

INT. BEDROOM

KEVIN

IS A 17 YEAR OLD OUTLAW, THE UNCOOL KID THAT DOESN'T SEEM TO CARE ABOUT HIS LIFE NEITHER ANYONE ELSE THAT HE TENDS TO GET INVOLVED WITH. HIS MUM A DRUG ADDICT SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY PERSON HE'S ABLE TO CARE FOR BUT AS SHE'S ALWAYS UNCONSCIOUS. HE TENDS LOOK AFTER HER WHEN SHE'S "UNDER" A TERM USED BY KEVIN TO DISGUISE THE MISUSE OF PURE HEROIN INJECTED INTO THE BLOOD STREAM. KEVIN HAS SUFFERED FROM LOSS, ABUSE AND BATTLE WOUNDS HE TENDS TO PICK UP FROM HIS HIGH SCHOOL PIERS, THE LOSE OF HIS FATHER PROVED TO HAVE A DEEP IMPACT PSYCHOLOGICALLY, MENTALLY UNSTABLE KEVIN START'S HAVING WEIRD DREAMS FORETELLING THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER. IT SEEMS THE LATEST DREAM MIGHT NOT BE A DREAM.

Kevin wakes up, out of breathe heart pounding, blood racing, head sweating he look towards the alarm that never stops ringing, he repeats in his head slowly muttering.. i hate that bloody alarm. (looks at time) its 3:00am

KEVIN:

I hate that bloody alarm..

He rips the plug out of its socket. He turns back to look at the black wall that once shared memories of his past those days when he used to forgot about the things he cared for. Everything black and soar he rested his head between his palms, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

Calming himself, telling himself that he's not going insane anymore, that everything will be okay in the end.

SIGHS

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.

He manages to take a few breaths without inhaling the ungodly air. He raises his head and mutters..

KEVIN:

Part time satanist, theology's theories i share with my uneducated students.

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He lowers his head and looks around for the cigarette packet he takes out the last cigarette and lights it up. Burning his finger in the process. Unknowingly He mutters again..

KEVIN:

My life is content, a story written
on paper that has ink spilled and
smudged all over it. My life is a
vulnerable mess, a unclean diet
that deserves to rot and die.

The door slowly creaks open, he gets up in panic since nobody his meant to be home, he stumbles towards the door he feels water surrounding his feet, he opens the door quickly..

KEVIN:

What the hell is going? Am i
Dreaming again?..

Questioning his own reality with a confused expression his heart starts to gradually beat slowly, but hard it quickly starts to changes pace, fast but sharp.. He reaches for his baseball bat slouched outside his room door.

INT. HALL WAY

He rests his back up against the wall, sweat drips down the side of his ruff cheeks. The grip loosens as his palms start to sweat, lost in own paranoia he start's to hallucinate endlessly, he turns running towards the end of the hall as if he's running off the end of a 50ft cliff, he stops, pauses, he drops to his knees as he can't recollect what his own eyes have witnessed. The bathroom door broken in left half open, he starts to crawl towards it not being to understand the paradox he's been left in. Slowly muttering..

KEVIN:

mu.. mu.. mu.. MUMM!!

Tears start to fall from his eyes, using the bat as a cane he's able to pick myself up, walking slowly but desperately towards his mother crying out for help

INT. BATHROOM

He examines the body of his mother, laid across the floor with a bottle of morphine and needles smashed across the bathtub, he see's lines of heroin placed perfectly horizontally untouched, pure white lines he suddenly feel the urge to endure, carefully he again thoroughly examines his mothers arms to see the point of entry where she decided to end her course. He stumbles around like a lost cub,

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trying to figure out the next step in expressing his anxiety, he grab's a unopened packet of needles, the packet stumbling out of his hands he manages to hold onto one, he opens the draw in a panic, shoving things around he finally finds a find a spoon, he takes off the belt that's placed awkwardly around his waist, aggressively tying it around his bicep, he bites onto end of the belt.. he starts to breath heavily

KEVIN:

1..2..3..

Slowly scooping up the white broad lines, he places it on the spoon, using his Nirvana vintage lighter to awkwardly light it up he glares at it while he watches it sizzle and boil transfixed on its true nature he uses the needle to withdraw the liquid substance, he sits back and rests his neck on the edge of the bathroom tub, sitting next to a dead women that he once saw as his mother. he.. slowly.. starts.. to.. forget..

INT. BEDROOM 10:00AM

He wakes up again in bed, confused, bruised, blood racing, Heart pounding, head sweating with that same noise from that goddamn alarm..

Kevin:

Ahh.. i.. hate.. the.. goddamn.. alarm.. What happened... MUM!!!

The end...