

**"MOVE 36" Version 2 - Jeff Watson - 14 November 2004**

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ANNABELLE speaks into a telephone receiver:

ANNABELLE

Oh yeah, baby. That's it. Yeah, you  
know what to do. Touch my tits.  
Yeah... (AD LIB etc.)

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The bedroom of EDDIE BÜCHNER. Chess related stuff hangs on the walls and clutters the small desk. There is a photograph of a younger EDDIE winning a low-end chess prize. Annabelle's muffled VOICE can be heard through the walls.

EDDIE, 40ish, stares at a chessboard on his desk, trying to concentrate over the sound of Annabelle's voice. Unable to do so, he winces in pain. His head bobs up and down.

Suddenly, he SMASHES the chess pieces off the board.

SMASH TO:

TITLES

INT. WOLFGANG'S APARTMENT - DAY

Another low-rent apartment in a run-down housing project.

In the BATHROOM, Eddie turns on the faucet in Wolfgang's tub.

(MOMENTS LATER)

WOLFGANG, a frail old man, sits in the tub. Eddie sponges his back and arms. The two men seem comfortable with this situation, as if they have done this many times before.

(MOMENTS LATER)

Eddie helps Wolfgang, who is not completely paralyzed but nevertheless requires assistance, out of the tub, towels him down, and puts him into his WHEELCHAIR. He blow-dries his hair with an old dryer.

In the KITCHEN, Eddie puts on a pot of tea. Glancing out the window, he notices a HOMELESS MAN standing in the courtyard several stories below. The homeless man glances up and exchanges a look with Eddie.

Eddie pours two cups of tea and takes them to the table, where Wolfgang, now dressed in a frayed sweater and housecoat, sits in his wheelchair setting up the pieces on a chessboard. Eddie counts out a few pills from Wolfgang's nearly-empty medication box and sets them in front of the old man. Wolfgang takes the pills without looking and makes his first move: e2-e4.

(MINUTES LATER)

The two men are in the midst of an intense chess game. Eddie seems to be having trouble deciding what move to make. He consults a dog-eared note pad and mumbles something under his breath.

WOLFGANG

Relax, Eddie. See the board.

Eddie looks at Wolfgang, then back at the board. He makes his move.

WOLFGANG

Mm. Check.

Eddie moves his king out of the way. Wolfgang forces him again with a knight. Eddie takes the knight with a bishop. Wolfgang slides a rook into the back rank.

WOLFGANG

Mate.

Eddie hangs his head, clearly disappointed in his performance.

WOLFGANG

Close, Eddie.

Again?

Eddie glances at his watch. A LOUD KNOCK on the wall. Annabelle's muffled voice:

ANNABELLE

Eddie!? Eddie!?

Eddie grinds his teeth and looks at the wall. More KNOCKS. Eddie turns to Wolfgang.

EDDIE

I'll see you tomorrow, huh?

WOLFGANG

Give my regards to your sister.

Eddie nods and leaves.

INT. HOUSING PROJECT - HALLWAY - DAY

Eddie locks the door to Wolfgang's apartment and walks to his own neighboring unit. Annabelle continues her KNOCKING as Eddie opens the door.

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Eddie enters the apartment and looks toward the source of Annabelle's noisemaking:

EDDIE'S POV: The door to the bathroom is half-open. ANNABELLE BÜCHNER, 40, dressed in a revealing worn-out green bathrobe, sits inside on the toilet. As usual, she is on the phone. There's also a magazine in her lap.

ANNABELLE

EDDIE!?!

EDDIE

What?

ANNABELLE

We're out of toilet paper.

(into phone)

Oh, it's nothing, baby, just my roommate in the other room. Oh, yes, she's hot, too...Maybe the three of us could get together sometime...Just a minute honey?

(to Eddie)

Hello? Eddie? I'm waiting.

Eddie grinds his teeth.

ANNABELLE

(into phone)

Darling? Where were we?

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - EVENING

Eddie returns from the grocery store with a bag of supplies. He stops beneath the overhang above the entrance to his apartment building, sets down the grocery bag, and lights a cigarette. As he smokes, he shares a glance with the HOMELESS MAN (see above), now sitting on a nearby bench.

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eddie, a bag of groceries in his arms, enters the apartment. Annabelle sits on the couch in the LIVING ROOM, watching TV and eating a frozen dinner.

ON THE TV: Trashy tabloid coverage of Scott Peterson's mother, breathing tubes in her nostrils, hustling out of the courtroom. The volume is LOUD.

