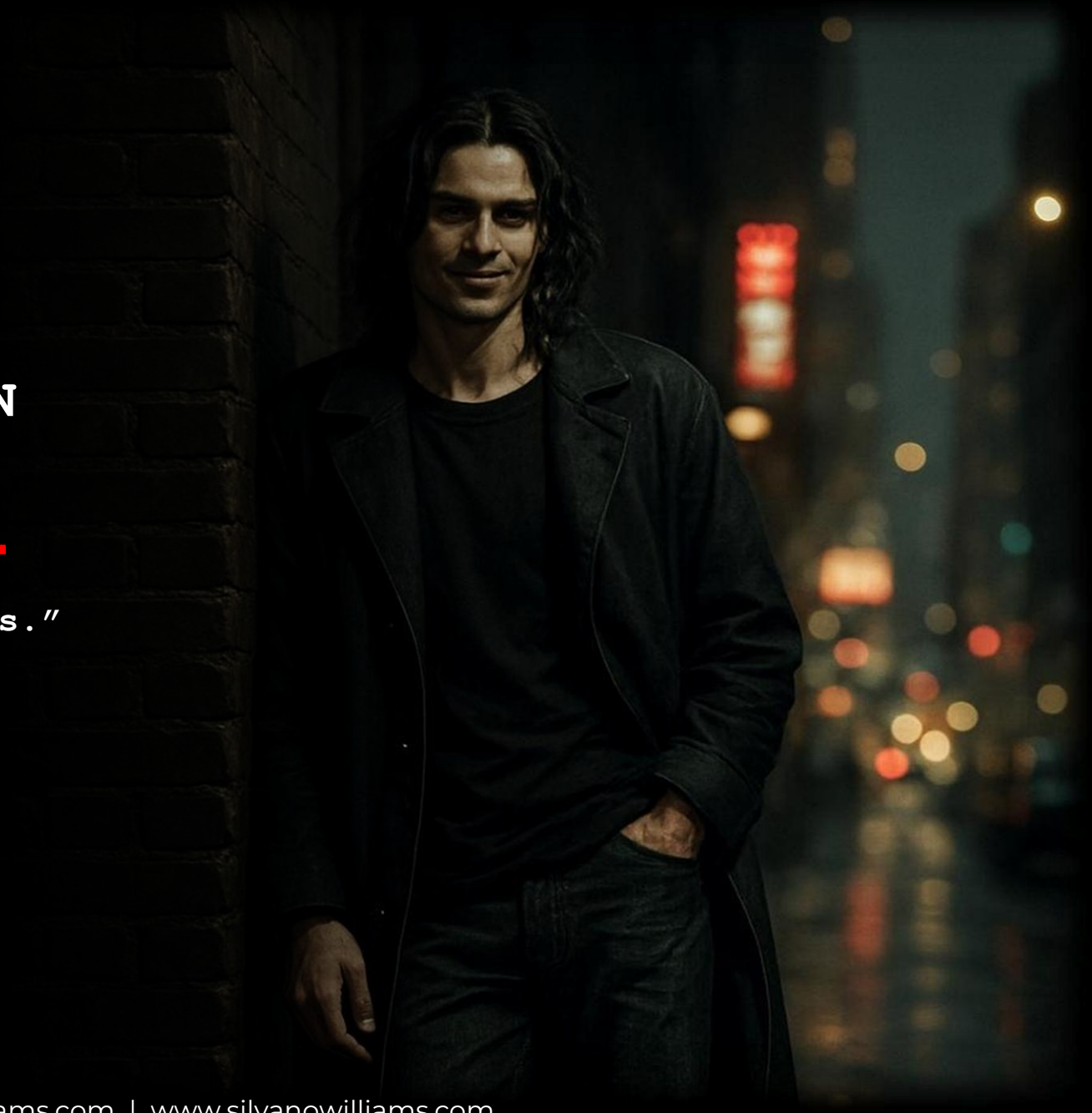
SPOON-FED ADDICTION

A Supernatural Horror Noir Feature
by Silvano Williams

"Grief doesn't die. It spreads."



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Logline

Houston, 1995

A grief-ravaged drug dealer tears through a night of revenge, but he's not the avenger, he's 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.

