

SPOON-FED ADDICTION

A Supernatural Horror Noir Feature
by Silvano Williams

"Grief doesn't die. It spreads."



Logline

Houston, 1995

Adiran, a grief-ravaged drug dealer, tears through a night of revenge – but he's not the avenger; he's the carrier of a parasitic shadow. His goodbye kiss marks Angela, the sheriff's sheltered teenage daughter, as its next host.

Overview

Spoon-fed Addiction is a Hard R supernatural noir — character-driven, contained in scope, and built for the budget bands where the genre consistently outperforms.

Feature: 118 pages

Genre: Supernatural Horror Noir

Rating: Hard R


Budget: \$3–5M

Production Footprint: Houston-anchored.

Approximately 20 production locations: residential interiors and Alief street exteriors carry the bulk; the desert flashback is a single contained sequence (stageable anywhere arid); three signature set pieces — controlled house fire, car-through-wall stunt, train-track sequence — are isolated and stageable.



The Vision



Spoon-fed Addiction follows Adiran, a dying drug dealer whose bathtub confession reveals how grief, guilt, and violence made him a carrier for the parasitic darkness. The shadows do not begin with him, but through him they take a specific shape — wearing Veronica's face, feeding on justified cruelty, infecting Angela through false intimacy, and finally using her diary and his confession as transmission surfaces.

The story is not only about trauma spreading between characters; it is about pain becoming narrative, narrative becoming infection, and the audience drawn close enough to catch it.

The film is framed as two testimonies — the dying man's confession and the sheltered girl's diary. Adiran condemns himself in his own words; Angela writes in love, unaware she is already lost.

'Supernatural Horror Noir' is the design: thriller drives the plot, psychological horror shapes the experience, and the supernatural makes the fallout visible.

Visual Language & Tone

The prologue first presents itself as Angela's grief over a lost love. On second viewing, the sleight of hand becomes visible: the shadow has been the narrator the entire time — a shadow wearing her shape, long after her death, performing her diary back to itself and to us. While Adiran's bathtub confession is a curation to him, Angela's diary is a curation to the audience. What plays as memory is infection via curation.

The shadow is the film's central visual motif. A presence with appetite that doesn't create the wound. It lives in it.

Visual Approach

The film's visuals are subjective by design. Drug intoxication, mild psychosis, and the supernatural presence of the shadows overlap until the frame itself becomes unreliable. The audience is invited to dismiss what they see as chemical or psychological. The shadows are neither. They are real.

Sound & Music

The film's sonic palette lives in the 90s industrial/alt space — intimate, abrasive, and hypnotic.

Market & Audience

GRIEF DOESN'T DIE. IT SPREADS.

Spoon-fed Addiction is a love letter to Trent Reznor's nihilism. It is built for viewers who watch films as immersive experiences — viewers who want a story that earns its weight, even when it asks for patience. The threads are intentional and reward repeat viewings.

Primary audience: Skews 25–55, weighted toward Gen X who lived the script's world firsthand and will recognize the soundtrack, 90s aesthetics, and altered-perception cinematography.

Secondary audience: Noir / arthouse crossover viewers drawn to non-linear testimony and character-driven psychological horror.

Comparables:

Jacob's Ladder — perceptual horror with flawed narrator perspective

Falling Down — a “justified” descent into violence

Fallen — an enemy that survives by jumping between hosts



SILVANO WILLIAMS

Synopsis: The Performance



The Curator: In a dust-choked bedroom in Houston, a Shadow sits at a desk. It wears the shape of a dead girl and reads her diary. It is finishing a story it has been telling for some time — drawn from the wreckage of two lives destroyed two months apart.

The Performance: Houston, 1995. The Shadow replays the tape of Adiran — a drug dealer moving through the suburban streets of Alief on LSD and grief, carrying the guilt of a lover whose death he caused and walked away from. When Mary, the one person holding him together, is murdered in her own home, Adiran and Seth, both broken, go into what looks like revenge. He drives a car through a living room wall. He kills two cops on a highway. He tortures the man who pulled the trigger. The violence is noise. What the Shadow is doing is feeding.

The Infection: The real tragedy is what happens before the night ends. Adiran's actual crime is simpler than revenge. He goes to Angela's window and asks for a final moment. She lets him in. The goodbye is small and intimate. It is also the transfer. Whatever has fed on him follows the emotional contact and binds itself to Angela.

Synopsis: The Fall



The Trap: Sheriff Sterling drowns Adiran in his own bathtub. The shadows crawl up Sterling's arm as he kills. Adiran finds out what he has actually been feeding all along.

