

Trip
by
Allen Di Benedetto

A THUMP.

FADE IN:

INT. ED'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Two chairs beneath a modest dining table. A pair of legs dangle from one, a sprawled body next to the other. A male body.

It's ED, mid twenties, clean cut. He's just fallen off the chair. He speaks.

ED

Ow.

Laughter from above the table. ED joins in.

ED (cont'd)

I guess this is funny, yeah.

Ed picks himself up off the floor and plops himself back on the chair, laughing as he does so.

ED (cont'd)

That did hurt, though.

He rubs himself. More laughter. He faces SAL, a man about his age, shaggy.

SAL

(laughing)

What were you trying to do?

ED

Stand up. Get some water.

Sal looks at him, red, not able to keep a straight face.

ED (cont'd)

You're so stoned.

SAL

I'm so stoned? What about you, man, can't even get up to get a glass of water.

They crack up.

ED

How are my eyes?

SAL
They're fine, man. Fine.

ED
I don't want Sadie catching me high
again. Shit, what time is it?

Sal lifts up his cell, concentrates.

SAL
Uhh, six ten.
(beat as he squints)
Wait, no, seven forty.

ED
(startled)
Seven forty?

Sal keeps squinting, turns the cell over and over.

SAL
Wait, no.
(beat as he checks again)
Yeah.

ED
Shit. We smoked all night?

Sal puts the phone away.

SAL
Well, I got here at 2, it was dark,
then uhh...yeah. Then it was
morning. So, uhh, yeah.

ED
Shit.

SAL
What?

ED
She has work at ten.

SAL
Shit, I do too.

Sal shifts around uncomfortably.

SAL (cont'd)
We better clean up, then, huh?

ED
Yeah.

They do. Very fast.

Ed puts the pipe, the lighter, and the remaining weed inside a plastic zip-lock type bag.

Sal stops him.

SAL
Oh, oh wait.

ED
What?

Sal pulls out a napkin.

ED (cont'd)
What's that?

SAL
If you'll hold on a minute.

Sal unwraps it. A mysterious dark substance, thicker than weed, lies inside.

ED
What?

SAL
Shrooms!

ED
Shrooms?

SAL
Fine Jamaican shrooms. Smell 'em.

Sal lifts them up to Ed's nose. He sniffs, plays along. He has no idea.

ED
Mmm. Where'd you get it?

SAL
Sources. I'm told this is the real thing, too, not that crap they sell down Vine. Wasn't cheap, either, but I hear it's well worth it.

ED
Have you tried it yet?

SAL
Not yet. But this, this isn't for me. It's for you.
(MORE)

SAL (cont'd)

A present, for letting me stay here last week after my parents threw me out.

Ed looks at the napkin, shakes his head.

ED

Oh, no.

Ed sweeps the table with his eyes.

SAL

Don't give me that. You had a hell of a time convincing Sadie. I heard the yelling. I know she doesn't like me.

ED

She doesn't like anyone. It's not personal. She's just a very bitter woman. Hard life and all that.

Sal's had enough.

SAL

Listen man, it's good stuff, I paid a lot of money for it, I have work in an hour, and I am way too high right now to argue with you any further about this. You're taking the damn mushrooms.

Sal shoves the napkin into Ed's chest. He takes it.

ED

Fine, but I've never smoked shrooms before.

Sal cleans up the rest of the mess off the table.

SAL

These you don't smoke. You eat.

ED

What?

SAL

You put 'em in a snack. Like a topping.

ED

Oh.

SAL

And while you're eating them, stay away from sharp objects, open windows, loud noises; anything that could cause you pain or make you uncomfortable.

Ed worries.

ED

Why?

Sal finishes with the table, turns around, heads for the door.

SAL

It's an intense drug. Its effects can be a bit...unpredictable. But don't worry; Jamaicans have been using the stuff for centuries, and they've turned out fine. Bob Marley, man. Buffalo soldier.

(on Ed's worried expression)

Listen, it's going to open your mind, let you see things.

ED

See things?

SAL

Yeah. And that's good. You want to see things. Things are good. Just be relaxed when you take it. No distractions. Completely mellow.

Sal opens the door.

ED

I don't know.

SAL

Uh, it's just like weed. Only not. At all.

(beat as he stares off)

I am so high right now.

Sal lets out a laugh.

ED

You okay to drive?

