

The Urn, An Eddie Hoar and Derwood Doller Caper

by  
Jed Power

Based on characters from the eight-book Dan Marlowe/  
Hampton Beach, NH, Crime Series by Jed Power

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FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN BOULEVARD, HAMPTON BEACH - DAY

Two men, both 30-ish, are seated on a bench in front of the Seashell Entertainment Stage. Eddie Hoar is a skinny crook with a grin to match and greasy hair. He is wearing bright, out-of-date, disco-era clothes. Derwood Doller, his partner in crime, is a large, slow-witted-looking man with a bowl haircut, wearing cutoff faded jeans shorts that are too tight around his ample thighs. His gray sweatshirt, emblazoned with the word "Harvard" on the front, has the arms chopped off at the elbows. For full-time beach residents, they both have unusually pale skin.

DERWOOD DOLLER

(shakes his head)  
I don't know, Eddie. That's pretty low...even for you.

EDDIE HOAR

(looks at Derwood and scowls)  
Whattya mean, low even for me?  
Ain't nothing low about it.  
Business is all it is.

DERWOOD

But stealin' an old lady's dead husband's ashes? Jeez, we could get jinxed doin' somethin' like that. And we got enough bad luck as it is.

EDDIE

Don't be so negative, Dumwood.  
This is easy dough.

DERWOOD

I told you not to call me that,  
Eddie...you know I don't like it.

Derwood grabs Eddie in a headlock and with his free hand gives Eddie a hard knuckle noogie on his head.

EDDIE

(howls)  
Can't ya take a joke?

DERWOOD

Not from you, Eddie. I'm on a damn short leash with you.

Eddie gently pushes Derwood's hand from his head.

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EDDIE

Now stop fuckin' around and let me tell ya more about this. I'm tellin' ya, Dum...ahh, ahhh...Derwood, this is gonna be easy money. I was at the High Tide having a beer and this plumber got talkin' about an old hag he did work for.

DERWOOD

I thought you was banned from the Tide for boltin' on a check?

EDDIE

(turning red)  
That was a misunderstanding. Besides, the owner is on vacation or something, so she wasn't there.

DERWOOD

Ya, okay, Eddie. So what'd the plumber tell you, or did he just show you his plumber's crack?

EDDIE

Very funny. This is serious shit. The lady is a little demented or somethin' and she keeps her husband's ashes in an expensive urn on the mantelpiece and treats it like a little shrine.

DERWOOD

What's a mantelpiece and an urn, Eddie?

EDDIE

That's the thing above a fireplace where old people put pictures and dead people's ashes in what they call urns, and this one is real fancy and probably worth dough even without the ashes. So...we can't lose. Even if the old hag is glad to be rid of her husband and won't pay to get him back, we can still pawn the freakin' urn.

DERWOOD

I don't know, Eddie. Screwin' around with dead people? I don't like it.

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EDDIE

Well, how would you like sleepin' on the beach? If we don't get some rent money, that's where we'll be.

DERWOOD

I wouldn't like that, Eddie. It's cold down there, but at least I wouldn't have to smell your farts like I do now in our little bedroom. They're disgustin' and burn my nose.

EDDIE

I'm tellin' ya, this will be an easy score. Have I ever steered you wrong?

DERWOOD

(looking surprised)  
Well, there was that time at the Arcade with the slugs you said wouldn't jam the machines...um, and that time at the parking lot we took over and you said the boss was out of town...oh, then there was...

EDDIE

Forget that stuff. I was just startin' my career then. I'm in my prime now. This'll be as easy as pie. You're such a downer, I don't know why I let you hang around with me.

DERWOOD

'Cause no one else will come near you, Eddie, that's why. You screw everybody.

EDDIE

Now just shut up. I'm gonna tell you what we're gonna do.

DERWOOD

Oh boy, here we go.

ACT 2

EXT. SIDE OF COTTAGE ON THE SAND - NIGHT

Eddie and Derwood are crouched below the side window of a cottage on the sand of Hampton Beach. Both men are peering around nervously.

DERWOOD

You sure no one's here, Eddie?

EDDIE

(irritated)

I told you, the plumber said she stays off the beach at her kid's place all weekend.

Eddie pulls on gloves and Derwood pulls a woolen cap down low on his big head.

DERWOOD

I hope you're right for once, Eddie.

EDDIE

Clam up, Dunce. You don't see any lights on, do you?

DERWOOD

No lights makes it worse. I don't like foolin' around with dead people. It's askin' for trouble.

EDDIE

Put a sock in it, will ya? It's just ashes. Pretend it's just a big ashtray. See if we gotta jimmy the window.

Derwood stretches to his full height and slides the window open a few inches.

EDDIE

Good. Now get in there and see what you see.

DERWOOD

(voice shaking)

I don't wanna go first, Eddie. You go. You're always makin' me go first. Besides, I can't get high enough to boost myself in.

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Eddie drops to all fours on the sand.

EDDIE

Get on my back and get up there  
and in.

Derwood puts one foot on Eddie's back and with a grunt brings his other foot and all his weight onto Eddie's back. Eddie howls and collapses on the sand like a cheap beach chair.

EDDIE

Get off me, you big lummoX.  
You're crushing me.

Eddie and Derwood untangle themselves from each other and stand.

DERWOOD

(smirking)  
I guess you're gonna have to go  
first after all, Eddie.

