

CONSCIENCE: PART TWO

**WILL**

by

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FADE IN:

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

HIGH SHOT over the shoulder's of WILL, 20s, who's sitting at a small, white table, staring with intense passion at a BLACK JOURNAL that's bluntly blank. HOLD on this shot for a long beat, letting the underlying tension rise with the subtle music, until--

WILL  
(to himself)  
I'm a pathetic piece of shit.

Will looks up, deeply frustrated, and just as his eyes become visible, QUICK CUT to a MEDIUM SHOT, viewing him from the front, revealing the background which shows us just how small his living space is. The bed is right next to the "kitchen" (more like an Easy-Bake Oven station... but worse) which is right across from the bathroom. It's quite claustrophobic.

Will shakes his head, angrily, tightly gripping his pen, avoiding looking back down at the journal at all costs.

WILL (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
What the fuck am I doing? A writer?

Will finally glances down at the journal as if he's hoping words have magically appeared.

INSERT of the journal, and to no surprise, it's blank. Very blank.

Will closes the journal, more frustrated, holding the pen up as if it's a blade pointed at his neck.

WILL (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Just do it.  
(beat)  
Just ask yourself the question no one asks themselves in these moments of self-loathing.

After a beat of Will contemplating, just as he opens his mouth, about to ask, he's interrupted with--

WILL'S CONSCIENCE (V.O.)  
Why?

QUICK CUT to WILL'S CONSCIENCE (MEDIUM CLOSE UP), who's sitting across from Will, staring at Will with intense passion as if he's now the writer unequivocally judging. There's a small bookshelf directly behind him with a few, distinct novels neatly stacked on it.

WILL'S CONSCIENCE

Why do you want to write?

WILL

God, you again? I really, really don't want to see your face right now.

HOLD on Will's Conscience who's blankly staring at Will with a substantially harsh, fear-inducing (as if Will's Conscience is some kind of intellectual bully) look gleaming from his face.

WILL (CONT'D)

Don't look at me like that. That look is precisely why I don't want to see you.

WILL'S CONSCIENCE

(sarcastically)

Jesus, someone is being a tad more rude than usual today.

Will rolls his eyes.

WILL'S CONSCIENCE (CONT'D)

And I'm sick of you running away from me every single time we meet. It would be great, for you and for me, every now and again, even just once, if you were happy when you see--

(points at face)

--this beautiful face.

WILL

(sarcastically)

You're sick of me? Really? I'm the one who's sick. Sick of you bashing me over my head with acute doubt and fucking self-loathing. All the fucking time.

(frustrated)

Every fucking time.

WILL'S CONSCIENCE

Really? That's your interpretation of what I'm doing?

WILL

That's what you are doing.

WILL'S CONSCIENCE

Explain. I gotta hear this. I need to hear this.

Will sinks a tad, shrugging his shoulders pathetically.

WILL

You are constantly, vividly, throwing, directly into my face, all the reasons as to why I should give up writing the moment I begin to feel motivated.

(beat)

But the real fucked up part of that notion is the fact that all the things you say... are true. It's really--

WILL'S CONSCIENCE

Wait, wait, wait, wait.

Will gives Will's Conscience a questioning look.

WILL'S CONSCIENCE (CONT'D)

Look. I really want to fix this. Sincerely. I'm here to help. But let me repeat what you just said back to you. I want to make sure I heard you correctly.

Will rolls his eyes in deplorable fashion, intentionally showing how much he dislikes being interrupted, then shakes his head in disdainful agreement.

WILL'S CONSCIENCE (CONT'D)

My name is Will and I have a substantially... large... pussy directly between my hairy legs. I have a pussy regardless of that fact that I am a man, regardless of the fact that I want to be a writer but I'm, simply, scared to write.

WILL

Fuck you.

Will's Conscience slightly laughs, quite amused by himself.

WILL'S CONSCIENCE

Do you even understand the Jungian-depth of what you just said?

WILL  
 (beat, insecurely)  
 Yes...

WILL'S CONSCIENCE  
 So why did you say it?

WILL  
 Because it's true. I'd probably  
 already have this fucking novel  
 finished if it wasn't for your  
 constant judgment bashes.

Will's Conscience shakes his head, sighing.

WILL'S CONSCIENCE  
 You don't understand what you just  
 said, obviously, and you never  
 answered the question, Will.

WILL  
 What question?

WILL'S CONSCIENCE  
 Why do you want to write?

QUICK CUT to a CLOSE UP of Will's face, eyes darting to the  
 book shelf, then QUICK CUT to a CLOSE UP of the book shelf,  
 then QUICK CUT to a CLOSE UP of the journal slowly being  
 opened by Will. The moment the journal fully opens, QUICK CUT  
 to a CLOSE UP of Will's hand tightly gripping the pen,  
 knuckles white from the pressure of squeezing. Lastly, QUICK  
 CUT back to the CLOSE UP of Will's face as he says--

WILL  
 (trying to convince  
 himself)  
 Because... I--I--it's good--I'm  
 good at it. It--it comes to me...  
 naturally. I--fucking you know--  
 like doing it. I enjoy it.

Will's Conscience gives Will a truly harsh stare, this time  
 with a slight, sad grin attached, an almost hopeless grin,  
 which causes Will to react in a physically insecure way.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 What?

Will's Conscience continues the harsh stare.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 (more insecure)  
 For God's sake, what?

## WILL'S CONSCIENCE

I don't even know if I can help you  
at this point... if that pathetic  
answer is the best you can do.

