

VIRGIN NIGHTS

By

Bryceson Bennett

Date: September 28, 2025

Bryce Bennett Nagy  
910 W Plum St, Alpine Hall Apt. 126,  
Fort Collins, CO 80521  
720-456-0874  
brycebennettnagy@gmail.com

EXT. AMC 24 THEATER PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

RIGHT MEDIUM CLOSE-UP

BRYCE drives his car into the parking lot of his local movie theater. He pulls into a parking space. He occasionally glances to the screen during reverse to see if he's lined up with the lines, only to see a slight lending to the left.

BRYCE  
(breathy)  
Come on.

CUT TO:

WIDE-SHOT. CAR.

BRYCE parks the car, opens the door, sticking his keys, wallet, and iPhone into his pockets. SFX of creasing pocket.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. BEHIND BRYCE'S HEAD AS HE WALKS.

BRYCE (CONT'D)  
Ok. So "Infinity Pool" from  
Brandon Cronenberg. I haven't seen  
anything from...was its David  
Cronenberg? Are they related?

CUT TO:

LEFT-SIDE INVERSE SHOT.

BRYCE continues to walk across the pavement and onto the path to the doors. WIDE SHOT of him moving through door.

BRYCE (CONT'D)  
Sorry-thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. AMC 24 THEATER - AFTERNOON

EAGLE-HEAD SHOT. FOLLOWING BRYCE TO THE REGISTER.

BRYCE continues to walk along past the posters of newer releases, such as "Missing" and "Plane". He soon approaches the escalators (right one unusable).

He stands on the escalator on the way down, taking in the absorbent whiff of popcorn and ceiling oil. He descends upon the path continuing to pass the doors to inside the theater space.

CUT TO:

RIGHT TWO-SHOT. BRYCE AND EMPLOYEE.

BRYCE

Hey. (pulls out his iPhone with a QR code)

EMPLOYEE

Thank you. (scans and beeps)  
You'll be in theater 5 on the right (pointing to his left).

BRYCE

Thank you-have a good day.

CUT TO:

WIDE RIGHT-SIDE SHOT.

BRYCE walks past the food station near the IMAX and Dolby theaters as he desires to spend less until he can find a part-time job. Camera follows BRYCE close as he walks through the long hallway. Accidently almost collides with a person walking past not paying attention.

BRYCE

(exasperated)

Excuse me-sorry.

He follows the signs for the number 4 theater, remembering his row and seat number.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATER FIVE - AFTERNOON

EXTREME-WIDE SHOT. THEATER SPACE.

While the usual commercials and advertisements for the Noovie app and updates play, BRYCE ascends up the staircase. His head following the row numbers (without a need to as he remembers his row number.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM-SHOT.

BRYCE finds his purchased seat and sit upon the red sofa-fabric chair. He smoothly pulls out his materials from his pocket to stick in the cupholders.

CUT TO:

INVERSE-SHOT. TIME-LAPSE

Time passes by as BRYCE spends it scrolling on his iPhone on YouTube and Music. He opens his LetterBoxd account to check out "Infinity Pool" for reviews and reception from followed account.

FADE TO:

EXTREME MEDIUM-SHOT. BRYCE'S FACE.

Soon after the desired time of screening is reached, BRYCE puts his iPhone away and lets the previews pass on by him.

CUT TO:

WIDE-SHOT. THEATER SCREEN.

The screen finishes its last trailer and the re-occurring promo of Nicole Kidman talking about AMC flies by. Lights dim and the movie starts.

FADE TO:

LEFT MEDIUM-SHOT. BRYCE WATCHING.

He initially holds interest in the opening and set-up of the plot, as well as actor Bill Skarsgard and actress Mia Goth.

BRYCE  
Weirdos (nervous giggle).

CUT TO:

WIDE-SHOT. THEATER SCREEN.

Reaches where Bill's character takes up on the offer to spend his time at a resort with Mia Goth's family. The scenes set up Bill's character going through a break-up. When Bill makes a stop to relieve himself, Mia Goth approaches from behind..

CUT TO:

INVERSE PAN-IN SHOT.

BRYCE  
 (worried)  
 Whoa-what?

CUT TO:

Lack of music and extreme close-up camera angles shown on the screen. Mia Goth's character molests Bill's character, forcing him to ejaculate.

CUT TO:

BRYCE  
 (shocked and appalled)  
 Oh my...oh no. What? Why?

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE-UPS. BRYCE'S FACE, STOMACH, AND EYES.

Body and imagination recalling other scenes in movies with disturbing sex abuse segments. His vision begins to dim and becomes unfocused as a throbbing pain in his head and under his skin persists.

BRYCE  
 (whimper, in near tears)  
 Please. Please (forcing throw up).  
 I can't-it hurts.

BRYCE shows difficulty maintain concentration with the screen as he feels his body searching for sweat glands that are not there, like he was going to suffocate watching a pointless movie in the long run.

BRYCE  
 (breathing hard)  
 Calm down. Think about the body.  
 Concentrate. You're not going to  
 die. You will be fine.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP. HANDS GRIPPING SEAT.

Desperation sets, holds onto the seat holders, arching his body, accepting the terrifying throbbing of numbness.

