

Edmund

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

BRIDGET, seventeen, blonde, dressed in white and pink sits on a blanket amidst the high grasses. She looks up at HELMUT, forties, tweed-suited, as he tears into his *bratwurst*.

She pouts as she moves some food around her plate with her fork.

HELMUT  
What's the matter? Not hungry, my *liebchen*?

Bridget shakes her head. She brings a forkful of food to her face to please him.

HELMUT  
Something's wrong. You're just not telling me. I know you. Something's on your mind.

BRIDGET  
There isn't. Not really.

HELMUT  
Come on. If you can't tell your Papa who can you tell.  
(Bridget looks unsure)  
Who has been taking care of you all these years? Who?

BRIDGET  
You have, Papa?

HELMUT  
I've danced the jig at your successes and when you weren't so successful I've been there to dry your tears.  
(Bridget nods)  
I'm just your tear dryer. That's all.

BRIDGET  
(chuckles)  
No, Papa.

HELMUT  
I suppose it must be a ladies thing then. Something you'd tell your mother, if she were around.

BRIDGET  
Why would I tell her?

HELMUT  
Because you miss her?

BRIDGET  
I don't even remember her.

HELMUT  
 (he tousles her hair)  
 She looked just like you.

BRIDGET  
 I'm nothing like her!

HELMUT  
 Of course you're not. You're  
 here, aren't you?  
 (Bridget nods)  
 And she isn't, is she?  
 I don't see her. Maybe she's --  
 under the blanket?

Helmut lifts up a corner of the blanket and peeks under it.  
 Bridget laughs as she pushes the blanket back down again.

BRIDGET  
 You're right. I'm here, she's  
 not.

HELMUT  
 So be good company then.

BRIDGET  
 I thought I was.

HELMUT  
 Good company will always be  
 honest and tell their host what's  
 bothering them.

BRIDGET  
 You made that up!

HELMUT  
 Maybe I did, Maybe I didn't. But  
 those are the rules.

Bridget still seems unsure, then almost impishly.

BRIDGET  
 Alright, I'll tell you.

But she doesn't. Not right away, anyway.

HELMUT  
 I'm listening.

BRIDGET  
 I've met someone.

Helmut smiles.

HELMUT  
 Ah! A new friend! We shall celeb--

BRIDGET  
 A boy.

HELMUT  
 A boy? Friend?

Bridget smiles as she nods. Helmut's smile drops. His eyes tear up. He looks away from Bridget, up toward the sky.

HELMUT  
Oh my! A boyfriend. I wasn't expecting that -- we should gather up our things. It looks like rain.

Bridget's smile drops now.

BRIDGET  
I wasn't expecting that? Is that all you're going to say?

HELMUT  
I also said it looks like rain...

BRIDGET  
The sky is clear!

HELMUT  
It's time to go!

Bridget fixes him with an obstinate stare. Helmut holds back his tears.

HELMUT  
What would you have me say? That I'm happy for you? Because I'm not. I'm disappointed, that's what I am. Disappointed. Do I even know this boy?  
(no response)  
I thought not. What's his name?  
(no response)  
What's his name!

Bridget shrinks back from Helmut's volume. Her eyes tear up but she's too young to know how to hold them back.

BRIDGET  
Edmund.

HELMUT  
Edmund? What a god awful name! Couldn't you find someone named Klaus? Klaus is a much better name. Have you no sense girl?

BRIDGET  
But I love him.

HELMUT  
Love. What do you know of love? You're only seventeen!

BRIDGET  
I'm old enough.

HELMUT  
Old enough for what?  
(no response)  
For what! -- I forbid you to see this boy! He's no good I tell you.

(MORE)

HELMUT (CONT'D)

He'll take you away and lead you on a path that will get you into trouble. You'll be in trouble and then he'll drop you and you'll have no one. Not even me! Mark my words, that's what will happen.

Bridget attempts to speak but he silences her.

HELMUT

Not another word. It's settled. For your own good you will not see this, this Edmund ever again. Now get your things together. I want to get home before the rain.

Bridget angrily wipes away her tears.

INT. CAR - DAY

Helmut whistles a happy tune as he drives along.

Bridget, in a depressed trance-like state, watches the windshield wipers go back and forth against the completely dry windshield. She winces each time they squeak.

INT. HELMUT'S HOUSE: BEDROOM - DAY

Helmut, almost completely under the covers, clumsily manages to turn off the ringing alarm clock on his bedside table.

BATHROOM

Obscured by steam, Helmut sings in the shower.

BATHROOM - LATER

Helmut towel-dries his hair, then he wraps the towel around his waist as he exits the bathroom.

HALLWAY

Helmut walks down the hallway dressed only in a towel.

HELMUT

Bridget?

BRIDGET'S ROOM

Helmut peeks in the door.

HELMUT

Bridget?