SAL
 We'll see.
 (beat as he smiles at Ed)
 Enjoy it, my good man.

Sal shakes his hand enthusiastically.

ED
 Okay, be safe.

Sal leaves. Ed shuts the door behind him. He looks down at his hand, at the napkin. He sniffs it once more.

ED (cont'd)
 Hmm.

CUT TO:

HALLWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

FOOTSTEPS. A pair of curvy legs walk down a hallway and into-

LIVING ROOM

A typical living room. A large couch, a television, a small table in the center. On the couch, a resting Ed lies, eyes closed.

The legs walk toward the couch, revealing their owner; a thin, shapely woman in her late twenties. SADIE. Professionally dressed.

She stands over him. He opens his eyes.

ED
 Hey.

SADIE
 Sleepy?

ED
 Yeah.

Sadie smiles, turns away, and opens a nearby blind, effectively waking Ed.

Ed, startled, makes to get up.

SADIE
 No, no, don't get up.

He does so anyway, rubbing his eyes.

Sadie storms into the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Sadie throws open the fridge, rips out a waffle and a container of butter, and slams it shut. She throws everything on the table and stuffs the waffle into the toaster.

She TAPS her nails on the table, furious, as she waits.

Ed enters.

Sadie faces away from him, still TAPPING her nails.

Ed stands, looking at her uncomfortably, not knowing what to do.

A beat as she TAPS and he stares.

Finally, she stops and turns her head to look at him.

SADIE

You want something to eat?

ED

No. Thank you.

She turns away, an annoyed look on her face. Ed makes his way to the kitchen table, sits.

Sadie turns to look at him again.

SADIE

So, just out of curiosity, how late where you up smoking again last night?

ED

Pretty late.

SADIE

How late?

ED

Since about an hour ago.

Sadie turns away, looks back at the toaster, anger mounting.

ED (cont'd)

I'm sorry. I lost track of tim...

SADIE

Shut up. I'm not in the mood to argue with you or hear your excuses...

As she talks, the waffle pops up. Sadie grabs it, grabs a knife, rips the cover off the container, and starts smearing butter all over the waffle.

SADIE (cont'd)

...or listen to you bitch and moan about this and that. Just, shut it, and keep it shut.

Sadie, still clutching the knife, finishes smearing and takes a long, hard bite out of the waffle. She chews, then turns her head to face Ed.

SADIE (cont'd)

You were fired, Ed. So what? Do you know how many times I've been fired? Tons. People are assholes. They don't need a reason. But you move on, and you keep moving. You don't let the bastards get you down.

Sadie takes a few more bites out of her waffle.

ED

I don't care.

SADIE

What?

ED

I don't care, about them, or about what happened. I told you: I'm just taking a break from the bullshit. That's all this is; a break from the bullshit.

(beat as he rubs his eyes)

Now, if you'll excuse me.

Ed puts his head down on the table.

SADIE

And how long is this break supposed to last? Another two months, another three months?

Ed doesn't move his head from the table.

ED
(mumbled)
As long as I want it to.

SADIE
What?

Ed lifts his head, looks at Sadie, annoyed.

ED
As long as I want it to.

Ed puts his head back down.

SADIE
(sarcasm)
Oh, well, good thing my boss pays
me a fortune, otherwise things like
rent, water, electricity, and food
would be difficult to afford on one
salary.

Ed shifts his head.

ED
Good thing.

Ed shifts his head back.

SADIE
I can't deal with you.

Sadie finishes her waffle, gets ready to leave.

SADIE (cont'd)
You're supposed to be a man.

She opens the door and walks out, then quickly comes back
inside. She drops an object on the table, in front of Ed's
face. A newspaper.

Ed looks up.

SADIE (cont'd)
Act like one.

Sadie steps out of the house, closing the door behind her.

EXT. PORCH

Sadie takes a breath to calm herself down, then leaves.

INT. KITCHEN

Ed picks up the newspaper, reads a headline, then puts it down. He lays his head back down on the table.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - A FEW HOURS LATER

An open newspaper. Classified ads, job listings. The newspaper shakes.

Ed puts it down on a small table in front of him. The television is on. He sits on a couch, facing the TV, pen in hand. He reads.

ED

No.

He crosses something off in the newspaper. He continues to read.

ED (cont'd)

No.

He crosses off something else.

