

The Woman in the Typewriter

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

1934 UNDERWOOD NO. 5 TYPEWRITER

Sits on a desk. Its hammers spring to life PUNCHING onto a blank piece of paper, one corroded inked letter at a time, until it spells out S E A T U R T L E.

The sun's light pours through a single pane window. Showing the cramped, tiny, yet tidy, narrow room.

EDWARD, 36. Is asleep in his single bed.

No one is at the desk the typewriter sits on. It would seem it typed the word on its own accord.

Edward awakens, he stretches his limbs and sucks in large amounts of air as he yawns. He sits up and slips his feet into fluffy slippers which lay in wait beside his bed.

Dressed in his pajamas Edward approaches the typewriter where he snatches the page from its rollers. Edward's fingers run gently over the typed letters. He smiles.

He then holds the paper up against the light from the window. Studies it closer.

EDWARD (V.O.)

Her name is Vera and she is a writer... I mean she was a writer... before she died. Died many years ago. Before I was born even. She told me her name was Vera.

The antique typewriter is motionless.

EDWARD (V.O.)

Now she lives in my typewriter. She writes me letters when I am asleep.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A narrow space that is nearly bare save for an old couch, some chairs, an old TV on a milk carton, and paint cans scattered about the floor, most of them used.

Edward dressed in overalls splattered in various colors opens one of the paint-can and dips his brush into it. Then pulls it out, thick red paint drips all over the floor.

Edward applies the color to the wall with broad brush strokes.

Edward is in a trans as he repeats this motion of dipping and spreading red all over the wall.

EDWARD (V.O.)

She told me that she was murdered by her husband. He had drowned her in her own bathtub. Now she is trapped in my typewriter, which once belonged to her when she was alive she tells me.

A KNOCK at the front door fails to catch Edwards attention. Another KNOCK, still does little to take his concentration away from his painting.

DOM (O.S.)

(From behind the door)

EDWARD! OPEN THE DOOR... EDWARD will you please open the door I have my hands full... EDWARD FOR CHRIST SAKE OPEN THE DOOR.

Edward paints, oblivious to Dom's ranting.

EDWARD (V.O.)

She writes to me on special paper I place in the typewriter. Paper that is blessed... Blessed by God himself. That is how she can write to me from the "other side". Sometimes she tells me stories about her life when she was alive and sometimes she just writes single words telling me what to paint.

HALL

DOM STOCKWELL (38) Edward's slightly overweight brother, stands in soaked khakis and button up top, his thick rimmed glasses are fogged.

Cradled in his arms are a couple of overstuffed brown paper bags and hanging from his fingers is a couple of one liter cans of paint. He tries to fish out his keys from his pocket.

The door to the apartment next to their's swings open. BETTY, 30's, a curvy but modest and sweet girl, smiles at Dom.

BETTY

Your brother lock you out again?

DOM

Yes. A habit he can't seem to break... You look nice, Betty. Going out?

BETTY

Yeah. Just a small date. Nothing serious.

DOM

Oh. Well you look nice.

BETTY

Thank you.

Betty watches a moment while Dom continues to attempt to get his keys from his pocket without putting down the bags.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Let me help.

DOM

Thank you.

Betty reaches out her hand as Dom extends the cans of paint to hand off to her, but her hand by-passes the cans and goes to the pocket. They both halt a moment as they realize which each one is aiming to do.

Betty laughs a little.

BETTY

Sorry.

Dom smiles bashfully.

DOM

It's alright. You can grab them that would be great.

Betty continues, she slips her hand in his pant's pocket and retrieves the keys. She unlocks the door for him then hands him back the keys.

BETTY

Okay. Hmm. I'll see you later.

DOM

Yeah. Okay. See you later.

Dom watches as Betty walks off down the hall.

DOM (CONT'D)
 (calling after her)
 Have a good time.

She calls back.

BETTY
 I will.

Betty disappears. Dom's face sinks slightly. Then he lifts up his parcels for a firmer hold and goes to open the door--

The door stops short by the chain lock.

DOM
 For the love of -- Edward get over here, EDWARD! Edward unlock the chain. Edward if you don't unlock the chain I can't give you your paint.

LIVINGROOM

Edward places the brush delicately onto the can and moves to the door.

Edward peeks his head between the small opening.

EDWARD
 Hi Dom.

DOM
 Hi Edward. Would you please unlock the chain.