His face perplexed, he opens the door all the way. The bed is made, the room is eerily tidy.

HELMUT

Hunh.

He turns away.

KITCHEN

Helmut enters, wearing his towel.

HELMUT

Bridget?

He shrugs. Then he walks to the refrigerator, opens it takes out some milk.

A concerned look on his face, he glances over his shoulder.

INT. OFFICE

An open floor plan, Helmut sits at his desk and types into his computer. He glances at his quiet cell phone.

Then back to work, more typing, but he can't concentrate.

He grabs his phone.

INT. CORRIDOR

His phone to his ear, a worried look on his face.

HELMUT

Her father -- then let me speak to someone who can -- I'll wait.

Helmut looks around the corridor nervously. He watches a BUSINESS MAN AND WOMAN as they near, then he turns his back to them, hiding.

HELMUT

Yes. Hello. I'm wondering if my daughter is at school today? -- Bridget Baumann -- Truant? No. Uh, she wasn't feeling well this morning and I thought -- I tried but she doesn't answer -- asleep? -- The police?

He scans the corridor, worried.

HELMUT

Uh, I must go. I'm at work -- You know what, I'm certain she's at home asleep. You should mark her as excused. Very sorry to have bothered you -- thank you for your time -- thank you.

He moves the phone from his ear and sighs with exasperation.

## EXT. STREET

Helmut walks down the street absorbed in thought. Out of the corner of his eye he sees Bridget. She's in a hurry. He runs after her calling out her name.

She turns a corner. He follows. He puts his hand on her shoulder. She turns. She's an old woman and she appears perturbed.

He's aghast that he has made such a mistake.

HELMUT  
I'm sorry.

## INT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Helmut enters, he calls out to Bridget. There is no answer. He shakes his head.

## KITCHEN

There is a setting for Bridget on the table but Helmut has dinner alone. He smiles, like he is enjoying it, but he gets distracted by the empty plate.

## SITTING ROOM

Helmut sits in a comfy chair, a newspaper covering his face. A sound; he lowers the paper and listens. He calls out to Bridget. There is no answer. Irritated, he lifts the paper again, shaking it roughly to uncrumple it.

## STAIRS

Helmut climbs the stairs, his head lowered.

## BRIDGET'S ROOM

In the same shape it was this morning, eerily tidy. Helmut stares sadly into the room. Then he turns out the light and closes the door.

## BEGIN HELMUT'S DREAM

## INT. HOUSE: HELMUT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Helmut is in bed reading a book. He hears a noise. He glances toward the sound, irritated, then he returns to his book.

BRIDGET (O.S.)  
I'm home.

Helmut can't believe his ears.

## STAIRS

Helmut speeds down the stairs.

## FRONT DOOR

Bridget stands at the front door Helmut throws his arms around her.

HELMUT  
Where have you been? I've been  
so worried about you.

BRIDGET  
I thought about what you said. If  
you haven't met the boy I love  
then I should not be seeing him.

HELMUT  
Oh, my *liebchen*. I should not  
have been so hasty. You should  
be able to see whomever you want.

BRIDGET  
Still. I decided to bring Edmund  
here, so that you may approve of  
him.

HELMUT  
(nervously)  
Are you sure?

BRIDGET  
Yes. You will like him. I am  
certain of it.

HELMUT  
Where is he?

BRIDGET  
Waiting outside.

Bridget opens the door. Helmut looks outside and horror  
overcomes him. Standing in the doorway is his twin, HELMUT  
TOO.

HELMUT TOO  
Good Evening Mister Baumann. My  
name is Edmund. It's a pleasure  
to finally --

END HELMUT'S DREAM

## HELMUT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Helmut wakes up with a start. He picks up the alarm clock  
and glances at it. He gets up.

## HALLWAY

He slumps toward the bathroom. When he's at the door he  
changes his mind.

Instead he heads toward

BRIDGET'S ROOM

The door opens and Helmut looks in. It hasn't changed. Helmut leans against the door frame and he sobs. Then he lets out a mournful wail as he slides to the ground.

KITCHEN

Helmut is dressed. His eyes are red from his recent cry. He brings his cell phone to his ear.

HELMUT

Maria. Hello. Helmut here -- not well really -- Bridget? Uh, Bridget's fine. Thank you for asking -- listen -- I'm not feeling well today so I won't be in -- no, nothing serious I hope, I'll be in tomorrow -- I will -- could you let Mister Engels know for me? -- thank you, Maria -- I will, I will -- thank you again.

EXT. POLICE STATION

Helmut sighs as he enters.

INT. POLICE STATION

Helmut sits in one of many seats. The number on the wall changes. Helmut glances at a slip of paper in his hand. He seems irritated, then he sighs.

LATER

The number changes again. This time Helmut hops up. He rushes toward the counter.

AT A *POLIZISTIN* KIRSCH'S DESK

The police woman KIRSCH, fortyish, appears rather dour. Helmut is nervous.

