(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

Feed Me, Edward

Written by

Ryder Anderson and Vienna Ronan

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

EDWARD (23), a tired writer, is engrossed by his computer.

Edward looks up at a calendar hanging above his desk, days are marked out leading up to a deadline. His dog is curled up on his bed behind him. He starts to whine for food.

A typewriter sits on Edward's dresser, a note reading "with love, from Moses." is tucked into it.

Edward closes his laptop and approaches his dog, JACK.

EDWARD
(in a baby voice) Jack! It’s dinner time!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A scoop of food SLOPS into a dog bowl that is then placed on the ground. Jack scarfs the food down.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Edward, exhausted, walks back into the room and slumps into his desk chair. As he writes the closet door SQUEAKS open.

Edward pauses before continuing. A low GROAN comes from the closet.

PURSAN (O.S.)
How’s your book coming along, Edward?

Edward glances towards the closet, choosing to ignore the presence within.

PURSAN (O.S.)(CONT’D)
You remember our deal, Edward?

Edward glances at his laptop, then at the calendar. Begrudgingly, he replies.

EDWARD
Just this once.

Like something has overcome him, Edward races out of the room.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Edward enters the kitchen and opens his fridge. He reaches towards a package of raw meat.

He tears open the sealed package, his hands bloody.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

He runs back into his room, meat in hand.

The closet door slowly CREAKS open and Edward tosses the meat into the closet.

Pursan indulges.

PURSAN (O.S.)
Thank you, Edward.

Edward runs to his laptop and types furiously.

He finishes typing and appears content. A voice calls from behind Edward in his chair.

PURSAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You understand now, Edward?

Edward appears to be in an euphoric state.

EDWARD
Yeah.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The living room is clean, blankets folded, the coffee table is clear. Everything is organized.

His breakfast table sits empty.

In the kitchen, multiple packages of raw meat sit ripped open. Blood and plastic wrap cover the counter.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

In the bedroom, Edward types, hands stained red with blood. The typing begins to slow.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

In the kitchen, light pours in but the bloody mess remains untouched.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Edward’s typing slows before coming to a stop.

The cursor blinks on the computer screen as the familiar sound of the fridge door clicking open before slamming shut echoes from the distance.

Edward throws a package of meat into the closet. Pursan makes a noise and spits the meat back out.

EDWARD
What's wrong? I thought you were hungry?

PURSAN (O.S.)
That’s not enough anymore.

EDWARD
Not enough?

Jack walks into the bedroom, the closet door creaks open further. Edwards’ face changes to concern.

MONTAGE - FEEDINGS - INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Edward holds a small bag, dripping with blood. He walks towards the closet, footsteps echoing. Jack lays in his bed.

Edward holds a slightly bigger, bloodier bag. His hands are covered with blood. His footsteps echo louder as he walks towards his closet. Jack lays in his bed.

Edward is holding a third bag. Bigger and bloodier than the previous two. His bed lays empty.

END MONTAGE

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

PURSAN (O.S.)
You’ve done very well, Edward.

Edward takes a deep breath, collecting himself.

Suddenly, his face goes blank and he walks to his laptop. He begins to type.

Time passes as he continues to write. His clock displays 1 AM, then 3 AM, then 4 AM. He slows down, then finally stops.

Edward appears sickly, the bags under his eyes have darkened. His blood stained hands leave a stain as he pushes up his glasses.

EDWARD
No, no, no. You can't stop now, I'm almost there.

Edward stands up from his desk, pushing his chair backwards. Storming over to the closet, he tries the closet door but it won't budge.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
I've given you more than enough, you parasite. We made a deal.

The closet door rattles.

PURSAN (O.S.)
How about what I've given you?

EDWARD
You've given me nothing but fucking problems. I'm done helping you.

Edward storms out of the room.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

As Edward paces around his house he catches glimpses of his path of destruction: The empty meat packages, the trails of blood, the empty dog bed, and the bowl of dog food that maggots have begun to pick away at.

Edward gets to work on fixing his mistakes, cleaning the blood and tossing out the packages of meat. The dog bowl remains untouched.

Edward marks out the current day on his calendar. The day is labeled "Dinner with Moses".

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Edward plops a ladle of pasta onto Moses' plate. They are drinking wine and catching up on the past few weeks. The room is dimly lit.

The dog bowl remains unclean with even more maggots than before.

The door to his bedroom is shut.

EDWARD
Heard about that thing you're doing with ASDC, how's that been?

MOSES
Fantastic. You know, I never wanted kids, but being around them sort of brings this paternal energy out of me. Speaking of kids, where's Jack?

Edward freezes up for a moment while thinking of an alibi.

EDWARD
He's at the vet.

MOSES
So, what time are you picking him up? I mean it's already past 6:00.

EDWARD
They're keeping him overnight.

Edward stands up from the table and grabs both of their glasses before the conversation can go any further. Moses notices the dog bowl but remains silent.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Stay right there, I have a surprise for you.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Edward opens his bedroom door, staring down the closet for a moment, he walks towards his desk and cracks open his laptop. Pursan grumbles.

PURSAN (O.S.)
Edward, who's your friend?

EDWARD
We are done.

PURSAN (O.S.)
Are we now? You know, we did some great work together, Edward. It's just shameful for such a great story to have a disappointing ending.

Edward freezes in his tracks. He reads the last page he wrote. The entire page reads “Feed Me, Edward” over and over again.

EDWARD
What the fuck?

MOSES (O.S.)
Hey Ed, you okay in there?

The closet door opens slowly after hearing the sound of Moses’ voice.

EDWARD
Yeah, I’ll be just a minute!

Moses’ footsteps can be heard in the other room. A knock echoes against the bedroom door.

The closet door opens further.

PURSAN (O.S.)
You’ve done this to yourself.

Edward glances over at his laptop as the words begin to disappear.

In the same moment, Moses walks into the room, all of the noise from the closet suddenly ceases. Edward slowly turns to face Moses. The closet door is just slightly ajar.

MOSES
Ed? Sounded like someone else was in the room.

Moses inches his way towards Edward, as he approaches, the closet creaks open wider. Edward can’t look Moses in his eyes.

MOSES (CONT’D)
Edward, I'm here for you.

Edward stands up from his desk and gestures towards the laptop.

EDWARD
Tell me what you think.

Moses sits in the desk chair and spins around to read over Edward’s book. Meanwhile, Edward grabs his typewriter. While Moses continues to read the story, Edward creeps over to the desk.

MOSES
Edward this is phenomenal. I mean, really, where did you get this idea?

EDWARD
A friend of mine.

Edward SMASHES the typewriter into the back of Moses' head and his body THUMPS onto the floor. Blood spills out onto the floor. Edward drops the typewriter and his eyes stare blankly.

PURSAN (O.S.)
Now, Feed me, Edward.

Edward grabs Moses, drags him to the closet, and shoves him in. The closet door closes and VICIOUS NOISES followed by the SCREAMS of Moses emanate from within.

Blood OOZES from the bottom of the closet door and pours onto his floor.

Once again, Edward types on his laptop throughout the night.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Edward types the last sentence of his story. He navigates to his email and sends a copy of the book to his publishing company.

PURSAN
You did it.

EDWARD
Did I?

The closet door is fully ajar. The blood has dried overnight. Edward stares into the abyss inside.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
I thought it would feel different.

Edward stands from his desk and drags himself over to the closet.

He steps in.

The door closes behind Edward.

The title reappears "Feed Me Edward".