

MEDEA

Written by

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INT. TARRY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

We focus on a painting of a dark-skin mermaid with short red hair.

TARRY (O.C.)  
Hello? Hello? Can you hear me?

TARRY, 26, sits on a couch. Her phone on her ear

TARRY (CONT'D)  
Hello...

There's an "electric bill due" paper in her hand.

Phone crackles. Her friend, DAMI, 32, on phone.

DAMI (ON PHONE)  
I can hear you now. Reception.

TARRY  
Yeah.

DAMI  
So... are you planning on telling him what you feel about the whole situation?

TARRY  
I don't know, Dami. He will just become aggressive.

DAMI  
Are you serious?

TARRY  
Yeah... i've tried before... you know what happened.

DAMI  
That's why i haven't married. You managed to survive five years plus two years of "prove i went out with a bitch" situations. I thought that guy was the guy.

The door to the house opens.

TARRY  
Dami - i'll call you back.

DAMI  
Is it him?

TARRY  
I'll call you.

Tarry ends the call. FRANKLIN, 34, enters with a brief case in hand.

TARRY (CONT'D)  
Hey Frank welcome.

FRANKLIN  
Thanks.

She heads away.

TARRY  
How was office?

Tarry spots a pink lipstick mark at the back of his shirt.

FRANKLIN  
Good.

He walks off into another room. Tarry sighs.

She rises and heads to the --

INT. TARRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is neatly arranged and colorful.

Tarry stands in the kitchen, looks around. Carries a plate from a cabinet.

She walks to a pot of food on a heater, opens the pot and fetches food into the plate.

She closes the pot, carries a spoon, deeps it in the food and walks out of the kitchen.

INT. TARRY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Tarry enters the bedroom. Franklin is taking off her shoes.

TARRY  
Fried rice.

Franklin continues taking off his shoes.

TARRY (CONT'D)  
Just like you like it.

FRANKLIN

Can't you see that i'm doing something? You didn't even cover the food - how does this make sense.

He glares at her.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Does this make sense to you?

He glares at her. She turns around. About to open the door when -

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Tarry?

Tarry pauses. Hands on the door handle.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

love?

Tarry turns around. A weak expression on her face.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

I...

He rises from his sitting postion.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

I have just been so stressed out at work.

He wraps his hands around her waist - the food in-between them.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Okay?

We can hear Tarry sniffing... CLOSE-UP on Franklin's shirt. Se can smell something from his shirt.

TARRY

Okay.

Franklin takes the food from her.

FRANKLIN

You look hungry. Let's eat together.

Tarry forces a smile on her face.

TARRY  
I'll get a spoon.

Tarry heads out of the --

EXT. BEDROOM - DAY

-- and closes the door behind her. Stands there. A sad look on her face.

We slowly ZOOM IN on her face as her breath is the only thing audible. Her eyes teary.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)  
Tell me about yourself.

TARRY (V.O.)  
I have been making dresses since i was twelve -

INT. LILAH FASHION HOUSE - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Tarry sits opposite from a female interviewer, PAMELA, 30s, beautiful.

TARRY  
- with my mother. She taught me basically everything I know about dresses today - I went to designing school to build up on the skill i had and i'm confident i can make stand-out designs.

Pamela sighs and smiles at the document in front of her.

PAMELA  
What value can you present to Lilah fashion house.

TARRY  
Dedication. I have absolute dedication in my craft - it's almost like an obsession - i do it when i'm happy... i do it when i'm stressed and sad.

Pamela nods slightly.

PAMELA  
Are you encountering any financial struggles?

Tarry goes quiet for while.

TARRY  
No I don't.

PAMELA  
We just want to make sure our  
workers are not over worked.

Tarry nods.

TARRY  
I get it.

PAMELA  
So... are you?...

Tarry sways her head. Quietly tapping her finger on the table  
which Pamela notices.

TARRY  
Absolutely not.

PAMELA  
Marital issues?