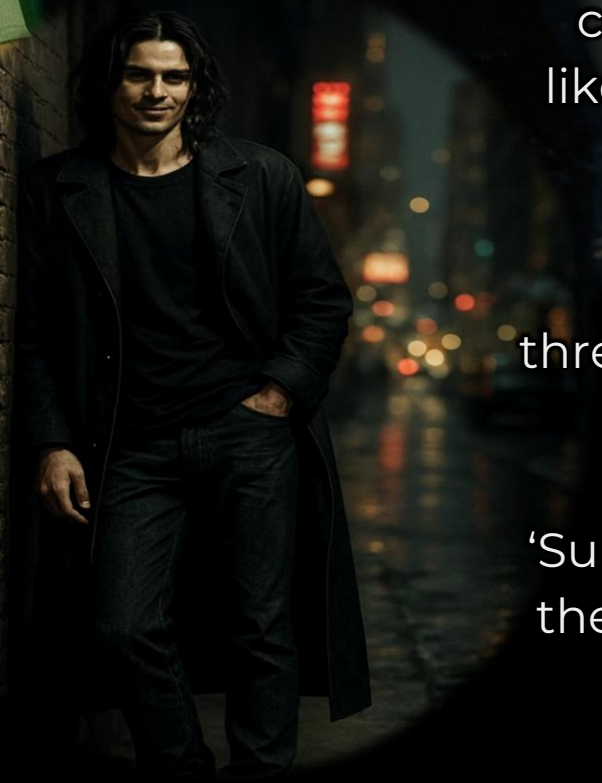
Genre: Supernatural Horror Noir

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

Spoon-fed Addiction has already demonstrated market viability:

- **Best Thriller Screenplay -** Action Thriller Crime Adventure Film Festival
- **People's Choice Award -** 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, Frights! Camera! Action! Screenplay Competition, 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:
Hereditary — grief as inheritance
It Follows — contagion mechanics
The Babadook — grief as horror
Angel Heart — noir identity spiral
Requiem for a Dream — addiction as possession

Synopsis: The Performance

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

The Performance: Houston, 1995. The Shadow replays the tape of Adiran — a drug dealer moving through the suburban streets of Alief on LSD and grief, carrying the guilt of a lover he dropped from a rooftop and left for dead. When Mary, the one person holding him together, is murdered in her own home, Adiran drags her grieving witness Seth into what looks like revenge. He drives a car through a living room wall. He kills two cops on a highway. He tortures the man who pulled the trigger. The violence is noise. What the Shadow is doing is feeding.

The Infection: The real tragedy is what happens before the night ends. Adiran's actual crime is simpler than revenge. 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 emotional contact and binds itself to her.

Synopsis: The Fall

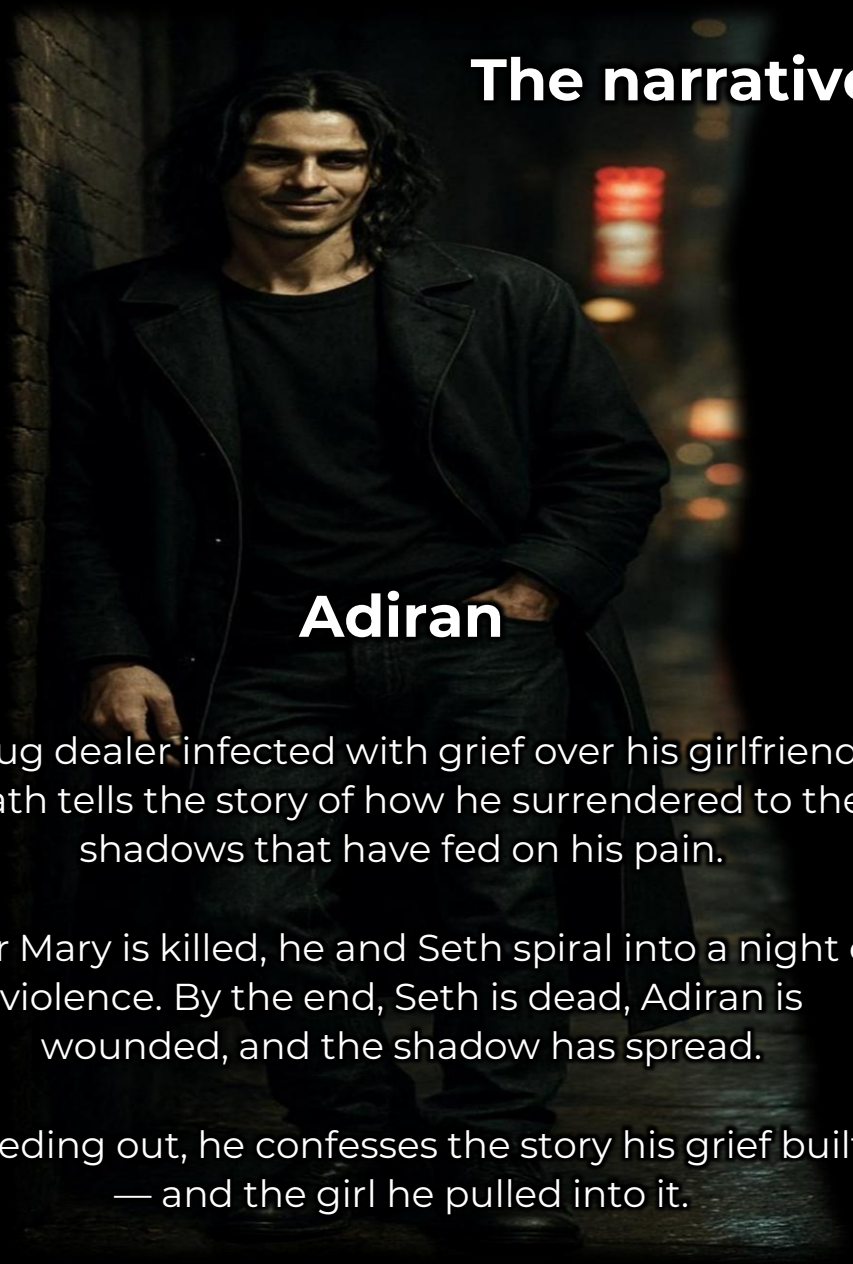
The Trap: Sheriff Sterling drowns Adiran in his own bathtub. The shadows crawl up Sterling's arm as he kills. Adiran finds out the truth about the thing he fed that night.