ED (cont'd)

No.

Another one. He sighs.

He puts the paper and the pen down, and reaches over to a plastic bag on the table next to him. The bag is full of weed. He opens it.

He reaches in and feels inside, searching for something. Finally, he gives up.

ED (cont'd)

Crap. Where the hell did I put the paper?

He looks around. Nothing.

He sighs and looks at the newspaper.

ED (cont'd)

Hmm.

He tears sections of the "classifieds" page into strips, loads them with weed, and rolls them into blunts, three in all.

ED (cont'd)
Guess today's paper wasn't a
complete waste.

Once finished, he holds one close to his face, looks it over.

ED (cont'd)
Ah. Beautiful.

He's ready to smoke. His eyes scan the table. He pats it down, lifts the newspaper, moves objects around, until, finally, he finds it: A lighter.

He brings the blunt to his lips, and flicks on the lighter. Flame. He inhales.

He holds it...

Holds it...

Holds it...

Then, exhales.

He puts the blunt down.

His eyes water. He watches the television, laughing periodically.

He takes a few more hits. The faces on the television in front of him spin, blur, divide.

Ed closes his eyes. He falls asleep.

LATER

He wakes up. All three blunts are spent. They sit in a pile of ashes in a nearby tray.

He stands up, groggy, and heads for the kitchen.

KITCHEN

Ed stumbles into the kitchen, heads for the fridge.

ED
(repeating)
Hungry, hungry, hungry...ah!

He reaches into the fridge.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM

He returns with a sandwich, a plate, and a glass of water. He sits himself down. He eats.

A moment of chewing, then, he swallows. He stops. A thought has struck him.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out a napkin. He opens it: the mushrooms.

ED

Hmm.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Ed opens the trash and throws away the plate and the now empty napkin.

ED

Good stuff.

He brings the glass to the sink. He douses it with water.

A KNOCK disturbs him. The kitchen door. He listens.

Another KNOCK.

Ed heads for the door.

EXT. PORCH

A portly man, formally dressed, binder in hand, stands outside the door, a smile firmly pressed on his face. He is BARON. He waits.

The door opens slowly. Ed pops his head out.

ED

Yes?

BARON

(cheery)

Hello, good sir. How are you on this fine and wonderful morning? My name is Baron S. Billingham, a pleasure to meet you.

Baron extends his hand. Ed looks at it, doesn't move.

BARON (cont'd)

I assure you, I mean no harm. Quite the opposite, actually. May I have a moment of your time?

ED

What for?

BARON

It concerns your life.

ED

My life?

BARON

Yes, your life. Your soul. Your eternity. Only the most important of matters.

Ed looks at Baron's hand, still in the air, still sticking out directly at him.

His eyes cross, and, for a moment, it appears as though Baron's hand is stretching toward him, threatening to crush him.

Ed shuts his eyes in alarm, then opens them. The hand has receded back to its original position. He shakes it, cautious.

ED

What are you selling?

Baron retracts his hand.

BARON

Selling? Ha, ha. I'm not selling a thing. Maybe some of those other places you've been to, maybe they've been selling it, convince you that buying it's the only way. But you can't sell what you can get for free, that's my philosophy. Been for years. I had to learn that the hard way, but Mister...Mister?

Ed sweats. He looks a bit off, as though he's having trouble concentrating.

ED

Ed.

BARON

Mister Ed, let me tell you, you don't have to go through what I've gone through. You don't have to suffer the way I've suffered. You don't have to cower and hide in fear the way I have. You can find fulfillment in your life, you can be the person you've always wanted to be. I'm here today to tell you that salvation's been banging on your door, calling out your name, urging you to get off your couch, get off your bed, get off your tv, and take it out for a spin. And now's your chance! Now's your chance to greet salvation, shake its hand, look it right in the eye, and say "I will", "I will", "I will"!

As Baron speaks, his mouth becomes larger and more menacing. His tongue lashes, his lips curl, his teeth grow. His eyes slant. His hair spikes. The very light around him darkens. He takes on a demonic appearance.

Baron clears his throat. When he speaks again, his voice is deeper, rougher, like that of a devil.

BARON (cont'd)

And all you have to do, Mister Ed, all you have to do to make every one of your dreams come true, is give me your soul.

ED

What?

BARON

I'm sorry, but didn't you hear me?
I said, give me your soul.

