

SPOON-FED ADDICTION

A Supernatural Horror Noir Feature
by Silvano Williams

"Grief doesn't die. It spreads."



Logline

Houston, 1995

Fueled by grief, a drug dealer unleashes a violent revenge spree – only to realize he's not the avenger but the carrier of a parasitic shadow. His final goodbye infects a sheltered teenage girl, and two months later, her diary becomes her suicide note.

Feature, 118 pages

Overview

Spoon-fed Addiction is positioned for the arthouse horror market — a Hard R supernatural noir built for practical production at a budget where the genre consistently outperforms.

Genre: Supernatural Horror Noir

Rating: Hard R

Budget: \$5–10M

Production Footprint: Houston streets/highways + residential interiors; signature practical house fire + train-track sequence (selective effects).
Character-driven, POV-forward.

The Vision

Spoon-fed Addiction is a non-linear supernatural horror noir about grief that doesn't die with its host — it spreads. The human characters are carriers. The entity is what survives.

Framed as two testimonies — Adiran's bathtub confession and Angela's diary — the voiceovers run like a confession track while the images deepen and sometimes contradict their accounts.

Built as a four-act psychological collapse — not a three-act redemption — it tracks a contagion moving from one broken host to the next.

'Supernatural Horror Noir' is the design: thriller drives the plot, psychological horror shapes the experience, and the supernatural makes the fallout visible.



Visual Language & Tone

Supernatural horror grounded in psychological realism

The prologue first presents itself as Angela's grief over a lost love. On second viewing, it reveals the entity in its most evolved form: wearing the face its victim loves, killing directly, and leaving Angela's diary as the next opening.

Motifs:

- **Shadows:** a presence with appetite. They don't create the wound — they live in it.
- **Water / Bathtub:** death and cleansing intertwined; confession as ritual.
- **Mirrors:** fractured identity, unreliable self-image.
- **Visual Approach:** The film's visuals are subjective by design. Drug intoxication, mild psychosis, and the supernatural presence of the shadows overlap until the frame itself becomes unreliable. That instability is the horror: the audience is never fully sure whether what they are seeing is chemical, psychological, or real.
- **Sound & Music:** The film's sonic palette lives in the 90s industrial/alt space — intimate, abrasive, and hypnotic — where music becomes memory, longing, and dread.

Market & Audience

GRIEF DOESN'T DIE. IT SPREADS.

Spoon-fed Addiction has already demonstrated market viability:

- **Best Psychological Thriller Screenplay** - Action Thriller Crime Adventure Film Festival
- **Audience Choice Favorite Screenplay** - L.A. Neo Noir Novel, Film & Script Online Festival
- **Best Feature Screenplay** - Whispers of the Universe: IFF Melbourne
- **Finalist at multiple genre competitions:** Dunwich Horror Fest, Breaking Walls Thriller Screenplay Contest, Filmmatic Horror Screenplay Awards, 13HORROR.COM, and others

The audience exists. *It Follows* (\$1.3M → \$23.3M worldwide) and *The Babadook* (\$2M → \$10.7M worldwide) proved that horror built on dread, rules, and psychological weight can strongly outperform its budget when the premise is sharp.

Primary audience: Horror fans 18–34 drawn to contagion mechanics and escalating psychological dread.

Secondary audience: Noir / arthouse crossover viewers drawn to non-linear testimony and moral collapse.

Comparables:

It Follows — contagion mechanics

The Babadook — grief as horror

Angel Heart — noir identity spiral

Badlands — outlaw intimacy, inevitable collapse

Requiem for a Dream — addiction as possession



Synopsis: The Performance

The Curator: In a dust-choked bedroom in 1995 Houston, a Shadow sits at a desk. It wears the shape of a dead girl, Angela, and it is reading her diary. It is here to recount the story of how it arrived—a story curated from the wreckage of two lives destroyed two months apart.

The Performance: The Shadow replays the tape of Adiran, a drug dealer and lost soul who turned his life into a theater of self-destruction. We watch his night through the distorted lens of LSD and grief as he moves through the neon-lit streets of Alief, fueled by the guilt of a lover (Veronica) he let fall to her death. When Mary is murdered in her own home, Adiran drags her grieving witness, Seth, into a massacre disguised as revenge. But the violence is just noise.

