

NOTES: WARREN LUTHER, a 29-year-old artist, lives in a bombed out shell of an apartment in Philadelphia, PA. Slammed with student loans from 7 years ago and struggling with a depression fueled artist's block, Warren has been wrestling with mental health for the past year or so of his life.

Just barely staying afloat, Warren has become desperate for any sort of creative or artistic ideas. On the outside, he merely appears to be a reserved, non-social type of person. He communicates little with his family and has virtually no friends to speak of.

FADE IN on NIGHTTIME EXT. WARREN'S STREET

There is a green street sign reading AMERICAN ST. Faint noise of cars can be heard in the background.

INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT

The walls and ceiling are uncovered, the naked wooden boards exposed to the inside of the rooms. The room is messy, with art supplies scattered across the floor. On one of the far walls, there's a clothesline with a small number of clothes hanging from it. In a corner behind a dresser, a stack of unused drywall leans against the wall.

WARREN sits at a desk near a wall, though it's crooked and not entirely flush against it. A blank piece of paper lays on the desk while Warren stares blankly at the corner of the desk, the eraser of a pencil pressed against the bottom of his chin.

After several moments of blank staring, he moves his writing hand to begin putting something down. He draws a single line on the paper before stopping, pencil tip still pressed down. Another moment passes and he drops the pencil, crumples up the paper and tosses it to the floor where it lands in a mass pile of other crumpled up papers.

Warren slowly stumbles along, half-mindedly, falling into bed fully clothed.

CUT TO BLACK

The screen is still black. The sound of a heart-beat slowly pulsating in the background. White noise quietly begins, and slowly builds until it's near overwhelming. Just before it overtakes the heart-beat, all of the noise is interrupted and silenced by a muffled woman's (Dr. Witten's) voice.

DR. WITTEN

How much sleep did you get last night?

INT. OFFICE ROOM

Warren is seated in a leather chair looking absentmindedly down at his thumbs. A moment passes in silence before the woman tries to get his attention.

NOTE: Throughout this whole scene, we never see the woman's face. There are some POV and OVER THE SHOULDER shots from her perspective, but we never directly see her face.

DR. WITTEN

Warren?

(The woman's voice is professional, calm, and kind, that of a therapist. From now on, referred to a therapist.)

WARREN

Oh... sorry, what... what was the question?

Warren has a very tired sound to his voice like he's mostly out of it. His speech is slow, almost labored, and he pauses and thinks frequently. He has no attitude so to speak or really much of any other emotion in his voice at all.

DR. WITTEN

I was asking you how much sleep you got last night.

WARREN

Oh, uh... what, you mean like... hours?

DR. WITTEN

Yes, I think that would be helpful.

WARREN

Umm... I think I... went to bed at around, one, one-thirty, maybe? And I got up at... uh... seven. Seven-thirty. I think.

(CONTINUED)

DR. WITTEN
Ok, so six-ish hours, roughly?

Warren stares idly again, showing no reaction or response to the question.

DR. WITTEN
Warren?

Warren continues to not respond.

DR. WITTEN
Warren? Warren.
(Her voice raises with each time, although number too much louder, i.e. never a shout.)

WARREN
(Snapping back to attention slowly.)
Oh... sorry, what was it?

DR. WITTEN
Warren, I need you to confirm that you had six hours of sleep last night.
(pausing)
Can you do that?

WARREN
Oh, I... uh... no, I don't think so. I think I fell asleep later than... than that...

DR. WITTEN
When did you fall asleep?

WARREN
I'm not... not sure. Didn't check the time... I think, uh... three? Maybe? Not later than... than four, I think...

DR. WITTEN
Ok... so, three to four and a half hours of sleep.

DR. WITTEN
(sighing)
Warren, we've talked about this. You need to sleep more.

WARREN

Yeah, I know... I just... take time. To fall asleep, I guess...

DR. WITTEN

If you know you take time to fall asleep, maybe you should try going to bed earlier. Especially when you have early mornings.

WARREN

I know...

DR. WITTEN

Are you sure you don't want to move these sessions? I told you, they don't have to be so early.

WARREN

No, no... I need them in the morning, it... clears my head, for later on. Besides, the night get's... get's my head moving better. For the art, I mean.

DR. WITTEN

But you're head's not clear. I know you're still having problems. Maybe a change of pace could help you.

WARREN

No... no, I don't think so...

A moment passes, the only noise being the pencil scribbling of the Therapist's note-taking.

DR. WITTEN

...Ok, how about we talk about something else? How about your art?

WARREN

Oh, you know... it's going, it's going... I think I just need a little more time. Right headspace, if... if you know what I mean.

(long beat)

I started keeping a... uh... a dream journal, like... like you said.

DR. WITTEN

That's good. Have you put any dreams in it yet?

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

N-no... I... just started it the...
the other night, I haven't had a...
a chance, yet.

DR. WITTEN

Well, as long as you feel like
you're making progress.

WARREN

Yeah. Progress...
(trailing off)

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM

Warren stands on his own, silently waiting for a train. His eyes are glazed and hardly open, and he repeatedly seems close to nodding off on his feet. After a moment of him standing there, the voice of the therapist can be heard again, on top of the scene.

DR. WITTEN

Warren, before you leave... Do you
remember what day tomorrow is?

WARREN

It's... it's... Tues- No, no, it's
Wen-It's Wednesday.

DR. WITTEN

Tomorrow is Tuesday, Warren.
(taking a deep breath))
But do you remember the date
tomorrow?

WARREN

Uh... October... October, the...

A train pulls up to the platform, speeding past where Warren is standing, before slowly coming to a halt.

DR. WITTEN

It's November 4th tomorrow. Do you
remember what day November 4th is?

WARREN

Tue-Tuesday...

DR. WITTEN

Warren, I know it's hard, but
pretending like it isn't happening
doesn't mean it's not happening.

(CONTINUED)

Warren steps onto the train, few people on the same car as him, leaning against the wall and tapping on the windows of the doors repeatedly.

WARREN
...Birthday.

DR. WITTEN
And which birthday is it?

WARREN
...Thirty. Thirtieth.

Warren looks as though he might fall asleep on the train while standing up.

DR. WITTEN
Now. I want you to promise me, if you have any thoughts of doing anything, call me right away. If you get any thoughts at all, I need to know.

WARREN
Hmm.

DR. WITTEN
I know it feels slow, but we're making real progress here. I know we are, even if you don't think so. Just don't throw that progress away, Warren.

There's a brief pause.

DR. WITTEN
I need you to say it, please.

WARREN
I... I promise.

Warren closes his eyes and slumps against the wall slightly, appearing to have fallen asleep.

DR. WITTEN
Good. Good.

Another brief pause.

DR. WITTEN
Oh, Warren, before you go- Try to get outside some, this week? At least a little.

CUT TO BLACK

3 NOVEMBER 3RD - ENTRY #1

3

The screen remains black. The same throbbing heartbeat can be heard, faintly, slowly building up yet again. Heavy breathing, sounding as though from the nose, can be heard building as well. The same white noise plays. Before reaching a climax, it's yet again interrupted, this time by the sound of a train screeching to a halt.

Warren is jolted awake by the sudden noise and stopping of the train, though now he's slumped in a seat on the train. He blinks and glances around, not altogether confused, although he does seem not entirely certain as to how we got where he is.

After a long beat, Warren rises from his seat and makes his way out from the train onto the platform.

EXT. CITY STREETS, DAYTIME

He heads towards his apartment, walking down the streets in tired silence, with the noise of cars and pedestrians around him. At one point, he walks past a church.

INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT

Eventually, he reaches his home, going up the steps until he makes it to his apartment. He fumbles the keys before finally opening the door, stumbling through the apartment mindlessly and falling back into his bed. The clock on his nightstand reads 12:43 P.M., Nov. 3rd. He stares out the window for a time, eventually closing his eyes and falling asleep.

Warren still lays in bed, opening his eyes. The soft sound of rain can be heard in the background. The noise of water dripping can be heard from within his house, before showing a small puddle in the corner of the room, with water droplets falling in every now and again.

Slowly, Warren gets out of bed, staring out the window seeing the rainy sky. His clock says 1:55 P.M., November 3rd. He spots the journal on his nightstand and looks at it for a while.

A voiceover of Warren writing in the journal is played over him making his way over to the small kitchen/dining area of his apartment.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN
(voice-over)
Journal entry... number one.

The interior of a refrigerator, dark at first, so it's unclear what it is. It then opens, with Warren looking in it, going through the contents in search of food. Mostly everything inside seems to be leftovers of take-out or fast food.

WARREN
(voice-over)
This is my... dream journal... I guess.

Eventually, he settles on a small styrofoam container, which he fumbles over slightly as he takes it from the refrigerator.

WARREN
(voice-over)
I haven't really had many dreams yet, so I... guess this is just... the introduction. Or something.

The refrigerator closes slowly, and when it finally shuts, Warren moves to the microwave. As the voice-over continues, he puts the food inside and sets the time. For a moment, it seems like he forgets to actually hit start since he still seems tired.

WARREN
(voice-over)
I don't know... this is supposed to... help, I think. Keeping track of ideas.

He stares down at the counter, breathing slowly as the food heats. When the microwave finishes, the beep seems to startle him slightly, and he quickly tries to slap the open button. He misses the hit, and then feels around before finally pushing the button.

WARREN
(voice-over)
Dr. Witten told me that... at least. I think she- she's right... probably. She's supposed to be. To be helping me. She- Making progress, we, we... I think...

Warren trails off as he sits down at his table, with the food in front of him. He stares at it, silently. His left

(CONTINUED)

eye squints partially shut, almost as if he's confused by what's in front of him. Once again, white noise begins to build, a little more softly this time, but still obvious. The camera gets very slowly closer to his face. The noise is once again cut off abruptly. We never see Warren eat any of the food.

4

NOVEMBER 3RD - LATE NIGHTS

4

EXT. CITY STREETS, NIGHTTIME

Warren walks down the city streets. The pavement and the ground are still damp, but the rain has stopped. It's not clear what time exactly it is, but the sky is dark enough to be obviously later on.

As he walks, he comes across a bar/pub, with a view into the interior. He can see people inside, drinking, eating, talking, and laughing. He stops and lingers for a time, staring inside for a while. His left eye squints partially once again while he looks.

The noise of the people inside starts to grow. The sounds of glasses clinking, food being chewed, the murmurs of speech, start to get louder and louder. He looks away abruptly, closing both his eyes and taking a deep breath. After another moment of standing still, he walks on.

He rounds a corner and sees a clearly drunken man, laughing and stumbling towards him. The two collide with each other, Warren remaining blank-faced while the man continues to laugh. He leans into Warren slightly, speaking drunken gibberish and slurring his word.

DRUNK

Hu-woah there, sorry. M-m-my bad...
(He continues to mumble
unintelligibly while laughing
and burping drunkenly)

Warren gently shoves the drunk off of him, pushing him to the side. The man stumbles along, bumping into the wall on the way to the bar. Faintly, he can still be heard laughing and mumbling nonsense.

Directly in front of him, right from where the man came, Warren sees a dumpster, with a puddle of vomit on the ground next to it. He stares down at it for a time before finally starting to walk again. Without paying much attention, he steps directly through the puddle, not even reacting to the vomit on his shoe.

INT. PHARMACY

The glass door swings open, the bell above the entrance jingling. Warren enters the building, a brightly light pharmacy with aisles of shelves filled with various items.

Warren slowly shuffles through the aisles, towards the counter at the back of the pharmacy. A PHARMACIST uniform stands idly, making himself look busy. Warren mindlessly rubs his hands against the shelves and touches items as he walks.

Just before reaching the counter, Warren stops at one of the shelves and stares at its contents. He takes one of the various boxes from the shelf and flips it through his hand. At this point, the pharmacist has noticed him and is glancing up at him, waiting for him to approach.

Warren continues to stand still, looking down at the box, for a short time, while the pharmacist grows more and more impatient. Eventually, Warren accidentally drops the box and gazes down at it for longer than necessary, before finally slowly picking it back up and placing it on the shelf.

The pharmacist, who's staring at Warren by this point, clears his throat loudly. Warren looks in the general direction of him as if he's not entirely sure where the noise originated. He looks around the vicinity of the man, his eyes even passing over him a few times.

The pharmacist glances around for a moment, before trying to get Warren's attention.

PHARMACIST

Sir?

Warren looks up at the pharmacist, but his stare is empty and he seems to look straight through him.

PHARMACIST

...Sir? Can I help you?

Warren blinks, seemingly finally noticing him for real. He drifts over to the counter slowly.

WARREN

Do... do you sell, like... sleeping pills?

(CONTINUED)

PHARMACIST

Yes.

The two stare at each other for a seemingly strange amount of time.

WARREN

...Can I... can I get some?

PHARMACIST

Do you have a prescription?

Warren blinks and gives him an almost confused look.

WARREN

A... uh... What?

PHARMACIST

Do you have a prescription for any drugs here?

WARREN

Oh... I, uh... No.

PHARMACIST

(sighing)

If you're looking for over-the-counter pills, check the aisle labeled as "Over-the-counter" pills. The pills back here are for prescription pick-up only.

WARREN

Oh... ri... r-right.

Warren turns and gazes across the store, looking for the aforementioned aisle. Eventually, he makes his way through the store towards the aisle. He finds a section of the aisle labeled "Sleep Aid," where he stops. He brushes his hands along the shelf until he finally takes one of the boxes into his hand.

