SPOON-FED ADDICTION

A Supernatural Horror Noir Feature
by Silvano Williams

Grief doesn't die. It spreads.

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Logline

Houston, 1995

A shadow summons a dead girl’s diary to life, revealing the consequences of the night Adiran told her he loved her. Earlier that night, the self-destructive drug dealer launches a violent hunt for his closest friend’s killer, unaware that each act of revenge feeds the parasitic darkness that has grown with his grief and now seeks its next host.

Overview

Spoon-fed Addiction is a character-driven supernatural noir, geographically concentrated and designed for independent production.

Feature: 120 pages
Genre: Supernatural Horror Noir
Intended Rating: Hard R
Target 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).
Four signature sequences — the rooftop fall, car-through-wall/house explosion, highway shootout, and train-track finale — 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

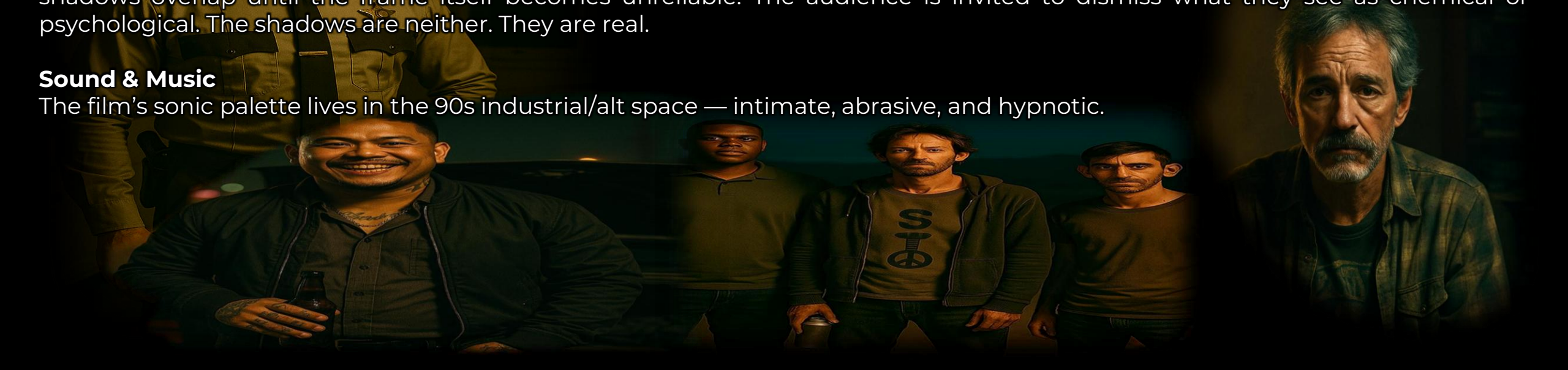
The prologue first presents itself as Angela's grief over a lost love. On second viewing, the sleight of hand becomes visible: the shadow has been the narrator the entire time — a shadow wearing her shape, long after her death, performing her diary back to itself and to us. The same is true of Adiran. His bathtub confession appears to unfold live, but it is another Shadow-curated story. Adiran's confession is curated inward, forcing him to confront what he fed; Angela's diary is curated outward, drawing the audience into the infection. What plays as memory is infection through 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 Lineage
Nosferatu (1922/2024): The shadows remain photographically credible even when they move with impossible intent. Spoon-fed Addiction should feel lit and captured first, digitally extended second — the darkness never becomes a separate animated creature.

Visual Approach
The film's visuals are subjective by design. Drug intoxication, grief-distorted perception, 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

Spoon-fed Addiction channels the bruised intimacy and industrial nihilism of Trent Reznor's 1990s work. It is built for viewers who want an immersive story that rewards close attention and deepens on repeat viewing.

Primary audience: Adult horror viewers drawn to psychologically intense, R-rated supernatural stories and a distinctive 1990s atmosphere.

