COLD-HEARTED MURDER

Written by

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INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BRAD, 34, slacker-looking in his Atlanta Braves T-shirt and cargo shorts, watches the game with his friend WILL, 38, wearing more proper attire in an Atlanta Braves polo, inside Will's luxurious house.

The two hold beer bottles, their eyes glued to the large, plasma screen.

A collection of empty longnecks and cans scatter across the coffee table.

Several pictures of a well-dressed Will populate the counters and walls, the images complemented by other photographs of him with various, pretty young women.

His Coroner’s badge, polished and glistening even amidst the dim house lights, lies nearby.

Will and Brad stand up, each of them trembling in anticipation, ready for the next play.

Two-run game, bottom of the eighth.

BRAD
Let's go, Braves!

The player swings and gets a base hit to left field. He rounds first, and the crowd goes wild.

Will and Brad react in excitement by high-fiving one another.

WILL
Yes!

The runner at third comes charging into home.

WILL (CONT’D)
Come on, baby!

The ball arrives at the same time as the player, he slides in, dirt flying everywhere.

The umpire charges forward, Brad and Will’s hopes hanging on his next move. Like he’s being too enthusiastic, the umpire slings his hand and calls the runner out with a rebel yell.

BRAD
Shit-

FADE IN:
WILL
What the fuck, man? Ya serious?
He's safe! See that shit?

Brad shakes his head.

BRAD
Yeah, need to challenge.

His phone VIBRATES, interrupting the male bonding session. Will groans as Brad checks it.

WILL
Shit, dude, again?

Brad nods his head. Yet another call from PAULA, his older, much wealthier wife.

BRAD
Never ends.

WILL
Got ya on a short leash, bro.

With a swift punch of the Decline button, Brad ignores it. The missed calls menu now lists eight from her, all within the last twenty minutes.

BRAD
No shit.

Will smiles and pats him on the back.

WILL
Mama must want ya home early.

Brad, his emotions now more subdued, smiles and finishes his beer like it’s part of his last meal.

BRAD
Looks like it.

He puts the bottle down and, in a clumsy gesture, CLANGS it against several others.

BRAD (CONT’D)
Probably need to go, man-

WILL
What? Come on, man! It’s top of the ninth!

BRAD
We're up three to one.
WILL
Don't wanna see Craig close it out?

BRAD
Shit man, ya know I do, but she’s bitching, I’m already kinda drunk, fucking late.

Will nods his head.

WILL
Alright, dude, it’s fine.

Brad smiles and glances back at the T.V. Still showing commercials.

WILL (CONT’D)
Hate ya gotta miss it.

Some other, more lurid thoughts cross Brad’s mind. He turns to face Will.

BRAD
Hey, uh, you gonna call her up?

Like he’s been peer-pressured, Will smiles and goes through his phone.

WILL
Who? Carole?

BRAD
Yeah, man. Who else? Got like a fucking list or something?

WILL
Hey, check it out!

He shows Brad a sext message from CAROLE, a gorgeous younger woman and his latest hook-up.

Brad nods his head with strong approval and smiles.

BRAD
Not bad.

WILL
Shit, not bad?

BRAD
Pretty attractive.
In an all too familiar process, Will goes back to his photo gallery where he’s greeted by loads of other lewd, naked photos sent to him from different women.

WILL
Fucking hot, dude!

Brad, mimicking Will from earlier, pats him on the back.

BRAD
Hey, good luck! Hopefully won’t wear ya out too much.

WILL
Yeah, she’s pretty wild.

Brad chuckles.

BRAD
Alright, man, see ya tomorrow.

WILL
Hey, hold on, I’ll walk ya out.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

State-of-the-art room.

Spotless sinks and ovens hint at Will’s wealth, and a refrigerator covered by tourist magnets sits in the back.

Will’s large walk-in freezer, complete with a metal handle, looms by the front door.

In all their drunken glory, Will and Brad stumble through.

WILL
Mama must want ya home for a reason.

Brad reaches for the freezer’s handle.

WILL (CONT’D)
Making ya earn that money-

BRAD
Yeah.

Like he just got shocked, Will looks on in fright.

BRAD (CONT’D)
Hey, let me get a beer real-

4.
WILL
Whoa, in the fridge, man!

Will grabs Brad and slams the freezer door SHUT. With his empty beer bottle, he points him toward the refrigerator.

WILL
Over there! Come on, man, not that fucking drunk!

BRAD
Okay, shit-

WILL
Grab one, man!

Brad, his movements similar to a scolded student, approaches the lumbering beast of a fridge.

BRAD
Sorry-

WILL
Don’t worry about it, dude. Just got shit all packed in there, ya know.

Brad opens the steel door, cool breezes instantly hitting him. He shivers and grabs another cold beer.

BRAD
Gotcha.

He pops the top and takes a few swigs.

WILL
But I'll, uh, keep ya posted on tonight-

Carole enters Brad’s thoughts again. He panics and looks around.

BRAD
Shit, she on the way?

Will, never rattled, grins.

WILL
Yeah, in like ten minutes.

Brad hurries and puts the bottle on the counter.
BRAD
Shit, dude, my bad! Not trying to cockblock-

His phone VIBRATES, another call from Paula.

BRAD
Fuck!

Brad struggles to answer it while making his way out. Will laughs at his obedience and watches him leave.

WILL
Better answer your mama, boy!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Spacious, affluent interior.

Two lush chairs sit in a corner, an antique table right in front of them.

Burnt wood populates the stone fireplace, and a large T.V. glares down from the wall.

Various artifacts and works of art encompass the surroundings like they’re all part of a personal museum.

Brad walks in, his steps succumbing to a tip-toe to better avoid confrontation. Why tempt fate?

Once he closes the door, Paula flicks on the lights.

Startled, Brad looks over and sees her sitting in a luxurious chair, an open bottle of wine cradled in her jewelry-adorned arms.

BRAD
Shit, Paula, what the fuck?

Her dark eyes are uncompromising and stare right at him.

PAULA
Been calling you all night!

Paula staggers up.

PAULA (CONT’D)
Where’ve ya been?

BRAD
Hey, just calm down-
PAULA
Out with some fucking tramp?

BRAD
No, told ya I was at Will’s-

She clinches the bottle tight and points it at him like she’s wielding a dagger.

PAULA
Never give a shit about me! Can’t even fucking text me back, asshole!

BRAD
Paula-

Paula’s temper flares, and she lets out an emotional groan of frustration.

BRAD
What the fuck ya talking about? I was at Will’s!

PAULA
Probably screwing some whore!

Tears run down her eyes, and she shoves Brad against the door.

BRAD
Shit, ya drunk again?

In one quick motion, Paula slaps him.

BRAD
Ah, fuck!

Brad, surprised by the hit, rubs the spot after impact.

BRAD (CONT’D)
Goddammit, Paula!

PAULA
Had me worried sick! Couldn’t even fucking sleep cause I kept thinking all kinda-

BRAD
I was at Will’s! It was a late game!

PAULA
Bastard!
BRAD
Told ya was just hanging with-

PAULA
He's a piece of shit too! Both of you!

Paula, overcome by drunken rage, punches him.

BRAD
Fuck! Crazy bitch!

PAULA
Probably having orgies over there and-and sleeping around!

BRAD
No! Fuck no! How can ya even say that shit, babe?

She pushes him and turns away, her tears now flowing at a rapid rate.

BRAD
Shit, can we just like fucking chill for a minute?

Brad puts his arms around her only to get spurned.

PAULA
No, fuck you, Brad!

Paula’s timidity, whatever was left of it, dissipates when she smashes the bottle against the wall.

Brad nervously eyes the broken glass, particularly the sharper edges.

BRAD
Paula, just listen to me, alright. For once, just fucking listen to me, please-

PAULA
Too late, Brad! I know everything! All of it!

BRAD
What the fuck-

She swings her weapon, narrowly missing his neck.

PAULA
Motherfucker!
Brad, trying to calm Paula, raises his hands out and takes a step forward.