Tarry furrows. Pamela smiles.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Okay, thanks for coming.

They both rise. Handshake.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
We'll communicate you whatever we  
think.

TARRY  
Thanks for the opportunity.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Tarry and Dami both sit opposite from eachother eating.

DAMI  
I told you... I told you that those  
people are one the best in the  
world. If you can make dresses that  
standout, make it huge in this  
quarters, you'll be made  
international.

TARRY  
I kind of doubt that.

DAMI  
Why?

TARRY  
She was asking me about bills.

DAMI  
Did she say "bills"?

TARRY  
Whatever, something like that. And marital issues... seriously, who asks such questions in an interview?

DAMI  
The fashion house is a feminist business - Lilah is a women empowerer. She has helped alot of women through the jobs she has given them - that's new to you - that's their way of making sure you're okay.

TARRY  
Right?

DAMI  
Yeah.

They both eat for a while.

DAMI (CONT'D)  
How far? Frank.

Tarry sighs.

TARRY  
He's fine.

Dami stares at her.

TARRY (CONT'D)  
What?

DAMI  
You're not telling me something.

TARRY  
It's just the 'ol the 'ol things.

DAMI

Okay.

Tarry drinks from a cup of water. Her phone rings. "Sallywag calling..."

TARRY

I'll be right back.

Tarry rises and moves to a corner.

TARRY (CONT'D)

Hello?

SCALLYWAG, a man, On Phone:

SCALLYWAG

We agreed three months... three months over and nothing?

TARRY

Sally... sorry. I just got a job in a really good place. I guarantee you in one month time i will make full payment of the...

SCALLYWAG

If you don't give me my money next week, i will do something you never think i would.

The call ends. Tarry takes a deep breath.

TARRY

(whispers)

God.

Tarry returns to dami.

DAMI

Who was that?

TARRY

The person called the wrong number.

EXT/INT. TARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tarry arrives home. Tries to open the door. Locked. She searches for a key in her bag, unlocks the door and enters. Closes the door behind her.

She throws her bag on a couch and sits beside the bag.



Se looks at the walking clock 10'0 clock and ticks...ticks...ticks...

Tarry rises, determination in her eyes. She takes out her phone from her bag and dials Franklin's number.

She paces around as the phone rings, no response. She calls again. The door opens and Franklin enters.

FRANKLIN  
Missing me already?

TARRY  
Oh... you were close.

FRANKLIN  
You just returned?

Tarry notices his shirt unbuttoned. One button gone.

TARRY  
You know I like the perfume you used yesterday.

Franklin smiles at her. Kisses her on the forehead.

FRANKLIN  
Thanks.

TARRY  
Can i use it?

FRANKLIN  
I don't have it.

TARRY  
You must've bought it to have applied it. I know borrowing things is not your thing.

Franklin freezes for while. His smile static.

FRANKLIN  
I left it at work... beacause of you.

Tarry makes a short pretensive laughter.

TARRY  
I'll go microwave the food i made before leaving.

FRANKLIN  
I'll buy you one.

Tarry chuckles and walks away for the kitchen. Franklin goes to the bedroom.

INT. TARRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tarry stands in front of a running microwave that has food in it.

The warm glow from the microwave over her face. She taps her foot on the ground. Looks around. Stares at a knife on the counter. Stares.

Faint and muffled imagination:

TARRY (V.O.)  
Tell me who it is!

FRANKLIN (V.O.)  
Okay! Okay! I will.

Tarry walks to the knife and picks it up - she quickly returns the knife back and runs her finger through her hair.

TARRY  
(whispers)  
Oh god. What the hell was that?

She heads back to the microwave and opens it.

INT. TARRY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tarry lies down on the bed. Facing opposite from Franklin. Seems to be sleeping.

FRANKLIN (V.O.)  
Give birth to a child first... then  
i'll start a business for you...

FADE TO:

INT. SAME - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Tarry stares at Franklin with tears in her eyes.

