

BOMBING

written by

DMITRI THE CLOWN

OVER BLACK --

A WOMAN'S VOICE performing stand-up comedy.

ROSE (V.O)
My grandmother would've liked your town, I think. And she was a *deeply* unhappy woman.

INT. SMALL TOWN BAR - NIGHT

A tiny dive bar lazily converted for a "comedy show". **ROSE** (20s, upbeat), the opening act, performs for a TINY CROWD of townsfolk.

ROSE
My grandmother never met a waitress she couldn't make cry. Or, more accurately, who didn't deserve to cry, in her opinion.

Polite, scattered laughter.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Okay, on that note -- the woman you came here to see -- one Ms. Rowena Turner!

ROWENA (30, alt, urbane) comes out from behind a curtain. The headliner. She takes the mic from Rose with a smile. More polite claps. Rose exits 'off-stage', which is actually just a corner around the bar.

ROWENA
Wow! The life of a road comic - the privilege I have to be here in Sikawana, Louisiana!

A few "woohs!".

ROWENA
Yes! Wooh! I read up on your town's history - unincorporated, of course. Who needs a county, right? Anyway, little fact: your town is named after the *very first* twelve-year-old Native American girl your founder molested!

Silence. Rowena glares into the thin crowd, unsmiling.

ROWENA

I made that up, don't worry. I
would never research your shithole.

More silence. Rowena sees a DARK FIGURE at the very back of the crowd. Unidentifiable, but sinister -- cosmically so.

EXT. SHITTY MOTEL - NIGHT

Rowena, holding a bottle of wine, knocks on Room 3's door. Rose, her opener, answers in a nightgown.

ROWENA

We bombed. Wanna get trashed?

ROSE

(shaking her head 'no')
You bombed.

ROWENA

I can't believe they sent us here.
These crowds are --

ROSE

Night.

Rose shuts the door.

SOON AFTER

Rowena paces the motel's entrance, sipping from her wine. She passes Room 12, the door slightly ajar. A southern twang:

LIAM (O.S)

You wantin' company?

Rowena stops and opens the door a little more, revealing **LIAM** (30s, very handsome, rough), who sips a can of beer. Rowena studies him, looks him up and down.

INT. ROOM 12 - NIGHT

Liam reaches into his mini-bar, holds out a beer for Rowena, seated. She shakes her head no, gestures to her wine bottle.

LIAM

They send you here to tell jokes,
the boonies -- so tell me a joke.

Rowena looks around Liam's room. His clothes are piled on the bed; the room lived-in.

ROWENA
You live here? In the motel?

LIAM
Ain't a joke.

Liam walks past Rowena into the adjoining bathroom.

ROWENA
Got any tips for making these guys
laugh? Eight more nights.

LIAM
Dunno. Not from here. You party?

ROWENA
What?

Liam emerges from the bathroom holding a glass meth pipe. He
lights and smokes it.

ROWENA
Oh, god.

LIAM
No?

She shakes her head. But, then:

ROWENA
Whatever.

He passes her the pipe. Rowena exhales a cloud of chemical
smoke.

INT. SMALL TOWN BAR - THE NEXT NIGHT

Rowena delivers her set to another thin, un-laughing crowd.
Liam sits in the front row, a friendlier face.

ROWENA
You have very high standards here.

Again, she sees in the back: a DARK FIGURE. Full of rage.

INT. ROOM 12 - YET ANOTHER NIGHT

Rowena passes Liam back his meth pipe, another cloud of
smoke. The two sit on Liam's bed.

ROWENA
You're a great cheerleader.

Liam hits the pipe; doesn't reply. He KISSES Rowena deeply, who returns the gesture. They messily remove each other's clothes, both high. Liam climbs atop Rowena.

SOON AFTER

They lay together, nude, post coital. Rowena traces a finger over Liam's chest tattoo, a bird spreading its wings.

LIAM

You have any?

Rowena grins.

ROWENA

Eugh. Yes. I was young, okay?

She turns over, showing Liam the back of her thigh. A terribly embarrassing text tattoo: *life is sacred*.

LIAM

Tell me that's a joke. Ironical.

(she shakes her head)

You're a terrible comedian.

INT. SMALL TOWN BAR - THE NEXT NIGHT

Rowena is bombing another set; no Liam. She's given up all pretence of delivering a show. She seems strung out.

