

Drugs, Destruction, and Departure

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We follow a rolled one hundred dollar bill glide across a piece of glass and absorb a line of white powder. Hard-rocking party music fills the room.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O.)  
There's two things that I love in  
this world.

We see PAUL EDWARDS (20s) with slicked back hair and a ratty sweatshirt sit back on the couch in this stoner's paradise, drug paraphernalia littering the area. Posters and graffiti cover the walls. It is a popping house party. The person sitting next to him leans forward to do another line.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
This cocaine, and Maddie Numore.

Across the room is MADDIE NUMORE (20s) attractive, blonde, and skinny with a slightly goth aesthetic, you can see she definitely had daddy issues in high school. She is dancing with other girls. She notices Paul looking, and blows a kiss at him. His eyes widen.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I'm totally fucked.

The music is cut with a record scratch as Paul's eyes roll into his head and he starts falling back.

SMASH CUT TO: LIVING ROOM - DAY

Paul wearily lifts his head, someone has drawn a penis on his forehead. He is laying on the floor surrounded by red solo cups and beer bottles. Putting his hand to his head he sits up and surveys the room, it's trashed.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Wading through trash and hungover survivors of last night's party Paul makes his way to the kitchen.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O.)  
I got the house in the will, always  
wanted to sell it, but it's like my  
own personal playboy mansion.

A hole in the sheetrock shows through into another room.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
If the playboy mansion got bombed.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Paul strides over to the sink and drinks from the tap. He looks at a stack of discarded pizza boxes, after rummaging through to find a slice he turns towards the camera as he munches away.

PAUL EDWARDS  
Don't worry about how much I spend  
on my parties,

Paul motions towards the boxes.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O.).  
This was all free.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Paul swings open the front door to see a young DELIVERY BOY holding a stack of boxes. Quickly a guest takes the stack and retreats indoors. Delivery boy is surrounded by attractive young women and herded deeper into the party.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O.).  
Have you ever seen the face of a 16  
old boy who is surrounded by tits  
for the first time? Let me tell ya,  
its magical.

Paul pats the delivery boy on the head as he passes by. He whispers something to one of the girls and we see the boy's mouth go slack.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Paul stands underneath the stream of water, at some point the bathroom was upscale, months of neglect have tarnished its previous sheen.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O.)  
I start my mornings with a cold  
shower, I scrub myself with the  
cheapest 3 in 1 body wash money can  
buy and I brush my teeth while I do  
all of this to save water.

(Beat)

What? It saves the trees or some  
shit.

As he steps out of the shower he spits into the sink and drops his toothbrush on the counter. Sliding on the same ratty sweatshirt he checks his watch.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Fuck. I'm late for work.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Paul steps out of the house and walks towards a beat up sportster motorcycle.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O.)  
 What did you expect? A Rolls?

He burns rubber out of the driveway and speeds off down the street. We see a small lower-middle class town as he commutes to work. Rusted chainlink fence, broken down cars, and dilapidated homes are the norm.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O.)  
 I own this town, biggest personality here.

INT. ARNY'S QUICK-E-MART - NIGHT

Paul is mopping the floor. He glances at the clock. It reads 4:53 pm.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O.)  
 At least no-one else is coming in today.

JESSICA, (20s) girl next door type, brunette, walks into the store and b-lines for the liquor section. Paul only lifts his head to see her brush by.

JESSICA  
 Hey, baby!

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O.)  
 That's my girlfriend, Jessica. Y'know something? I could get into any girl in this town's pants, but they're all missing something, personality. Don't get me wrong Jess here doesn't have one either but c'mon, look at 'er.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - NIGHT

Paul blasts through the gears of his motorcycle as his dim headlight illuminates the road before him. Wind rips through his hair as he gains speed. We see the speed-o-meter read 98 miles per hour.

As a "Now Leaving Berhest" nears he locks up the brakes. He screeches to halt dead even with the sign. Paul stares out into the open road before him, or at least what's visible from his headlight.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O).  
I've thought about leaving more  
times than I can count. Every time  
I get to this point.

Paul slowly wheels the bike around and rolls back towards town.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O). (CONT'D)  
I just can't bring myself to do it.

INT. ARNY'S QUICK-E-MART - DAY

Paul sits at the counter eyeing a magazine. The local auto trader sports a yellow 1973 Pontiac Trans Am on the cover, captions include "Big Block" "Manual" and "A/C".

The car has seen better days with dents and damage apparent, but the screaming chicken emblazoned on the hood is still there. Paul is mesmerized by this car.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O.)  
Yeah, that's the one. That's what  
I'm gonna ride outa this town.  
That's what's gonna get me Maddie  
Numor--

MADDIE NUMORE  
Hey, Paul right? That party the  
other day was fun. You should have  
another sometime.

Paul is awe-struck as Maddie places a bag of chips and a soda on top of the auto trader magazine.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O.)  
Don't fuck this up.

PAUL EDWARDS  
 (nervously)  
 Yeah, uhm I got something in the works.

MADDIE NUMORE  
 Oh yeah? Wanna let me in on a few of the details?

Maddie leans over the counter and positions her head inches from Paul's. His every muscle in his body is tense.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O.)  
 I fucked it up.

PAUL EDWARDS  
 Uhhhh. Nothings set in stone yet, obviously, but um there'll be music?

Maddie gives him a "That's it?" look.

MADDIE NUMORE  
 (sarcastically)  
 Music? Interesting.  
 (Beat)  
 Well I'll see you around.

PAUL EDWARDS  
 Uh-huh, sure. See you around.

Maddie strides out of the store and meets the girls she danced with.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

TIFFANY shoots a glare at Paul behind the counter before looking to Maddie.

TIFFANY  
 You going for Paul now? You gonna be the next notch in his bed post?

MADDIE NUMORE  
 No! C'mon guys you know me better than that. He's just, interesting is all.

The girls chuckle and tease Maddie as if they were in elementary school.

TIFFANY

I mean hey, he's got a motorcycle  
at least.

INT. ARNY'S QUICK-E-MART - NIGHT

Paul eyes the group through the window. We see lips moving but cannot make out the specifics of what is being said. Tiffany catches Paul looking and hustles the away from the store.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O).

Shit. They think you're weird now.  
The one girl with independent  
thoughts in this town thinks you're  
weird. Great.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As near deafening EDM fills the house Paul wanders the party as a cordial host, he is dispensing drinks and snacks. He locks eyes with Maddie. They move toward each other in the crowd.

PAUL EDWARDS

Hey! Glad you could make it. I told  
you there'd be music!

MADDIE NUMORE

Yeah, there definitely is! I can  
hardly hear you! Is there some  
place quieter we could go?

PAUL EDWARDS

Follow me.

EXT. PAUL'S ROOF - NIGHT

The pair climbs out a window and sits on the shingles overlooking the backyard. A crowd surrounds a bonfire below.

MADDIE NUMORE

Wow this a comfy little spot.

PAUL EDWARDS

Yeah I come up here sometimes when  
I need to think.

MADDIE NUMORE

You do that a lot?

PAUL EDWARDS

Do I think a lot? What's that supposed to mean?

MADDIE NUMORE

No offense I just wouldn't have guessed Mr. Hugh Hefner to be much of a ponderer.

PAUL EDWARDS

Oh yeah? What is it that you ponder so much? Someone's gotta plan these things.

Paul gestures to the party.

PAUL EDWARDS (CONT'D)

I gotta source the drinks, plan for deliveries, find girls to inhabit these parties. Lots of moving parts to put one of these together.

MADDIE NUMORE

Doesn't it all seem a little shallow though? Do you really think all these people are here because they like you? Or is it just because they can get a quick high and maybe hook up with someone?

Paul's confident shell is cracking. His eyes begin to scan the party before looking back to Maddie.

PAUL EDWARDS

Is that why you're here? Score a little somethin' somethin' to take the edge off? Whatever.

Paul stands and quickly makes for the window.

MADDIE NUMORE

Paul wait!

Paul waves a hand dismissively at her before disappearing into the house.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Paul hovers over the punch bowl pounding cup after cup. He is very intoxicated. He throws a cup on the ground and punches a hole in the sheetrock. Others follow suit, destroying the kitchen. The party is raging harder now.



INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Paul is doing a line of coke when he is joined by Jessica on the couch. She puts a hand on his shoulder and whispers seductively into his ear. Paul's eyes are locked on Maddie across the room, who sheepishly follows her group of girls.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O).

Here I am thinking Maddie Numore is some kind of different. Everyone in this good for fuck all town is exactly the same. Zero ambition, zero original thoughts, zero personality.

Maddie notices him starrng, her face droops with guilt. She starts to approach him.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O.)

Fuck her.

Paul turns to Jessica and gives her a deep kiss that stops Maddie dead in her tracks. She is on the verge of tears as Paul picks up Jessica and carries her out of the room.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Paul wakes up in his bed with multiple women. Jessica is snuggled into him. Slowly he creeps out of the pile without disturbing anyone. He slides on a t-shirt before heading to the door. It's been broken in half.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

The house has been demolished. Tables are flipped, cabinets lay on the ground, and most of the sheetrock has been ripped from the walls. Paul isn't fazed in the slightest as he leaves.

INT. ARNY'S QUICK-E-MART - DAY

Paul sits behind the counter still checking out the Trans Am in the auto trader. As the door rings he looks up to see Maddie standing nervously at the door. He rolls his eyes and goes back to the magazine.

PAUL EDWARDS

You gonna buy something or just stand there? Arny doesn't like it much when people just stay in his store.

