

**Pearl Dive**

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FADE IN:

**EXT. SULLY'S ITALIAN BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT**

ELLIE CUNNINGHAM; early 30's, dark-hair, tight jeans and sharp low-cut blouse; walks towards the restaurant. Slings a dull, bulky, earth-toned purse over a shoulder.

She stops, looks at the diamond embedded in her WEDDING RING.

She slides the ring off and gently tosses it in her purse. Fixes her dark hair in the reflection of the restaurant's glass.

**INT. SULLY'S**

She walks through the doors and the HOSTESS greets her promptly, menus in hand.

HOSTESS  
Good evening. Welcome to Sully's.  
How many tonight?

ELLIE  
Just me, please.

The hostess replaces all the menus except one.

HOSTESS  
Right this way.

She leads Ellie further into the dining room.

Ellie rubbernecks to peer behind the hostess' stand.

The hostess leads her to a table in the middle of the floor, but Ellie motions to a table in particular.

ELLIE  
Um, if you wouldn't mind, can I  
have a window table?

HOSTESS  
Of course.

They walk over to the table and the hostess lays the menu down.

HOSTESS  
Your server'll be right with you.

ELLIE  
Thank you.

Ellie plops her purse down, browses the menu.

VITO, mid-20's, average everyday server, approaches.

VITO  
Hello. Thank you for choosing Sully's.  
My name's Vito. Can I start you out  
tonight with a glass of merlot or  
sauvignon?

Ellie makes direct eye contact with him, scrunches her nose and bites her lower lip.

ELLIE  
Mmm. You sold me. I'll have the  
merlot.

VITO  
Certainly. I'll have that for you  
right away.

She gives him a seductive smile. He immediately catches her gaze and a smug smile purses his lips.

He looks down to see her bare ringfinger.

VITO  
I can't help but notice, but have you  
been in here before?

ELLIE  
Me? No. But you better make it worth  
my wild so I come back again.

VITO  
Well, I'm definitely going to do my  
best. I'll be right back with your  
merlot. Lombardy all right?

ELLIE  
Pomerol, please, if you have it.

VITO  
Of course.

He walks away to the bar.

**INT. SULLY'S DINING ROOM - LATER**

In the middle of her dinner, Ellie takes a bite of mignon and sips from her glass.

Across the restaurant, she watches Vito walk down a small hallway into the men's room.

She takes another large sip of merlot and dabs at her lips with a cloth napkin.

She stands and walks towards the --

**HALLWAY**

She comes to a halt just outside the ladies room and waits. Looks at other patrons, but they pay no attention.

Vito opens the men's room door and sees her across the way.

ELLIE  
Is anybody else in there?

He smiles.

VITO  
No.

Ellie backs him into the --

**MEN'S ROOM**

-- and into the handicapped stall.

Kisses him with a vengeance and he wraps his arms around her.

Their tongues lash against each other's mouths. She slides her hand down his trousers and firmly grabs a hold.

ELLIE

I'm going to make this plain and simple.

She strokes him in his pants.

ELLIE

I don't care if you have a girlfriend or not. I'm leaving to go back home in the morning. I want you to take me to your place and fuck me until my eyes roll back into my skull.

She breathes in deep rhythms. Moans the words out of herself.

ELLIE

And then I want you to fuck me some more.

VITO

I'll be off in a couple hours. Meet me down the street at Gustav's. They're open late.

ELLIE

I'll already find somebody else by then. You want to take that chance? I want you now.

She leans over and sucks his neck red, puts her lips against his ear.

ELLIE

And whatever it is, I don't say no. To anything.

She nibbles an ear lobe with her teeth.

Ellie stops stroking him and takes her hand out the front of his trousers.

She raises her hand to her lips and licks a strand of pre-cum that dangles from a finger.

SLAM CUT TO BLACK.

**INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

Ellie Cunningham, dishwater blonde in an ugly beige woman's suit, walks briskly. Her clunky heels thud with every step on the white-tiled floor.

Takes a quick turn down another hall and picks up pace. Sees her MOTHER.

MOTHER  
Ellie, sweetheart.

ELLIE  
Mom.

Give each other a big hug.

ELLIE  
Did she have it, yet?

