

DAISY CHAIN

by

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INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Alive and kicking.

CUSTOMERS pack around each table, sipping on various drinks and chatting among themselves. WAITRESS swift softly by carrying drinks and adding to the conversation.

One lone waitress, DAISY CHAMBERS (19), wipes an empty table in the back of the room. Small rimmed glasses, frizzled brunette hair, a slumped posture that bleeds her into the background.

She looks up at the popping atmosphere for a few seconds, before she returns to her table.

The door opens and PETER STEPHENS (25) enters. Ruggedly handsome, messy brown hair and clothes too tight for the average male.

He scopes the store out, almost as an afterthought. He's been here before.

His eyes jump from waitress to waitress, some of whom even return a quick grin.

He finally settles on Daisy.

He approaches her table and sits down. His mere proximity surprises Daisy.

PETER

Hi.

Daisy's afraid to look up, and yet she does quickly.

DAISY

Hello. Can I help you?

PETER

Um, sure. Just gimme a quick run down of some of the drinks you have.

Daisy look around.

DAISY

I'm more of the custodial type around here, so I don't really--
(points to another waitress)
Maybe one of the other coffee girls can help you.

PETER
No, no, it's okay. They seem pretty busy, so maybe you can help me out.

DAISY
(resistant)
Okay.

She straightens up a little.

DAISY (CONT'D)
We have your usual favorites - french vanilla, hazelnut, caramel, cinnamon swirl. Lattes, mochas, cappuccinos.

Peter thinks it over.

PETER
What would you recommend?

DAISY
I don't drink coffee...

PETER
You don't? And you work in a coffee house?

Daisy shrugs.

PETER (CONT'D)
I'll tell you what--
(leans in closer)
I'll have one of your hazelnut lattes and I'll save a little bit so you can try it whenever you get off.

DAISY
(unsure)
I don't know if--

PETER
Don't worry, it's a simple invitation. I'll be your little taste tester, how 'bout that?

This seems too real for Daisy.

DAISY
Okay...

Peter smiles as Daisy walks to the front counter. She gives a quick glance back at Peter, who gives her a quick wink.

She hides her blushing.

LATER

Most, if not all of the customers have cleared out. Some of the waitresses straighten up the store.

Peter sits with a half finished cup of coffee. He spots Daisy rushing past him.

PETER

Don't act like I didn't see you.

Daisy stops in her tracks. She straightens her glasses and turns back around.

PETER (CONT'D)

Half this bad boy's gone if you want the rest of it.

DAISY

Are you sure?

PETER

Go ahead.

Daisy approaches him, taking her sweet time. She picks up the cup and brings it closer and closer to her lips.

She sips it. To her surprise, she takes a deeper sip.

DAISY

It's a little cold.

PETER

Yeah, sitting out a few hours will do that.

He pushes out a chair and offers it to Daisy.

She brings herself to sit down.

PETER (CONT'D)

I didn't just come in here for coffee, you know that?

DAISY

Well, we had some scones or coffee cakes if you wanted something--

PETER

(humored)

No, no, no, no. I was talking about something a bit more...different.

Daisy swallows. Her glasses barely hold on, as she pushes them back up to her eyes.

DAISY

What, um...what did you have in mind?

Peter stares at Daisy eye-to-eye. He's got her locked.

PETER

Maybe we could go back to your place and find out what it is.

Daisy can't even muster a response. Frozen. Is this really happening?

She says the only thing she can.

DAISY

...Okay.

INT. DAISY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wrapped around each other's lips, Peter and Daisy fall back on her bed. She tries her best to keep up with Peter's energy.

Peter runs his fingers up her shirt.

Daisy stops him.

DAISY

Wait, wait. I haven't done this before.

Peter looks at her. Locked again.

PETER

I'll help you out.

They proceed their lip lock.

PETER (CONT'D)

Do you have a sensitive throat?

Daisy shakes her head.

PETER (CONT'D)

Good.

He reaches back under her shirt and grabs a handful. At the same time, he quickly goes for her pants zipper.

All the while, Daisy enjoys every second of it.

INT. DAISY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Morning.

Barely covered by a thin bedsheet, Daisy stirs awake. Relaxed. Comfortable. A new and improved Daisy.

With a grin on her face, she reaches across the bed.

An empty space.

She looks around. Only one side of the room is covered in her clothes.

She tries to comprehend this, confused.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Back in the normal grind.

Daisy cleans the windows in the back of the store. She gives an occasional glance back at the customers. No Peter.

The door opens, as her head quickly snaps around.

It's Peter.

Daisy's excitement builds. She goes back to the window, keeping a sharp eye on Peter.

Peter walks to a table across the room and sits.

A WAITRESS approaches him.

Daisy looks back to Peter. Her excitement dims. Something's wrong.

Peter chats with the Waitress.

Daisy grows more and more uncomfortable. She hears the faint sound of Peter's VOICE.

PETER (O.S.)
I'll tell you what. I'll try the
hazelnut latte and the next time
you have a break, you can come over
and try some.

Daisy sinks, to the point of swelling with tears.

Peter grins at the Waitress, who grins back.

Suddenly, Daisy throws her spray bottle and towel to the ground and runs to the back.

Peter gives a quick glance back. He shrugs and looks back at the Waitress.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - TWO DAYS LATER

Peter steps out of the coffee shop and walks down the street.

A few seconds later, the door opens and Daisy sneaks out. She observes him as he walks away. In a trance of her own.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Peter walks down the street, chewing a piece of GUM.

After a few seconds, he spits the gum in his hand and throws it over his shoulder.

The gum lands on the ground.

Around the corner, Daisy creeps over.

She peels the gum off the ground. She puts it in her mouth and chews. A small bit of satisfaction grows on her face.

INT. GYM - DAY

In tight shorts and an equally tight shirt, Peter lifts WEIGHTS. A SWEATY TOWEL hangs around his neck.

A WOMAN jogs on a treadmill across the room.

Peter looks at the girl and winks.

The Woman blushes.

Peter finishes his lifting with a devilish grin. Another success.

He throws his towel in a TOWEL BASKET and leaves the gym.

On a nearby elliptical, covering her face with a book, DAISY steps off. The coast is clear.

She approaches the towel basket and digs in, pulling out what she could only hope to be Peter's towel.

She holds up the towel - as if it were the finest fabric imaginable - and rubs it around her face. Pure ecstasy.

The Woman on the treadmill watches this unfold. She grimaces in disgust.

Daisy could care less. She's in far too much pleasure.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Closing time.

Aside from one or two CUSTOMERS finishing their drinks, the only two people left at one table are Peter and CINDY (22). Blonde hair, an abundance of makeup, and the skimpiest of outfits. A perfect match.

Peter takes a sip from his drink.

PETER

So, any regrets from dropping out of college?

CINDY

Not really. It gives me a lot more time to figure out who I am, y'know?

PETER

And who would that be?

Cindy slowly brings her foot to Peter's lap.

CINDY

Whatever you want me to be.

Peter doesn't even flinch. It's in the bag.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peter and Cindy quickly rush inside, making out as they proceed to the bed. A mishmash of limbs and MUFFLED SOUNDS.

In the adjacent window, Daisy slowly brings her head up from the outside.

She pulls out a cell phone and dials.

As Peter and Cindy continue to grab at each other, a RING TONE.

Peter pauses and pulls out his phone. He doesn't recognize the number.

He answers.

PETER
Hello?

No response.

PETER (CONT'D)
Hello?

DAISY (V.O.)
Are you having a good time?

PETER
Who is this?

No response.

He hangs up his phone and goes back to Cindy.

RING TONE.

Peter reluctantly pulls out his phone. He answers.

PETER (CONT'D)
Hello?

DAISY (V.O.)
She seems pretty cute. You didn't
tell me you liked blondes.

Peter's attitude sinks.

PETER
Who the fuck are you?

No response.

Cindy grows hesitant.

CINDY
Who are you talking to?

PETER
It's nobody.

RING TONE.

Peter tries to ignore it. He lets it RING as he nuzzles on Cindy's neck. She's not into it at all.

PETER (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

She holds him away from her neck.

CINDY
I'm not fooling around with someone
who's already hitched.

PETER
Hitched? What are you--

Before he can answer, Cindy rolls off the bed and storms out of the bedroom.

PETER (CONT'D)
Cindy, c'mon!

Suddenly, a LEATHER BAG drops over his face.

BLACKNESS.

A hazy image FADES in and out.

It's Daisy, in nothing but LINGERIE. She slowly approaches Peter on the bed.

She crawls to his lap and unzips his fly.

The image disappears.

Another hazy image, this time of Daisy's head bobbing up and down from his lap.

The image disappears again.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

The morning sun creeps in through the window.

Peter lies in bed, wearing nothing but his sheets and bed spread.

He slowly brings himself awake. He rubs his head in excruciating pain.

Peter brings his hand down and sees BLOOD on his fingertips, which has rubbed to his forehead.

The sight of the blood shakes him, as he reaches under the sheets. He pulls out his hand. More blood.

Peter panics and throws the sheets off.

A massive pool of blood, some of which dried from the night before, centered at his crotch.

Peter stares down. His eyes center on his bare crotch.

Nothing but blood.

Peter SCREAMS. He pats around his crotch. It's most definitely gone.

As Peter gives another agonizing scream, a NOTE lies on his night stand.

IT READS

"Another great night. Thank you for giving me something to remember you by.
Love, Daisy"

CUT TO BLACK.