Maddie quietly finds a candy bar on a shelf and places it on the counter. Paul looks at it uninterestedly. As he reaches for it Maddie catches his hand. He is taken aback.

MADDIE NUMORE

About the other night--

PAUL EDWARDS

Maddie, give it up I don't--

MADDIE NUMORE

I want to get out off here. That night, when you asked what I ponder about. I ponder about getting out of this town.

Paul is shocked.

PAUL EDWARDS

I've wanted to do that since the day my parents died.

Maddie takes both of Paul's hands into hers.

MADDIE NUMORE

We could do it, we could really do it, just walk out those doors and ride your motorcycle off into the sunset.

PAUL EDWARDS

Yeah that's a great idea. Ride off into the sunset like a movie with no plan and no money.

Paul's eyes search hers.

PAUL EDWARDS (CONT'D)

Maddie, this is a big ask. What happens if maybe you find out something about me that you don't like but we're already gone so you feel like you can't take it back?

Maddie cups Paul's face in her hands.

MADDIE NUMORE

No-one you've ever been friends with has ever gave a shit about anything other than the parties you throw. I do, I give a shit about you and you could be the biggest dick in the world and I wouldn't care.

(MORE)

MADDIE NUMORE (CONT'D)  
We could be poorer than dirt and I  
wouldn't care. Just take me away  
from here.

PAUL EDWARDS  
I have to do a few things first.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - DAY

Paul follows REAL ESTATE AGENT through the house. An obvious yet half-assed attempt to make it look presentable was made. The agent wonders around judgmentally.

REAL ESTATE AGENT  
Look guy, this place is a total  
gut. If I were the health inspector  
this place would be condemned. The  
area isn't the best, the floor plan  
sucks and it would all have to be--

The agent peers into a bathroom to see a couple sleeping in the bathtub covered in vomit.

REAL ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)  
sanitized. If you made this place  
sellable you'd just barely break  
even, if that. When do you want it  
sold?

PAUL EDWARDS  
As soon as it can be, I'm leaving  
town.

REAL ESTATE AGENT  
Yeah, ok, well we can put it up and  
see what happens. If you can have  
it fixed up by the end of the month  
we can list as a short sale, better  
for taxes that way.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - DAY

Paul drives a for sale sign into the dirt before hopping on his motorcycle and speeding off.

INT. ARNY'S QUICK-E-MART - DAY

Paul pops open the cash register and scoops out all of the money.

INT. DUNDREY CONTRACTING - DAY

Paul sits hands in his pockets in an office chair across from JEFF DUNDREY, (60s) a scruffy and stocky man who is laboring over a notepad with notes and prices.

JEFF DUNDREY

A full Reno-job? Well with contractor grade everything, save the subfloor and call it "reclaimed". It needs to be done by the end of the month? You're north of twenty g my friend.

Paul counts out \$1000 and puts it on the desk.

PAUL EDWARDS

Here's a thousand up front, the rest comes out of the final sale. That work for you?

EXT. DUNDREY CONTRACTING - DAY

Through the window we see Jeff and Paul shake hands.

EXT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Paul walks around the Trans Am as MR. SACOLM approaches him. Mr. Sacolm slaps the roof of the car.

MR. SACOLM

Yup, this here is a beaut! 1973 Pontiac Trans Am, four hundred fifty five cubic inches and a four speed manual transmission. Top speed of 114 miles per hour.

Paul nods absently as he runs a hand over the hood. We hear a RED TAILED HAWK SCREECH.

PAUL EDWARDS

How much?

MR. SACOLM

Asking is forty-five hundred.

Paul digs into his pocket and throws a pile of money on the hood.

PAUL EDWARDS

All this and my motorcycle over there.

Paul points to the bike. Mr. Sacolm inspects the wad of 20s and fives, before looking closely at the motorcycle. He shrugs.

MR. SACOLM

That car has sat in this lot for years. Take it.

INT. MADDIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Maddie is dumping everything she can into a duffle bag. She counts out a wad of cash, \$300. A car revving outside grabs her attention. She move towards the window. Looking through the window she sees Paul standing next to the Trans Am.

She grabs her bag and rushes out to meet him on the sidewalk. We still see them through the window embrace before throwing her bag in the car and getting in.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - EVENING

We see a "Now Leaving Berhest" road sign illuminated by headlights. The Trans Am slows to a stop in front of it.

INT. TRANS AM - EVENING

Paul looks out at the open road ahead of them, then stares at the sign.

PAUL EDWARDS (V.O).

Well shit, here we are about to ride into the sunset with no money like a movie.

Maddie snaps her fingers in front of him.

MADDIE NUMORE

You okay?

Paul snaps back to reality.

PAUL EDWARDS

Yeah, Yeah, I'm fine.

He puts the car in gear and pulls off into the sunset.

FADE OUT.