The Infection: Adiran's purpose is simple and desperate. He wants to feel real again before he disappears. He goes to Angela's window and asks for a final moment. She lets him in. The goodbye is small and intimate. It is also the transfer. Whatever has fed on him follows the contact and binds itself to her.

Synopsis: The Fall



The Trap: Adiran dies in his bathtub, drowned by Angela's father, Sheriff Sterling. The shadows crawl up Sterling's arm as he kills. In the aftermath, Angela is left trapped between her father's scorn and the shadows that have now bound to them both, infecting their home. Over the next two months, she defends Adiran anyway, clinging to the only version of him she ever got. The home turns airtight. Grief has nowhere to go.

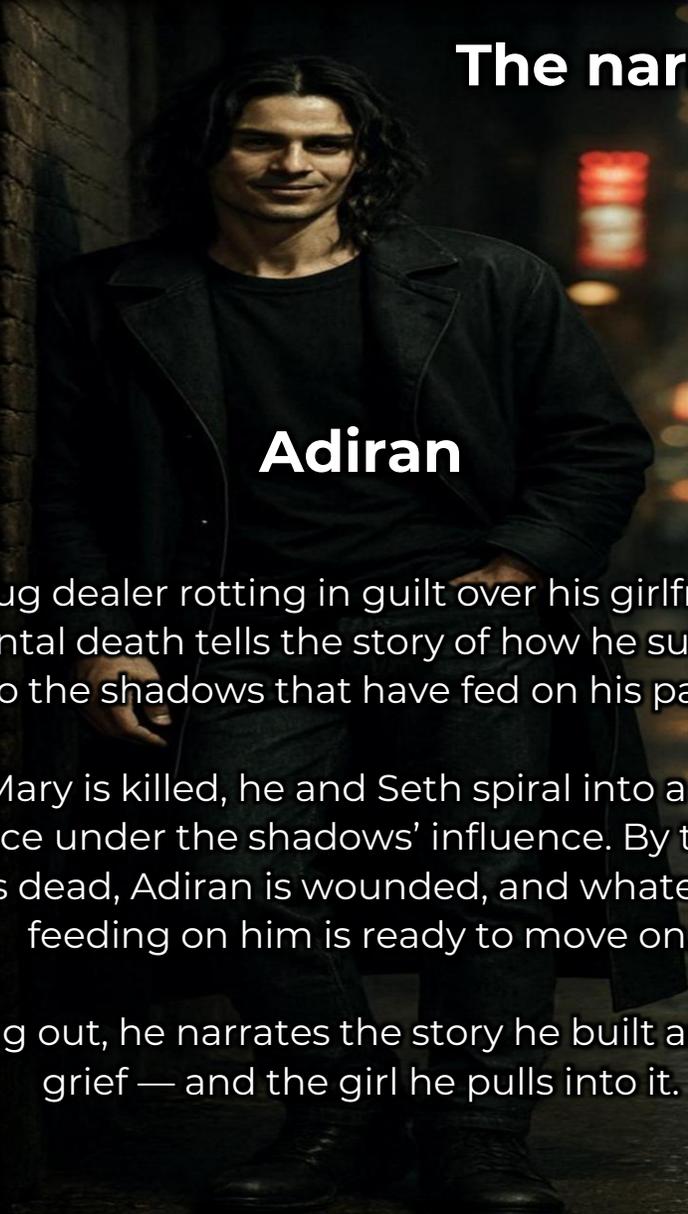
The Feeding: Two months later, the shadows take Adiran's shape. They visit Angela in bed. She welcomes them, believing her love has returned. They say "Breathe." She obeys. She dies.

The Shadow remains, sitting in Angela's room, finishing the story of how it was fed. Awaiting their next invitation.

*We kissed like
wily foxes*

How it Spread

The narrative tracks two paths of infection

A man with long dark hair, wearing a dark coat and a black t-shirt, standing in a dark, urban setting at night. He is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile.

Adiran

A drug dealer rotting in guilt over his girlfriend's accidental death tells the story of how he surrenders to the shadows that have fed on his pain.

