ADVERSARY

Written by

Brandon Banks
INT. IRA’S HOUSE, BEDROOM – MORNING

Ira, lies in his bed sound asleep. A picture of his parents sits next to him on his night stand. Ira’s Grandpa walks in.

GRANDPA
(yells)
Get up!

Ira wakes up with a jolt.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE, KITCHEN – MORNING

Ira and his grandfather sit together eating breakfast. Ira looks down at his food with a groggy expression on his face. Grandpa picks up a rolled up newspaper off the kitchen table and smacks him hard in the back of the head. Ira is now fully awake.

GRANDPA
I told you no sleeping at the kitchen table.

Ira grabs the back of his head.

IRA
God, was that really necessary?

Grandpa smirks, than chuckles.

GRANDPA
No, but I did it anyway.

IRA
You’ve been taking your medicine right?

Grandpa’s eyes begin to wonder.

GRANDPA
Uh... yeah, why?

IRA
I don’t know, your acting kind of stranger than usual.

Grandpa smacks Ira with newspaper. Ira squirms, Grandpa chuckles again. Ira pops up out of his seat looking extremely agitated.

IRA (CONT’D)
You have serious problems!
Ira marches out the room.

GRANDPA
Lighten up, you can’t take a joke?
Get back here!

EXT. IRA’S NEIGHBORHOOD – EVENING

Ira peddles his bike through the street. It’s a beautiful day in the city. The sun is shining, and children are jump-roping, and playing hopscotch.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE, GRANDPA’S ROOM – EVENING

Ira’s grandfather sits on his bed motionless. A pill bottle stands on the dresser across from him.

Grandpa reaches for the bottle.

He holds it in his hand. He shakes his head, stares at the top, turns it and takes it off. Whispers in his head torment him.

He goes to pour out a pill, pauses, then closes it back up and tosses the bottle over his shoulder.

He grabs his head. His hands press into his face, rubbing and sliding through his hair as he exhales. A picture of Ira’s parents sits behind him on the dresser.

GRANDPA
Walter. I just can’t believe you’re ... You’re gone.

He breaks out in tears.

EXT. IRA’S NEIGHBORHOOD – EVENING

Ira continues to bicycle. A group of young, shady looking men look his way from across the street. It’s LEON and JACOB (18).

LEON
Going to dance class again?

Leon imitates a ballerina. Jacob laughs.

JACOB
Like seriously, when are you coming out the closet?
Leon steps in Ira’s path, Ira stops the bike. Leon waves his finger in Ira’s face.

LEON
Hey, I was talking to you.

JACOB
Yeah no need to be disrespectful.

Leon puts his arm around Ira.

LEON
We’re trying to help you Ira. You can’t be going around dancing, and acting all fruity and shit.

JACOB
Yeah, not everybody’s as nice as us, some people will see that as weakness, and might take advantage (smiles).

Ira gently takes Leon’s arm off his shoulder.

IRA
Thanks for the advice, but I think I’ll be fine.

Ira takes off peddling. Leon and Jacob suddenly burst out in laughter as they watch him peddle away.

INT. DANCE STUDIO - EVENING

Hip-Hop music plays. JUSTINE, a fit, and incredibly optimistic woman (25) performs well choreographed dance moves. A large group of dancers (mostly women) follow her lead.

Ira is in the front drenched in sweat, exhibiting laser focus.

JUSTINE
And 1-2-3-4. Turn, and turn, rock it out a little bit.

Ira is in pocket with every dance move. He continues the routine that Justine has just initiated.

INT. DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT

The session ends, and all of the dancers are exhausted.
JUSTINE
Great job everybody! You should be 
proud of yourselves, this was a 
very difficult routine.

JUSTINE (Cont’d)
Give yourselves an applause 
everybody.

She and the class begin to clap.

JUSTINE (Cont’d)
See everyone tomorrow night.

Justine walks through the group. She stops in front of RANDY 
(20).

JUSTINE (Cont’d)
Hey Randy, I see that leg is 
recovering just fine, I told you 
all you had to do was ice it and 
keep pressure off of it.

RANDY
Well it still hurts a little, and 
it’s still swollen.

JUSTINE
Really? Why would you come to 
practice if you’re ankle’s still 
swollen?