**BRAD**
Hey babe, just think about this, okay. Just put that shit down, Paula. Please. Think about-

In a violent rejection, Paula screams and raises the bottle.

**PAULA**
No! You’re mine, Brad!

**BRAD**
Fucking drunk! Come on-

Like she’s possessed by a murderer’s spirit, Paula thrusts the weapon again, once more barely missing her target.

Brad stumbles back, his eyes alarmed by the closeness of her efforts.

**BRAD**
Shit, Paula-

She screams and swings, this time slicing his arm.

**BRAD**
Ah, fuck!

Paula smiles and raises the glass, taunting Brad. She licks his blood from it with a more-than-willing tongue.

**BRAD**
Paula, what the fuck?

She holds the weapon out and advances toward him.

**PAULA**
Till death do us part, Brad.

The madcap grin spreads across Paula’s face like wildfire.

Soon, a yell erupts from her, and she charges after Brad, her craziness ignoring the specks of blood hitting her from the bottle’s edges.

The impending hit motivates Brad who clutches his wound and looks for a defense.

He snags one of her artistic statues and slams it over Paula’s head before she can stab him, knocking her to the floor.
Brad, fueled by anger, glares down at Paula while her blood splatters onto him.

BRAD
Crazy bitch! Look what ya made me do!

Resentment and violence overtake his once loving eyes.

BRAD (CONT’D)
Just wouldn’t fucking stop!

Blood spurts out of her mouth, some of it hitting him.

PAULA
Mine, Brad. All mine.

BRAD
No, Goddammit!

PAULA
Mine, all mine.

The red-stained, luminous statue smashes onto Paula’s face one more time.

Through the blood and grue, her final words echo through Brad’s mind.

He leans up against the wall, tired from his violent act.

BRAD
Not yours. Fucking-fucking bitch...not yours.

Brad releases the statue and stares down at her corpse. Blood flows through the room like a literal Red River.

BRAD
Fuck.

He, tears coming down his gore-tarnished cheeks, thinks back on his crime.

BRAD
Shit, Paula. I'm sorry, sorry.

Loud VIBRATING interrupts the solemn proceedings.

Brad struggles for his phone, the item slipping from his grasp before he finally pulls it out.

New text message from Will: Totally just fucked her.
The sexuality of the message goes unnoticed by Brad who reacts fast by hitting the call button.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Brad stays busy scrubbing blood off the wall with a red, oversoaked rag.

KNOCKS at the front door stop him like a lunch break whistle.

    WILL (O.S.)
    Hey, Brad! It’s me, open up!

With a trembling hand, Brad opens it, and Will rushes in.

    WILL
    Hey, what happened, man?

He stops and goes silent upon noticing the grisly sight.

    WILL
    Oh, shit!

Brad, overcome by nerves, grabs Will’s shoulder and stares right into his eyes.

    BRAD
    What'd ya tell her? Caitlin or-or whatever-

    WILL
    Carole.

    BRAD
    Yeah-

    WILL
    Nothing, just kicked her out, dude. You’re good.

Brad lets out a sigh of relief.

    BRAD
    Shit, thanks.

Will glimpses at Paula like she’s a forthcoming task before he focuses on Brad.

    WILL
    Brad, what the fuck, man? This—this is bad.

Brad shakes his head and gazes down.
BRAD
She was drunk, man! Know how she—she fucking attacked me, dude.

WILL
Gonna claim this was self-defense—
The comment provokes Brad, making him glare.

BRAD
No, man! Just got pissed off, alright! Gets all fucked-up and shit and—and goes fucking nuts and I—I lost it! Just—just fucking lost it.

Will, still calm, pats him on the shoulder.

WILL
Hey forget about it, man. I'm here for ya.

His eyes scurry around the house like they’re trying to form a plan.

WILL (CONT’D)
Just gotta take her somewhere, that’s all. Gonna be alright.

BRAD
Where we gonna go? Don’t know what the fuck to do, man! Not like a violent person or anything. I—I never hit her or—

After Will fixates his gaze on a thick sofa cover, he turns and interrupts Brad.