Eddie stops at the door, looks at Annabelle, then heads into the KITCHEN. He unpacks the groceries and cleans up a little.

He returns to the LIVING ROOM. Annabelle ignores him.

EDDIE

Can you turn that down, please?  
Annab--

Annabelle turns up the VOLUME on the TV. Eddie grinds his teeth. He goes to his room and shuts the door.

(HOURS LATER)

In his BEDROOM, Eddie studies a chess position. He consults his notebooks and mumbles under his breath. The apartment is strangely quiet. Until:

ANNABELLE (IN LIVING ROOM)

(on phone)

This is Annabelle, connect me.

Eddie glances at the door, then plugs his ears with his fingers and returns his attention to the chessboard.

ANNABELLE (O.S.)

Hello, baby. Yeah, yeah, of course  
I remember you. I've been waiting  
for this call... Oh, I am so  
ready...(ETC. AD LIB CONTINUOUS)

Eddie tries to shut her out, but something about her voice makes it impossible to ignore. After a long MOMENT, Eddie gets up from his desk. He stands at the door, as if trying to stare through it. He grips the doorknob. A ROARING SOUND fills his ears.

In the LIVING ROOM, Annabelle nailpolishes her toes while conducting her phone sex call. She glances up disdainfully as Eddie emerges from his room and walks automaton-like past her toward the other couch (OFF-SCREEN).

ANNABELLE

You want something dirty? How 'bout you be my big brother? Yeah, would you like that? I knew you would, dirty boy--

EDDIE (O.S.)

Stop it, Annabelle.

ANNABELLE

(needling him)

Oh, yes, big brother. You know I've always wanted you. Yes. Do it to me. Yeah--

EDDIE (O.S.)

Stop.

ANNABELLE

Oh, you're so good. Yeah--

Suddenly, Eddie emerges from OFF-SCREEN with a pillow in his hands. He SMOTHERS Annabelle.

EDDIE

Stop it!

ANNABELLE

Mmmph!

He presses the pillow hard against her face, forcing her into the corner of the couch. Her arms flail as she tries to fight him off. A SAVAGE MOMENT of violence.

EDDIE

Stop it, stop it, stop it, stop it,  
stop it, stop it... Stop it!

The outburst ends. He lets go of the pillow and stumbles backwards. Annabelle is dead.

Breathless and stunned, Eddie returns to his BEDROOM and stares at the chess position. After a long stare, he looks out his slightly-ajar door and gazes upon Annabelle's legs hanging over the end of the couch. He looks back at the chessboard.

(MINUTES LATER)

Numbed, Eddie sits on the LIVING ROOM couch across from his sister, staring at her dead body. The TV, muted, plays in the background.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - MORNING

The rising sun reflects off the dusty windows of the apartment building.

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Annabelle lies inert on the couch in the LIVING ROOM.

In his BEDROOM, Eddie retrieves a shoebox from the closet. Inside is a whistle, a stopwatch, some track-and-field ribbons and a STARTER PISTOL. He sits on the bed and looks through the doorway into the living room.

Eddie puts the gun to his head. He squeezes the trigger, but can't go through with it. He breaks down and cries.

In the BATHROOM, Eddie washes his face and arms. He looks at himself in the mirror.

INT. WOLFGANG'S APARTMENT - DAY

Eddie hesitates for a moment, then opens the door to Wolfgang's apartment with his key.

He looks into WOLFGANG'S BEDROOM. Wolfgang is still asleep.

(MINUTES LATER)

Eddie draws a bath for Wolfgang. He sponges the old man's back and arms.

(MINUTES LATER)

The KETTLE goes off. Eddie pours a couple cups.

(MOMENTS LATER)

Eddie and Wolfgang sit at the kitchen table, playing chess. Steam rises from their cups of tea.

Again, Eddie seems to be having trouble deciding what move to make. Wolfgang eyes him. Eddie avoids eye contact.

He scratches his head and acts irritable. Finally, he makes a move. Wolfgang takes a rook.

WOLFGANG

That sister of yours at you again?

Eddie shrugs slightly and says nothing. He consults his notebook.

Eddie makes another move. Wolfgang responds quickly.

WOLFGANG

Check.

Eddie pinches the bridge of his nose and thinks.

After a long MOMENT staring at the board, Eddie knocks over his king. He shakes his head.

WOLFGANG

Don't take it so hard, huh? A good player always knows when the game's up.

Again?

Eddie nods to himself while Wolfgang resets the pieces.

Suddenly, Eddie gets up and leaves the room.

WOLFGANG

Eddie?

(MOMENTS LATER)

Eddie goes into Wolfgang's bedroom, half shuts the door, and stands at the window. He doesn't appear to know what to do with himself. His agitation boils just beneath the surface, bubbling up from time to time in the form of mumbles and nervous twitches.

WOLFGANG (O.S.)

Eddie? Eddie, you all right?

EDDIE

I'll be right there.

Eddie leans against the window sill. Looking out the window, he spots the HOMELESS MAN he had seen the night before, digging around in a trash can.

He looks around the room at Wolfgang's personal effects: medications, chess books and paraphernalia, and finally a picture of him and Eddie standing together in the apartment building's courtyard.

Eddie looks at the picture for a long moment, then picks up the phone and dials 9-1-1.

VOICE ON PHONE

Emergency, how may I direct your call? Hello, can you speak--?

EDDIE

(almost whispering)  
There's been a murder.

VOICE ON PHONE

Who's been murdered, sir? Sir?

EDDIE

My sister.

VOICE ON PHONE

Your sister? Is the assailant still present?

Are you the assailant, sir? Sir, hello? Sir--

Eddie slowly pulls the phone away from his ear and puts it down on the table. He looks out the window.

EDDIE'S POV: The homeless man looks up at him.

(MOMENTS LATER)

Eddie sits down at the KITCHEN table with Wolfgang. Wolfgang makes his first move, d2-d3.

Eddie stares at the board but can't focus at all. He looks away and out the window.

WOLFGANG

You okay?

Eddie can't figure out what to say.

WOLFGANG

Fighting with your sister again?

Eddie glances at Wolfgang, nods, then pours himself another cup of tea. He looks back at the chessboard.

WOLFGANG

She's just trying to make you feel small. To bring herself up. Don't believe it.

Eddie nods and makes a move. Wolfgang appraises the board and responds.

WOLFGANG

You're a good man, Eddie. You're all that stands between me and that madhouse nursing home.

Don't like to see you like this.

This seems to upset Eddie.

WOLFGANG

Eddie? What is it?

EDDIE

I should go now.

WOLFGANG

Wait. Wait, I have something to show you. Please.

Wolfgang removes a small medal case from his housecoat pocket and slides it across the table to Eddie.

WOLFGANG

It belonged to my father. It's an Iron Cross from the first world war.

I carry it because I figure if my father could put up with the trenches I could put up with whatever life handed me, too.

Eddie looks at the medal.

WOLFGANG

I was saving it for my son, but I don't think he even knows I'm still alive.

I'd rather you were him, to be honest. I want you to have this.

EDDIE

Wolfgang, there's something I should tell you.

Eddie looks Wolfgang in the eye.

EDDIE

There was an-- I-- I--

He can't do it. SIRENS can be heard approaching. Wolfgang averts his eyes.

EDDIE

I wish I was your son, too.

Wolfgang pats Eddie's hand.

WOLFGANG

Thank you, Eddie...

Eddie hears the SIRENS. He looks toward the window.

Wolfgang follows Eddie's gaze.

After a moment, Wolfgang goes to the window to take a look through the venetian blinds.

Eddie removes the PISTOL from his pocket and looks at it while Wolfgang has his back turned.

WOLFGANG

The police. Must be those kids again.

EDDIE

Yeah...

WOLFGANG

Kids. Make so much trouble for us and then they leave us behind.

That's why you're different, Eddie. You'd never abandon anyone. Isn't that right?

Tears well in Eddie's eyes.

EDDIE

Yeah, that's right, Wolfgang.

WOLFGANG

No, you're not like that. Not like that at all.

Eddie looks at the PISTOL. Wolfgang keeps his eyes out the window.

WOLFGANG

We should get ourselves some wine.

We'll celebrate tonight. The new  
father and son.

Eddie nods to himself.

EDDIE

Yeah. I'd like that.

I'd like that a lot.

WOLFGANG

(looking down at the cops)  
They're coming in now--

Eddie points the gun at Wolfgang and shoots him in the back  
of the head.

Wolfgang slumps over, dead. Eddie sits there, the chess game  
unfinished.

MOMENTS pass.

POLICE (O.S.)

(knocking on Eddie's  
apartment door)

Police. Police, open up!

*The cops kick the door in next door. Eddie doesn't move.*

A ROARING SOUND--

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END