

SPOON-FED ADDICTION

by

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Based on the novella by Silvano Williams

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INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Silver moonlight. Curtains stir. The room is spotless, still.

A stuffed rabbit sits propped against the pillows—threadbare, well-loved.

On the wall: a BEAUTY AND THE BEAST poster. Belle and the Beast mid-dance, her yellow dress swirling. A fairy tale promise.

A purple diary sits open on the desk. Pages water-stained, ink smudged. ANGELA STERLING (17, innocent, reserved and introspective) writes slowly.

December 20th, 1995. "Dear Diary..."

Angela reads from the diary as she writes.

ANGELA (V.O.)

I have found love, and his name is Adiran.

Adiran, who said to me he had heard God... that he deserved to die, and I didn't believe him until it was too late.

She stops writing, sets the pen down. Looks at what she's written.

Her fingers flip through pages.

A glimpse: "Maybe everyone has a beast inside them. Maybe love is what sets them free."

She turns past it. Keeps flipping.

Each entry reveals a memory—

INT. STERLING KITCHEN - EVENING (FLASHBACK)

A Christmas photo clings to the fridge—the Sterling family; the two girls younger, shoulder-to-shoulder, all smiles.

SHERIFF STERLING (late 40s, authoritarian patriarch) dominates the frame, alive, pacing. Badge shimmers like a lighthouse.

A newspaper slams onto the kitchen table. Front page: grainy photo of Sheriff Sterling, face hard, mid-motion. "Corruption" and "Under investigation" leap from bold text.

The family portrait smiles from the fridge, untouched.  
Sheriff Sterling looms over the table, jaw locked.

SHERIFF STERLING  
You want to explain this?

Angela stands behind a kitchen chair opposite Sheriff Sterling.

Hands tight on the backrest. Face unreadable.

JESSICA STERLING (early 20s, defiant rebel) enters from the hallway, arms crossed, coat folded over them.

JESSICA  
Jesus Christ. She's a kid. She doesn't know what she's doing.

Sterling turns toward Jessica, pointing. Voice rising.

SHERIFF STERLING  
You brought that scumbag into our home. And look where we are.

He slaps the paper again. The table jolts.

Jessica's breath catches. But her stare doesn't drop.

JESSICA  
Yeah, sure, Daddy. You've preached accountability your whole life. And now the world finally sees you like I do. Like the fucking hypocrite you are!

Sterling lunges. Grabs the nearest chair and slams it out of his way. Legs screech across the tile.

Jessica steps back—shoulder hits the doorframe.

SHERIFF STERLING  
Don't you walk away from me!

But Jessica already has. Turns away.

The front door opens. Slams shut. She's gone.

The Christmas photo on the fridge flutters from the slam, drifts to the floor.

Sterling's fingers close around the photo—crumpling it into a tight ball.

He turns to Angela.

Sterling bends over the table, looming into her space—close enough that she flinches but doesn't move.

He holds the crumpled ball inches from her face. Flicks it at her chest.

It bounces off, falls to the floor.

SHERIFF STERLING  
(in a low growl)  
This is ALL your fault!

At the stove, MRS. STERLING (late 40s, silenced and surrendered) stirs her tea. Silent. Distant.

ANGELA (V.O.)  
My sister escaped, leaving me while everyone turned against me for defending Adiran. Even my father tried to blame me... Like I gave a shit.

Angela releases the chair.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Another page; another diary entry.

Angela strides past lockers. Harsh fluorescent lights hum.

Kids line both sides—some at lockers, others watching, whispering.

Footsteps echo behind her. Kids part as she passes.

STUDENTS (O.S.)  
"That's her." "With him?" "Didn't he kill a bunch of people?"

Snickers ripple through the crowd. A guy mutters:

GUY (O.S.)  
Fucking psycho bait.

Angela walks on, diary clutched, face like stone.

A locker SLAMS—the sound echoing across time.

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angela lies in bed. Diary rests on her chest. Eyes are wide open. Still.

The shadow on the ceiling moves just enough to be real.

It stretches toward the window—

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A fog-like memory.

Angela freezes at the window. Breath hitching. Opens it.

A figure outside, backlit by streetlight.

She steps back. He climbs through—silent, towering.

ADIRAN (20, sharp-tongued dealer). Only his outline visible, eyes gleaming.

