

ED .

By

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INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

The shady underbelly of star dome. A dressing room, threadbare and dim, adorned with only a vanity table and a few battered mannequins. Floorboards, walls, ceiling - all black... very malicious.

ED sits before the vanity table, his back to us. In the small mirror we make out his sinister, almost ghoulish features. Chalk white skin, neatly combed black hair and a lifeless hollow gaze defined by blackish-red rings around his eyes. He speaks with a British accent.

ED

You'll do fine. They wouldn't have hired you if you weren't for the role.

ED

(V.O)

What if they laugh?

ED

They won't.

ED

(V.O)

What if they do?

ED

There'll be others.

ED

(V.O)

Not this time.

ED

You know this?

ED

(V.O)

I've foreseen it.

ED

Fuck you.

He stands, suddenly alive with both passion and fury.

ED

(V.O)

Again with the temper.

Ed turns sharply, looks at himself in the large mirror. He is clad in an all black suit.

(CONTINUED)

ED
I would sell my soul! To be rid of
you...

ED
(V.O)
Not even a bullet could drive us
apart.

He stands, facing us with a grin. He pulls the tie up around
his neck holding it up like a noose.

ED
But a noose...

ED
(V.O)
Not before the show you won't.

He lets go of the tie. His smile sags.

ED
(beaten)
Your right.

ED
(V.O)
But...

ED
(frustrated)
But what?

ED
(V.O)
What if they laugh?

ED
They'll applaud.

ED
(V.O)
Like last time?

He screams and directs himself back to the mirror, thrashing
over various make up utensils.

ED
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?

ED
(V.O)
What do you want for yourself?

(CONTINUED)

Ed again turns to face us.

ED
(calmly)
Control. Peace.

ED
(V.O)
Take it.

ED
How?

Beat.

ED
(V.O)
That one, you should figure on your
own.

He turns sharply, grasping an item from the dresser beside him. He hurls it into the mirror, which cracks finely.

ED
TELL ME HOW!

The voice in his head simply laughs.

ED
(V.O)
By letting me get the better of
you.

ED
I won't.

Beat.

ED
(V.O)
I know.

He paces the room, heaving on the roots of his hair. His sanity is now breaking.

ED
Why did you come to me?

ED
(V.O)
You came to me Ed. For strength.

(CONTINUED)

ED
LEAVE ME ALONE!

ED
(V.O)
You didn't need a friend Ed.
Somebody to tell you there's no
such thing as monsters. You needed
someone else.

Ed tries to block out the voice, softly barking like a
manacle dog. He collapses to the floor.

ED
(V.O)
You needed someone to warn you of
what's really about in this cold
world. You needed guidance.

ED
Please. Just go.

ED
(V.O)
There's only one way to make me go
away, and you won't take it. We're
going to live happily ever...

ED
NO!

He picks himself up and approaches the chair by the vanity
table. He slides it across the floorboards under a glorious
stretch of piping. He climbs atop the chair and begins
fastening his tie to the pipe.

And then he stands still, the deciding moment. All is
finally silent. Until...

ED
(V.O)
What if they cheer?

FADE TO BLACK.

END CREDITS.