SLOW PAN-UP TO FACE.

Overwhelming numb motions of body settle down as he creeps his shut eyes open to see the screen. Completely forgetting the plot or dialogue, he feels a tinge to flow of gratitude

for the period finally over as he anxiously sits for the rest of the movie; unsatisfied and lost.

BRYCE  
(relief)  
Thank God.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM-SHOT. BRYCE SITTING.

Struggles to slow down the body's urge to sleep off the emotional, psychological, and physical reaction. And soon enough, BRYCE's eyes droop and he descends into thin sleep.

CUT TO BLACK:

Muffled SFX of the picture loom in the dark canvas.

FADE IN:

POV SHOT. BRYCE WAKING UP.

BRYCE groans in a throbbing discomfort at the lack of rest.

BRYCE  
(moaning pain)  
Why? (ache) Why is this happening?

VOICE (V.O.)  
(voice-over)  
Maybe you shouldn't bite off more than you can chew on a daily then.

BRYCE  
Easy for you to say.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Hate to tell you, but this is only the beginning.

The words of the VOICE continue to loom in BRYCE's head.

CUT TO:

ZOOM-IN MEDIUM-RIGHT. BRYCE'S HEAD STARING DEAD AT THE SCREEN.

The performances of the actors play out as the viewer remains trapped in a façade of lost appetite.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT. HOTEL ROOM - NEW MEXICO.

The presence of a memory plays out. The camera moves around the new space as audio of a much more intense picture and depicted experience looms in and becomes slowly viable.

SFX of landing on the hotel room closest to the left, following past the public bathroom and sink, where a stench of diarrhea-smell plagues the atmosphere.

The window door on the right, leading to a beach for an international tourist holiday, BRYCE is caught holding his mouth and looking seconds away from throwing up and becoming angry.

BRYCE (V.O.)  
You absolute fucking sadist  
(clenching blood pressure).

The source of said anger is shown as the camera pans away from BRYCE's face, to the small iPhone screen, showing the third-quarter point in the rape scene from "Irreversible".

CUT TO:

MEDIUM PAN-IN. BRYCE'S BLOOD-BOILED FACE.

BRYCE (V.O.)  
One may as well wonder what any of  
these strings pointlessly  
provocative movie clips are.

CUT TO:

EAGLE'S EYE OF HOTEL ROOM. PANNING UP.

BRYCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Well...it more or less comes down to  
many things.

CUT TO:

EAGLE'S EYE. OUTSIDE OF THE AMC THEATER - AFTERNOON.

Tracking shot of BRYCE sludging and dragging his legs out to the parking lot. (WATER SPLURGING SFX) (DIGITAL TRANSFORM) His body slowly deforms into an unrecognizable mass of tar and mud.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP. BRYCE'S ACHING RIGHT EYE.

(RAPID CLOCK TICKING SFX) Eyeball is thrust into the view of the clouds, bloodshot and veins pulping.

BRYCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
This. This is the value of art. To  
sense. To stay. (inhale) Not  
escape.

CUT TO:

POINT OF VIEW. PAN BACK. COMPUTER SCREEN.

Sounds of clock ticking vanish instantaneously. (SMALL BREATHING SFX) Fingers typing on the script on screen continue to progress. The right side of the screen showing folders of school work, random assortments, and digital project in progress; it is THIS script that is being written.

The typing ends when the script reaches the next pasted "CUT TO:".

CUT TO:

MEDIUM-WIDE SHOT. BEHIND BRYCE IN HIS CHAIR.

The soft loft light offers little visibility. BRYCE rests his head back and fights the urge to rest. His hands stroke his neck out of ache due.

BRYCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Say, when was the last time you  
got assaulted? Got any actual  
useful input on that? (sarcastic)  
This script could sure use it.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP. LIGHTEN AND DARKEN KEYS.

He quickly presses the computer lighten key and in-line with the darken.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP. PAN TO THE RIGHT.

The iPhone screen playing next to him as white noise plays repeating of Defying Gravity from "Wicked".

BRYCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Look at that. (scoff) Can't admit  
to one taste or passion. Gotta  
have all his fingers in the genre  
pie.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT. BRYCE'S FACE STARING AT THE SCREEN.

BRYCE's expression is blank with a hint of grumpiness. (KEY TAPPING SFX) He sighs and glances away to the Dell computer in front of him.

BRYCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 He has a Letterboxd. He talks about, as little as possible, with movies. Consistently. He's linked it for others to share, but he doubts and frankly, could care less for more followers.

BRYCE closes the computer screen to take a break.

BRYCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 What value does he have to bring? What new audacious, authentic, unique perspective can be told?

BRYCE's eyes move around the space from the ceiling, to the desk, to the TV next to him.

BRYCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Nothing. He is still blooming his flowers. What is lost may as well be his empathy.

He stares directly at the camera. A mix of six different emotions can be found.

BRYCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Is it worth it? The knowledge? What will soon be shelved? Forgotten?

(RAPID CLOCK TICKING SFX) A spineless guilt plagues his expression. Followed by a single tear.

BRYCE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 It's a fair market, storytelling is, right? (exhale) You tell me.

The clock-ticking increases in speed and volume, anticipating a horrific act to befall. But it never comes.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END