FRANKLIN  
Give me a reason to start a  
business for you! I'm over thirty!  
I have younger ones who have  
children! I don't have children!  
What's the gain?

Flashback ends.

FADE BACK TO:

INT. SAME - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]

Tarry's eyes are wide open. Still in the same position. She looks at franklin who is backing her and returns to her normal position.

Something glows to life down beside her side of the bed. She looks down and carries it. Her phone. A mail. She enters the mail. Her eyes brighten. Smiles.

"Congratulations Mrs. Fanklin, you have been hired for the position of junior designer at Lilah fashion house. Your resumption date is 23rd of May."

Tarry sits up. Excited, taps franklin.

TARRY

Frank.

She taps him again.

TARRY (CONT'D)

Frank?

Franklin wakes faces her.

FRANKLIN

What?

TARRY

I got a job. A got a job from...

FRANKLIN

Why couldn't you just wait till...  
i'm feeling sleepy. I'm sorry, i  
have work to do.

Franklin lies down, goes back to sleep. Tarry stares at him. Biting the corner of her lip in shame.

Tarry lies down.

INT. TARRY'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY

Tarry, in a bright colored dress, sits on a couch wearing her earring. She then wears her shoes.

Franklin comes out. Slows down his pace.

FRANKLIN

Where to?

TARRY

Out.

FRANKLIN

Where?

Tarry turns to him.

TARRY

Really?

FRANKLIN

What?

Tarry takes a deep breath.

TARRY

I told you last night that I have been employed at...

FRANKLIN

I'm not surprised. You always get accepted for jobs all the time.

Tarry's jaw slightly drops. Franklin approaches her.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

I trust you. You will do well on your first day.

He kisses her on the lip.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Drop you off?

Tarry shakes her head "no"

Franklin walks to the door, opens and leaves.

Tarry blinks her tears back in. Sniffs. Adjusts her dress. Heads to the door. Opens. Leaves.

INT. LILAH FASHION HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR

Tarry enters the building. The first floor. Magnificent dresses arranged uniformly in mannequins.

She walks around. Looks around. As Tarry looks around, there's a female figure watching her from the second floor which is just a staircase away.

Pamela approaches Tarry.

PAMELA  
There you are. Tarry.

Tarry turns around. Tarry stretches her hand forward for a hand shake but Pamela dodges the handshake for a hug.

TARRY  
Oh! Okay.

Pamela leans back.

PAMELA  
Welcome home.

TARRY  
Thanks.

PAMELA  
So, as we've been doing for decades, every new designer must make a dress on their first day.

Tarry's jaw drops.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Yes. Art comes from the unexpected - you know what i mean?

Pamela places her hands on tarry's shoulders.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
These dresses... if Lilah likes them...

TARRY  
Lilah?

PAMELA  
Yes.

TARRY  
You mean Lilah opus.

PAMELA  
Your dress will make it's way straight to runway.

Tarry looks excited.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Are you ready for this?

TARRY

Yes... yes...

PAMELA

Come with me.

Pamela walks and tarry follows. The female figure watches from above. It's LILAH OPUS, 45, upright statures, red lips, authoritative stare.

INT. LILAH FASHION HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - LATER

Tarry pins a black fabric onto a mannequin. Making a dress with so much dedication. Measures the waist line of the mannequin, drops the tape and continues pinning the fabric.

Tarry stands straight. Admires her dress. A smile on her face.

FRANKLIN (V.O.)

I'm not surprised. You always get accepted for jobs all the time.

Tarry's smile quenches.

FRANKLIN (V.O.)

I'm not surprised. You always get accepted for jobs all the time.

Tarry takes up a scissors and trims a part of the dress. She sighs and drops the scissors back on in frustration.

She reaches for her phone dials Franklin's number. Heads away. Lilah watches from the second floor.

INT. LILAH FASHION HOUSE - RESTROOM - DAY

Tarry enters the rest room and locks the door. Her phone rings... rings...rings...

