

INVENTED

By

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INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A MAN stands in the middle of the room. A CELL PHONE is pressed against his ear.

He appears nervous and shaken up. This is DAVE.

FEMALE V.O.

What did you say?

DAVE

I said, I might do something...
Bad.

FEMALE V.O.

What do you mean? What's going on
over there?

DAVE

I've been talking to Mason.

Dave raises his hand revealing --

-- A BLACK HANDGUN.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I think he wants me to...

FEMALE V.O.

You've been talking to Mason,
again? Just hold on. I'm not far
from home, I'll be right there.
Alright, Dave?

Dave merely NODS as he hangs up the PHONE. From behind him,
a MAN'S VOICE says --

MAN (O.S)

So the wife is on her way now,
huh?! This should get real
interesting.

Dave turns towards the couch. A MAN sits with his legs
crossed, SMILING at Dave.

This is MASON.

MASON (CONT'D)

I think you're going to have a lot
to explain, waving that gun around.

DAVE

You told me to get it!

MASON

True, but I didn't tell you to call your wife. That's your doing, big guy.

DAVE

Why are you always playing with my head? You're not even real.

MASON

I'm real to you, Dave. That's all that matters, isn't it? You merely created me to act as your conscience. Someone to talk to about the things you've done. It's only natural.

Dave begins to PACE about the room.

DAVE

I can't do this. There has to be another way.

MASON

If there was another way, I would have brought up by now. Hell, you've even gone to see that shrink and what good has it done you? I'm still here!

DAVE

You just won't go away.

Mason stands and walks over to Dave.

MASON

Hey. Don't pass your blame to me, pal. You're the one who conjured me up in that crazy head of yours. Like I've told you before, be a man and accept some responsibility.

DAVE

I do... I... I can take the responsibility. I don't have to do this.

MASON

You can take the responsibility? Bullshit, Dave! You're the one

(MORE)

MASON (cont'd)
having relations with a student
from your class and not telling
your wife.

Dave sits on the couch, rocking back and forth.

DAVE
I've tried telling Abby, but... I
just can't, Mason. You're the only
person that knows about this.
Jesus, I can't tell her.

Mason sits next to Dave.

MASON
I know. That's why you must pull
the trigger, Dave. If you tell
her...

DAVE
(interrupts)
We'd be through, for sure.

MASON
Not to mention, she would out you,
to everyone. If you don't do this
yourself, somebody will do it for
you.

DAVE
If I kill myself, then you'll die
too.

MASON
This is a fact I've come to terms
with. Pal, I'm here to help you. In
the end, what happens to me is not
your concern.

Dave SIGHS as he looks at the GUN.

MASON (CONT'D)
Do the right thing, Dave. Take care
of it. She will never have to know
what kind of person you really are.

Tears well up in Dave's eyes.

DAVE
I'm not a bad person, am I, Mason?

MASON
What do you think?

DAVE
Nobody wants to think they're a bad person. I'm no different. I just... Have some personal issues. Doesn't everyone?

MASON
They do, but most don't fancy young girls almost half their age.

DAVE
Jesus Christ...

MASON
I think it's about that time, Dave. Time to say goodbye.

As Dave looks back at the GUN --

-- ABBY RUNS THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR.

She approaches Dave as he meets her halfway. Mason merely sits back on the couch.

ABBY
Dave, I got here as fast...

Abby notices the GUN.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Dear God. Dave, what are you doing with your gun?

DAVE
I'm not sure yet, Abby.

ABBY
You need to put the gun away and talk with me. There's no need for you to have it out of the closet like this.

Mason LAUGHS.

MASON
Oh, there's a need to have it out, alright.

Dave turns to Mason.

DAVE
Please, Mason. Just shut up.

Abby looks confused.

ABBY
Dave, when did you start talking to
Mason again?

DAVE
I don't know. I never really
stopped. I just said I did so you
wouldn't worry.

ABBY
I thought you were trying to put
Mason out of your mind. He's just
in your head. He doesn't exist,
Dave.

DAVE
(angrily)
Don't you think I know that by
now?! I tried, but he always comes
back. He just knows me so well.

ABBY
Then, why do you have the gun?

Mason leans forward.

MASON
(to Dave)
Don't tell her, man. You don't want
her to know the things that I know.
It'll only make it worse for you,
you know that.