After Mary is killed, he and Seth spiral into a night of violence under the shadows' influence. By the end, Seth is dead, Adiran is wounded, and whatever was feeding on him is ready to move on.

Bleeding out, he narrates the story he built around his grief — and the girl he pulls into it.

A young woman with long brown hair, wearing a light-colored cardigan, sitting in a dimly lit room. She is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression.

Angela

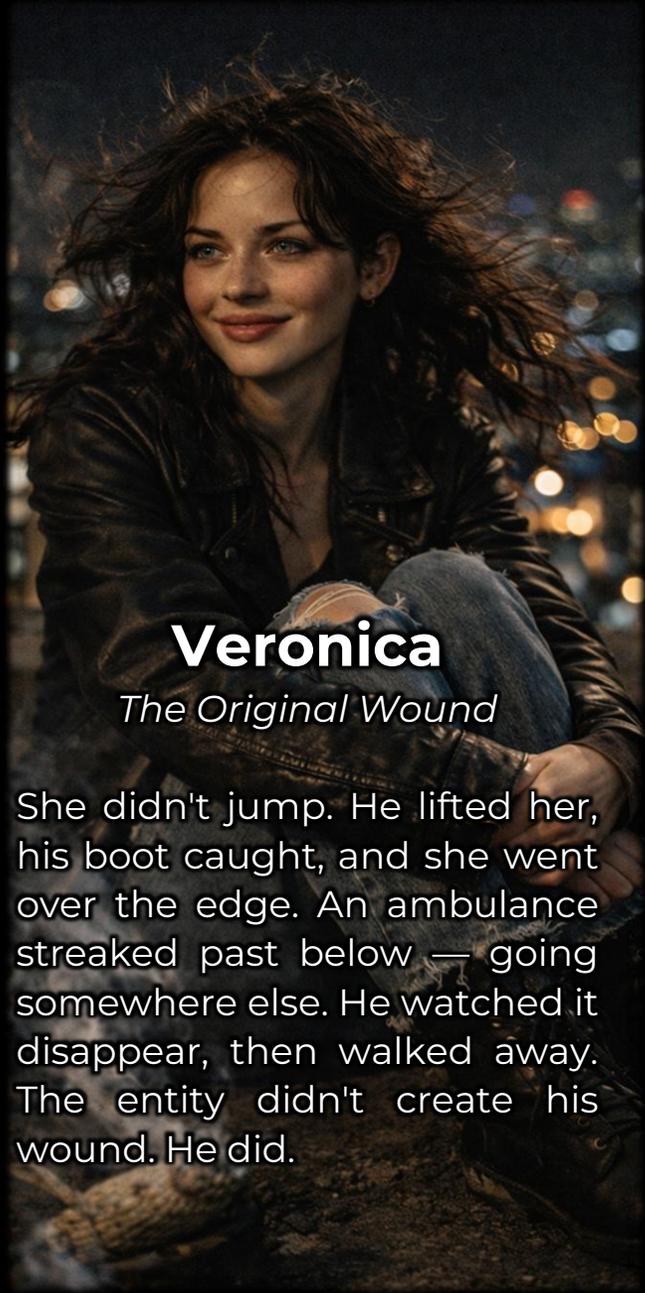
Introspective girl in a strict home.

Encounters Adiran at the edge of collapse and filters him through a fairy-tale lens — the beast who can be saved.

For two months she is haunted from the inside by something wearing Adiran's face, as her father blames her for everything. Her mother has been silenced. Her sister is gone. She is completely alone.

She has nowhere to go, so the shadows turn her imagination against her. They feed her a romanticized version of Adiran to pull her into the emptiness.

