

FROM THE INSIDE

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

A computer buzzes. OREN, 32, white shirt and blue jeans, pokes his head out of his bathroom. He walks to the computer. Smoke seeps from it.

OREN
Are you kidding me right now? This
is fucking unbelievable.

Oren bends down and grabs the tower and opens it up. The smoke wafts from the hard drive. He shakes his head.

OREN (CONT'D)
Someone has to have a replacement
somewhere.

He opens his phone. He searches for a replacement hard drive. He scrolls through several.

OREN (CONT'D)
Damn. Wait--

He stops scrolling. Sweat forms on his head. Oren grabs his stomach. He mutters.

OREN (CONT'D)
It just couldn't be so damn easy,
could it?

There's a BANG on the door. JACK, 59, bursts into the room.

JACK
What's that burning smell, boy? You
smoking that stuff again?

Oren rolls his eyes.

OREN
No, Dad, I'm not. Besides, you do
know that stuff is legal right?

JACK
You think you know more than me,
boy? Maybe if you'd get out of this
damn house, you'd realize how the
world really is!

OREN
This isn't the stone age anymore,
Dad.

Jack shoves the door, and it hits the wall with a BANG. Oren jumps out of his skin as his father rushes toward him. Jack gets within an inch of Oren's face.

JACK

What did you say to me, boy?

Oren didn't look up. He tightens his grip on his arms.

JACK (CONT'D)

Now I don't know what bug crawled
up your ass and gave you the balls
to talk that way to me--

OLIVIA, 58, rushes into Oren's room and places her hands on Jack's back. She rubs it.

OLIVIA

Jack, honey. I'm sure Oren didn't
mean anything by it. Right, Oren?

Oren grabs his head and rocks on his feet. Olivia glides toward Oren. They ease down on the bed as she grabs his hands.

JACK

No wonder the boy won't grow up.
You keep coddling him! He's 32! How
much longer will this go on?

Olivia opens her mouth to speak, but Jack puts his hand up.

JACK (CONT'D)

Don't bother. I'm going out, and
I'll be back when I get back.

Jack stomps off. Olivia turns back to Oren and places her hands on his.

OREN (TO HIMSELF)

This isn't what I wanted. This
isn't what I wanted. No one asked
you anything. How do you know how I
feel? You don't know anything.

Olivia gently shakes his shoulders, and Oren looks at her. He rattles his head back and forth.

OLIVIA

Did you see something this time, or
was it the voices again?

OREN

The voices. Listen ,mom, I think
I'm going to go out today.

Olivia gasps as she brings her hands to her face. She wipes
away a tear.

OLIVIA

Honey, are you sure? You haven't
left the house in five years.
Besides, the last time--

OREN

I know.

Oren grabs his mother's hands and looks her square in the
eye.

OREN (CONT'D)

I need a new part is all, and the
fastest way to get it is to go to
EJ's shop in town. I won't get it
in time if I order it online.

Olivia sits still. Her head snaps up, and she looks deeply
into Oren's eyes.

OLIVIA

Are you sure? I can come with you.

Oren smiles a tiny smile at his mother.

OREN

You worry too much.

They embrace and Oren turns toward the door. His hand hovers
over the doorknob. Oren smiles at his mother one last time,
then opens the door.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD BUS STOP - DAY

Oren boards the bus and puts his headphones in his ears.

INT. BUS - DAY

Oren clutches the back of the chair in front of him. He fixes
his gaze to the window on the right. A passenger, 20, sits
next to him.

PASSENGER

Excuse me, but do you know if this
is the stop that leads to the mall?

Oren hums a dark tune to himself and turns up his music. He turns his head. The rider scoffs and moves seats while Oren exhales.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Oren steps off the bus and pulls out his phone. He verifies the address then walks down the sidewalk.

EXT. ELECTRONIC SHOP - DAY

Oren hesitates in front of the glass door. He sticks his hand out to open the door but pulls it back. Oren turns around to leave but stops. He turns back to the door and places his hand on the handle. A man on the other side reaches the door and opens it.

MAN

Excuse me.

Oren jumps and moves inside. He looks around.

OREN

E-Excuse me, do you have this hard drive here?

Oren shows the man his phone

CASHIER

Sure! I'll go get it for you. Be right back!

Oren stares down at the items underneath the glass.

JACK (O.C.)

What are you doing here, boy?

Oren bolts upright. His head follows the voice. Jack stands in the aisle.

JACK (CONT'D)

I said, what are you doing here, boy?

Oren turns to Jack.

OREN

I needed a part for my computer.

Jack's face turns into an snarl.

JACK

Oh, so now we can find the balls to leave when it's something worthless like computer pieces. Can't get a job like the rest of us. You're a failure.

The cashier returns and rings up the hard drive.

CASHIER

Okay, sir, that'll be sixty-five dollars.

Oren takes out his wallet with a trembling hand. He hands the cashier his card.

JACK

Just how are you paying for this anyway? Drug money I bet.

Oren shakes his head.

OREN

Of course not!

The cashier turns his head.

