

ED IN THE BASEMENT

Written by

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Suggested for Act 1

INT. ED'S EVIL LAIR (A.K.A MOM'S BASEMENT) - 4:00PM GMT

Damp concrete walls. Drippy ceiling.

Notice the stockpile of military-grade guns in the corner.

Notice the massive inventory of crudely-wired explosives.

Notice the connected, scrawled notes smattering the walls.

Now see the huge wall calender. A series of red "X's" mark out the first 20 days of April, 2017. A HAND comes into view and scrawls a big red "X" in the April 21st box.

We pull back to see that the hand belongs to a disheveled man in his thirties, crazy hair and hollow eyes. Maybe he's balding. Perhaps he has a potbelly. Either way, this is ED.

He tries really hard, but he's a pathetic little villain. He gives a half smile. From somewhere upstairs--

ED'S MOM (O.S.)

Ed! Come up here!

Ed rolls his eyes. He ignores her, sits at a nearby table, and works on a huge bomb-looking-thingy.

He taps and tinkers. He starts to slide a SMALL METAL CYLINDER into an opening in the bomb. But suddenly--

ED'S MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ed! Jesus! The President's on!

Ed startles. He slams his tools on the table.

ED

Ma! I'm working down here! We've talked about this!

Silence. Satisfied, Ed goes back to work. Then--

The basement door opens. ED'S MOM clunks down the steps. She's in a dirty bathrobe. A cigarette dangles from her lips. She grips a bottle of vodka and takes a long swig.

Ed's temples throb. He grips a white-knuckled fist around the metal cylinder.

ED'S MOM

Skipping your meds again, Edward?

Ed is confused. His mom nods towards his hands. He opens his hands and sees that the metal cylinder is now a BOTTLE OF PILLS. He studies the bottle, gives it a shake.

ED
You just don't see, Ma. You've
never been able to see.

Ed's Mom takes a drag on her cigarette. She glares at her son. She flicks the cigarette towards a pile of explosives.

ED (CONT'D)
Jesus, Ma!

He jumps up and stomps out the cigarette.

ED (CONT'D)
You trying to kill us?

Ed's Mom laughs. Her voice gurgles with phlegm, and her laugh turns into a cough. Ed is confused.

ED'S MOM
Listen, baby. Just thought you
should know the world is ending.
For real this time.

Ed stares blankly. His Mom leans in close.

ED'S MOM (CONT'D)
I love you. You hear me?

Ed starts to say something. He can't get the words out. Ed's mom slides the bottle of pills from his hand.

VERY CLOSE on Ed's Mom as she kisses Ed's forehead.

ED'S MOM (CONT'D)
Now. I'm gonna go slug down these
pills and go to sleep.

We pull back from them and notice something strange: The guns in the corner are broken, plastic toys. The explosives are merely a pile of twigs. The bomb-looking-thingy is nothing more than some scrap cardboard.

ED
Don't worry, Ma. We'll be ready for
them. I'll protect you.

Ed's Mom smiles. She strokes Ed's hair. She turns and clunks back up the stairs.

Ed turns and tinkers again on the cardboard.

FADE OUT.