Randy shrugs his shoulders.

RANDY
Uh, I really love you’re class?

Justine smiles, she seems touched. She takes a large step 
toward Randy, and leans forward into his personal space. A 
serious look comes across her face as her finger raises.

JUSTINE
(quietly)
Don’t come back to class unless you 
have a doctors note. Is that clear?

Randy looking slightly terrified nods, grabs his things, and 
hurries out the door.

Justine shakes her head. She continues to pass through the 
crowd, and stops to greet LINDA (30).

JUSTINE (Cont’d)
Did you have fun?
LINDA
Always Justine, your classes are just wonderful.

JUSTINE
Thank you so much.

Justine walks back to the front, while Ira puts his things away in his bag.

JUSTINE (CONT’D)
There’s my star pupil!

Ira looks up and smiles.

IRA
Hey Justine.

JUSTINE
Every time I see you, you get better and better. I saw those moves.

Ira gives a big cheesy grin.

IRA
Thanks!

JUSTINE
Soon I’ll be taking lessons from you.

IRA
Haha. No. I don’t think so.

JUSTINE
Give me some.

She sticks out her fist. Ira meets her in the middle and they fist bump. Ira laughs.

JUSTINE (CONT’D)
See you tomorrow Dance Machine.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ira enters his house.

IRA
Hey grandpa! I’m home!

Grandpa walks upstairs from the basement. His chin is buried in his chest.
IRA (CONT’D)
Oh there you are.

Grandpa slowly lifts his head, with a look on his face more terrifying than the Grim Reaper himself.

IRA (CONT’D)
Is everything okay? You haven’t stopped taking you’re meds have you?

Grandpa pauses.

GRANDPA
No. I was just putting some of your dad’s things in the basement. Can you stop saying that?!

IRA
Fine, geesh!

GRANDPA
Why are you coming home so late?

IRA
I told you I’d been doing some volunteer work for school.

Ira’s grandpa looks at him suspiciously. He turns around and shuffles toward his room. Grandpa stops and turns around.

GRANDPA
By the way, you need to do your laundry. The smell in your room makes me want to vomit.

Grandpa enters his bedroom, slamming the door behind him.

Ira scrunches his face, turns around and walks away.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE, BEDROOM – NIGHT

Ira lies back in his bed. His floor is filled with dirty clothes. His walls are covered with posters of dancers. One big poster on his ceiling stands out in particular, the “Expression Dance Competition” poster. Ira looks up at it and sighs.

IRA
One day... if I deem myself worthy.
He twirls around a small kitchen knife between his fingers.

IRA (V.O.)
Grandpa’s too “out there” to understand that this is my destiny. Man, I wonder what goes through grandpa’s head when he’s off his meds. I need to get him to start taking them again. Goodness I remember the last episode he had.

EXT. OUTDOOR MALL (FLASHBACK) - DAY

A man with hairy legs, walks down the sidewalk with pink fuzzy slippers on. The man reveals himself as none other than grandpa, shirtless and in boxer briefs. He stops, as drool runs down his mouth. Ahead there is a woman (40) eating a donut, with a bag full of more in her hand. Grandpa walks forward hypnotized.

GRANDPA
Mam! Excuse me mam.

The lady turns around, she’s startled. She quickly turns back around and moves swiftly to distant herself from the creepy old man.

GRANDPA (CONT’D)
Mam! I mean you no harm. May I please have a bite of you’re lushish wares.

The woman hastens her steps. Grandpa gives chase. She looks back.

DONUT LADY
Help! Somebody help me!

Two men acting as concerned citizens swarm on grandpa, pinning him to the ground.

CITIZEN
Someone call the police.

GRANDPA
I’m hungry!

INT. IRA’S HOUSE, BEDROOM (END FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Ira chuckles and shakes his head.
INT. IRA’S HOUSE, BEDROOM – NIGHT

Ira lies asleep in his bed. His door slowly opens, and we see a shadow. An outline of his grandfather is revealed shrouded in darkness. He stands still, not moving an inch, starring at Ira sleep. He stares for what seems like an eternity, than suddenly disappears like it was all an illusion.

INT. DANCE STUDIO – NIGHT

JUSTINE
Great job everybody! I’ll see you tomorrow. Remember, always stay hydrated

Justine picks up a bottle of water and tosses it to Charles, who is drenched in sweat, and on his knees panting.