The Catalysts for the Collapse



Veronica

The Original Wound

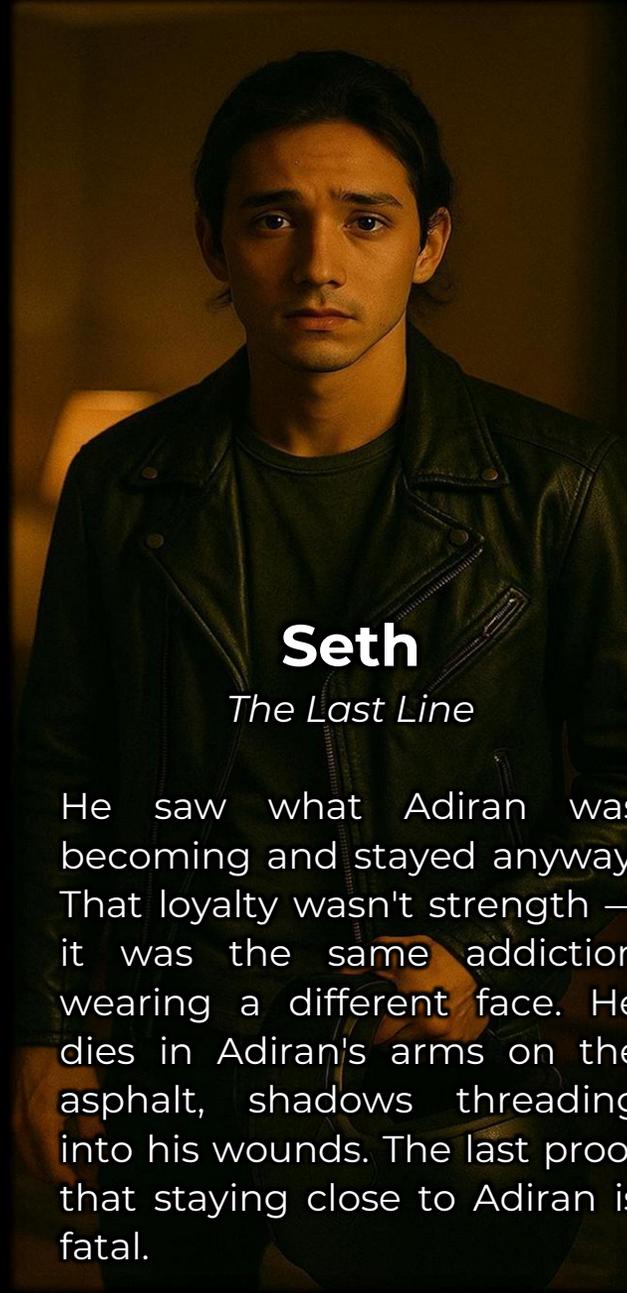
She didn't jump. He lifted her, his boot caught, and she went over the edge. An ambulance streaked past below — going somewhere else. He watched it disappear, then walked away. The entity didn't create his wound. He did.



Mary

The Trigger

Mary had no fracture for the shadows to enter. Her death was a random act of violence. But her murder wasn't just a trigger — it was the removal of the last thing standing between Adiran and total surrender, and proof that no one is ever really in control.



Seth

The Last Line

He saw what Adiran was becoming and stayed anyway. That loyalty wasn't strength — it was the same addiction wearing a different face. He dies in Adiran's arms on the asphalt, shadows threading into his wounds. The last proof that staying close to Adiran is fatal.

Show Don't Tell

The shadows don't hunt; they simply are. A force of nature that finds fractures — gaps between who a person believes themselves to be and who they really are. Grief, trauma, pride, denial — anything that widens that gap becomes an opening. The script never states this. It demonstrates it through every character the shadows touch and every character they can't.

What they do once inside is not possession. It's disinhibition. They don't manufacture impulses — they dissolve the friction holding existing ones in check. Angela shouted at her father for the first time in her life after the final infection, but seconds later was silenced for it. Adiran describes the same mechanism from the opposite end — not as something that happened to him, but as something he chose. Angela's shadow removed her fear but fed her false hope. Adiran's removed his hesitation but blinded him to the consequences of his actions. Same entry point. Same mechanism. Different relationships to it — one involuntary, one cultivated.

Not everyone has a fracture. Mary had none — complete self-knowledge, total self-acceptance, nothing unresolved. The shadows had nowhere to enter. Happy believed himself untouchable until Adiran revealed a rat in his crew — pride shattered, the shadows were there before the information finished landing.

And some characters remain immune throughout. Their mechanisms are their own stories.



