

ESTELLE

Cutesey piano music guides this couple through their morning rituals in the kitchen. ANNE is a 20 something woman. ED is a 20 something man in a yellow shirt. Golden light covers everything. Titles begin. They get coffee, pour, drink and talk mutedly. Everything is amiable.

CUT TO

It's night-time now and they maneuver around the bed, putting things away and dressing for sleep. The room is lit by a soft lamp in golden. The titles end as they scoot next to each other and kiss mechanically while turning the light off. The room turns blue and the title, "Estelle" looms in pink, then fades.

CUT TO

The whole room is covered in blue and judging from how fast asleep ANNE is, it's at least an hour into the night. ED, however, tosses and turns with growing frustration yet cautious not to wake ANNE. He finally settles on his back, staring at the ceiling with wide-eyes.

ESTELLE

(Sassy, sexy voice)

That last soda keeping you up, baby?

ED

More like the last burrito.

ED leans forward slowly, sitting up. He scans the room carefully from his sheets.

ED

Who... who said that?

ESTELLE

Don't tell me you forgot about me already.

ED

Who—where are you?

ESTELLE

Right where you left me, baby.

ED centers his focus on ANNE's side of bed and beyond.

ED

And where exactly is that?

ESTELLE

Right between your woman's legs.

ED chuckles, processing the claim.

ED
Wait, you mean you're—

ESTELLE
Your bitch's baby factory. The catch of the day. The sperm bank depository.
The—

MAN laughs, stifled.

ESTELLE
What's so funny?

ED
I'm dreaming. Or I'm crazy. Yeah, I'm dreaming. Which is good news, I guess. I was worried I couldn't fall asleep. Turns out, I am asleep. Who dreams about not sleeping? Maybe I'm crazy and dreaming.

ESTELLE
I'd pinch you but I wouldn't want to wake *her* up.

ED
I knew I was fixated but this is--

ESTELLE
You don't believe me, do you.

ED
Well, you sound nothing like her.

ESTELLE
I'm *not* her, I'm her business partner. Her *lady* business partner.

ED
Then how come you've never talked before?

ESTELLE
It wasn't until last night that I became fully aware. When you gave me a name.

ED pauses, cold. He moves his mouth a bit before he finds the words.

ED
"Estelle?"

ESTELLE
Yeah, baby.

ED is now horrified. In shock, he tucks himself back into bed and turns his back to Estelle. His eyes are wide open.

ESTELLE
What happened? Are you there? Say something, I don't have eyes.

ED
I'm... going to bed.

ESTELLE
Oh, don't be like that.

ED
When I wake up tomorrow, I won't remember any of this. You're not real. You're a dream. I'm going to therapy. (I need therapy.)

ESTELLE
Then why are you still talking to me?

ED
It was very nice to meet you, Estelle. Goodbye.

ESTELLE
Hmph!

CUT TO

GOLD

ANNE OS
Did you get a call last night? I thought I heard voices.

ED OS
What? Oh. No.

FADE IN

INT KITCHEN, MORNING

ED and ANNE get ready for work in their golden-kissed kitchen. ED wears a white shirt, ANNE wears yellow and chats mutedly, walking in and off the shot, preparing breakfast etc. ED is still in shock; immobile, he holds his steaming coffee mug and steals glances at ANNE's crotch every time she looks away.

ED, POV—ANNE is waving her hand jarringly in front of his face, smiling—amused with his daze.

ANNE kisses ED on cheek, he belatedly returns the gesture and ANNE leaves the kitchen and, presumably, the apartment. ED just stands in the same place and takes his first sip of coffee.

CUT TO

BEDROOM, THAT NIGHT

The room is draped in midnight blue. The different pajamas show this is a different night. ED keeps his back to ANNE, he looks haunted like a protagonist from a Poe work. He turns his head back slowly, looking behind him at sleeping ANNE. Or, more specifically, at Estelle.

With hesitation, he turns over, propped up on his arms. He looks forward, embarrassed with himself and slicks his lips in preparation.

ED
(Weakly)
Estelle?
(Clears throat,)
Hey, uh... Estelle?

ED waits, still looking forward, blankly. After a few moments he laughs and shakes his head.

