

MADNESS

By

Clemente Esparza, II

An original story created by Clemente Esparza, II

Based on characters created by
Clemente Esparza, II and Isaiah Arcila.

WGA # 2152362

408-794-8672

Email:

bonesawmcgraw1989@gmail.com

Instagram: @Bright_Sun_Studio

Twitter: @brightsunstudio

FADE IN:

EXT. EMPTY DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

SUPER: 3:33 AM, FOG CITY, CALIFORNIA

A man sprints down the deserted downtown street; store fronts with 'Closed' signs hanging in the windows, and neon bar lights buzz. The traffic lights above him blink on and off as the reflection of the red lights glimmer on the wet asphalt. The redwoods loom in the background, towering over the small coastal town.

ADRIAN, early 30's, dressed in a black hoodie, faded black jeans and a black knit beanie, swings his arms; huffing and puffing. Keys jingle loudly as his black and white sneakers stamp down onto the wet asphalt, kicking up water with every step.

He is running away from something.

ADRIAN
(gasping)
Oh-- Shit!

The bright sign of hotel catches his attention. It reads, 'FOG CITY HOTEL'. His breath hangs in the frigid post-rain air as he races to the hotel's entrance.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Adrian stampedes down the street as the entrance of the hotel is growing closer with every step, his hands desperately reach for the door handles.

He crashes into the heavy wooden doors of the hotel and crumbles to the pavement. One hand grips onto the door handle and the other holds onto his midsection.

As he hangs from the door handle, he catches his breath.

ADRIAN
(gasping)
Holy-- Fuck!

Adrian uses all of his strength to pull himself up to his feet. Exhausted, he stumbles as he yanks open the door. He winces, holding his side.

The door slowly closes behind him.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Out of breath - Adrian trots into the hotel lobby as he looks around in hopes of spotting an employee or another visitor. The hotel is modern for being in a small city.

ADRIAN

I need some help! Hello? Is anybody here?

The front desk sits empty with a large illuminated fish tank right behind the seats. An assortment of exotic fish aimlessly float.

To his right, a coffee table sits in the middle of two small sofas. Adrian staggers over and throws himself into one of the sofas.

Adrian winces as he grabs onto his side. He slouches on the sofa.

The lobby is empty but well lit.

ADRIAN

Hello?!

Adrian adjusts himself to sit up.

ADRIAN

Ah, damn... Is anybody here?! I need some fuckin' help!

He glances around, waiting for a response.

Suddenly, the front desk telephone blares loudly. Adrian is startled by the sudden noise.

He peels himself from the sofa and hurries over to the front desk. He snatches the telephone and brings it up to his ear.

ADRIAN

Hey - Hello?!

No response on the other end.

Frustrated, Adrian slams the telephone down.

ADRIAN

(to himself)

Fuck, man!

He leans against the front desk for a moment.

ADRIAN
(to himself)
Someone's gotta be around...

INT. HOTEL GROUND FLOOR: HALLWAY - NIGHT

Adrian trudges aimlessly down the hallway, coughing every so often. As he ambles along, he gazes at the towering ceilings above him.

The height is disorienting.

He stumbles but catches himself on a water fountain.

As he makes his way passed the elevators - still, not a single soul in sight.

ADRIAN
Is anyone fuckin' here? Hello?!

Soft, yet haunting - piano music plays from the hotel speakers over head.

He continues on.

Adrian comes up to the glowing neon sign situated above a door way that reads, 'FOG CITY: HOTEL TAVERN'.

Local sports team banners hang in the windows of the tavern. FOGVIEW MARAUDERS CHAMPS 2018-2019, BAYSHORE BOARS CHAMPS 2016-2017. The banners block the view into the tavern.

He shrugs in agreement.

ADRIAN
(to himself)
Well, I mean... sure.

INT. FOG CITY TAVERN - NIGHT

Adrian saunters into the tavern - he is greeted by a bar top that stretches the entire length of the tavern. He is astonished by the copious selection of liquor bottles glisten as they are backlit by orange lights.

