

Tales From the Abyss

By

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Based on,

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DYSTOPIAN LA - NIGHT

A man is laying on the tarnished, dystopian beach of Venice, which is covered in piles of glass and plastic waste. The man is a DRUNKEN SOCIALITE, dressed in a BLACK AND WHITE SUIT with a BOW-TIE. The wealthy drunken socialite lays pitifully in the dirty sand, gurgling and hiccuping in an intoxicated state. He doesn't even notice a LONG HAIREd MAN, enshrouded in darkness, walks up to the drunken sophisticate lying down on the sand.

DRUNKEN SOCIALITE

Who- who is there? I can't see you in the dark.

The long haired man says nothing.

DRUNKEN SOCIALITE (CONT'D)

Who are you?!

CHRIS

Maybe I'm a psycho.

DRUNKEN SOCIALITE

What?! Get away from me man!

CHRIS

Haha! It's a joke man.

DRUNKEN SOCIALITE

Just tell me your name. Come out of the shadow there a bit.

CHRIS

My name is Christian.

Chris steps forward revealing his face in the scant light.

DRUNKEN SOCIALITE

Christian? Well, why the hell you got to scare the piss out of me like that? You young folks are wild these days. You need to have respect for your elders.

Chris looks down at the wealthy sophisticate, we can see his age more clearly now. His round face smiles in the moonlight.

CHRIS

All great things first wear masks of terror, so that it may be inscribed  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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CHRIS (CONT'D)  
onto the hearts of men.

DRUNKEN SOCIALITE  
Are you mad?

CHRIS  
Mad? Madness is something rare in  
individuals-

Chris pulls out a bludgeon from his coat pocket. He holds it in his hand and prepares to strike.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
- but in groups and parties, madness  
is the rule.

Chris begins wailing on the drunken Hollywood business man with his bludgeoning tool. The drunken member of the elite screams in terror and then pain before ceasing, now beaten to death.

A group of bystanders, 3 MEN, dressed similarly to Chris (grungy tarnished rags) approach Chris and the dead drunk, bewildered by the deranged slaying they've seen.