Secondary audience: Gen X viewers with firsthand cultural recognition, plus noir/arthouse audiences drawn to nonlinear testimony and morally compromised protagonists.

Creative DNA:
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

Current market analogue: *Talk to Me* — supernatural contact as emotional vulnerability and addiction

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. Adiran's dying confession reconstructs his final night: 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. To Adiran and Seth, the violence is revenge. To the Shadow, it is food.

The Infection: The night's real moral turn comes after the revenge. Unable to reach Jessica, Adiran chooses her younger sister as "the next best thing." He climbs through Angela's window, tells her he loves her, sees the shadows reaching for her — and kisses her anyway. The contact transfers what he has cultivated.

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 what she believes is Adiran. It says “Breathe.” She obeys. She dies.

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

Adiran & Angela

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.

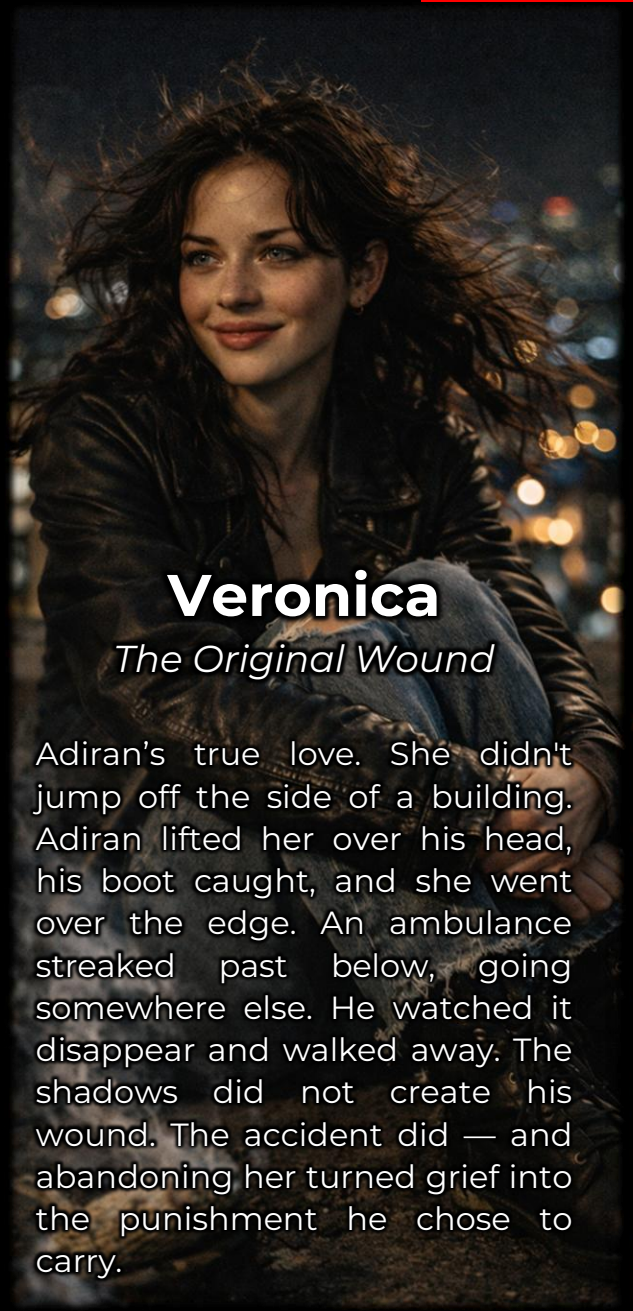
Angela

18, 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



Veronica

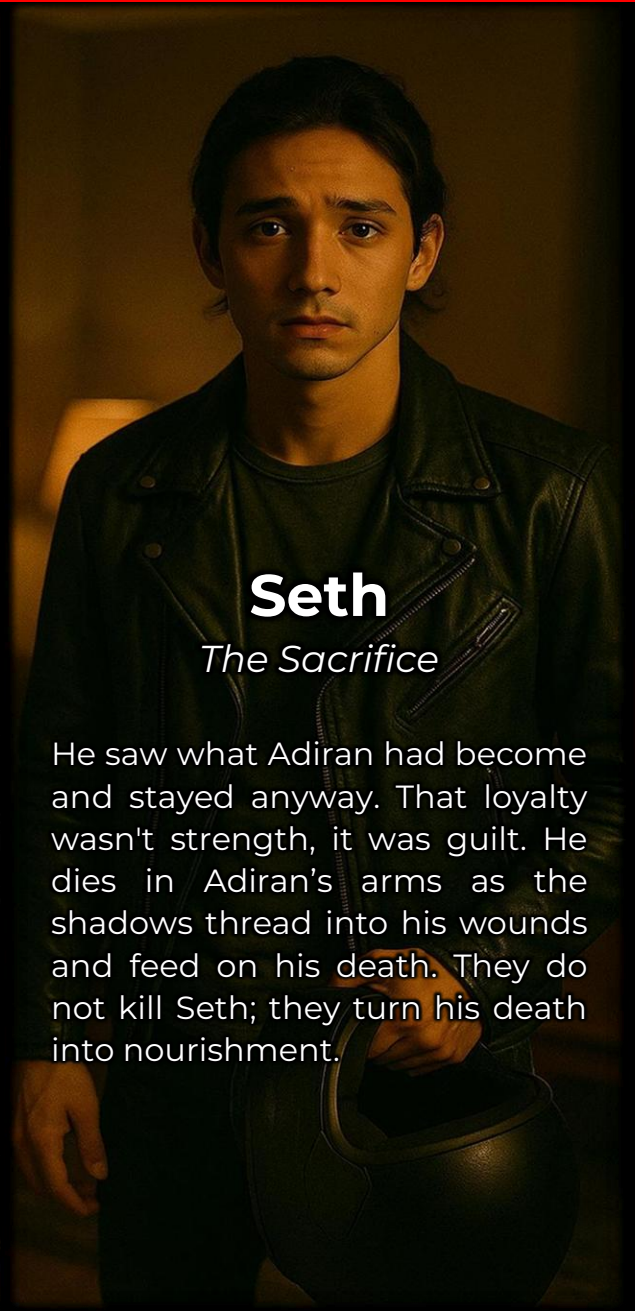
The Original Wound

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 did not create his wound. The accident did — and abandoning her turned grief into the punishment he chose to carry.