Before leaving the aisle, Warren shuts his eyes and presses the box up to his forehead, knocking it against himself a few times. He stops, holding the box against his head while holding his breath. After a few moments, he lets out one large, labored breath.

He approaches the counter once again and places the pills on top. The pharmacist rings up the box.

(CONTINUED)

PHARMACIST

That's twenty-one eighty-four.

Warren slowly pulls bills out of his pocket, each of them slightly crumpled and folded. He puts the money directly on the counter. After paying, he takes the pills and turns to walk away.

PHARMACIST

Wait- your change.

Warren turns back and goes to take the change from the man. He pauses for a moment when he notices he's about to take it from the pharmacist directly. He cups his hand and lets the money get dropped into his hand. He squeezes it tightly, causing it to crumple slightly, and jams it into his pocket.

He stands for a moment, staring down at the small laminated sign dangling from the counter. It reads, "Don't Pop Pills - Take Drugs Responsibly." After a moment of staring at the sign, the white noise very quietly begins to start playing. It gently builds but is interrupted by the pharmacist's voice before getting very loud.

PHARMACIST

Sir?

Warren blinks, glances up at the pharmacist, and begins to walk towards the exit. When the jingling noise of the door plays,

CUT TO

6 NOVEMBER 4TH - A CHANCE TO SLEEP

6

INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT

Warren stumbles through his apartment, trying to open the box and remove the bottle of pills. After a brief struggle, he tears the box open and tosses it to the floor carelessly. He takes the bottle, examines it very briefly, and then opens it. He takes several pills at once, clumsily places the bottle on his bedside table, and falls into his bed. His clock reads 12:14 A.M., Nov. 4th.

CUT TO BLACK

Once again, the same white noise begins to build, with the sound of heartbeat and breathing. It builds close to the point of overtaking everything, before abruptly being interrupted by the sound a sudden half-snore. (The kind of snore you hear when someone snores themselves awake.)

INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT

Warren lays face down on his bed. Slowly, his one exposed eye opens. His clock reads 8:21 A.M., Nov. 4th.

Ever so slowly, Warren climbs from his bed. He goes about his morning routine while a voice-over from his plays.

WARREN

(voice-over)

I suppose this is... entry number
2. Dream journal... dreams... I
dreamt of...

With much effort, Warren changes his clothes. When attempting to change his pants, he realizes that he slept with his shoes on. He removes them, only to immediately put them back on the second he's changed his pants.

WARREN

(voice-over)

I dreamt of tomorrow- or, today...
I guess. Today... 30 years. 30 long
years... and I've got... a... got
a...

Warren goes through his kitchen in search of food, trying to find something that he can eat. Eventually, he settles on a bowl of dry cereal and a single slice of un-toasted bread. He fills up a cup of water in his faucet, staring idly forwards. The glass begins to overflow with water until he finally notices.

WARREN

(voice-over)

Today... tomorrow... is there a...
what's the difference? Today and
tomorrow could just be a... a long
day... But they... why... just
'cause I slept a little in between?

Warren sits at his dining table, eating his feeble breakfast in extremely small bites while leaning over his journal and writing slowly.

WARREN

(voice-over)

When does today end? Maybe today is
just a part of yesterday... and
tomorrow will come... Is that what
I dreamt of? Today is yesterday...
and tomorrow skips today...

(CONTINUED)

Warren stops eating and stares down at his journal intently, with an almost confused expression on his face.

After a short moment, as the camera moves closer to his face, the familiar white noise comes back faintly. Once again, it builds, though it doesn't get very far. It's cut off by the sound of his metal spoon falling from being balanced against the edge of the bowl. The noise causes him to blink and stare at the spoon.

WARREN

(voice-over)

Maybe now... I could get some...
some work... done...

Slowly, Warren makes his way over to his desk, where there are still stacks of papers and various different writing utensils and art instruments. He sits down in his chair and stares over the contents of the desk for a time. He takes a pencil in his hand and looks as though he's going to start writing/drawing something. He pauses, and after a moment he drops the pencil. He closes his eyes and starts rubbing his face/eye with one of his hands.

8

NOVEMBER 4TH - GETTING OUTSIDE SOME

8

EXT. CITY STREETS, DAYTIME

Warren walks around the streets of his neighborhood, just looking generally dull and depressed. He stares down at the ground in front of him, for the most part.

Cars move past him in the streets, while buildings seem to drift back behind him. At one point he crosses the street without paying any attention. A car stops abruptly, to not hit him. It honks loudly, and he stops in the middle of the crossing. He slowly looks up at the car to his side, seemingly examining it, as if he's not entirely sure what's happening at this moment.

The car continues to honk as if the driver is leaning n the horn. Warren looks around for a moment and realizes that many people have stopped and are staring at him. Whenever he makes eye contact with any of them, quickly try to look away and go back to walking.

Finally, Warren moves out of the way of the car. He keeps mindlessly walking down the sidewalks before the same church he walked by in an earlier scene. The bell at the top tolls, causing him to stop and look up at the steeple. He stares at it for a time, slowly approaching the fence and gate that surrounds the church, gripping one of the bars in his hand. He stares intently for some time.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, a small CHILD runs around the corner and accidentally bumps into Warren. He takes a moment to take his gaze away from the steeple, but he eventually looks down and sees the child.

CHILD

Sorry.

Warren doesn't respond and simply stares at the child.

CHILD

Mister, are you okay?

A young woman, the child's MOTHER, comes around the corner and places her hand on his child's shoulder.

MOTHER

I told you not to run so far,
honey.

CHILD

Mommy, he looks tired.

The mother glances up at Warren briefly, who's still staring at them. She gets a look of near-panic on her face and starts speaking more briskly.

MOTHER

Come on honey, time to go now.

CHILD

Is he okay?

She starts to pull the child away from him.

MOTHER

Just leave him alone, sweetie.

CHILD

Does he need something?

MOTHER

Nothing we can give him, honey, now
come on.

The two get further and further away, but Warren watches them go, with that same near-confused look of his.

CHILD

Does he need help, Mommy?

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER

Not from us, honey. Just let him
be.

Warren continues to simply stare after them silently.

INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT

Warren is back in his apartment, sitting on his bed directly next to his nightstand. The clock reads 10:21 A.M., Nov. 4th. He's holding his hands up to his face, with his eyes shut tightly. After a moment, he closes one of his hands into a fist and begins beating it against his forehead repeatedly and aggressively.

When he finally stops, he keeps one of his hands on this head and takes the bottle of pills into his other hands. He dumps several (far too many) pills straight into his mouth and then falls into his bed. He stares straight up at the ceiling.

WARREN

(voice-over)

Happy birthday.

Warren's eyes close.

9

NOVEMBER 5TH - ENTRY #3

9

INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT

Warren lays in bed. His eyes stay closed for quite some time. His clock reads 1:07 A.M., Nov. 5th. Eventually, he opens his eyes. He slowly gets up out of bed and throws on a jacket.

EXT. CITY STREETS, NIGHTTIME

Warren walks down the streets, in the black of night. The sidewalks and streets surrounding him are damp and dripping, signifying that it rained once again, while he was asleep.

NOTE: The following sequence of voice-over plays over Warren walking down the streets while crosscutting with ambient shots of the city around him, as well as the sparse but present trees and plant life as he walks by it.

WARREN

(voice-over)

I dreamt of moss last night.
Moss... damp and soft... growing,
slowly... but surely... Green, and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WARREN (cont'd)
emerald, and jade... vibrant and
verdant, like the jungle... it
grows on rocks... and trees...
growing towards the north.

Warren walks through the street mindlessly, looking off into space.

WARREN
(voice-over)
Facing north. Facing forwards...
moving forwards. But trapped...
stuck there, in the jungle... no
way to escape. No way out... no
freedom...

At one point, Warren walks by the subway station near his apartment. He stops and stares at it for some time, contemplating whether to get on it.

WARREN
(voice-over)
Supposed to help... supposed to
help... help... Dr. Witten could
be... could be right... help... I
could use some help... the moss
could use some help...

Warren decides to not get on the subway, and begins to walk, much more quickly, in the other direction.

WARREN
(voice-over)
The moss was beautiful... in a sad
way... all alone. All by itself.
Beautiful and alone. All alone...
Glowing and brilliant. Like gems...
jade, emerald... I wrote that
already. Crystal moss... like
scales on a lizard... a shining
aurora underneath... instead of in
the sky...

Warren reaches the church, where he stops and stares once again at the steeple. He holds on the fence and drifts closer and closer to the gated entrance of the courtyard.

WARREN
(voice-over)
I am the moss... green and glowing,
shining and crystallized. Alone.
Brilliant, and beautiful, and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WARREN (cont'd)
 alone. My mind is the moss...
 facing north... facing ahead... but
 trapped... stuck... there's
 something out there... pry the moss
 free... something...

As he stares up at the steeple, the white noise, breathing, and heartbeat come back. It grows quickly and loudly, until being interrupted. Only this time, it isn't interrupted by a noise. The noise cuts off by itself, though the heart beats a couple more times after the noise stops. The white noise is interrupted when the screen

CUT TO BLACK

10 NOVEMBER 6TH - DRAWINGS OF MOSS

10

INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT

The room is dark, with the only sources of light coming from the street lights through the nighttime windows, and the dim lamp above the desk in the center of his room.

The clock on his nightstand reads 2:43 A.M., Nov. 6th. Warren is sitting at his desk, with papers littering the floor. Each one has splotches of green paint, pencil, watercolor, etc. He's staring down intently at the paper in front of him, covering it with green paint.

Warren seems much active, though he doesn't appear very awake. He's jittery and wide-eyed, and there are several empty coffee mugs on his desk, on the floor, and on the table in his kitchen. Next to the paper that he's already drawing on, his dream journal lies open, towards the ceiling.

WARREN
 (voice-over)
 Green... Lime... Olive... Forest...
 Jungle, Fern, Pine. Mint.

Warren scratches his face aggressively and then slides the drawing off to the side so that it falls to the floor. He takes another piece of paper from the stack and begins scribbling on it.

WARREN
 (voice-over)
 I need it right. All of them.
 They're all right. But they need
 more... something... missing...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WARREN (cont'd)
 green... Hunter... ranger...
 mantis... teal. Celadon? Pastel...
 Brunswick...

Warren slides the second paper off to the side, and once again pulls out a new one. He immediately starts drawing on it.

WARREN
 (voice-over)
 Something... mossy... I need to...
 There's moss. So much moss... how
 could I ever... ever paint all of
 it...

A gentle buzzing sound begins to play. Warren continues to scribble for a moment before he realizes it's his phone. Slowly, he removes his phone from his pocket, places it on the desk, and stares at it as it rings. The contract reads "Dr. Witten".

The phone continues to ring, without him answering. After a time, it stops ringing and goes to voicemail. Dr. Witten can be heard leaving a message.

DR. WITTEN
 (voicemail)
 Hey, Warren... I don't mean to
 bother you so late, but I... woke
 up, and I just couldn't help but
 get a little worried.

She pauses, and Warren faintly goes to reach for the phone but stops when she speaks again.

DR. WITTEN
 (voicemail)
 Hopefully, you didn't answer since
 you're asleep. I just... didn't
 hear from you at all since Monday,
 and I felt like I should make sure
 everything is fine.

She pauses again, and Warren picks up the phone. He stares at it, and she begins speaking it again.

DR. WITTEN
 (voicemail)
 I don't know... I just...
 (sighing)
 maybe I'm crazy, I don't know.
 (gives a small, half-chuckle)
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. WITTEN (cont'd)
Keep this up and maybe I should see
a therapist myself, huh? Well,
anyway... just call me back in the
morni-

Warren answers the phone, cutting her off mid-sentence.
Warren simply sits there, with the phone to his ear, for a
brief time.

DR. WITTEN
(phone)
...Warren? Warren, are you there?

WARREN
...I... yeah... I'm...

DR. WITTEN
(phone)
Jesus, did I wake you up? I'm
sorry, I shouldn't-

WARREN
No, no... I was... awake,
already...

DR. WITTEN
(phone)
Oh.
(sigh)
O-okay. What are you doing, then?
Why are you still awake?

WARREN
I was... art... I, uh... I was
painting some things...

DR. WITTEN
(phone)
Okay... Warren, it's really late...
have you... have you been sleeping?

WARREN
I... uh... I slept some... I took
some pills, that I got from the
pharmacy... to help...

DR. WITTEN
(phone)
When did you buy them?

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

...Monday... night. Monday night.

DR. WITTEN

(phone)

How many have you taken? Do you remember?

WARREN

I don't, uh... a few... I think...

DR. WITTEN

(phone)

Warren, when was the last time you slept?

WARREN

That was... that was Tuesday... during the day.

DR. WITTEN

(phone)

Tuesday... When, during the day? Around what time? Can you try to remember that, for me?

WARREN

From... I think around... uh, 11 in the morning, or so... until, midnight, or... or something...

DR. WITTEN

(phone)

(sighing heavily)

Warren... that's 24 hours since you last slept. Your setting a very unhealthy sleep pattern for yourself.

WARREN

But I finally... finally have something to... some art... I just need a... a little more...

DR. WITTEN

(phone)

I know, I know, but what you really need is sleep, Warren. Please, for your own sake, just take one of those pills and get some rest.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

I don't... I don't know, if... I,
uh...