KIRSH

How long has she been gone?

HELMUT

Twenty-four hours. I would have come sooner but I thought I had to wait. Would it have been better for me to come sooner?

KIRSH

In the case of teenagers waiting is the best option. Did you bring a picture of her?

(Helmut hands it over)

Pretty young thing.

(MORE)

KIRSH (CONT'D)  
I was never that pretty. I bet  
the boys go wild over her.

Helmut covers his mouth with worry. Kirsh nods.

KIRSH  
Boys. There's a boy involved here  
isn't there Mister Baumann?

Helmut's eyes tear up as he nods.

HELMUT  
I forbid her to see him. Now  
she's god knows where.

KIRSH  
Relax, Mister Baumann. I wish all  
of the missing person cases that  
float by my desk would be this  
easy. All we need to do is find  
the boy. What's his name?

HELMUT  
Edmund.

KIRSH  
Edmund what?

HELMUT  
(tenses up)  
Just Edmund. That's all I know.

KIRSH  
Do you know how many Edmunds  
there are in this city Mister  
Baumann?

Helmut shakes his head.

KIRSH  
This makes things a bit more  
complicated. Did your daughter  
keep a diary?

Helmut stares into space.

EXT. CAFE

Helmut sits at an outdoor table. A cup of coffee sits in  
front of him but his mind is elsewhere. A blonde haired  
girl passes.

Helmut looks up. He can't believe his eyes. It's Bridget.  
Then a memory.

EXT. STREET - FLASHBACK

Bridget turns a corner. He follows. He puts his hand on her  
shoulder. She turns. It's an old woman and she's perturbed.

EXT. CAFE

Helmut watches at the blonde with a more discerning eye. No, it's definitely Bridget. He stands.

EXT. TRAIN STATION

He follows her inside.

PLATFORM

He hides behind a vending machine as he spies on her. She holds a carry bag and she fishes around inside of it.

The train arrives. She hops on. He waits a moment, until the doors are about to close, then hops into the car behind hers.

INT. TRAIN

He can see her through the windows between the cars. It's definitely her. He smiles.

EXT. PLATFORM

The train stops at a small platform. Bridget gets off the train. Helmut departs a few moments later.

EXT. STREET

The almost rural street leads to a stable. Helmut is a good distance behind her, hiding behind trees when he can.

EXT. STABLE

Bridget enters. Helmut appears a moment later then he waits outside until he screws up his courage.

INT. STABLE

Helmut looks around. The horses are in pens. STABLE BOYS mill about. He doesn't see Bridget. Then

BRIDGET (O.S.)

Papa!

He turns. It's her. It's really her. His eyes light up with fatherhood. He holds his arms out to her. She ignores them.

BRIDGET

How did you find me? Did you follow me? You know, they call that stalking these days?

HELMUT

I've missed you, my *liebchen*.  
Come to your papa.

BRIDGET  
No. You gave me a choice, you or  
Edmund and I chose Edmund.

HELMUT  
I was wrong.

BRIDGET  
You were what?

HELMUT  
Wrong? Can't an old man be wrong?  
Where is this boy that stole my  
daughter's heart?

BRIDGET  
You want to meet him? Do you mean  
that?

Helmut nods and Bridget gives him a hug. The pleasure on  
his face is indescribable.

BRIDGET  
I'll go get him, wait here.

Bridget toddles off while Helmut assesses the location.

Bridget returns.

BRIDGET  
He's on his way. You will like  
him. I'm certain of it.

Helmut seems a bit worried.

A blonde Aryan-looking STABLE BOY brings a HORSE up the  
aisle.

BRIDGET  
There he is now.

Helmut seems honestly pleased with his daughters choice. He  
holds out his hand to the Stable Boy.

HELMUT  
It's a pleasure to meet you  
Edmund.

The Stable Boy looks at Helmut's hand like he has some  
disease.

STABLE BOY  
I'm not Edmund. That's Edmund.

The Stable Boy tips his head toward the horse. Helmut is  
dumbfounded. He glances at Bridget who seems to be in love.  
He can't let her know he doesn't approve.

EDMUND  
It's a pleasure to meet you Mr.  
Baumann.

A bit of a surprise, a Horse that talks. Helmut takes a  
closer look at that Horse. It could work, maybe. He turns  
toward Bridget.

HELMUT

Do I shake his hoof or something?

Bridget looks at the Horse then laughs.

BRIDGET

Oh Papa. You're such a joker.

She pulls Helmut to the side and points behind the Horse. Sure enough a boy stands there, it's EDMUND and he's not so Aryan and he's not a talking Horse but Bridget loves him.

Helmut throws his arms high in the air.

HELMUT

Edmund! There you are, my boy.  
Did my daughter tell you that  
I've always loved that name,  
Edmund?

THE END