WILL
Gonna take her to my place.

In a quick motion, he grabs the cover.

BRAD
Whoa, what? No! What the fuck?

Will ignores Brad’s complaints and proceeds to wrap Paula’s corpse up.

BRAD
Hey, listen to me! Ya fucking nuts?
Like he’s being interrupted amidst performance, Will confronts Brad in subtle anger.

**WILL**

No one'll look for her there, Brad! Trust me!

Brad rubs his hand through his hair and trembles in fear.

**BRAD**

I don’t know-

**WILL**

Hey Brad, come on! Just fucking help me, alright!

Brad, fearing the worst, approaches him.

**BRAD**

I don’t know, man! This—this is fucking crazy! We’re-

In a quick burst, Will stands up and slams him against the wall.

**WILL**

Fucking trust me, Brad, alright! I’m your best friend, all you got! Fucking listen to me, and we’ll be safe, okay.

Brad, surprised by the outburst, glances at Will’s strong grip.

**BRAD**

Alright, man, fuck.

Will, somewhat hesitant, eyes Brad as he goes back toward Paula.

**WILL**

Fucking help me.

Brad, still possessed by shock, leans down and helps him finish wrapping the body.

Once done, Will stands up and evaluates the crime scene.

**WILL**

Gotta make this shit look real good, man.

Brad, knowing there’s more work to be done, grabs the soaked rag.
The weapon, where is it?

Brad, motivated by his only chance at escape, reaches underneath a counter and pulls out the statue.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Will and Brad carry Paula's corpse inside.

The cover, used to wrap the body up so well, now has bits of redness spreading throughout.

Brad, still paranoid, knocks over a few picture frames, nearly dropping the body, before he recovers.

Will greets him with a glare.

WILL
Brad.

BRAD
I know, I know.

They stop in front of the walk-in freezer, its industrial metal door the complete opposite of Will's sunny, magnet-covered fridge.

Amidst his struggle to hold the body, Will pulls out his crowded keychain; beer openers and a pocket knife among its contents.

BRAD
Hey man, ya sure-

WILL
Go home, Brad. Know what I'm doing.

At first hesitant, Brad lets go, his mind surprised by how easily Will carries Paula on his own.

BRAD
Sure?

Will, getting slightly annoyed, nods his head.

WILL
Yeah man, I got this. Go!

Brad steps toward the door.
BRAD
Alright-

WILL
I’ll call ya later.

BRAD
Hey man, thanks-

WILL
Fucking go!

BRAD
Alright!

The emphatic answer encourages Brad. He leaves, SLAMMING the door shut behind him.

Once Will settles on a faded key, he unlocks the freezer and pulls it open.

The chilly, frosty interior greets him with cold air as he makes his way in.

INT. WALK-IN FREEZER - NIGHT

The spacious room’s full of several shelves jammed to the brim with frozen goods.

Multiple air vents up above supply the freezing atmosphere like they’re part of an Arctic assembly line.

Will literally becomes cold-natured amidst this temperature: his once-warm expression turning emotionless, his eyes shifting toward narrow focus.

He clutches Paula and moves her toward the very back.

Soon, he reaches an empty table and lays her out on it, placing her over several old blood stains.

Afterward, he reaches toward a tray populated by many sharp, blood-stained knives, amongst other weapons.

Frozen, naked corpses, all of them pretty females, hang from rusty hooks lined up in the corner.

Collected amongst the victims is CAROLE, 28, the girl Will texted earlier.

Like the other bodies, multiple stab wounds adorn her sliced-open, hacked chest. Her cadaver also looks very fresh, her blood still DRIPPING to the harsh floor in a steady rhythm.
Will smiles and, using a controlled grip, wields the dark handle of his blood-stained knife.

He proceeds to unwrap the cover, fully revealing Paula’s body, her gorgeous corpse awaiting his violent tendencies.

A wicked smile crosses over Will’s deranged face while he cops a feel on the cold breast. With his other hand, he raises the weapon and viciously lowers it deep within her dead body.

FADE OUT.

THE END