Setpieces

The Rooftop Fall

She stretches above him. Laughing. Glowing with an aura. Silhouette against the stars. Adiran steps back to stabilize.

VERONICA: Adiran—

She slips from his hold. He pushes her up—hard—trying to catch her. His boot catches a beam. He stumbles. She vanishes over the edge. Veronica plummets—the aura fades, colors draining to gray. She hits the pavement with a distorted, echoing thud. Below, in the darkness pooling around her body, something shifts. Barely visible. Then still. Far below, red and blue lights streak past. An ambulance races down the road, siren faint, fading. Adiran watches it disappear. He looks down at Veronica's body. Then back at where the ambulance was. Realization crosses his face. He backs away from the edge.

Car Through the Window

A bullet cracks the windshield—spiderwebs bloom across the glass. Adiran stares at the new star for a second, more annoyed than scared. Lip curls. Another shot rips into the car's side panel. Seth is already pressed under the dash, shoulders tight.

SETH: Are they out?

ADIRAN: How the fuck should I know?

SETH: You're the fucking gun expert!

A microwave crashes through what's left of the windshield, landing between them with a shattering crash.

ADIRAN: Yeah. They are out, let's go!

The House Fire

The entire house erupts in a furious ball of fire. The roar shakes the ground. Heat blasts over them. Shrapnel rains down across the street. Adiran jumps to his feet—screams at the top of his lungs:

ADIRAN: This is what kiloton bombs look like—Happy, you fuck!

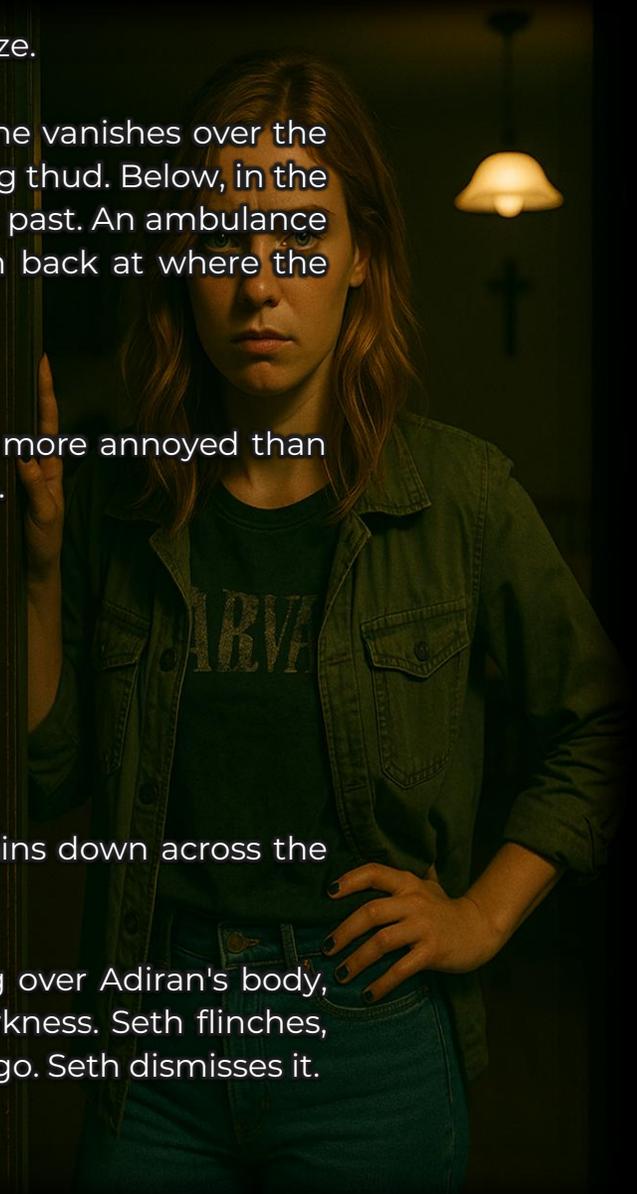
Seth looks at him. For an instant, the firelight warps. Seth catches a glimpse of shadows twisting and crawling over Adiran's body, swallowing his face, turning him into a solid black silhouette against the blaze. His features are gone—only darkness. Seth flinches, stepping back. Blinks. Adiran is there again, grinning in the heat—but the darkness clings to his edges, slow to let go. Seth dismisses it.