CASHIER

I'm sorry sir, did you say something?

Oren clears his throat.

OREN

No.

Jack steps closer to Oren.

JACK

Tell me where you got that money.

Oren trembles. He holds out his hand for his card and hard drive.

EXT. ELECTRONIC SHOP - DAY

JACK

Damn it, boy! You're going to tell me once and for all.

Jack unfastens his belt. Oren snatches his items and bolts out the door. He runs down the street.

JACK (CONT'D)
You think you can outrun me, boy?

OREN
I can't. I can't do this!

Oren runs into...

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Oren makes a beeline for the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

He locks the door, then vomits.

OREN
I haven't run like that in forever.

He locks the stall door. He sits on the floor near the toilet and closes his eyes. There is a BANG on the stall door.

JACK
And it still wasn't fast enough.
Come on out here, boy.

Oren yelps.

OREN
How did you find me, Dad?

JACK
All this time and still this
stupid! Open the door.

The stall door shakes. Oren cowers into the corner and covers his face with his hands.

OREN
Dad, please leave! You can't do
this here.

The stall door stops shaking. Oren peeks out from his hands.

JACK
Oh? So now you think you can tell
me what to do just because you
finally found your balls to leave
the house?

Jack's hand reaches under the stall. Oren screams.

VOICE (O.C.)
Excuse me, sir? Everything okay in
here? We heard yelling.

Oren shoots his head up at the stranger's voice. The hand disappears.

OREN.
Fuck. Yeah, yeah I'm okay. I'll be
out in a minute.

VOICE
No problem, sir. Take your time.

Footsteps recede, and the door closes.

Oren closes his eyes and breathes. He stands and opens the stall and walks to the sink.

OREN
Jesus. It's getting harder to tell
real anymore.

Oren rinses his face. He grabs some paper towels to dry his face. A pair of hands grabs him from behind.

JACK
Not this time, boy! You are going
to learn your lesson today.

Oren fights back. He rams backward into the wall. There is a thud. Oren doesn't look back. He runs out of the bathroom. The crowd watches on in surprise.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

He stops in front of the exit and looks around. Oren shakes his head and bolts out the door.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Oren looks behind him. Jack walks toward him.

OREN
Why won't you leave me alone?

JACK
You need to learn, boy. Once and
for all. If you aren't going to
leave, then I'll take you out!

Oren snaps his head forward, just as Jack puts his hands around his neck. He struggles. He blacks out. A WOMAN runs up to the passed out Oren.

WOMAN
Sir? Are you okay?

Oren lays there, motionless. The woman shakes him repeatedly. His eyes flutter open.

OREN
Who are you?

WOMAN
Thank god you're okay! I saw you twisting about and shouting in the street before you passed out.

Oren sits up. He looks at the lady and cries.

OREN
I'm sorry for the trouble ma'am.
I'm just trying to get home, and he keeps coming after me.

WOMAN
Who, darling? The only person I saw was you.

Oren nods and wipes his eyes.

OREN
It's nothing. Thank you for helping me, but I need to go home now.

WOMAN
Are you sure? I can give you a ride-

Oren holds up his hand. He shakes his head and stands.

OREN
No, ma'am, I'm fine. This is something I have to do on my own.

She looks him over.

WOMAN
Only if you're sure. You take care now!

Oren smiles and turns to walk away.

EXT. BUS STOP - EVENING

Oren makes it to the bus stop canopy. He slides down and leans his head against the canopy wall.

OREN

I wasn't strong enough to know the difference. Even after all this time. I wish all of you would just shut up for a minute and let me live.

The bus arrives. Oren trudges onto it and pays the fee. He slumps into the first chair. He looks down at the hard drive he managed to keep with him.

OREN (CONT'D)

I did it. Even though you did all you could to stop me, I still did it. I made it out.

Oren smiles.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Oren saunters down his road. His body is heavy. The light shines from his living room window.

OREN

I think I can still make it. I need to win this!

Oren pulls out his phone. He's missed 20 calls from his mother.

OREN (CONT'D)

Oh shit. How did I miss these?

Oren arrives at his walkway. He looks at the garage. Jack's work truck is in the He sighs.

OREN (CONT'D)

The adventure is over, I guess.

Oren reaches into his pocket and pulls out his keys. He attempts to open the door, but it swings open. Jack stands in the doorway

JACK

Oren?

Oren balks.

OREN

Yeah, Dad?

Jack pulls Oren into an embrace.

JACK

I can't believe it. When your mom called, I didn't think you actually left! When I came home and saw you were gone, I didn't know what to think.

Oren cries.

OREN

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you guys worry.

Jack pulls Oren into a hug.

JACK

No, I'm sorry. It doesn't matter what you've got going on, I shouldn't treat you the way I have been. I was just worried and didn't know how to deal with it.

OREN

It happened while I was out. I saw you, and you were trying to kill me.

Jack wipes a tear from his face.

JACK

Well, I'm glad you made it home okay, despite the visions. Now, do you want to show me what made you brave the outside?

Oren smiles and shows him the bag.