Baron yells these words in a manner that makes the very earth under Ed's feet shake.

Ed lets out a scream. He slams the door shut.

INT. KITCHEN

Ed slides toward the floor, leaning on the door he's just shut.

ED
(repeating)
Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God.

He reaches the floor and listens. Silence. Then-

A BANGING noise emerges from the other side of the door.
BANG, BANG, BANG.

ED (cont'd)
Shut up! Go away! I don't want to
talk to you anymore!

The BANGING continues.

ED (cont'd)
I said shut up. Get away. Shut up!

The doorknob turns, and the door opens. A vile SCREECHING
emerges from the other side. The sound of something inhuman.
Ed gathers all his weight and pushes the door shut.

ED (cont'd)
No, get out of here. I'm not
interested. Leave!

The door pops open again, but Ed manages to shut it.

While holding the door shut, Ed grabs a chair and places it
underneath the doorknob, effectively blocking the door from
opening.

Just as he does so, the doorknob twists and turns. The
pounding continues.

ED (cont'd)
I said leave. I'll call the police.
I swear I'll do it.

Ed runs toward a nearby cordless, picks it up, and walks back
over to the twisting door. He turns it on, dials, too many
numbers to be 911.

ED (cont'd)
(out loud)
Here we go. I'm calling them.

The phone rings. The door stops twisting. The pounding stops.

Ed tilts his head, listening. Silence.

The phone rings again. A CLICK. A pickup.

ON PHONE

OPERATOR
German, questioningly

ED
Uhh, hello? Police?

OPERATOR
German, puzzled

ED
What? Who is this?

OPERATOR
German, threateningly

ED
Hello? What language is this?

OPERATOR
German, shouting, angry

Another CLICK. Disconnected.

Ed turns the phone off.

He looks around, at the chair, at the door. Nothing moves.
Everything is silent.

Ed brings the phone to his forehead, closes his eyes, presses
down for a beat. A moment to collect himself.

Then, a light MELODY of voices begins to play. It's soft at
first, but continues to increase in volume.

Ed opens his eyes, puts the phone down on the table. He looks
around, sees nothing.

He walks toward the sound. A soft HUM, SINGING, coming from
the refrigerator. The HUM grows louder as he inches toward
the fridge.

He reaches it, puts an ear to its door. The HUM is strong,
melodic. He pulls himself back, grasps the handle, and, after
a moment of hesitance, opens the door.

The HUM stops. Silence.

Ed looks into the fridge: nothing.

ED
Hello?

He shuts the door. The MELODY picks up again, louder now. He
opens the door quickly. Nothing. Silence.

ED (cont'd)

Hello?

He arches his neck, looking deep into the fridge for the source of the noise. But, alas, nothing.

He shuts the door once again. The MELODY begins to play instantly, louder than ever. Ed rips the door open. Silence.

ED (cont'd)

(shouting, angry)

Hello?

Ed shoves his hand into the fridge, moving food around violently, throwing and destroying items as he sees fit.

ED (cont'd)

Hello? Hello? I know you're in here! Ahhhh.

Exhausted, and having found nothing, Ed slams the door shut. Silence. No HUM this time.

Ed leans his forehead on the door, lets out a desperate laugh.

ED (cont'd)

I'm losing my mind.

He gently hits his head on the door over and over again, really driving the point home.

ED (cont'd)

(repeating)

I'm losing my mind.

Suddenly, another HUM. Coming from the living room. Ed stops, looks toward the source of the noise.

The HUM is different, deeper.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ed cautions his way to the living room. The source of the noise is his couch. It HUMS a distinct harmony.

ED

Hello?

The couch HUMS louder in response.

ED (cont'd)

Couch?

He puts a hand down on it. The moment he does, a lamp next to him starts to HUM. Ed turns toward it, startled.

He walks over to it, touches the lamp, turns it on. The moment he does, the table near him starts to HUM.

ED (cont'd)
My own personal orchestra.

At this, a few other objects in the room begin to HUM, each in a similar melody, but each in their own distinct tone.

They SING for a beat. Then, they stop. Ed bursts into applause.

ED (cont'd)
Bravo.

He stops, looks around, waits for an encore.

ED (cont'd)
That it?

A BEAT breaks the silence. A sole BEAT. It picks up a simple rhythm.

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP.

Amidst the rhythm, voices speak. Cold and raspy. The furniture around him.