With no response, ED turns back over, contentedly, smiling. The nightmare is over. Looking at ED's back, he stiffens as he hears:

ESTELLE
Yeah, baby?

ED turns back, defeated.

ED
Why didn't you say anything?

ESTELLE
Remind me, am I supposed to be talking or not, huh? Naw, I was just fucking with you. Thought I'd switch it up.

ED
I have some questions for you.

ESTELLE giggles slightly, humoring him.

ESTELLE

OK, baby.

ED reaches to the night-stand and grabs a piece of paper, unfolding it. He clears throat.

ED

Are you the first talking vagina? Or have there been others?

ESTELLE

How would I know? The only other vagina I've ever seen was at a sorority bash years ago. (Mostly we just mashed up against each other like a cold-cut sandwich.)

MAN nods and resumes looking at the paper.

ED

OK... Can... other people hear you too?

ESTELLE

I'm sure they could but honestly? I'm a bit starved for good conversation.

ED

Why not talk to...

ESTELLE

HER? Not only is that border-line schizophrenic but I have nothing to say to her.

ED

You sound almost mad at her.

ED listens with rising concern.

ESTELLE

You'd be too, baby! She mistreats me, so. I mean, would it kill her to get a manicure? And hang-nails are the least of my worries. She'll shove anything up me. Cucumbers. Shampoo bottles. Traffic cones. Curling irons. The burns! The burns!

ED

You're just fucking with me again, aren't you?

ESTELLE

No. I'm not... Baby, she's cheating on you!

ED

What!

ANNE stirs in bed. ED recognizes it with fear then flips over on his side abruptly, shaking the bed.

ANNE rises, waking her eyes up with her hands and looking around confusedly.

ANNE
(Groggily)
Honey, were you just—

ED
No.

ANNE
I could have sworn I heard—

ED
Nope. Night.

ANNE
But—

ED
Sleep time. Good night.

We're looking directly at ED now, clutching his pillow, shoulders tense, on his side, facing away from ANNE. It looks like he could cry, he looks wounded. Then, like a horror movie, an arm rises behind him and extends over his form and clutches him in a spoon. He stiffens under ANNE's grasp, eyes slammed shut.

CUT TO

KITCHEN, MORNING

ED and ANNE get ready for work in the morning golden light. ED wears a blue shirt. He watches ANNE apprehensively and holds his steaming coffee mug with white knuckles. ANNE is aware of tension and respects it with silence.

ANNE awkwardly waves goodbye a few feet away. ED nods, then resumes brooding.

QUICK CUT TO

BEDROOM, BLUES

ED rests his head on his elbow, he listens to ANNE's crotch with despair.

ESTELLE

--the whole time. She only loves herself and I don't even mean me. Different guys every time, some of them don't even kiss me... *before*. And they show no mercy. Sometimes I worry they'll rip me in half. Or, well, quarters.

ED looks down, processing the information.

ESTELLE

Oh, I'm sorry, baby, I prefer you, of course. You always kiss me before and after. And sometimes, you're happy *just* kissing me. And nothing else. I love you.

ED looks up.

ED

What?

ESTELLE

Who needs her? All I want is you, baby. Let's run away together! Forget about her. And this place. And—and never look back!

ED takes a long pause; blankly.

ED

OK!

ESTELLE

Yeah?

ED

OK, yeah!

ESTELLE

Let's leave tomorrow. After she falls asleep.

ED

I'll pack my stuff while she's at work.

ESTELLE

And I don't have stuff.

ED

I'm so happy.

ESTELLE

Who needs her?

ED

Yeah, who needs her.

ESTELLE
I love you.

ED
I love you.

ED leans toward ANNE's crotch, dreamy-eyed. He closes his eyes and opens his mouth. ANNE is seen in the background, waking up slightly and looking down confused. ED doesn't see her. Right before ED makes contact:

ANNE
What the hell are you doing?

ED spins back to his side of the bed.

ED
What? Nothing.

But—you were just—

ANNE

ED
You were probably dreaming.

We are looking at ED now, he smiles knowingly, looking away from ANNE and laying on his side.

ANNE
Who were you talking to?

ED
Nobody you know. Goodnight, dear.

ED smiles contentedly and closes his eyes slowly.

FADE OUT