EDDIE

You're thinkin' of that when you  
coulda killed me. I couldn't  
breathe, asshole. Get on your  
knees.

Derwood gets down on all fours and skinny Eddie hops on his back. No problems this time. Within seconds Eddie has the window open all the way. He climbs inside and sticks his head back out and lowers his hand down toward Derwood.

EDDIE

Jump and grab my hand. I'll pull  
you in.

DERWOOD

(nervously)  
Everything okay in there, Eddie?

EDDIE

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Get in here,  
you clown.

Derwood jumps high as Eddie pulls his arm. A minute later the big man is inside, standing beside Eddie.

INT. FRONT ROOM OF COTTAGE - NIGHT

Eddie has a flashlight on and is splaying the beam around the room. It is a dated living room--sofa, two stuffed chairs and a table with a lamp. Eddie stops the beam on the mantelpiece above a fireplace and directly on to an ornate urn.

EDDIE

(excitedly)  
There it is. Just like I told ya.  
Take it down.

DERWOOD

I don't know, Eddie, I got the  
creeps.

EDDIE

I'll creep you. Get it down, will  
ya? I'm holding the flashlight.  
I can't do everything.

Both men walk to the fireplace. Derwood puts both hands on the urn and grunts. He starts shaking.

EDDIE

Jesus, what's the matter now? Is  
it electrified?

DERWOOD

I can't move it. It's stuck.

There are loud scratching noises.

EDDIE

Whattaya mean stuck? And stop  
scratching at it. You'll ruin my  
merchandise.

DERWOOD

(Looking around nervously)  
I ain't scratching anything.

EDDIE

Twist it around. Maybe the old  
bag glued it on.

DERWOOD

If she did, she used Superglue.

Derwood turns, looks toward Eddie, his eyes bulging.

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DERWOOD

Ummm...ahh...Eddie...

EDDIE

What's the matter now?

Derwood pointing behind Eddie.

DERWOOD

Be...be...behind you.

Eddie turns and the flashlight's beam falls on the face of an ugly and none to friendly-looking dog, who is pawing at the floor and then begins to growl.

Eddie holds up his free hand, palm toward the animal.

EDDIE (VOICE SHAKING)

Easy, boy, easy.

The dog growls more and flashes his teeth as Derwood begins to edge slowly toward the window. Suddenly he makes a dash for it.

DERWOOD

The window, Eddie, the window.  
I'm gettin' outta here.

EDDIE

Outta my way! I'm goin' first. I  
came in first, I should leave  
first..

Eddie collides into Derwood trying to get by him. He shoves Derwood out of his way and heads for the window. He drops the flashlight and, in the dark, all hell breaks loose. The men scream, furniture and lamps tumble over, glass breaks, the dog barks and then the gnashing of teeth. Derwood makes it to the window first and piles out. Behind him there are more screams, along with a cacophony of noises.



ACT 3

INT. KITCHEN OF A SMALL, DUMPY STUDIO APARTMENT ON OCEAN BOULEVARD - DAY

Eddie and Derwood are seated on plastic-covered chairs around a formica table. Eddie also has a rubber donut under his ass. He has on grayish BVDs that bag around his scrawny thighs. His arms and legs are covered with gauze and tape. Derwood only has a few small bandages here and there on his body.

Derwood points at the donut under Eddie's ass and smirks. Eddie scowls.

DERWOOD

You outta be happy, Eddie. The doc said if that mutt took a bigger piece of your ass, you woulda needed a new one.

Eddie shifts in his seat and grimaces.

EDDIE

Very funny. You and that quack up at Exeter Hospital are regular comedians...not! If youda let me out that window first, like I told you to, none of this woulda happened to me.

DERWOOD

But then it woulda happened to me, Eddie. I'd be sittin' on that whatchamacallit. It was all your fault, after all. Always is. You and your crackpot ideas.

EDDIE

My fault? How was I supposed to know she had Cujo for a pet?

DERWOOD

I just thought of somethin'. You didn't know that plumber before you met him in the bar, did ya?

EDDIE

How do I know? I've met almost everyone on the beach at one time or another. I'm well known around here.

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DERWOOD

Yeah...a well known ripoff.  
You've burned almost everyone on  
the beach. Did you owe this  
plumber any money?

EDDIE

Maybe a little from a long time  
ago and I musta paid him back.

DERWOOD

Sure you did. Just like you have  
everyone else you've owed money to  
around here. That's why we can  
barely show our faces on the beach  
without getting our asses kicked.  
And now I get it! That plumber  
knew about the dog. He set you  
up! I mean...us up.

EDDIE

Stop bellyaching, will ya? It  
coulda been worse. You coulda  
gotten busted.

There is a loud banging at the door and both men look  
towards it.

VO (LOUDLY)

Hampton Police. Open up now,  
Hoar! We know you're in there.

DERWOOD

Wow, Eddie, there's one thing  
you're sure good at.

EDDIE

What's that?

DERWOOD

Gettin' us into a jackpot. Every  
time you get us screwed. You're  
the best at that. Battin' a  
thousand.

EDDIE

Fuck you, Dumwood.

Derwood hollers and comes across the table, his hands  
going for Eddie's neck. Eddie howls just as the door  
crashes open and a few of Hampton Beach's finest storm  
into the room.

FADE OUT