VOICES
You...you...now you...sing...sing.

ED
Sing? Uh, you sure?

VOICES
Sing!

ED
Okay.

Ed clears his throat. The BEAT pounding, he lets a light HUM escape his lips.

VOICES
Louder...louder!

Ed HUMS louder, snapping his fingers to the beat. He improvises a tune, something along the lines of that performed by the furniture.

Really getting into it, he finishes with some light dancing. He spins, then comes to a full stop. The BEAT stops with him.

Ed stands before the furniture in silence for a beat.

ED

Well?

Silence.

A childish, mocking laugh rips through the room.

It's quickly joined by another, and another, until the entire room is bursting with laughter aimed at Ed.

ED (cont'd)

Shut up. Shut up!

Ed crouches down on the floor, covers his face.

The laughter is overwhelming, ear piercing.

Ed screams.

The rooms dips to black. Darkness. The laughter stops.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM

Ed uncovers his face. He looks around, sees nothing. The only sound is that of his breathing.

A light turns on a few feet away. In the middle, a female figure draped in white lies on an empty bed. It's Sadie.

She's relaxed, still; eerily serene. A wash of blue light surrounds her. She holds a red cane. She smiles.

ED

Sadie.

Ed stands up, rushes over, and leans down next to her. She doesn't move.

SADIE

You're here too?

ED

I think so.

Sadie stares off into the distance. A beat as Ed tries to meet her eyes. He fails.

The SOUND of waves emerges from Sadie as she speaks.

SADIE

Do you think it's a dream?

ED

Do I think what's a dream?

SADIE

Life. The oceans and the stars. The sun and the sky. The waves and the sand. Everything.

ED

I don't know. Maybe.

SADIE

Life's a stream of motion; time's steady pull against tired bodies swimming to the surface. The fool assumes he won't drown. The wise knows he already has.

The WAVES stop. Sadie looks on, then-

SADIE (cont'd)

I heard your song earlier.

ED

You did? What'd you think?

SADIE

It was beautiful.

ED

The furniture didn't think so.

SADIE

Fuck the furniture.

Ed laughs. He strokes her hair as he talks.

ED

Oh Sadie. My beautiful, wonderful, thoughtful Sadie. What would I do without you? You, the only one I love.

Sadie doesn't look at him. Her gaze is focused somewhere in the distant darkness.

SADIE

You don't love me.

Ed stops stroking her hair.

ED
Of course I love you.

Sadie turns to look at him, her smile fading, her expression neutral. She lets out a laugh.

ED (cont'd)
You're the only thing I love.

The blue light around them changes to a sharp yellow.

Sadie looks down at him. He looks up at her. They lock eyes for a beat. Then-

SADIE
Don't argue about this with me, Ed.
I'm not in the mood to argue.

Sadie looks away, back into the darkness.

ED
Don't be like this.

SADIE
All the world's a stage, Eddie boy.
You're just another player.
(shifting her head)
You hear that?

ED
(whispering)
Don't go.

The beginning of My Chemical Romance's "Blood" starts to play.

SADIE
It's my song.

ED
Don't go.

Sadie ignores him. She puts on a smile and gets up, taking the red cane with her. Ed jumps back, stunned.

The SONG plays.

Sadie dances to the beat in vaudeville type fashion, twirling the cane to and fro whenever the chorus kicks in. The light stays on her for the duration of the song.

The song ends with her bowing her head to the floor. The moment she does, the lights go out.

A familiar, meaning voice speaks from the darkness.

BARON (O.S.)
Very nice, darling. Very nice.

The lights go up. Baron stands in Sadie's place, holding her red cane. He's dressed all in black and wrapped in a long, exaggerated dark cape; the very opposite of Sadie.

BARON (cont'd)
Wasn't that lovely?

He glances up at Ed.

BARON (cont'd)
Ah, Mister Ed. Nice to see you once again. Have you given any thought to what we discussed earlier?

Ed stands up.

ED
What are you doing in my house?

BARON
Ah, but Mister Ed, look around you. It's not your house we're in. It's mine.

Baron lets out an evil, over-the-top laugh.

ED
Leave.

BARON
No.

Baron smiles. He opens his cape, letting it fall over his shoulders dramatically.

ED
What?

Baron laughs again. Then, he flings his cape forward, letting it cover his face and body until no trace of him can be seen.