JUSTINE (CONT’D)
And get lot’s of rest! Good job everybody.

Everyone begins to gather their things.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE, BEDROOM – NIGHT

Grandpa walks in with a laundry basket. He holds his nose as he detects the heinous odor. He grabs Ira’s laundry and puts it in his basket. He picks up a pair of jeans that makes a jingling sound. He pauses, than digs his hand in the jeans pocket, and pulls out a pair of car keys. He stares at them wide-eyed.

INT. DANCE STUDIO – NIGHT

JUSTINE
Hey Ira!

Ira turns around. Justine walks up.

IRA
What’s up?

JUSTINE
You’ve been doing really great here... I mean I love teaching this class but...

Ira stares at her confused.
JUSTINE (CONT’D)
Let me start over.

Ira smiles.

JUSTINE (CONT’D)
I’ve gotten back together with my college dance team, but we’re shy one performer. We’re training for the upcoming Expression Dance Competition.

Ira’s eyes roll back, as he loses his mind because of excitement.

JUSTINE (CONT’D)
Yeah, it’s really just a warm-up to see how rusty we’ve gotten. If that’s a success we’ll go on to bigger venues.

Ira’s eyes quickly zoom in on Justine, as if he is anticipating a once in a life time opportunity.

JUSTINE (CONT’D)
Well what I’m trying to say is... I’d like you to be on my team. I think that with all the progress you’ve made, you’d make a great fit.

Ira’s jaw drops.

JUSTINE (CONT’D)
So what do you...

IRA
Yes!!!!!

Justine smiles.

JUSTINE
Really?

IRA
Yes!

JUSTINE
Great. I’ll give you more info later. It’ll be fun I promise.

Ira stands there like a statue, as Justine walks off. He’s shaking with excitement.
EXT. DANCE STUDIO - NIGHT

Ira silently yells like a mad man. He’s possessed by opportunity, and enchantment.

Suddenly his positive spirit is yanked from him, as he realizes that his bike he left out front is nowhere in sight.

IRA
Where’s my bike?!

He paces around frantically.

IRA (CONT’D)
This can’t be happening!

EXT. IRA’S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Ira shuffles down the sidewalk with a gloomy look on his face. He lifts his head up, and Ira’s eyes begin to widen. In shock and surprise he sees Leon, and Jacob ahead, and Jacob is seated on his bike. Ira stops walking, a tsunami of anger and rage fills his face. He unzips his backpack.

EXT. IRA’S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Ira steps forward, Leon and Jacob turn their heads.

LEON
Hey what’s up buddy.

IRA
I’m not your buddy.

Jacob gets off Ira’s bike, and walks up.

JACOB
Watch you’re tone.

LEON
Calm down Jacob.

IRA
Look, I don’t want any trouble, just give me my bike back.

Jacob rushes forward.
JACOB
You don’t want any trouble?... Are you kidding me?

Leon pushes him back.

LEON
I’m doing this for you’re own good buddy, call it tough love.

IRA
What are you talking about?

LEON
Somebody was going to take this bike sooner or later, it might as well be me. It’s in good hands, don’t worry, I’ll give it back when I feel you’ve earned it.

Jacob smiles.

LEON (CONT’D)
Got that Fruity Pebbles?

Ira gives him a ferocious look. Leon smiles with arrogance, as Ira quickly pulls out his kitchen knife from the back of his pants, and stabs Leon in the thigh without hesitation.

Leon’s eyes light up in a state of disbelief.

LEON (CONT’D)
W-w-what.

He falls to the floor screaming loudly. Jacob stares at Ira with savage eyes, ready to avenge his friend. Ira is in another zone, as if possessed by the devil himself. Jacob examines Ira’s surprising new character. He stares at Ira ready to make his move. But suddenly Jacob takes off running, abandoning his partner in crime. He runs like a track star, as Ira peers down at Leon.

IRA
Next time it’ll be you’re throat.

Leon moans in agony.

IRA (CONT’D)
Do you hear me?

Leon continues to moan. Ira switches his piercing eyes to meet Leon’s. Ira steps on Leon’s wound, as he lets out a ghastly cry.
IRA (CONT’D)
Do you hear me?

