

EDIE

by

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FADE IN.

Establishing shot: The Nevada/California border.

CUT TO:

INT. DARRYL'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

It's dark.

Slivers of lamp light creep in through the blinds.

CHOKING. GRUNTING.

Hands claw at the pillows, desperate, struggling.

JOHN (late 50's, balding) thrashes on all fours, gasps for air. Eyes watery, face flush.

His tie digs into his throat, pulled from behind by--

DARRYL, 30, unkempt but goodlooking.

He tightens his grip.

DARRYL

Come on, you fucker.

John's eyes roll back into his head, his body seizes, trembles. He falls limp onto the bed.

Darryl huffs, wipes sweat from his brow.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL - LATER

The second floor terrace of the rundown motel, lit by tungsten lights. Rows of doors to cramped, utilitarian rooms.

Darryl leans against the rail. A lit cigarette hangs from his mouth. He counts a wad of crisp 20's. Below the terrace--

John opens the door to his Mercedes, offers Darryl a sheepish wave.

Darryl nods, shoves the money in his pocket.

John pulls off.

Darryl stretches out his back. Lifts up on his toes, hands clasped over his head.

Feature: Ropey scars along the lengths of his wrists.

A block of light washes across him.

He looks to the end of the row.

EDIE (30) watches him from the doorway of her room. She's homely, clothes are frumpy and outdated. But there's something pleasant about her face.

Darryl nods.

She tugs at the sleeve of her ill-fitting turtleneck, looks away.

He flicks a bit of ash over the rail, takes another puff.

Edie looks him up and down.

He catches her gaze.

DARRYL

Evenin'.

EDIE

Good evening.

Darryl faces her.

DARRYL

Somethin' I can help you with, darlin'?

She tucks a strand of hair behind her ear.

EDIE

It's my birthday.

DARRYL

Well. *Feliz Navidad.*

EDIE

I-It's "*cumpleaños.*"

DARRYL

Come again?

EDIE

"*Feliz cumpleaños*" is how you wish someone a happy birthday in Spanish. Unless you're talking to Jesus.

Darryl laughs, puts out his cigarette on the rail, flicks it over.

DARRYL

Funny. Funny girl.

He approaches her, leans against the wall beside her door.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Now, why's a girl like you alone on her birthday? In a musty motel room?

EDIE

My family owns the place.

DARRYL

I meant that in the most complimentary of ways.

EDIE

It's alright. It wasn't always like this. I know what kind of place it is, now.

DARRYL

So, then you know exactly what sort of unsavory characters run through here.

A beat.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Is that what you're looking for, Birthday Girl?

Edie tugs at her sleeve, shrugs.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Inviting me starts a negotiation, not a contract.

She steps aside.

Darryl brushes past her.

Edie slips in behind him.

The door shuts.

INT. EDIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Even less attractive than Darryl's room. Everything is a retro shade of mustard.

Edie clasps her hands in front of her.

EDIE

I'm sorry. I've just never done anything like this before.

DARRYL
It's okay. Nothin' to be ashamed
of. You're not the only lonely person
in the world. Not by a long shot.

EDIE
Can you really tell I'm lonely?

DARRYL
Who isn't?

EDIE
Surely, not someone who looks like
you.

He laughs.

DARRYL
Oh, my sweet, summer child.

EDIE
What?

He shakes his head.

DARRYL
Things just aren't always that simple.

Darryl reaches out for her.

Eddie hesitates, then takes his hand.

He leads her to the bed.

She sits.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
Now, what was your name?

EDIE
It's Eddie.

Darryl sits beside her.

DARRYL
Eddie. What are you into, Eddie?

EDIE
What am I into?

DARRYL
Yeah, what gets you going?

She shakes her head.

EDIE

I-I-I don't know. I told you, I've never done this before.

DARRYL

With a guy like me? Or with a guy, period?

EDIE

Period.

Darryl raises his eyebrows.

DARRYL

I tell you what. Why don't I give you, say, two hours? You call the shots. For two-fifty.

EDIE

Two-fifty?

DARRYL

Yep. That's my Birthday Girl Special. You got that on you?

Eddie nods.

EDIE

In the drawer.

Darryl crosses to the beside table, opens the drawer.

A rainbow velcro wallet sits inside. He picks it up, looks at Edie--

She nods, grants him permission.

He opens it up, takes out the bills, counts them. They add up to \$250, even.

DARRYL

Well, well. Looks like this was meant to be.

He sits the money on table, crosses back over to Edie.

She watches his every move, hypnotized.