DR. WITTEN

(phone)

(speaking slightly more firmly than usual) Okay, Warren, I need you to listen to me, please. You need your sleep. What I need you to do, what you need to do for yourself, is to take a break from what you're doing, and go to bed. In the morning, around noon or so, I'm going to come over to visit you. You can show me you've been working on, and we can work out the best way for you to keep a good sleep schedule, okay? Are you hearing me, Warren?

WARREN

I... uh... okay... okay.

DR. WITTEN

(phone)

Alright... good. Good. I'll see you tomorrow. Goodnight.

The phone hangs up, and Warren stares down at it for a moment.

WARREN

Yeah... night...

Warren slowly stands from his chair and stumbles towards his bed. He takes a couple of the pills and falls into bed. After a moment, his eyes begin to close.

11 NOVEMBER 6TH - DOCTOR'S VISIT

11

INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT

Warren is laying in his bed, still asleep. The clock at his side reads Nov. 6th, 11:57 A.M. There's no noise other than the sound of running water, like from a faucet. Slowly, the noise of the faucet builds, getting louder and louder.

After a few moments, a faint thumping can be heard in the background. As the water noise builds, the thumping increases in force, but remains muffled. When the noise of the faucet reaches a breaking point, it's suddenly cut off by a loud, clear knock on Warren's door.

(CONTINUED)

Warren is woken up by the knock. He looks into his kitchen and sees the sink, on and pouring water out of the faucet. He stares at it from his bed for a moment, until there's another knock on the door. He climbs from out of his bed and makes his way over to the door. He opens it to a slightly distressed-looking Dr. Witten. He stares at her for a moment without speaking.

DR. WITTEN

Warren?

Warren still doesn't respond, only seeming to stare through her as if he's already forgotten she's there.

DR. WITTEN

Warren- Warren, I called you last night? I told you I was coming around noon.

Warren looks back into his room and sees the clock. Now it reads Nov. 6th, 12:21 P.M. He looks back, looking down at his feet and furrowing his brow for a moment.

DR. WITTEN

...Do you remember?

WARREN

Y-yeah... right, yeah...

DR. WITTEN

Can... can I come in?

WARREN

Yeah, uh... sorry, yeah...

Warren opens the door fully and turns back to his apartment. Dr. Witten steps inside and takes a moment to look around. She notices the running faucet in his kitchen and gives Warren a worried look.

Warren notices and finally turns off the sink. Dr. Witten continues to watch him for a moment and then begins to look around his room. She makes her way over to the desk in the center and starts looking at the green scribbles that are littering the table and the floor.

DR. WITTEN

So is this what you were talking to me about?

WARREN

I... s-sorry, what?

DR. WITTEN
These, over here-

She lifts up one of the sheets, examining it.

DR. WITTEN
is this the art you've been working
on?

Warren suddenly gets an almost panicked look. He begins to act slightly overly protective of the art as if he wants to change the subject.

WARREN
Oh, that, uh... that's, n-not,
um... not finished... yet.

Dr. Witten looks back and forth between Warren and the pieces of paper for a moment, quickly identifying it as a source of discomfort for him.

DR. WITTEN
But it's what you've been working
on, no?

WARREN
I, uh... it's... yeah, but it's
not...

DR. WITTEN
Can you tell me about it?

WARREN
I don't... not, not... really...

DR. WITTEN
Are you sure? It might help you, to
talk about it.

WARREN
I... no, no... I don't think so.

She looks back down at the paper in her hand, before closing her eyes for a moment and placing it back on the desk. After that, she proceeds to look around the apartment again, taking in the mess and the emptiness.

DR. WITTEN
So, Warren, have you... have you
gotten out at all? Since our last
meeting?

WARREN

I, uh... a little, I... I guess.

DR. WITTEN

Do you mind if I ask what you did?

WARREN

I just, uh, just sort of...
walked...

She turns to look at him.

DR. WITTEN

You walked?

WARREN

Y-yeah...

DR. WITTEN

Anywhere in particular, or...?

WARREN

Just, y'know, around... and...
around the city, I guess.

DR. WITTEN

Alone?

WARREN

Myself and I...

She pauses at the small puddle in the corner of his room and looks up at the ceiling above it. As she speaks, she crouches over the puddle and gazes at it.

DR. WITTEN

Do you like walking, Warren?

WARREN

I- Uh... I think so...

DR. WITTEN

Do you know why?

WARREN

I think... it's just... I don't
know... calming, or... or
something.

DR. WITTEN

Hmm.

She stares down at the puddle for a short moment longer, then stands up straight.

(CONTINUED)

DR. WITTEN
Would you go out for one now?

WARREN
I... I guess...

She nods slightly.

DR. WITTEN
And would you mind if I came with?

WARREN
I... I mean... that's, uh... that'd
be fine.

DR. WITTEN
Okay. Then let's go.

The two make their way from Warren's apartment, moving down the steps of his building and exiting through the front door.

EXT. CITY STREETS, DAYTIME

As they begin to walk, Dr. Witten subtly lets Warren take the lead, while still maintaining his pace. She takes in the surroundings of the pathway that he takes her on, while Warren stares down at his feet the entire time.

After a short time of walking silently, Dr. Witten begins to talk again.

DR. WITTEN
You live in a very pretty
neighborhood.

WARREN
Mm.

DR. WITTEN
I remember when I moved to
Philadelphia, I wanted to live
around here.

WARREN
Hm.

DR. WITTEN
You grew up around here, didn't
you?

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

Mm.

DR. WITTEN

Warren?

WARREN

...Sorry, what?

DR. WITTEN

I asked if you grew up around here.

WARREN

I, um... yeah, I... I did...

DR. WITTEN

That must've been nice.

The two walk in silence for another moment and Dr. Witten looks over Warren.

DR. WITTEN

So, when you go on these walks...
do you go the same way? Do you ever
head anywhere, or...

Just as she asks this, they walk past the front of the church. She notices Warren slow down as he stares at the church, and she stops.

DR. WITTEN

That's a very pretty church.

WARREN

Doctor Witten?

DR. WITTEN

Yes?

WARREN

Are you religious?

She stares at the church for a short moment, seemingly thinking before responding.

DR. WITTEN

No. No, I don't think so. I'm
agnostic, I suppose you could say.

He stares up at the steeple.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

Hm.

DR. WITTEN

Are you?

WARREN

I...

Once again, white noise slowly fills the background. Warren continues to stare up at the steeple.

WARREN

I'm not sure...

The white noise is interrupted by a

CUT TO BLACK

12

NOVEMBER 7TH - A CHURCH IN THE NIGHT

12

INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT

Fade in from black to Warren laying in his bed, asleep. The clock next to him reads Nov. 7th, 1:43 A.M. After a brief moment, his eyes shoot wide open.

EXT. CITY STREETS, NIGHTTIME

Warren walks down the streets, heading straight towards the nearby church. He walks briskly and with purpose, staring straight ahead at the ground just a few feet in front of him. His surroundings pass by without so much as slightly distracting him.

He reaches the fence that surrounds the church and stops just in front of the gated entrance. He stares in, past the fence, for a time. Eventually, he begins to move, slowly opening the gateway and stepping into the courtyard. He makes his way to the entrance of the church, gripping onto the handles of the doorway and breathing heavily, before pushing them open and stepping inside.

INT. CHURCH

Upon entering, Warren gazes around the church, taking in his surroundings. There seems to be no one else inside but him, and after just looking around the room for some time, he takes a seat on one of the church pews. He's uncertain of what he's meant to do, and so he only sits in silence for a time.

(CONTINUED)

He briefly tries to shut his eyes, but after only a moment he opens them back up. He spends the next minute or so trying different things, such as shutting his eyes, bowing his head, etc, in an attempt to find some sort of religious connection within the church.

After sitting silently with his eyes shut for a small amount of time, he suddenly becomes aware of a noise coming from across the church. He looks up towards the noise, and sees a doorway partly open, with three people, dressed in priest attire, standing in it rustling with things. (FATHER GIORGINO, BROTHER DENNIS, and BROTHER ABRAHAM.) He begins to overhear faint fragments of conversation.

BROTHER DENNIS

(his speech is stilted and stuttered, frequently cutting himself off mid-sentence.)

I don't know- I don't know who he- what?

FATHER GIORGINO

(he sounds much more calm, cool, and collected. He speaks slowly and smoothly.)

He's just a visitor- just a regular church-goer.

BROTHER DENNIS

In the dead of night?

BROTHER ABRAHAM

(his voice is low and growling, with an aggressive undertone to it.)

We've gotta do something.

BROTHER DENNIS

Like- what do you- like what?

BROTHER ABRAHAM

Get rid of him-

FATHER GIORGINO

No, no. He doesn't know a thing. He hasn't even seen us yet.

BROTHER DENNIS

Well, he's- he's gonna- he'll, he'll hear us, for sure.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER GIORGINO

He'll hear what, three priests
talking? We're fine, it's fine.
I'll handle it.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

Then handle it.

As the men whisper from behind the door, Warren continues to sit there, one eye closed and the other open, staring towards them. Behind the doorway, he can see movement, large plastic bags being shifted around.

When the second priest opens up the door wider to step out, he briefly sees the other two. One of them is throwing more plastic bags onto a stack. The other is just standing there, and there's a faint glint of something black in his hands.

As the second priest steps out into the church, he turns to shut the door completely. After closing it, he turns to make his way over to Warren. The man is smiling a friendly, welcoming smile. As he approaches, Warren pretends that his eyes were closed, still.

FATHER GIORGINO

Hello? Sir?

Warren opens his eyes again and looks up at the priest in front of him. The priest speaks quickly and rapidly, often cutting himself off mid-sentence.

FATHER GIORGINO

Good evening. Is there anything you
need?

WARREN

(glancing around briefly)
...What?

FATHER GIORGINO

Could I be of service, to you?

WARREN

(looking around again, this
time more obviously)
...This is a... a church, right?

FATHER GIORGINO

(pausing for a moment)
Well, yes. It would be.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

Well... then... I'm just...
praying, then.

FATHER GIORGINO

Well, I guess it's only because
I've never seen you around here,
before.

WARREN

There's, uh... a first time, for
everything... I suppose.

FATHER GIORGINO

Well, I suppose. What did you say
your name was, again?

WARREN

...I didn't.

FATHER GIORGINO

Of course. But I only mean, could I
ask you your name?

WARREN

...Warren.

FATHER GIORGINO

Okay, Warren- Well, they call me
Father Giorgino.

Father Giorgino extends his hand as if to shake Warren's,
but Warren doesn't respond. Eventually, the Father drops his
hand hesitantly.

FATHER GIORGINO

Well. What made you come here
if you don't mind my asking?

WARREN

I don't... really... know. I
just... haven't really been
sleeping... well... I guess.

FATHER GIORGINO

And so what were you looking for
here?

WARREN

I guess... I just... I don't
know... I've been looking... all
over, for answers, I guess... and I
just ended up... ended up here.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER GIORGINO
I see. Well, maybe there's
something we could-

Warren shakes his head.

WARREN
I don't know... maybe this... maybe
this was a mistake...

Warren slowly begins to stand, when there's a loud clattering sound from the doorway. The door falls open, and a large stack of money tumbles through the doorway.

BROTHER DENNIS
Son of a bitch- son of a bitch!

While the first priest continues to curse in the background, the third priest looks up and sees the door opened with Warren staring right at them. Quickly, he lifts the object in his hands- a black pistol- and points it directly at Warren.

Quickly, before the third priest can fire, Father Giorgino yanks Warren close to him while pulling a wad of cash from his robes. He presses the money into Warrens' hands

FATHER GIORGINO
There's nothing- You saw nothing,
do you understand? Run.

He releases Warren from the grab and looks him directly in the eyes. Warren's expression is one of shock and surprise.

FATHER GIORGINO
Not. A. Word.

Warren walks hurriedly down the street, away from the church towards his apartment. He's glancing around, looking behind himself constantly. His eyes are wide and almost wild. His hands are deep in his jacket pockets.

Finally, he makes it back to his apartment, slamming the door and leaning back against it. He slowly slides onto the floor, breathing heavily. He stares at the ceiling, panting and wide-eyed, for a moment. Eventually, he takes the wad of cash from his pocket and stares down at it. His breathing slows and his eyes focus in.

He flips through the wad without counting it and realizes that it's all one hundred dollar bills. His breathing remains loud despite slowing down, and he simply stares at the money. After a few more breaths, he inhales heavily.

INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT

Warren is sleeping in his bed. After a moment, he suddenly bolts up from his bed, panting.

After sitting there and breathing for a time, Warren looks to the nightstand by his bed, which reads Nov. 7th, 5:01 P.M. He puts his hand to his forehead, looking down at his lap with an expression of confusion. After a moment, he looks down at his left hand and sees that he's gripping tightly the wad of cash from the night before.

When he sees the money, his expression shifts to one of more purpose and determination. For once, he seems to have a sense of direction in his face. He rises from bed, still clothed from the previous night, and moves towards his desk, still littered with his moss-drawings.

(The following voice-over is played over crosscut shots of Warren writing in his journal, and shots of him walking down the streets in the dark of night by himself.)

WARREN
(voice-over)
Last night, I dreamt of fire.

Warren sits at his desk, writing his notebook quickly.

WARREN
(voice-over)
Hot, burning, orange flames. They surrounded me, and I could feel them.

Warren walks down the nighttime street briskly, hands in his pocket.