In an instant, he vanishes. The cape falls to the floor, empty, except for a small round bump in the center.

Ed cautions over to the cape, then looks it over for any trace of Baron. Nothing.

A soft stuttering GROWL, like the sound of an engine starting, fills the room. It's coming from the bump in the center of the cape.

As the sound more distinctly comes to resemble the GROWL of an animal, the bump begins to grow.

ED (cont'd)

Hmm.

Ed stares at the bump, which grows until it is about a foot off the ground.

The GROWLING stops. Silence.

Then, again, GROWLING, like that of a dog.

The bump moves across the cape, inching toward Ed. He backs away appropriately.

ED (cont'd)

Oh, crap.

The bump stops along the edge of the cape closest to Ed. It watches for a beat, then, emerges.

POV CREATURE

as it slides off the cape and runs at a startled Ed.

Ed screams and runs into the darkness, the creature closely behind.

The creature chases Ed through a darkened hallway. It jumps to attack, but Ed dives into a nearby room just in time, slamming the door on its face.

INT. BATHROOM

Ed crouches down on the floor, panting.

ED

Oh, Jesus. Oh, sweet God Almighty.

SCRATCHES and GROWLS come from the other side of the door.

Ed huddles next to the door, lets out a desperate laugh, shakes his head in disbelief.

ED (cont'd)

(repeating)

I'm insane. I'm not insane. I'm
insane.

His anger rises. He pounds on the door.

ED (cont'd)
No, no, no! Leave me alone.

The GROWLS and SCRATCHES continue for a moment, then stop. Ed listens.

Ed puts an ear to the door. Not a sound.

He reaches up, turns the handle, and opens the door a crack. He sticks an eye out, looks far into the darkness.

POV CREATURE

as it sees him near the door, eye sticking out. It lunges.

Ed screams, slams the door shut.

More GROWLING, SCRATCHING.

Ed slides back down, defeated. He closes his eyes and listens to the GROWLING coming from beyond the door. Eventually, he falls asleep.

LATER

The SPLASHING of a running faucet startles Ed awake. The bath starts to fill.

More SPLASHING. Someone's in the shower, but the figure is obscured by the closed curtain. A light, feminine HUM, like that of the furniture, fills the room.

The tub continues to fill. Steam rises. The mirror fogs. Ed looks on.

Then, the SPLASHING stops.

The curtains move. Slowly, they open.

A hand emerges, dry. A feminine hand. It touches the floor, grips it with its nails. It lies there for a beat.

Then, in one motion, the figure in the tub pulls itself partially out, resting its head on the floor next to its hand.

It's a woman, wet hair, red dress. She stops moving and looks at Ed. Ed looks at her, horrified.

She speaks.

RED

Help me.

Ed shoots up, turns the knob, opens the door, and rushes out of the bathroom.

INT. DARK HALLWAY

Ed takes a few steps forward, then stops. He looks around cautiously.

A GROWL is heard in the distance. Ed jumps and flattens himself against a wall the moment he hears it.

He crawls along in the direction opposite the bathroom until he reaches a corner. Then, he stops.

He leans over, looks into the room in the distance. Nothing but the faint traces of furniture.

Then, a candle light flickers on in the middle of the room. A sole light, hovering in the air.

It moves, up and down, back and forth. Then it stops.

The candle speaks, a dry, whispered voice.

CANDLE

Come here...hurry...it's coming...

Ed leans his head forward, follows the candle with his eyes.

CANDLE (cont'd)

Hurry...

He takes a step forward, into-

INT. DARK ROOM

And heads toward the light. The candle starts to move away from him, guiding him. Ed trails behind.

CANDLE

Hurry...!

ED

Okay, okay.

Ed picks up the pace.

The candle heads into another room-

INT. DARK BEDROOM

And disappears. Ed walks in. Pitch black, except for a television blanketed by static. It HISSES softly.

The door behind him closes with a THUD. Ed turns around, gasps. The woman in red stands before him, her hair wet, sensual.

She approaches him, speaking every sentence after a long, exaggerated breath.

RED

Help...help me...help me to...

Ed stands still. She stops directly in front of him, breathing heavily.

ED

To what?

She touches his head, brings it forward close to hers, and whispers in his ear.

RED

Kill it.

The HISS from the television dies.