He struggles to catch his reflection in the long mirror behind the orange glow of bottles as he squints.

Suddenly, a shapeless black mass rushes behind him.

He spins around in a hurry.

ADRIAN

Oh fuck-- Who's there? Hello?

Adrian stands in wait for a moment.

The tavern is still as the haunting piano music plays in the hallway outside of the tavern.

He brings both of his hands up to his face and attempts to shake off his stress.

ADRIAN

(to himself, frustrated)

This fuckin' town sucks, man! Fuck!

Still jumpy, he reacts to the faint sound of CLINKING glassware.

ADRIAN

Hey, who the fuck is in here? C'mon, come out, now! I'm not playing with this shit anymore...

He stands in front of the bar top.

A beat.

Now, Irritated, Adrian stomps behind the bar top and grabs a bottle of whiskey. With the bottle clenched in his fist, he makes his way back to the front of the bar top.

As he gazes around the empty tavern, Adrian twists the cap off of the bottle of whiskey and tosses it onto the bar top.

The bottle cap rolls off the opposite side of the bar. Adrian brings the bottle up to his lips and takes a huge gulp of whiskey.

A hard swallow.

He coughs.

ADRIAN

(to himself)

Oh-- Damn... That shit is good. It's been a while.

He wipes his mouth with the sleeve of his hoodie.

Another gulp.

BARTENDER (O.S)

I see that you are enjoying yourself,
Sir.

Adrian chokes on the mouthful of whiskey. He spits - it
sprays all over the bar top.

He coughs violently.

With droplets of whiskey all over his face, Adrian stares at
the man standing behind the bar.

ADRIAN

(coughing)

Wh--where did you come from?!

The BARTENDER, an older man, maybe in his early 60's, slender
and tall, stands patiently with both hands on the bar. He's
nicely dressed; a red vest and tie contrast the black long
sleeve button down shirt. His jet black hair is slicked back.

He glares at Adrian.

BARTENDER

Are you alright, Sir? You seem quite
tense. Is everything okay?

Adrian is frozen in place as he clenches the bottle of
whiskey.

ADRIAN

Who-- Wh-- Where is everyone? Why is
nobody around?

The bartender calmly gestures for Adrian to take a seat.

He stares at Adrian.

ADRIAN

No, I don't wanna take a fucking seat!
Where the hell is everyone? Why is
nobody in this town? Tell me!

BARTENDER

Well, sir, if you could take a seat to
relax - we can figure this situation
out.

ADRIAN
Where in the fuck is--

BARTENDER
Sit down! Sir...

Adrian and the bartender lock eyes.

The bartender kindly smirks as he gestures for Adrian to take a seat at the bar.

A beat.

Adrian approaches the bar cautiously, he then slams the bottle down on the bar top. He removes his hoodie and tosses onto the stool to his right.

He takes a seat.

BARTENDER
(smirking)
Fantastic choice, sir.

ADRIAN
So..?

BARTENDER
Shall I fix you a nice drink? A
whiskey and cola, perhaps?

The bartender begins constructing the drink. He places a fresh glass on the bar top as he grabs the bottle that Adrian slammed down.

He pours the whiskey and then gives it splash of Cola.

BARTENDER
It will relieve your stress. I
guarantee it.

He nods at Adrian.

Adrian grabs the glass and takes a long drink.

BARTENDER (O.S)
Good, sir?

ADRIAN
Where is everyone?

BARTENDER
That - I am not sure of, sir. I have
been here this whole time.

ADRIAN

Has anyone been in here?

BARTENDER

There are always guests coming and going.

As he takes another drink, Adrian glares at the bartender.

ADRIAN

C'mon, man... I was down here, in town, earlier and there were a shit ton of people out there - doing what they do and now there is nobody here! Where in the fuck did they all go? Why can't I find any help?!

