

NARCISSUS

by

Lorna Lennon-Dalziel & Alex Quinn

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A single flame bursts from the darkness, the flame rising high. Our title sequence appears over this as eerie piano music plays. It finishes as the flame dies.

ACT I

INT. NARCISSIST'S BEDROOM - DAY

We see a picture of a conventionally attractive man decorates the wall. And another. And another. We see the hands of The Narcissist carefully shaving his throat with a blade. Another picture on the wall. His hands begin applying moisturiser. Another picture. A spritz of a perfume bottle in the air. A drop of moisture enter his eye. His eye dilates. A wall full of images is revealed. We see the face of The Narcissist fill the screen. He is pale and gaunt and wearing only underwear. Dark shadows fill his face. The drops running down to his jaw. Are they the eye drops? Are they tears? We see he is standing in front of a mirror. He begins to try and recreate the images around him. He tenses his stomach and relaxes again. He stands closer to his reflection, beginning to distort his face using his hands. Anger builds within him. He becomes more rigorous, slapping and punching at himself, shouting in frustration at his reflection. Blood appears from his mouth. He puts a finger to his bloodied lip and then draws a smile across his reflection.

EXT. PARK - DAY

We see pigeons scramble for food. The Narcissist is alone. He feeds the pigeons aimlessly. The birds surround him. They are his only companions

EXT. CITY CENTRE - NIGHT

The Narcissist shuffles through the streets. His face is fixed onto something we do not see.

EXT. PARK - DAY

He feeds a pigeon from his hand whilst avoiding eye contact with bystanders. He is talking, mumbling to the birds.

EXT. CITY CENTRE - NIGHT

He stares intently at whatever is before him.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The Narcissist looks up and sees someone watching him. He turns the other way. Someone else watching him, whispering something to their friend. Self-consciousness overwhelming him, he stands up quickly. He stops, noticing his reflection in the water. Distorted. Horrific. Ugly. He is unable to look away. Anguish builds on his face.

EXT. CITY CENTRE - NIGHT

The same look of anguish on his face. We finally see he is staring at a billboard of an model. The epitome of beauty stands before him. He reaches out to touch it but can't.

ACT II

INT. NARCISSIST'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Narcissist enters the building in which he resides. He bumps into Adam, who is moving in. Adam is a well-dressed, flamboyant, confident young man. He is carrying several bottles of wine. He introduces himself.

The following dialogue appears as intertitles

ADAM

Hey, how are you doing? I'm the new guy.

Adam goes to shake his hand. The Narcissist is caught off guard, he offers a weak handshake.

NARCISSIST

Hello...

ADAM

I moved in yesterday, not too far from here actually. I'm from around here but fancied a change from where I was previously. This place looked nice, an ideal location really...

Narcissist is bewildered. He stares wide-eyed at Adam, who doesn't seem to notice his awkwardness. Adam continues talking energetically. Narcissist begins to study Adam. He notices how he parts his hair, how his clothes are perfectly styled. He eventually becomes aware he is being asked a question.

NARCISSIST

Sorry?

ADAM

I said you don't mind if I have a few people over do you? A small house warming of sorts.

He shakes his head in response.

ADAM (CONT)

Great! Catch you later!

Adam exits, Narcissist watches him leave.

## INT. NARCISSIST'S BEDROOM - EVENING

The Narcissist opens his bedroom door slightly. He peers through the gap. We see Adam and several of his friends enter the house. They are all so beautiful. Narcissist quietly watches them as they laugh and drink and cavort. They do not notice him there. He closes his door and slinks back into his room, walking over to his desk. He lights a match and watches the flame form in all its power. He kneels down to light a small cake. It is his birthday. He reflects for a moment before blowing the candle out. Darkness.

ACT III

INT. NARCISSIST'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The Narcissist is sitting on his bed with his ear against the wall. His eyes are wide with anticipation. He is listening for something. We move through the wall and into... Adam's bedroom.

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

We see Adam on his bed, listening to music. He rises to primp and preen in the mirror, fussing with his hair, applying skincare products.