FRANKLIN (ON PHONE)

Hey love.

TARRY

Hey.

FRANKLIN

I'm about to attend a meeting.

TARRY

There's something i want to talk to about.

FRANKLIN

What?

TARRY

What has been happening between the both of us. It's healthy. It's not okay.

FRANKLIN

But we're okay. What are you talking about.

He chuckles.

TARRY

We have been hiding things from eachother.

FRANKLIN

Really? What have you been hiding.

Tarry is short of words.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

See? It's all you.

TARRY

Franklin, it's not all about me - you have been doing things that are not okay.

FRANKLIN

Like what?

TARRY

You shirt... there was a lipstick mark on it.

FRANKLIN

I though you'd see it.

TARRY

Excuse me?

FRANKLIN

I don't have anything to explain. Not now, not ever.

TARRY

Frank!

FRANKLIN

Shut the fuck up - I'm having a meeting.

Franklin ends the call.

TARRY

Frank!

Tarry tightens her grip on her phone. tightens her grip harder - her hand shaking. Harder and the screen cracks.

She moans and quickly covers her mouth - tears uncontrollable.

She squats and continues crying.

A smooth feminine voice from outside the rest room:

VOICE (O.S.)

Anyone there?

Tarry springs up and wipes her tears.

Tarry heads to the door, adjusts her dress and unlocks the door. She pauses after spotting Lilah Opus.

Tarry wipes her tears.

TARRY

I'm sorry - Lilah - sorry madam opus.

LILAH

Nice to meet you. What's your name?

TARRY

Tarry.

LILAH

Tarry... what are you here for?

TARRY

I'm sorry, i'll just go back to work.

LILAH

Your first day?

TARRY

Yes ma'am.

LILAH

Your eyes are not looking okay.

TARRY

I'm sorry, something got into it?



LILAH  
What?

TARRY  
Uh... an insect.

LILAH  
... Is that why you locked the door?

Tarry is short of words.

LILAH (CONT'D)  
I was feeling to pressed.

TARRY  
I'm sorry, ma'am.

LILAH  
You don't have to be sorry. You tell me what's really going on with you.

Tarry hesitates to speak.

LILAH (CONT'D)  
You were on phone with somebody - correct?

Lilah places her hands on tarry's shoulders.

LILAH (CONT'D)  
You can tell me...

CLOSE-UP on Lilah's lips. A whisper - loud and breathy.

LILAH (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Say... it...

Tarry's tears return. She fails to hold it back.

TARRY  
It was my husband.

Lilah sighs.

LILAH  
How about him?

TARRY  
I don't want to bother you with my problems - it's my first day here.

LILAH  
Your dress will go to runway.

TARRY  
Really?

LILAH  
Yes... Tell me.

TARRY  
We've been having issues in our marriage. I have been suspecting...

LILAH  
He's cheating on you?

Tarry goes quiet.

There's a glimpse of sadness in Lilah's expression looking at tarry.

LILAH (CONT'D)  
Why not leave him?

TARRY  
I did. It wasn't good for me. If I do now, I'll... I'll suffer.

LILAH  
No you won't.

TARRY  
I'm sorry, you don't understand.

LILAH  
I do.

Beat.

Lilah looks sad. She holds Tarry's hands.

LILAH (CONT'D)  
I know this is a lot for you. But you have to think of what's best for you at this point.

Tarry nods.

LILAH (CONT'D)  
Wipe your tears.

Tarry wipes her tears.

LILAH (CONT'D)  
Go do your thing. Don't cry okay?

TARRY  
Thanks a lot.

Lilah nods.

LILAH  
See you.

Lilah enters the bathroom. Tarry walks away.

INT. LILAH FASHION HOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - DAY

Lilah approaches the dress she was making. She stares at it. An expression of determination forms. Carries a scissors and get back to work.

She finely trims some parts, merges some parts, remove, measure, cut, pin.

-- A clock ticks from 11am to 3pm.