The bartender pours himself a glass of whiskey and takes a slow drink.

BARTENDER

Help? Why didn't you state that when you walked in here?

(a beat)

I told you that I had been here this entire time.

Adrian slams his fist on the bar and throws his glass.

The bartender calmly sets his glass down.

ADRIAN

Stop fuckin' with my head! I know what I saw... What I experienced earlier out there - and what the hell is in the woods?!

BARTENDER

I am afraid I do not understand what you mean...

He sets another clean glass on the bar - he proceeds to make Adrian another whiskey and cola.

BARTENDER

But, I insist.

The bartender sets the finished drink in front of Adrian's hands.

Adrian stares at the drink for a moment.

ADRIAN

If I drink this, are you going to answer my questions?

BARTENDER

Of course, Sir. That is what I am here for.

Adrian's vision is locked on the bartender as he takes a drink.

The bartender smirks and begins to wipe down the bar top.

BARTENDER

This town has always been a bit peculiar. It has always had some sort of strangeness.

(a beat)

And the woods are the most peculiar part of this area.

ADRIAN

What do you know about the woods?

BARTENDER

Every now and then - a local or a visitor - will bring up things that they have seen or heard in the woods. Nothing new for this place.

Adrian rubs his face, frustrated and tired. He takes yet another gulp. He then sets the glass down.

He clears his throat.

BARTENDER

What did you see out there?

ADRIAN

I-- I'm not sure... but--

BARTENDER

If you aren't sure, then what are you running from?

ADRIAN

I'm not sure if they were people... or something... It was dark and-- and all I could see were these things... Like dark forms. Human-like forms.

He gulps down the last of the drink.

A beat.

BARTENDER (O.S)

If I may ask - What were you doing out in the woods in the first place?

ADRIAN

I was renting out a cabin up here. I was doing some work; writing... and then - then I slowly started to feel like I was being watched by someone. As if something was in the cabin around every corner.

The bartender stares intently at Adrian as he puts his thoughts together.

ADRIAN

As soon as I got to the cabin it just didn't feel right. You know? It was heavy... So dense.

BARTENDER (O.S)

The Madness.

Adrian pauses for a beat.

ADRIAN

Madness? What do you mean, Madness?

BARTENDER

It was madness. The lingering infection that buries itself in your brain. It will consume you.

A look of confusion and anger washes over Adrian's face.

ADRIAN

This place isn't right. There are things here that are fucked up. Why do I keep hearing cackling coming from the woods at night?

BARTENDER

This town chooses who it wants to reveal itself to - and I do believe that it has chosen you.

ADRIAN

What the fuck are you--

A dark, shadowy, nightmarish mass creeps by the mirror behind the bartender. Adrian flies back out of his stool and hits the floor.

He fights to get to his feet.

BARTENDER

What is the matter? You look as if you've... seen something.

The bartender gives Adrian a sinister, toothy grin as he brings a drink up to his lips.

ADRIAN

What-- What the fuck was that?!

BARTENDER

What do you mean?

ADRIAN

Stop fuckin' with my head! You've been doing that bullshit since you showed up here! I know you know what shit is!

BARTENDER

I am afraid I do not understand what you mean.

He chuckles.

The door to the entrance of the tavern forcefully slams shut - the windows rattle violently; the lights and banners sway.

Adrian whips around to face the door.

ADRIAN

What's happening here? What the fuck is going on?

BARTENDER

It is madness, Adrian. It is simply madness.

ADRIAN

How-- How did you know my name? I never told you my name. How the fuck do you know my name?!

The bartender stands there with a grin plastered on his face as he chuckles, swirling his drink.

ADRIAN

How did you know my name?

The bartender sets his drink down and turns to Adrian.

BARTENDER

I've always known your name... WE have always known your name.

ADRIAN

What do you mean, we? Who's we?

BARTENDER

Take a look around, Adrian.

Adrian stands there, angry and afraid - the color is flushed from his face as his glossy and bloodshot eyes gaze at the bartender.