ROWENA

Is it the lack of blackface
bothering you maybe?

No laughs. Rowena, for the third time, sees an angry, imposing figure in the back of the crowd. She furrows her brow at him.

EXT. SMALL TOWN BAR - LATER

Rowena smokes a cigarette by the entrance as a handful of her CROWD exits the bar onto the town's main street.

ROWENA

(dripping with sarcasm)

Thank you for supporting the arts.

They ignore her and walk on; watching them leave, in the far distance, Rowena spies the figure walking away from the bar, in the middle of the road, alone, his back to her. She throws her cigarette underfoot.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Rowena follows the strange figure as he wanders the road, a hundred yards behind. The empty town's dark imposing facades around them, half of them abandoned. A classic American fentanyl town.

The figure turns a corner up ahead, down a residential road.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

Rowena watches the figure as he turns towards a crumbling house. He doesn't seem to notice her. Emboldened by curiosity, Rowena follows him. She approaches the entrance...

...an ajar front door.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

Rowena enters with trepidation. The house is dusty, unfurnished. No sign of the figure. She takes careful steps through the empty front room...empty except for one thing.

CRASH. The back door slam O.S. Rowena startles. Is she alone?

She approaches the sole furnishing: a CHEST FREEZER. Bizarrely, it seems to be running, a low whirl. Slowly, she steps towards the freezer. With a deep breath she grabs the freezer door...

...and stops herself. Her hand shakes. She can't open it.

INT. ROOM 12 - NIGHT

Rowena and Liam are in bed together. Both are tweaking.

LIAM

Probably a homeless guy, squatting out in a condemned old house.

ROWENA

You'd know. Also, what kind of homeless guy's doing a two drink minimum for a comedy show?

Liam studies her face. She seems genuinely unnerved.

LIAM

I'll come to your last show.
Bodyguard and cheerleader.

Rowena nods, unsure.

INT. SMALL TOWN BAR - THE NEXT NIGHT

Rowena bombs her final set, Liam watching. No dark figure.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT - LATER

Rowena and Liam walk the empty street after the show.

LIAM

So no creepy dude tonight?

Rowena points ahead, the intersection she'd followed the man down. The streets are deadened; the street-lights casting an amber glow on everything, like some cosmic stage light.

ROWENA

He went down here last night.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT - SOON AFTER

Rowena gestures to the abandoned house.

ROWENA

This was it.

She starts walking towards the ajar front door. Liam follows.

LIAM

You know, I grew up in a place like this.

Rowena reaches the door.

ROWENA

You said you weren't from here?

But he doesn't answer.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

The same dusty, eerie house. The same whirring freezer.

LIAM

Looks empty.

Rowena is transfixed by the freezer.

LIAM (CONT'D)
I'll go check out the other rooms.

ROWENA
No, don't.

Liam walks towards the back half of the house.

LIAM
You gonna let this guy fuck with
you or teach him a lesson?

Liam disappears into the darkness of another room. Rowena
trains her eyes on the freezer.

ROWENA
Do you see anything?

LIAM (O.S)
No.

Rowena creeps towards the freezer...she reaches out to it.

She opens the freezer door. She YELPS with terror --

A dismembered corpse, visible only by it's severed limbs,
piled into the freezer. Panicked, Rowena is unable to move.

ROWENA
Liam!

Rowena turns her head. Liam emerges from darkness and shadow.
He is smiling. He doesn't note the freezer or it's content.

LIAM
You have to come see this.

ROWENA
Liam...

LIAM
They kept it exactly as I remember
it back there.

ROWENA
What...?

Liam reaches out to Rowena with a hand. She looks down at the
freezer's contents, then back at Liam, still grinning.

Unnerved, she grabs Liam's hand. Lets him lead her away,
leaving the freezer door open.

She disappears around a corner into the darkness with him.

LIAM (O.S)
This is the room my brother and I
shared. It looks *exactly* the same.

We stay on the freezer. We HEAR Rowena unable to explain what she's seen, her voice cracking.

ROWENA (O.S)
Liam...?

We note: one of the dismembered limbs in the freezer, the leg, has its thigh facing us. Suddenly, the house seems quiet, empty; we hear nothing more from Liam and Rowena.

We see on the dismembered thigh is a tattoo in a girly font:

'life is sacred'

END