MOTHER  
She just went in a half hour ago.  
We tried calling you.

ELLIE  
My phone died a few minutes before  
the plane landed.

MOTHER  
She still wants you in there.

Ellie nods.

**INT. OUTSIDE DELIVERY ROOM - LATER**

Ellie, in blue scrubs, ties her waistband while a NURSE quickly knots a mask behind Ellie's head, careful not to pinch any of her blonde hair.

Ellie watches JENNA; mid-20's, struggling; through the pane in the delivery room door.

She pushes and pushes. A DOCTOR and other NURSES surround Jenna's hospital bed.

NURSE  
(RE: Ellie)  
Almost tied.

But it's too late. A doctor pulls a small form from between Jenna's spread legs and throbbing lips.

The nurse finishes with the mask and Ellie hurries through the door to Jenna's side.

Tears fall from the new mom's eyes. She still shakes from the pain.

ELLIE  
Jenna.

JENNA  
Ellie!

Ellie leans over the hospital bed and they embrace.

ELLIE  
I'm so sorry it took so long.

A delivery nurse cuts the umbilical cord and takes the baby from the doctor.

She wipes as much of the blood and white tissue away from the baby's skin as she can. Wraps him in a clean blanket.

The nurse leans to hand the baby over to Jenna. Instead of taking him, she turns and buries her face into Ellie's shoulder. She shakes her head, adverts her eyes from the baby.

JENNA  
No, please. Not now.

The nurse backs away and stands, in shock at Jenna's reaction.

Ellie closes her eyes in frustration and wraps her arms around her little sister.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER**

Jenna, alone, lies awake. Stares at the ceiling, her eyes red and irritated.

Ellie steps in the doorway and raps lightly on the door.

ELLIE

Hey you. I heard a little rumor  
you were awake. Mind if I come in?

Jenna sits up in her bed. Offers a weak smile.

Ellie steps in and, once in arms' reach, they embrace again.  
Jenna sobs.

JENNA

I'm so sorry. God, I am so sorry.

ELLIE

You have absolutely nothing to be  
sorry for.

JENNA

I couldn't look into his eyes, Ellie.  
I just couldn't. I promised myself...  
promised, that I was never going to  
hold anything against him, and I  
couldn't even look at him in his first  
few moments. It hurt so bad.

ELLIE

It's okay, sweetheart. Just relax.  
You couldn't help it. That's not your  
fault. None of this is your fault. Do  
you know how proud you should be for  
even having the baby? There's not many  
women who would have done that if they  
were in your shoes.

JENNA

I'm not going to hold any of this against him. I'm not. I'm going to take him, and I'm going to accept him, and I'm going to love him more than any other boy who's ever been loved.

ELLIE

I know you will, sweetie.

JENNA

I will never have a moment of weakness like that again.

Ellie nods. Rubs her sister's arm for comfort.

ELLIE

It'll be all right.

Ellie sits in the chair next to the hospital bed.

JENNA

I'm sorry.

Ellie shakes her head and forces an assuring smile. Jenna smiles back and wipes a tear.

She looks to Ellie's wedding ring and forces a smile.

JENNA

So, how's the hubby?

Ellie picks up Jenna's health chart at the foot of the bed and browses through it.

ELLIE

He's doing good. We're both working a lot right now, but we're managing.

JENNA

He's a good guy.

Ellie pulls a paper clip off a couple papers in the chart and mindlessly fiddles with it.

ELLIE

Yeah, he is. Thank you, by the way, for giving me the chance to break away from work for a few days. I'm sorry I couldn't make it here sooner.

JENNA

I'm glad you're here now.

ELLIE

I really wanted to be here after everything happened.

Jenna nods in forgiveness.

ELLIE

I can't believe the police wouldn't do anything.

JENNA

Yeah, well...

ELLIE

They still didn't do anything when you told them you said 'no'?

JENNA

He said I instigated it. I was giving him signals. I guess if there's no bruises or bleeding, there's no rape. It's only my word against his.

ELLIE

Fucking pigs.

JENNA

Thank God dad isn't here right now.

ELLIE

Why's that?

JENNA

Because you know better than I do, if he was still alive, he'd be staring down a hallway at an electric chair right now.

