

INT. BEDROOM

CAROL IS A 40 YEAR OLD WIDOW, NEWLY ACCLAIMED DRUG ADDICT THE TYPE THAT WANTS CHANGES, DECEIVING HERSELF INTO THINKING EVERY TIME SHE SHOOTS UP OR STICKS A NEEDLE IN HER ARM WILL BE THE LAST TIME. HER SON KEVIN IS THE BRUTE FORCE THAT KEEPS HER BLOOD GOING, THE LOSS OF HER HUSBAND CAUSED A EARLY RAPTURE IN HER LIFE. EVERYTHING STOPPED.. THE ONLY THING THAT KEEPS HER GOING STOP IS THE CONSTANT WANTING OF LOOKING AFTER WHATS LEFT OF HER SON. AFTER ATTENDING AA MEETINGS, THINGS GOT WORSE THE DREAMS, THE NIGHTMARES THE CONSTANT URGE TO SHOOT UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT AT EXACTLY 3:00AM, IT SEEMS THIS NIGHT MIGHT BE HER LAST

Carol wakes up from another nightmare that seems to make her sleep less and less, head sweating she grabs her handkerchief laying on the 1992 oakwood under desk pedestal, she breathes in closing her eyes like she was recieving a blessing by a priest in the church she used to attend.. she uses the wooden frame from her bed to rest her neck as she attempts to stretch her abdomen as she usually does. she hears from the room next door the alarm from kevin's room and him muttering

KEVIN:

I hate that bloody alarm..

she hears kevin rip out the plug from the wall and say

KEVIN:

Fuck this life, Death is not an option this time. I won't go out like a fatherless cub that ends up turning psycho, literary American psycho, American shooter painted on the news that kills high-school piers out of revenge psycho.

She mutters

CAROL:

Ahh fuck.. its happening again..

she slips on her pink slippers that has served her feet for as long as 10years she walks towards the door stretching out her arms, yawning while doing so she starts to feel water soaking into her slippers, she lifts one foot up with a confused expression stuck on her face.. she giggles unknowingly.. she mutters

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CAROL:

Again.. its already started..

On a normal day kevin will also wake up nearing 3:00am on the dot to go to the bathroom were he would search for the hidden needles, the stash of heroin and the cold bottle of morphine this time provded to be different.. carol starts to call kevins name to calm him since..

CAROL:

Kevin.. for fuck sakes kevin.. i  
can't keep doing this.. Kevin!!!

He always carried the baseball bat, being hit with a swing to the head will be the end of things. she opens the door slowly bracing herself, the door makes a loud creak, she pauses closing her eyes trying to control the pace of her heart beat cautiously sliding through the gap made in the door she looks straight and sees kevin on his knees crying out for her. Slowly walking towards the bathroom door examining a body structure that looks similarly to hers, the long white night dress the pink slippers, the needles and morphine smashed against the bathtub, she snaps back into reality realizing that her son is calling her name, she changes pace and starts to walk towards the end of the hall faster but it seems to stretch even further every time she gets closer to him, she looks down at her hands that seem to be fading into thin air..

CAROL:

Why is this happening to me.. i  
want my son.. he needs me.. i want  
my son!!!

she starts to feel lighter, her thoughts and memories start to fade..

CAROL:

K-k-kevin.. K-k-kev..

She wakes up at 10:00am, not understanding her dream or nightmare, not understanding how she got to bed or how she is even alive, she rushes to kevins room in a panic.. pushing the door open she sees kevin sitting on his bed with his hands in his palms..

THE END