LEON
Y-y-y yeah.

Ira walks to his bicycle, and calmly peddles away.

Leon continues to scream wildly. Ira bicycles until the wounded bullies cries becomes feint, and distant.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE, BEDROOM – NIGHT

Ira looks up at the poster on his ceiling.

IRA
Nothing is going to take this away from me.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE, BEDROOM – NIGHT

Ira lays in his bed sleeping peacefully. The door slowly opens. Grandpa walks in with a bat, and raises it above Ira’s head. He swings with incredible force. A “cling” sound projects from the alluminum bat.

FADE OUT:

BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. IRA’S HOUSE, BASEMENT – NIGHT

Ira wakes up with a massive bruise on his head.

IRA
Ah! What the?

He try’s to stand up but stumbles to the ground. After several attempts, he finally gets to his feet, and walks toward the basement door. Ira turns the knob, but it’s unsurprisingly locked. He begins hammering on the door with his fists.

IRA (CONT’D)
Grandpa. Grandpa! What the hell grandpa?!!
INT. IRA’S HOUSE - NIGHT
The door to the basement has been boarded up with plywood.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

IRA
Let me out of here you psycho!

INT. IRA’S HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT
Ira charges at the door, ramming it with his shoulder, but the door doesn’t yield. He backs up farther, and charges again. He hits the door hard, and falls to the floor grabbing his shoulder in pain.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE, BASEMENT - EVENING
Ira sits on the floor with his legs crossed. His eyes are fixed on a nearby closet. He gets up and opens it, and peers in.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE, BASEMENT - EVENING
He sits on the floor with a large cardboard box in front of him. He pulls a pair of glasses out, and examines them.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. IRA’S HOUSE - DAY
Ira’s dad is wearing the same glasses Ira had in his hand. He walks through the hallway, and stops at Ira’s room. He slowly peeks in, and sees Ira in gym clothes dancing sensually to a female pop singer. His dad rushes in and pushes him on the ground. He yells, takes Ira’s stereo and storms out.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY
Ira stands hunched over in a full football uniform. His mother and father are seated on the couch gazing over with excitement.

MOM
You look really masculine Ira. My big boy is a football player.

Ira looks extremely annoyed.
DAD
See this is the kind of activities
you should be doing. I’m really
proud of you son.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE - DAY

Ira’s dad walks in the door furious. Ira follows behind in a
dirty uniform.

DAD
You couldn’t catch one single
ball?! And who runs like that?
You’re a complete embarrassment.

IRA
But dad...

Ira’s dad storms off into his room, and slams the door.

END FLASHBACK

INT. IRA’S HOUSE, BASEMENT - EVENING

Ira screams, and snaps the glasses in two.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

He lies asleep on the ground, with all of his dad’s things
scattered around him. He spontaneously collapses on a buddy
chair it.

EXT. IRA’S HOUSE, SKY - NIGHT

Crooked tree limbs frame around a full moon in the night sky.

EXT. IRA’S HOUSE - DAY

Justine walks up to the front door.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE, BASEMENT - DAY

The doorbell rings. Ira awakes from his slumber. The bell
rings again. He quickly gets up and runs to the door.

IRA
Help! I’m trapped in the basement
help!
EXT. IRA’S HOUSE - DAY

Justine hears Ira’s muffled cry.

JUSTINE
Ira? Ira!

She moves over to the right side of the house, where the basement is located. Ira’s voice can be heard a lot clearer now.

IRA
Help me! Please! I’m locked in the basement.

JUSTINE
Hold on Ira, I’m coming.

Justine walks over to the front door, and pulls a paperclip out of her pocket. She begins to jimmy the lock. Eventually the door clicks, and she enters the house.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE - DAY

Justine zeros in on something ahead of her. Ira’s grandfather is lying in the hallway motionless.

IRA
Justine! Help me!

She rushes over to Ira’s grandpa. It becomes apparent that he’s dead, and covered in his own vomit. Justine screams.

IRA (CONT’D)
Justine! Get me out of here!

INT. IRA’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Two police officers examine grandpa’s body, while a forensic expert takes photographs. Officer Bryant puts on rubber gloves and walks into the bathroom.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

He thoroughly checks every crevice. He goes through every cabinet, and drawer.
INT. IRA’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bryant walks out. He begins to scan the hallway walls, which leads him to grandpas room.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Ira lies back in a hospital bed. Justine sits in a chair beside him.