The bartender smirks as he takes a drink.

BARTENDER

Go on, take a look.

Adrian slowly turns his head.

To his relief, the tavern is empty, not a soul in sight. Nothing but empty chair and tables.

He takes a moment to breathe.

ADRIAN

There's nothing here... There's nothing.

Adrian turns back to face the bartender. The mirror behind the bar shows the reflection of a horde of pitch-black figures with inky black eyes. Men, women, and children. All are dressed in pitch-black 1800's clothing. The nightmarish figures stand throughout the tavern - some stand contorted in unnatural positions as others are seated at the tables.

Adrian is frightened beyond belief. He falls backward into the table behind him.

He claws and kicks desperately, trying to get to his feet.

BARTENDER (O.S)
(mocking tone)
What is the matter, Adrian. Is
everything alright?

The bartender chuckles as Adrian struggles.

As he claws to get stand upright, Adrian catches a glimpse of his surroundings. The figures are now occupying the physical space of the tavern.

ADRIAN
What?! No! No! No! No!

Anxiously, Adrian climbs over the chairs and tables that stand in his way. His body doesn't move fast enough for his panicked state of mind.

ADRIAN
Fuck! Fuck! No! No! No!

Like a raging bull, Adrian hurls himself through the door.

INT. HOTEL GROUND FLOOR: HALLWAY - NIGHT

Splintered wood and door hinges go flying as the door explodes open. Adrian slams into the adjacent wall, leaving a crater from the excessive force.

BARTENDER (O.S)
The madness will consume everything
you know, Adrian! Everything!

Adrian stumbles over his own feet as he hobbles, holding onto his left shoulder.

Blood streams from his eyebrow down the left side of his face.

ADRIAN
Help! Somebody!

Finally getting to his feet, Adrian stampedes down the hallway toward the hotel lobby.

Jingling keys, laborious breathing and the thumps of his sneakers beat down on the carpeted floor echoes through the empty hallway as the eerie piano music still plays from the hotel speakers.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

As Adrian approaches the hotel lobby, he begins to hear the cackling of the figures coming from behind him. He turns his head to see them creeping down the hallway.

Clumsily, Adrian trips on the rug in the lobby.

He stumbles, landing on his knees but catches himself on the couch next to him.

ADRIAN

Holy hell...

Holding onto his side, he turns to face the lobby's seating area.

The nightmarish pitch-black figures are scattered throughout the lobby. Some are hiding in the shadows as other creep slowly toward Adrian as they cackle.

Adrian winces, holding his side as he stands up off of the floor.

ADRIAN

(to himself)

No! No! Ah, shit...

Once on his feet, he staggers toward the front door of the hotel.

The nightmarish figures follow behind him, creeping slowly.

EXT. HOTEL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The front door swings open as Adrian limps out to the empty street. Behind him, the shadow-like beings gather at the window of the lobby, seemingly bound to the hotel.

Blackened hands press onto the surface of the window, as the figures stand gazing out at Adrian. The space between him and the hotel grows.

Neon lights of the 'FOG CITY HOTEL' sign seeps into the dense fog as Adrian leaves the hotel.

EXT. EMPTY DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Gradually, Adrian's slow trot becomes a jog. His hangs in the frigid air as he frantically looks around the ghost town.

He calls out.

ADRIAN

Hey! Is anyone here? Hello?!

His booming voice echoes out into the night.

Adrian's jog comes to a stop as the cold ocean winds blows through. He squints, shielding his eyes from the harsh chill, as he looks around.

There isn't a soul in sight.

ADRIAN

Is anyone here?! Hey!

A beat.

ADRIAN

(crying out to the sky)

Fuck! Help me! I'm losing my fucking mind!

Adrian is stricken by an overwhelming pain. He clenches onto his head as he slowly crumbles onto the wet pavement.

Standing on his knees, Adrian claws and smacks his skull in desperate search for relief.