Mary

The Trigger

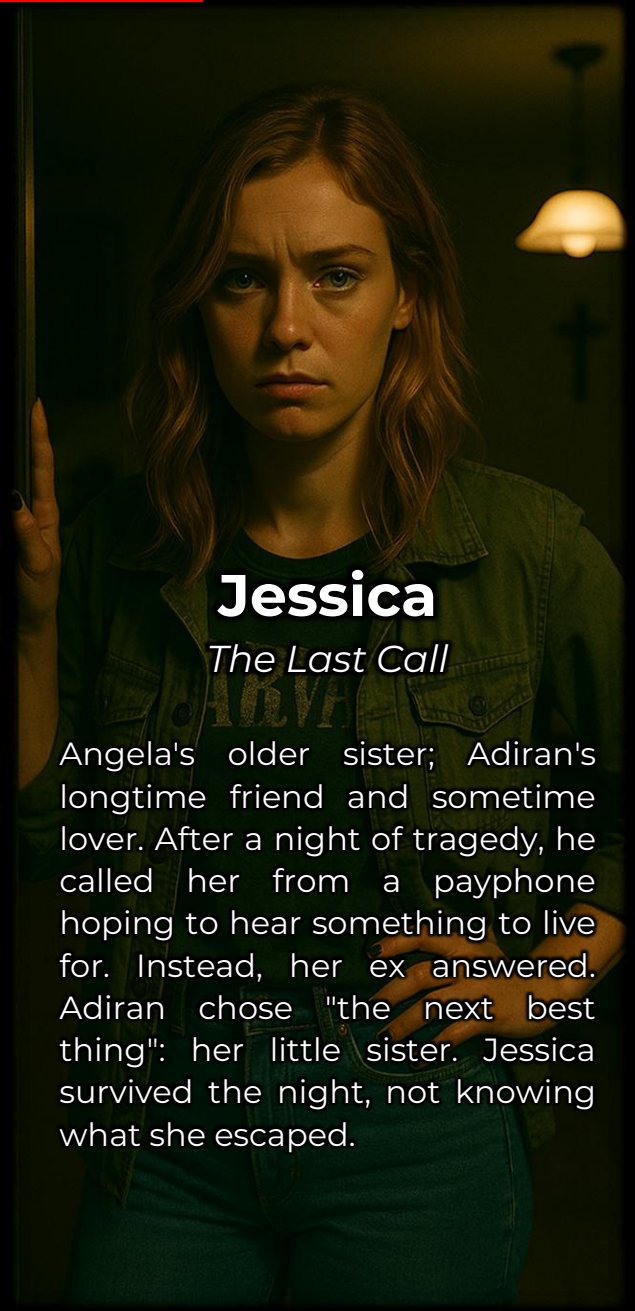
Mary’s presence holds the shadows back; they cannot take hold of her. Her death is not caused or influenced by the shadows. But losing her removes the last thing standing between Adiran and total surrender. Even then, surrender remains his choice.



Seth

The Sacrifice

He saw what Adiran had become and stayed anyway. That loyalty wasn't strength, it was guilt. He dies in Adiran’s arms as the shadows thread into his wounds and feed on his death. They do not kill Seth; they turn his death into nourishment.



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.

The Infection Has No Single Form

The entity manifests as shadows, but it does not hunt like a conventional monster. It seeks the fracture between who a person believes they are and what they refuse to face. Grief, trauma, pride, and denial can widen that opening. The film establishes a recognizable pattern without exhausting the mythology. The shadows have a consistent appetite, not a closed rulebook. Every new host can expose a different fracture, a different form of influence, and another way for the infection to survive.

Once inside, its effect is not possession but disinhibition. It does not manufacture impulses; it makes existing ones easier to obey. After weeks of influence, Angela finally shouts back at her father and is immediately silenced. Adiran cultivates the same mechanism from the other side: the shadows make violence feel easy, but every surrender remains his choice. Same appetite, different relationship — hers imposed, his cultivated.

Not every fracture becomes an opening. The shadows recoil from John, whose darkness he has already made peace with. Mary's presence holds them back. A tendril touches Jessica and hisses away. These characters are not unhurt; their wounds simply do not give the entity the leverage it finds elsewhere.

From the Script

INT. DENNY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Fluorescent lights hum overhead. The restaurant is nearly empty.

Veronica sits across from Adiran in a vinyl booth.

Between them: an empty creamer container, a nearly empty carafe, torn sugar packets, and spilled granules.

A coffee cup steams between her hands. Under the ugly fluorescent wash, she glows.

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.

Adiran doesn't notice. His mouth moves, words swallowed by the diner noise.

She lowers the cup. The smile stays. Her stare sharpens.

Still nothing.

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 resurfaces and slides a PREGNANCY TEST across the table.

Two lines.

Adiran stares at the test.

From the Script

INT. ANGELA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

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 facial features. 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 moves past hers and brushes her ear.