IRA
I’ll be back ready for the competition in no time, don’t worry.

Justine cracks a smile.

JUSTINE
Uh. Sorry Ira, but there’s no way you’re in any condition to even think about dancing.

Ira’s face cringes in anger.

IRA
What?

JUSTINE
Don’t worry, there’ll be more competitions, but your health always comes first.

Justine’s words echo in Ira’s head. She continues to speak but Ira is in another world.

IRA
Did you replace me?

Justine’s phone rings.

JUSTINE
I have to take this. I’ll be right back.

IRA
Wait.

Justine steps out.
INT. IRA’S HOUSE, GRANDPA’S ROOM - NIGHT

Bryant cuts on the light as he walks in. On grandpa’s mirror reads “Pay attention to the signs” in red marker. Bryant has his eye on a book laying on the bed that resembles a diary. Bryant walks over and grabs it. The top of the first page reads “Today I saw an angel. It had marvelous wings that left me mesmerized. The creature was so beautiful that I began to weep uncontrollably…” Bryant flips through more pages. He stops, and reads, “Today I found my son’s car keys, I was overwhelmed with emotion, many thought’s and theory’s began to race through my mind. Is this really happening, or is it my imagination?”

Bryant closes the diary and heads out the room.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bryant exits grandpa’s room, and heads toward Ira’s.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

He stops, and sniffs the air, than twists his face. He rifles through Ira’s closet. He than turns around, and walks toward Ira’s bed. Bryant moves over Ira’s mattress, and stares down. Something seems to of caught his eye. He reaches down and pulls out a small wooden box. Bryant opens it, and discovers a bag of capsules, and a bottle of rat poison.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE, GRANDPA’S ROOM - DAY

Bryant takes grandpa’s bottle of medicine off his dresser, and examines it. The capsules are the same color as the ones found in Ira’s room.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Bryant takes down all of Ira’s posters, one by one. The last poster remaining is the one on the ceiling. Bryant stands on a chair and pulls off the last poster, as he pulls we see something is revealed, a hatch door leading to the attic.

INT. IRA’S HOUSE - DAY

The forensic expert checks grandpa’s clothing, while Officer Sheldon talks on his radio.

OFFICER BRYANT
Sheldon! You need to see this.
INT. IRA’S HOUSE, BEDROOM – DAY

Sheldon walks in

OFFICER SHELDON
Ah! It reeks in here.

Sheldon sees a miniature staircase leading to the attic. Bryant stands by as Sheldon walks up. Sheldon stops at the top of the stairs.

OFFICER SHELDON (CONT’D)
Holy shit!

He quickly comes down, and grabs his radio.

OFFICER SHELDON (CONT’D)
We’ve got a possible triple homicide. Suspect still at large, I repeat, suspect still at large.

INT. HOSPITAL, BATHROOM – NIGHT

Justine washes her hands in the sink. She hears the sound of a door opening and closing. She turns and sees an eerie Ira standing still, observing her with a surgical scalpel in his hand. He slowly tilts his head sideways.

JUSTINE
Ira! Www..what are you doing in here?

Ira presses forward calmly.

IRA
You knew how much that competition meant to me. Or we’re you just that blind?

JUSTINE
Ira, you’re scaring me.

IRA
Me? Scary? You think I’m scary? Scary is having the one thing you love the most ripped from you, and torn to pieces before your eyes. Do you know what I’ve been through to get to this point?!

Ira continues to walk toward Justine, making menacing footsteps.
JUSTINE
Ira, what are you thinking? You need to get out of here immediately!

Ira has a sinister smile on his face. Ira moves closer.

JUSTINE (CONT’D)
Ira, stop!

Justine lets out a three second scream before her blood is splattered on the bathroom mirror.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A weak, and tired male nurse walks out of the main entrance. He takes his surgical mask and scrubs off, revealing Ira’s face. Ira walks into the nearby woods, and becomes one with the darkness, vanishing into the night.

Soon after, officer Bryant and Sheldon run into the main entrance.

A full moon takes center stage in the night sky. Crickets chirp, frogs croak.

FADE OUT: