

JACK AND DIANNE

By

(JOHNNY GALVAN 3)

Heyjohnkos@yahoo.com
909-319-1927

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

The home is quite lovely, with the furniture being overpriced. There are no specific photos of anyone inside. The pantries are fully stocked and in perfect order.

DIANNE, a white, bright-eyed young woman with a large smile and perfect hair and teeth, walks into the kitchen wearing a lovely vintage-style dress cut just above her knees.

Her apron says, "Life is good." She toasts a few pieces of bread as she hums to herself. ARNOLD, her large German Shepherd, nudges her.

DIANNE
Fine, but just one, okay?

Arnold sits politely.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Paw.

Arnold places his paw into her hand.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Play dead.

Arnold rolls over and plays dead.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Good boy.

She hands Arnold a piece of bread.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Only boy I can depend on.

She takes the toasted bread out then checks her watch.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
You have a few more minutes or
you're going in this oven too.

She begins making two lattes with her expensive Italian coffee machine. After pushing a few buttons, the steam starts to blow and pour into two cups. She checks the oven for her freshly baked cookies. She grabs the two coffees and places them on the counter.

Reaching for cinnamon and a black spice, she sprinkles cinnamon into both coffees. Smiling widely, she checks her watch.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
You have two more minutes.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

A blue luxury car pulls up quickly. JACK, a young Hispanic man with a bright smile, steps out and walks to the trunk. He has a confidence about him but not enough to be arrogant. He's wearing a polo shirt, jeans, and a sports watch.

Jack checks his phone, and Dianne's photo pops up. He locks his phone, checks his reflection, and ensures his hair is perfectly in place.

Humming, he pops open the trunk and opens a leather bag, revealing a plethora of perfectly sharp knives. Jack smiles widely, then closes the bag and the trunk.

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

The doorbell rings as Dianne sets the dining table. Arnold begins to bark and run toward the door. She checks her watch.

DIANNE
Hmm. On time.

She walks toward the back room.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
In, Arnold.

The dog runs directly toward her and enters the room. She shuts the door behind him and walks toward the front door.

She checks her reflection in a small mirror by the door, smiles widely, and takes off her apron, hanging it up gently. She opens the door to find a smiling Jack standing there.

JACK
I'm Jack.

DIANNE
Dianne.

JACK
Two American kids.

JACK AND DIANNE
Doing the best we can.

They both share a laugh and a wide smile.

DIANNE
Well, come on in.

He walks past her, and she can't help but stare a bit. She covers her large smile as he turns toward her.

JACK
I got you these.

DIANNE
And what are they?

JACK
Cutlery.

DIANNE
Wow okay. Never been given a set of knives before. Especially on the first date.

JACK
They're Amnesty brand. The sharpest knives you can buy.

He peruses around.

JACK (CONT'D)
You can chop up just about anything. I'm a knife salesman.

DIANNE
Don't hear that every day?

He continues looking about.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
My last date gave me lingerie. And it was the wrong size too.

JACK
What a dick.

She mimics slitting her throat.

DIANNE
Right.

JACK

But from the photos on the app, you don't look like a flowers and candy kind of gal either.

DIANNE

Most guys just assume that all us gals like dead flowers in a vase.

She sets the knives down on the table.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

But I do feel awkward now.

JACK

Why?

DIANNE

Because I didn't get you anything, silly. My mother raised me better than that.

JACK

A coffee is fine. And if that's cookies I smell, I'll take a few.

DIANNE

Come have a seat. I don't bite... much.

A large bark and growl emanates from the back room.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

But my dog does.

They share a short laugh. He takes a seat as she places the two coffees down.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

Hope you like it. Just as you requested I hope.

He continues to look around, then realizes she's watching him.

JACK

Oh, my bad. My mommy says I'm a bit intrusive.

DIANNE

That's funny. My mother used to call me Snoopy.

They look at each other as they both take a sip. She then turns toward the kitchen, checking her watch as she heads for the oven. He chokes a bit and spits his coffee back into his cup.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
I'll get you another.

He coughs again.

JACK
I must be allergic to something in it.

He smiles at her.

JACK (CONT'D)
You live here all by yourself?

She looks towards him.

DIANNE
Yes, of course I do. Why do you ask such a thing?

JACK
Meant no offense. It's just such a large home for a pretty girl such as yourself to be alone in, especially on the first date.

She turns and gives him an angry look as she takes a sip.

DIANNE
I manage fine on my own, thanks. Women don't always need a guy to take care of them you know. Besides, I do have Arnold.

JACK
I come in peace, I swear. And who's Arnold if I may ask?

DIANNE
My large German Shepherd in the back room.

JACK
I'm sure Arnold does a good job of looking after you.

Jack starts to hum. Dianne pops up from the kitchen.

DIANNE
Wait a sec. What are you humming?

JACK
Sorry, I hum when I get nervous.

She places the toast down.

DIANNE
I think I do too.

JACK
You think you do?

DIANNE
What were you humming if you don't
mind me asking?

JACK
I think it's the band Sigur Ros.

She drops her tray on the table.

DIANNE
I freaking love that band... Wait.
So where are they from if you're
really into them?

JACK
Iceland. They speak Hoplandic. You
really like them too?

DIANNE
Holy crap. Yes I adore them.

JACK
What's your favorite song? I can't
get enough of Hoppipolla.

DIANNE
LOVE THAT SONG. Mine is Olsen
Olsen.

JACK
I freaking dig that song.

She joins him at the table.

DIANNE
Have you been to Iceland?

JACK
Yeah, my god, it's my favorite
place on earth.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
Blindfold me and throw me out of a plane but as long as I land there I'm good.

DIANNE
I've been like five times. It's anything and everything to me.

JACK
And the people?!

DIANNE
The people are so cool.

JACK
They are... Hey, where's the bathroom?

She gives him a long, almost trance-like look.

JACK (CONT'D)
Bathroom?

She snaps out of it.

DIANNE
Bathroom, yes, down the hall.

Jack makes his way down the hall.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Jack turns the water on full blast as he takes a long look at himself in the mirror, beginning to talk to himself.

JACK
Oh my god, she can't be the one. She's so different. She's oh-my-god pretty. And a Sigur Ros lover. Dammit. What do I do? I've never been in this situation before.

He looks down.

JACK (CONT'D)
No way it's her.

A sudden knock on the door.

DIANNE (O.S.)
You okay in there? Need anything?

JACK
Got the runs, sorry.

DIANNE (O.S.)
Umm. Okay.

He whispers to himself.

JACK
Why the fuck would I say that?

He stops the water then walks out.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

As soon as the door opens, there she stands. Jack takes a step back.

JACK
How long were you at the door?

DIANNE
Just a sec... Some air freshener maybe?

JACK
Yes please.

DIANNE
Right on the top shelf.

She smiles widely, then walks away. Jack whispers to himself.

JACK
Why the fuck would I say yes to that?... Dropping fake deuces in her house.

He walks out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dianne sits at the dining table, sipping her coffee. Jack makes his way over.

JACK
So, how long have you been on the dating app?

DIANNE
Just once before.

JACK

Really?

She sets down her coffee.

DIANNE

Yeah. Why, Do I look like a slut or something to you?

JACK

No, not at all. Just most girls seem to say the same thing is all.

DIANNE

So I take it you get around on the dating app?

JACK

No I don't.

DIANNE

That's not what it sounds like to me.

JACK

Well I don't think you're telling me the truth about this being your second time on the app either.

She stands and raises her voice.

DIANNE

Why would you say that? You calling me a liar?

Her dog begins to bark loudly in the background.

JACK

No. Not at all, Dianne.

DIANNE

Then why would you say that?

The large dog runs full speed from the bedroom toward Jack. Dianne gives a devilish grin. Jack stands tall. As the dog approaches, he gives a stern voice toward the dog.

JACK

ARNOLD, SIT.

The dog suddenly sits. Dianne stands, stunned.

JACK (CONT'D)

Now go back to your room.

The dog cowers and cries as it retreats back.

JACK (CONT'D)
You okay?

Dianne snaps out of her shock.

DIANNE
Yes, yeah. Just, wow, wasn't
expecting you to not run or get
scared of my Arnold.

JACK
Did you want me to get scared?

DIANNE
No, of course not. Just most people
tend to dislike big dogs like my
Arnold.

She starts to hum.

JACK
You humming?

DIANNE
No.

She walks away.

JACK
Where you going?

DIANNE
Too.

She heads into the restroom.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Take a big crap.

She rolls her eyes.

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

Dianne sits on the toilet seat, biting her fingernails.

DIANNE
Did I just say I'm crapping? Why am
I so nervous? Girl, snap out of it.
Get it together.

She stands. Then sits. Then stands.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
 What is wrong with me? Eye of the
 tiger, girl.

She stomps her feet.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
 Not this one. He's so cute.

A sudden knock on the door.

JACK (O.S.)
 You okay in there?

DIANNE
 I'm fine, just pooping stuff.

She whispers to herself.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
 Dianne, what the holy F.

JACK (O.S.)
 Me and Arnold just hanging out.

DIANNE
 Be right there.

JACK (V.O.)
 Sounds like number one and two?

DIANNE
 JUST NUMBER TWO.

She hits her legs in frustration.

He walks away from the door. She whispers to herself.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
 Number freaking two. Why in hell
 would I say that?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jack is sitting at the table with Arnold lying down at his feet. As Dianne walks in, she pauses.

DIANNE
 Come here, Arnold.

Arnold doesn't budge.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
I SAID COME HERE.

Arnold looks to Jack.

JACK
Go on, boy.

Arnold walks toward Dianne.

DIANNE
Go in your room, Arnold.

Arnold looks toward Jack.

JACK
Listen to your mommy. Go on.

Arnold heads toward the back room.

DIANNE
Did you give my dog some crack or something? A special treat behind my back maybe?

JACK
No. Just being my sweet ol' self.

DIANNE
Is that right?

She walks toward the table and opens the knife set.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
How do I know these ain't a knockoff brand?

She touches a knife and instantly pricks her finger.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Nice.

Jack quickly grabs her finger. They make eye contact, and he puts her bloody finger in his mouth. They stare deeply at each other.

JACK
You gonna live?

DIANNE
I can handle a little knife wound.

JACK
It's okay, most women can't.

DIANNE

Screw that, I'm not like most women
Jack.

They both eye the knives.

They both reach for the biggest knife, but Dianne grabs it first. She throws it towards him, only inches away from his face.

They both look behind Jack to see the knife plunged into a rat on the wall.

JACK

Whoa. Incredible.

DIANNE

That sucker has been keeping me and
Arnold up all this darn week.

JACK

Where'd you learn to do that?

DIANNE

You're looking at the old Calabasas
knife-throwing champion.

Jack grabs the knife and the rat. He calmly places the rat in the trash can, never losing eye contact with her.

She gazes at the table where the knives are. As he holds the bloody knife, he gazes at her. They stare at each other with great intensity.

A LOUD thump is heard in the backyard.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

Those darn cats again I bet.

Jack places the knife back into its sleeve.

JACK

You're a beautiful woman and can
throw a knife. My dream girl.

DIANNE

Is that right?

Another LOUD thump is heard in the backyard.

JACK

What is that? Is there someone else
here? An ex boyfriend maybe?

She nervously answers.

DIANNE
No. Probably just that darn cat
from next door again.

Another loud thump is heard in the background.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
I think I'm gonna go check on that.

Jack stands.

JACK
I'll go with you.

She pushes him back down.

DIANNE
You sit. Enjoy your coffee. I'll be
right back. My house, right?

She heads outside and quickly disappears. Jack looks out but doesn't see her. He walks around her place, talking to himself.

JACK
There's no photos of yourself
anywhere, is there?

He checks her cupboards and opens the fridge briefly.

JACK (CONT'D)
Vegetarian maybe?

A few loud thumps are heard in the background. He walks toward the door leading outside and opens it.

JACK (CONT'D)
YOU OKAY OUT THERE?

DIANNE (O.S.)
Just fine, thank you.

He closes the door, takes a seat, and opens his phone's browser. He types in the house address: 1654 Baltimore. Several things come up on the screen, including one page stating she's a doctor and another saying she's a lawyer.

JACK
Who are you, Dianne?

He taps on the address, and a photo of another woman pops up.

JACK (CONT'D)
That's so not you.

He opens the oven to see the freshly baked cookies, just about to take one, when Dianne suddenly appears.

DIANNE
Don't you dare, buddy. I worked all night preparing those.

He stops in his tracks as she appears angry.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Those are not ready! They have to be served at a very specific temperature, you get me?

JACK
Hey, relax it's just a cookie.

DIANNE
Don't tell me to relax.

Jack touches her face softly.

JACK
You okay, Dianne?

She shakes her head.

DIANNE
Yes. Just don't touch the cookies until I give them to you okay?

JACK
Wow. A bit much of a reaction over just some cookies.

Dianne closes the oven, then quickly opens it again.

DIANNE
You know what? Have a seat. You want some? I'll get you a few. Actually, my mother's recipe. You're so gonna love them.

JACK
My mommy says white women and chocolate chips are gonna be my downfall.

DIANNE
Mommy, huh?

He walks away as she brings the cookies out of the oven. She sets them on the table and grabs the cinnamon spice, dousing the cookies with it.

She walks toward the dining table, then stops.

JACK
Everything good?

DIANNE
Yes, ah, just getting a call from
my mother.

She places the cookies down then picks up the phone.

JACK
Then you better answer.

She walks to the hallway.

DIANNE
HEY, Mother.

She nervously walks up and down the hallway.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
I'm on sort of a date.

She bites on her nails.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Not sure I can right now... Mother
no. So not going to do that right
now... Mother, stop it, please.

She checks her teeth in a mirror.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Mother! But I like this one.

She walks to the edge of the hallway with Jack in sight,
sipping his coffee.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Yes he's cute. And so far we have
some things in common...Okay, Mom,
love you too.

She heads back over to the dining table.

JACK
And I thought mine was intrusive.

DIANNE
She's a bit much.

Jack reaches to put a cookie in his mouth.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Hey, wait.

She swats the cookie away, then quickly grabs it from the floor.

JACK
Holy crap, Dianne, it's just a
cookie for god's sake.

He stands.

JACK (CONT'D)
You were about to give me one
before your mom called.

She stutters.

DIANNE
It is. They are... But I just
realized I promised them to my team
mom meeting tonight.

JACK
Team mom? Wait, You got kids? You
didn't tell me.

DIANNE
No. Gross. I don't have kids.

JACK
Do you want kids?

He approaches her, standing just inches from her.

DIANNE
No. Not at all. You?

JACK
No. Can't stand them.

DIANNE
Right.

He spots something on her neck. He gently pulls her hair back and touches it.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
What's that?

He examines it closely.

JACK
It's blood... You bleeding?

DIANNE
Probably nicked myself when I was
outside.

She walks toward the mirror and starts to wipe the small drop
of blood from her neck.

JACK
You need help?

DIANNE
I'm fine, just a small scratch. I
can take perfectly good care of
myself thank you.

He holds her hair back.

JACK
Let me help.

She steps to his face angrily.

DIANNE
I said back off! I got this.

He puts his hands up then backs away.

JACK
Just trying to help. But I get it.

DIANNE
Yes, I'm. Sorry.

An older white woman named Trudy walks through the front
door, cane in hand. She is dressed in expensive clothes and
strides in as though she owns the place.

TRUDY
Who the heck are you two?

DIANNE
I'm the new owner.

TRUDY
New owner?

DIANNE
Like I said.

TRUDY
And it's the same key?

DIANNE
Looks like it.

TRUDY
And the same furniture?

DIANNE
Bought it as is.

TRUDY
Odd.

DIANNE
Not really lady.

JACK
Excuse me for a sec.

Jack walks away, and enters the bathroom.

TRUDY
Do you know who Mondo is?

DIANNE
Never heard of him. I think you
better leave now.

TRUDY
Not sure I am.

INT. BATHROOM- DAY

Jack stands at the mirror, speaking softly as he picks up his
phone.

JACK
Hey Mommy, just checking in.

He bites his nails.

JACK (CONT'D)
No, it can't be Mommy. This girl,
she's so cool. A little erratic,
but cool. And she's crazy pretty.
Got the best smile and laugh.

He paces around the bathroom.

JACK (CONT'D)
Mommy, I will, I promise... Yes,
I'll be there later. Fine. Yes, you
can track me down if I don't make
it there.

A loud thump is heard in the background. He stops to listen.

JACK (CONT'D)
Mommy, no, I like this one.

He paces around.

JACK (CONT'D)
Mommy, no, not right now. I said no
Mommy. Goodbye.

He hangs up.

INT. LIVING ROOM- DAY

Jack enters the room. Dianne walks in from the back yard.

JACK
Where's that crazy lady at?

DIANNE
Oh' she left. Had to go. Left in a
real big hurry.

Jack walks past Dianne and heads to the edge of the couch.

JACK
Why would she leave her cane?

He lifts her cane.

JACK (CONT'D)
They make Prada canes?

DIANNE
Well, that's a bit ableist.

JACK
Where she go?

DIANNE
Like I said, she left in a hurry.

She walks toward the bathroom.

JACK
Where you going?

DIANNE
Got the shits.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Dianne sits on the toilet, checking her phone. She looks at her cell phone photo, copies his license plate, then clicks for a background check with his name.

DIANNE
Did I say 'got the shits'?

The background light blinks. She crinkles her nose, then leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jack swallows about five cookies one after another, then wipes the crumbs away quickly. He places the remaining cookies just right, disguising the missing ones.

She walks out to Jack looking out the window.

DIANNE
What you looking at?

JACK
I thought I saw something move in the bushes over there. And I thought you had the runs?

She walks up quickly.

DIANNE
Really, where? And no, just gas.

She closes her eyes and shakes her head.

JACK
Should I go take a look?

DIANNE
You think I can't take care of myself? I can't handle a situation such as a possible movement in the bushes from most likely a cat or a stupid squirrel?

JACK

What if it's an intruder?

DIANNE

Not all us women need a knight in shining armor, Jack. Most women, if you give them a chance, will rise up to any occasion.

He gets close to her and makes eye contact.

JACK

I bet you could very much take care of yourself. I saw what you did to that gigantic rat.

He leans in to kiss her, but suddenly, there's a knock on the door.

DIANNE

Would you mind getting that? Just tell them we don't want any. I'll check on the moving bush.

JACK

Yeah, no sweat.

She walks outside, storming towards the bushes.

Jack heads for the door. Upon opening it, he finds LAURA standing on the other side, an older woman with large glasses that seem to swallow her head, sporting fashionable red hair and a matching purse.

LAURA

Who are you, asshole?

JACK

Was just about to ask you the same thing, lady.

LAURA

Where is Alexandra? I'm looking for my cat Jinx and my brother.

JACK

No Alexandra here. Just a Dianne.

LAURA

I'm coming in.

JACK

Oh no, you're not.

She takes a few steps forward while Jack stands his ground.

LAURA
Let me past, asshole.

Jack's demeanor turns serious.

JACK
Listen to me, lady. You're not coming in. And you're definitely not pushing your way in here.

She leans in.

LAURA
I'm coming in now, dickwad.

JACK
What's your problem, lady.

She pauses then backs up.

LAURA
I need to talk to Alexandra now.

Dianne walks to the door.

DIANNE
Can I help you?

LAURA
Where is Alexandra?

DIANNE
I think you're thinking of the old owner. Getting this a lot lately. Because this is my house. I live here by myself.

LAURA
Alexandra would have never sold the house without telling me. I saw no sale sign, no damn moving truck.

She looks toward Dianne's face.

DIANNE
What is that?... Blood?

Jack touches her face then puts it in his mouth.

JACK
Food coloring. Yum.

Dianne walks inches from Laura.

DIANNE

Bitch. I said -- this house is mine. I live here. Move along. Bye-bye now.

She closes the door on her.

They walk toward the dining room.

JACK

That was blood on your face.

DIANNE

You sure?

JACK

Yeah. And that was the second time today.

DIANNE

Confession.

Jack takes a seat while Dianne stands, nervously fidgeting with her hands.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

I was in the back checking the noise in the bushes, when all of a sudden, a F'n monster cat comes out of nowhere at me. His paws were huge like a jungle cat.

JACK

Holy shit. What did you do?

DIANNE

So this cat is now attached to my face. Yes, my freaking face. And I did what any other person would do.

JACK

Which is?

DIANNE

I messed that cat bitch up.

JACK

Holy shit.

DIANNE

I kept pushing the cat off of me.
But that little shit kept coming at
me like I murdered its mother.

JACK

Damn.

DIANNE

I punched that whiskered little
bastard until I couldn't anymore.

Jack stands.

JACK

Is it dead?

DIANNE

No, he ran off. He even looked back
at me like "Bitch I'll be back."

JACK

Shit, you okay?

DIANNE

I'm fine. I'm Gonna go freshen up.
Hope you don't mind.

JACK

No please, I get it.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Dianne sits on the toilet seat with her clothes on, biting
her nails.

DIANNE

Get it together, girl. What the
hell am I doing? What are you
talking about?

She walks to the mirror and cleans off her face.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

I went with, I punched, I strangled
a freaking cat? Jesus. Could have
said squirrel or even a damn
possum. Come on girl, get your shit
together. It's just another guy.

She checks her phone; the background checker still displays
the words 'searching results'.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jack wipes crumbs off of his chest quickly as Dianne enters the room.

DIANNE
Hi.

JACK
You okay, love?

She smiles.

DIANNE
It's fine thanks. Took me a while to get all the cat brains out of my hair and shirt.

Jack's eyes just about pop out of his head.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Kidding...

JACK
Actually, I hate cats. Got attacked by a gang of cats when I was a young kid.

DIANNE
By like a cat street gang? Oh I heard of those around here. They're vicious.

JACK
They even had little bandanas on.

She smiles wide.

JACK (CONT'D)
Low riders and everything.

They share a laugh.

JACK (CONT'D)
I love your smile.

She attempts to cover her smile.

DIANNE
Are you a football guy? You sit in front of a TV all day watching highlights on the weekends?

JACK
No. But I played soccer in school.

She punches his arm.

DIANNE
Get the F out of here. I did too...
Okay, what's your team?

JACK
Real Madrid of course.

She punches his arm again.

DIANNE
Are you crapping me? That's my team
too. Vinicius, oh my god.

They high-five.

JACK
Vinicius, he's the man.

DIANNE
Isn't he? Oh my god. The coolest.

Jack closes his eyes for a few seconds then shakes his head.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
You okay?

JACK
Fine. I'm good.

She pours a glass of water. He nods off for a second. She hands it to him, and he grabs her arm.

DIANNE
Hey. What are you doing?

He looks at an old scar on her upper arm.

JACK
I have a similar scar.

She pulls away quickly.

DIANNE
You couldn't possibly. You don't
know me, Jack.

JACK
I said I know your scar, not you.

He begins to slur his speech slightly.

JACK (CONT'D)
I get you Dianne.

She stops and stares at him with an angry look and voice.

DIANNE
Nope. No you don't.

Jack nods off then wakes up.

JACK
Mine was done by a bad man. How about you?

She stands angrily.

DIANNE
You couldn't possibly understand me, asshole. No damn way. Stop trying to get into my head, Jack.

They make eye contact.

QUICK FLASHES OF DIANNE

--THROWING JACK IN OVEN

--BLOOD FLOODING THROUGH THE KITCHEN

--BLOOD FILLING UP A BATHTUB WITH HER IN IT

--BLOOD ON THE MIRRORS AS SHE LOOKS AT HER REFLECTION

QUICK FLASHES OVER

He touches her face gently. She calms down.

JACK
It's okay. I get it. You're not mad at me, you're mad at the world.

She wipes a tear from her eye.

DIANNE
It was from a...

He leans in to kiss her but passes out cold onto the floor before reaching her lips.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
JACK!

She checks his throat. It's swollen and his eyes are rolled back. She punches his arm and chest.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
I was just starting to like you.
What did you do?

She runs to the cookies and counts them.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Stupid boy! You ate them. Why would
you do that? I said no.

She walks over and kicks him a few times.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
I told you no, dummy. This is on
you. I tried to stop you, didn't I?

She paces the room and picks up her phone.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Hey, Mother. I need to tell you
something. And before I do, you
have to promise not to freak out.

She bites her nails.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Mother, can't you ever just listen
to me? Why do you always have to
jump to conclusions? JUST LISTEN TO
ME.

She stares at Jack's body.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
But I liked this one, Mother.

She kicks Jack hard.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
You know what? I'm good. I can
handle this shit all by myself...
Yes, Mother, all by my little self.
I'm hanging up now Mother... Good
Bye.

She hangs up and takes out cleaning chemicals from under the sink.

A sudden loud knock on the front door is heard in the background. She checks her phone; the background checker says "Ten years in Juarez prison."

DIANNE (CONT'D)

You did ten years Jack? I wonder for what? Now I have to deal with this drama. I swear if this is another neighbor...

She places pillows and a throw blanket over Jack's body. Another loud knock is heard. She walks toward the door, checks her face, and then answers it. On the other side is Laura with a ticked-off look on her face.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

What could you possibly want now? I'm dealing with something.

LAURA

Well, now you're dealing with me, bitch. I'm coming in and taking a look around. I know my brother's in there. And I know you have my cat. What kind of bitch takes someone's cat by the way?

DIANNE

No. Hell no, you're not coming in here searching for people and cats.

LAURA

I know you had something to do with them missing, bitch.

DIANNE

Why would they be here?

LAURA

My brother said he was coming here yesterday and he hasn't been home since. I'm pissed and worried.

DIANNE

He hasn't been here, sorry. Can't help you. Try calling the cops.

Laura gives a long, hard stare, then takes a step forward.

LAURA

Maybe he's your type. And I wanna know if he's in here. Now!

She walks toward the door.

DIANNE

Fine. You're right, come in.

Laura enters and passes by Dianne.

LAURA
So he is here? Where's he at?

She enters the living room.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I knew it. You can't get one over
on ol' Laura.

DIANNE
Looks like I can't.

Dianne eyes the cookies.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Take a few, They're guaranteed to
take you to heaven.

Laura grabs a cookie.

LAURA
Wait.

She grabs the spice from the cabinet.

DIANNE
Gotta have cinnamon on it.

She sprinkles a large amount on top of the cookie. Dianne
walks around.

LAURA
So where is he? I'm losing my
goddamn patience.

Laura takes a large bite.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Thanks, but where the fuck is my
brother at?

DIANNE
Back room. Go take a look.

As she walks toward the back room, she opens the door, and
Laura appears rather sweaty, Dianne notices.

LAURA
Alexandra, you in here?

Laura closes her eyes and passes out, falling face-first into
the door.

QUICK FLASHES OF DIANNE

--HITTING LAURA WITH A MEAT CLEAVER

--WATCHING BLOOD FALL FROM THE WALLS

--STANDING IN A PUDDLE OF BLOOD

--EMBRACING BLOOD FALLING ONTO HER FROM THE CEILING

QUICK FLASHES OVER

Dianne smashes a vase into the back of her head. Dianne jumps on top of her, pounding her face over and over.

DIANNE

Your brother was a prick by the way. Just one stupid prick. And your cats, oh yes, they're dead too.

She walks toward the living room, when suddenly, she is tackled from behind by Laura.

LAURA

I keep a shot of adrenalin in my purse, bitch.

She tosses Dianne easily across the room, but Dianne quickly gets back up.

DIANNE

You want some, f'er? Let's go.

LAURA

You killed my brother.

Laura grabs a frame, breaks it, and takes a large piece of glass from it.

DIANNE

Six feet under. Actually, only about two or three feet. Sorry, got lazy. And that's where you're about to be. Well, once I dig a hole. It's really not as easy as it looks.

Dianne grabs a knife from the gift set.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

Thoughtful gift, actually. That Jack was so damn sweet.

Laura takes a step forward. Dianne throws the knife, hitting Laura in the chest, stopping her. Dianne then throws one knife after another, hitting Laura repeatedly.

The last one hits her like a bullseye in the middle of her head, and Laura drops to the floor.

Dianne gains her composure in the mirror, taking a deep breath.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Dianne carries Laura's body out to the backyard with a makeshift harness, then gives a loud sigh.

DIANNE
Couldn't go on a diet before I
killed you, couldn't you?

She unties the harness and walks back into the house.

On her way out, she carries Jack's body. Placing it next to Laura's, she hops on top of Jack's body.

She gently caresses his hair away from his face.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Look at you, you're so damn cute.
But you couldn't keep away from my
grandma's cookies, could you?

She kisses him on his lips.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
F you, Jack. F you for eating those
delicious deadly cookies.

She picks up her phone.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Mother. No time to talk.

She lies on top of Jack while on the phone.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
So, not gonna say that you were
right. No darn way.

She caresses Jack's hair.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
 Mother, I don't care. He had the
 cutest smile. And I liked him...
 Okay, Mother, gotta go.

She puts her phone back in her pocket, then hears a humming
 sound in the background. She looks over toward Laura.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
 You! How and the hell are you still
 possibly alive, lady?...I'll be
 back.

She walks into the house and then quickly back outside,
 carrying a lighter and a can of hairspray.

LAURA
 Bitch.

DIANNE
 Oh heck no.

She pulls out two knives, then stabs her repeatedly. She then
 lights the lighter, then sprays the can of hair spray,
 igniting Laura's face and body on fire.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
 Done now?... Thought so.

She grabs a shovel and starts digging.

SUPER: 1 HOUR LATER

Dianne places Laura's body into the hole. She grabs Jack's
 body. She pauses and looks at him.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
 Dammit, Jack. I'm so pissed at you
 right now.

She places him into the hole. Her phone beeps and she checks
 it. The text says "I'll be there in ten".

DIANNE (CONT'D)
 Bye Jack. Gotta go.

She pushes him into the hole with Laura.

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dianne takes out a fresh batch of cookies from the oven. She
 places the cinnamon carefully onto the cookies. She then
 sprinkles her unlabeled spice onto the cookies.

INT. SCOTT'S CAR - DAY

SCOTT (20s, white), a bit bronzed with a California surfer accent. He's wearing a T-shirt and sandals. He checks himself out in the mirror as he pops three Viagra pills.

SCOTT

Just a little bit of help to make sure things get happening.

He crushes up a large handful of pills, along with Viagra and other pills in a cup. He looks down toward his private parts.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Okay, little dude, it's been quite a while. But you have no choice but to get up and play. You feel me? When I call you in, it's time to get in the game and score *broham*.

He touches his privates under his shorts.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Don't you let me down I said.

He works his hand greatly.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

There you go, *brah*.

He talks into his phone.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

DARWIN, I need something to mellow out me and my lady friend. And you better come through cuz you owe me, dude man.

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY

A doorbell rings in the background. Dianne walks to the door and opens it. Scott is on the other side.

SCOTT

Wow. You are one sexy lady, bitch.

DIANNE

Nice sandals, bro.

He walks past her.

SCOTT

Thanks, and what a sweet casa. I was really happy you wanted to skip the foreplay of coffee or the typical "Hey let's get a burger somewhere."

DIANNE

You can enter, I guess.

Scott plants himself on the couch.

SCOTT

Damn, baby momma. This place is almost as sexy as you are.

He rests his feet on the coffee table.

DIANNE

So not your baby momma. My name is Dianne. You call me that, please.

SCOTT

Just speaking the truth, doll face. And you could be my baby momma from our blazing hot chemistry.

She heads for the oven.

DIANNE

I'm gonna get you some cookies right away. And extra cinnamon for you I think.

SCOTT

Sounds *delish*, *but...*

DIANNE

And please eat as many as you want... And as fast as you can. The faster the better, please.

SCOTT

No can do, *brah*.

DIANNE

Okay. Why, *brah*?

He pinches his nipples.

SCOTT

You make my nipples so hard.

She carries the cookies quickly to Scott.

DIANNE

Here, please eat them. Like now,
and super fast.

SCOTT

Hey, sweet tits, slow it down. I
don't eat that crap. This temple is
a body or something shit.

DIANNE

How about a large coffee?

SCOTT

Perfecto, but you got to promise to
drink yours too. So our hearts can
both beat like one.

He kisses his biceps.

She sits across from him and places his coffee down.

A loud bang is heard from the backyard.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

What was that, dude?

Dianne stands up and looks out nervously.

Scott quickly puts the crushed PILLS into Dianne's coffee.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

If everything is cool, hunny? Come
and have some coffee with me, girl.

DIANNE

Fine, but I swear you better stop
calling me weird little names.
They're ticking me off.

She takes a long sip.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

This is actually really good.

SCOTT

The best, right doll?

He smiles deviously.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Come sit on my lap, love. You don't
have to pretend you're shy around
me.

Dianne heads for the fridge. She touches her face, almost stumbles, but then recovers.

DIANNE

How about some lettuce wraps?

She turns around to find Scott shirtless.

SCOTT

You like my bod, hunny bunny?

She stutters as she feels her heart.

DIANNE

Put your shirt on now! Or I swear you'll regret it. Like Jack did. And I liked him.

She becomes emotional.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

I really did. Damn I really liked that guy.

He walks toward her.

SCOTT

You invited me here, sweet love. Not a coffee shop, but here. And you invited me here to get in on like Donkey Kong, didn't you? Right, my little cougar?

DIANNE

Cougar!? Oh you *F'D* up now.

QUICK FLASHES OF DIANNE

--BASHING SCOTTS HEAD IN

--STABBING SCOTT TO DEATH

--WASHING HER FACE WITH BLOOD

--TAKING A BATH IN BLOOD

QUICK FLASHES OVER

He takes down his pants. Dianne nods off, then quickly recovers.

SCOTT

See what I do to you?

DIANNE

Are you serious right now?

She grabs a rope and hops onto Scott, strangling the life out of him. His eyes begin to roll back as she smiles widely.

EXT. HOLE IN BACKYARD - DAY

Jack begins to open his eyes slowly to see the open sky. He looks over to see a dead Laura next to him. He whispers angrily to himself.

JACK

Dianne. You've been a bad girl.

He throws the shovel. Jack grabs his cell from his pocket. He touches a button, and the phone rings.

JACK (CONT'D)

Mommy. Looks like my date's been a big dick to me. You were right. I'll handle this now.

He wipes his eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)

I got this. Yes Mommy, I'm pissed. I know... Doing the best I can.

He sits up.

JACK (CONT'D)

Talk to you later, Mommy.

He puts the phone back in his pocket.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

He dusts himself off. He looks through the window and can see a half-naked Scott in the living room.

JACK

What a dick. My dead body's not even cold yet.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dianne lets go of the rope, her eyes nearly popping out as she sees Jack standing in the living room. Scott gasps for air while Jack attempts to speak but ends up coughing instead.

JACK

One sec.

He coughs again.

JACK (CONT'D)

Sorry, I ate DEATH cookies. And
maybe death coffee.

Jack and Scott cough loudly.

SCOTT

So you're lactose intolerant too?

Jack side-eyes him.

DIANNE

Jack. You're alive.

JACK

You've been bad, Dianne.

SCOTT

Yeah she has.

DIANNE

It was an accident?

SCOTT

How is it an accident you choking
me to death?

DIANNE

Not you. Him.

SCOTT

Oh' okay. You look like shit, bro.
You shouldn't have eaten so many
cookies. Not good for your body and
soul dude, man.

Jack walks up and punches Scott. Dianne runs toward the kitchen. Jack gives chase. Dianne grabs a large knife from the kitchen.

Dianne begins to wobble and nod off.

DIANNE

Scott! You stoner shit, what the
heck did you give me? You just
can't trust anyone, can you?

JACK

A poisonous reptile got poisoned.
How weird is that?

Scott stands up.

SCOTT

Just something to loosen you up a
bit. I swear I wasn't gonna hurt
you, babe.

DIANNE

You *Cosby'd* me. What a dick.

Dianne closes her eyes tightly.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

How are you alive, Jack? You had
such a large dose.

Jack smiles.

Dianne grabs her neck and then collapses to the floor. Jack
walks over to her.

JACK

I was just getting to like you.

Scott walks up next to him.

SCOTT

Me too, brah. Me too.

Jack side-eyes him.

JACK

You're going to have to bury her
before the cops come, bro.

SCOTT

I'm so screwed, man.

JACK

Brah. You're going to jail for a
long, long time, man.

SCOTT

Is there a jail where I can still
smoke doobies and surf?

Jack shakes his head. Scott looks at himself in the mirror.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I'm gonna be somebody's bitch I
know it.

Scott looks toward Jack with a sad look.

JACK
Fine. I'll help you. But you owe
me, alright?

SCOTT
Thanks, brah. I owe you big time.

JACK
Grab her head, I'll grab her feet.

They pick her up and then head outside. Scott grabs a couple
of cookies on the way out, and Jack looks at him sideways.

SCOTT
I'm stress-eating, dude.

He swallows them whole.

JACK
You didn't pass the fifth grade,
did you?

SCOTT
No. But don't tell anyone. Most
people think I went to Hallmark.

JACK
You mean Harvard?

SCOTT
Hallmark, exactly.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Scott and Jack lower Dianne's body. Jack walks over to her
and lowers himself down, gently caressing her hair.

SCOTT
Dude, get a room, brah.

Jack stands to him.

JACK
You're this close. This close.

Scott begins to wobble a bit. He looks down in the hole to
see the dead neighbor.

SCOTT
Holy guacamole, bro. I know I
didn't kill this lady.

JACK
Dianne killed her.

Scott gets emotional.

SCOTT
Whoa. That means I killed a killer.
I'm like a hero, aren't I? I'm so
tripping out. From here on out I'm
only doing shrooms on Wednesdays.

Scott wobbles.

JACK
You okay, man?

SCOTT
I'm fine. Just weirded out is all.

JACK
Sorry to hear that. Now make the
whole a lot bigger.

EXT. DIANNE'S HOUSE - DAY

DARWIN (24), a clean-cut, black kid in an Uber work outfit,
walks up the driveway on his cell phone.

DARWIN
Hey uncle, what's up? I'm making a
delivery for my boy Scott. Why?
What you need?... Absolutely, I got
you, *Unc*. What's the address?

He walks toward the front, staring at the address.

DARWIN (CONT'D)
Hold up. I'm literally at that
address right now... Yeah. Same
address. Looking at it now.

He checks his Glock.

DARWIN (CONT'D)
I have no clue, *Unc*. My boy asked
me to deliver here so I did... A
few joints and some blue pills.

He chuckles as he walks toward the front door.

DARWIN (CONT'D)
I'm strapped, got my Glock right
here. I got this.

He walks to the front door.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Scott is lowering Dianne's body into the hole. Jack keeps an eye on him. A loud knock on the door is heard.

SCOTT
That must be my shit, *brah*.

JACK
You seriously ordered weed?

SCOTT
Yes, and some dick standers. You
feel me?

He attempts to high-five Jack, but Jack declines.

JACK
No clue. But put the bodies in the
hole. I'll be back in a minute.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jack walks toward the front door then answers. Darwin stands at the doorway.

JACK
Yes?

DARWIN
I have a delivery.

JACK
You have the wrong house.

He slams the door. A loud knock is heard. Jack sighs, then quickly opens it.

JACK (CONT'D)
How can I help you?

Darwin walks past Jack.

DARWIN
I'm not leaving till I get paid
from that asshole Scott.

JACK
What exactly are you delivering?

DARWIN
The most grade-A chronic brownies
around. I mean you ain't gonna find
this kind of shit anywhere else but
from me. You dig? Like nowhere.

Darwin takes a look around and sees Scott outside.

DARWIN (CONT'D)
Is that Scott digging a hole? That
boy's never used a shovel in his
life.

JACK
He's digging a hole for my dog.

DARWIN
Really? What kind of dog was it?

JACK
A German Shepherd.

DARWIN
Bullshit. Scott's allergic to dogs.

Darwin walks outside, with Jack following closely.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Darwin approaches Scott with his bag in hand.

DARWIN
Scott, what the fuck you doing bro?

SCOTT
You brought my shit. Yes! After
doing this type of labor work I
need that to relax, bro.

Darwin looks toward the hole and sees the two bodies.

DARWIN
Hey man, what the fuck is going on
here? I don't see a dog in there.

Darwin pulls out his gun.

SCOTT
We're all good, bro. Why you
packing heat, man?

DARWIN

What the fuck is going on here you stupid idiot?

He points the gun at both of them.

JACK

Put down the gun, man.

SCOTT

We're all friends, *brah*.

DARWIN

How the fuck we friends with this guy? We don't know him, man.

SCOTT

I accidentally killed this woman *brah*. This dude is helping me cover it up. Like it never happened. I'm too sexy to go to jail, bro.

Jack gets close, and Darwin points the gun at him.

DARWIN

Back up! Whoever the fuck you are.

SCOTT

Just put the gun down, man. You're being a dick right now.

DARWIN

You are one stupid bitch, Scott.

SCOTT

Don't call me that. My momma called me that.

DARWIN

You're a bitch, Scott, and wouldn't hurt a goddamn fly.

Scott throws the shovel at Darwin. Darwin shoots Scott, but the pointy end of the shovel sticks into his head, and Darwin falls to the floor, dead.

SCOTT

I'm not stupid! And you're the bitch.

Scott starts to cough out blood.

JACK

You don't look good, man.

Scott falls into the hole. Jack steps up to Scott's body, which has foam and blood coming from his mouth and eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)
That's just crazy. Did you die from
the bullet or the cookies?

Jack drags the body over to the large hole. He throws him in. He takes a long look at Dianne.

Arnold runs quickly over to Jack. He has blood on his face and something in his mouth.

JACK (CONT'D)
What the... What's that, boy?

He attempts to grab it. He growls.

JACK (CONT'D)
Stop. Let it go.

Arnold releases it.

JACK (CONT'D)
Good boy.

It's an index finger. Jack picks it up.

JACK (CONT'D)
Show me where you got this, boy.

The dog barks then runs off. Jack follows.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Jack walks in and turns on the light. In the corner, Arnold is licking something. Jack walks over to investigate.

JACK
What's that, boy?

He hits the corner and can see at least a dozen bodies lying on the floor with blood and vomit covering them.

JACK (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

He inspects the bodies.

JACK (CONT'D)
The gardener? The mail lady? Holy
shit, Dianne.

He lifts up a name tag.

JACK (CONT'D)
You even killed the fucking
Postmates guy?

He looks around.

JACK (CONT'D)
So not digging a bigger hole.

He grabs a gasoline can then walks out.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jack enters the room as a loud knock on the door is heard.

JACK
Seriously?

Jack picks up his phone.

JACK (CONT'D)
Mommy, so not the time.

He bites his nails.

JACK (CONT'D)
Gotta take care of some shit,
Mommy. Yes, Dianne was a bad girl.
But yes, she's gone.

A loud knock on the door is heard.

JACK (CONT'D)
MOMMY, I said I have to go... Yes
I'll be careful. Yes, I'll put a
sweater on. I'll call you later.

He walks toward the door.

JACK (CONT'D)
Love you too, Mommy.

He opens the door.

A woman named STELLA stands at the door. She has a large tattoo on her neck. Every word she spits comes out like a venomous snake.

JACK (CONT'D)
Can I help you?

STELLA
Where's that little bitch at?

JACK
Who?

STELLA
I know my wife is here and I
definitely know her brother was
here too.

She gives a long hard stare at Jack.

JACK
I'm sorry, I don't live here.

STELLA
Then who the fuck are you?

JACK
Just a friend.

STELLA
Then you must not mind being a
friend to a dirty skank.

JACK
Please don't say that.

STELLA
What else do you call someone who
has had a different guy come every
few hours for the last few days?
Not to mention I've never seen any
of them ever leave. What's all that
about?

JACK
Not sure how to answer that.

STELLA
So where and the fuck is my wife
you stupid fuck?

JACK
Why don't you come on in? We can
sort all this out.

STELLA
Fine, but just to let you know I
don't fuck around. I do not fuck
around! You get me, dickhead?

JACK
Absolutely.

Stella enters and walks around, shouting.

STELLA
Laura! Laura!?

She checks the bathroom.

STELLA (CONT'D)
Boo, it's me. Come out.

Jack follows closely behind.

STELLA (CONT'D)
Motherfucker.

She walks through the bedroom.

STELLA (CONT'D)
Babe! Where you at?

She enters the hallway.

STELLA (CONT'D)
You bitch. You hurt her, didn't
you?

She stares right through him.

JACK
Lady, you need to calm down.

STELLA
If either one of you fucks hurt my
boo, I swear I'll tear you limb
from limb.

She takes a few steps but Jack doesn't move.

JACK
Where you going?

STELLA
The garage.

JACK
No you're not, lady.

Stella takes another step but Jack doesn't move.

STELLA
You hurt her, didn't you?!

She begins to take heavy breaths.

QUICK FLASHES OF STELLA

--STANDING ON TOP OF JACK WITH A KNIFE.

--HER PLUMMETING THE KNIFE INTO JACK.

--HER REPEATEDLY STABBING JACK.

--HER SMILING WITH BLOOD COVERING HER FACE

QUICK FLASHES OVER

Stella smiles wide at Jack.

STELLA (CONT'D)
You're gonna die, bitch.

Jack's eyebrows raise quickly. She opens her purse, pulls out a chainsaw, and begins to circle Jack as she starts it.

JACK
How could you fit a chain saw in there? Lady, you need to relax. I don't wanna hurt you. You need to get the hell out of my girlfriend's house.

STELLA
Oh, you wanna hurt me, don't you, asshole? I know those eyes. I was locked up for ten years for killing my ex-boyfriend. I saw those eyes eat chow every damn day, dickweed.

JACK
Lady, relax.

She runs full force towards Jack with her chain saw in hand.

STELLA
Motherfucka!

She takes several swipes at Jack but misses. She pushes him back to the living room. She comes at him relentlessly.

Jack pushes her away then retreats behind the couch.

JACK
Lady, I'm warning you.

STELLA
Where is she, bitch?

JACK
Don't do it, lady.

Stella swings the chain saw violently at him. She cuts his arm. He punches her in the nose. She looks at the blood then takes a long lick of it.

JACK (CONT'D)
Shit.

She karate kicks Jack in the face, then follows up with another kick to his stomach. Attempting to cut him, he blocks her move and throws her down. As Jack advances with a chair, she effortlessly deflects it.

JACK (CONT'D)
I don't wanna hurt you, lady.

STELLA
Come at me, bitch.

He throws punch after punch, but she adeptly blocks each one. With a swift kick, she sends him crashing to the floor, his head colliding with the ground.

Approaching confidently, she lands successive kicks to his legs and arms before settling atop him with the chainsaw.

STELLA (CONT'D)
Just to let you know. I'm gonna find everyone you love and kill them slowly. Even the girl who serves you at McDonald's is dead.

JACK
I don't even like McDonalds.

She punches him in the face, leaving him seemingly defenseless. With a menacing stroke, she aims the chainsaw towards his chest, but before she can strike, her head is quickly chopped off. Causing blood to splatter everywhere

Dianne looms over her, wielding a scythe. Amidst the chaos, she glances over to Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
Dianne, you're alive?

Jack stands.

DIANNE
Yes, it appears so.

JACK

Seems you've pissed off a whole lot of people, lady.

DIANNE

Really, Jack? And who are you really?

JACK

Me!? Who the hell are all those dead people in the garage? And where on earth would you possibly get a scythe from.

DIANNE

It was in the closet. And don't change the subject, Jack. I asked you a question first.

She inches toward him with the bloody scythe.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

And I just saved your life. The least you could do is answer me.

JACK

You need to answer me Dianne.

DIANNE

I saved you again by the way.

JACK

After you tried to kill me, Dianne.

DIANNE

You had to eat those cookies didn't you, ya little fatty?

JACK

Fatty?

He shows off his stomach.

JACK (CONT'D)

This is eight percent body fat right here. And I've probably lost weight since, carrying all these bodies into that large pit you got dug out there.

DIANNE

Cry me a river, Jack. What's a few bodies in a garage?

JACK

A few? I saw the freaking mail lady in there... and who kills the Post Mates guy? They're trying to deliver stuff to you quickly.

DIANNE

It could also have been bad news from the IRS. And who likes seeing all those pre-qualified credit card offers, only to apply and get rejected? I mean, what the heck, right?

Jack tilts his head. They stride toward each other, each bearing a defiant stance.

JACK

I'm not one to call someone a hoe. But you calling another man just after I died is pretty hoe-ish.

DIANNE

What did you call me?

JACK

Ho, ho, ho, Rudolph.

She swings the scythe at him, but he skillfully dodges it, causing the blade to get caught in the wall.

DIANNE

It's go time.

JACK

Then come at me, hoe bag.

She launches a karate kick at his stomach, but he catches it effortlessly, drawing her closer. As she attempts a punch, he deflects it with ease before pulling her in and planting a kiss on her lips.

DIANNE

I didn't kiss you back.

JACK

Pretty sure you did.

DIANNE

You're so gonna die now.

Her eyes get focused. She throws several punches toward him. He blocks them. She throws a heavy kick at him, he catches then throws her onto the couch.

JACK

I chose the couch to break your fall by the way.

She picks up a club and grips it angrily.

JACK (CONT'D)

The stab wound I got from your pissed-off neighbor is okay, in case you were wondering.

She runs at him with an array of punches and kicks. She lands a kick and sends him to the floor. She quickly jumps on top of him. She pushes the club toward his neck to choke him. He slows her down. He begins to slightly thrust on her.

DIANNE

Wait, are you humping me?

JACK

No. You're trying to kill me, of course not. How gross.

He keeps humping her as she tries to choke him.

DIANNE

Are you?

JACK

Maybe. I guess a little bit.

DIANNE

Stop it, I'm killing you.

She puts all her weight on the club as she grunts.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

OFFICER WILKINS sits in his car. He sports a unique handlebar mustache and a short army haircut. He wears a leather jacket with a badge hanging around his neck. He twirls his handgun in his fingers as he talks to himself.

OFFICER WILKINS

Where that lady go? It's been over an hour. People going in but not coming out. What's up with that?

A call comes in, he picks up.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)

Yes, captain?

He trills his gun around.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)
It's looking good over here.
Nothing really to see. Don't see
any drug dealers or people of that
type of nature anywhere really.

He continues to trill his gun.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)
Yes captain, I know they don't walk
around with a sign that says "drug
dealer, bad guy."

He rolls his eyes.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)
But I haven't seen any sign this
whole entire neighborhood is
involved in a drug operation.

He talks with his hands.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)
I'd have you know that mail woman
is the kindest and sweetest lady
there is. And how dare, how darn
dare you, talk about the Postmates
guy. That guy kicks ass at
delivering hot food to people.

He puts his gun down.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)
Okay, not a problem, captain. I'll
be here keeping a safe eye on this
lovely neighborhood.

He hangs up and smiles wide.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Suddenly, a loud knock on the door is heard. They both stop
in their tracks.

JACK AND DIANNE
Truce.

She gets up and checks her hair in the mirror while Jack
dusts himself off and inspects his wounds.

JACK
I'm okay, in case you're worried.

DIANNE
So not worried.

A loud knock is heard at the front door.

JACK
Another man of yours?

DIANNE
None of your business. But no.

JACK
You got a plan? That has to be a
cop. Only cops knock like an
asshole like that.

DIANNE
We don't need a plan. Stop being
such a vagina.

He strides towards the door, but he swiftly grabs her arm.
She jerks away, determined to break free.

JACK
Hey wait. We're not gonna tidy up a
bit? Get our stories straight?

DIANNE
No. I'm good. Nothing to hide.

She walks past.

JACK
What the hell you mean nothing to
hide? You have a whole lot to
actually want to hide, Dianne.

He carries Stella's body outside, while she opens the door.
Jack swiftly returns inside.

DIANNE
Can I help you?... Officer.

Jack whispers.

JACK
Told you.

OFFICER WILKINS
Hello, lovely couple. I was hoping
you could help me with something.

DIANNE

Of course, how can I be of service?

Officer Wilkins pulls out his gun and points it at Dianne's head. She quickly raises her hands.

OFFICER WILKINS

Back up and get inside, dummies.

DIANNE

What's this about, officer? I see no warrant and what is your badge number, sir?

OFFICER WILKINS

Just back up you *Karen* or I'll shoot you down like a rabbit.

JACK

A rabbit, officer?

OFFICER WILKINS

A hamster or whatever the hell, just back the fuck up.

They back up into the living room.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)

What's all this mess, or should I say destruction?

DIANNE

Why are you in my house, officer? I demand to know now.

JACK

And what's up with the gun in our faces, man?

OFFICER WILKINS

Hey, you both shut up. It's not even in your faces. It's more like in your chest region areas.

JACK

So, why is your?

He pistol whips Jack.

OFFICER WILKINS

I ask the questions, bitches.

JACK AND DIANNE

Hey.

OFFICER WILKINS

So, why all the fucking mess? And before you answer, I've seen some shit in my time, so don't try to bullshit me.

He looks around.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)

And this mess says I've been fighting for my life all over it.

DIANNE

Okay. I'm gonna be honest here.

Jack looks at her sideways.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

We got into a fight. A large fight. And he hit me, you handsome, gentle, officer. He hit me!

She cries loudly.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

He punched me and choked me.

JACK

Wait what?

OFFICER WILKINS

You bastard of a man.

JACK

Officer, she has been trying to...

DIANNE

Trying to what, Jack?

She cries louder.

OFFICER WILKINS

You poor sweet, sexy thing. Can't believe you hit such a hot lady. Too bad you don't have a scratch on you I would have believed your ass.

DIANNE

Hey.

OFFICER WILKINS

You lying, little, booty bumper.

JACK
Officer, what's this all about?

OFFICER WILKINS
You both sit down on the couch,
now.

They sit.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)
Let me tell you a little story.
You're gonna love it.

He sits across from them.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)
I was put on a little assignment to
watch this neighborhood. Now I
don't exactly know who this Jack
guy is yet but it's early... So I'm
watching this entire neighborhood
sell drugs and funneling it right
out of this house. Day in and day
out. I mean everything gets sent
here to be sold in the future.

JACK
What kind of drugs we talking about
here?

Dianne gives him a look that could kill.

JACK (CONT'D)
Just wondering.

OFFICER WILKINS
The bad kind... So I've been
watching this crew for about a
week. And I noticed the mail lady
is delivering drugs to their house
constantly, like who the fuck gets
that amount of mail and service
these days?

He looks toward Dianne.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)
And the Postmates guy is picking up
what I believe is the cash.

Dianne looks at Jack.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)
But this is where it gets weird.
Every drug dealer from this
neighborhood, and especially next
door, comes over here one by one.
And you know what?

They nod.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)
They don't come out. They literally
check in, but don't check out...
What do you make of that, my new
friend Jack? Weird right?

Jack shrugs his shoulders.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)
So either this is some sort of
weird underground railroad for drug
dealers, or you two are knocking
off your competition one by one.
Which is it?

JACK
I literally just met this girl.

OFFICER WILKINS
I don't believe you. I mean look
how you're both sitting.

She adjusts.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)
When you sit towards each other
that means you're definitely into
one another, am I right?

They look toward each other.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)
So, which is it?

JACK
I think she's goddam adorable.

She smiles.

OFFICER WILKINS
No, stupid. Are you hiding drug
dealers or are you killing your
competition off?

DIANNE
What are you smoking, man?

OFFICER WILKINS
I want the money, bitch! Give it to
me now! Now! Now! Now!

He takes a deep breath.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)
Okay, I apologize, I'm a little
HANGRY. Let's try again.

He takes a deep breath.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)
If you don't tell me now, just know
I'm gonna break every damn thing in
this house until I find the cash.
Then break every fucking bone in
your body. You feel me?

He zip-ties them together and quickly makes his way into the
bedroom. They talk softly to each other.

DIANNE
What's your plan?

JACK
My plan? Now you want a plan? No
Dianne, what's your plan?

DIANNE
I don't make plans.

JACK
When the cop finds all those bodies
in the backyard and garage you
should definitely have a plan.

DIANNE
You worry too much, Jack.

JACK
I'm seriously concerned about your
mental welfare right now.

Officer Wilkins walks past and smacks them both.

JACK AND DIANNE
Hey.

OFFICER WILKINS

You bag of dicks. Thanks for telling me Cujo's older, meaner brother was in the back room.

He proceeds towards the kitchen, snatches a couple of cookies, then heads outside towards the garage. They exchange smiles and shrug their shoulders.

DIANNE

And me? Don't you look at me like you're so innocent. You not only buried me, you killed my new date.

JACK

Your new date?

DIANNE

And what about the random dead guy with him? What's up with that, Jack?

JACK

They were both dickhead drug dealers. The idiots both took each other out.

DIANNE

Really? What's your problem with drug dealers?

JACK

They get people addicted to what they're selling. Then when someone overdoses, they just move on like it wasn't their fault.

She smiles at him.

DIANNE

Exactly.

She stares at him in his eyes.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

Wait. I mean you're way too comfortable with all this.

JACK

You're pretty, but I can never be comfortable with bodies stacked in my garage like that.

DIANNE

Bull crap. Who are you really? Is your name even Jack? You don't look or sound like a Jack to me. Not sure I buy the whole knife salesman thing.

JACK

My name is Jack. Is your name even Dianne?

DIANNE

It is actually, yes. You swear you're not a drug dealer?

JACK

Nope, not at all.

DIANNE

Then why are you on this dating app?

JACK

Looking for someone.

DIANNE

It's a dating app for drug dealers Jack, come on.

JACK

Like I said, looking for someone.

DIANNE

Who?

JACK

Doesn't matter, I found you.

They stare hard at each other, then kiss.

Officer Wilkins runs in, nearly hyperventilating.

OFFICER WILKINS

What the twisted fuck did I just see in the garage?

He bends over, huffing and puffing.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)

They're dead. They're all fucking dead.

He pants like a chunky dog.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)
 Then I go toward the backyard, you know, just to smoke a cigarette, take a chill pill before I come in and whack you both. Then right before my eyes, I see more bodies in a fucking hole.

He takes a seat with his gun pointing at them.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)
 You know I don't even care what you have to say. You both are some mass-murdering sons of bitches and need to get dealt with.

Dianne and Jack stare at each other lovingly. Then, Officer Wilkins lowers his gun.

OFFICER WILKINS (CONT'D)
 Okay, love birds. We can talk. I think we can make a deal. Angels talk to demons all the time, right? So can we. Sure we can.

JACK
 Does that make us the angels or the demons?

He cocks the gun back.

OFFICER WILKINS
 You little devil fucks. Where is the cash at? Come on. I want the cash in my hand, fuckers.

DIANNE
 It's in the wall behind you.

Officer Wilkins smiles wide.

OFFICER WILKINS
 That was easy. Great. So, you were knocking off your competition, weren't you?

DIANNE
 Yes, exactly. Took all those F'ers out to get more turf.

OFFICER WILKINS
 I'm gonna grab a shovel. Don't you dare move.

He walks out.

JACK
He's gone. What's your plan?

DIANNE
I see a knife. But yes it's true.
The money is in the freaking wall
behind us.

JACK
Wait, you could have given him the
wrong wall to start with first.

She shakes her head.

JACK (CONT'D)
Can you cut your hands free yet?

She attempts to move her hands.

DIANNE
Working on it.

Officer Wilkins re-enters the living room, fixing a stern
gaze on both of them.

OFFICER WILKINS
Looks like I don't need either one
of you anymore.

He pulls out his gun and points it at them.

QUICK FLASHES OF OFFICER WILKINS

--SHOOTING THEIR DEAD BODIES OVER AND OVER

--DANCES AROUND THEIR DEAD BODIES

--DOES SNOW ANGELS IN THEIR BLOOD

QUICK FLASHES OVER

JACK
Hey, shoot me, you silly bastard.

As Officer Wilkins points the gun at Jack, Dianne cuts the
zip ties binding her and hurls a knife towards Officer
Wilkins's head, killing him. Blood gushes from his wound.

JACK (CONT'D)
That was awesome.

DIANNE
 Four-year champion at the wood
 chucker's knife throwing contest in
 Nashville Tennessee.

JACK
 Nice... Can you untie me, please?

She walks over and stares at him.

QUICK FLASHES OF DIANNE

--STABBING JACK OVER AND OVER

--WITH BLOOD COVERING HER ENTIRE FACE

--IN A PUDDLE OF BLOOD ON THE LIVING ROOM FLOOR

QUICK FLASHES OVER

Jack quickly breaks his ties then rushes to her, giving her a
 kiss, breaking her thoughts of rage.

DIANNE
 Hey, wait. I don't think... Not
 sure.

She looks at him, then kisses him intensely. He grabs her
 from behind, and she straddles him as they stand.

Just as they're about to slam onto the couch, they rip each
 other's clothes off, mere inches from the deceased Officer
 Wilkins. Dianne quickly kisses him. In a heated frenzy, they
 tear each other's shirts off and share a passionate kiss
 before making love.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dianne's eyes slowly open. She looks over at Jack, who is
 lying next to her, and smiles. He opens his eyes, turns to
 her, and smiles back.

DIANNE
 Hi, Jack.

JACK
 Hey, Dianne.

They share a smile.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Confession.

He turns over.

JACK (CONT'D)

I hate cats.

DIANNE

I know right.

JACK

And what about the people who have a cat and keep them outside?

DIANNE

Right. Why even have one? I'd much rather have a pet raccoon. I'd name him Bandicoot. I'd teach him to steal small things. Like hey, who stole my watch? It was Bandicoot.

JACK

I love raccoons. But I'd get a Mogwai. Love those furry guys.

DIANNE

But you can't feed them after midnight. Not sure I like that kind of responsibility. What about a groundhog? They WAHOO when they see you.

She gets up and begins adjusting the pillows on the couch. Officer Wilkins's body falls to the side, and she adjusts it.

JACK

Who really owns this house? And how are you alive from the poison?

DIANNE

Some drug-dealing bitch that's in the garage right below the mail lady just above the Postmates guy. And my mother used to poison me as a child and I grew tolerant to most toxins. And you?

JACK

My father poisoned me slowly when I was a kid. So I'm immune to quite a few poisons. And I know you have a rhyme for your reason for killing people, so what is it?

DIANNE

I...

She stops in her tracks.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
I kill drug dealers.

JACK
Okay. I get it.

DIANNE
Really! You're cool with that?

JACK
Yeah, like fuck those guys. Hey,
but I'm not a drug dealer and you
tried to murder me.

DIANNE
Your background says you did ten
years in a Mexican prison.

JACK
Woah, that is not me. I've never
been caught up in drugs and
especially in Mexico.

DIANNE
So you're not a drug dealer? Never
been one?

Arnold walks over with a finger in his mouth.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Arnold! We talked about this.

Jack picks up his phone.

JACK
Mommy, I can't talk right now.

He walks a few feet away.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm fine... Seriously Mommy, stop
it, please.

He walks into the hallway.

JACK (CONT'D)
Mommy, I swear you better not.

He looks at himself in the mirror.

JACK (CONT'D)
Mommy, I love you.

He looks down and whispers.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Mommy, I like this one... Please
 stop, she's right here.

He walks to the dead officer on the couch and fixes his
 collar on his shirt.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Mommy, no. I SAID NO.

He walks around, whispering.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Not gonna happen, not at all. Get
 that through your thick fucking
 skull. No. I like this one.

Dianne looks over at him.

JACK (CONT'D)
 You're being a you-know-what,
 Mommy... I swear, you better not.

He puts his phone back in his pocket.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Mothers right?

DIANNE
 Speaking of mommies.

She picks up her phone.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
 Yes, Mother?

She takes a few steps away.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
 No Mother, so not gonna happen.

She looks at herself in the mirror.

Jack starts cleaning up. He keeps an eye on her.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
 Nope. That's so not gonna happen
 either, Mother.

Dianne walks toward the dead officer.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Freaking stop, Mother. No, I said.

She whispers.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
I like this one. No... Over my dead
body, Mother. Oh, you want to come
at me then come at me. I am a grown-
ass woman. You can't tell me what
to do, who to see, who to screw.

She bites her fingernails with fury.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
You think you're so right, don't
you? You have all the answers,
Mother.

She walks toward Jack.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
I'm looking at him right now. I'm
so gonna make out with him while
you're on the phone.

Jack smiles. She leans in, kisses him, and then walks away.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Just kissed him. And I liked it. No
I loved it. Yes... And how's this?
Yes, I screwed him. Right next to a
dead cop too... Bye, Mother.

She puts her phone in her pocket.

JACK
Your mom seems... Nice.

She rolls her eyes as she fluffs the pillows.

DIANNE
She's a total B word.

JACK
Mine can be a total bitch too.

DIANNE
Hey, that's your Mommy. She gave
birth to you. Have some respect.

JACK
You just said she was a B word.

DIANNE

Brat. She's a brat.

JACK

Seriously. You meant a brat?

DIANNE

Yeah, she's a brat. Complete, total
freaking brat. But not a bitch.

JACK

Well, my mom's a B word. And I
seriously don't mean brat.

They both stop and look at each other.

JACK (CONT'D)

And how do I know you're actually
talking to your mother?

DIANNE

What are you saying? Are you asking
me if I'm talking to my imaginary
mother? Is that it?

They both approach the dead cop.

JACK

Yeah, know. My mommy calls, and
your mother just happens to call
right after. Coincidental you
think?

DIANNE

You're straight calling me a liar?
Or worse, a weirdo or something?...
Grab his legs, please.

They lift the dead officer's body.

JACK

I think he shit himself.

DIANNE

Could be your breath. Yep, pretty
sure it's your breath and B.O.

He gives a bothered look.

JACK

Just saying it's a little or a shit
ton coincidental.

DIANNE

Could it be, that after hearing you talk to your mom, makes me want to talk to mine?

JACK

Okay, that could be true. But still a little weird don't you think?

DIANNE

I still don't like the fact that in any way you're calling me a goddamn liar, Jack. After all we've been through together.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jack and Dianne carry the dead cop's body toward the hole. They drop the body onto the ground, next to several other bodies.

JACK

My bad. Please accept my apology.

He walks toward her as she stands with an attitude. Getting close, he reaches in and grabs her cell phone from her.

DIANNE

Hey, give me back my phone.

JACK

In a second.

He attempts to scan through it.

DIANNE

Give it back now, asshole.

JACK

Temper, temper.

He pulls her phone upward, keeping her from getting it.

JACK (CONT'D)

I just wanna see if she's really calling you.

He walks away as she reaches for her phone, but Jack keeps it out of her grasp.

DIANNE

Don't you dare scroll through my phone... Or I swear you'll regret it, Jack.

He just about opens it.

QUICK FLASHES OF DIANNE

--PUTTING A FORK IN JACK'S EYE

--REPEATEDLY STABBING JACK

--WATCHING BLOOD FALL LIKE A WATERFALL FROM JACK'S FACE

--RINSING HER FACE IN BLOOD

QUICK FLASHES OVER

Jack kisses Dianne, and she instantly snaps out of her rage.

INT. MONDO'S TRUCK - NIGHT

MONDO, a large Black man dressed in black attire with gold chains, sits in a luxurious truck. He bears scars and tattoos on his face, including one on his fingers that reads "ALL MINE".

Behind him, EIGHT SERIOUS THUGS are seated, all dressed in black with gold chains. He looks over to THUG 1, who has curly hair.

MONDO

So you're telling me the tracker app says my nephew is here? Right now?

Thug 1 shows him the phone.

THUG 1

It says he's still here, boss.

MONDO

So someone's got my nephew held up in there?... Does anyone here know who's coming at us or not?

THUG 1

Ain't nobody got the balls like that. We two hundred deep, boss.

MONDO

Someone's testing us. This is the house with all my cash in it.

THUG 1

I checked all the houses on this block but this one. They're all empty, boss. No one's home.

MONDO

That's like twenty-four people, plus the mail woman, plus my Postmates guy and my nephew. Gone! I swear if they're up here partying it up they're all done for.

He cocks his gun back.

MONDO (CONT'D)

Strap up. Bring my AK.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Dianne kiss each other lovingly. A loud knock on the door is heard.

DIANNE

I'll get it.

JACK

Wait. What are you going to do about all the bodies?

DIANNE

Bury them, mommy's boy.

JACK

What if it's the cop's backup? We have to make a plan.

DIANNE

You're in the deep end, Jack. Just keep swimming you'll be fine.

She walks toward the door.

JACK

You've got to be kidding me.

Dianne opens the front door to find Mondo and his eight thugs standing behind him, each holding a gun.

DIANNE
How can I help you?

MONDO
Where's Darwin?

DIANNE
Who?

He puts the gun to Dianne's head.

MONDO
Bitch, I have no time for this
shit. Where the fuck is Darwin?

DIANNE
I'm gonna make you my bitch if you
don't watch your mouth.

Mondo gives a small laugh, then shoots her in the arm.

MONDO
Grab her.

DIANNE
JACK!

The thugs carry her into the living room and quickly spot
Jack, pulling their guns on him.

JACK
DIANNE!

MONDO
Hello Jack, take a seat.

The thugs push Jack onto the couch.

JACK
You okay?

DIANNE
I'm fine.

MONDO
My name is Mondo. A highly pissed
the fuck off Mondo.

JACK
Well I'm a ticked-off Jack.

Mondo chuckles.

MONDO

Ticked off? Sorry to hear that.

He peels off the pillow from the couch, revealing the dead cop's I.D. and badge.

MONDO (CONT'D)

What and the hairy fuck?

He looks over the badge.

MONDO (CONT'D)

Wait. Nah. It can't be. This is Officer Wilkins's badge and identification right here.

JACK

Don't think so.

DIANNE

Definitely not.

He closely inspects it.

MONDO

That is that mother fucka isn't it? Hey guys, check that shit out.

The thugs walk over.

MONDO (CONT'D)

That right there is a piece of shit cop. Holy shit. Which one of you took him out? You get ten points.

They give a blank stare.

MONDO (CONT'D)

Good for one of you. He's been stealing from me for years.

JACK AND DIANNE

You're welcome.

They look at each other and smile.

MONDO

If my nephew and my entire operation weren't missing I'd hug you both right now.

He walks over.

MONDO (CONT'D)

Now tell me, where the fuck is my nephew and my crew at? Or I'm gonna have to start chopping off limbs and shit. It'll get messy, trust.

JACK

No clue.

DIANNE

Never heard of him.

Mondo pulls out his cell.

MONDO

See, thanks to technology I now know where my nephew is at all times. And according to this, he's literally at this house right now.

DIANNE

I swear I never met the guy.

He squeezes her bloody arm, causing her to squirm in pain.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

Asshole.

MONDO

When I find him and he's in any way hurt or has even had a small scratch you're both gonna be fed to my pigs.

He looks to his thugs.

MONDO (CONT'D)

Search the house and the outside. You, tie these assholes up.

Two thugs search the rooms, two thugs search outside.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

THUG 1 and THUG 2 search the garage. They flick on the light, revealing the bodies scattered across the floor.

THUG 1

What the fuck?

THUG 2

Are those our guys?

THUG 1
That's them, boss.

Arnold stands at the doorway.

THUG 1 (CONT'D)
Go on mutt, get the fuck out of
here. Now.

Arnold growls.

THUG 2
Shoot that asshole.

He points his gun toward Arnold.

QUICK FLASHES OF ARNOLD

--TEARING APART THE THUGS

--EATING AN ARM

--PLAYING WITH DEAD LIMBS

QUICK FLASHES OVER

Arnold runs at them.

THUG 1
Holy fuck.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mondo sits on the couch, staring at them. Thug 3 zips through their phones.

MONDO
Don't mean to stare, just trying to
figure you two out.

THUG 3
Looks like they just met, boss.

MONDO
Just met! Wow. Really? How these
two meet?

THUG 3
Some dating app called The Dating
High. It's a hook-up app for drug
dealers and users.

MONDO

No. Not these two. I don't buy that. Look at their chemistry. And They definitely don't get high. Nah. Don't buy that for a sec.

Mondo stands.

MONDO (CONT'D)

Who liked who first on the app?

THUG 3

Looks like she did, boss man.

MONDO

Getting interesting.

He walks over to Dianne.

MONDO (CONT'D)

You're no sheep, are you? I think you're more of a Cougar. No pun intended at all either.

DIANNE

Thanks.

He walks around the couch.

MONDO

So that means you killed the woman that lives here right?

DIANNE

Nope.

MONDO

Yeah, you did. But I gots to know fucking why? You work for someone?

He strokes his face with his gun.

MONDO (CONT'D)

What's really going on here? Who are you two? You can't be feds. Definitely not cops.

Jack and Dianne begin to hum.

MONDO (CONT'D)

You fuckers are interesting.

THUG 3

I'm gonna check outside. See what they found.

Thug 3 leaves.

MONDO

Hey Jack, don't I know you from somewhere? I've never seen this one for sure. But you. I know you.

JACK

Sorry, never met.

MONDO

Bullshit. You have the look of a fucking... Hmm.

JACK

What look is that?

Mondo stares long and hard at Jack.

MONDO

Death. Covered by a bullshit smile.

Mondo looks at Dianne.

DIANNE

And oddly enough. Dianne has the same god-awful smile.

A gunshot is heard in the background. Thug 3 rushes in with panic, Mondo walks over.

THUG 3

Boss. A huge fucking dog was eating Jerry and Roger in the garage when I walked in.

MONDO

I'm sorry, you said eating them?

THUG 3

And the dog was playing fetch with RAMONE'S hand. That fucker growled at me, so I popped a cap in it.

DIANNE

You mother fucker! You're all dead.

Mondo puts a gun to Dianne's head.

MONDO
What, and the psycho fuck is going
on here?

He looks to the other Thugs.

MONDO (CONT'D)
Take them into the garage.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

They walk into the garage at gunpoint.

Mondo's eyes nearly pop out seeing all the dead bodies.

MONDO
These are all my people.

He looks toward Jack and Dianne.

MONDO (CONT'D)
Do you know how hard it is to get a
mail lady to deliver drugs? And
what I had to get on her to do it?
And look at this. Who kills the
Postmates guy? Jesus.

Jack and Dianne share a small laugh. Mondo punches both of
them in the face.

MONDO (CONT'D)
Where the fuck is my nephew? He's
not here.

Thug 4 checks his phone.

THUG 4
The tracker says he's outside.

Thug 3 walks in.

THUG 3
Boss, in the backyard there's fresh
dirt like a graveyard.

MONDO
What and the fuck?

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Mondo follows the beeping sound from his phone. The sound gets stronger and stronger until they come to the new flowers in the ground. The sound gets loud.

MONDO

How am I gonna explain this to his
momma? Do you know how crazy that
woman is?

He points the gun at Dianne. Jack steps in front of her, and she looks at him in shock.

JACK

It was me. I did it all.

MONDO

I don't believe that drama. She hit
you up. Getting you here. That
means this psycho bitch killed
fucking everyone. Fucking everyone.

Thug 4 chuckles.

MONDO (CONT'D)

Something funny?

THUG 3

You're saying this little chick
killed everyone here? Boss, I think
you're going a little batshit over
your nephew maybe.

Mondo shoots Thug 3 in the head, then points the gun at Dianne's head.

MONDO

Both of you, in the house.

The four Thugs walk them into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Dianne sit tied up on the couch. Thug 5 finishes digging holes in the walls, which ooze with wrapped cash.

MONDO

Odd. Too odd. She didn't even take
the cash... Take this asshole's
shirt off.

THUG 4
Hers too, boss?

MONDO
Nah. We're not animals. Just him.

They take off his shirt. Jack's body is covered in burns and scars, with a few tattoos scattered across his skin.

THUG 4
Let's just shoot them, boss.

MONDO
I need answers. See, everything we need to know about this psycho bitch is in her eyes and her demeanor. And this chick right here is certified. She's smart, beautiful, and an extreme lunatic. The question with her is -- why my entire crew? Why did she kill all my people here and not take the dough? The other question is -- who is this motherfucker Jack right here? I need to know who I'm fucking with.

He walks up to her.

MONDO (CONT'D)
Why did you do it?

JACK
You have us all wrong.

MONDO
No. I think not, dog.

He sits in front of Dianne.

JACK
If you hurt her I'll kill your entire fucking bloodline.

Mondo stands up laughing.

Dianne leans in and whispers.

DIANNE
I'm so hot for you right now.

He smiles at her.

MONDO

So the devil peaks his head out.
See what happens when you push the
right buttons.

He looks toward his thug.

MONDO (CONT'D)

Send this bitch's face and prints
to my sister. Check her juvenile
record too... So excited. Gonna
finally get some answers.

DIANNE

Fuck you!

MONDO

Wow. I hit another nerve.

He sits in front of a scarred Jack. Thug 4 gets a photo of
Dianne and her prints in the background.

MONDO (CONT'D)

Scars don't lie. You can get rid of
tats you hate but scars are
forever, right? Nah you can't
change those.

He checks them out. On Jack's inner arm he has a group of
burns shaped like a spade.

MONDO (CONT'D)

Holy fuck.

He stands back.

MONDO (CONT'D)

Put your guns on this man at all
times. You feel me?

The Thugs cock their guns back and point them at Jack.

JACK

You fucked up.

MONDO

Now I've only heard rumors from the
older cats in the hood. But they
told me that this dude called Jack
Spade went around killing people
who killed women and children. And
he killed anyone, and I mean
anyone, who liked to kill people
for fun.

THUG 4

That's you, man? You's a legend on the streets, bro.

Jack looks at Mondo with a serious look.

MONDO

The homeboys would say "Only take out who you need to" or Jack Spade will track you and your people down, same night.

JACK

It's just an old burn scar.

THUG

Shaped like a spade. And your name is fucking Jack?

Dianne licks her lips at Jack.

MONDO

You created the SAND NECK TIE.

QUICK FLASHES OF PEOPLE AT THE BEACH

--FIVE PEOPLE BURIED IN THE SAND

--TEN PEOPLE BURIED IN THE SAND

--TWENTY PEOPLE BURIED IN THE SAND

--FORTY PEOPLE BURIED IN THE SAND

QUICK FLASHES OVER

MONDO (CONT'D)

You would bury them neck down. And when the tied came in, the ocean water would drown them slowly for a long horrific death.

THUG 4

Holy shit. That's straight crazy.

MONDO

It's like meeting Jason fucking Voorhees. Man, I'm a real big fan. A real fucking psycho path sitting right in front of us. Damn.

A call comes into Thug 4, he answers.

THUG 4

Hey girl... Yeah... Yeah. NO SHIT.

His eyes just about pop out of his head.

THUG 4 (CONT'D)

Wow. Holy shit. Okay, I'm out.

He takes a deep breath.

THUG 4 (CONT'D)

She did five years in a psychiatric facility. Then age released.

MONDO

For?

THUG 4

Several murders, boss.

MONDO

Thought so. And? Give it to me.

THUG 4

Her brother was killed by... Wait for it... A drug dealer.

MONDO

Oh shit. What else?

THUG 4

At age eleven, she went on a killing spree and took out the drug dealer and his homeboys who killed her brother.

MONDO

There it is. DAMN! You a ruthless killing machine, girl. You even took out my nephew. And he was just a low-level dumb ass.

He sits down in front of Jack.

MONDO (CONT'D)

Look, the way I see it, is that this psycho killed my people. I'm assuming she lured you here to kill you as well. You feel me?

Mondo stands and walks a few feet away.

MONDO (CONT'D)

Wait!... This dude ain't stupid.
You lured her, didn't you? Her
maniac ass popped up on your radar.
Then you were gonna take her out.

Mondo starts laughing.

DIANNE

Is that true, Jack?

THUG 4

They were going to start the psycho
Brady bunch family.

MONDO

But what? You fell for her charms,
didn't you? Couldn't take her out,
huh? Damn, that black widow bitch
put a spell on you, didn't she?

DIANNE

I'm gonna bathe in your blood.

MONDO

There she is with her stinger out.

He puts the gun to her head.

DIANNE

I'm gonna wear your skin then head
to your mom's house and have dinner
with her.

MONDO

I'm gonna let you go, Jack. You
keep the order on the streets. But
before I untie you. Look me in my
eyes and tell me we're good.

He taps him on the face.

MONDO (CONT'D)

We cool, Jacky boy?

He looks toward Dianne.

JACK

Fuck no. We ain't good.

Mondo stands then cocks his gun back.

MONDO

You better at least admit you're
that motherfucker Jack Spade... No?
Okay then.

QUICK FLASHES OF MONDO

-- SHOOTING BOTH OF THEM IN THE FACE

-- HACKING UP THEIR DEAD BODIES

-- DANCING IN BLOOD RAIN

-- DRINKING A GLASS OF BLOOD

QUICK FLASHES OVER

JACK

WAIT.

Mondo snaps out of it, and Jack replies in a calm voice.

JACK (CONT'D)

What people don't understand is
that it could take up to three
hours for them to die before the
ocean completely drowns them.

Mondo gives a loud laugh.

JACK (CONT'D)

And it wasn't forty. It was sixty
murdering assholes like you.

QUICK FLASHES OF JACK

--STANDING OVER A BURIED MONDO IN THE SAND

--BASHING A THUGS HEAD INTO A WALL OVER AND OVER

--JACK KISSING DIANNE IN BLOOD RAIN

QUICK FLASHES OVER

Jack breaks free from his ties and kicks Mondo in the face.
He throws a vase at Thug 5 and grabs the thug's knife. He
throws it quickly at his chest. He grabs his gun then quickly
shoots Thug 4 in the head.

DIANNE

Is this what love feels like?

Dianne raises her hands, and Jack throws the knife at her,
cutting the straps off.

She rushes at Thug 6 and Thug 7, punching and kicking them. Mondo shoots at Jack and Dianne as they duck behind the couch.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
But how do I trust a guy called
Jack Spade?

JACK
Just Jack my love.

Jack returns fire.

JACK (CONT'D)
And me? Your whole life is a lie,
Dianne. Dead people in every corner
of the house.

DIANNE
I have issues. Is that okay?

He grabs her and kisses her.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Why are you so hard, weirdo?

JACK
Is that okay?

DIANNE
Hell yeah.

Jack shoots back at them, while Mondo shouts from behind a wall and then returns fire.

MONDO
Can't wait to tell my uncle who I
murdered today.

Jack runs and shoots Thug 6 in the eye. Dianne flips over the couch, grabs a knife, and throws it at Thug 7's head.

Thug 8 hides behind the kitchen counter, nervously munching on cookies.

THUG 8
I feel funny, Mondo.

He opens up the fridge wide.

THUG 8 (CONT'D)
There's a hand in a pickle jar!

MONDO

You better get your ass up and start killing *motha fuckas*.

Thug 8 gets up and points his imaginary weapons at them.

THUG 8

Bam bam.

Jack and Dianne look at each other and shrug their shoulders. Jack gets up and returns fire, while Mondo grabs the AK47.

MONDO

You're fucked now.

Mondo stands and starts shooting anything and everything. A bullet grazes Jack in his arm.

DIANNE

You alright, love?

JACK

Just a flesh wound, darling.

Jack gets up and unloads his gun. Mondo shoots Jack, knocking him down.

DIANNE

Jack!

JACK

I'll live.

Mondo walks over.

MONDO

Not for long.

Dianne runs at Mondo, but he quickly shoots her, causing her to be thrown across the room.

Mondo stands over Jack as he holds his bloody wound.

MONDO (CONT'D)

Love got you killed, didn't it?

Jack attempts to stand. Mondo quickly smacks him with the butt of the large gun.

JACK

Fuck you.

MONDO

I love it. Nutso until the end.

He points the gun at Jack.

MONDO (CONT'D)

I was just thinking. If you're *thee* Jack Spade then that means your psycho Momma is always close by, isn't she?

JACK

I call her Mommy, asshole.

Suddenly, Thug 8 is shot. Mondo looks over to see a gun pointed at his head before it's fired. Mondo falls to the floor, dead.

JACK (CONT'D)

Thanks, Mommy.

MOMMY, a middle-aged woman, is dressed in luxurious clothing, high heels, long gold earrings, and an expensive necklace. She exudes seriousness and carries a gold-plated gun.

MOMMY

Seriously, Jack. Have I taught you nothing?... Had to let your guard down, didn't you?

JACK

I'm dying I think, Mommy.

MOMMY

Stop being a baby. You're fine, it's just a flesh wound.

Dianne chuckles.

MOTHER, a middle-aged woman with blonde hair, stands tall in high heels. She bears perfectly strategic tattoos on her body. Two Glocks in her hands seem like natural extensions. She stands over Thug 8's dead body.

MOTHER

Hey dum, dum, look who got shot twice over here.

DIANNE

Shut it, Mother. So not in the mood.

MOTHER

Thanks, Mother, for saving my ass and my new handsome boyfriend's ass too.

MOMMY

No kidding. Where's my thank you?

DIANNE

So not my boyfriend.

MOTHER

Doesn't look like it to me.

JACK

She's so my girlfriend.

MOMMY

Congratulations, my boy.

DIANNE

How do both of you possibly know each other?

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Mommy sits in a luxurious car, staring at Dianne's house. Suddenly, the passenger car door opens, and Mother enters. They both raise their guns quickly at each other.

MOMMY

Hey, I know you.

MOTHER

Thought you looked familiar...
Wait. Is that your son in there
with my lovely daughter?

MOMMY

So that's your psychopathic
daughter in there with my lovely
son?

Mother cocks back her gun.

MOTHER

Watch it, bitch. That's my only
daughter right there.

MOMMY

That's my only son, twat.

MOTHER

Truce?

MOMMY

Fine. For now.

MOTHER

Look. My daughter sounded happy for once. Haven't seen her that happy since she took out her first drug kingpin in Arizona.

MOMMY

Hernandez?

Mother nods.

MOMMY (CONT'D)

What a wanker he was. So that's what you both do.

MOTHER

You ever worry about your son? Mines taking drug dealers' hands for souvenirs. She puts them in jars then places them next to the apple juice.

Mommy laughs.

MOMMY

My son buries his victims in the sand and watches them drown.

They both give a short laugh.

MOMMY (CONT'D)

My son did sound happy on the phone as well.

A gunshot is heard in the background.

MOTHER

I'll take the back.

They step out.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack and Dianne sit on the couch, wounded. Mother and Mommy stand over them.

MOTHER

We almost shot each other, too, but it's a good thing we didn't—since you're both in love and all.

DIANNE

MOTHER!

MOMMY

Stop being such a brat.

MOTHER

Better a brat than a baby.

They point their guns at one another.

MOMMY

You wanna die, bitch?

MOTHER

Can't live forever, can we?

JACK AND DIANNE

Hey guys...

MOMMY

Is that a Louis Vuitton handle?

MOTHER

Is that the new *xkfivethousand* model?

MOMMY

You wanna get a cappuccino?

MOTHER

Would love one. I know a place.

DIANNE

What about me being shot and all?

MOTHER

You know the drill.

DIANNE

But, but, do I have to Mother?

MOTHER

Turn.

Dianne turns. Mother shoots the couch, then burns her wound closed. Dianne screams in agony.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Just like new. Make sure you clean up this mess then burn it all down.

DIANNE

Yes, Mother.

MOMMY

Help your little girlfriend out, okay? She got in a bit over her head, but we all do, right?

JACK

Yes, Mommy.

MOMMY

Ready, my new friend?

MOTHER

Like a fox.

They leave.

JACK

Ready to clean up your mess?

DIANNE

My mess? I had everything under control until you showed up, dick.

JACK

Ha! Funny.

She walks toward him.

DIANNE

If you would have trusted me in the first place we would have had their heads in jars hanging in my fridge.

JACK

What? Please don't tell me you have heads in your fridge. And trust you? You've got bodies stacked in the garage and more in the yard. How the hell am I supposed to trust someone like you? I kill psychos like you every day.

Dianne starts to cry.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hey, Dianne. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say that.

QUICK FLASHES OF DIANNE

--DRENCHED IN JACK'S BLOOD

--DANCING IN BLOOD RAIN

--SWIMMING IN A POOL OF BLOOD

--DROWNING IN BLOOD

QUICK FLASHES OVER

Jack shakes Dianne, her eyes turn black.

DIANNE
Die, ASSHOLE, die!

She runs at him, but he trips her. Quickly recovering, she ramps up her attack and charges towards him. She kicks, but he blocks it. She throws several punches, but he skillfully blocks each one.

JACK
Dianne, stop.

She punches him twice in the face. Then, she throws a wild kick, but he catches it and trips her, causing her to fall.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to.

DIANNE
You fuckers are all the same.

She grabs him and trips him to the floor, then straddles him.

JACK
Dianne, stop it. I don't want to hurt you.

She grabs a piece of wooden furniture and pushes it towards his neck, choking him. Jack struggles to push out the words.

JACK (CONT'D)
Dianne, I love you.

He caresses her hair gently.

JACK (CONT'D)
I accept who you are. Accept me.

Dianne pushes the wood piece toward him with fierce determination. Her eyes turn black and zero in on his face.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. CAR - DAY

A huge man with a sizable belly sits in his car, listening to death metal music while selecting a knife from his extensive collection. He scrolls through his phone, filled with photos of young kids.

LARGE MAN

Yes, you're the one, aren't you?

He looks over to a newer, large, well-kept home, then steps out and walks toward the door.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE- DAY

He knocks, and Jack answers with a large smile.

JACK

Hey, how are you? I'm Jack.

LARGE MAN

I think I got the wrong house.

JACK

No, come on in. My daughter said she had a friend coming over.

LARGE MAN

Really? OK, cool man.

Dianne pops out with a large smile, her pregnant stomach visibly showing that she's at least six months along.

DIANNE

Hi, I'm Dianne. His wife... Come on in, don't be shy.

He steps inside.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

There she is, right behind you.

The large man turns around, and Dianne quickly jumps on top of him, wielding a metal choking object.

As the large man falls to his knees, she chokes him with all her might.

JACK

Honey, you have to wait until I close the door first.

DIANNE
I know. The plan, the plan. But
need a little help here, darling.

Jack closes the door.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.