EDWARD
 Sure. Okay.

Edward slips off the chain allowing the door to swing open.

DOM
 It's pouring cats and dogs out there.

Dom disappears into the Kitchen while Edward returns to his painting leaving the front door open.

KITCHEN

It is a mess, dirty dishes overflow the sink. Dom sets the groceries on the counter.

He opens the fridge door to its bare innards. He pauses for a moment. Stares off into space....

Then Dom closes the fridge door.

LIVINGROOM

Dom comes back in to see the front door is still open with a SIGH he shuts the door.

DOM (CONT'D)

Edward, when the door is open please close it. You don't want strangers peeping in, do you? I'm going to have to make beans again for dinner tonight.

Dom stops for a moment to take in Edwards painting.

Edward puts down his brush after one final stroke, he steps back to look at his finished work...

A solid red wall stares back at both brothers.

DOM (CONT'D)

What's it suppose to be today?

EDWARD

It is a Sea Turtle.

Dom then sniffs the air. His face sours.

DOM

Edward, did you go to the bathroom in your pants again?

EDWARD

I had to finish my painting.

DOM

Jesus-- fuck, Edward. The bathroom is just a couple of fucking feet away.

Edward brings his hands up to his ears, covering them.

Dom takes a breath. Calms himself.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Edward is in the bath Dom is sponge bathing Edward.

EDWARD

Vera was married. She was married to a painter.

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)

That is why we get along so well.
Because I am a painter.

DOM

Didn't her husband kill her?

Dom scrubs a little too hard.

EDWARD

Ouch! You are hurting me.

Dom drops the sponge in the bath tub. He sits himself on the toilet seat across from Edward.

DOM

You really have to stop soiling yourself. It's disgusting. I can't keep cleaning you all the time.

EDWARD

Vera tells me that she loves my paintings. Vera tells me she is going to write a story about my paintings.

DOM

Well if you can't keep yourself clean. I'm going to stop buying you paint for your paintings. And she'll have nothing to write about.

EDWARD

That is not fair, Dom. It is not fair if you do that.

DOM

I think that's extremely fair. And I know a thing or two about what's not fair in life. So don't test me on this, Edward.

Edward pouts and sulks.

Dom takes a breath then kneels back down beside the tub.

DOM (CONT'D)

C'mon lift your arm.

Edward lifts his arm so Dom can clean his side.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dom helps Edward get into his PJs.

EDWARD

I can not wait to see what Vera wants me to paint tomorrow. Sometimes Vera tells me to do other things.

DOM

Uh huh, what sort of things? Drink this.

Dom hands Edward a glass of water and two tablets. Edward takes them.

DOM (CONT'D)

Put the pills in your mouth.

Edward complies.

DOM (CONT'D)

Now drink your water.

Edward does so, he begins to cough. Dom pats his back. His coughing subsides after a few moments.

EDWARD

I do not like those pills, Dom. I do not like them at all. They taste gross. Why do I have to eat them?

DOM

To help you sleep. Besides they're strawberry flavor. You like strawberries. So don't complain. Lie down.

Edward lies down.

EDWARD

Vera sometimes tells me to phone this man in some far away place, but I don't know what he is saying because he does not speak English.

DOM

You really like this woman who lives in your typewriter?

EDWARD

(Yawning)

Yes, I love her. She is the love of my life, Dom.

DOM

How do you know she is even real?

EDWARD

She is real. I know. She writes to me. How could she write to me if she was not real, Dom?

Edward is getting a little heated.

DOM

Okay. Okay. Well tell her you can't make long-distance calls anymore. We don't have the money to pay for it.

EDWARD

(yawns again)

She told me she is going to write the greatest story about our love... I think she is alone and sad, Dom. She needs me...

Edward drifts off to sleep. Dom looks at Edward for a few beats before his eyes scope out the silent typewriter at the desk for a few more beats.

Dom exits, turns off the lights on his way out.

INT. LIVINGROOM - NIGHT.

Dom sits in the chair, he stares at the white noise on the TV. He then looks at the red wall. Then to the phone on the floor. He picks up the phone-- silence. Not even a ring tone. He presses the cradle down with his finger a couple of times... still nothing. Dom hangs up the phone.

A THUD from just outside the door draws Dom to its peep-hole to inquire about the source of the noise.

DOM'S P.O.V

Betty in front of her door, she has her arms wrapped around DAVID, 30s, an average looking man in smart looking clothes. They are lip-locked for quite some time. Then they break.

Betty, with a giant grin, slips into her apartment without breaking her gaze from David. David smiles and waves good night to Betty, then he slips down the hall and out of sight.

BACK TO SCENE

Dom pulls away from the peep-hole. He returns to his chair and TV where he stares off in a grim silence.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Dom slams down the rotary phone and his television in front of BILL, 56, the pawn-shop owner.

DOM
How much can I get for them?

Bill chuckles.

BILL
You've been selling me your shit for over a year now. I was wondering when you'd start scrapin' the bottom of the barrel. No one uses these phones anymore. Maybe the Smithsonian but I think they've got a couple of 'em already.

DOM
C'mon. How much can you give me for it?

Bill groans for a moment.

BILL
Fifty-cents for the phone, twenty for the T.v.

DOM
You're shitting me?

BILL
Nope.

DOM
Fine. I'll take it.

Bill looks at him in disbelief but then shrugs. He fishes out fifty-cents from the register and hands it over.

BILL
One thing 'bout this business. There's no shortage of desperate people.

Dom has no response... he leaves.

INT. EDWARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The typewriter sits ominous on its desk. Naked without paper.

EDWARD (V.O.)

One time Vera told me... she said that I should kill myself. So I could be with her. That there would not be any physical barriers between us anymore. We could be together finally. Vera is a very sad and lonely. Sometimes she is angry and calls me names. But then she apologizes. She needs me. I need her.

LIVINGROOM

Dom opens the door to the snapping of the door chain. He calls to Edward through the small opening.

DOM

Edward! Open up. I've got your paper.

Edward comes in from his bedroom and unchains the door.

Dom enters with the stack of paper in his hand.

Edward snatches them out of his hand and goes into his bedroom.

Dom takes off his jacket but before he can put it down.

Edward returns from his bedroom, he holds the paper up and brings it close to his eyes to inspect it like a sleuth.

EDWARD

This is not the right paper. This is not the right type of paper.

DOM

They didn't have the other kind. I had to get this. It's all they had. Let's not do this again, please.

EDWARD

She will not be able to write to me on this paper. This is not the right paper! It is not blessed.

Edward goes to his room returns with the stack and throws it. The paper flies everywhere. Edward becomes frantic.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

She needs me! She needs me! This is not the right paper!

Edward grabs the paint cans and chucks them, paint spills on the floor and the walls.

Dom tries to control Edward from his physical outburst.

DOM

Stop it! Edward, stop it now! They didn't have the fucking paper.

EDWARD

She needs me! It is the wrong paper! It is not blessed! It needs to be blessed paper! It is wrong!

Edward kicks the cans, he throws the chairs. Dom and Edward scream at each other.

DOM

Edward! Stop it right now! I swear to god, Edward! Stop it!

EDWARD

You are trying to break us apart!
You are trying to keep her away from me! It is not the right paper!
She needs me! She need--

Dom smacks Edward across the face. Edward instantly silences himself. He freezes like a statue. He quietly looks at Dom as he trembles.

Dom's face is red as fire. Dom smacks Edward again, and again and again.

Edward slumps to the floor, raises his hands over his head and curls up into a ball for protection.

DOM

It doesn't fucking matter what paper you use! It's all the same! None of them are blessed. She's not real, Edward! She's not fucking real!

Edward shutters in his protective ball. Rolling back and forth. Moaning and crying.

Dom pulls himself off of Edward. He picks up the overturned chair and sits on it. His breath labored.

He stares at Edward rolling back and forth. Mumbling and crying. Blood drips from his cut lip.

EDWARD

She needs me. She needs me. I need her. She needs me.

Dom rubs his temples.

DOM

Edward. I'm sorry. Sit up please. I'm sorry.

Then there's a KNOCK at the door. Dom turns towards the door.

POLICE #1 (O.S.)

(through the door)

Police. Please open up.

DOM

(to himself)

Fuck.

Dom goes to Edward and helps him to the chair.

The KNOCK persists.

POLICE #1 (O.S.)

Open the door please. This is the Police.

Dom wipes Edward's lip with his sleeve. Edward winces.

DOM

(to Edward)

Now stay here and be quiet.

Dom goes to the door and open it as far as the chain allows for. He greets the police.

DOM (CONT'D)

Hello officers.

POLICE #1

We've had a complaint by your neighbors. They heard some fighting. Is there someone else in the apartment with you?

DOM

Yes. My brother, officer.

POLICE #1

May we come in?

DOM

Sure. One moment.

Dom closes the door. Unlocks the chain and opens it again.

The two police officers step in. They both survey the sparse and messy apartment. They see Edward on the chair, rocking back and forth.

DOM (CONT'D)

That's my brother, Edward. He has a mental disability. And sometimes he can become extremely emotionally upset, over nothing at all, really. To the point where he is a danger to himself. I try my best to calm him down. That's what the neighbors probably heard. It's not the first time officer. I'm sorry

POLICE #1

Yes we know. You've had five complaints in the last two months.

Police #1 kneels close to Edward.

POLICE #1 (CONT'D)

Your name is Edward?

Edward nods yes without looking at him.

POLICE #1 (CONT'D)

Are you okay, Edward? Do you need any medical treatment? Are you physically hurt? You have a cut lip I see.

Edward doesn't respond.

DOM

He fell over during a tantrum and spit his lip open on the floor.

Police #1 gestures to Dom to remain silent.

POLICE #1

Is that true, Edward? Did you fall and cut your lip? Sir?

EDWARD

My lip? I can not communicate with Vera because I don't have the right paper.

POLICE #1

Who is Vera, Edward?

Edward doesn't respond.

Police #1 turns to Dom.

POLICE #1 (CONT'D)
Who is Vera?

DOM
His imaginary girlfriend.

Edward giggles to himself at the word "girlfriend".

EDWARD
She lives in my typewriter. She
tells me what to paint on the wall.

Edward points to the red wall.

Police #1 sucks in some air, then releases it. He looks to his partner, who just shrugs.

POLICE #1
Alright, well please keep the noise
down. And may I suggest you seek
some counseling for your brother.
It might do you both some good.

DOM
Yes, sir. If I could afford it, I
would. Sorry for the trouble,
officer. I'll keep it down.

Dom walks the two officers to the door.

POLICE #1
Have a good night.

They slip down the hall and down the staircase.

Dom see's MRS. CHANG, 60's, standing at the other end of the hall, doing her best to peek into their apartment without getting too close. Dom calls out down the hall to her.

DOM
I'm sorry Mrs. Chang.

MRS. CHANG
This is your final warning. One
more time and you out! If you don't
pay rent in three days, you out!

Mrs. Chang then slips back down the stairs.

At which point Betty opens her door, startling Dom.

DOM
Jesus.

BETTY
Sorry.

Dom smiles, a bit embarrassed.

DOM
It's okay. Just lost in a thought
for a moment.

BETTY
Everything okay in there? These
walls are ridiculously paper thin.

DOM
Ahh. Yeah. Sorry about that. Edward
is a bit touchy about certain
things. It can set him off.

BETTY
Paper?

DOM
Ahhh. Um. Yeah paper.

Betty giggles but then catches herself.

BETTY
Sorry.

Dom laughs a little too.

DOM
It's fine... would you like to come
in for a drink?

Betty takes a moment to answer, unsure if she should...

BETTY
Sure.

INT. DOM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dom escorts Betty into his apartment. Betty sees Edward on
the chair. He is fiddling with pieces of paper.

BETTY
Hi Edward.

Edward looks up to her, he is captured in her gaze like a
deer in headlights.

Betty takes in the messy apartment.

Dom notices her unease.

DOM
Sorry for the mess. It's usually
cleaner than this.

BETTY
Oh. That's alright.

Dom picks up some of the littered paper off the floor and turned over paint cans. He places the paper in feeble attempt to soak up the paint from the floor. Temporarily giving up on his clean up he goes over to Edward, guides him by the arm.

DOM
Edward, get ready for bed.

Edward sulks off to his room.

EDWARD'S BEDROOM

Edward sits on his bed. Looks at the typewriter while he presses his sleeve to his lip. Then looks out onto the livingroom and listens.

EDWARD (V.O.)
I did not know how to kill myself.
So I asked Vera how should I kill
myself. She did not answer for a
week. But then she said that she
was wrong. I should not kill
myself. It would not bring us
together. I would have to die, but
not by my own hand she said. She
then said I should paint a sea-
horse.

Dom then enters.

DOM
C'mon Edward, get ready for bed.

Edward takes off his pants.

Dom hands Edward his water and pills. Edward stares at them.

EDWARD
I am not tired, Dom. I do not want
to sleep.

Dom holds a band-aid in his hand which he applies to Edward's lip.

DOM
You don't have a choice. Take 'em.

Edward takes the water and pills.

DOM (CONT'D)
Maybe you'll have a dream about
Vera.

EDWARD
That would just be a dream. Not
real. Why would I want something
that is not real?

Dom has no answer for Edward. Not waiting for Edward to
swallow the pills, he flicks off the lights and leaves
closing the door behind him.

Edward puts the water and pills on the table.

KITCHEN

Dom searches the cupboards. He calls out to the livingroom.

DOM
I know I have some wine in here
somewhere.

Dom finds it buried in the back. It's in some Christmas
wrapping. A note on the card reads: Merry Xmas from your
neighbor Betty.

DOM (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Shit. It must be destiny.

Dom tares off the wrapping and grabs two glasses. He pours
the red wine into the glasses.

BETTY (O.S.)
Just one glass is good for me. I
have to be up early tomorrow.

DOM
Okay.

Dom stops for a moment, he stares at the glass of wine. He
then pulls out of his pocket the bottle of Edward's sleeping
pills and stares at them for a few seconds... then he
unscrews the cap, takes two of the pills, crushes them into
powder and stirs it into one of the glasses.

LIVINGROOM

Betty sits on the couch staring at the red wall. The red paint on the floor along with the littered paper splatter with thick crimson.

Dom comes in with the two glasses and the bottle of wine.

Betty reaches out to take the glass Dom extends to her. Dom then sits beside her placing the bottle on the ground.

DOM (CONT'D)
(re: the bottle)
In case you change your mind and
want another.

Betty smiles, she looks at the bottle with a twitch of recognition.

BETTY
Is that the bottle I gave you for
Christmas?

Dom with a coy smile.

DOM
Umm. Yeah. I was saving it for a
special occasion.

Betty smirks.

BETTY
And this is a special occasion?

DOM
Sad as it sounds. It is for me.

Dom downs his glass of wine in one gulp. Betty takes a sip from hers. Dom then pours himself another full glass -- he then becomes self-conscious of his actions.

DOM (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I-- I'm just a little
nervous for some reason.

BETTY
Why? It's just me. We're just two
neighbors having a drink.

DOM
(dispirited)
Right.

Dom then raises his glass.

DOM (CONT'D)
Well here's to neighbors as
beautiful as you.

Betty gives a polite smile.

Dom has his glass in the air waiting. Betty then CLINKS it gingerly. They both sip.

They give each other a silent smile... then.

BETTY
I don't mean to pry, but why don't
you get help with Edward. He seems
like a handful.

Dom takes another sip of his wine.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I mean if you don't want to talk
about it I understand--

DOM
No. That's cool. Truth of it is I
can't afford it. I did have
assistant care for him a few years
ago, but it became too expensive.
So I had to let them go. Then three
months ago I lost my job because I
missed too many days. Now we're
just kinda stuck with each other
trying to do the best we can...
but... I don't know how long we can
keep going on. I mean... Edward is
helpless without me. He needs me.
He needs care.

Dom drifts off. His eye's glaze over.

Betty stares at Dom, waiting for him to return from space. Almost finished her glass. She yawns which brings Dom's attention back to her.

Betty places her hand on Dom's arm.

BETTY
I guess, if there's anything I can
help with. That's what neighbors
are for, right?

Dom takes Betty's hand into his. He caresses it.

Betty yawns again.

BETTY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I should probably get some sleep.

DOM

You have such soft and beautiful hands.

BETTY

Thanks.

Betty tries to reclaim her hand but as she draws it back towards herself Dom follows it, he gets closer to her.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Dom. I should be going.

Dom is on top of her. He kisses her on the lips.

Betty delicately tries to slip from under him.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Dom. Please don't.

Dom presses harder onto her. He is groping her flesh now. Kissing her neck. Clawing at her clothes.

Betty resists harder but Dom's weight and strength keeps her under him.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Stop it! Dom! Get off--

Dom smothers her words with his mouth, prodding his tongue in between her lips. Muffling her cries.

He runs his hand up and under her shirt squeezing her breast. His other hand holding her flailing hands at bay. He grinds against her clothed pelvis--

Then he convulses and tenses up... he climaxes into his pants... then deflates on top of her... then slides himself off her and sits up right on the couch. He cradles his face in his hands.

DOM

(sobbing into his hands)

I'm so sorry, Betty. I'm so sorry.

Betty with wet eyes, pulls down her shirt, pushes herself to the corner of the couch. She then spots Edward in her peripheral.

Edward has his hand down his pajamas masturbating as he stares at her.

Betty cries out in horror.

Dom looks to Edward and sees what he's doing. Dom storms over to Edward with a rage of fire in his eyes. He smacks him across the head.

DOM (CONT'D)
Stop that you fucking disgusting pig!

Edward brings up his hands in defence. Dom hits again and again and again.

DOM (CONT'D)
You filth. You animal. You disgust me!

Betty takes this opportunity to jolt for the door. Dom chases after her.

DOM (CONT'D)
Betty, please. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

HALL

Betty makes it to her apartment in time to slam her door in Dom's face and LOCK it. Dom leans against the door. He can hear Betty SLIDE to the floor CRYING through the door.

DOM (CONT'D)
(to the door)
Betty, please forgive me. I'm not like that. Please. I got carried away. Please, Betty. Pleeease. I'm sorry. I would never do that. I don't know why I did--that's not me. I'm having a hard time lately. Please, Betty. I don't know what happened.

Then Betty's tiny voice, seemingly to gain some composure, seeps through the door like a ghost.

BETTY (O.S.)
Please go away. I'm not going to report this, Dom. But please just leave me alone. Please go away.

DOM
I'm sorry, Betty. I want you to
know how sorry, I am.

BETTY (O.S.)
I believe you, Dom.
(begging)
Please... just leave me alone.

Dom presses his head against the, now, silent door for what seems like a long time before he finally collects himself and goes back into his own apartment.

APARTMENT.

Dom sits in the chair, he stares at the red wall.

EDWARD (V.O.)
Once I got this funny feeling when
I thought about Betty. She is so
nice. She has such a nice smile.
But when I told this to Vera. She
was not happy with me at all. She
said I could only love her,
otherwise we could no longer talk
to each other. I didn't want that.
I felt scared. I did not want to
lose her. I would die without her.
I told Vera that I loved her and
only her. She asked me to prove it
to her, just how much I loved her.

Dom doesn't move from his chair or his dead gaze until the sun rises, shining it's bright lights through the window.

Then a door SLAMMING shut from the hall, jolts him from his chair to his feet and to the peep-hole.

P.O.V Peep-hole.

The back of Betty is all that Dom's peeping eye can catch as she dashes down the stairway.

BACK TO SCENE

Dom returns to the chair facing the red wall.

Edward enters and sits on a chair opposite of Dom.

EDWARD
Dom?

Dom answers without taking his eyes off the red wall.

DOM
What?

EDWARD
I think I soiled myself again.

DOM
So?

The two just sit in silence for a long time. Dom not caring about Edward's soiling.

LATER

Dom is fast asleep. His mouth agape. A THUD startles him awake.

He looks around the livingroom. Edward is nowhere in sight. He wipes his dry mouth with his hand. Then rubs his eyes. And stretches his sore muscles.

DOM (CONT'D)
Edward?

Dom pushes himself up to his feet. Messaging his sore neck.

DOM (CONT'D)
Edward?

BATHROOM

Dom enters to see Edward in the bath with his clothes on. Soaked in the water.

DOM (CONT'D)
How long have you been in here?

EDWARD
Awhile. It feels funny.

DOM
That's because you're not suppose to have your clothes on when bathing.

Dom leaves Edward to his own devices again.

HALL

Dom stands in front of Betty's apartment door. He knocks, the door pushes open. Dom peers in. It's bare.

DOM (CONT'D)
Betty?

He steps inside.

BETTY'S APARTMENT

It's been cleared out. No trace or sign that anyone had lived there. Dom stands in the middle of the room. He peers out the window watching the sun set.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dom scrubs a now naked Edward clean.

Towels him off.

BEDROOM

Dom hands Edward a glass of water and two tablets. Then watches Edward down the pills and further inspects his mouth after the swallow.

Edward lies down.

DOM

I'm going to get you the right paper, Edward. You're going speak to Vera again.

EDWARD

Thank you, Dom. I miss Vera. I have to prove my love to her.

DOM

You will, Edward. I know you will. Good night.

EDWARD

Good night.

Dom leaves, turning off the lights on his way out.

INT. WALMART - NIGHT

Dom approaches a WALMART EMPLOYEE with the name tag BEETRIS, 40s, a plump woman ready to end her long shift and get the hell outta there.

DOM

Excuse me. I'm looking for a particular brand of paper?

BEETRIS

Hm hmm. What's the brand, darlin'?

DOM
Saint Pulp Paper.

PAPER ISLE

BEETRIS
Looks like we got one pack left,
honey.

DOM
That's all I need.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

1934 UNDERWOOD NO. 5 TYPEWRITER

A piece of crisp bone white paper is slid into place.

Dom sits at the tiny desk in front of the typewriter. A small lamp illuminates the blank page. Dom then starts punching the keys. The sound of TYPING doesn't seem to affect Edward's deep sleep.

INT. LIVINGROOM - DAY

Dom sits in the chair staring at the red wall. He then looks out at the breaking dawn through his window. He gets up and goes to the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Dom runs the water in the tub. Then undresses. He holds up Edward's bottle of sleeping pills, he unscrews the cap and takes multiple tablets and downs them with some water. He then climbs into the tub.

BEDROOM

Edward stretches and yawns, rubs his eyes, then sees the paper in the typewriter. With a large smile, he claps his hands in excitement. He yanks the page from the typewriter and studies it against the sunlight. It's authentic. It's the right paper. Edward reads his message.

EDWARD (V.O.)
At last Vera told me how I could
prove my love to her. At first I
did not like what she had written.
But the more I read the more she
made sense.

BATHROOM

Dom is completely submerged in the water save for the slice of his face that is his mouth, nose, and eyes. Which float just above the water like the tip of an iceberg.

Edward enters. And kneels beside the tub next to Dom.

Dom's eyes roll around in his head but then find their gaze onto Edward.

EDWARD (V.O.)
I felt sad...

Edward stares at Dom with a grave worry.

Dom gives a slow blink of his eyes, which take a second or two before they open again. Dom then nods to Edward. An encouraging nod.

EDWARD (V.O.)
I felt really very sad... but then
I felt happy.

Edward takes his hands and presses Dom down submerging him fully under the water. It only takes a few moments before Dom begins to flare his arms about, not at full strength but enough to force Edward to put his full weight into pinning him under.

A storm of air bubbles burst to the water's surface in large numbers and at furious speed, but they soon dwindle down until there is but a few tiny stragglers left. Then nothing but the vacant gaze of Dom's eyes frozen under the rippling waters which soon calms into a clear sheet of water. A window into the world of the dead.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

DET. PARKER, 40's, a man in a polo shirt, mustache and salt'n'peper hair stands with his foot on a chair and his elbow resting on his bended leg.

DET. PARKER
Why did you feel happy?

DR. LORA SPENCER, 30's, sits in a chair across from Edward, who is handcuffed to the table and in a plain blue cotton garb.

Dr. Spencer motions to Det. Parker.

DR. SPENCER
It's better if only one of us asks
the questions.

Det. Parker kicks his leg off the chair and leans up against the wall next to the one-way mirror.

DET. PARKER

Please, Dr. Spencer. Ask away.

Dr. Spencer turns back to Edward.

DR. SPENCER

Edward, why did you feel happy after?

EDWARD

I just did. I proved my love.

DR. SPENCER

Edward, do you understand what it is you did?

EDWARD

Yes. I drowned Dom. I sent him to a better place.

Dr. Spencer scribbles something onto her pad.

DR. SPENCER

Well, Edward. Due to your confession and the evidence suggesting that you aided your brother in his suicide, you're looking at manslaughter in the second degree... and because of your disability, you will be incarcerated in a special prison, a place designed for individual such as yourself. Do you understand?

EDWARD

Yes. You will take care of me now.

DR. SPENCER

Well, not me personally. But the state will be from here on in.

DET. PARKER

He bloody thinks this is gonna be just like a god damn day-care. With fruit juice and apple slices for lunch.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL/PRISON - DAY

Edward's room is slightly larger than his old room. He has a window but it's barred.

Edward wakes up, he yawns and stretches his limbs. He sits up then goes to a desk by the window. His 1934 Underwood no. 5 typewriter sits quietly with a blank page snug in its roller.

Edward yanks out the paper and holds it up to the sunlight. Then stares at the blank page. He burst out into laughter.

EDWARD

Dom. I thought you were Vera for a moment. Haha. You tricked me. Can I speak to Vera now?

THE END.