SETH: What the fuck was that, man?

ADIRAN: Guilty by association, Seth. Shit happens.

Seth looks past Adiran at the burning house.

SETH: Yeah... fuck 'em. I'm driving.



Signature Moments

The Sterling Kitchen

Sterling's fingers close around the family Christmas photo. Black water drips from his hand, seeping into the edges as his grip tightens. The photo shrivels—corners curling inward, colors bleeding. He turns to Angela. Bends over the table, looming into her space—close enough that she flinches but doesn't move.

SHERIFF STERLING: (low) This is ALL your fault!

He holds the crumpled ball inches from her face. Flicks it at her chest. It bounces off, falls to the floor. Where it touched her, darkness absorbs into the fabric like water into cloth—gone before she notices. Angela releases the chair. Shouts at the top of her lungs:

ANGELA: Like I give a shit!

Sterling brings his hand up—immediate practiced accuracy. At the counter, Mrs. Sterling methodically carves a turkey, serving dishes spread across the kitchen counter. Shadows cling to her like a second skin—so settled they move when she moves. She doesn't notice. Nothing left to notice with.

Mary Finds Adiran

Mary stands in the doorway, keys in hand. She takes in the scene—candles, knife on the floor, the burn carved into his arm—still weeping. The shadows freeze. Pull back toward the walls. She doesn't gasp. Doesn't cry out. Crosses the room. Kneels beside him. Takes the knife from the floor—sets it aside on the table.

MARY: (quiet) Does it help?

ADIRAN: No.

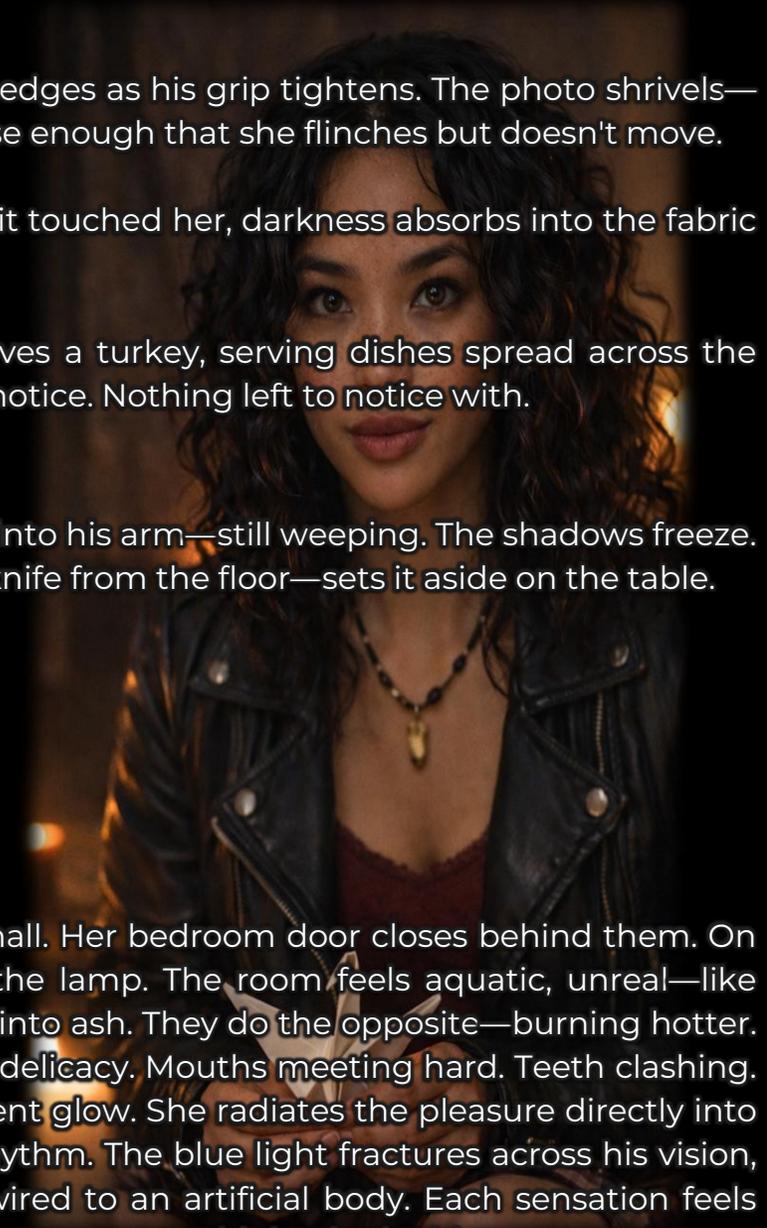
MARY: Then why?

