

DID YOU DO IT?

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INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Spacious open concept. Neat and quiet, except for the sound of rain outside and the occasional THUNDER rumble.

MAGGIE (32), curled up on the couch in a throw, reads a book. Hair is up, glasses low on the bridge of her nose. She yawns, flips a page.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

Maggie flinches, nearly drops the book.

MAGGIE

Jesus!

She gets up, inches towards the door. Fearful.

A clock on the KITCHEN WALL reads 11:07.

Maggie peers through the glass at the top of the door, unlocks and opens it.

It's JON (36), and he's drenched, a fearful look of his own.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing here?

JON

I know.

MAGGIE

It's a little late for this. And not even a call...

(off his look)

What's wrong?

JON

I- I didn't know what to do. I hit someone. It was late. Raining. I- I didn't know what to do!

MAGGIE

All right, all right. Calm down. Come inside.

She takes a step back.

JON

No. No. You gotta come outside. He's in the trunk.

MAGGIE

What?! He's in your trunk?

JON

Yeah.

MAGGIE

Is he dead?

JON

I don't know.

MAGGIE

Jesus, Jon. Why didn't you go to your wife with this?

JOHN

I don't know. I couldn't. This is too bad. And you're a nurse.

She takes a deep breath.

MAGGIE

Fuck sake.

She steps outside. He leads her to the car in her driveway and slips his fingers underneath the emblem to pop the latch.

JON

Tell me he's not not dead. Please, please...

MAGGIE

You should have called the cops first.

They're both behind the car when the trunk opens. There's nothing inside, but it's lined with trash bags duct taped around the perimeter.

Maggie turns.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

John, what the--

He plunges a knife into her abdomen. A kitchen knife. Walmart sharp. She tries to speak, but nothing comes out.

She reaches out, grasping.

Jon's face is soaked. Could be tears, could be rain.

JON

I'm sorry, Maggie. I'm so sorry.

He grabs the handle of the knife, still in her stomach, and pushes her backwards into the trunk.

He reaches down, swings one leg in. Then another.

She's still alive. Barely. Gasping. Eyes wide in their sockets, reaching out desperately with claw-like hands.

He leaves the knife in her and shuts the trunk.

Jon leans forward, hunched over.

JON (CONT'D)
Fuck, what did I just do? Fuck. Oh
fuck--

Rain continues falling.

His phone rings. He reaches in his coat pocket, pulls it out and holds it to his ear.

All he can manage are heavy breaths.

LUNA (V.O.)
(on phone)
Did you do it?

Jon blinks as the rain pelts his face.

JON
L-L-Luna?

LUNA (V.O.)
Who the fuck else would it be? Did
you do it?

JON
Yeah. Yeah. She's... She's gone.

LUNA (V.O.)
Good.

JON
But, what do I do with her?

LUNA (V.O.)
Dump her in a swamp. I don't give a
shit.
(breathing)
I told you when we first met, don't
fuckin' cheat on me.

The call ends.

Jon stares at the phone. Puts it back to his ear.

JON

Luna!

CLICK.

He spins. A DARK FIGURE in a rain coat directly behind him.

LUNA (37), levels a gun at him.

THUNDER CRACKS!

She fires. Muzzle flash. Jon swallows a bullet as the back of his head blows out against the car.

Luna steps forward, opens the trunk and shoots Maggie for good measure. She lifts Jon, and manages to stuff him in there, too.

She slams the trunk shut, enters the car and starts it. The wipers swish a plum-sized piece of brain.

Hits reverse and pulls into the street.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Luna white knuckles the wheel. Her phone rings. She taps the infotainment screen and it plays on the speakers.

LUNA

Hello, lover.

A MALE voice answers.

VOICE (V.O.)

Did you do it?