

TWEEN TWOUBLE

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

A fine, summer day. Three tweens:

MARY, wears a Ronda Rousey action tee shirt and jeans. JEAN sports a Hawaiian floral print and shorts. NINA wears a sleeveless purple tee and cut-offs.

They sit on the steps plotting.

MARY

I know where she keeps it; the
kitty cookie jar; on the stove top.

JEAN

Ya sure?

MARY

(confidently)

She'd take the cash from the jar to
pay me. She's loaded.

NINA

And the back door?

MARY

Surprise! There's a key under the
back door mat. I found it once
after letting her precious TuTu in.
I hated that cat but HANES paid
large for the cat-sit.

JEAN

Okay, let's do it!

EXT. SMALL BLUE CAPE COD - DRIVEWAY - DAY

The three tweens fist bump and separate.

Mary walks toward the rear of the house, ear budded to her
shirt pocketed phone.

EXT. SMALL BLUE CAPE COD - BACK DOOR - DAY

Mary lifts the back door mat.

EXT. SMALL BLUE CAPE COD -FRONT PORCH - DAY

Jean rings the doorbell. Nina holds a clip board.

NINA
Your phone on speaker?

Jean nods.

NINA
You with us Mare?

MARY (O.S.)
Check. Loud and clear. Key
secured.

MRS. HANES (75) sweet, petite, smartly coiffed grey hair,
opens her front door and speaks through the screen door.

MRS HANES
Yes? Can I help you young ladies?

JEAN
We're conducting a neighborhood
survey and. . .

INT. SMALL BLUE CAPE COD - KITCHEN - DAY

Mary slips through the back door and tip toes through the
dining room, into the kitchen.

She takes a gander at the stove. No kitty cookie jar on the
stove top.

Mary remains calm. She turns and spies the kitty cookie jar,
across the room, next to the refrigerator.

Suddenly, TuTu exits from beneath the kitchen table and
blocks Mary's path.

The feline rubs back and forth against Mary's legs. TuTu me-
ows at an unusually, loud, un-cat-eristic volume; excited to
see an old friend.

EXT. SMALL BLUE CAPE COD - FRONT PORCH -DAY

MRS. HANES
(giggling)
Oh, I'm sorry but you must excuse
me. That's my TuTu.
(MORE)

MRS. HANES (CONT'D)
 She only me-ows like that when
 she's really hungry. That little
 brat. I'll be right back.

Mrs. Hanes turns and starts for the kitchen.

JEAN	NINA
Mare! You gotta get out of there!	Mare! You gotta get out of there!

INT. SMALL BLUE CAPE COD - KITCHEN - DAY

Mary lifts a pouch from the cookie jar and quickly stuffs it
 down the front her shirt.

She replaces the lid.

MARY
 On my way!

She turns and exits the kitchen just as Mrs. Hanes enters.

Mrs. Hanes looks up as the back door swings closed.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - FRONT STEPS - DAY

The tweens arrive at the porch. They try to catch their
 breath after their escape. Finally, they sit.

MARY
 Wow, that was close but we did it.
 I don't know how much but I grabbed
 a lot of something, I think.

JEAN
 Let's divi it up. I gotta split

NINA
 Yeah, soil time!

Mary removes the pouch from under her shirt. She dumps the
 contents on the porch, between the tweens.

A pile of one thousand and five thousand dollar bills splash
 out. A large pile of James Madisons and Grover Clevelands
 stare back at them.

JEAN
 Whaaa? What's this? . . . Is it
 real?

NINA
Can't be! Gotta be fake!

They each pick up a bill and examine.

MARY
There's gotta be over four hundred
thousand dollars here.

NINA
We're rich, rich, rich!

MARY
No. We're screwed, screwed,
screwed. Maybe her life savings. .
. . . We can't keep it.

NINA
(pleading)
What!! Come on, Mare. . . Just one
bill each?

MARY
No.

NINA
How about we

MARY
Forget it Nina! Not happening. I
took it. I'm taking it back.

JEAN
Mary's right Nina. What would we
do with it, anyway. We can't spend
it. If we show it to anyone;
we're history.

MARY
That stuff is so old, only a granny
type would try and use it. It's
probably worthless, anyway.

JEAN
Like Confederate money from the
Civil War? Right?

MARY
Something like that.
Look guys, if it was fifty bucks
she probably wouldn't care but
she's got antiques all over the
house.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

She may make a big stink about antique, old money missing; even if it is worth nothing.

NINA

(disappointed)

Oh, man.

MARY

So here's what we're gonna do. Tomorrow; same time, same place, same plan.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mary exits the bathroom in her nightgown. She closes her bedroom door, locks it and takes a seat at her desk.

Her desk lamp shines above the digital clock that reads 3:00 AM.

From a desk drawer, Mary removes the pouch and dumps the contents on the desktop. She slowly rakes her hands through the tender.

EXT. SMALL BLUE CAPE COD - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Jean and Nina, clip board poised, prepare to ring the door bell.

NINA

You ready Mare? . . . Here we go.

Jean rings the doorbell. No response. She tries again, again and again; nothing.

Jean turns to Nina.

JEAN

I don't think she's home.

Nina rings. She rings again, again and again. The door doesn't open.

NINA

Mare, she's not home.

MARY (O.S.)

Okay, I'm going for it. I'll be careful. She may be napping.

Mary puts on a pair of gloves, keys in, and carefully closes the back door.

INT. SMALL BLUE CAPE COD - DINING ROOM - DAY

The dining room is completely trashed. Broken dishes and silverware are scattered everywhere. A China closet is overturned.

All the drawers of the dining room furniture are open and their contents have been emptied.

The seats of the dining room chairs have been slashed and their stuffing removed.

Mary, walks quickly to the kitchen.

INT. SMALL BLUE CAPE COD - KITCHEN - DAY

Mary enters the kitchen.

Seated and duct taped to a kitchen chair is Mrs Hanes. Her severed head rests, open eyed, in her lap.

Blood drips down the legs of the chair into a large pool.

Cat, bloody paw, prints cover the kitchen floor.

The kitchen has been ransacked as well; cabinet doors open, drawers pulled out.

From atop the refrigerator TuTu me-ows at a very loud volume.

Mary zigzags, around paw prints, to a cabinet underneath the kitchen sink.

TuTu's me-ows become constant and deafening.

Mary, bends over and removes a large bag of cat food from the cabinet.

With a very large, sharp knife, she slashes the bag and dumps the contents on the floor.

Pieces of the Me-ow Mix slide past the broken kitty cookie jar.

Finally, she turns back to the sink and opens the tap to a drip and slides a bowl under it.

MARY

Toots, that should hold you for a long while. Gotta go.

TuTu stops me-owing. She leaps from the refrigerator to a counter and finally, to the floor.

EXT. SMALL BLUE CAPE COD - DRIVEWAY - DAY

The tweens meet up and begin a fast walk down the street.

NINA

Is it back in the jar?

JEAN

Is it back in the jar?

MARY

It's back. It's back. We're cool.
We're cool. It's all good. . . .

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Mary shovels the last bit of dirt into a hole and pats the surface flat.

FADE OUT.