WARREN
(voice-over)
Licking my sides, like wild dogs. I could smell the world melting around me, the boiling puddles of the city.

Warren sits at his desk, scribbling with orange and red pencils, brushes, etc. furiously. He scribbles over a sheet of paper for a few seconds, then slides it off to the side forcefully and begins scribbling on a new one.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN
(voice-over)
Molten ash breezes through the air
lost to the wind and the dust.

He walks down the streets still, now one hand out of his pocket, gripping something tightly.

WARREN
(voice-over)
I can taste the charred charcoal,
sizzling and popping like cackles
in the far-off night.

Warren stands at the side of a major road, staring out across a riverfront. He looks down to his hand, where he can be seen holding on the small bottle of sleeping pills he'd been taking.

WARREN
(voice-over)
I am the moss. Jade and Emerald
turn to ruby and obsidian in the
embers of the towering inferno that
once was my tree, my roots.

Warren lifts the bottle, pulls his arm back, and hurls the bottle of sleeping pills as far as he physically can into the river.

WARREN
(voice-over)
In the burning furnace, I come
away, loose from the bark beneath
me. From the blazing fury, I'm
free.

Warren stares straight off, breathing heavily with a piercing look in his eyes. Slowly, his breaths can be heard increasing in volume, and the same white noise can be heard returning, building very quickly. This time, the white noise increases to a single, persistence ringing noise, like the ringing in someone's ears preventing them from hearing. The noise carries over through the

CUT TO

14

NOVEMBER 8TH - GOODBYE, GOOD DOCTOR

14

EXT. CITY, DAYTIME

The PECO building can be seen, and it's scrolling lights at the top shows the time as 10:29 A.M. The persistent ringing is still playing, though it slowly begins to fade.

Warren stands directly in front of the doorway to Dr. Witten's building. He stares at the doorway for a time, that same piercing gaze replacing his old, tired expression. After a moment he pushes in the door and steps inside. (Upon his opening the door, the ringing has faded entirely.)

The waiting room of Dr. Witten's office, a young woman sits at a desk, KYLIE, doing some sort of paper filing or logging. After a moment, Warren barges in through the front entrance of the waiting room, walking quickly and with purpose.

The receptionist looks up from her work and sees him.

KYLIE

Warren? It's Saturday, what are-

WARREN

(speaking quickly and almost aggressively)

Is Dr. Witten in?

KYLIE

I- Um, yeah, she's just- just in her office, but you didn't-

Warren disregards what else she was about to say and walks on past her, straight back into the doctor's office.

He barges in through the door to see Dr. Witten sitting at her desk, looking over some paperwork. She glances up from her work, before stacking the papers back together and pushing them off to the side.

DR. WITTEN

(remaining calm)

Good morning, Warren.

WARREN

Doctor-

The receptionist comes up from behind Warren and interrupts him.

(CONTINUED)

KYLIE

W-Warren, you can't come back here
like this, you have to-

DR. WITTEN

(interrupting)

Kylie.

She puts up her hand, indicating to stop.

DR. WITTEN

It's okay. Go back to your work, I
can handle this.

Kylie stands there for a moment, looking from Dr. Witten
back to Warren, her gaze staying on him and looking him up
and down uncomfortably. After a moment, she turns and walks
out of the room, leaving just Warren and Dr. Witten alone.

Dr. Witten watches over Warren's shoulder as Kylie leaves,
while Warren stares straight at Dr. Witten. After a moment,
Dr. Witten interrupts the silence.

DR. WITTEN

Well, Warren, how can I help you?

WARREN

I was just thinking the same thing.

DR. WITTEN

Come in, let's talk.

She points at the door behind him.

DR. WITTEN

Close the door before we start if
you don't mind?

Warren turns and shuts the door, before stepping towards the
center of the room.

DR. WITTEN

So, what's on your mind, then?

Warren takes a deep, heavy breath, and starts speaking
harshly and slowly.

WARREN

So I've been thinking.

DR. WITTEN

Okay, what about?

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

How much of my time I can waste
with someone like you.

DR. WITTEN

(sighing)

Warren, if you don't mind me
asking- where's this come from?

Warren shakes his head.

WARREN

Doesn't matter.

DR. WITTEN

(brief, sad chuckle)

Trust me, Warren, I think it does.

Warren stands, tapping his foot quickly, a looks off to the side for a moment and takes a heavy breath through his nose. He looks back to the doctor and stares for a moment, before responding.

WARREN

Let's just say my mind isn't locked
down, anymore.

DR. WITTEN

Oh? And how did that come about?

WARREN

No- no, see, this is what I'm
talking about- you sit there and
you pretend like you know, like-
you know me, and like you're saving
me- like you're going to fix
everything.

DR. WITTEN

(sighing)

Warren, please, could you tell me
what happened, so I can try and
understand? I only want to help
you-

He shuts his eyes and grips the bridge of his nose tightly.

WARREN

No, I don't- stop it, I don't want
your help, I don't- just, stop.

(CONTINUED)

DR. WITTEN

Warren, I'm sorry, please. Where's all of this coming from? What made-

He opens his eyes and steps forward so that he's directly in front of her desk.

WARREN

Stop! All these questions- why do you have to-

He clenches his fists at his side and blinks tightly, taking another deep breath.

WARREN

I'm done. I'm done with your questions. No more. It's your turn. Your turn to answer my (pointing at his chest and emphasizing my) questions.

She sighs again, leaning back in her chair.

DR. WITTEN

Okay. Ask away.

WARREN

(pausing frequently)

What- what makes- what makes you think that- that you can fix all of my- that you- that you know me, or something, that you know all of my problems, that you know how to solve them?

She looks him up and down for a moment.

DR. WITTEN

Well, I have a PhD, I studied my craft for... for years of my life, and I've been working with you for the past year and a half- talking to you, listening to you, trying to help you- so I think that I might I know a thing or two, yes.

WARREN

N-no, no, because you think you know, you think you understand, but you- you don't- you don't get it- you don't see it...

He shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

You don't see it at all...

She glances around, confused.

DR. WITTEN

I don't see what?

Warren stares at her wide-eyed and mouth agape, saying nothing in response to her question.

DR. WITTEN

Warren? Warren, what are you talking about? What don't I see?

Warren shuts his mouth and clenches his fists as they shake. Suddenly, the white noise comes back, building very quickly. The sound of a heart thumping rapidly can be over the ringing.

The doctor's voice is drowned out by the noise before Warren finally interrupts it all by slamming his hands down onto the desk right in front of him and shouting. Dr. Witten jumps back in her chair a little.

WARREN

Anything! Anything... You don't see any... You don't see the way out of it. But I do... I see the fire, at the end of it all- and I'm free.

Dr. Witten stares back at him, eyes wide with surprise. She breathes quickly, as Warren stands back up straight and looks down at her.

WARREN

You think you know so much. But you don't... you don't know a thing.

He turns away from her, ready to walk away, before looking over his shoulder one last time.

WARREN

I'll see you in the forest, once...

He turns back towards the exit.

WARREN

Once it burns to the ground.

Warren begins to walk towards the doorway, into the hallway. After a moment, Dr. Witten stands up and starts calling after him.

(CONTINUED)

DR. WITTEN

Warre- Warren, wait- don't do this,
please- Warren! Warren!

Warren walks straight down the hallway, away from the office, ignoring the calls after him. He moves past the receptionist desk, who stares at him nervously, and steps into the elevator.

The elevator doors close in front of him, and when they shut completely there's a

CUT TO BLACK

15 NOVEMBER 8TH - JOINING A CHURCH

15

FADE IN FROM BLACK TO

INT. CHURCH

Warren is seated on one of the church pews, hands cupped together up against his mouth, staring at the door in the back of the church intently. He sits there, waiting, for a time, before finally, he hears a noise coming from where he's looking.

The sound of a doorway clicking open and closed, and then the shuffling and moving of objects can be heard. There's faint muttering from behind the door.

Warren begins tapping his foot, at first slowly but increasing in speed quickly, in anticipation. After waiting and staring for a while, he stands up and walks towards the door. He moves briskly, but carefully. He reaches the door and grips the handle tightly, taking a deep breath before opening it.

Inside, he comes face to face with five people dressed in religious attire. Three of them are recognizable as the same men from the night before. Of the two new people, one is dressed in fancier robes, with white and gold patterns lining it that suggest a higher religious rank. The other is a woman, dressed in a nun's attire.

The woman, SISTER MARIANA, and the man who held the gun last time both carried pistols in their hands. Father Giorgino and the new man, THE POPE in the golden robes were off to the side, seemingly talking in hushed tones. The last one of them was seated on the floor, pushing and moving large, clear plastic sacks filled with white powder into stacks.

(CONTINUED)

Next to the stacks, he could see multiple towers of boxes, the ones on top with open lids. Some of the open boxes had wads of cash in them, while others were filled with what seemed to be gold coins.

When he opens the door, everyone stops and stares wide-eyed at him for a moment, before the two with the guns point their weapons at him quickly. Before anyone can do anything, Father Giorgino quickly moves over in front of Warren and begins speaking in his same calm, off-putting friendly tone.

(BROTHER DENNIS remains seated on the floor for the entire scene.)

FATHER GIORGINO

Warren, you're back- (pausing and glancing around the room and behind Warren for a moment) Why are you here?

BROTHER DENNIS

(his voice is rushed and panicked)
What the fuck is this guy doing back here?!

SISTER MARIANA

(her voice is quick and demanding)
You know this guy?

BROTHER DENNIS

Yeah, we fuckin' know him, he could've- he was here and he- last night- and he almost fucked everything up!

BROTHER ABRAHAM

(his voice stays low and harsh)
He showed up last night, saw some of the shit. Giorgino gave him some cash, keep him quiet-

BROTHER DENNIS

Keep him quiet, keep him fuckin' quiet- yeah, really did a good fuckin' job with that- real good job with-

FATHER GIORGINO

Brother Dennis, be calm-

Father Giorgino turns partway and outstretches his hand.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER GIORGINO
Nothing's wrong just yet.
Everything's still alright-

He turns back to fully face Warren.

FATHER GIORGINO
Isn't that right, my good man?

Warren looks around the room for a moment, still taking in everything. Finally, his gaze meets with Father Giorgino's, and he lets out a deep breath.

WARREN
I... yeah, I... think so...

FATHER GIORGINO
See? Everything's just alright-
let's all just talk to one another,
yes?

He waves his outstretched arm towards the two with the firearms.

FATHER GIORGINO
Let's put away the weapons, just
for the time, alright?

After a moment of hesitation, BROTHER ABRAHAM lowers his gun, keeping his grip tight on it. Mariana keeps her's trained on Warren.

FATHER GIORGINO
Sister- Mariana, let's try not to
make our guest too uncomfortable,
yes? Put the gun away, would you
please?

Mariana glances back and forth between Warren and Father Giorgino, staring at them both for a moment, before finally lifting her gun back so it points to the ceiling.

FATHER GIORGINO
Thank you, dear. Now... Now we can
talk, more civilized, no?

He turns all of his attention back to Warren.

FATHER GIORGINO
So, why did you come back here,
Warren, hm?

WARREN

I... well, I... after I saw... last night, I thought...

Everyone in the room glances back and forth between one another silently, for a moment. After a minute, it's Dennis who breaks the silence.

BROTHER DENNIS

Hey, could you- could you fuckin' spit it out already? Fuckin' Christ, man-

SISTER MARIANA

(talking over him)

Hey!

BROTHER DENNIS

-if you're gonna-

He turns to Mariana.

BROTHER DENNIS

What? What'd I- I'm just tryin' to get- get him to fuckin' talk.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

Yeah, you're one to talk about stutters...

BROTHER DENNIS

Hey, could you- could you shut the fuck up, please?

Mariana huffs and grips the hilt of her gun tightly and visibly.

SISTER MARIANA

That's not-

(inhaling sharply)

You'd take the lords name-

She abruptly points to The Pope.

SISTER MARIANA

In front of The Pope, no less!

The Pope glances around the room quickly, eyes wide for a brief moment, before he calmly puts his hand together in front of him, shuts his eyes and nods his head to Mariana.

She huffs again and turns back to Dennis.

(CONTINUED)

SISTER MARIANA
 ...You're lucky he's so forgiving.

Dennis stares at him for a short while, saying nothing while giving her a subtle mixed look of disappointment and pity. He then turns back to Warren, shaking his head in exasperation.

BROTHER DENNIS
 So- so what're you- what'd you
 want, again?

Warren glances around the room, with the focus having returned to him.

WARREN
 I... I...

He closes his eyes, and then breaths in and out heavily, before opening his eyes back up.

WARREN
 I want to help- to join your- your
 operation.

Everyone in the room looks around the room, glancing at each other silently for a brief moment. Then, after a short bit, Dennis begins to laugh hysterically.

BROTHER DENNIS
 (constantly interrupting
 himself with laughter)
 You want-
 (laughing)
 You want to-
 (laughing)
 You want to try an'- an'-
 (laughing)
 Help us?!
 (laughing hysterically)
 Oh... you gotta be- you gotta be
 fuckin' kidding me, man-

He stops trying to speak for a moment, panting and placing his one hand on his forehead.

BROTHER DENNIS
 Totally fuckin' crazy, man...

BROTHER ABRAHAM
 I say we let 'im.

Dennis' face slowly turns from a hysterical smile to a frown of confusion.

(CONTINUED)

BROTHER DENNIS
You say- Excuse me?