He falls to his knees in front of her, takes her face in his hands.

Her breath hitches.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

You alright?

EDIE

I just-- I never thought I'd ever
get to-- you know.

DARRYL

Shhh.

He kisses her, gentle.

Eddie melts into the kiss.

Darryl pulls his shirt off, tosses it away.

Eddie reaches for him, her fingers tremble. Her hands land
on his shoulders, slide down his bare chest.

Darryl grabs the hem of her sweater, lifts it up, over her
head.

He pauses. His eyes narrow.

A gnarly bruise encircles her neck.

Darryl looks up at her.

Eddie blinks tears away from her eyes.

His fingers gently trace the marks.

Her eyes close, tears roll down her cheeks.

DARRYL'S POV: A leather belt lies at the foot of the bed.

He gapes.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Holy shit.

His gaze shifts to--

The closet door, closed. A three-prong coat hook rests over
the top of the door. The centermost hook is broken.

Darryl reacts.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Are you sure you should do this now?

EDIE

This was meant to be, right?

Eddie grabs his hands, turns his wrists upwards. She traces
his scars with her fingertips.

He looks between her and his scars, uncomfortable.

EDIE (CONT'D)

Please.

Darryl hesitates, then plants a kiss on her bruised neck.

INT. EDIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Darryl and Edie writhe beneath the covers, naked.

Edie's fingers dig into his back.

He groans, hitches her legs around his waist.

They roll.

Edie rides him, her motions wild, jerky.

Darryl looks up at her, breathless.

She PANTS. Her breath grows more ragged with each inhale.

Air RATTLES in her throat.

Darryl frowns, concerned.

DARRYL

Edie--

A horrible CROAK escapes her. Her body seizes, shakes violently.

Darryl climaxes, perturbed, but unable to help himself.

Edie collapses on top of him.

Darryl stares up at the ceiling, eyes wide.

He catches his breath, closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. EDIE'S ROOM - MORNING

Darryl's eyes open.

Edie's gone.

Daylight peeks around the side of the curtains.

He sits up, blinks, confused.

His eyes fall to the side table--

The wallet and money are still there.

He rolls out of bed, picks up his pants.

INT. EDIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Darryl's fully dressed. He pockets the cash, goes for the door--

It opens from the outside.

SHARON (50's) stands in the doorway. She holds a wreath of flowers and a picture frame.

SHARON
How the hell did you get in here?

DARRYL
I was just--

SHARON
We don't rent this room.

DARRYL
What?

SHARON
We keep this room locked. I don't know how the hell you got in here.

Sharon sets the wreath outside the door.

DARRYL
The woman that was in here, it was her room.

SHARON
What woman? We haven't rented this room out since the eighties, out of respect. Something you clearly don't--

Sharon takes him by the arm, pulls him from the room.

DARRYL
Hey!

He jerks away.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
Take that up with Edie, okay?

Sharon drops the picture frame.

Glass SHATTERS.

SHARON
What did you say?

DARRYL
Edie. She was--

SHARON
I don't know what kind of game you're playing or who sent you, but I suggest you get the hell off my property before I get the cops down here.

DARRYL
She left her wallet.

Darryl turns toward the room.

His eyes widen.

All the furniture is draped in plastic and years of dust.

Last year's dried wreath lies on the bed.

The velcro wallet sits out on the covered table.

Darryl clutches his stomach.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
I'm going crazy.

SHARON
You're going to jail.

She picks up the frame, sits it upright against the door jamb.

The picture: An old glamour shot of Edie.

Darryl backs against the rail, mouth agape.

Sharon steps into the room.

SHARON (CONT'D)
What did you take from my sister's wallet?

Darryl takes off.

He hauls ass down the stairs, to his beat up Geo Metro.

He rips down the road.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. DARRYL'S CAR - LATER

Darryl screeches to a stop, throws open the car door.

Vomit SPLATS onto the asphalt.

CUT TO:

INT. DARRYL'S APARTMENT - LATER

A dingy little efficiency. Mostly bare. Littered with trash. An open futon is the only decent piece of furniture.

Darryl stumbles to the overflowing trash can, DRY HEAVES.

He picks himself up, wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

Darryl crosses to the futon, sinks onto it.

DARRYL
Christ. Oh, Jesus.

He closes his eyes, catches his breath, lies back.

DARRYL (CONT'D)
It's okay. It's okay. I'm okay.

He gulps.

His breath steadies.

He lets out a deep exhale.

Darryl rolls onto his side, into--

Eddie's open arms.

THE END