Just as Will completely deflates, QUICK CUT to a WIDE SHOT of  
the scene, showing Will sitting across from no one, but still  
staring across the table as if Will's Conscience is there.

## WILL

So I should just... give up?

QUICK CUT back to the SINGLES, now showing some OTS SHOTS  
that emphasize the empty chair where Will's Conscience should  
be.

## WILL'S CONSCIENCE

(beat, deeply  
contemplates)

I hate to say it, but I think it's  
about time.

Will's Conscience get's sincere here, seemingly having a  
truly rough time revealing his truth.

## WILL

(defeated)

Really?

## WILL'S CONSCIENCE

It's time to give up, Will.

At first, Will doesn't quite know how to react to that, but  
his attitude slowly shifts to angry the more Will's  
Conscience continues to push the notion of giving up.

## WILL

(beat)

Wow.

## WILL'S CONSCIENCE

I mean... How long have you been  
sitting at this lonely desk in this  
lonely apartment, if you can even  
call this claustrophobic box an  
"apartment," bashing your head  
against the wall?

## WILL

I--I don't know. You want a literal  
answer?

WILL'S CONSCIENCE

(beat, harsh stare again)

No. I'm just making a point: Head bashing kills. Especially if the head bashing occurs for absolutely no reason.

Will and Will's Conscience share a peculiar gaze, almost as if they are intentionally questioning each other's motives.

WILL'S CONSCIENCE (CONT'D)

And you've literally bashed your head against the wall. You put a hole in the wall.

WILL

(fed up)

One time.

WILL'S CONSCIENCE

One time, most of the time, is all it takes.

WILL

(beat)

What's your fucking problem? You were just--

WILL'S CONSCIENCE

Looking out for you?

Will deflates, deeply frustrated, as if he's beginning to bitterly agree with Will's Conscience.

WILL'S CONSCIENCE (CONT'D)

You've endured being a failure for too long.

Will stares at the blank journal, soaking that in.

WILL

It seems to me like you want me to run now.

WILL'S CONSCIENCE

No.

Will slowly looks up at Will's Conscience.

WILL'S CONSCIENCE (CONT'D)

That's what you want.

Will puts his head down, sighing with deep frustration.

## WILL'S CONSCIENCE (CONT'D)

It's time you finally let go of the delusion.

(beat)

Maybe you're just... not a writer, Will. Maybe you're just... a normal guy.

After a beat of soaking in the seeming defeat, Will abruptly slams his hand on the table, accidentally knocking the journal and pen off of it.

QUICK CUT to the WIDE SHOT the moment the journal hits the floor, quickly and vividly bringing us back to the sad reality that Will is completely alone in his claustrophobic box of an apartment.

Will stares at the journal and pen for a beat, intensely debating, then slowly gets out of his chair and squats to gather them.

QUICK CUT to a HIGH ANGLE of Will squatting on the floor as he slowly gathers the journal and pen. We watch him for a long, pathetic beat.

QUICK CUT to a LOW ANGLE of Will's Conscience studying Will as he squats as if he's some kind of defeated crustacean.

## WILL'S CONSCIENCE (CONT'D)

You might as well just leave those down there.

(beat)

They are useless up here.

Will stays down, staring at the ground.

## WILL

(beat, quietly)

I--I can't run.

## WILL'S CONSCIENCE

(teasingly)

What did you say? I can't hear you when you whisper to your shoulder.

Will finally looks up at Will's Conscience. He now has the harsh, judgmental stare.

## WILL

I can't run.

Will's Conscience notes Will's stare and swiftly, unconsciously begins to shift his whole demeanor to a more insecure one.



## WILL'S CONSCIENCE

But... You've been running ever since you starting writing. I mean, what's the fucking difference now?

Will finally stands and sets the journal and pen on the table, staring at Will's Conscience the whole time.

## WILL

I'm done running.

## WILL'S CONSCIENCE

How the fuck are you going to manage that? Look at what's ahead of you. You have a daunting reality making a beeline straight to you as we speak.

Will gives Will's Conscience one last harsh stare, then intentionally ignores the question and sits back at the table. He places the journal and pen down right in front of himself in the exact middle of the table.

## WILL'S CONSCIENCE (CONT'D)

See, see. There's no fucking way you're going to this. Just think about the deadline, think about the amount of words it takes, think about all the people putting pressure on you, think about all the previous times you've failed...

HOLD on Will for a long, tension-filled beat as if he's about to burst.... But he doesn't. He deliberately keeps himself very calm, tightly gripping the pen, and slowly opens the journal to the first page.

Will's Conscience continues, over and over, to berate Will with notions of fear and anxiety, but Will continues to deliberately ignore.

Will closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, then, simply, he finally begins to write.

As Will keeps his focus directly on the journal, writing with clear passion, only the volume of Will's Conscience begins to slowly decrease, until we are simply watching his mouth move with absolutely no sound coming out.

HOLD on Will's Conscience for a beat, watching him continue his rant, then QUICK CUT to Will, still passionately writing. He glances up for a beat and looks across the table.

Will's Conscience is now sitting in complete silence, looking at Will with a new kind of respect.

The book shelf with the few, distinct novels are now emphasized even more in the background. HOLD on this shot for a long beat.

Will, still with the harsh look in his eye, slightly nods his head at Will's Conscience as if to acknowledge some kind of profound truth, then he looks back down at the journal and continues to write.

FADE TO:

BLACK

THE END