

The Trial of Edward Crest

By

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INT. EDWARD'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

EDWARD CREST (20 - 25) and LESLIE (30 - 35) are in bed.

LESLIE

Maybe I've made a mistake, getting together with you. You're way too intense. You need understand how temporary this is.

EDWARD CREST

Leave Bill. Come live with me.

LESLIE

Stop it. It's over when Bill gets back. You know that.

EDWARD CREST

But why? Don't you hate him?

LESLIE

No.

EDWARD CREST

You think I'm a coward. You think I can't take things all the way.

LESLIE

It's not about that.

EDWARD CREST

You don't hate him, but you don't love him either.

LESLIE

That's right.

EDWARD CREST

I wish you could...let him go...give us a chance.

Suddenly overwhelmed with anger, Leslie pounds on her chest with a fist.

LESLIE

It's all empty in here, Edward.

EDWARD CREST

I wish I could do something. I wish I could change your mind.

(CONTINUED)

LESLIE

You can't. Just know that, okay?

Leslie rolls over, closing her eyes, pretending to sleep.

INT. EDWARD'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Edward wears nothing but boxers. He's rope-tied to a wood chair that sits at the foot of the bed. CANDLES are the only source of light in the room. Blood flows from Edward's nose and mouth, but he smiles.

Leslie stands over him, a RUSTY COFFEE CAN in one hand, a scowl on her face.

EDWARD CREST

I knew you could love me.

LESLIE

I didn't think you'd have the courage to take it all the way.

Leslie reaches her hand into the coffee can. She pulls out a gooey substance, thick but runny, black in color.

She violently shoves the stuff into Edward's mouth. Edward gags and chokes on it, but his smile never wavers.

LESLIE

I picked you because I thought you were stupid. I thought I could fuck you and be done with you. But you did it. I didn't think you were capable.

Edward gags, swallows.

LESLIE

You'll eat when I say. You'll fuck me when I say. You'll do what I say. Is that clear?

Edward nods, gags, swallows.

INT. EDWARD'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Edward wakes up, sweating. He rolls over and hugs Leslie, kisses her on the neck.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD CREST

I'll go all the way for you.

Edward stands up, shakes his head in disbelief.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

He walks the streets of a quiet, desolate town. He passes empty storefronts, moving his paranoiac gaze up the road, into windows, down to his feet.

He spits on the sidewalk.

EXT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Edward walks past a library, continuing to look about, paranoid.

He hears a voice from behind.

BILL

Hey buddy! You stupid fuck! Where you going? I'm back here!

Surprised, Edward turns around. He squints, not sure if he's really seeing this person who wasn't there just a second ago. BILL (35 - 40), sits on the library steps.

Edward approaches the man.

EDWARD CREST

I think I've been looking for you.

BILL

You tell me. I was just enjoying the night sky.

EDWARD CREST

You're Bill. Leslie's husband. Right?

BILL

And you're the great Edward Crest. Jesus, God, you really are just a kid. But I can see why Leslie is attracted to you. Fuck, when she took the car in for a lube job, she really got one, eh?

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD CREST

I didn't realize what I was getting into.

BILL

Well, Edward, we seem to have found each other. And now we're in quite the awkward position. So...what now?

EDWARD CREST

I want to kill you.

Edward looks down at his hand. A HUNTING KNIFE that hadn't been there before has appeared.

Bill notices the knife too. He nods.

BILL

Makes sense. You think you're in love. You kill me and she has no choice but to love you. I guess something in that little brain of yours has twisted things around so that all this make sense somehow. But you're a fucking coward, Edward. An asshole and a coward.

Edward backs away.

EDWARD CREST

Listen --

BILL

I didn't upset you, did I? I'm really sorry if I did. But I just have this thing about my wife: I don't like other people fucking her. Is that too much to ask? And now you want to kill me, too? Makes a guy kind of irritable, you know?

EDWARD CREST

I don't --

BILL

I'm just a man, Edward. Yeah, I've fucked up. Maybe more than most. I know I've turned a good woman against me. With that kind of guilt, I might as well be dead, anyway. I don't know what else to say.

(CONTINUED)

Edward takes a few steps toward Bill.

EDWARD CREST
You're not making any sense.

BILL
Do what you have to do, Edward.

Curious, Edward squats, face-to-face with Bill, looking him directly in the eyes.

BILL
That's my wife in your bed right now, Edward. Don't you fucking forget that, you goddamn bastard! You've got no right!

Filled with anger, Edward jumps on top of Bill and stabs him repeatedly in the gut.

INT. EDWARD'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Edward wakes up, frantically pushing at Leslie's shoulders. Shocked to be awake so suddenly, she opens her eyes wide, rolls over and slaps Edward.

LESLIE
Goddamn, Edward. What's your fucking problem? Asshole.

EDWARD CREST
Can't you tell me you love me? Even if you don't mean it?

LESLIE
Just stop it. Fucking stop it.

EDWARD CREST
Say it, you stupid bitch.

Leslie slaps Edward. Hard. His eyes water.

INT. BILL AND LESLIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Leslie sits at a very clean, sterile table in a very clean, sterile middle-class kitchen. She's slowly chewing on some food. She's almost finished with her plate. Across the table sits Bill's breakfast, untouched.

Leslie absentmindedly looks at a newspaper as Bill walks in, finishing knotting his tie.

(CONTINUED)

He gives Leslie a perfunctory kiss on the cheek. He sees the food she's prepared for him.

BILL

You shouldn't have done that. I don't have time.

LESLIE

Jesus, Bill...

BILL

I didn't mean anything -- I was just going to grab a bagel at work or something.

LESLIE

Well, you'd better get going.

Leslie moves her attention back to the newspaper.

Suddenly, there's a violent, persistent knock on the front door.

BILL

What the hell?

LESLIE

Bill, don't --

But Bill's already gone into the

HALLWAY

Leslie follows frantically behind.

He opens the door.

It's Edward, holding the same HUNTING KNIFE he had in the dream.

Bill notices the knife.

BILL

You don't have to do this, son.

With a shaky hand, Edward slashes at Bill's face. The knife barely makes any contact. Just a little cut on the cheek.

Bill takes a few steps back, covering the wound.

Panicked, Edward drops the knife and runs.

EXT. BILL'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

We follow Edward as he runs through the neighborhood, breathing heavy, heavier, until he's exhausted. He collapses underneath some bushes, gasping for air.

END.