A long beat. His voice cracks.

ADIRAN: Because I can't fucking feel anything else.

The Sex Scene

Jessica stands, flushed, takes Adiran's hand. Without a word, she pulls him with her, leading him down the hall. Her bedroom door closes behind them. On the bedside table, a joint smolders beside an empty juice glass. Smoke curls into the pale blue glow of the lamp. The room feels aquatic, unreal—like everything is submerged. Beyond the table, their shapes already move in rhythm on the bed. The joint fizzes into ash. They do the opposite—burning hotter. Blue light bends across their skin, stretching shadows long and liquid. They strip each other—rough, without delicacy. Mouths meeting hard. Teeth clashing. Hands clawing at bare skin. In Adiran's eyes, every touch leaves trails of light across her skin—a phosphorescent glow. She radiates the pleasure directly into him. Bodies twist and shift in the blue glow—on top, beneath, tangled in sheets, breath colliding in rough rhythm. The blue light fractures across his vision, breaking into waves and shards. For a moment, he isn't inside his own skin—pleasure nerves flicker as if wired to an artificial body. Each sensation feels transmitted, radiating from Jessica into him. Their rhythm slows. Bodies collapse into a quieter tangle, breath heavy, sweat shining in the blue.



Narrative Design

The Rooftop — Contradiction

He backs away from the edge. Turns. Walks to the scaffolding. He climbs down—faster now, purposeful. Adiran drops to the ground. Looks both ways. Slips into the shadows.

ADIRAN (V.O.): I destroyed the only person who should've been a part of me forever. And I can't blame the drugs for it. Then I abandoned her, making the world outside of us believe she committed suicide... because I'm a fucking coward.

Jessica — Contradiction

Adiran lowers himself onto the couch, elbows on his knees, tuned only to her presence. Nothing else matters in this moment.

ADIRAN (V.O.): She thought I'd been a good influence. But she treated me like a secondhand dish. I was the one who resolved her issues, who listened, who knew all her problems. But we both knew I was never going to be her permanent fixture.

Angela's Prologue — Impossible Information

Angela's voice emerges—not from the shadow's mouth, but from the walls. The air. The room itself remembering.

ANGELA (V.O.): I have found love, and his name is Adiran. Adiran, who told me he had heard God... that he deserved to die, and I didn't believe him until it was too late.

