

DARK ADAM  
by  
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1 EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - DAY 1

Rush hour traffic crowds the street.

Through the slow moving cars whips a man on a bicycle. This, is ADAM. His standard issue khakis are tied on the right leg to keep it out of the chains. His full backpack is tight against his shirt as his regulation striped tie flaps in the wind. Sunlight glistens off the shiny plastic of his helmet as he deftly weaves through traffic and pulls into the bowels of an office building parking lot.

2 INT. OFFICE - DAY 2

Grey carpeted cubicles line the walls in drab uniformity. The fluorescent lights shine down harshly. Blinds cover whatever light could squeeze in through the windows at the end of the hall. This is corporate America.

Adam breezes in the doorway. Helmet in hand he walks to his desk and settles in. Stacks of paper surround him in a sea of beige and white, beige and white, beige and white. A lone picture of Adam on a mountain bike is pinned to the carpeted walls, the only source of color in an otherwise drab environment.

3 INT. OFFICE - LATER 3

Adam is hard at work. The stacks have rearranged but still the colors of the sea haven't changed.

A CO-WORKER stops by Adam's cubicle. Adam barely notices as another stack of papers is set on his desk. As the co-worker walks away, Adam pauses to look the never-ending pile. He sighs. And returns to work.

4 EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - EVENING 4

Everything is the same, but reversed as Adam bikes through traffic on his way home.

5 INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT 5

Adam walks in the door. As he walks through the house he starts to shed his skin.

First the helmet.

Then the backpack.

Shoes and socks are discarded.

The shirt reveals a well muscled back.

The pants drop.

The transformation begins.

Black vinyl fights with the skin.

Fingernails are painted a bright blue.

Electrical tape is cut. It covers the chest in X's.

Purple boots are zipped. And zipped. And zipped.

A dog collar is snapped.

A silver ring. A coffin.

Dark black tears of makeup are drawn.

A feather with sharp steel needles is stuck under his skin.

Again.

And again.

And again.

6 INT. CLUB - ENTRY HALL - NIGHT

6

Energy pulses from the warm brick of the dimly lit entry hall. Black metal. This is hell. This is Sinister.

The toe of a purple boot steps up. And stops.

Adam. Black vinyl skirt, purple platform boots, black makeup. Feathers cascade out from his back like an angel. A dark angel. Dark Adam.

He strides down the hallway, feathers flowing.

He is magnificent.

This is his world.

7 INT. CLUB - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT 7  
The club is full of people. Color, feathers, light, leather.  
Bodies writhe on the dance floor.  
Adam is in demand. He is touched. He is admired. He is a  
god.  
A hand digs into a shoulder, into a hip, into a thigh. Lips  
and tongues and flesh.  
Hands are tied high in chains.  
A whip flies high and smacks flesh.  
Adam cries out. In rapture.

8 EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - DAY 8  
Adam rides his bike through traffic. The same as before.  
Always the same.

9 INT. OFFICE - DAY 9  
Adam settles into his desk. The same as before. Always the  
same.

10 INT. OFFICE - LATER 10  
Adam works at his desk.  
The co-worker stops by Adam's cubicle. Adam barely notices  
as another stack of papers is set on his desk. The co-worker  
starts to walk away, but notices something and pauses.  
Adam realizes the routine is different. He looks up.  
The co-worker looks at him quizzically, then smiles.  
CO-WORKER  
Nice fingernails.  
As the co-worker walks away, Adam looks at his fingers.  
They're still painted bright blue.

END