The Feeding: In the aftermath, Angela is surrounded by people punishing her for the one thing she won't give up. Two months later, she summons the face she remembers, and something else arrives wearing it. She welcomes them. They say "Breathe." She obeys. She dies.

The Beginning: The Shadow remains, sitting in Angela's room, finishing the story of how it was fed. Awaiting their next invitation.

*We kissed like
newly fed...*

The Two Hosts

Adiran

A 20-year-old drug dealer consumed by grief over the death of his girlfriend, Veronica, tells the story of how he surrendered to the shadows that have fed on his pain.

After his closest friend, Mary, is killed, Adiran and her lover, Seth, spiral into a night of violence. By the end, Seth is dead, Adiran is wounded, and the shadows have spread to feed on others.

Bleeding out, he finally understands: the shadows weren't numbing his pain, they were feeding on it and erasing his inhibitions. He confesses the facade he built to hide his grief. And the girl he pulled into the shadows.

Angela

17, a young artist with an academic future waiting for her. Sheltered by her father, Sheriff Sterling, who confuses control with protection. Angela has no armor for what she's about to encounter: her older sister Jessica's friend, Adiran, knocking at her window in the middle of the night.

She was taught about the abstract dangers of the world, but she ignored the real danger when it came through her window. Adiran's goodbye kiss scars her: the shadow that consumed him claims her the night he dies. Then her family and peers turn on her for defending him, and for two months, the shadows return to her at night wearing his face to feed on her pain.

She writes to Adiran in her diary, and summons him in the dark, certain that love survives death. She believes the visits are her real love returning to her. Instead, she gives herself completely to the shadows, assured that she will join Adiran in the afterlife.

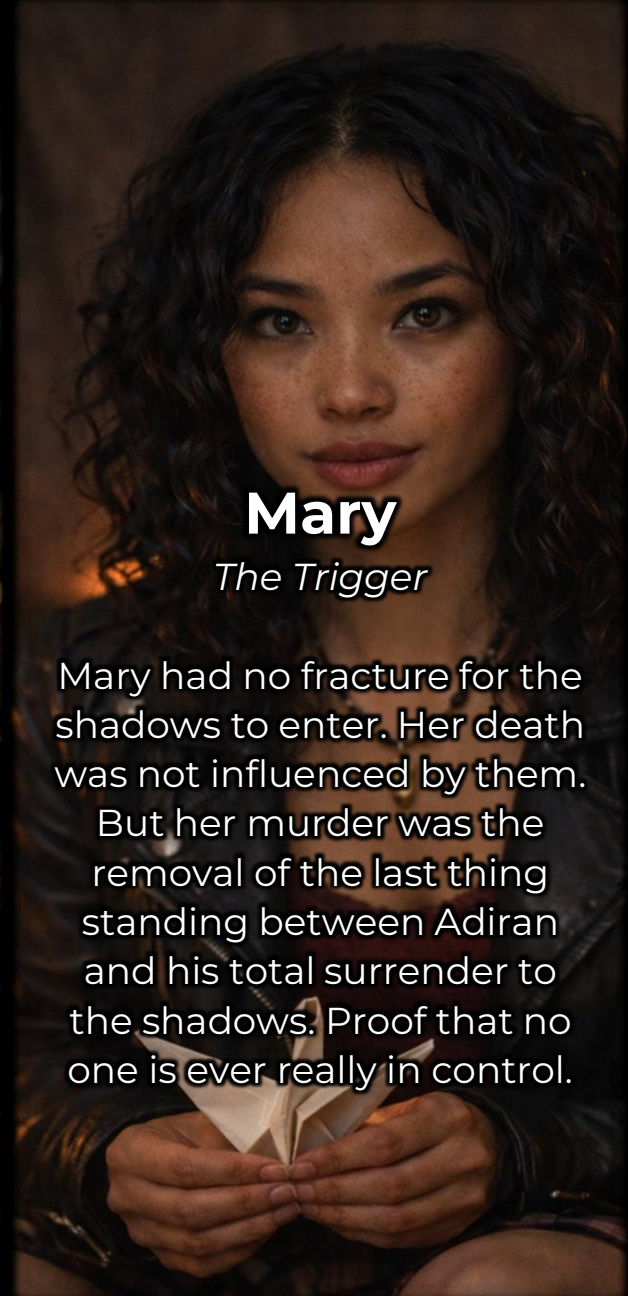
The Catalysts for the Collapse

A woman with long, dark, wavy hair, wearing a dark jacket, looking slightly to the side with a soft smile. The background is dark with bokeh lights.

Veronica

The Original Wound

Adiran's true love. She didn't jump off the side of a building. Adiran lifted her over his head, his boot caught, and she went over the edge. An ambulance streaked past below, going somewhere else. He watched it disappear and walked away. The shadows didn't create his wound. He did, as punishment for his abandonment.