The Train — Impossible Information

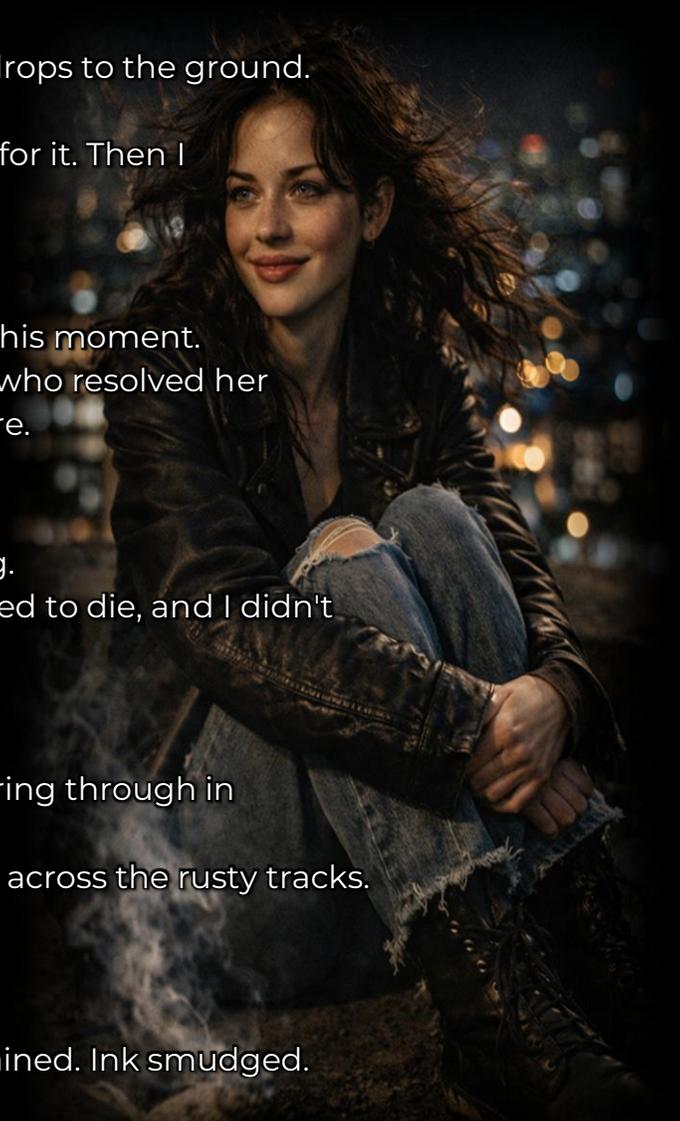
Adiran stands alone. The single headlight passes, leaving only thundering mass—boxcars, tankers, flatbeds—roaring through in silhouette. Beyond him, nothing.

ADIRAN (V.O.): I saw every detail. The train devoured him like a fleshy worm—shredding, spreading what was left across the rusty tracks. Undisrupted. That train was what I pretended to be. The unstoppable force.

Angela's Final Entry — Impossible Information

Shadow-Angela is gone. The chair at the desk sits empty. But the diary remains open on the desk. Pages tear-stained. Ink smudged. Shadows trace the letters—waiting.

ANGELA (V.O.): (whispered) No more tears. I have cried enough. Goodbye, Angela Sterling.
A distant door slams. Empty house. Total silence. The page holds. As if waiting for a reader.



Title Meaning — *Spoon-fed Addiction*

“Spoon-fed” is how you feed something that won't feed itself. **“Addiction”** is what happens when the feeding becomes compulsive.

Adiran was fed comfort through Veronica's face — in doses small enough to feel like grief, large enough to kill him. But he surrendered to the shadows willingly. He knew what he was choosing. He just didn't know the price. The shadows didn't manufacture the violence. They unleashed him.

Angela was pre-conditioned. Her family created the void — control, shame, silence. Adiran carelessly infects someone unable to manage the brutality that shadowed him.

The audience is the last target. The prologue gives us Angela's death, but we don't know why yet. Then Adiran appears in a bathtub bleeding out, and we lean in. We accept the violence because it comes with an explanation. We sit through every act of horror — some of us searching for the version of him worth saving, others simply there for the fall. Either way, that's the addiction. And by the time we understand we were being fed, we never felt the needle go in.

The title isn't just describing the characters. It's describing the mechanism. And it's describing us.

Author & Authenticity

Writer's Note:

“In 1994, a creative writing professor told me to write about what I knew. So, I wrote the Utah chapter — a road trip with a group of friends to buy drugs gone wrong. That short story became the first seed the shadows fed on.

By 1995, I had built an entire world around it. Adiran's losses are my losses. The grief, the cycles, the damage I carried and the damage I passed on without knowing — I put all of it into the fiction because I had no other way to process it.

In 2000, I published the first version. In 2025 I adapted it into a screenplay.

It's a story that has refused to stay quiet in a notebook — and it still feels urgent. Because we are living in a moment when fear and anger move through people like infection, when grief becomes inheritance without anyone choosing it. And when we let grief and trauma run us, we pass it on to the people we love.

I'm not chasing a writing career with this. I'm telling the story I couldn't put down.”

— Silvano Williams



All character portraits are AI-generated concept art for visual development only.

The script is a direct adaptation of the novella written by Silvano Williams.

An audiobook production of the prologue is available on YouTube. All rights reserved.