The two smile.

ELLIE

Yeah, he definately would have finally gotten the chance to use that gun he bought.

JENNA

It doesn't matter anyway. I have Kyle now. That's all that's important.

Ellie replaces Jenna's health chart at the foot of the bed, but still plays with the paper clip. She untangles it about three inches.

ELLIE

Are you going to get child support from him?

JENNA

No. I just want to forget about him. Even if I did, I don't want him to have any rights whatsoever to Kyle.

ELLIE

Work wouldn't get rid of him?

JENNA

They wanted to. But they couldn't because there were no charges.

ELLIE

So you left.

Jenna tears up and sobs again.

JENNA

I wouldn't be able to stand seeing him again.

Ellie tosses the halfway untangled paper clip in her purse and stands. She leans over and embraces her sister.

ELLIE  
I'm so sorry.

JENNA  
Ellie?

ELLIE  
Yeah?

JENNA  
Can you go get a nurse for me?  
And have her bring Kyle?

Ellie smiles.

ELLIE  
Of course.

Ellie sets her ugly purse on the chair and walks out. She stops in the doorway.

ELLIE  
Just out of curiosity. What was  
his name?

**EXT. SULLY'S ITALIAN BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT**

Ellie wears a dark wig, tight jeans, and low-cut blouse as she approaches the restaurant.

She stops, takes the wedding ring off her finger and tosses it in her purse.

**INT. SULLY'S**

The hostess replaces all of the menus except one.

HOSTESS  
Right this way.

Ellie follows. She rubbernecks her head behind the hostess stand and steals a peek at the floor plan.

A couple tables by the window are highlighted as Vito's section.

ELLIE  
Um, if you wouldn't mind, can I  
have a window table?

**INT. MEN'S RESTROOM**

Ellie presses her lips against Vito's ear.

ELLIE  
... I won't say no. To anything.

She nibbles an ear lobe with her teeth.

She stops stroking him and takes her hand out the front of his trousers.

She raises her hand to her mouth and licks a strand of pre-cum that dangles from a finger.

ELLIE  
And I squirt when I come. You ever  
fuck anybody who squirts before?

Vito breathes heavy and shakes his head.

She gives a sultry smile and walks out of the restroom.

**INT. SULLY'S DINING ROOM - LATER**

Ellie gathers her purse at her table and turns towards the kitchen.

Vito talks to an upset MANAGER.

Mit of sound, the manager tries to reason with Vito, who only shakes his head.



She tosses a wrapped condom. It bounces off his chest. He stands and picks it up.

ELLIE

While you're putting that on, do you have any toys to keep me busy?

He smiles.

VITO

Yeah. Corner of the closet.

Vito walks out to the tiny hallway and into the bathroom. Closes the door behind him.

Ellie sits up on the bed and buttons her pants and blouse back up.

Pulls off her dark wig to reveal her dishwater blonde hair and throws it on the bedroom floor.

She reaches in her purse and pulls out a small revolver, almost brand new. Opens the barrel.

She reaches back in her purse, digs around and pulls out two bullets. Loads them into the empty chambers.

Rifles two more bullets out and loads them.

She reaches back in her purse and stops.

She pulls her wedding ring out. Shakes her head and slides it back onto her finger. She kisses it.

ELLIE

I'm so sorry.

She looks back to the gun in deep thought.

Moments of hesitation.

She turns the revolver over. All four bullets slide out of the chamber and back into her hand.

ELLIE  
(whisper)  
What am I doing?

She sets the bullets back in her purse, but flinches in pain and pulls her hand back out in surprise.

ELLIE  
Ow!

**INT. BATHROOM**

Vito tries to get himself hard again to slide the condom on. He manages after a few moments.

The front door clicks softly shut in the living room. He listens carefully for any movement.

VITO  
Hello? You still there?

No answer.

He hurries out and into his bedroom. She's gone.

He rushes into the living room and realizes he's naked, his member still wrapped in rubber. He struggles to slide his workpants back on and hurries out the apartment door.

VITO  
Hey?

Nobody in either direction of the hallway. He rushes towards the building foyer.