ADIRAN

God does not want me alive, so I am  
going to make sure I go to Hell when I  
die.

Angela says nothing. His hand emerges from the dark—wipes a tear from her cheek. Other hand rests at her waist, trails up her back.

Her breath catches.

He kisses her.

ANGELA (V.O.)

My insecurities had disappeared, and I  
finally felt like I was good enough  
for someone.

He takes her shaking hands in his.

Moves his mouth from hers.

Hot breath on her cheek, then her ear.

ADIRAN

I love you.

Angela cries.

ANGELA (V.O.)

That was all I ever wanted.

He pulls away. She reaches after him. He slips out the window. She falls to her knees. He looks back—face in shadow. A tear catches the light on his cheek.

ANGELA (V.O.)  
Life itself has lost its meaning.

Before that day, before Adiran told me  
he loved me, I had a purpose.

Then they took him, emptying my soul  
and my heart.

Diary pages flutter to the last entry—what Angela is  
reading—as the memory fades.

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Angela's pen falls from the bed to the floor.

ANGELA (V.O.)  
Finally, I've understood what his god  
had said to him. It's been two months  
since Adiran was taken from me. It's  
been two months of wanting him more  
than anything else in my life.

Shadows above her begin to stir. Not falling. Not rushing.  
Unfolding.

ANGELA (V.O.)  
But I know they can't ever stop my  
Adiran. On some nights, I hear him  
calling for me. I want to touch him  
again, so I whisper to him in the  
dark, hoping he sees me in his dreams.  
I've felt him, and I know he comes to  
me because I am the only one!

A silhouette of a woman falls—arms spread, edges feathered,  
not quite wings.

VERONICA (20, fierce soul, the one who fell first). The shape  
bends, breaks, reforms—now: a broader figure rising. His  
outline.

No face. No mass.

ANGELA (V.O.)  
On those nights, he breathes into my  
ear, and sometimes around my neck and  
down my back. Warm, comforting  
whispers that assure me that when I  
die, I will be with him.

Shadows lower around Angela. Not enclosing. Not seizing.  
Wrapping.

ANGELA (V.O.)  
Because with Adiran's help, I know  
I'll be able to come back just as he  
does for me. Whether it'll be in  
Heaven or Hell, it doesn't matter  
anymore.

Angela doesn't move. Shadows take form—Adiran's face leaning  
down, just like their first kiss.

Face softens. Breathing slows... stops.

Her eyes stay open. Then go blank.

ANGELA (V.O.)  
All that matters now is that I will  
escape this horrible, pointless life  
and finally be happy.

Shadows engulf her completely.

No music. No breath. No scream.

ANGELA (V.O.)  
(whispered)  
No more tears. I have cried enough.  
  
Goodbye, Angela Sterling.

A distant door slams. Empty house.

Silence.

FADE TO BLACK

A violent spray—water blasts from a ruptured pipe.

The bathtub faucet runs full. They roar together, then  
steady.

FADE IN:

Smoke drifts through darkness.

Out of it — handwritten words form: "SPOON-FED ADDICTION".

INT. ADIRAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Wreckage. Mirror is obliterated. Tiles cracked. Sink ripped  
from the wall.

Pipes exposed—water spraying across the bathroom. Blood  
smeared along the edges. Cabinet doors splintered. Bullet

holes in the drywall.

Adiran lies motionless in the tub. Blood swirls in the water.

The spray softens. Hum fades.

A police radio crackles faintly:

POLICE RADIO (O.S.)  
Suspect may be armed... Request backup  
at location...

Blood spreads across the linoleum. Flaking, stained.

Scattered mirror shards catch the light—each holding a fragment of Adiran's face. An eye. Jaw. Forehead.

In one larger shard: his reflection stares forward—direct, knowing. A faint conspiratorial smile. He raises one finger to his lips.

Shhh.

Adiran slumps back against the tub.

ADIRAN (V.O.)  
I am alone now, but that's okay. I've  
found peace—a silence that screams  
like a deafening noise in the dark.

Faces flicker in the mirror shards. MARY (late teens, calm commanding presence) and SETH (late teens, loyal to a fault).

Friends. Ghosts. Gone.

ADIRAN (V.O.)  
This is exactly how I deserve it to  
end.