The Feeding: In the aftermath, Angela is surrounded by people punishing her for the one thing she won't give up. Two months later, the shadows take Adiran's shape and visit Angela in her bed. She welcomes them. They say "Breathe." She obeys. She dies.

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

How it Spread

The narrative tracks two paths of infection



Adiran

A drug dealer infected with grief over his girlfriend’s death tells the story of how he surrendered to the shadows that have fed on his pain.

After Mary is killed, he and Seth spiral into a night of violence. By the end, Seth is dead, Adiran is wounded, and the shadow has spread.

Bleeding out, he confesses the story his grief built — and the girl he pulled into it.

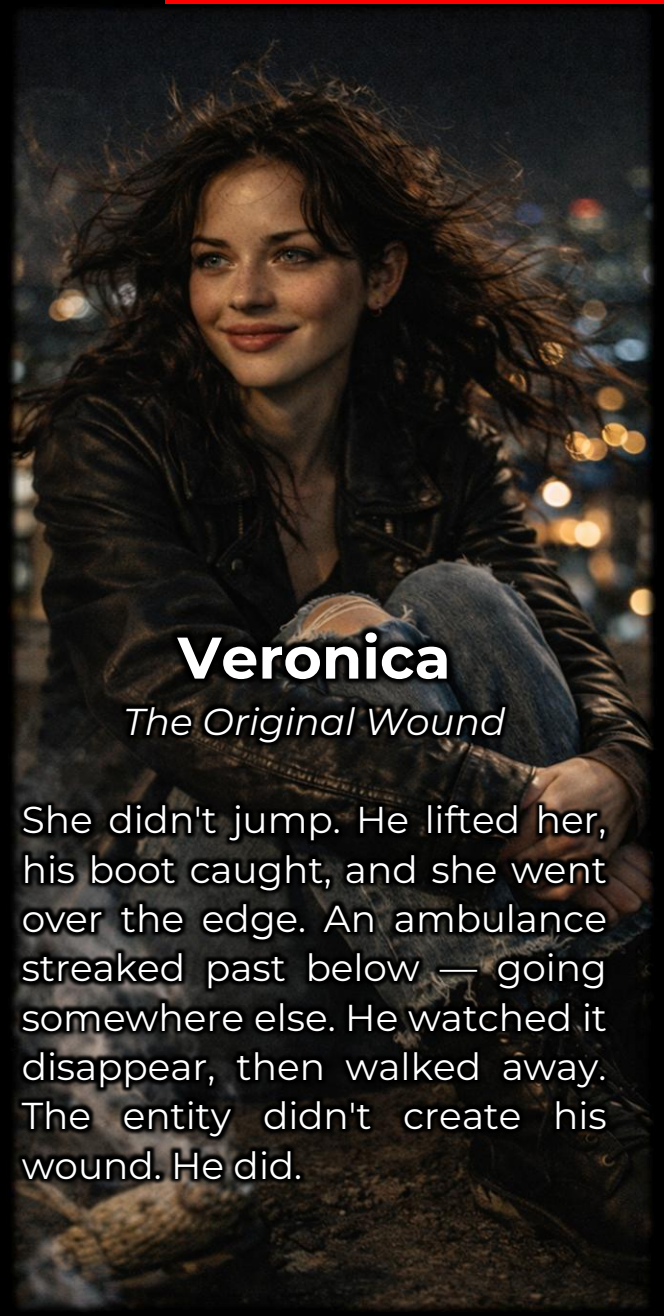
Angela

Sheltered by a father who confused control with protection, Angela has no armor for what she's about to encounter.

She was told that the world outside was dangerous, but nobody taught her how to recognize it when it came through her window.

When the shadows follow Adiran’s kiss, they find a host who was already open — and an emotional void ready to be filled.

The Catalysts for the Collapse



Veronica

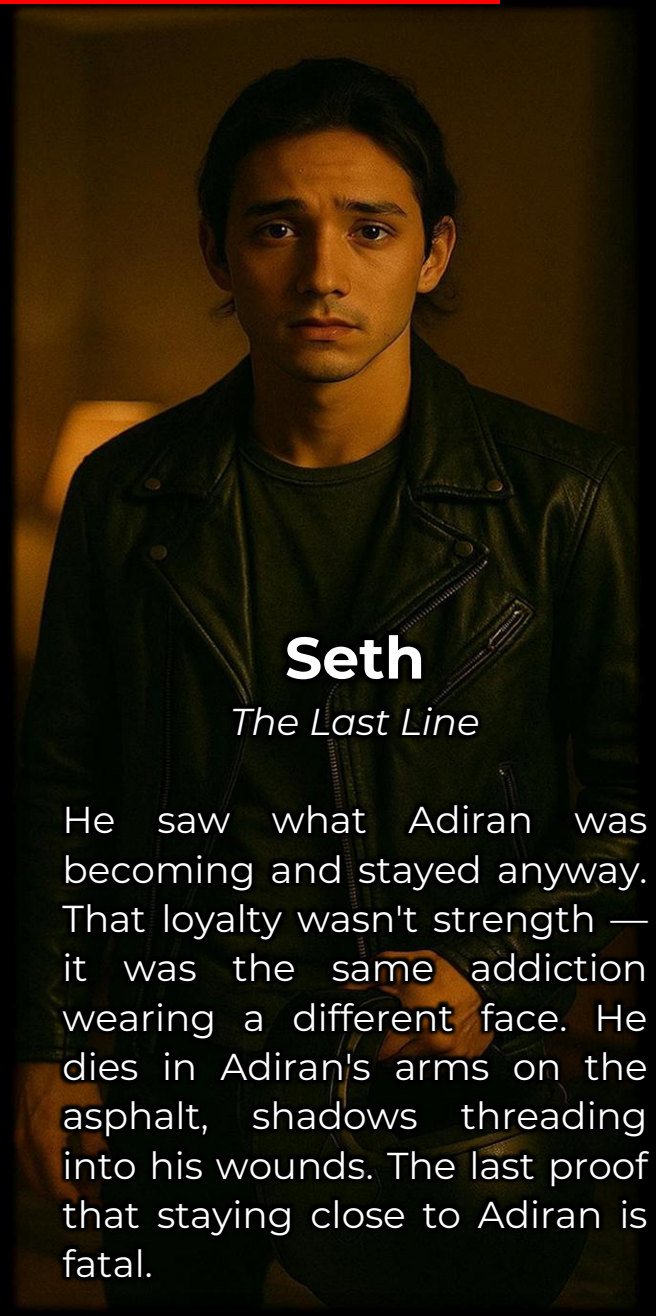
The Original Wound

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.