Pamela stands in front of an already finished black dress made by tarry. Tarry waits for Pamela to speak.

Pamela circles around the dress. Hums.

PAMELA  
Fair enough.

Pamela faces Tarry.

PAMELA (CONT'D)  
Lilah will see this. Great job.

TARRY  
Thanks.

PAMELA  
(playfully)  
Thank YOU.

Pamela walks off. There's a smile on tarry's face.

PAMELA (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Amara! Bring this upstairs! Don't waste my time!

Tarry's smile is uncontrollable.

AMARA, 21, glasses on, approaches Tarry.

AMARA  
Hi, this is for you.

Amara hands a sealed paper to Tarry.

TARRY  
Thanks, what's...

AMARA  
Your dress is marvelous.

TARRY  
Thank you.

AMARA  
I made mine - Pamela said I need improvement. So I've lost a chance at Broadway.

TARRY  
Runway.

AMARA  
Runway.

Amara chuckles.

AMARA (CONT'D)  
I'm taking the dress up.

Tarry nods.

Amara carries the mannequin and struggles away. Tarry looks at the sealed paper.

Tarry carries her bag and heads out.

INT. EATRY - DAY

Tarry sits on a chair in an eatry holding a plate of a single burger. Places the plate on the table.

She takes a bite of the burger. Savors the taste - her expression showing how delicious the burger is. Moaning with her eyes closed and brows raised.

Tarry gradually keeps the burger on the plate and reaches for her phone. Dials Dami's number.

TARRY  
Hello babe.

Dami on phone.

DAMI  
Hey girl, you sound bright.

TARRY  
I'm eating burger.

DAMI  
Crazy how you're still slim.

The sealed note. Still sealed is inside Tarry's bag.

TARRY  
I haven't eaten this thing in days.

DAMI  
Suit yourself.

Tarry smiles.

DAMI (CONT'D)  
Gist me... your first day at Lilah  
fashion house.

TARRY  
It was amazing.

DAMI  
Does sound like it.

TARRY  
Guess what?

DAMI  
You lost your job.

TARRY  
What the hell, Dami?

DAMI  
Joking.

TARRY  
Lilah Opus accepted my dress for  
runway.

DAMI  
Tarry?

TARRY  
Yes?

DAMI  
Runway? Right away?

TARRY

That's what they do for any new designer that makes a design that they like.

DAMI

(low)

That's crazy. Congrats.

TARRY

Are you okay?

DAMI

Yeah... I am VERY okay.

(then)

Frank?

TARRY

You said?

DAMI

Franklin.

TARRY

What about him?

DAMI

Are you guys okay now?

TARRY

I don't really want to talk about him now.

DAMI

Why?

TARRY

He's the last person i want to talk about now. I'm celebrating.

DAMI

Fair enough. Where are you? Let's go somewhere.

TARRY

Text you the address.

EXT. TARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tarry steps towards the door. Stops. She turns the door handle. The door is unlocked. She swallows and takes a deep breath. She closes the door back.

Tarry stares at the door. Scared.

She puts her hand in her bag and takes out the sealed paper. Opens it. We don't see what's written. She does.

During a long while of silence, Tarry's breath steadies... She gently returns the paper into the bag... Her head upright... her eyes... Daring.

She opens the door and enters...

INT. TARRY'S HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

... Closes the door behind her.

No one is in the living room. She looks around.

She walks to the to the --

I/E. TARRY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

-- and opens the door. No one. She furrows. she leaves for the --

I/E. TARRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

-- and opens the door. Franklin is frying eggs. He pauses to look at her.

She walks in and closes the door behind her.

FRANKLIN  
You're late.

She moves closer.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)  
Didn't you...

TARRY  
(shushes)  
Shhh...

She places her index finger on his lip and moves closer. Too close now. She kisses him. A short between the both of them and they both kiss through the kitchen scattering plates to the ground. The eggs sizzling into a dark brown color. they continue. The eggs burning. They continue.