsely furnished, only containing a desk, a small bed, and a bookshelf. A storm rages outside.

A man with a tired expression sits silently behind his computer. An empty document stares back at him. He is JACK, 26.

DIANE (O.S.)

Hey.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jack sits at a table with a blank expression on his face. His left hand is wrapped in bandages. A woman with a tie-dye shirt and a martini grabs his shoulder. She is DIANE, 24.

DIANE

Hey, you alright?

Jack finally snaps out of it.

JACK

I'm fine. Just tired.

DIANE

Had a little too much?

She chuckles.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack slowly types:

"The year is 1996."

He highlights and deletes his words.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Diane sits down across from Jack. He hides his bandaged hand under the table.

JACK

Uh, who are you?

DIANE

I'm Diane. I work at the bookstore up on Chandler St.

Jack nods and takes a sip from his glass.

DIANE (CONT'D)
What's your name?

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack types another line:

"His name was Adrian Foster."

Again, he deletes it.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

JACK
Uh, Jack. Jack Larson.

She smiles.

DIANE
Well, Jack Larson, what do you do
for a living?

JACK
I, uh...

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack types:

"Adrian Foster, to all outward appearances, was an ordinary
man living an ordinary "

With an increasingly frustrated demeanor, he smashes ctrl-A
and delete.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

DIANE
No kidding.

JACK
I-It's nothing special, really.

DIANE'S FRIEND taps her on the shoulder and motions for the
door.

DIANE

(aside)

Go on without me, I'll catch up.

She nods and walks away. Jack takes another sip of his drink.

DIANE (CONT'D)

So? What kind of books do you
write?

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Several seconds of silence go by as Jack stares at his blank document. Slowly, he begins to type again.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A man with a black coat, who looks suspiciously similar to Jack, stumbles in. He is ADRIAN, 26. Exhausted, he throws his keys onto his bed and sits down.

A few moments pass. He looks up. An envelope sits conspicuously placed on his desk. Nothing is written on it, but an ominous eye symbol is printed in the center.

Adrian hesitantly stands and picks up the envelope. He opens it. Inside is a Ziploc bag containing a handful of pills.

Slowly, he pries open the bag and takes one. He examines it closely, then picks up a nearby water bottle and swallows it.

Setting them aside, he carefully takes out the other contents of the envelope: two Polaroid photographs. One is of a man, PAUL, 42, and the other is of a typical suburban house.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Adrian pulls up in his car outside of the house in the picture. He shuts off his car and stares off into space for a moment.

He slips a mask over his head, grabs a handgun sitting on the passenger seat, and steps out.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The back door slowly opens. Adrian steps in, folding away a small lock picking kit. He draws his gun and steps into the hallway, careful to make as little noise as possible.