

OUTRAGE

FADE IN:

Warm summer night in the suburbs. EDWARD ABERNANTHY, 36 and divorced, walks along a dark street toward his house. He carries a bag of groceries. Dogs BARK, crickets CHRIP and a cat runs across his path. He jumps and the bag falls. He catches it.

EDWARD

Jesus.

A young girl, LENA MEADOWS, sits on the steps of a house he approaches. She laughs.

LENA

Good catch. You should play for the Mets, Mr. A.

EDWARD

No way. I catch much better than them. How are you? Hot enough for you this evening?

LENA

A little too hot.

EDWARD

Well, summer's almost over. When it gets cold, you'll be wishing it was summer again. How're your parents?

LENA

They're fine except my dad's got a cold.

Edward walks pass her house as he speaks.

EDWARD

Summer colds are the worse ones. Give them my regards, okay?

LENA

Thanks, I will. G'night.

Edward waves and walks toward his house. A tree hangs low in front of him. He reaches for the branch.

There is a spider hanging by its web. Edward steps into the street and walks around the tree. He hears voices down the street and he stops and listens. A man, SONNY BLOCKTON, 33, and a woman, CHEYENNE WELLS, mid twenties, argue.

SONNY

I should have known

CHEYENNE

Louder, Sonny, they can't hear you across town.

SONNY

I don't give a rat's ass.

CHEYENNE

Come on, Sonny. Inside. This isn't the right place.

SONNY

You're damn right it isn't. Here's right.

Sonny walks away from Cheyenne. Edward watches as Sonny turns the corner. He looks at Cheyenne as she leans on a car. She is crying. Edward walks to his house, a block away.

INT. HOUSE.

Edward turns on the television. He pops open a can of beer and sits. A commercial is on the screen. A MAN speaks.

MAN ON TV

"And if you know someone who suffers from spousal abuse, please call 555-2468, that's 555-2468. They'll be thankful that you did and you'll feel good about yourself.

EDWARD

Yeah, right.

Edward turns to the news. A WOMAN speaks.

WOMAN NEWSCASTER

"Another case of domestic violence resulted in an arrest this morning. A man is accused of beating his wife with a baseball bat because she wouldn't perform a sex act on him. And now the weather....."

EDWARD

Damn. What is this world coming to?

Edward turns off the television and walks to the front door. He opens it and looks out. He can hear the two people arguing. She screams and Edward sees her run down the street. She runs pass his house. Sonny is behind her.

EDWARD

This is ridiculous. How much of that can she take?

Edward looks at the phone and mutters.

EDWARD

Naaaah, don't get involved.

Edward closes the door and sits on his couch. He finishes his beer and, looking at the phone, he shakes his head and goes into the bedroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE. NEXT MORNING.

Edward is in the kitchen drinking coffee. He sees Cheyenne walking on the other side of the street. He goes to the window. Cheyenne wears sunglasses and her jaw is swollen.

A band-aid is on her chin. She looks over her shoulder. Edward looks up the street behind her. Sonny stands on the corner watching her as she walks around the corner.

Edward sits and drinks his coffee. Cheyenne comes back carrying grocery bags pass Edward's house.

He looks up the street and sees Sonny standing on the corner, waiting for her. Edward pours more coffee. He picks up a newspaper and reads the headlines:

"Husband charged in wife beat. He says it was years of torment"

Edward sips the coffee. He sees Sonny walk pass his window. He looks for Cheyenne. He gets up and looks out the window. Cheyenne is holding a towel to her face at the other end of the block. Edward shakes his head and sits.

The mailman, BARRY BELTON, RINGS the bell. Edward answers the door.

BARRY

Morning, Ed, how are you today?

EDWARD

Pretty good, thank you. You?

BARRY

I'm okay. Wish I could say the same for the lady up the street.

EDWARD

You mean Cheyenne?

BARRY

Yeah, her man's always banging on her. Wonder what would make a man do that to a woman?

EDWARD

Could be anything, you know. Could be him, could be her, could be the cat or the dog. Who knows?

BARRY

They don't have any pets.

EDWARD

That's just a saying, Barry.

BARRY

Oh, okay. Anyway, you'll have to sign for this one. It's certified.

Barry gives him a letter and he signs for it. Barry sighs.

BARRY

You know, it could be her.

EDWARD

What? What do you mean?

BARRY

It could be her.

EDWARD

You said that already. What do you mean it could be her?

BARRY

Have you ever seen her walk away?

EDWARD

No, no, I haven't

BARRY

Then, it could be her.

EDWARD

Maybe, but, I doubt it. Thanks.

BARRY

See you tomorrow.

Edward looks up the street and then closes the door. He opens the letter. He is upset.

EDWARD

They just won't leave me alone.

He picks up the phone and dials.

EDWARD

Hello, this is Edward Abernathy. I just got your letter. Yes. Is it necessary, I mean, do I have to come to you? I see. Well, yes, it does make sense. Okay. I'll be there as soon as I can. Thank you.

Edward hangs up the phone and looks out of his window.

INT. EDWARD'S HOUSE. LATER.

Edward is lying on his couch napping. He hears screaming and yelling and he jumps up and runs to the window. Sonny is beating Cheyenne as she yells at him.

CHEYENNE

Goddammit, I'm calling the police.

Sonny stands on the sidewalk yelling at Cheyenne.

SONNY

Go ahead and call'em. See if I care.

EDWARD

Jesus Christ, does it ever stop?

Edward opens his door and looks down the street. Sonny walks pass Edward's house while Cheyenne stands in front of her door. Sonny walks around the corner. Edward steps outside his house and watches Sonny. He looks up the street at Cheyenne.

EDWARD

Where the hell does he go?

Edward walks to the corner. Sonny is gone. Edward walks back to his house and Cheyenne is gone. The street is empty. A dog BARKS and Edward closes the door.

INT. SUPERMARKET. ONE WEEK LATER. DAY.

Edward is shopping and sees Cheyenne in the same aisle. Edward WALKS over to her. She wears dark glasses.

EDWARD

Uh, hi.

CHEYENNE

Hi.

EDWARD

Uh, listen, I don't want to sound nosy but.....

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
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