A woman with long, dark, curly hair, wearing a dark jacket, looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. She is holding a white paper object in her hands.

Mary

The Trigger

Mary had no fracture for the shadows to enter. Her death was not influenced by them. But her murder was the removal of the last thing standing between Adiran and his total surrender to the shadows. Proof that no one is ever really in control.

A man with long, dark hair, wearing a black leather jacket, looking directly at the camera with a serious expression.

Seth

The Sacrifice

He saw what Adiran had become and stayed anyway. That loyalty wasn't strength, it was guilt. He died in Adiran's arms with shadows threading into his wounds to feed on his death. More proof that the shadows Adiran carried were fatal.


A woman with long, light brown hair, wearing a green jacket, looking directly at the camera with a serious expression.

Jessica

The Last Call

Angela's older sister; Adiran's longtime friend and sometime lover. After a night of tragedy, he called her from a payphone hoping to hear something to live for. Instead, her ex answered. Adiran chose "the next best thing": her little sister. Jessica survived the night, not knowing what she escaped.

Show Don't Tell



The shadows don't hunt; they simply are. A force of nature that finds fractures: the gaps between who a person believes themselves to be and who they really are. Grief, trauma, pride, denial... anything that widens that gap becomes an opening. The script never states this. It demonstrates it through every character the shadows touch and every character they can't.

What they do once inside is not possession. It's disinhibition. They don't manufacture impulses. They dissolve the friction holding those impulses in check. Angela shouted at her father for the first time after weeks of shadow-influence, but seconds later was silenced for it. Adiran describes the same mechanism from the opposite end, not as something that happened to him, but as something he chose. The shadow removed Angela's fears but fed her false hope. For Adiran, it removed his hesitation but numbed him to the consequences. Same entry point, same mechanism, but different relationships to it: one involuntary, one cultivated.

Not everyone has a fracture. Mary, John, and Jessica didn't. Traits such as complete self-awareness, self-acceptance, and no unresolved trauma kept the shadows at bay. They had no way to enter, and perhaps their mechanisms are their own stories.

From the Script

The Reveal

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Fluorescent lights hum overhead. The restaurant is nearly empty.

Veronica sits across from Adiran in a vinyl booth.

A coffee cup steams between her hands. An empty creamer container and an almost empty carafe between them. Torn sugar packets and granules litter the table.

She's glowing.

She lifts the cup to her lips, watching him over the rim.

A smile plays at the corners of her mouth, but her eyes hold steady, waiting for him to notice.

Adiran doesn't notice. His mouth is moving, but his words mingle into the background noise.

She sets the cup down. The smile stays. Her stare sharpens.

He still doesn't see.

Veronica's hand moves beneath the table and up his leg. His eyes finally meet hers.

Her smile fades. What's left is raw.

Her hand comes up and slides across the table. A pregnancy test: two lines.

Adiran's face—



From the Script

Her Last Breath

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Shadows above her begin to stir, unfolding downward slowly with each breath she takes.

ANGELA (V.O.): But I know they can't ever stop my Adiran. On some nights, I hear him calling for me. I want to touch him again, so I whisper to him in the dark, hoping he sees me in his dreams. I've felt him, and I know he comes to me because I am the only one!

A woman's silhouette forms. Her arms spread. The edges of her arms trail off like wings drawn in smoke.

ANGELA (V.O.): On those nights, he breathes into my ear, and sometimes around my neck and down my back. Warm, comforting whispers that assure me that when I die, I will be with him.

The shape swells as it takes a deep breath in. Then folds inward until it collapses. The shadow reforms. This time with broader shoulders. Adiran's outline, but no face. The shadow wears what she wants to see.

ANGELA (V.O.): Because with Adiran's help, I know I'll be able to come back just as he does for me. Whether it'll be in Heaven or Hell, it doesn't matter anymore.

Angela doesn't move. The shadow takes the form of Adiran's face leaning down, just like their first kiss. Its mouth brushes her ear.

ADIRAN: Breathe.

Angela inhales. Sharp and deep. Her eyes WIDEN in anticipation. A bright yellow light reflects off them.