**EXT. VITO'S NEIGHBORHOOD**

Ellie, a brisk pace, walks down the street. She turns when she reaches the corner and disappears.

Vito storms out the apartment building, shirtless. Looks down the street in both directions, but empty.

VITO  
Hey!

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

KYLE snuggles in Jenna's loving arms.

She smiles. Stares in her baby's eyes, a glow on her face that wasn't there before.

She holds the phone between her ear and shoulder.

ELLIE  
(filter)  
... Yeah. It's all right to go  
back to Sully's now.

JENNA  
What are you talking about?

ELLIE  
(filter)  
It's all right to go back to work now.  
Vito doesn't work there anymore. He  
walked out tonight and got fired.

Jenna can't help but smile.

JENNA  
Ellie... What did you do?

ELLIE  
(filter)  
Well, I didn't do what dad would've  
done.

CUT TO BLACK.

ELLIE (V.O.)  
(filter)  
But he still would've been proud.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Vito walks in and sits on the edge of his bed, pissed.  
He sees the wig on the floor and picks it up. Shakes his head.

VITO  
Nut job.

He throws the wig back into a corner.

FLASHBACK TO:

**INT. BEDROOM**

Ellie sits alone, the wedding ring already back on her finger.

She empties the four bullets out the chamber and back into her hand.

She lays them back in her purse and flinches in pain.

ELLIE  
Ow!

She pulls her hand back out her purse and examines her finger.  
Sucks a dab of blood before it drips.

Looks in her purse for the culprit.

Finally, she finds a halfway untangled paper clip, an evil-looking pointy end staring straight at her.

She glances towards the closed bathroom door.

END FLASHBACK

**INT. BEDROOM.**

Vito pushes a porn in and searches for a particular scene. He walks over and opens his closet.

From a far corner, he slides out a box and, on top of a cornucopia of sexual devices, grabs a pocket pussy and one of many containers of lube strewn about.

FLASHBACK TO:

**INT. BEDROOM**

Alone in the room, Ellie walks over to the closet door, the untangled paper clip still in hand.

She opens the closet and finds a box in the corner. Fishes through a few different-sized dildos, clit-ticklers, handcuffs, and bottles of lube.

Finally, she finds a worn rubber vagina and pulls it out.

END FLASHBACK

**INT. BEDROOM**

Vito pours a few drops of lube into the pocket pussy and dabs some around the fake lips. Rubs them together to make for an easy slide in.

FLASHBACK TO:

**INT. BEDROOM**

Ellie, in the closet, untangles the paper clip the whole four or five inches long and carefully sticks it through the rubbery end of the fake vagina.

She slides two fingers through the fake pussy lips at the opposite end and gently pulls the stretched clip into the rubber hole so it's not noticeable from the outside, but still firmly fixed inside the rubber toy.

She tests it by sticking a finger in slow and soft. It jabs her and she flinches, the pointy clip lodged tightly inside the rubber.

She tosses the pocket pussy back in on top of all the other sexual devices.

She closes the closet behind her, grabs her purse, and walks out into the hallway, careful to be quiet as she passes the closed bathroom door.

END FLASHBACK

**INT. BEDROOM**

Vito slides his pants off and watches the porn.

He plays with himself and finally gets hard.

He sets the rubber vagina in front of him on a pillow for an accessible slide in while still being able to see the T.V. screen.

Excited, he slams his pelvis into the rubber toy and his cock slides into the fake pussy lips.

His eyes bulge.

A soft, but not pleasurable, moan escapes his lips and he looks down to his dick in the pink vagina.

The force of the pelvic thrust jammed the paper clip back out of the pink rubber by a couple centimeters.

He struggles for breath as blood condenses around the parted lips.

He pulls his cock back out of the pink toy and the paper clip slides out with it, jammed down the shaft.

Tears bead down his cheeks. He falls forward onto the bed and convulses.

Shaking, he grips the end of the paper clip sticking out his pee hole and tugs at it. But it's lodged too tight inside him.

He finally gives a hard YANK and the clip slides out his shaft.

Blood and semen spit out simultaneously on his sheets.

He coughs and gags. Vomits. The pain still causes him to convulse.

He looks back between heaves at the dark wig lying on the floor in the corner of his bedroom.