

**An Act of a Craven**

Written By  
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1 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - EVENING 1

VEER (27) is shuffling through a bunch of keys, trying to open the door. The close-up shot shows **BLOOD** on his wrist.

He looks around nervously, he misses the keyhole a few times, before succeeding. He slams open the door.

2 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 2

He locks the door behind him and throws the bag and the Upper coat on the couch.

3 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 3

VEER turns the tap on and splashes water on his faces multiple times.

Staring at the mirror he takes a deep breath. As he drops the head in a sigh he notices the **BLOOD** on his hand. He panickly washes it off, and while rubbing it off he scratches himself.

He sinks to the floor against the wall, petrified.

CUT TO:

4 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER 4

VEER is sitting on his couch by the side of a flickering lamp. He seems out of it. He notices the flickering and taps on the lamp a few times, the flickering persists but it doesn't fix so he knocks the lamp out of frustration and anger.

He picks up a packet of cigarettes from the table and pops out one to lit. He fumbles through the pockets of his hoodie and pant for a lighter. Doing so he finds a small **BLUE DIARY** in the pocket of his hoodie.

Keeping the cigarette to lips he examines and opens it.

INSERT: THE DIARY:

"Are you a coward?"

BACK TO SCENE

He finds it absurd and **THROWS** the diary away. He resumes his search for the lighter. He looks around and rechecks the drawers suddenly we hear a **HEAVY EMOTIONLESS PLAIN VOICE**.

THE VOICE (O.S.)  
Throwing it won't solve anything.

VEER  
Who's there?

He looks around anxiously and finds nothing but thin air. He slowly goes to the right end of the couch to grab his steel baseball bat.

VEER (CONT'D)  
(shouts)  
Who's there? I said, who's there?

He slowly goes towards the bedroom.

5 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

5

He enters the room holding his bat high, he is breathing rapidly. He slowly looks around the room but it's empty. The messy bed didn't distract him showing it was his doing than others.

THE VOICE (O.S.)  
What you seek is not here.

With an instant reaction, VEER swings his bat around, but the bat hit none.

VEER  
(Shouts)  
I swear I'm gonna kill you. Show yourself you fucker.

He panics to move but tries to move slowly and his slow tense breathing is the only sound we can hear.

VEER (CONT'D)  
Come out. You better come out.

He slowly walks out back to the living room.

6 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

6

He is moving very cautiously.

VEER  
(whispers to himself )  
What the fuck is happening with me?

The sound of THE VOICE comes from behind VEER.

THE VOICE (O.S.)  
Want to find out?

VEER swings the bat again but this time it slips from his hand and crashes into the door. It surprises him as well.

VEER  
(yells)  
Ahh... Where the fuck are you?

7 INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

7

We can hear a STEADY, RHYTHMIC THUDDING sound blending in. The whole living room is a mess now. Everything is scattered, and all the heavy objects are turned over. It feels like an after-robbery crime scene. VEER is sitting by the sofa. He is making the STEADY, RHYTHMIC THUDDING with his baseball bat.

He looks around all over to find someone but there was none.

VEER  
Why can't you tell me who are you or what are you?

Beat.

THE VOICE (O.S.)  
Nothing will come out of it.

VEER  
Nothing? Nothing. Then what will?

No reply.

VEER (CONT'D)  
(yells)  
Ahh...

He stands up and walks in circles panickly.

VEER (CONT'D)  
It's a dream, a dream, just a bad one and nothing else.

THE VOICE (O.S.)  
No, it's not.

VEER  
(laughs in disbelief)  
Oh! This is madness, this is fucking madness. I have gone crazy. That's it.

(MORE)

VEER (CONT'D)  
I have gone crazy or it's a dream.

THE VOICE (O.S.)  
No, it's not.

VEER  
Then, what the fuck is this, tell me,  
huh... (desperately) Who the are you?

THE VOICE (O.S.)  
Who I am is not relevant. What's  
relevant is what you have done.

VEER  
What do you mean?

Beat.

VEER (CONT'D)  
Just tell me, what do you want?

THE VOICE  
Just answer the diary, and everything  
will be resolved.

VEER  
What diary?

It went silent all of a sudden. VEER is looking in the air for an answer but gets nothing. Then, without warning, a **sharp, deafening SOUND** shatters the stillness, ringing so loud it feels like the world itself has gone mute. VEER covers his ear. He is yelling in pain.

VEER (CONT'D)  
(yells)  
What-- What diary?-- (realizes) the  
diary!

The deafening sound makes it nearly impossible to think, let alone move. His steps falter, unsteady, until--crash! He stumbles over the overturned table. A sharp pain shoots through him as a nail drives into his foot, sending him crashing to the ground. He screams in agony. Then--in the pain--he spots it. THE DIARY. Hidden beneath the drawer. He reaches for it, fingers trembling. He grabs it, lifting it high, waving it in the air.

VEER (CONT'D)  
I-- have it. I have it.

The sound vanished, it went silent again. He is breathing rapidly trying to catch some air. The blood from his leg can be seen dripping down on the floor. He is still shaking. With trembling fingers, he opens the DIARY. The first page read: "Are you a coward?". He looks behind his shoulder and opens the drawer to get a pen. He stretches his arm to reach the bottom-finds one. As he goes to write he pauses for a moment and with trembling fingers he writes: Y-E-S.

VEER (CONT'D)

That's it?

As no reply came he flips the page. Another question. This time he looks puzzled and shocked with the question as the second question reads: "Was it your fault?"

VEER (CONT'D)

What is this?

THE VOICE (O.S.)

You already know it.

VEER is looking hesitant to write something. It feels like he is straining himself to answer but finally, he writes: Y-E-S.

He slowly turns the next page over. As he reads it, he closes THE DIARY in a blink. An emotionless expression covers his face. Holding THE DIARY in a tight grip he throws it away.

VEER

(in pain)

Fuck it. I don't-want to-play your game anymore.

The **SOUND** comes back, but this time, it's weaker. VEER seems unfazed with it now.

CUT TO:

8 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

8

A Bunch of newspapers lies scattered on the porch, untouched, suggesting a lot of days have passed. A faint discontinuous SCREECHING sound can be heard from the gate.