

Worshiping Sophia

By

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FADE IN

INT. SEEDY TATTOO SHOP - LATE NIGHT

TULA, a young sexy punk-ish diva tattoo artist with a body covered in a tattoo that looks like a 60's psychedelic record cover, is working on a tattoo on the forearm of EDWARD.

He's a dreary looking 30-ish man with a sorrowful look sitting in the chair like a monument to drabness. Slowly, one by one, eating every candy from a heart shaped box.

CU. OF THE TATTOO -- A BANNER THAT SAYS "SOPHIA" ACROSS A CLASSIC HEART AND ROSES.

TULA

So who's Sophia?

EDWARD

My ex-girlfriend.

TULA

That's romantic. Or, pathetic. So, how long you been separated?

Edward carefully checks the watch on his free hand.

EDWARD

Two hours and fourteen minutes. But, I know it's really over.

TULA

Over-over? Like she got on a plane with George Clooney and they flew away never to be seen again?

EDWARD

Tonight was our three month anniversary. I took her out for a Valentine's dinner and gave her a special gift. And she hated it. Believe me, it's over. I saw it in her eyes.

TULA

And you gave her what?

EDWARD

The deluxe, top of the line Dust Buster. She's a compulsive cleaner.

EDWARD REMEMBERS:

Edward and SOPHIA sitting at adjoining tables in Starbucks. She's as ordinary looking as he is.

At first, they are oblivious to each other. Both reading. He, Shelley. She, "Change Your Life In 30 Minutes."

Edward spills coffee on his table. He leaves it. She notices.

Crumbs from his croissant begin to rain on the table. He leaves them. She notices. Now the crumbs are falling in the spilled coffee. She stares.

He crumples his napkin and drops it on the table. She can't take any longer.

Sophia reaches over and wipes up his mess. Eyes meet, smiles follow.

RETURN TO:

INT. SEEDY TATTOO SHOP - LATE NIGHT

TULA

A Dust Buster! You are a real charmer.

EDWARD

She opened the box and just looked at me for a long time. Said it was over, and that I should...fucking...leave!

TULA

And that's what you did? You just left her there?

EDWARD

I felt that's what she truly wanted.

TULA

I don't know her, but I know it's not what a woman really wants sometimes.

EDWARD

She also said I'm boring now.

TULA

I'm shocked.

EDWARD

I know I can be boring, but I worship Sophia.

TULA

A woman doesn't want you to worship her. She wants you to make her feel totally feminine. I don't think a Dust Buster gets a check mark.

(Beat)

What's your name again?

EDWARD

Edward.

TULA

Eddie, honey, you're not boring -- well, yes you are -- but that's not the problem. You got no mojo.

(Beat)

When's the last time you banged her and she clawed your back so it looked like you got flogged for treason?

For a moment, Edward searches his memory.

TULA (CONT'D)

I don't need a date and time, Eddie.

EDWARD

I'm not used to talking and thinking like that.

TULA

Don't bull shit me, Eddie, while I was doing this, I know you were staring at my tits fantasizing what it would be like if I just leaned forward and gave your swizzle stick a twirl. Right. Right?

EDWARD

Yes.

TULA

OK, good, maybe we can turn the Titanic around and get you back into port.

As Tula finishes the tattoo, now eye-to-eye --

TULA (CONT'D)

Actually, she might want you back. What did she love about you in the beginning?

EDWARD

I always read love poems to her.

TULA

"There once was a man from Mass, who blew
lightening out of his ass?"

EDWARD

Love poems, Tula, love poems.

TULA

Ya' know, I'm not uneducated.
Shelley? Keats? Shakespeare?

EDWARD

She loved Shelley most of all.

TULA

So now, make *her* your love poem.

Tula takes Edward's hand and walks him to the back of the shop.

INT. BACK ROOM REST AREA - SAME

Tula flops on an old SOFA and Edward sits next to her. She takes out her iPhone and earbuds, putting one bud in her ear, and hands the other to Edward.

TULA

Put this in your ear. You're gonna call
Sophia, and I'm gonna listen.

(Beat)

Dial.

Edward dials.

TULA (CONT'D)

When she answers, just say her name, and
wait. And after she says something, just
repeat what I say.

We HEAR the RINGING over the phone

SOPHIA (PHONE/OVER)

Hello.

EDWARD

Sophia --

Nothing. Nothing. Then...

SOPHIA (PHONE/OVER)

Ed, it's really over. I wasn't kidding. I want you to come and get whatever you have here when I'm at work, and that's the end.

TULA

(Whispering, coaching him)

"I don't want my stuff, I want you."

EDWARD

I don't want my stuff, I want you.

TULA

"I want to trace the curves of your body the way I used to."

EDWARD

I want to trace the curves of your body the way I used to.

SOPHIA

Ed, stop. Those times are over.

TULA

"Only if you want them to be. I want to feel the heat of your skin under my hands again."

EDWARD

Only if you want them to be. I want to feel the heat of your skin under my hands again.

SOPHIA

Stop. Please. It's no good.

EDWARD

I want to taste you, devour you.

Tula sits up in a panic and gives him the "cut it off" sign! Sophia is totally silent. Then --

EDWARD (CONT'D)

(Resitting Shelley)

"Music when soft voices die, vibrates in the memory." I can't stop thinking about you, Sophia. You're like a melody haunting me.

SOPHIA

Where did that Edward go? Whatever happened to him?

EDWARD

He's here now. I'll bring him home again.

INT. SOPHIA'S APARTMENT - SAME

She's on her hands and knees, vacuuming under her sofa with the Dust Buster that Edward gave her.

SOPHIA

I'll be waiting.

INT. BACK ROOM REST AREA - SAME

Tula cuts off the call as they stand up.

TULA

Atta boy, Eddie got his mojo back.

Edward smiles at his tattoo and gives Tula a long hug. As he walks to the door --

EDWARD

(His back to her)

Nice tits, Tula. Actually, phenomenal.

INT. TATTOO SHOP - LATER

Tula labors over the fancy lettering of the name "Victor" on the breast of a very large woman.

TULA

So, who's Victor?

FADE OUT: