

"Leona's Master Plan"

By

Bryson G

"Guerilla Made" 2011

bry.glant@gmail.com

BLACK

Heavy breathing inflates then deflates.

Muffled sobs lace the breathing.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Fingers dig out a black cigarette from it's pack. It's planted between chapped lips.

He brings up his bic, and sparks the ciggy. He tosses the bic on the table next to the cigs, and a perfectly made SANDWICH.

VINCE a.k.a The Prince (29) a skinny, slightly attractive male covered in thin scratches.

VINCE

(Bogart's the cig)

How many fucking times, do I have to tell you, huh?!

(He stares a hole into her)

I don't eat tomatoes! You know this. Once they've touched any part of my sandwich, it's a wrap. I can't eat it!

Vince stubs out the cig in the sandwich on the table.

VINCE

First, it was the peanut butter, even though you know I'm fucking allergic, okay? And now...it's one of the only two god damn things I don't eat. The hell is the matter with you?

LEONA (24) a woman hiding behind her open palms, sobbing. She's on her knees before the prince.

Leona's hands fall slowly from her face. Her face is tattooed with scratches and forming bruises.

Her eyes look at Vince, irate.

VINCE

Oh! You ready for round two, huh?

She looks down at the floor, defeated.

Vince gestures with his hand.

VINCE

Get up.

She does.

Vince also gets up. He begins circling her like a shark would it's prey.

VINCE

Look at you...can barely cook, you stuck on stupid...fucking useless.

Vince eye-fucks the woman.

VINCE

But, there's one thing you can do.
Take it off.

Leona shakes her head "no".

VINCE

The fuck?!

Vince grabs hold of her shirt, tugs at it, slightly ripping it.

VINCE

I don't ask twice.

She complies. Covering her chest area with crossed arms.

Vince smells her hair deeply. He exhales.

VINCE

(smiling)
Lay down, baby.

LEONA

No!...Fuck you!

Vince erupts with laughter. He suddenly stops, his smile melting off his face.

Vince takes his hand, and muffs the shit out of Leona. She falls back on the bed.

Vince walks over to the bed.

VINCE

You stubborn bitch. If you weren't so hard-headed I wouldn't have to molly-whop your narrow-ass all the time.

Vince takes a deep breath, calming himself down.

VINCE

I love you Leona, you know that,
okay? You know that. You still love
me?

Leona just lies there covered up.

VINCE

What'd I say about repeating
myself? Give me an answer!

LEONA

(whimpers)
...yes. Yes, okay?

Vince's bitch-ass smiles.

VINCE

Good.

Like he just taught his dog to roll over, Vince sports a
cheeky fucking face.

He grabs hold of Leona's legs, and yanks them past his hips.
Vince begins to push down his pants.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

THE NEXT DAY

The space is average in size. A table, and chairs sit in
close proximity to a stove, fridge, and sink.

Leona, seated at the table, hides her eyes behind big
70's-esque shades. She's chuckling, exposing an infectious
smile.

Leona's friend, CHANEL (22) a cute lady with an earthy look,
sits across from her, also chuckling.

CHANEL

Your never gonna get tired of this
story, are you?

LEONA

(Laughing and shaking her
head)
Nope.

CHANEL
(fakes disgust)
Dirty mother fu-anyway. He cums and
rips ass. Same time.

Leona laughs her ass off.

CHANEL
(slightly embarrassed)
Just busted out laughing while he
continues to unload on my back.

Leona grabs her stomach laughing. She doubles over, and her
sunglasses slip a bit.

Chanel catches a glimpse before Leona can push them back on
her nose.

Leona comes down gradually. Chanel stares at her friend with
a concerned face. Chanel's smile slowly melts.

CHANEL
Are you okay?

LEONA
(uncomfortably)
I'm fine.

Chanel stares.

CHANEL
I don't wanna hear that shit! Every
time Lee, he always ends up putting
his filthy hands on you.

RING! RING!

Leona's cell phone rings and vibrates. It's the prince.

Leona puts her index finger to her lips, signaling her
friend to be quiet.

Leona puts it on speaker phone.

LEONA
Hey baby!

VINCE(V.O.)
What took you so long to answer the
damn phone? The hell you doing?

LEONA

I was just in the bathroom.

VINCE(V.O.)

In the bathroom huh? Whatever, what you cooking tonight?

LEONA

What did you want?

VINCE(V.O.)

Something good, and something hot.

LEONA

Okay, I'll think of something.

VINCE(V.O.)

I gotta get back to making this money, so I can support your freeloadin' ass. Love you.

LEONA

Love you too.

Click.

CHANEL

(irate)

This is ridiculous! Look, your my girl, but I can't keep supporting you while your with this lame. You won't call the cops, you cant fight him, you won't up and leave this chump...

Leona is looking off to the side, not paying attention.

LEONA

Tonight.

CHANEL

Tonight what?

Leona removes her sunglasses. Her eyes tired, slightly bruised, and empty.

LEONA

Tonight, I leave him. After tonight, he won't put his hands on me, or anyone else again. You know what I'm going to do?

Chanel leans forward in her chair, eyes squinting, at full attention.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LATER THAT NIGHT

Vince sits on the couch drinking a beer, watching the tube.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Leona is in the semi-dark bedroom, by the dresser. She's dressed to impress.

She opens up the drawer revealing a small WALTHER P99.

She picks it up slowly. She examines it.

She aims it, and makes gun shot noises with her mouth.

VINCE (O.S.)
(yelling from other room)
Yo! Leona?! I'm hungry, the food
ready yet?

Leona panics. She drops the gun in her panic. She picks it back up.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vince looks around the living room.

VINCE
(to himself)
This bitch...

Vince begins to get up.

Leona emerges from the other room, walking toward the kitchen.

LEONA
Don't get up, I'm on it.

VINCE
Good. While you at it, grab me
another long neck.

LEONA
Sure.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

TWELVE MINUTES, FIFTY ONE SECONDS LATER

The table has a plate of food resting on it. The meal looks like it was made by a culinary wizard.

Vince enters the kitchen holding a half-drunken beer. He seats himself.

Vince eyes the food.

VINCE
Looks pretty good...

Leona smiles.

VINCE
For once.

LEONA
Be nice.

VINCE
I just gave you a compliment.
That's nice.

Vince grabs the fork next to the plate, and digs in.

VINCE
(mouthful)
Damn! This is good!

Vince devours the expertly crafted meal.

VINCE
Mmm! Baby, what you call this?

As Vince continues to eat, Leona begins to giggle.

VINCE
Shit is magnificent!

Leona's giggle becomes an aggressive laugh. Vince takes notice.

VINCE
The hell's so funny?

LEONA
You.

Vince shrugs it off.

VINCE

Say what you want. I'm not in the mood to take your ass to task tonight. Your cooking saved you this time baby. Damn, now I remember why I hooked up with you.

Vince gets a tickle in his nose.

He sneezes. He shakes it off.

Vince then looks around the room concerned.

VINCE

(at the plate of food)
What the hell?
(to Leona)
What you put in this?

Vince begins to wheeze.

Leona brings over a paper bag. She sets it down on the table in front of Vince. Vince peeks inside.

VINCE

Oh hell no!

Vince shoots up out of his chair, knocking over the bag. Peanut shells spill from the bag.

Vince sprints out of the kitchen, and Leona follows him.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vince rushes in the bathroom, his breathing becoming more of a viscous wheeze by the seconds.

He rummages through the drawers and cabinets.

Vince finds a box that reads: "EPI-PEN"

He tears open the box. Nothing.

He rushes back out the bathroom.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vince is beginning to sweat, and his eyelids are beginning to swell. He scans the room to see Leona holding a small tube.

His Epi-pen.

LEONA
Need some help?

VINCE
Leona...
(Coughing)
Please baby?

She holds it out for him to get. He quickly walks over as his condition rapidly takes over.

Just a few steps away, Leona drops it.

LEONA
Oops!

Vince is now clutching his throat.

VINCE
Please-I need-I need-I need that.

Vince's speech becomes strained, as it becomes harder and harder for him to talk.

LEONA
Come get it.

Vince begins to walk towards it. Leona brings her round toe tan pumps on top of the pen. Applying pressure. This stops Vince.

LEONA
No!

Leona points to the ground like a dominatrix.

LEONA
(sadistic)
On your knees!

Vince immediately gets on his knees.

Vince is sweating profusely, his breathings sounding like a wounded animals. His eyes almost swollen shut.

VINCE
Please, I'm-
(forcing breaths)
I'm-I think I'm dying.

LEONA
You think?
(beat)

LEONA

I know.

Leona kicks the epi-pen. Vince scrambles for the pen, but it escapes his grasps, and finds shelter under the couch.

Leona struggles with Vince, wrestling with him, keeping him away from the couch.

After a short while, Vince becomes very woozy. He stumbles around before crashing to the ground.

He props himself up against the wall.

Leona looks at him as she stands over him.

Vince stares irately at Leona before his angry face fades into a neutral, lifeless expression. His eyes and mouth hang slightly open, and his last breath whistles out from his lips.

Leona stares.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Leona removes her sunglasses. Her eyes tired, slightly bruised, and empty.

LEONA

You know what I'm going to do?

Chanel leans forward in her chair, eyes squinting, at full attention.

CHANEL

What?

LEONA

I'm going to kill that son-of-a-bitch! But, I'm going to make it look like an accident.

Chanel looks at her friend confused.

LEONA

I told you about his peanut allergy right? Had to rush him to the hospital after I ate a granola bar and and he kissed me?

CHANEL
 (slightly scared)
 ...yeah?

LEONA
 That's it! I'mma expose his
 allergy.

CHANEL
 And if that don't work?

LEONA
 Do you know what anaphylaxis is?
 That mother fucker doesn't stand a
 chance. That shit is merciless.

Chanel just listens.

LEONA
 I already took his epi-pens out the
 box in the bathroom. So, when he
 eats his dinner tonight, which will
 have crushed up peanuts mixed in,
 he'll rush to the bathroom...

FLASH ON

Vince rushing to the bathroom.

LEONA
 ...see that shit is gone. Come back
 out, and...awww shit! Look who has
 the key to prolonging his miserable
 existence.

FLASH ON

Vince rushes out of bathroom to his living room to see Leona
 holding his epi-pen.

LEONA
 After I get that violent bitch to
 beg for his life, I'll toss the
 epi-pen aside, and tussle with him
 a bit.

FLASH ON

Leona tussling with Vince.

CHANEL
 Whoa! Hold on 'Thin Line Between
 Love and Hate'. Why would you risk

CHANEL
wrestling with him. He's stronger
than you. If he gets to his meds,
your ass is done.

LEONA
Is it Ms. Chanel? Anaphylaxis will
close up his airways. Me wrestling
him will tire him out, increasing
his body's need for oxygen. But, if
you can barely breath...well, your
a smart girl.

Chanel shakes her head, almost in disgust.

CHANEL
I love you Leona, you've been my
girl for a long, long time. But, I
don't think this is a good idea.
Maybe if you just go to the cops-

LEONA
Cops?!
(shakes head laughing)
Two years I've been getting my ass
beat. Two years. Family cut contact
with me, friends abandoned me,
except you.

Leona breaths deep.

LEONA
Because of him. I miss hanging out
with you, going to the movies, and
the clubs. Miss my mommy and daddy.
Got a bachelors in communication
from the U, and can't find work
cause I always have to wear these
stupid sunglasses. I'm taking my
life back Nelly...

Chanel looks at her friend scared and concerned.

LEONA
...by any means necessary!

Chanel reaches across the table grabbing hold of her friends
hand.

Leona squeezes her friends hand, tears free fall from both
of their eyes.

END