ADRIAN

Ah! Fuck! Fuck!

The pain is unbearable, driving him to tears.

Writhing in agony, he lies on the ground, grabbing at his skull.

His fingers clench; fingernails digging into his skin, drawing blood.

ADRIAN

Stop! Fucking, stop!

He kicks and screams.

ADRIAN

Ahh! Stop! It hurts!

Suddenly, the pain stops just as fast as it started.

Adrian lies on the ground, huddled in a fetal position.

He trembles uncontrollably when he hears the voice.

BAIL KA SIR (V.O)
 Open your eyes... Open your eyes,
 Adrian.

Adrian's tearful eyes slowly begin to open.

BAIL KA SIR (V.O)
 Open your eyes, so that you may see us.

With caution, Adrian takes a look at his surroundings.

He soon becomes aware that the shadows are more than just that. They are the nightmares from the hotel.

Some stand contorted as they stare at Adrian with their inky-black eyes.

Globs of black fluid oozes out from their mouths.

The feeling of alarm begins to set in; clawing and kicking to get to his feet. His eyes are wide with panic.

He slips on the rain soaked pavement but he catches himself.

ADRIAN
 Oh-- shit! What-- Hey!
 (a beat)
 Hey! Get-- the fuck-- back!

Adrian begins to cry as he has overcome with fear.

The figures inch closer to him. One of them; a child, crawls, spider-like, down the empty street. Her oily black hair drags along the pavement as her fingernails scrape on the asphalt.

All around him, the figures close in like predators on their prey.

BAIL KA SIR (V.O)
 The madness has crept in, Adrian...
 Feel it as it settles into your soul.
 Like an infection.

Adrian looks around, feverishly.

ADRIAN
 Where are you?! Fucking, show yourself!

BAIL KA SIR (V.O)
I am all around you. You see me right
now... I am the legions that stand
before you.

Reaching into his waist line, Adrian brandishes a pistol. He points it at the figures as the distance between them lessens.

The cackling grows louder with every step.

BAIL KA SIR (V.O)
Your weapons won't help you, Adrian.
The madness is too much for you.

Adrian begins firing at the figures.

The gun goes off.

POP! POP! POP!

A bullet strikes the crawler in the head. She collapses, face first, onto the ground.

Adrian cries as he pulls the trigger.

Bodies drop onto the ground, one after the other.

BAIL KA SIR (V.O)
The madness will never end. It will
always be. No matter what you do,
Adrian.

Adrian gnashes his teeth in anger as tears run down his face.

ADRIAN
Fuck your madness!

He looks around at the legion of nightmares that surround him when the pain in his head returns.

ADRIAN
Ahh! Damn it!
(a beat)
Why-- are you-- doing this-- to me?

Adrian grabs at his head with gun in hand.

He rumbles slowly to his knees. A stream of crimson flows from his nostril.

He breaths heavily.

Kneeling, hunched over in the middle of the street, drool hangs from his lips as his teeth gnash together.

Tears run down his cheeks.

ADRIAN
(to himself)
Make. It. Stop... Make it stop...

BAIL KA SIR (V.O)
Give in, Adrian. Let it consume you.

ADRIAN
Ahh!! Fuck! It hurts!

Adrian begins to punch his head repeatedly. Blow after blow to the side of his head.

Strings of bloody mucus hang from Adrian's nose.

BAIL KA SIR (V.O)
Let it consume you...

Adrian places the gun to his temple. The figures stop dead in their tracks. Their heads cocked to the side as a look of confusion washes over their faces.

Some of the figures seem annoyed by the action. They hiss, cackle and groan.

Adrian looks around at the nightmarish figures that stand surrounding him.

Tears fall as Adrian shuts his eyes.

ADRIAN
(to himself)
I don't wanna do it... I don't wanna
do it... Please don't let me do it...

Adrian stands on his knees as he pushes the barrel of the gun tighter to his temple.

BOOM!

BLACK OUT

END