FATHER GIORGINO
Brother Abraham?

BROTHER ABRAHAM
I say he should stay. Don't see any
harm. Coulda turned us in already,
'f he wanted.

BROTHER DENNIS
You- Abe, now- you can't be- be
fuckin' serious, right?

He blinks and shakes his head.

BROTHER DENNIS
Like, you're- you're fuckin' with
me, pullin' my leg- haha, Dennis
got tricked, now we- we- right?

He stares at Dennis coldly for a moment.

BROTHER ABRAHAM
I think he stays.

BROTHER DENNIS
You- you-

He glances around the room.

BROTHER DENNIS
Well, the rest of you- you aren't
considering- right, guys?

The room stays silent for a moment, as Dennis looks around
the room wildly, waiting for support.

FATHER GIORGINO
(smiling)
Perhaps he could make a good
addition, to our... operation.

BROTHER DENNIS
Oh, well, I'm glad that we- I'm
glad that we really are considering
being complete fucking idiots, now,
I'm glad that that's- that that's a
part of our repertoire, now.

Father Giorgino turns to Mariana.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER GIORGINO

And you?

She looks Warren up and down for a moment.

SISTER MARIANA

I accept whatever our Ear decides.

All of the attention of the room, including Warren's, turns to the man in the decorated garments. The man glances around the room, briefly looking almost panicked, before closing his eyes with his arms in front of him.

He tilts his head downwards, as if to pray, for a moment, before looking back. He nods towards Warren, and everyone else in the room turns back to Warren as well.

FATHER GIORGINO

The Speaker says it to be so-

SISTER MARIANA

Then that's the word from above.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

Then it's decided.

BROTHER DENNIS

(sighing, to himself)

Only one with any sense around here...

Abraham starts walking straight towards Warren, who begins to take a step back out of fear. Abraham reaches him quickly, though, and extends out a hand towards him.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

Welcome to the Children of Eden.

Warren looks down at Abraham's hand, staring at it for a while. Finally, he hesitantly lifts his own and takes Abraham's. Abraham shakes his hand firmly, and Warren is visibly shaken by the unexpected amount of force.

As the handshake ends, The Bishop bows his head with his eyes shut. The rest of them, excluding Dennis, raise their hand and gesture the sign of the cross while muttering in unison.

ALL (EXCLUDING DENNIS)

Welcome, brother.

(CONTINUED)

Dennis remains quite, looking at the floor and shaking his head. Mariana gives him a small kick, startling him back to attention. He quickly and carelessly gives the sign of the cross, while speaking nonchalantly.

BROTHER DENNIS

Yeah, welcome brother, and all that.

Mariana looks down at him distastefully, before looking back up towards Warren. She smirks, almost sinister.

SISTER MARIANA

Now it's time for the real initiation.

FATHER GIORGINO

Indeed. But it has to wait. Come back tomorrow. Tonight, we have to make our preparations.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

He'll need a gun.

BROTHER DENNIS

Are you- you're not- you really wanna fuckin' trust- trust this guy- we just fuckin' met- fuckin' seriously?!

FATHER GIORGINO

Of course.

He turns to Mariana.

FATHER GIORGINO

Sister, if you would be so kind.

SISTER MARIANA

(grinning wildly)

Gladly.

Mariana walks over to Warren, pulling out another pistol from her clothing behind her. She grips it by the barrel, forces it into Warren's hand, and draws in real close to him so that her face is just over his shoulder.

SISTER MARIANA

(quietly)

God's fires, in your hands-

She draws back, still grinning madly.

(CONTINUED)

SISTER MARIANA
Try not to burn yourself.

She starts backing away from him, still looking right at his face. He stares back at her for a time, before looking down at the gun in his hand. He stares down at it intently. His heartbeat can be heard beating slowly.

16 NOVEMBER 9TH - TARGET PRACTICE

16

INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT

Warren lays on the floor beside his bed, still gripping the gun tightly. He's leaning back against his nightstand, where his clock still sits. The time reads Nov. 9th, 3:23 A.M.

He stares down at the gun, turning it over in his hands, taking in every inch of it. Every so often, he flips the safety off and on again. He turns it until the barrel is facing towards him while holding it sideways. Slowly, he turns it upright and looks straight down the barrel, almost as if he's examining it. He starts repeatedly flipping the safety off and on over and over.

Abruptly he turns the gun away from himself, extends both his arms fully, and points the gun straight towards the walls. He takes aim, flips the safety off, and breaths in heavily. He holds his breath for a long while, before letting out one large breath, flipping the safety back on, and dropping his hands down to his legs.

He looks up towards the ceiling for a short while, before he drops his head and stares directly at the wall in front of him, returning to flipping the safety switch repeatedly. Slowly, all other noise drowns out and the sound of the safety switching grows louder and more distinct. After a time, the safety flips in time with the loud click.

17 NOVEMBER 9TH - INITIATION

17

INT. CHURCH

Warren stands in front of the main podium in the church, all of the lights darkened. The only illumination is from the candles that are around.

Behind the podium, The Pope stands with his eyes shut, looking towards the sky with his hands wrapped together in front of him. Down the steps from the podium, Dennis, Abraham, and Mariana stand hooded, holding candles in their hands.

(CONTINUED)

Mariana has her head dropped totally, Abraham can be seen half glancing up towards the ceremony, and Dennis is looking around at the floor randomly while tapping his foot impatiently. In front of Warren, Father Giorgino stands holding a candle, humming quietly. Slowly, he steps forwards to Warren, speaking quietly, but still loud enough for all to hear. As he speaks, he lifts his right hand, fist closed and thumb extended, and reaches is forwards to touch Warren.

FATHER GIORGINO

By the word of your brothers and sisters...

He presses his thumb to Warren's right shoulder.

FATHER GIORGINO

By the word of your fathers and mothers...

He presses his thumb to Warren's left shoulder.

FATHER GIORGINO

By the word of our Speaker and Listener...

He presses his thumb to Warren's chin.

FATHER GIORGINO

And by the word and grace of the good Lord above...

Father Giorgino takes his hand from Warren's forehead and brings it down to the candle, using his index and middle finger to pick up some of the melted wax. He raises the wax-covered fingers to just in front of Warren's forehead, before speaking again.

FATHER GIORGINO

I, Father Jeremiah Giorgino, the right hand of the Speaker and charged watcher of our safe haven, take you, Warren Luther, newly conceived follower of our great Lord...

He presses the wax against Warren's forehead, letting a small stream run down his head. Warren visibly cringes slightly from the burning but makes no noise.

FATHER GIORGINO

And baptize you in the great fires of the Heavens themselves, so that you may be reborn from the ashes a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FATHER GIORGINO (cont'd)
new, a join us in our crusade, as a
newborn Child of Eden.

He turns to face the other three standing behind him.

FATHER GIORGINO
Welcome our new brother, so that he
may see he is among his true
family.

Abraham, Mariana, and Dennis respond in synchronicity.
Abraham and Mariana keep their heads bowed, while Dennis
visibly rolls his eyes.

BROTHERS & SISTERS
Welcome, Brother Warren.

Behind Warren, The Pope raises his arms to the sky while
looking upwards, a lets out a low but loud hum. Giorgino
turns back to Warren and smiles, speaking while The Pope's
hum remains ongoing.

FATHER GIORGINO
It is done.

Warren sits in the back room of the church, seated on top of
some of the stack boxes. He's holding a cloth in his hand,
where some of the wax from his face was after he washed it
off. He stares down at the cloth absent-minded, before being
interrupted by the sound of Dennis' voice.

BROTHER DENNIS
Hey- Warren, hey- Harpo, quiet man-

Warren still looks down at his cloth for a moment, prompting
Dennis to impatiently snap his fingers in front of Warren's
face.

BROTHER DENNIS
Hey, you hear me? Frankenstein- I'm
talkin' to- are you- anybody home?

WARREN
(looking up to Dennis)
Sorry, I- what?

BROTHER DENNIS
Fuckin' final- hey, I'm trying to
tell you something.

WARREN

Yeah, what is-

BROTHER DENNIS

(interrupting)

So you're a part of the crew, and-
now, it's not like- so I don't
trust you, still, right?

Warren nods, but Dennis doesn't seem to pay attention to his response.

BROTHER DENNIS

So like, so- like it or not, right,
I- I'm, like stuck with you, so-

He puts his fingers to his forehead and looks down for a moment, shaking his head and sighing. He looks over to one of the boxes at his sides, and then reaches over and starts prying it open. While prying, he begins to speak again.

BROTHER DENNIS

But, you know, we're gonna- we've
gotten deal with each other, right?
Like, one way or another- we can't
be like, enemies, or whatever,
right, so-

He finally pops the box open after much effort and pulls out a big bag of white powder.

BROTHER DENNIS

So here I've got, a, a- a peace
offering, or whatever, you know- I
don't know what sorta shit you're
into, but like- to do whatever you
want with, and shit.

He hands the bag toward Warren, who simply stares down at it for a moment.

BROTHER DENNIS

'Cause, you, you know- down the
line, you know- we- we, we should
know that we've- we should know
who's got our backs, if we, if- if
we make any, uh, any, like, big
decisions, around what's going on,
or what's happening, an' shit-
right?

Dennis finally takes a breath and stops speaking for a moment. After a brief hesitation, Warren reaches out and grabs onto the bag.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

Yeah, right.

BROTHER DENNIS

Cool, cool- yeah, cool...

Dennis continues to mutter to himself, before turning and beginning to walk off. Warren looks after him as he walks away, before staring down at the bag of powder in his hands. He hefts the bag in his hand, half-tossing it upwards.

18

NOVEMBER 10TH - ENTRY #5

18

INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT

The bag slams down onto Warren's desk. He places a glass of water on the desk, and the tossing his jacket off. He takes a seat and dips a brush into the water.

His gaze is darting back and forth between the plastic bag and the paper, and he begins madly scribbling with the brush. He's attempting to cover every inch of the paper with white paint from his paintbrush.

WARREN

(voice-over)

White... gold... white and gold...
pure white-gold...

He tosses the now-covered paper off to the side, to fall among the stacks of all his other finished works. He immediately grabs another sheet of paper and repeats the process.

WARREN

(voice-over)

A gift... from a friend... cold and
dry... to do whatever...

He pauses his painting, staring at the bag. After a moment, he rips open the bag and snorts a small amount of cocaine off his finger.

He leans back in his chair and stares up at the ceiling.

WARREN

(voice-over)

Just a kicker. Coke powered
livings. A sort of... fuel.

He starts painting again, this time on the same white-painted paper as before, but now with an orange paintbrush.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN
 (voice-over)
 Fuel for me... and for the fire.
 Fan the flame, light the tinder.

He stops painting and stares down at the paper. Then he looks up at the bag, swallows, and his face becomes more determined. He stands up from his chair.

EXT. WARREN'S APARTMENT'S ROOF, DAYTIME

Warren walks out through a doorway onto his roof. The sky is gray, and glowing with the first lights of dawn. The metal door slams loudly behind him. He's carrying a trashcan in one hand, and some papers in the other.

WARREN
 (voice-over)
 Add fuel to the fire. Add fuel to
 the fire, and burn the old world
 away.

The trashcan sits on the ground, with flames coming out of it, with Warren standing in the background. RACK-FOCUS until Warren is in focus. Inside the fire are the white-covered pieces of paper.

Warren stands silently, staring down at the burning can. The pistol can be seen in his waistband, and a lighter is in his right hand. He's opening and closing the lighter repeatedly.

WARREN
 (voice-over)
 I can't be burned if I control the
 flame.

The crackling and clicking are abruptly cut off when there is a

CUT TO BLACK

19 NOVEMBER 10TH - PREPARATIONS

19

EXT. CHURCH ENTRANCE, DAYTIME

FADE-IN from black to Warren, leaning back against the fence outside the church in the evening time. He stands there, waiting, for a time, staring at his feet. He's blinking almost rapidly, completely spaced out from reality, until his phone begins to ring from his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

When the ringing starts, he jumps out of shock and stops blinking quite so quickly. He looks around himself almost wildly, as if he's remembering where he is. After another moment, he takes his phone from his pocket. The contact on the call reads Dr. Witten. He declines the call quickly.

After another short moment of standing and waiting, Abraham approaches him from the right, dressed in his priest garb. He comes in close to him, stops, and begins to speak.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

Brother Warren.

Warren stares back at him for a moment, before realizing he should respond.

WARREN

Y-yeah, uh... Abe, uh- brother-

Abraham raises his hand, indicating to stop. Then he begins walking forwards, motioning to Warren to follow.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

Look, kid, I don't know you, or any of the shit you believe.

Warren speeds up briefly, to catch up with Abraham to be at his side.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

I won't force you to believe in anything- just 'cause I believe in God above don't mean you have to. And between you an' me, Abe is just fine.

He stops in his tracks, prompting Warren to do the same after taking a couple more steps so that Warren is ahead of him looking back.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

Watch what you call everyone else, though.

He pauses, thinking, before tilting his head to the side.

BROTHER DENNIS

Well, 'sept (except) Dennis.

He lifts one hand up, index finger extended.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

Don't fuck up names in fronta the
Father.

(pausing)

Get me?

Warren looks him up and down for a moment, before swallowing
and nodding his head.

WARREN

Yeah, yeah... I get you.

Abraham looks him up and down briefly, nodding as well.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

Good...

He pauses, still nodding.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

Good.

