

Mystery Trailer

By

Ed Love

ed65love@gmail.com
www.edlovesfilms.com

+61-411-111-816

FADE IN:

INT. CLUB PAX PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Recorded BIG BAND MUSIC plays, barely audible.

FELICITY, mid 40s, blond, in Chanel, past it, and knows it.

She wears a headset, sits at a well laid candle lit table.

TONY, early 30s, appears in a Tux. Ex Oklahoma, tall, blond hair, blue eyes, clean shaven. Observant, street smart.

He blinks repeatedly, shades his eyes.

He sizes up Felicity, the table, the room. The exits.

Uniformed arms behind his back free him from HANDCUFFS.

TONY
Thank you kindly.

He shakes his arms, sits. Adjusts his collar, grimaces.

TONY
(to Felicity)
Are --

Felicity holds up a hand without looking.

She listens to the silent headset for a few moments.

FELICITY
(turns to him)
Feeling better now, Tony?

TONY
After what you just put me through,
I'm lucky to be alive. Felicity.

FELICITY
You should have taken your chance.

Tony glares at her, pulls at his bow tie.

TONY
You're gonna have to excuse me, I
ain't done this for a while.

FELICITY
Take your time. We have plenty. I
trust the music is to your taste?

TONY

Can we quit pretending this is a regular date? You might do it every week, but it just ain't natural.

FELICITY

Where's your sense of romance? How about sweeping a girl off her feet?

TONY

My current situation distracts me.

FELICITY

If you want to improve your current situation, get with the program.

TONY

Yes, ma'am, whatever you say.

FADE OUT AND INTO:

Felicity drinks from a champagne flute. A half full beer glass rests in front of Tony.

TONY

So where's your live audience?

FELICITY

New show, new format. Just the two of us, so you have the best chance to impress me. No distractions.

Tony waves, smiles at a TV camera in the ceiling.

FELICITY

Just make sure it's exciting, ok?

FADE OUT AND INTO:

Felicity lies curled up in the fetal position, underneath the table, her hands over her ears. Terrified.

Her heart beats loudly and fast.

She exhales and inhales loudly, quickly. Her breathing stops. Out and in again once more, loudly. Stops.

FADE OUT AND INTO:

The music turns upbeat. Two empty plates on the table.

FELICITY

We used to play this when I was a girl. It always takes me back.

TONY

Happier days?

FELICITY

Simpler days.

Tony rises, extends his hand towards her.

TONY

May I have the pleasure, ma'am?

Felicity stands, takes his hand.

He guides her away from the table. They dance. He leads with confidence, spins her gently, pulls her in. She sighs.

He stops dancing, moves closer. She looks at his lips.

He gazes into her eyes, moved his mouth towards hers.

He pauses, smiles, whisks her off in another direction.

She slaps his back, closes her eyes, relaxes.

She moves his hand down to her butt.

FADE OUT AND INTO:

Tony's Tux jacket covers his chair. Bow tie on the table.

He stands behind a seated Felicity, gazes straight ahead.

His hands surround and slowly rub her neck. She trembles.

TONY

I am getting really hot. You know what would help? A beer. Not one of them fancy imported beers, just a good old fashioned American beer. You know ... with a twist off cap.

He holds her head still with both hands.

FADE OUT AND INTO:

Tony sits back in his chair, eyes locked on Felicity.

TONY
You laugh, but sooner or later,
you'll get what you deserve.

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK: 3 gun shots.