

"WATCHING YOU"

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - DAY

The rain pounds down in torrents. ADAM RYAN, 35, runs around the corner and scans the street. His clothes are soaked to his skin from the downpour.

The block contains dozens of rundown apartment buildings. All the vehicles on the street are decrepit. Garbage litters the sidewalk.

A WOMAN with a red ponytail disappears into a building halfway down the block.

ADAM

Allie!

His scream cannot be heard above the storm. He runs towards the building the woman entered.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY

The tiny vestibule is littered with trash and the walls are covered with graffiti. Adam is not surprised when the security door opens for him without a key.

Empty boxes overflowing with trash line the walls. Discarded mail is spread all over the filthy floor. Adam cringes as the smell of urine invades his nose.

A door closes above him, so Adam rushes for the stairs.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Adam takes the stairs two at a time, and climbs over used needles and empty beer bottles along the way. He has to step around a MAN who is passed out at the top of the stairs.

He pulls open the door and peers out onto the second floor.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

The woman with the red ponytail is at the end of the hallway.

She turns right at the end of the hallway. Adam runs after her as the hallway lights flicker.

Adam reaches the end of the hallway in time to see the woman disappear into an apartment further down the hall.

He sprints down the hall. Every door is brown and unnumbered. He stops when he gets to a green door with the number "6" perfectly centered on it.

Adam pounds on the door.

ADAM  
Allie, it's me.

He pounds and pounds and pounds, but gets no reply.

ADAM  
Please, Allie, just open the door.

A spine tingling shriek comes from inside the apartment. Adam slams the door with his shoulder, but it does not budge.

Another shriek, this one even more terrifying.

Adam takes a running start, but merely bounces off the door and falls to the floor.

As Adam picks himself up, the door rattles. Then the entire hallway starts to shake.

The vibrations cause the number to fall off of the door.

The lights flicker repeatedly and then go out completely.

Suddenly, the lights flash back on again.

The door starts to splinter. Adam protects his face from flying shards of wood as he slowly approaches.

Finally, the door explodes outward and sends Adam flying into the wall behind him.

Enormous amounts of white sand spill out of the apartment and flood the hallway.

Adam throws the remains of the door off of him, but quickly becomes buried in the sand. He struggles to keep himself from falling under the surface.

The sand fills the hallway too quickly for Adam to even get to his feet. The sound of it is deafening.

Adam shovels the sand away from his face as fast as he can. Gradually, the white sand becomes darker. It is tinged with red. The redder the sand becomes, the thicker it gets.

When Adam realizes the sand is mixed with blood, he screams.

INT. CABIN BEDROOM - DAY

Adam awakens in his bed with a start, still screaming. It takes him a moment to realize that he is safe.

The room is very rustic and sparsely furnished. He is in some sort of cabin.

Adam wipes the sweat from his face and sits up in the bed. He reaches under the other pillow and pulls out a gun.

Tears fill his eyes as he holds the gun to the side of his head. Then he sticks the barrel in his mouth. He closes his eyes. He tries to pull the trigger.

He ends up throwing the gun across the room in frustration.

He reaches down next to the bed and grabs a bottle of Jack Daniels. He swallows what little is left and then dumps the empty bottle back on the floor with three others.

EXT. CABIN PORCH -DAY

Adam stands out on the porch in just his sweatpants and sips from a mug of coffee. He stares at the incredible view. The cabin is surrounded by trees and there is a mountain top in the very near distance.

The cabin is set far back from the unpaved road that leads up the mountain. The only sound is that of a bird calling out to its mate.

Adam takes a deep breath and then pulls a cell phone from his pocket. He hits a number on the speed dial and waits for someone to answer.

ADAM  
(into phone)  
Doc, it's Adam. I need to see  
you.

Adam listens and then disconnects the call. Then he closes his eyes and soaks up the absolute silence.

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. THOMAS WHITE, 55, who is dressed more like a lumberjack than a psychiatrist, sits across from Adam whose body language indicates that he is very uncomfortable.

Adam turns his attention to the window where he can see the mountain on which his cabin stands.

ADAM  
I had the dream again.

Dr. White raises an eyebrow to this piece of news and quickly references the note pad on his lap.

DR. WHITE  
It's been almost a month since the  
last one, correct?

ADAM  
Twenty-nine days.

Adam continues to stare at the mountain in the distance like it is some sort of calming influence.

DR. WHITE  
Any thoughts on why it returned?

There is an extremely long silence.

Adam slowly gets up out of his chair and walks over to the window. He continues to avoid any eye contact.

ADAM

I was on my porch yesterday, and I saw a woman with a red ponytail running up the mountain. I've lived here almost eight months, and I've never seen a redhead.

DR. WHITE  
Was she about 19, thin, athletic?

For the first time, Adam turns to look at the doctor.

ADAM  
Sounds about right.

DR. WHITE  
That's Missy Price. She's been away at college, but home for the summer. She's a runner.

A look of relief floods Adam's face, but it is only momentary. The blank stare quickly returns.

ADAM  
That's a relief. I thought I was hallucinating.

DR. WHITE  
Missy's father owns the diner. Her sister Lucy has probably waited on you if you've ever eaten there.

Adam thinks about it and nods.

ADAM  
Tall blonde? Rather attractive?

DR. WHITE  
Ah, so you do notice things.

ADAM  
I'm reclusive, Doc, but that doesn't mean I'm not observant.

Adam returns to his seat and his eyes remain on the doctor.

DR. WHITE  
So the dream was the same? The woman with the red hair, the sand?

ADAM

The bloody sand...yeah.

Dr. White jots something on his note pad.

DR. WHITE

I'd be able to better help you if  
you gave me some information about  
your life before you moved here.

Adam's blank stare morphs into an angry glare.

ADAM

I'm never going to talk about  
that. All you need to know is  
that I'm suffering through this  
self-imposed exile because I  
didn't have the balls to kill  
myself.

Dr. White sighs and tucks his pen into the pocket of his  
flannel shirt because there is no need to take notes about  
the same old speech he's heard at every session.

DR. WHITE

Have you tried to kill yourself  
recently?

Adam checks his watch.

ADAM

About an hour ago.

Dr. White cannot hide his surprise at how blasé Adam is at  
revealing that piece of information.

DR. WHITE

Odds are if you continue with the  
attempts, you will eventually  
succeed. However, your insistence  
on seeing me indicates that you  
want help. So I'm puzzled.

Adam turns in his chair to look at the mountain again.

ADAM

I just want to forget, and if  
blowing my brains through the back

of my head is the only way to do  
that, then so be it.

Dr. White turns his head so that he shares Adam's view.  
The mountain dwarves the town, but also seems to separate  
it from the rest of the world.

They sit in silence and do not make eye contact.