He looks at her. She looks at him. She goes to kiss him, but just before her lips touch his, her hair jumps forward and wraps around his head. It pulls him close.

Ed struggles. The hair tangles around his face, his neck, smothering him. He screams, tries to pull it off. No use.

All goes black.

INT. DARK ROOM - LATER

Ed opens his eyes. He takes a deep, long breath.

He's alone, surrounded by darkness.

A MOAN. SHUFFLING. Quick movements all around him. Then, a light turns on in front of him.

Two figures are kneeling before one another, draped in black, hoods covering their faces. They hold something between them: a computer monitor.

Their hands move over the screen, the back, the sides. They stroke the object rhythmically, sexually.

Another MOAN.

Ed lifts his head, looks over.

The figures stop, turn their heads, look at him, then turn back. They continue.

Another MOAN.

ED
What are you doing?

The figures intensify their motions. The movements become quicker. Their nails dig deep into the monitor, into the screen, leaving scratches.

ED (cont'd)
What are you doing?!

At this, the movements become even faster. The figures bend and claw the object desperately. They lower their heads, stick out their tongues, and lick its parts with desire.

Another MOAN.

Ed's eyes bounce around the room. His breathing quickens, his face contorts.

ED (cont'd)
Stop.

But they don't.

Ed backs away in horror. As he does so, his hand bumps into an object: A bat. He grips it. He stands.

Ed rushes the two figures and swings the bat hard into their center. The monitor EXPLODES. The figures back away.

He swings again. Another EXPLOSION. More computer bits fly.

He does this again and again, until the monitor breaks into several different pieces.

The figures vanish into the darkness.

Ed drops the bat, sighs.

Then, a distinct GROWL. Ed looks to his side as-

POV CREATURE

emerges out of the darkness and attacks Ed. It tackles him to the ground and digs its claws into his stomach.

Ed SCREAMS. He struggles. The creature GROWLS and CLAWS.

Ed looks up, sees the bat, grabs it, and pushes the creature off of him.

He stands up, raises the bat, and, as the creature makes an attempt to attack, swings it hard, hitting it directly.

The creature MOANS in pain. Ed hits it again. Another MOAN of pain, then, silence.

Ed breathes heavily. His eyes widen. The creature has turned back into Baron, who lies on the floor, face up, motionless.

BARON

Oww...

Ed stands over him. Baron looks at Ed, makes a horrible dying sound, then closes his eyes. He dies.

Ed kneels next to the body, then spreads himself on the floor, staring upward. The light around his face brightens, and continues to do so until-

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ed lies on his couch, staring at the ceiling. His gaze is distant. His mouth foams.

A shadow moves across his face. Ed blinks.

A familiar voice, slow and distorted.

SAL

Hey.

No response. Again, but more distinct.

SAL (cont'd)

Hey!

A hand slaps Ed across the face, making a sound louder than it should be.

Ed blinks. His eyes focus. He looks up, acknowledges Sal's presence with his eyes.

SAL (cont'd)

Hey, man.

Ed lifts himself up from the couch, looks at Sal, then away. Sal is all smiles.

SAL (cont'd)
How you feeling?

Ed doesn't respond. He looks around at his environment, trying to determine if it's real.

SAL (cont'd)
Work got out early. Thought we
could roll the rest of the bag.
(beat as he laughs)
You all right? You don't look that
great.

Ed stands up, ignores him, looks around some more.

SAL (cont'd)
Your door was wide open, by the
way.

Ed walks past him and into-

KITCHEN

Where he looks around some more.

SAL (O.S.)
You try the 'shrooms yet?

Sal enters.

Ed, satisfied with his search, helps himself to a glass of water.

SAL (cont'd)
Well?

Ed doesn't respond, only sets down his glass. He looks at Sal wild eyed.

SAL (cont'd)
That disturbed look on your face
tells me you did...and that it
didn't go well.
(beat as he waits for a
response)
I told you to be careful with it.
The stuff's not Mary.

Ed walks over to him, within a foot. He glares at Sal, who narrows his eyes. A look of concern washes over Sal's face.

SAL (cont'd)

You okay?

Ed glares at him for a beat, then, a smile breaks over his face. Sal looks back at him, puzzled.

ED

No.

A fist collides with the side of Sal's jaw. He goes down.

Ed stretches his fingers in satisfaction. He smiles.

FADE TO BLACK.