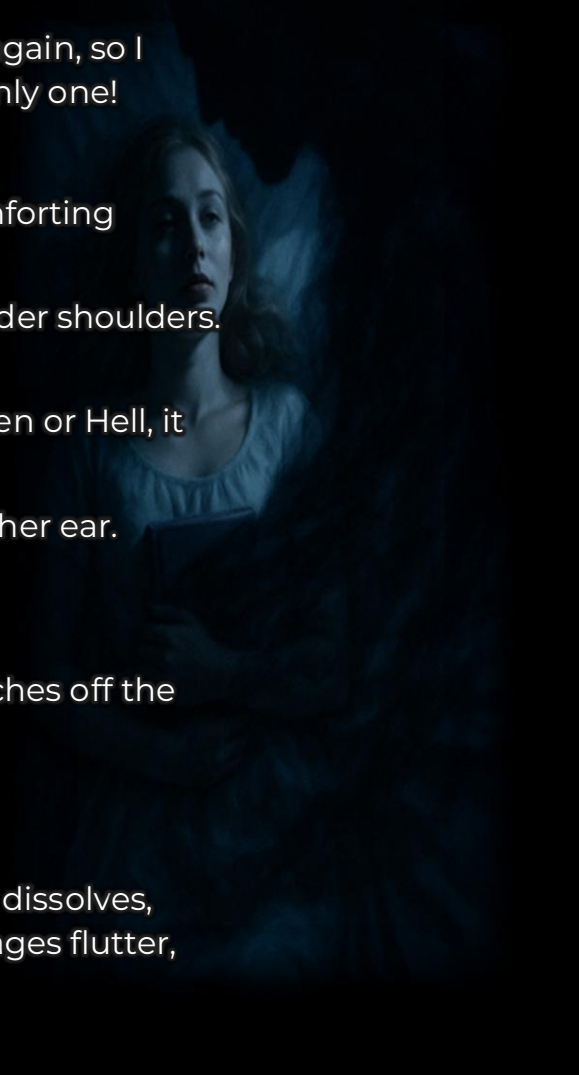
Something is wrong. She tries to exhale. Can't. Her hands fly to her throat. The shadows TIGHTEN. CRUSHING. Her back arches off the mattress. Fighting for air that won't come. Her fingers claw at the darkness. Pass through nothing.

A single tear slides down her temple.

ANGELA (V.O.): All that matters now is that I will escape this horrible, pointless life and finally be happy.

Stillness. Her eyes stay open. Glassy. Gone. The shadow pulls back from her face. Holds Adiran's shape for a moment. Then dissolves, sliding off the bed, its umbra pooling in the corners of her room. The diary slips from her fingers. Falls open on the floor. Pages flutter, then settle on the very last page. Her handwriting catches the moonlight:

ANGELA (V.O.) (whispered): No more tears. I have cried enough. Goodbye, Angela Sterling.



Title Meaning – *Spoon-fed Addiction*

“Spoon-fed” is what you do to something that will not feed itself. **“Addiction”** is what happens when the feeding becomes compulsive.

Adiran is fed his self-punishment through Veronica’s face, in doses small enough to feel like grief, and large enough to destroy him. But he is not innocent. He surrenders to the shadows willingly. He knows what he is choosing. He just does not understand the price. The shadows do not manufacture his violence. They remove the restraints.

Angela is already vulnerable before Adiran reaches her. Her family has carved the void through control, shame, fear, and emotional silence. When Adiran tells her he loves her, he does not simply comfort her. He feeds her his nihilism in the shape of salvation, and she is wholly unprepared for what that infection means.

The audience is the final target. The prologue gives us Angela’s death before we understand why. Then Adiran appears bleeding out in a bathtub, and we lean closer. We accept the violence because it arrives with context. We keep watching because the confession gives the horror shape. Some of us search for the version of him worth saving. Others stay to watch the fall. Either way, the infection is working.

That is the addiction.

By the time we realize we have been fed, we never felt the needle go in.

The title is not only describing the characters. It is describing the mechanism. It is describing the shadows. And it is describing us.

Author & Authenticity

Writer's Note:

"In 1994, a creative writing professor told me to write about what I knew. So, I wrote the Utah chapter: a road trip with a group of friends to buy drugs gone wrong. That short story became the first seed the shadows fed on.

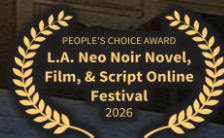
By 1995, I had built an entire world around it. Adiran's losses are my losses. The grief, the cycles, the damage I carried and the damage I passed on without knowing... I put all of it into the fiction because I had no other way to process it.

In 2000, I published the first version. In 2025, I adapted it into a screenplay.

It's a story that has refused to stay quiet in a notebook, and it still feels urgent. Because we are living in a moment when fear and anger move through people like infection, when grief becomes inheritance without anyone choosing it. And when we let grief and trauma run us, we pass it on to the people we love.

I'm not chasing a writing career with this. I'm telling the story I couldn't put down."

— Silvano Williams



All character portraits are AI-generated concept art for visual development only.

The script is a direct adaptation of the novella written by Silvano Williams.

An audiobook production of the prologue is available on YouTube. All rights reserved.