The two turn to briefly begin walking forward again, before
Abraham stops him again, this time putting out his hand in
front of his chest.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

Oh, and whatever you do.

He leans forward slightly.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

Don't fuck with The Pope.
'Specially in front of Sister
Mariana.

He shakes his head slightly, sighing faintly.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

Hell hath no fury.

Warren looks back at him in the eye, before his eyes drop
down and he nods faintly.

WARREN

Yeah... right.

Abraham looks him up and down yet again, before turning and
walking forwards again. Warren looks after him, standing
still for a moment, before moving to follow and catch up
with him.

(CONTINUED)

The two walk in silence again for a short time, before they reach the back parking lot behind the church. Abraham pulls out a key and opens the gate, letting them into the lot and shutting the gate behind them.

The lot has only a couple of cars in it and has some trash that litters small parts of the ground. Otherwise, it's desolate aside from the two men standing in it. Warren looks around the lot briefly, until Abraham begins to walk again towards the back of the church.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

This's the church's rear entrance.
Where we come in after hauls. Safer
than just using the front.

WARREN

Right.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

The others' probably waitin',
already.

He begins to search for the right key for the doorway.

WARREN

Wait, uh...

Abraham turns to look at him, away from the keys. He stares at Warren, half expectantly and half confused. After a moment, he speaks.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

Yeah?

WARREN

I- uh...

He looks up at Abraham, then off to the ground to the side, with a thoughtful expression. He then looks back up to Abraham, his face almost slightly more confident.

WARREN

What do-
(pausing)
What do you believe?

Abraham sizes Warren up and then looks off towards the ground thoughtfully. After a moment, he smirks.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

All I know is that God is real... I
think.

(CONTINUED)

Abraham nods.

BROTHER ABRAHAM
And we've got pretty damn far
following Pope's words-

He looks back up at Warren.

BROTHER ABRAHAM
So who am I to say God's not
speakin' to the man?

He sizes up Warren again, and then nods and turns back to
the keys.

BROTHER ABRAHAM
C'mon, let's get movin'.

He finds the key and shoves it in the doorway.

BROTHER ABRAHAM
We got a run tonight-

Abraham turns his head to face Warren, expressionlessly.

BROTHER ABRAHAM
And you're gonna be on it.

20 NOVEMBER 10TH - NIGHTTIME RUNS

20

INT. CHURCH BACKROOM

The group all stands together making preparations, i.e.
loading and checking guns, putting on gloves, someone
shining a knife. The sound of clicking and rustling of all
of these items can be heard loudly.

NOTES: CROSS-CUT preparations with two people getting in a
van, starting up the car and beginning to drive out of the
lot behind the church. (ALL OF THIS FOOTAGE CONTINUES AS A
VOICE-OVER PLAYS OVER TOP)

FATHER GIORGINO
(voice-over)
There's a man downtown, waiting to
meet us- a new prospective
customer.

Mariana sits in the driver's seat of the van, driving the
vehicle, MOVING.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER GIORGINO

(voice-over)

We're going to need to send him a welcoming party.

Warren sits in the passenger's seat of the van, seat of the van, staring at his feet. He's holding his gun in his right hand, tapping it with his finger rapidly.

FATHER GIORGINO

(voice-over)

Seeing as how our newest member is still inexperienced in all of this...

Father Giorgino stands at the podium in the church, speaking, with the Pope standing silently behind him.

FATHER GIORGINO

(voice-over)

I believe it would be fair to send him along, don't we agree?

Father Giorgino smirks.

FATHER GIORGINO

(voice-over)

I expect to see great results from our newest brother.

Warren raps his fingers along the top of the barrel of his gun mindlessly.

FATHER GIORGINO

(voice-over)

Our newest patron isn't someone we've dealt with before. A friend of an associate of an associate, and so forth.

Mariana bops her head back and forth as if there's some sort of music playing in the van. (There is, we can't hear it yet over there non-dialectic audio)

FATHER GIORGINO

(voice-over)

So I'd like to ask caution, from the both of you. Brother Warren, try to not become too anxious over these dealings.

Warren stares off into space in the car, down towards the floor.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER GIORGINO
(voice-over)
And Sister Mariana...

Father Giorgino still stands at the podium.

FATHER GIORGINO
(voice-over)
Do try and stay relaxed. We all
know how...
(smiling)
Abrasive, you can be...

The non-dialectic audio builds in tension until it abruptly cuts off.

Warren and Mariana sit in the van. In its place, soft, classical music, possibly viola, can be heard from the van's speakers. Mariana still bops her head back and forth, in a manner that seems more intense than the music warrants.

After a moment, she glances off to the right and sees Warren staring blankly downwards, hand still fidgeting with his firearm. She reaches over and pokes him once, trying to get his attention. He doesn't respond, and so she reaches over again and pushes him slightly.

SISTER MARIANA
Hey.

He still doesn't respond, and she reaches over a third time, this time flicking him directly on his forehead.

SISTER MARIANA
Hey, guy.

After being flicked, Warren blinks and glances around slightly, before shaking his head slightly.

SISTER MARIANA
You still with me, buddy?

He looks up, directly at her. She glances back and forth between him and the road in front of them. His mouth is turned up into a grin.

WARREN
Yeah, I... uh...

She punches him in the shoulder lightly, before moving her hand back to the steering wheel.

(CONTINUED)

SISTER MARIANA

Relax, brother. You can put the heat away, you're making me all antsy.

She looks him up and down briefly and gives a small chuckle.

SISTER MARIANA

Not yet, anyway.

She turns back to the road, staring straight ahead. Warren continues to look at her for a short time, before glancing down at the gun in his hands.

SISTER MARIANA

Look, man, I get you're new, so just chill. Stay chill, and everything will be just cool.

She turns the corner and leans to the left, looking out the window.

SISTER MARIANA

Everything will be just... icy.

Warren looks at her again for a moment, and then slowly puts the gun into his waistband behind him, while looking out at the street ahead of them.

The van pulls up to the sidewalk and stops, and Mariana turns the key in the ignition, stopping the engine and the music. She looks around, out each window, before looking back over to Warren. She pushed her mouth to the side like she's thinking.

After a moment, she opens the door.

SISTER MARIANA

Well, c'mon. Let's get it done.

She steps out of the van, looking at Warren.

SISTER MARIANA

Like mom used to say, you'll never finish something unless you start.

She smirks at Warren, before shutting the door. He stares at the doorway after her for a moment, before slowly making his way out of the van. As he climbs out, he keeps on of his hands on the pistol the whole time.

EXT. CITY STREET ALLEYWAY, LATE EVENING

(CONTINUED)

The city street is barren and empty, with very little signs of people around. There are a few beaten cars parked around, and the sidewalks are cracked and broken. The street is littered with garbage. Just a few yards in front of where they parked, there's an alleyway leading to a dead end.

Warren slowly makes his way around the van, straggling behind Mariana slightly. As she reaches the alleyway, she turns around to look at him, gesturing for him to hurry up. After a moment, he picks up his pace and catches up with her.

He reaches her side and she smirks at him before turning to face down the alleyway. She begins to walk down the alley, with Warren just behind her. They reach the end, where there's a tall chainlink fence blocking the path. In front of the fence is a dumpster, and a lone man, unkempt and dressed in dirty and messy clothing.

Mariana stares the man down for a moment, while Warren stands behind her, glancing around randomly. His hand is still resting nervously on the handgun in his waistband. The man (THE BUYER) stares back at Mariana impatiently. After another moment, he begins to speak with an annoyed snap in his voice.

THE BUYER

So we gonna do this, or what?

Mariana smiles coldly before responding.

SISTER MARIANA

That's on you.

THE BUYER

Then let's fuckin' do it already.

SISTER MARIANA

Start it up, then.

THE BUYER

I'm not seein' any of the stuff.

SISTER MARIANA

We have it.

He grits his teeth.

THE BUYER

Let's see it.

She nods her head backward, towards the van.

(CONTINUED)

SISTER MARIANA
It's in the van.

He tilts his head, half squinting.

THE BUYER
Then go get it.

SISTER MARIANA
I wanna see the cash, first.

THE BUYER
Not until I know you got the shit.

She shakes her head while beginning to slowly walk toward him.

SISTER MARIANA
Mm-m, no, see- 'Cause I don't know
you. We-

She gestures between her self and Warren.

SISTER MARIANA
Don't know you. Dealing with you
when we don't know you- we call
that a favor.

She gets right up close to him before stopping, nodding towards him.

SISTER MARIANA
So you- you're gonna show us the
money-

She nods her head backward again, this time gesturing towards Warren.

SISTER MARIANA
Else my friend might get a little
jumpy.

Taking a small step back, the buyer glances between Mariana and Warren. He reaches into his back pocket, slowly pulling something out of it.

THE BUYER
Never heard shit 'bout a favor-

He presents a small golden coin, the exact same kind that was in the boxes at the church. Warren looks over Mariana's shoulder, trying to get a look at the coin.

THE BUYER

But I did hear that ya'll deal with
anyone who's got one of these.

Mariana glances down at the coin in his palm, lips half
pursed. She lifts her hand and takes the coin from his hand,
eying it up as she flips it in her fingers. After a moment
of examining it, she looks back at him.

SISTER MARIANA

Where'd you get this?

THE BUYER

A friend- same one you know me
through.

SISTER MARIANA

What's his name again?

He rolls his eyes.

THE BUYER

Deek.

She looks back to the coin, shaking it slightly in her hand
as she speaks.

SISTER MARIANA

Deek gave you this?

THE BUYER

That's what I said.

SISTER MARIANA

You sure?

He frowns and blinks slowly.

THE BUYER

Pretty fuckin' sure-

She interrupts him.

SISTER MARIANA

'Cause I know Deek- pretty damn
well, I'd like to think.

He grits his teeth again.

THE BUYER

So?

She looks over the coin again, sighing.

SISTER MARIANA

And Deek wasn't a kinda guy to give away his shit away for free- to anybody.

THE BUYER

Maybe I ain't just anybody.

SISTER MARIANA

Nah, see, cause Deek was kinda a clingy rat. Probably his biggest problem out of 'em all, honestly.

At this point, he begins to glance around nervously, as if looking for a way out.

THE BUYER

What're you-

SISTER MARIANA

Lemme ask you something.

He takes a deep breath.

THE BUYER

What?

SISTER MARIANA

Was Deek religious?

He steps back, slightly surprised.

THE BUYER

Huh?

Mariana takes a step forward.

SISTER MARIANA

Deek. Was he religious?

THE BUYER

I- uh- yeah, I mean- yeah he was kinda nutty- wore that- that big ass cross, 'round his neck, and-

Mariana stares into him, with a dry smirk.

SISTER MARIANA

Actually-

She drops her arm holding the coin down her side, taking another step forward.

(CONTINUED)

SISTER MARIANA

He did that cause he thought it
made us like 'im.

She tilts her head to the side.

SISTER MARIANA

Never met a man who hated religion
more than Deek did.

The Buyer has started looking around even more wildly, an
almost crazed look on his face.

SISTER MARIANA

So maybe we should try again-

She lifts the coin again.

SISTER MARIANA

How did you get this coin, exactly?

He looks straight at Mariana now.

THE BUYER

Fuck this-

He lunges forwards, knocking Mariana to his side. He quickly
pulls a switchblade out of his pocket, popping out the blade
and motioning to stab Mariana with it.

Just before he can reach over to hit her, there's a loud
gunshot as Warren shoots The Buyer directly in the chest. He
falls to the ground, motionless. Warren stares straight
forward, mouth agape, pistol still in his hand. There's a
loud ringing noise from the gunshot.

The noise slowly fades, as Mariana looks back at him, a wild
grin on her face.

SISTER MARIANA

Holy shit.

She stands up, straightening herself out, staring at Warren.
She performs the Sign of the Cross gesture while beginning
to speak.

SISTER MARIANA

God damn, man, I knew you we jumpy,
but I never thought you had it in
you- your first fucking time, too!

She looks down at the dead body of the Buyer next to her.

(CONTINUED)

SISTER MARIANA

Tsk, tsk tsk.

She kneels down next to him, searching through his pockets.

SISTER MARIANA

Shouldn't a fucked with a killer.

She looks back up at Warren for a moment, still smirking.

SISTER MARIANA

And damn if we don't got ourselves
a killer right here.

Warren continues to just stare straight forward, gun still pointed. After a moment, of searching, Mariana finds a small bundle of cash, which she flips through briefly. She stands up, looking at Warren again.

SISTER MARIANA

(chuckling)

You sure you've never done anything
like this before?

She glances around, before starting to walk hurriedly towards the van, out of the alleyway. She pauses when she reaches Warren, tapping him on the shoulder forcefully.

SISTER MARIANA

C'mon, killer- we gotta get outa
here. Someone might've heard.

Slowly, Warren snaps out of his trance, looking over to Mariana.

SISTER MARIANA

Let's go, huh?

He nods his head faintly, and the two head towards the van. Mariana starts off rushing, while Warren begins moving slowly and gains some speed as he runs.

They reach the van and climb inside. Mariana sits in the driver's seat, laughing and drumming on the steering wheel for a moment, before starting up the car.

SISTER MARIANA

That's some good shit right there,
man.

She accelerates, driving away from the scene quickly. Warren stares down at his lap, where he's still holding the gun. He stays expressionless until Mariana speaks again.

(CONTINUED)

SISTER MARIANA

Looks there's some fire in you,
after all.

