

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

INT. THOMAS' HOUSE - DAY

A den of filth and empty alcohol bottles. Rays of light just barely manage to cut through the closed blinds. Furniture and glass have been broken in a fit of rage.

THOMAS WEAVER (50s) chugs down a bottle of hard liquor, as he sobs and whines. A man with bloated and sad features.

Thomas empties the bottle, then throws it at the wall, shattering it. Then he leans forward and grabs a **HANDGUN**.

Thomas stares at it for a long while, his face twisting with different expressions born from a sickening internal debate.

Suddenly, he puts the gun to his temple--

BANG! Blood splatters onto a **FAMILY PHOTO** and an **OPEN BIBLE**. Off-screen: the **THUMP** of a **BODY HITTING THE FLOOR**.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

ADAM WEAVER (24) stands over a **BLANKETED CORPSE**. Adam has dark circles under his eyes and the sunken features of a lost, purposeless man.

A DOCTOR breaks the silence in the room--

DOCTOR
Are you sure?

ADAM
I want to see him.

The doctor sighs and pulls away the blanket--

Adam recognizes the face underneath and looks away. The spasms on his face evoke a hint of sadness, but mostly anger and disgust.

ADAM (cont'd)
Dammit.

Adam hides his face and flicks his hand. The doctor takes the hint and covers the body back up.

INT. HOSPITAL, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Adam sits by himself. He looks both ways as to make sure the coast is clear, then pulls out a cigarette and lights it.

SETH WEAVER (28) storms into view. Flannel shirt, mountain man beard, a real outdoorsy type. His face is tarred with grief.

SETH
Adam! Where is he?

Adam quickly puts out the cigarette in a plant pot and points at the nearest door.

ADAM
In there. Seth, don't--

Seth ignores him and rushes through the door. Adam sighs and picks his cigarette back up, lights it again.

After a few puffs, Seth walks back outside, looking pale and livid. Seth sits across from Adam, face buried in his palms.

SETH
Why... why would he--?

ADAM
Why wouldn't he?

Seth glares at Adam. Adam goes for another puff--

Seth lunges forward and rips away his cigarette. Adam stares him down, then storms off.

SETH
Hey! Where you going?!

ADAM
I got work to do.

INT. WAREHOUSE, ASSEMBLY LINE - DAY

A huge yet claustrophobic warehouse, with boxes piled everywhere to insane heights.

ON THE ASSEMBLY LINE, Adam stands before an infinite stream of OPEN PACKAGES. He closes them, tapes them shut, then sends them on their way. Rinse and repeat.

Adam stops for a moment to breathe and rub his temples. Several open packages start piling up in front of him. Moments after, **THE BOSS** walks by and yells--

THE BOSS
Hey, wake up! I don't pay you to take breaks.

The Boss walks away. Adam silently sighs and returns to his work.

PAN OUT. Dozens of quiet workers, doing the same thing at different spots of the warehouse. An industrial beehive full of lonely bees.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Adam takes a cigarette break. He holds a WOODEN CROSS in his hand, about the size of a big fist, which he eyes with melancholy.

Adam turns it over and looks at the INSCRIPTION on the back: "EVE".

PETE (60s), a co-worker, enters and sits close to Adam. Pete looks at his face.

PETE
Rough night, huh?

ADAM
You could say that.

Adam puts the cross back in his pocket. Pete notices it.

PETE
Didn't think you were the prayin' type.

ADAM
I'm not.

PETE
Why do you keep it, then?

ADAM
Reminds me of a time when things made sense.

Adam takes a drag. Pete takes out a sandwich and A BIBLE, and eats while he reads a passage.

ADAM (cont'd)
Why are you always reading that fucking thing?

PETE
'Cause in this book, I don't have to look at card boxes all day long.

EXT. SETH'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - DAY

A countryside cabin, with signs of agricultural living: a chicken coop, a garden, farming utensils.

AN AXE COMES DOWN on a standing log, splitting it in twain.

Holding the axe: Seth. He tosses the split log onto a basket full of firewood, then grabs it and heads into--

INT. SETH'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Seth tosses some firewood into a lit fireplace, before moving towards the kitchen and looking at a FAMILY PHOTO hanging on the wall (the same one in Thomas' house).

On the photo: NOAH, Thomas, a young Seth, a younger Adam, and THEIR MOTHER.

Seth sighs and pours himself a GLASS OF HARD LIQUOR.

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A small studio, with just enough necessities to survive and the bare minimum for decoration.

Adam lounges in front of the TV, hypnotized by the screen, while he sips away at a whiskey bottle.

THE DOORBELL RINGS. Adam is surprised. He opens the door. Seth is there, a furrowed brow stamped on his face.

ADAM

Seth? What are you doing here?

SETH

Mind if I come in?

Adam waves him inside. Seth walks in, coughs.

SETH (cont'd)

Ever heard of cracking a window?

ADAM

What do you want?

SETH

I wanted to talk to you about the arrangements.

ADAM

I don't really care. Whatever's cheapest.

SETH

After everything our old man did for us, honoring his memory is the least we could do.

ADAM

He's dead. It's not like it's gonna change anything.

Adam sits down on the couch and goes to pour himself another glass. Seth rips the bottle off his hands.

SETH

What is your goddamn deal? You don't got no fucking respect--not for me, not for pops, not for anyone. I came here to talk about dad, and all you can do is give me attitude?

Adam just sighs and hangs his head.

SETH (cont'd)

What? Got nothing to say for yourself?

ADAM

Not really.

Seth cuts a breath through teeth and shakes his head.

SETH

You know what? I'll go and bury dad by myself if I have to. If you want to stay here and keep doing whatever it is you're doing, then be my guest.

Seth storms outside, slamming the door behind him. Adam flinches, then continues to pour himself another glass.