DAVE
I can't think when you are all
asking me so many questions! Just
let me think.

ABBY
Just hand me the gun, honey. We can
talk without it.

Dave shakes his head.

DAVE
No, Abby. I need to hold on to it
for a bit longer, okay?

ABBY

Alright. Just tell me what you're thinking so I can understand.

Dave walks back and forth.

DAVE

Mason thinks I should... I don't know. Maybe I should. I just don't know anymore.

ABBY

Mason thinks you should what?

Dave points the GUN to his own head and pretends to pull the TRIGGER.

ABBY (CONT'D)

Why would he want you to do such a thing?

DAVE

You love me, right?

ABBY

(taken back)
Of course I do.

DAVE

And you think I'm a good person, right?

ABBY

Why would I not think you're a good person?

Mason chimes in.

MASON

(mockingly)
Uh, oh. It's a trap, Dave. Typical woman move.

DAVE

(to Mason)
Mason, stay out of this for a minute, please!

MASON

I'm just saying, you need to act now before you spill the beans and this whole thing hits the fan.

ABBY
Dave, there's no Mason. Focus on me.

DAVE
I'm trying.

Dave winces as he tries to think.

MASON
Not hard enough, big guy.

DAVE
What did I say, Mason?!

ABBY
Stay with me. Don't listen to him. You don't need the gun.

MASON
You need the gun. Don't let her tell you different.

ABBY
Dammit, Dave. Put the gun away!

Dave tries to focus as the questions hit him from all angles.

MASON
You know what you have to do. Just do it. She doesn't have to know, remember?

ABBY
You're scaring me with that gun!

MASON
We've been talking about this for a while now, don't blow it!

Dave finally EXPLODES!

DAVE
SHUT UP! DAMMIT!

Dave points the GUN at Mason as Mason LAUGHS.

MASON
Very nice. You're going pump me, your imaginary friend, full of lead? Are you really ready to ruin this nice couch?

Dave sweats as he holds the GUN steady.

MASON (CONT'D)
Finish it, Dave. It's the only
advice I can give you. Your choice.

Abby touches Dave's shoulder and turns him around. Dave lowers the GUN.

ABBY
Honey, it's alright. Just calm
down.

DAVE
(dazed)
I think I'm going to lay down now.

ABBY
That's a good idea. You look worn
out. I'll bring you some water.

Abby looks down at the GUN.

ABBY (CONT'D)
Do you want me to take that for
you?

DAVE
No. I'll take care of it.

Dave walks out of the room. Abby rubs her forehead as she lets out a DEEP BREATH.

She starts to walk towards the KITCHEN when --

-- POW!

Turning, Abby runs out of the room. After a beat, she slowly walks back into the living room.

ABBY
(to herself)
Oh my God. He did it.

Abby turns as her look of concern changes to happiness. Mason walks towards Abby as she looks at him.

THE TWO BEGIN TO KISS!

Pulling away from each other, Mason and Abby SMILE at one another.

ABBY (CONT'D)
I can't believe it worked!

MASON
He completely fell for it. All of that time and effort finally paid off!

ABBY
All we had to do is convince him that he was crazy. And it worked! Now we can be together, forever.

MASON
You don't have to worry about that prick anymore, Abby. I'll treat you the way you should be treated.

ABBY
I know you will. You better get out of here before the cops come. I've got to turn back into the distraught spouse.

MASON
Okay. Call me when the smoke has cleared, alright?

They both begin to KISS again. As they start to pull apart from each other --

-- DAVE APPEARS BEHIND THEM!

His face is TORN and BLOODY. He has the GUN raised when Mason and Abby notice his presence.

ABBY
Jesus! Dave!

MASON
Wait, Dave!

DAVE
(groggily)
Are you still my imaginary friend?

POW! Mason hits the floor as the BULLET hits his CHEST.

ABBY
NO! DAVE DON'T!

DAVE
I'm not crazy...

POW! The BULLET hits Abby in the STOMACH. She falls down,
landing right into Mason's lifeless arms.

Dave drops the GUN as he, too, falls to the ground. On his
back, he looks at the ceiling, repeating --

DAVE (CONT'D)
I'm not crazy... I'm not crazy...

Darkness.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END.