

FADE IN

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Quick cuts of SHADOWY FIGURES moving in SLOW MOTION and DISTORTED SOUNDS scrape just beneath the surface of ADAM'S subconscious. VOICES WHISPER unintelligibly in the mists of a muddled mind.

EYES SNAP OPEN. ADAM BILLET (26) focuses on the far wall. It's bare. And white. So is the other one. And the other one with its inlaid book shelves empty. And the window's glare is brighter for the lack of shade or curtains.

And Adam himself is naked.

He rolls into a sitting position with a start. Pats himself as if to make sure he's all together. And not dreaming. And not dressed.

The eyes are full of confusion now. He leaps to his feet and leaves the room.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Adam steps down the hallway. There are tiny holes in the wall where pictures once hung. He examines one and moves on.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

With rising confusion and a touch of panic, Adam sees that all the kitchen appliances have vanished. He TURNS ON the faucet. A SPUTTER and WHOOSH of AIR from the tap indicates the water has been turned off.

He turns in a panic. Rushes across the room and opens empty cupboards and a large empty pantry.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Adam RIPS open a closet door. Not even a hanger. He streaks away.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Adam YANKS open the medicine cabinet. Empty. Turns on the taps. A last gasp of pressure. Flushes the toilet. The handle rattles uselessly. He opens the seat and the lid from the back of the toilet. Dry. Dry as a Gobi bone.

He slams the seat down and sits on it. Dazed. Stupefied. What next?

He pulls himself to his feet and leaves the bathroom.

INT. ADAM'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Adam arrives at the front door. Opens it a crack and peeks out. No one near. This is not good. Not a stitch to wear. He sticks his head out further to scan the block to the right and left. He spies someone.

ADAM

Mr. Oldenboorg. Could you come here  
a minute? Yes.

Message delivered, Adam leans against the inside of the door. His eyes fill with tears. More fear than fury.

INT. OLDENBOORG HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Adam sits, wrapped in a blanket, at the kitchen table.

Warmhearted hausfrau MRS. OLDENBOORG (65) places a cup of tea in front of him as she takes a seat. MR. OLDENBOORG (70), a spry retired blue-collar worker, meanders in with a large plaid, lumberjack shirt and work pants. He tosses them to Adam.

MR. OLDENBOORG

Try these. I don't get it. There  
was no sign of forced entry. What  
do you think's going on?

Adam, still in shock, just shakes his head and takes a sip of tea. Mrs. Oldenboorg reaches over and pats his hand.

MRS. OLDENBOORG

Oh, Adam. Awful things always  
happen to such nice people.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

MR. OLDENBOORG

That's probably the boys in blue.  
Why don't you slide into those duds  
and I'll give 'em the walk round  
your place.

He leaves. Mrs. Oldenboorg smiles sympathetically. Adam clutches the blanket around him with one hand and the clothes with the other and shuffles out of the room.

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE - DAY

The open door exposes the emptiness of Adam's house. The exterior is also bare. Not a bush, shrub or shred of color.

OFFICER BACON (O.S.)  
So, you have no idea at all?

There are BIG PLASTIC DAISIES on a pair of feet-filled flip-flops. Adam's feet. They nicely complement the way too small trousers and huge, baggy shirt that Oldenboorgs lent him.

ADAM  
I told you. The house was stripped  
and so was I.

MR. OLDENBOORG  
That's right. Didn't have a stitch  
on him.

Officer Bacon (44) scratches the back of his thick neck with the eraser end of his pencil. Looks at his notes.

OFFICER BACON  
So is that "Billet" with one 'l'  
and two 't's'?

ADAM  
Billet. Two 'l's' and one 't'. It's  
English.

OFFICER BACON  
Do tell. Well, may be hard to  
believe, but this has been  
happening quite a bit lately.

ADAM  
You're kidding.

OFFICER BACON  
Do I look like a kidder, Mr.  
Billet? Seems more common these  
days, that's all I'm saying. But  
there's places set up to help folks  
like you. Re-entry houses.

ADAM  
Re-entry houses?

OFFICER BACON  
Halfway houses from the loony 90's.  
Re-purposed for situations like  
this. I'll run you over to one.

ADAM  
I don't think I really need -

OFFICER BACON

Lotta folks have a hard time when they lose everything. Almost lose their identity. Ya are what ya own, right?

ADAM

Never really thought of it like that.

(to Mr. Oldenboorg)

Mr. Oldenboorg, I may need to -

He touches the baggy shirt.

MR. OLDENBOORG

Keep 'em. Til you get somethin' better, o' course.

ADAM

Thanks.

The policeman waddles to his car. Adam follows. He notices the cop's utility belt and the big black maglight hanging from it. In large letters the initials A.B. can be seen on the side of the flashlight.

Adam reacts with a start.

INT./EXT. OFFICER BACON'S CAR - LATER

Adam glances again at the officer's belt. And him.

ADAM

Those lights are great, huh? The mag, I mean.

OFFICER BACON

Yeah, they are.

ADAM

I used to have one just like it. Right down to the initials. A.B. Adam Billet.

OFFICER BACON

Oh, yeah. Me, too. Anthony Bacon.

The drive continues. Adam looks out to the front. Self-doubt creases his face. Is he losing his mind as well as his stuff?

EXT. CARNEGIE RE-ENTRY HOUSE - DAY

The police cruiser pulls up in front of the CARNEGIE RE-ENTRY HOUSE, a friendly home-style building much bigger than a regular house. Adam steps out of the cruiser. It speeds off rather quickly.

He looks the place over for a moment and heads inside.

INT. CARNEGIE RE-ENTRY HOUSE - ADAM'S ROOM - DAY

The DOOR to a small, well-appointed room opens and a WOMAN (36) in a pale blue institutional uniform enters and places a large terry-cloth robe and white slippers on the bed. Adam stands in the doorway, still in his ill-fitting clothes.

He glances around at the comfy bed, couch, TV and table with phone, fruit basket and flowers.

WOMAN

Why don't you get comfortable? Your caseworker will be along shortly.

She leaves. Closes the door behind her. Adam moves around and actually touches each piece of furniture as if to make sure it really exists. He touches and then sniffs at the flowers. They're fake but good fakes. Fruit in the basket is real, however, and just as he takes a bite of apple ...

A slight KNOCK at the door. NATHAN (55) enters. He has a receding hairline and a kindly disposition. Everybody's favorite uncle. He has an ACCORDION-STYLE FILE FOLDER.

NATHAN

Hello, my name is Nathan and I'm here to help.

He extends his hand. Adam shakes it.

NATHAN

(gestures to the couch)  
Have a seat.

Adam sits.

NATHAN

I see the first thing we need to do is get you some proper clothes. I have a voucher for you to use at one of our stores.

(MORE)

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