

A BOY'S FEAR

By
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INT. CONCRETE ROOM - DAY

BILLY (10), a frightened boy, wears nothing but a Speedo. He cowers on a wooden bench. The bench is bolted to a concrete floor at the end of a rectangular concrete block room.

A heavy wood slab door closes off the room. Loud voices of children screaming echo into the space, but they're so muffled you can't tell if they're ecstatic or terrified.

A naked bulb burns overhead. A single metal showerhead juts out of a side wall.

The bare room shows years of human use, especially where a dark stain bleeds across the floor into a rusty metal drain.

Billy shivers. His eyes dart around nervously. He hugs his knees and watches the wooden door with dread.

Heavy footsteps echo outside the room. Billy moves down the bench and buries himself in the cold concrete corner.

The door opens revealing VINCENT (50), a large burly man. He smiles at the cowering Billy.

VINCENT

Billy, I've been waiting for you.

He holds out his hand and gestures for Billy to come to him.

VINCENT

Come on boy.

Vincent snaps his fingers, but keeps smiling.

Billy shivers and resigns himself to his fate, stands up, and slowly takes Vincent's hand.

INT. CONCRETE HALLWAY - DAY

Vincent pulls the reluctant Billy out of the room and down a dimly lit concrete hallway lined with identical small rooms.

Vincent kneels down and looks Billy in the eyes.

VINCENT

Billy, you need to learn how to swim. It's for your own good.

The sounds of children laughing and screaming in joy echoes down the hallway.

BILLY

Yes, Grandpa.