Cruel and Unusual

by

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INT. APARTMENT — NIGHT

TYE, 26, black, clean cut and good looking reads a book on a worn couch. A simple lamp illuminates the tiny apartment.

A couple is heard having violent sex next door.

His mobile rings. He answers.

TYE
Hello? Hello?

There is a sniffle on the line.

TYE (CONT’D)
Jenny? Jenny, is that you?

A long pause...

TYE (CONT’D)
It’s okay.

JENNY (V.O.)
No, it’s not okay. I ruined your life.

TYE
No you didn’t. If I could go back, I’d do it all again.

JENNY (V.O.)
Stop saying things like that. It only makes it harder.

TYE
I don’t mean to. It’s just... Honesty is all I’ve got left.

JENNY (V.O.)
I’m getting married tomorrow. I’m so sorry.

Tye bobs his head. Runs his fingers down his face.

TYE
Then get some sleep. I’m sure you’ll look beautiful...

He looks at his phone. She’s hung up.
APARTMENT HALL

Wall paper peels from the wall. Water stains on the ceiling.

Room 316 has the words “MOVE OUT” painted across it in large, red brush strokes.

Tye opens the door and exits. He doesn’t notice the message. It’s nothing new to him.

FOYER

Tye walks down the stairs. He pulls keys out of his pocket as he reaches the exit. A door opens behind him.

MRS. GABOR, 62, sticks her head out of a room. Sneers at him.

MRS. GABOR
Don’t think I don’t know what you do when you go out at night. You monster.

Tye hangs his head. Exits the building.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Tye drives down a busy highway. He passes an exit sign. He stares at himself in the rear view mirror.

TYE

Monster?

INT. BAR - NIGHT

It’s dimly lit. Only a few patrons. Tye sits by himself at one end of the bar. He studies his shot glass.

JIMMY, 42, stands behind the bar as VINCENT, 35, leans over his beer to whisper something. They both stare at TYE.

Jimmy nods. He approaches Tye. Tye pushes his empty shot glass to the inner bar.

JIMMY

Tye? I thought your name was Rick?

Tye doesn’t look up. Jimmy looks down the bar at Vincent.
JIMMY (CONT’D)
Vincent down there is a cop. We thought it was strange that you were driving all the way out here from Dallas to have drinks every weekend. So, he ran your plates.

TYE
I just want a couple drinks in a bar. Just to feel normal. I won’t bother anyone.

JIMMY
All the same, we don’t serve your kind here.

Tye nods. He stands and takes out his wallet.

JIMMY (CONT’D)
Keep your money.

Jimmy walks back towards Vincent. Tye leaves a twenty on the bar.

EXT. OVERLOOK – NIGHT
A car sits parked with the lights off. It faces a large suspension bridge over water.

Tye sits on the hood drinking from a brown paper bag. A mangy dog approaches. It’s head is low. Tail between its legs.

TYE
Looks like the world threw you out too.

Tye pulls a half eaten beef jerky from his coat. Unwraps it. He tosses it to the ground. The dog sniffs towards it.

TYE (CONT’D)
Guess you don’t mind drinking with me.

The dog devours the treat. Tye stares at the bridge.

TYE (CONT’D)
That’s where I first kissed her...
This ain’t no life worth living.

The dog barks. Tye sighs. Gets off the car.
TYE (CONT’D)
I’m sorry, buddy. That’s all I got left.

INT. CORONER’S OFFICE – DAY

A CORONER, 56, sits at his desk. He nods to JENNY, 23, as he slides papers towards her. She wipes her red eyes.

CORONER
I’m sorry you have to do this. He listed you as next of kin.

Jenny takes the pen he offers. Starts to sign some paperwork.

JENNY
He didn’t have any family.

She slides the papers back over.

JENNY (CONT’D)
Can I see him?

CORONER
It’s really not necessary. We’ve already identified him.

JENNY
Please?

EXAMINATION ROOM

They both walk in. A body lies on a table. A sheet covers its face.

CORONER
I normally wouldn’t do this. Since he only drowned, he doesn’t look too bad.

The corner pulls down the sheet revealing Tye’s body. His face is grey. Jenny covers her mouth.

JENNY
Oh, Tye...

The coroner stands back. Gives her a few moments. She puts her hand on his head.
JENNY (CONT’D)
If I would’ve known you would do this...

The coroner approaches her. Puts a hand on her back.

CORONER
He didn’t tell you anything? No note or reason?

Jenny shakes her head.

CORONER (CONT’D)
I’ve been seeing these more then I like, sexual predators doing this.

JENNY
He’s not a sexual predator.

CORONER
Oh, I’m sorry. You didn’t know? He’s in the registry.

She leans over and kisses Tye’s forehead.

JENNY
He was just a sixteen year old boy, who met a thirteen year old girl. They were just stupid kids. They thought they were in love.

She stands. Straightens her blouse.

JENNY (CONT’D)
But, it doesn’t tell that story in your registry, does it?

The coroner walks over to a table and grabs a clear plastic bag. It contains various items.

CORONER
These are his personal belongings.

He notices a picture of a younger Tye with his arms wrapped around a younger Jenny. They’re both smiling.

CORONER (CONT’D)
I’m sorry.

He hands her the bag.

JENNY
So am I.
The coroner walks towards the exit. Jenny stares at Tye’s body. She turns and exits. He turns out the light.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END