

A BIZARRELY DROLL VALENTINE

by

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OVER BLACK

"Total Eclipse of the Heart" by Bonnie Tyler BLARES.

A car horn BLASTS.

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Behind the wheel is ZACH LEE, 26, thin, awkwardly handsome. He is dressed nicely. A button-up t-shirt, cleanly shaved, his hair is even combed over.

He thumbs along the steering wheel to the beat of the song.

SUPERIMPOSE: FEBRUARY 14TH, VALENTINES DAY

On the passenger seat beside him is a bundle of roses and a heart-shaped box of chocolates.

Zach smiles, spots something outside of his car.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The small car is parked in the dark, dingy alley.

FRANKIE JONES, 23, pretty blonde, tight skirt, bright red fishnets, and a revealing tank top, approaches the car.

Zach rolls down his window, turns off the MUSIC.

FRANKIE

Hey there, Handsome. You looking for a good time?

Zach frowns.

ZACH

I thought whores only talked like that in the movies.

Anger spreads across Frankie's face.

FRANKIE

Whatever, Dick. If you're not interested, go home and beat off. You're wasting my time.

ZACH

That's more like it. Relax. I'm

definitely interested.

Growing impatient, Frankie crosses her arms, taps her foot.

FRANKIE

You might be interested? Just what the fuck does that mean?

ZACH

It means...

He smiles.

ZACH (CONT)

I like some variety.

Frankie lets out a slight GIGGLE.

FRANKIE

Oh, I can handle variety.

Zach motions for her to get in.

ZACH

We'll see.

She shoots him a cautious smile as she walks around to the passenger side.

FRANKIE

You're a strange one, aren't ya'?

ZACH

You have no idea.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Zach grabs the roses and box of chocolates, makes room for Frankie as she gets in.

FRANKIE

Yeah, well. I *like* strange.

ZACH

Great.

He hands her the roses and box of chocolates, gives her a warm smile.

ZACH

Will you be my Valentine?

She hesitantly accepts the gifts.

FRANKIE
 (faux surprised)
 Oh my.

She smiles back at Zach.

FRANKIE (CONT)
 Of course, I'll be your Valentine.
 So... We doing this here? Or-

An awkward, goofy LAUGH bursts from Zach's lips.

ZACH
Hell no. Too cramped. I like to get
 flexible, know what I mean? Let's take
 this party back to my place.

FRANKIE
 You wanna hear the price, first?

ZACH
 I'll throw ya' a grand. Blow my
 mind... And I'll double it.

He switches the stereo back on, turns up the MUSIC.

ZACH
 (sings off-key)
 And I need you now tonight! And I need
 you more than ever!

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The car drives away, leaves the alley in darkness.

FADE TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A rundown shit-hole, paint faded, yard overgrown.

Zach approaches the front door, Frankie close behind. The roses and box of chocolate are stuffed into her purse.

She looks over the house, unimpressed.

FRANKIE
 Nice place...

ZACH

It's home.

He opens the front door, waves her in.

ZACH (CONT)

After you.

Frankie GIGGLES.

FRANKIE

Ooh. A gentleman.

He smiles.

ZACH

Never been accused of being one of those before.

Frankie seductively rubs against Zach as he passes him and enters the house.

He looks around briefly, then slips inside after her. The door closes.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

It's clean and tidy, well furnished. In stark contrast to the outside.

Frankie sets her purse down on the computer desk, turns to Zach as he locks the front door.

He flips a switch next to the front door, turns on the living room ceiling light.

The bulb is red, casting the room in an eerie glow.

Frankie looks up at the light, tilts her head, curious. She looks back to Zach, who just stares at her.

FRANKIE

So... Earlier you spoke of variety.

Zach grins as he walks over to the desk, takes a seat.

ZACH

First, introductions. The name's Zach Lee. I'm an adult filmmaker. Well... Sort of...

FRANKIE

Sort of?

ZACH

Still trying to get my production company off the ground. Not a lot of talent around these parts, if you know what I mean.

FRANKIE

Of course.

Frankie steps in front of him, gets down on her knees.

FRANKIE

It's very nice to meet you, Zach Lee.
I'm Frankie Jones.

She moves her hands up his thighs.

FRANKIE (CONT)

Now. Let's get those pants off so I can blow your mind.

ZACH

Don't you want your payment first?

Frankie smirks.

FRANKIE

I trust you.

ZACH

Bad move.

He stands, steps past Frankie, moves over to the stereo in the far corner.

Frankie gets off her knees, looks confused.

FRANKIE

What are you doing?

ZACH

Setting the mood.

He turns on the stereo. "Fuck The Pain Away" by Peaches BLARES through the speakers.

Zach turns, faces Frankie.

ZACH

Dance.

A long beat.

Zach stares Frankie down, who finally shrugs.

FRANKIE

You're the boss.

ZACH

Damn right.

He walks back to the desk, takes a seat.

ZACH

Now... Blow me away.

Zach just watches as Frankie starts to sway her hips to the beat of the song.

Slow at first. Then faster.

As the song THUMPS along, so does Frankie.

Zach likes what he sees, smiles.

Frankie starts to take her shirt off.

ZACH

Keep it on. I like to be teased.

Frankie nods, lowers her shirt. She continues to dance.

Zach turns his attention from her to his computer. He starts typing away on the keyboard.

Frankie doesn't notice. She is too caught up in the MUSIC.

HEAVY MOANING and WET SMACKING SOUNDS play through the computer speakers.

Zach leans back in his chair, starts to rub himself.

Frankie, now aware of what Zach is doing, slowly approaches him from behind.

Zach closes his eyes, takes a deep breath just as Frankie gets to him.

She reaches her arms around him, down towards his groin.

He smiles.

Frankie leans in close, puts her mouth to his ear.

FRANKIE

Are you enjoying yourself?

He shivers as he nods, takes another deep breath.

Frankie undoes his belt, seductively removes it. She licks his earlobe.

FRANKIE

How's this for variety?

She throws the belt around Zach's throat and squeezes tight.

Startled, Zach loses his balance, falls backward as he's choked. Frankie's face twists with anger and joy as she falls to the floor with him.

Zach struggles to free himself, but Frankie has too tight of a hold.

FRANKIE

Quit struggling!

In a last-ditch effort, Zach rolls over and is able to loosen Frankie's grip. He elbows her in the gut, is finally able to free himself.

Zach COUGHS VIOLENTLY as he gets up.

Frankie jumps up, rushes forward, and shoves him against a wall. She punches him in the face.

Zach reacts by grabbing Frankie by her hair and smashing his fist into her face. Again and again.

The tide quickly turns.

He knees her in the gut, swings her around by the hair, and throws her to the floor.

ZACH

You bitch!

He COUGHS some more as he rubs his throat.

Frankie pulls herself to her knees, spits out blood.

Zach stomps forward, kicks her in the stomach.

She GROANS in pain as she rolls over onto her back.

Zach moves quickly, gets on top of her. He straddles her, wraps his fingers around her throat.

ZACH

I'm gonna eat your heart you stupid
fuckin' whore!

His face is beet red. Veins protrude from his sweaty forehead. Just as it seems that he has won, Frankie swiftly brings up her knee, catches him in the groin.

Zach WHELPS as he goes pale white and rolls over off of her.

Frankie uses all of her might to push herself to her feet. She grabs the keyboard off of the desk and turns back to Zach, who attempts to get back to his feet.

FRANKIE

Stay down.

She SMASHES the keyboard across Zach's face, who falls back to the floor, dazed.

Blood gushes from his nose and mouth.

The MUSIC stops, the next SONG starts. It's "Nights in White Satin" by The Moody Blues.

ZACH

(weakly)

F-fuck... Me...

Frankie drops what is left of the keyboard, turns to her purse on the desk. She digs inside, pulls out a switchblade.

Zach just watches. He spits out some blood and lets out a goofy LAUGH.

ZACH (CONT)

Oh... This is just f-fantastic. You...
Were gonna k-kill me... This whole
time.

He LAUGHS some more, hysterical.

Frankie's face draws blank, her true colors finally revealed. She takes a step toward Zach, blade in hand.

A crazed grin stretches across Zach's face, ear to ear.

ZACH (CONT)

Look at you... Y-you love it...

She raises the blade high, ready to strike.

ZACH (CONT)

Just like me.

A KNOCK comes from the closet on the other side of the room.

Startled, Frankie spins around. Another KNOCK.

Zach watches as she slowly moves toward the closet.

She's almost there when she stops, looks back at Zach.

FRANKIE

What's in there?

Zach responds with a sinister smirk.

ZACH

My action figure collection.

Frankie SCOFFS, turns back to the closet. She grips the blade tight as she reaches out with her free hand.

Just as she is about to open the closet door, it burst open and WALTER CUNNINGHAM, 55, bloodied and beaten, wearing nothing but a thong and a ball gag in his mouth, falls to the floor. The left side of his face is swollen and purple. His hands are handcuffed behind his back.

Shocked, Frankie stares down at Walter.

FRANKIE

What. The. Fuck!?

She turns to Zach, who gives an innocent shrug.

ZACH

I can explain.

Walter attempts to speak, but is MUFFLED by the ball gag. Frankie bends down, removes the ball gag.

WALTER

(hysterical)

Thank God! Please, you have to help

me! This guy... He... He killed my son... He...

Walter starts to cry.

WALTER (CONT)
He a fucking psycho-

Frankie shoves the ball gag back in Walter's mouth. She turns back to Zach, shoots him a questioning look.

FRANKIE
Is that true? Did you really kill his son?

Again, Zach shrugs.

ZACH
Meh. Maybe a little.

Frankie smiles back. She looks down at Walter, who is confused and terrified.

Tears well up in Walter's eyes as Frankie grabs him by his hair and puts her blade to his throat.

FRANKIE
This is not your lucky day.

She looks back to Zach.

FRANKIE (CONT)
And you. You are a strange one.

ZACH
Told ya' so.

Frankie rips the blade across Walter's throat. Blood sprays out as he convulses.

She releases her grip on Walter's hair, lets him drop to the floor, where he chokes on his own blood. She smiles at Zach, a friendly smile this time.

Zach smiles back. A big, goofy grin.

ZACH
You are... Amazing.

Frankie blushes.

FRANKIE

Ditto.

They stare into each other's eyes. True love.

Frankie walks over and kneels down next to Zach. He reaches out a hand, caresses her cheek.

They embrace in a passionate kiss.

PAN OVER to Walter's still convulsing body.

FADE OUT.