From the Script

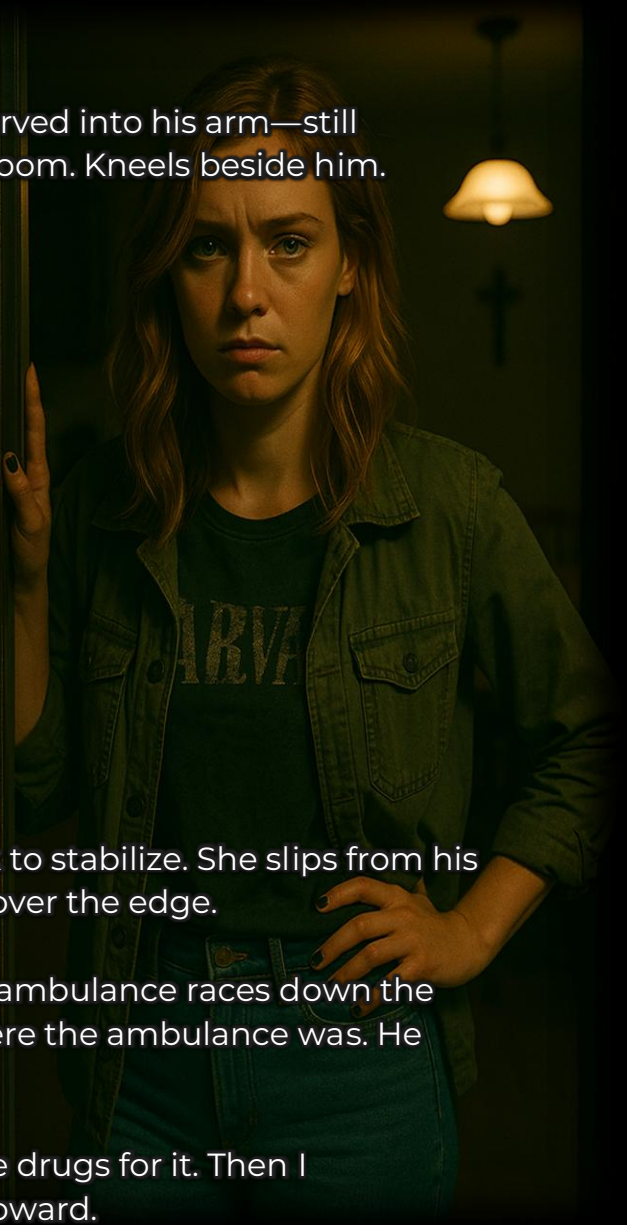
Mary Finds Adiran

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 Rooftop Fall

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

Below, in the darkness pooling around her body, something shifts. Barely visible. Then still. Far below, 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. He backs away from the edge.

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.

Her Last Breath

The Sterling Kitchen

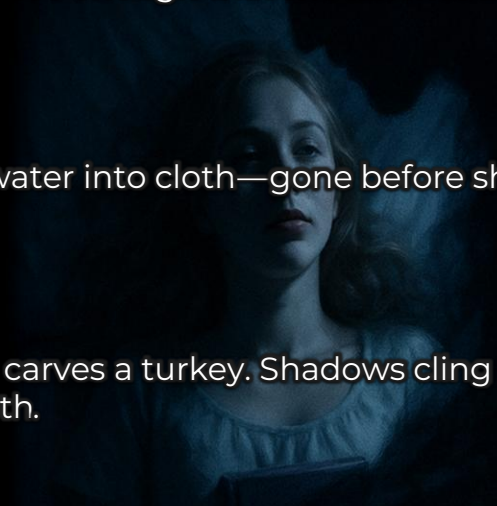
Sterling's fingers close around the family Christmas photo. Black water drips from his hand, seeping into the edges as his grip tightens. The photo shrivels—corners curling inward, colors bleeding. He turns to Angela. Looming into her space—close enough that she flinches but doesn't move.

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

He flicks the crumpled photo at her chest. 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. Shadows cling to her like a second skin—so settled they move when she moves. She doesn't notice. Nothing left to notice with.



The First Breath

The shadows take form — Adiran's face leaning down, just like their first kiss. Its mouth brushes her ear.

ADIRAN: Breathe.

Angela inhales. Sharp. Deep. Her eyes widen—expectant, welcoming. Then something is wrong. She tries to exhale. Can't. Her hands fly to her throat—the shadows tighten. Crushing. A single tear slides down her temple. Then stillness. Her eyes stay open. Glassy. Gone.

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 wholly unprepared for what he really was.

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

BEST THRILLER SCREENPLAY
Action Thriller Crime Adventure Film Festival Private Room
2025

PEOPLE'S CHOICE AWARD
L.A. Neo Noir Novel, Film, & Script Online Festival
2026

BEST FEATURE SCREENPLAY
Whispers of the Universe: IFF Melbourne
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FINALIST
Frights! Camera! Action! Horror Screenplay Contest
2026

FINALIST
The Dunwich Horror Fest
2025

FINALIST
13HORROR.COM FILM & SCREENPLAY CONTEST
2026

FINALIST
Filmmatic Horror Screenplay Awards
2026

FINALIST
Breaking Walls Thriller Screenplay Contest
2025

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.