Warren continues to stare at the gun, but upon hearing this, he smirks faintly.

21 NOVEMBER 11TH - CALLS FOR CELEBRATION

21

INT. CHURCH

Warren sits in the pews in the church's main area, with Mariana sitting to one side of him and Dennis sitting to his other. Abraham stands a few feet in front of them, leaning against the end of one of the pews with his arms crossed. Dennis is sitting on the inside, while Mariana sits closer to the end of the pew.

Mariana is talking excitedly, while Dennis is listening, laughing and in awe. Abraham stands in silence, with a faint grin on his face.

SISTER MARIANA

You wouldn't've believed it, man-
one second I'm being pushed to the
side and the next-

She mimes shooting a gun.

SISTER MARIANA

Bam! He's on the ground, and
Warren's just standing there- just
staring like he doesn't give a
fuck-

Dennis cackles.

BROTHER DENNIS

Holy shit, man- I'd never've- of
all the people- you- you- you
couldn't have paid me to guess-

SISTER MARIANA

Trust me, I know.

Dennis gives Warren a hard slap on the shoulder.

BROTHER DENNIS

Damn, man- you've got a- got a- a
real crazy fucker in you-

Warren just stares straight ahead at the pew in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

BROTHER DENNIS

Christ man, I take it- all that
shit that I- I take everything
back, man-

Mariana quickly gives Dennis a cold stare.

SISTER MARIANA

I told you not to-

Dennis quickly interrupts her with a dismissive hand wave.

BROTHER DENNIS

Right, right, whatever- lord's name
in vain, an' shit, and- it's- it's-
it doesn't- what matters is that
our Warren here-

Using his hand that's still on Warren's shoulder, he shakes
him softly.

BROTHER DENNIS

Is a real certifiable badass.

Abraham uncrosses his arms and interjects.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

Guess it seems that way, huh?

Dennis looks up to Abraham, shaking his head slightly.

BROTHER DENNIS

Seems that- seems- man, it doesn't
just- it doesn't fuckin' seem that
way, my man-

He turns back to Warren.

BROTHER DENNIS

We got our proof already.

A moment passes where they all sit in silence before Father
Giorgino steps into the church's main area from the
backroom. He approaches them slowly, with his usual friendly
smile.

FATHER GIORGINO

So, I understand you have big news
for us, yes?

Mariana quickly turns to Giorgino.

(CONTINUED)

SISTER MARIANA
Well, it's not so big, as much as
it's-

Dennis quickly interrupts her.

BROTHER DENNIS
You're damn right it's big news-
we- we- Warren got his- got his-
Warren got himself his first kill!

Father Giogino turns to Warren.

FATHER GIORGINO
Is that so? Well, then that is
exciting, isn't it?

He turns back to Mariana.

FATHER GIORGINO
And what of the job itself, good
sister? What was is that brought
the need to kill?

SISTER MARIANA
Well, this guy, he-

She performs the Sign of the Cross gesture while sighing.

SISTER MARIANA
I think he might've killed Deek,
stole some of his info- that's how
he got in contact with us.

FATHER GIORGINO
I see.

SISTER MARIANA
I confronted him, and he pulled a
knife-

She points with her thumb to Warren.

SISTER MARIANA
That's when newbie here busted 'im
up.

Father Giogino tilts his head slightly.

FATHER GIORGINO
Hm. And the payment?

Mariana starts to reach into her cloak.

SISTER MARIANA
Yeah, got it right here-

She pulls it out and reaches forward to hand it to Giorgino. He gestures to stop with one of his hands.

FATHER GIORGINO
Good. So he didn't die for nothing.

He begins to motion for Mariana to follow him and turns to Abraham.

FATHER GIORGINO
I'd like you and Brother Abraham to come back with me. The Pope and I have a potential job we'd like to discuss with you.

Dennis gestures between himself and Warren, interjecting.

BROTHER DENNIS
What about us, huh?

He looks around between Giorgino, Mariana, and Abraham.

BROTHER DENNIS
We just gonna- gonna- gonna forget about us? How about our new killer, huh?

Father Giorgino looks to Dennis, smiling softly.

FATHER GIORGINO
This job is better suited for just the two of them- Don't worry, Brother, we haven't forgotten you.

He looks over at Warren.

FATHER GIORGINO
And I'm sure there will be plenty of opportunity for our newest Brother in the future.

He gives a small nod, before turning and gesturing to Abraham and Mariana to follow, before beginning to walk towards the backroom. Abraham follows him closely. Mariana glances over at Warren next to her, before standing up and following the other two out.

Once the three exit the main room into the back, Dennis leans back into the pew, sighing.

(CONTINUED)

BROTHER DENNIS

Yep, there they go- as always.

Warren looks over at Dennis, questioningly. Dennis glances back at him before continuing.

BROTHER DENNIS

You'll get used to it- them and
their- their- makin' their plans,
without us-

Warren stares at Dennis for a moment, before responding.

WARREN

They exclude you often?

Dennis smiles sardonically while chuckling.

BROTHER DENNIS

Oh god, yeah. I- I- I'm never- it's
like the staple, not involving me.
(sighing)
Just how it- how it always is.

Warren furrows his brow faintly.

WARREN

But why?

Dennis looks him over for a moment, before turning to face him totally.

BROTHER DENNIS

Look, man, this is- this what I'm
tryin'- this is what I'm tryin' to
tell you, man-

He points over to the door to the backroom.

BROTHER DENNIS

You can't- those guys, you can't,
can't trust 'em, man- The Pope-
Giorgino, Mariana- they- they-

He shrugs.

BROTHER DENNIS

They're probably just lookin' for
the chance to fuck us, if it- if it
helps 'em, man.

Warren stares over at the back door for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN
What about Abraham?

Dennis looks at Warren for a moment, before sighing.

BROTHER DENNIS
Abe is- is- he's-

He pauses, putting his hand up to his temple like he's thinking.

BROTHER DENNIS
I'm not- not sure that he- if he,
y'know, like- believes any of that
God shit, and shit-

He looks back at Warren before continuing.

BROTHER DENNIS
But I think he goes- that goes
where the- the money's at, you-
y'know-

He shakes his head while raising his hands.

BROTHER DENNIS
I don't know, man, he could- he
could be trustworthy, but like-
like- I don't know.

Warren stares over at Dennis for another moment, before looking down at his hands ponderously. Dennis continues to speak, but his voice becomes muffled and quiet, as Warren stops listening. After a moment, his eyes dart straight in front of him.

22 NOVEMBER 11TH - ENTRY #6

22

INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT

Warren is seated on the floor of his apartment, which has become an utter mess. The floor is littered with pieces of his art, crumpled pieces of paper, laundry, etc. Some of the unused drywall has fallen onto the floor. His digital clock can be seen, tossed aside to the floor, with its interface broken and unreadable.

Near him, the bag of cocaine is open and spilling onto the floor. Warren is sniffing, rubbing his nose, and altogether acting in a manner that makes it clear he's been using large amounts of the drug. In one hand, he grips his gun tightly. In the other, he's holding a paintbrush, which he is using to paint wildly.

(CONTINUED)

He's using deep crimson paint to try and cover a sheet of paper wildly. Beside him, scattered around, are several other red writing utensils, from colored pencils to pens to various brushes and shades of paint- all of which are red. After a moment of painting, he slams fist (the one with the gun) in frustration, before crumpling the paper and tossing it to the side.

He begins speaking to himself.

WARREN

Gotta... gotta... I... I've
gotta...

He takes grabs another sheet of paper and starts scribbling on it with a different red writing tool.

WARREN

I'm so... so close... just... just
one more...

He stops scribbling, staring down at the piece. After a moment, he slides it off to the side angrily and throws the utensil off randomly.

WARREN

I need to finish... I need to...
to...

He grabs another paper and starts looking through all of the red writing tools.

WARREN

Just the... the right... the right
shade... I need...

He picks a tool and begins drawing again.

WARREN

I'm so... I need... just... then
everyone... every... they'll see...
they'll all...

He stops and quickly gives up on this piece, tearing it up and snaps the tool in half, yelling wildly through his teeth.

He stares down at the floor, panting. After a moment, he looks up at the wall across from him. He continues to pant, for a short while.

INT. CHURCH

Warren is seated on his own, in one of the pews. He's alone in the church at the moment, which is illuminated only by firelight, from the various candles. He stares down at the back of the pew directly in front of him, tapping his foot impatiently.

After a moment of sitting silently, the back door of the church swings open, and Father Giorgino walks in. He quickly spots Warren, bringing his trademark creepy smile to his face. He walks over to Warren and takes a seat next to him. Warren looks over at him, while Father Giorgino stares straight forward.

FATHER GIORGINO

So... I heard you wished to speak with me?

Warren's gaze drifts off for a moment, while he thinks. Then he looks back up at Father Giorgino.

WARREN

I... I need help, I think...

Father Giorgino tilts his head slightly, still smiling coldly and staring forwards.

FATHER GIORGINO

And what is it you need help with?

WARREN

I... with my... my art.

Father Giorgino glances over at him upon hearing this, though his expression remains the same.

FATHER GIORGINO

Really?

Warren nods slowly and faintly.

FATHER GIORGINO

Well, I'm surely no art expert, but perhaps I can assist you.

Warren breaths in and swallows, before speaking.

WARREN

I think I... need direction, I... do you think that... maybe... the Pope could... give me that?

(CONTINUED)

Father Giorgino narrows his eyes slightly, looking at Warren out of their corners.

FATHER GIORGINO

Oh, I'm not so sure- you see, the Pope is not simply some giver of advice- he's the great listener for our Lord. I'm not so sure you could enlist his aid.

Warren drops his head slightly, sighing and nodding. Father Giorgino turns to face him completely.

FATHER GIORGINO

But there may still be a way that I could help you- tell me, my brother- what is it you need?

Warren looks up at Father Giorgino, staring at him as he thinks. After a moment, he takes a deep breath and begins speaking.

WARREN

I need... I need to find the... the heart, of my piece. I need to... so I can bring it together...

He sighs, shaking his head.

WARREN

But I... I don't... no one will understand, without it... I need everyone to... to...

Father Giorgino puts one of his hands on Warren's shoulder, leaning in slightly.

FATHER GIORGINO

Dear brother... sometimes to find the heart- the soul- of something, you must first bring everything else together.

Warren furrows his brow slightly.

FATHER GIORGINO

Only through our bodies can we finally begin to understand our hearts. Perhaps you should begin with the body, rather than waiting for the heart?

Warren's gaze drifts off, brow still furrowed. After a moment, he begins to nod.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

I... maybe...

Father Giorgino smiles more widely, before standing.

FATHER GIORGINO

I have other things to attend to-
but I hope that I've helped. Best
of luck with your work. Perhaps you
can tell me when it finally comes
together.

Warren nods again.

WARREN

Yeah... yeah, right...

Father Giorgino bows his head, before turning and walking
away, leaving Warren alone once again. Just as Father
Giorgino enters the back room of the church, Dennis walks
in, directly up to Warren. He stares after Father Giorgino.

After a moment, he turns to Warren, who's staring off at the
ground quietly.

BROTHER DENNIS

Gettin' cozy with the Father, huh?
That's a- a, a- a pretty good idea,
huh-

Dennis nods while he speaks.

BROTHER DENNIS

Don't want 'im, uh- Don't want 'im
expecting, if and- and when we try
to- to- to turn the tables, on 'em.

Warren finally looks up at Dennis, clearly barely
registering what he was saying.

BROTHER DENNIS

Yeah, so- so I wanted to- to tell
you, I was- I was talkin' to Abe,
and, so, I'm not sure, 'cause I
haven't, y'know-

Dennis scratches the top of his head idly.

BROTHER DENNIS

Asked him, like, straight up, yet-
but I'm thinkin', uh- I'm thinkin'
he'd be on- on our side, if- if- if
we just did a little convincing.

(CONTINUED)

Warren continues to stare at Dennis silently.

BROTHER DENNIS

Just- we're just gonna- let's just
keep our eyes out for now, alright?
We're not- we can't pull anything,
just yet.

Dennis clasps his hands together, one of them covering the clenched fist of the other one.

BROTHER DENNIS

I'm gonna see, if- if- if we can't
set something up soon, though.

He glances around for a moment as if he's nervous they're being watched.

BROTHER DENNIS

Just- just watch out, alright?

He stares at Warren for another moment, quietly. Then he nods his head for a moment longer, turning to walk away. He can be heard half mumbling as he makes his way to the back of the church.

Warren continues to sit in pure silence for a moment, staring right where Dennis was standing a moment ago. He looks off into space, with seeming no reaction to anything that he was just told.

Suddenly, the pulsating heartbeat and white noise begin to build. It builds quickly, as Warren continues to stare in the same direction. As the noise reaches its climax, Warren finally looks upwards, straight ahead.

INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT

Warren bursts into his apartment, slamming his door harshly. Breathing heavily and quickly, he rushes through his room, straight over to the messy art studio, where all of his artwork is still scattered on the floor.

Warren starts picking up the pieces of paper, gathering them all together madly. He stops for a moment when he nears the small bag of cocaine, still laying on the floor. He bends over, pushing his finger into the bag, and snorting some of the cocaine off of his finger.

He stands quietly for a moment, eyes shut and his head tilted upwards. Then he shivers, opening his eyes and quickly returning to his maddened state. He continues to pick up the artwork off of the floor until his hands are full.

