

SOCKFOOT

by

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A vinyl spins on a turntable. The sounds of a hard hitting punk song blast through the speakers.

Another sound seeps through the music growing ever louder as we follow a path of clothes that litter the floor of the apartment leading to the bedroom.

A band shirt, a modest bra, a pair of black jeans...MOANING.

BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Men's underwear, a pair of women's underwear to match...GROANING.

But only one pair of socks -- black, holes in the heels and toes.

A bed. No. A mattress on the floor.

AUTUMN -- 27, a quirky, chubby girl, with bangs that frame her face nicely, and a thrifted style (which is currently decorating the floor) -- rolls off from on top of LOGAN -- late 20's grungy rocker type with a killer stache -- Mutual satisfaction.

Autumn cuddles up to Logan. They play footsie as they catch their breath. After a moment Logan looks a bit concerned, he looks down at their feet pulling back the blanket to reveal their toes. Autumn is wearing socks, he is not.

LOGAN

Did you just fuck me with your socks on?

AUTUMN

(confused; a frightful air  
in her breath)

uh... yeah...

LOGAN

(playful but serious)  
Don't ever do that again.

Autumn breaks a bit inside. This isn't going to work out.

Logan and Autumn stand at the door. She puts on her coat and throws her bag over her shoulder.

AUTUMN

Sorry I can't stay. I just have to be  
up super early for school tomorrow.

LOGAN

No worries. Thanks for hanging out.  
I had fun.

AUTUMN

(hesitant)  
Yeah, me too.

LOGAN

Cool. Well let's definitely do  
something this weekend, if you're free.

AUTUMN

For sure.

She has no intention of going out with Logan again, she can't. A moment of awkward silence.

AUTUMN (CONT'D)

Welp, I gotta -- gotta go.

Autumn cracks the door from behind, preparing for a quick getaway.

LOGAN

Yeah, yeah... Of course.

(beat)

Well, it was nice to meet you.

AUTUMN

Likewise.

Logan goes to hug her (it's one of those awkward post one-night-stand hugs where there's this question of do we kiss goodbye? Is that too intimate? Too personal?). His face lingers towards hers for a split second while he contemplates what to do. Autumn saves him the trouble, quickly whipping her chin over his shoulder.

Autumn quickly turns to the cracked door while Logan makes one last plea for some sort of emotional bow-tie.

LOGAN

See you this weeke--

-- The door closes.

3 INT. AUTUMN'S CAR - NIGHT

3

Autumn sits in her 2008 Toyota Prius and pushes her head against the wheel. "Everybody Hurts" by R.E.M. begins playing over bluetooth. She wanted this to go well, but things went terribly wrong.

4 INT. AUTUMN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 4

The song continues playing.

Autumn enters through the front door. Her apartment is very nice, a one bedroom with an open kitchen/living room area. It's fairly spacious and trendy with it's exposed brick walls. It's obviously an older building that's recently been converted into an apartment (the kind of place most people in their 20's would struggle to afford on their own).

Autumn's greeted by her cat, LUNA -- a tortoise shell beauty with a stub for a tail, and a patchy coat near her bum where there are some exposed burn scars.

AUTUMN

Sweet baby.

She pets Luna and heads to her room.

5 BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 5

Autumn slumps on the bed in defeat. She lays there for a moment then leans up and takes off her shoes. She sits there looking at her feet. After a moment she takes off her right sock exposing her foot, then she looks at her left foot. Tears begin to form.

She takes off her left sock to reveal another sock underneath. It's a plain looking sock but there's something strange about it...

The sock is fused to her foot.

The sock is a bit dingy, and appears stretched out as if it's too small for her. More concerning however is where the sock ends and her leg begins; the skin looks almost melted to the sock. Stringy fibers of scarred tissue meld with the fabric.

Autumn stares at it with distain. She rubs the foot, there are no toes, they fused together long ago. She unleashes a rage filled SCREAM through tears and collapses backwards onto the bed. Luna enters the room, rubs against her sock-foot, jumps on the bed and gives Autumn a little head bump.

AUTUMN

At least you love me even though  
I'm a monster.

CUT TO:

TITLE: *SOCKFOOT*