His fingers twitch beneath the water. Blood oozes from the vertical cut in his forearm.

ADIRAN (V.O.)  
Everything I've done has been so self-  
destructive it hurts thinking about  
it.

Blood curls through the water, spreading, spills over the edge.

ADIRAN (V.O.)  
Everyone has problems—I know  
this—forgetting to feed the dog, bills  
(MORE)



ADIRAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
past due, fucking car getting  
repo'd... But when you enter a certain  
state of mind like I had, it all  
becomes obsolete.

Adiran tries to lift his cut arm out of the water. Tries to  
pull himself up. Looks down at his defeated body—gives up.

ADIRAN (V.O.)  
I can see my epitaph now: "Here lies  
Adiran. 20 years of wasted space and  
soiled dreams. May he lie crisply in  
Hell."

A flicker across a mirror shard—a woman laughing: Veronica.  
Then nothing.

ADIRAN (V.O.)  
She was the last time I was human.

Adiran closes his eyes. Head slips underwater, then jerks  
back up. Ragged gasps.

ADIRAN (V.O.)  
Now I'm just lying here, recounting  
everything that happened tonight.  
Every fucked-up step that landed me  
here.

A siren swells outside.

ADIRAN (V.O.)  
If it weren't for the few friends I  
had, I would've ended my life a long  
time ago.

Adiran exhales. Eyes closed. Still.

Then gasps—labored.

BLACK SCREEN

FADE IN:

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Dim light. PRE-TEEN ADIRAN (12, learning stillness for  
survival) sits stiffly on a worn couch.

Television flicker spills across his body.

Volume low—nightly news muttering about budget cuts and

rising crime.

JOHN (early 40s, hard-edged Vietnam vet) watches the TV, unblinking. Hypnotized.

ADIRAN'S MOTHER (late 30s, thin and twitchy addict) paces behind them, half-nodding. Words slurred. She mutters, grabs at Adiran's arm.

JOHN  
(calmly)  
Hey.

John rises. Places a firm hand between them. Guides her away without force.

She stumbles off, mumbling.

John says nothing. Sits back down next to Adiran.

Adiran doesn't react. Stares straight ahead at the TV.

INT. JOHN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

TEEN ADIRAN (16, young caretaker) kneels beside his mother as she vomits into a toilet. Bathroom is yellowed, slick.

She wipes her mouth, shaking. Eyes snap clear—predatory.

She isn't high. She's aware.

ADIRAN'S MOTHER  
(quiet, raw)  
Society is a filthy animal, kid. All  
they want is for people like us to  
die.

Adiran just looks at her.

She leans back against the wall. The moment's gone. Stare dulls. Then she leans forward again, trembling.

The sound of retching returns.

INT./EXT. ADIRAN'S CAR - JOHN'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The sound of vomiting fades with the memory—replaced by gravel crunching.

Adiran's car pulls into a clearing. Property sprawls—three adjoining lots.

Fences sagging. Tall grass overtaking everything. Main house

and shed visible.

The rest hidden in darkness.

ADIRAN (V.O.)

Six months later she was dead. I'd  
focused on the unfairness of  
fate—where the fuck was I supposed to  
live?

He unfolds blotter paper, tears it. Three hits on his tongue.

Dry swallow. Exhales.

Opens the car door—it creaks. Air bites cold.

He steps out. Smoke hangs. John's already inside.

Boots crunch on gravel. He pauses. Starts toward the porch.

EXT. JOHN'S PORCH - CONTINUOUS

He steps onto the porch, pulls the glass door open.

Adiran studies his reflection in the streaked glass. Pale,  
hollow-eyed. Then brighter until it projects blindingly:

Adiran lifts Veronica from a wheelchair. White blanket,  
wristband.

Behind them: "Planned Parenthood Women's Health Center."

A crowd. Picket signs. Arms reaching from the glass.

CROWD

MURDERER!

Adiran flinches, hand gripping his knee. Breath ragged.

The door slams shut.

JOHN (O.S.)

Goddamn it, boy! Come in!

Adiran exhales, straightens. Clenches his lips.

ADIRAN

It's too early for this shit.

Opens the door without looking at the glass. Walks in.

INT. JOHN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

John pats the cushion beside him, hacking through smoke.