INT. NARCISSIST'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Narcissist continues listening, pressed against his wall. He suddenly hears movement. He rushes to the door, hand trembling on the handle. He carefully opens the door a crack, remembering to keep silent. He peers out from the darkness behind him. Adam strolls past, down the stairs and out of the house. The Narcissist's eyes bulge as notices Adam's door slightly ajar. He creeps towards the room and quietly opens the door

INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM. MORNING CONT

Narcissist studies the room around him. He slowly steps forward. He gently touches Adam's possessions as he walks around. He strokes the jackets hanging on the door before putting it one on. He enjoys the feel of it, feeling transformed. He smells Adam's perfume as he sprays himself generously. He studies the books on Adams shelves, noticing the dog-eared corners. He selects one and takes it over to the bed where he sits down. A thought. The Narcissist lies down on the bed, exactly where Adam would, staring at the very same ceiling Adam does every night. His eyelids become heavy as he drifts away into sleep. We fade to black

SUDDENLY! BANG!

The door of the house slams shut. Adam has returned. Narcissist swiftly escapes the room, and returns to his own, pretending he's just exiting so he can bump into Adam. The two exchange a hello. Narcissist notices Adam's hand is bandaged.

NARCISSIST  
What happened to you?

ADAM

Oh this? I burnt it cooking. Nothing  
too serious! Will heal in no time.

Adam says his goodbyes and walks back to his room. He notices his door is open. He looks back to The Narcissist in suspicion, but there is no one there.



ACT IV

INT. NARCISSIST'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The Narcissist, wearing only a towel, shaves his face in the mirror.

A kettle begins to boil.

There is new confidence within The Narcissist as he swaggers and struts around his room as he adopts this persona. He begins to touch his body and face, the confidence growing within him.

Steam fills the air around the kettle.

He begins to get dressed. We see him buttoning a shirt, fastening a belt, lace his shoelaces. He stands before his mirror. We realise he has dressed exactly like Adam. His hair is the same, his outfit is carbon copy

The kettle wobbles and rattles as it finishes boiling.

Narcissist collects the kettle. He is calm and stoical. He pours it over his hand with abandon. Steam fills the air and a half-smile, half-grimace appears on his face

EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON

Adam and his friends are sitting together, enjoying each other's company. We see a figure with a strange gait approaching from a distance. We eventually recognise it as The Narcissist, but he friends do not. He arrives at the group, looming over them awkwardly, and greets them enthusiastically. They stare at him in bewilderment. There is an uncomfortable pause. Adam looks concerned. He stands up and notices his hand.

ADAM

What have you done?

NARCISSIST

Now I'm like you. We are the same.

Narcissist shows his hand eagerly. Some of the group begin to laugh nervously. Narcissist takes a step forward. Adam retreats.

ADAM

You're insane. Get away from me.

The Narcissist is wounded. He offers his hand forward for a handshake, but Adam slaps it away. The friends look away in awkward embarrassment.

ADAM CONT

I said GO AWAY!

Adam shoves The Narcissist hard, and he falls backwards. The group exit the park sharply. Narcissist sits up. He stays there, sadness filling his eyes. Sadness turns to anger. We go closer to his face, closer and closer until all we see is the madness in his eyes. We slowly pull back, further and further. The Narcissist is now consumed by his darkness. He has reached insanity. There is no return.

ACT V

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A shadow of a man creeps into the night. We see their hard footsteps. We see they are alone. Isolated. It's Adam, walking alone. He stops and looks behind him. Nothing there. He continues on. Another shadow appears not far behind. Adam becomes increasingly paranoid. He stops again. No one is there. Eventually Adam stops for a cigarette to calm his nerves. As he strikes a match against a wall and raises it to his face, the flame illuminates The Narcissist behind him. If looks could kill, Adam would be sixty feet under. Adam extinguishes the match and takes a drag. After a beat, The Narcissist's hand grabs Adam's face and drags him backwards.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Narcissist carries the limp body of Adam into the room, placing him down on a table. Narcissist looks at his hands, already covered in Adam's blood. He licks it off his fingers, savouring the taste, savouring the moment. His face is blissful, euphoric. The camera pans away to the wall behind, and we see the silhouette of The Narcissist raising a knife and slamming it down into Adam's body. He enters a frenzy of cuts and stabs. The silhouette eventually begins to use its hands to tear away the body, devouring his flesh.

We see The Narcissist slump to the floor, tired and satiated. A large twist smile decorates his bloodied face.

FIN