He looks around the room wildly, before placing all of the drawings and paintings onto the floor just underneath his now unused clothesline. He rips his sheets from his bed, tossing it over the clothesline. He begins to use thumbtacks to pin individual works of his art onto the hanging sheet.

There's seemingly no rhyme nor reason to the way he places each of the pieces. After a while, the sheet is virtually covered with the artwork, save for the very center. He steps back from the sheet, looking it over before his eyes settle on the empty center.

He walks up to it, putting his hand to the center. He stares at it for a moment, before feeling his phone vibrate from his pocket. He pulls it out and reads that the incoming call is from Dr. Witten. He shouts angrily, throwing it at the wall. He grabs his own head as he moves over to the unused drywall, kicking and stomping on it, breaking it to pieces.

After a moment, he falls to the ground panting. He stares up at his unfinished artwork.

WARREN

The heart of...

He rubs his forehead and closes his eyes.

WARREN

I... just need to... to...

His arm drops to his side.

WARREN

Find the... the...

His voice fades out as his head droops to the side, falling unconscious.

25

NOVEMBER ??TH - CONFRONTING TRUTH

25

EXT. CHURCH, DAYTIME

Warren stares at the church from across the street. He stands with his hood over his head, waiting silently. After waiting a short bit, he sees Father Giorgino and Sister Mariana exit the front of the church.

(CONTINUED)

He quickly makes his way to the back entrance of the church. He enters the backroom, where the Pope is standing by himself. He's facing the away from Warren, so Warren makes it halfway through the room before clearing his throat.

The Pope turns, eyes widened briefly. The two stare at each other silently for a moment, before Warren begins to speak. His voice comes out shaky but aggressive.

WARREN

You're- you're gonna give me-
you're gonna give me the truth.

The Pope tilts his head questioningly.

WARREN

No more hiding be- behind your
puppets.

The Pope furrows his brow, glancing around for a moment.

WARREN

You have- have answers to my- and
you're gonna show them to me.

The Pope begins to raise one of his hands as if to calm Warren.

WARREN

St- stop. You're supposed to be
some kind of- some kind of Speaker,
right?

He clenches his fists.

WARREN

Well, how about you Speak- show me
the answers to- to the heart of- of
all of it.

The Pope raises his other hand, both of them now up.

WARREN

Well? Come on!

The Pope responds through gritted teeth.

THE POPE

(His voice is ratty and high
pitched)

It's all fucking fake, man.

Warren goes wide-eyed, staring back.

WARREN

I-it... what?

The Pope glances around as if worried someone is listening.

THE POPE

Look, man, it's a lie, alright?
It's not for real. I can't fucking
speak to God.

Warren blinks a few times, mouth agape.

WARREN

You... you're just pretending?

THE POPE

I, uh... yeah. But it's-

Warren interrupts him.

WARREN

Who knows about this?

THE POPE

Almost no one, but look, it doesn't
really matter. We've gotten this
far so far, right?

Warren blinks and starts staring off at the ground.

THE POPE

Look, just don't fucking tell
everyone, alright? The whole
operation will fall right the fuck
apart if they find out.

Warren continues to blink and look off into space silently.

THE POPE

Hey- can you do that, man?

Still no response.

THE POPE

Are you-

Warren suddenly draws his pistol from his waistband,
pointing it straight at the Pope. The Pope throws his hands
straight up and retracts quickly.

THE POPE

Jesus Christ! What are you-

Warren interrupts him, shouting.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

You lied... you- you lied to all of them.

The Pope responds with a panicked tone.

THE POPE

Look, man, I'm just-

WARREN

You took what they... the things they believed in... and you...

THE POPE

I wasn't trying to-

WARREN

Shut up.

THE POPE

I never meant to abuse them, I was just- I mean, look how much we've done! And where'd we be if-

WARREN

Shut the fuck up!

As Warren shouts, the back door swings open. Sister Mariana and Father Giorgino step inside. Warren quickly turns and points his gun at them.

Father Giorgino raises his hands calmly and silently, smiling softly. Sister Mariana stares angrily, pointing her gun at Warren quickly.

SISTER MARIANA

Warren, what in the-

Father Giorgino waves one of his hands towards her, silencing her. Still facing Warren, he begins to speak.

FATHER GIORGINO

Brother Warren, is something wrong, here?

Warren stares at the both of them silently, pointing his gun back and forth between Mariana and Giorgino.

FATHER GIORGINO

Come now, Warren- we can't help you if you don't speak with us.

(CONTINUED)

Warren glances over at the Pope, who's still holding his hands up and looking around panicked. Warren takes a deep breath before looking at Father Giorgino and responding.

WARREN

That's what you want us to- what you want us to think, huh? That you can- can- can help us, somehow?

Father Giorgino takes a small step forward.

FATHER GIORGINO

Warren, why don't you-

Warren points his gun at Father Giorgino, now keeping it directly on him exclusively. His hands are shaking.

WARREN

(emphasizing the word help
sarcastically)

Stop- stop it. You people- everyone- what is it with everyone and trying to- to- to help me?

Father Giorgino takes another step forward, and Warren thrusts the gun forward slightly, as a warning.

WARREN

You all think- you think you can- can- can control me? That I'm just your- your puppet?

Father Giorgino takes another step forward, and just then the door to the church swings open behind Warren. Standing in the doorway is Abraham, with Dennis slightly visible behind him. Dennis is carrying several boxes in his arm.

BROTHER DENNIS

Holy shit!

Abraham stares directly at Warren silently. Slowly, he reaches for his pistol at his waist. Warren glances behind himself to see Abraham and Dennis but keeps his gun trained on the Father.

SISTER MARIANA

Enough of this shit, Warren. Drop it.

Father Giorgino takes another step toward Warren, hands slowly lowering.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER GIORGINO
Come now, Brother- why don't you
speak to us, rather than this
nonsense?

Warren swallows heavily, glancing around the room.

WARREN
You want to- to know what's wrong?
You want to- to- to-

FATHER GIORGINO
Yes, I think I would.

Father Giorgino takes another step forward.

WARREN
Your- your- your listener, your-
your Pope, is- is a fucking liar,
that's- that's what's wrong.

Father Giorgino takes another step.

FATHER GIORGINO
And what makes you think that?

WARREN
He can- he can speak, and he- he
told me so-

Abraham raises his eyebrow, hand resting on his gun.

SISTER MARIANA
Bullshit!

Father Giorgino half turns to Mariana, waving his hand
again.

FATHER GIORGINO
Sister, let's remain calm, yes?

He turns back to Warren.

FATHER GIORGINO
This is a rather bold accusation,
dear brother. I trust that you have
some proof if you'd say such
things?

WARREN
Tell them. Tell them you can speak.

The Pope remains silent as all eyes turn to him. He puts his
hands up, half shrugging.

(CONTINUED)

Warren quickly spins to face the Pope, pointing his gun straight at him.

WARREN

Tell them!

THE POPE

Alright, alright!

Sister Mariana grits her teeth, glancing over at the Pope. Abraham furrows his brow. Father Giorgino sighs quietly, rolling his eyes slightly. Warren turns back to Father Giorgino, aiming at him once again.

FATHER GIORGINO

So he can speak. That doesn't mean-

WARREN

How could- how could it now, you-
he- he pretended, and you still-

Warrens eyes widen in realization.

FATHER GIORGINO

But he may not necessarily-

WARREN

You knew.

Father Giorgino tilts his head questioningly.

FATHER GIORGINO

I'm not sure what you're-

WARREN

This whole time, and you- you knew!
You just let him- helped him
abuse... you knew!

FATHER GIORGINO

Now, Warren, listen to me-

Abraham draws his own pistol, pointing it at Mariana. She looks over at him, surprised.

SISTER MARIANA

What are you doing?

Warren looks at Sister Mariana with a face of shock.

WARREN

You're- you're still falling for
this?

Mariana keeps her teeth gritted. For a moment her eyes drop to the ground. Her arms lower slightly out of hesitation. Then, after another moment, she raises her arms again, looking back up at Warren and swallowing.

SISTER MARIANA

S-so he can speak. Doesn't prove
shit.

WARREN

Y-you- how can you just...

He turns his head back to the Father. Slowly, white noise begins to build up in the background. The sound of Warren's pulsing heartbeat fades in from silence. The Father speaks, but his voice is getting drowned out.

FATHER GIORGINO

Brother, why don't we just try and
relax, clearly there's been some
kind of-

Just as the noise reaches a climax, Warren fires off his gun, ending the noise completely. Dennis can be heard dropping the boxes he was carrying. He yells out panicked as he runs away.

BROTHER DENNIS

(voice fading out as he gets
further away)

Holy shit! Shit, holy- Jesus
Christ, mother-

Father Giorgino stares forward with his mouth agape, before looking down at his torso. After a moment, he looks back up at Warren.

The Father falls forwards to the ground, dead. Another second passes before Sister Mariana fires off her own gun. Warren falls to the ground, clutching the side of his abdomen. A split second after Warren's shot, two more gunshots ring out.

Mariana falls to the ground across from Warren, a bullet in her forehead. The Pope attempts to hide in the corner, shaking and covering himself feebly with his hands. A moment passes before Abraham walks over to stand above Warren. His hand clutches the side of his neck, blood leaking out.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

Go.

Warren looks at him, confused.

BROTHER ABRAHAM

Get outta here. 'fore someone else comes around.

Warren looks around, unable to focus. After a moment, he nods and slowly gets to his feet. He turns around towards the door, still looking around wildly. After a moment, he looks over at Abraham, who's already beginning to move the bodies. Warren stares at him aimlessly for a moment, before walking quickly through the door.

26

NOVEMBER ??TH - THE HEART OF THE ART

26

EXT. STREETS, DAY

Warren rushes down the street, pale and wild-eyed. He looks around paranoidly, still clutching his side as blood flows out slowly. In his other hand, he still grips his gun tightly.

He reaches the front door to his building, pushing it open harshly. He walks through without closing it. He climbs the steps and reaches his own front door, which he practically falls through. He doesn't bother closing it either.

He stumbles around his room, uncertain of what to do. In the corner of his room, his phone vibrates quietly. The cracked and broken screen reads "Dr. Witten" as the contact.

He steps through the papers on the floor aimlessly for a moment, panting and breathing heavily. Eventually, he stops right in front of his large piece of art on the bed sheet. He stares straight at the empty center, reaching out towards it slightly.

WARREN

(voice-over)

The heart...

The phone on the floor stops ringing, and the notifications read "11 Missed Calls From Dr. Witten".

WARREN

(voice-over)

The heart of the... of the...

He lowers his hand, putting it back to his side.

WARREN

(voice-over)

The key to... everything...

He glances down at his gun, then looks back at the art.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

Me.

He suddenly turns sideways, so that his head is parallel to the empty spot on the sheet. He raises the pistol to the side of his cheek quickly. A moment passes, and he takes one long, heavy breath. Another moment passes, and he fires the gun. In synchronicity with the gunshot, there is a

CUT TO BLACK

27

NOVEMBER ??TH - MENTAL HELP

27

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, DAY

Warren is lying face up in the hospital bed. Despite his wounds, he's wearing no sort of bandaging. To one side of him, Dr. Witten sits silently, hands in her lap and head dropped before her.

Slowly, Warren's eyes flutter open, He glances over to his other side, where there's a bedside table with a clock. The clock is broken, the numbers for the time being just a random set of digital lines. The date above reads 11/3, though the year is also distorted.

He doesn't seem to notice, turning over to his other side. Dr. Witten's head raises, her eyes opening up. She appears concerned, but after a moment, her mouth turns into a soft, small smile.

Warren blinks, putting his hand to his head and rubbing. Slowly, he sits up.

WARREN

Hey, Doc.

She lets out a small breath from her nose.

DR. WITTEN

Hello, Warren.

Warren looks around the room for a moment, before turning back to her.

WARREN

Funny meeting you here.

She gives a faint half-chuckle.

(CONTINUED)

DR. WITTEN
Yeah, I guess so.

WARREN
So.

Dr. Witten nods faintly.

DR. WITTEN
So...?

WARREN
I think that I maybe need some
mental help, huh?

Dr. Witten laughs softly.

DR. WITTEN
I think I, uh... I think I could
help with that.

The two sit silently for another moment.

DR. WITTEN
So, uh... same times? Monday
mornings?

WARREN
Actually, I was thinking maybe
later in the day. Let myself sleep
a little more.

DR. WITTEN
I think we could work something
like that out.

WARREN
Especially if I decide to do more
than once a week.

DR. WITTEN
Right.

WARREN
Thank you.

She shakes her head, smiling.

DR. WITTEN
Just doing my job.

Warren looks up towards the ceiling, thinking.

WARREN

A job.

After a moment, he turns back to Dr. Witten, smiling.

WARREN

Maybe I should get myself one of those. At least for now.

Dr. Witten nods, eyes closed. She lets out a relieved sigh.

DR. WITTEN

I think I like that idea.

The two sit silently for another moment. After a short time, there's a slow

FADE TO BLACK

28

AMERICAN STREET

28

EXT. WARREN'S STREET

Fade in from black to the green sign reading American Street.

INT. WARREN'S APARTMENT.

Warren's apartment sits silently. He can't be seen inside it, presently. The walls appear to be fixed, covered in drywall. The sheet with the art is gone. There's no sign of any of the things that have happened. In the center of the room, his desk sits with its seat empty.

FADE TO BLACK