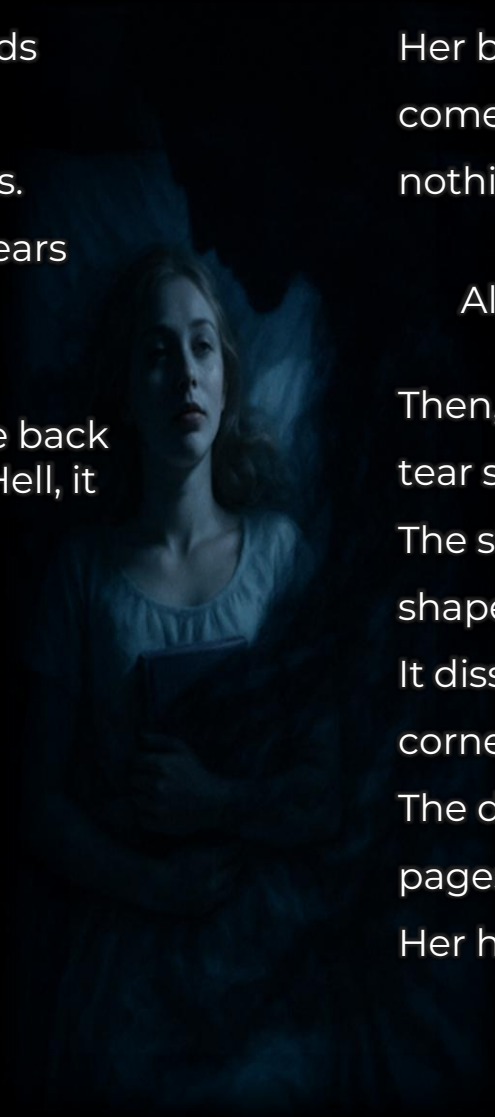
ADIRAN
(distorted, reverberating)
Breathe.

Angela inhales. Sharp and deep.

Her eyes WIDEN in anticipation. A bright yellow light reflects off them.

But something is wrong.

She tries to exhale. She can't. Her hands fly to her throat.



The shadows TIGHTEN around her neck.

Her back arches off the mattress. Fighting for air that won't come. Her fingers claw at the darkness. They pass through nothing.

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

Then, stillness. Her eyes stay open. Glassy. Gone. A single tear slides down her temple.

The shadow pulls back from her face. It holds Adiran's shape for a moment.

It 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. Its pages flutter, then settle on the 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 cannot — or will not — feed itself. **“Addiction”** is what happens when the feeding becomes compulsive.

Adiran is fed self-punishment through Veronica’s face. He mistakes the shadows’ influence for grief while repeatedly choosing the violence they make easier. By the time he recognizes the entity, he has been feeding it all along.

Angela mistakes the infection for salvation. Her father’s control and her mother’s silence have left her starved for love and escape. When Adiran says, “I love you,” his nihilism becomes the answer she has been waiting for — and the shadows turn that need into a new host.

The audience is the final target. We first meet Angela at the end of her story, then lean closer to understand the dying man whose final kiss led her there. His confession gives the violence context without absolving it. Some search for the version of him worth saving; others stay to watch the fall. **Either way, the infection is working.**
By the time we realize we have been fed, we never felt the needle go in.

The title describes the characters, the mechanism, the shadows — and 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 about a drug-buying road trip with friends — a trip that went 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 trend with this. I'm telling the story I couldn't put down."

— Silvano Williams

BEST THRILLER SCREENPLAY
Action Thriller Crime Adventure Film Festival Private Room
2025

PEOPLE'S CHOICE AWARD
L.A. Neo Noir Novel, Film, & Script Online Festival
2026

BEST FEATURE SCREENPLAY
Whispers of the Universe: IFF Melbourne
2026

FINALIST
Frights! Camera! Action! Horror Screenplay Contest
2026

FINALIST
The Dunwich Horror Fest
2025

FINALIST
13HORROR.COM FILM & SCREENPLAY CONTEST
2026

FINALIST
Filmmatic Horror Screenplay Awards
2026

FINALIST
Breaking Walls Thriller Screenplay Contest
2025

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 novella is available on YouTube. All rights reserved.