

DANGEROUS ONE-NIGHT STAND!

By

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CARD: NOT ALL THAT GLITTERS IS GOLD.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Shopping in progress. We pick up on PAUL, taking a tin of mayonnaise from a shelf, puts it in a trolley of groceries mostly. Paul is 26, well-built, easy on face and devastatingly handsome.

Done with shopping, Paul starts for the counter. He SPOTS a pretty female cashier in her sweet twenties. Call her BRIDGET. Paul lightens up and joins a one-man queue in front of her desk.

The man right in front of Paul clears his bill, picks his package and walks out. Paul takes his place.

PAUL

Hi?

BRIDGET

Hey.

Paul puts the goods on the counter for evaluation. Bridget smiles for the client and begins her work right away.

Paul maintains a critical look on Bridget as she records each product. Bridget notices Paul's gaze on her, sighs quietly. She looks at him; breaks the ice in the best way possible:

BRIDGET

Is everything okay?

PAUL

When do you get off?

BRIDGET

What?

PAUL

The time your shift here ends?

Bridget gazes this stranger unbelievably.

PAUL(CONT'D)

I wanna take you out tonight that's all.

BRIDGET

I don't know you.

Paul extends his hand for an intro.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

I'm Paul.

Bridget doesn't take it, leaves it hanging. She snoops the surrounding if no one else is watching, then looks at the computer screen.

BRIDGET

One hundred and fifty.

PAUL

Fine.

Paul withdraws the hand. Pulls out his wallet and pays in cash. He picks an apple from a tray aside the counter and places it right in front of Bridget.

PAUL

For you.

He puts a bank note on the table.

PAUL

I'll wait.

He picks his goods and starts for the exit. Bridget can't get her eyes off this guy - until another customer puts goods on the table.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - PARKING LOT - DAY

Paul opens the backdoor of his car, puts the groceries in the rear seat. He shuts the door, opens the driver's door and enters. He sits, looks on his watch. He adjusts the seat and WAITS. HIS EYES AT THE MART'S ENTRANCE.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - EVENING

Late. Bridget emerges out of the door with her eyes and hand in the bag.

IN THE CAR

Paul sees, rises from his resting potential immediately and gets out. He moves toward Bridget.

PAUL

Miss?

Bridget turns to see this guy!

(CONTINUED)

BRIDGET

Are you kidding me? Don't you have
some other place to be to ...or
maybe another girl to hookup with
tonight...?

She looks around in disdain and spots some girl at a
distance.

BRIDGET(CONT'D)

... another girl ... like her?
She's even walking alone.

Bridget turns back to Paul and he hasn't moved his eyes even
an inch.

PAUL

The heart wants what it wants.

She sighs in disgust.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Silent. It's only the two of them in this entire
establishment. PAUL AND BRIDGET.

Paul looks at her as she folks the spaghetti on a plate
reluctantly, with no appetite obviously. She turns for the
waitress.

BRIDGET

Can we have the bill please?

PAUL

May I know your name at least?

BRIDGET

I'm not hungry.

PAUL

Quite a unique name you have. I'm
hearing it for the very first time.

She looks in his face.

PAUL

What?

BRIDGET

Are you this annoying all the time?

PAUL
My heart skipped the moment I saw
you back in the store and if
there's anything I trust with all
my life, it's my heart.

BRIDGET
(lying)
I have a boyfriend.

PAUL
And I'm the next king of England.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Paul and Bridget walk out side by side. They move quietly
towards his car. He opens the passenger door for her.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

They sit in graveyard silence for a moment. He turns, looks
at her and just as he opens his mouth to speak:

BRIDGET
Make me laugh.

PAUL
What...

BRIDGET
My job stresses the hell out of me,
so my boyfriend should be able to
make laugh.

Paul looks on in amazement.

BRIDGET
Aren't you up for the simple
challenge?

PAUL
How do you want it, rough or
softcore?

BRIDGET
I can take it all.

Paul grins.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL

Ok. Let's see...

He pokes his creepy mind to come up with at least one life-saving joke. Bridget looks at him expectantly.

PAUL(CONT'D)

So.

(clears his throat)

Here comes this cute new guy in town. He spots a devastatingly hot "girl" and likes her. He immediately plays go get the perfect girl; "she" obviously plays hard to get but eventually he wins her heart and one, two dates their into each others hands...

Bridget observes and listens intently as Paul narrates his "joke" enthusiastically.

PAUL(CONT'D)

They kiss, caress, and he drops "her" down on his couch like a wild tiger -- hands already inside her top, mouth on her perfect cleavage. He rips her tight-up skirt and guess what he finds down in the magical town...

BRIDGET

George Bush?

PAUL

A huge dick.

She unexpectedly laughs out loud. Paul can't believe this shit just worked. Weird.

BRIDGET

(still laughing)

He dated a fellow man all long?

PAUL

The supposed girlfriend was a She-male.

BRIDGET

Yeah, and a fucking fagot. What did out cute guy do then?

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
Well... he fainted.

Bridget is amused. Looks right in his eyes.

BRIDGET
My name is Bridget.

PAUL
Wow. I --

She, suddenly, kisses him. Paul is wired up. He goes for her perfect lips like a hungry beast. One kiss leads to another. Then to caresses. His hand already into her boobs.

Bridget guides Paul's hand beneath her pants. He strokes her pussy gently. Moans of pleasure. She whispers in his ear in the most romantic way:

BRIDGET
Do you like my huge dick?

PAUL
Oh yeah.

Chuckles. Bridget sits on Paul's laps as they continue to kiss. She tilts the driver seat to the back and is, now, crouching over Paul. Her panties down to the knees.

As Paul fidgets to loose the pants, his arm hits the parking brake and the car sets in motion. Oblivious to Bridget.

PAUL
Oho.

BRIDGET
What?

PAUL
We're moving.

Bridget just notices then. She jumps back into the passenger seat. Paul struggles with balance in his moved seat, then with the automotive -- slopping directly towards a brand new Mercedes.

Paul hits the brake pedal just about an inch into impacting with the Benz. His heart pumping like hell, he WHEWS!!!!

BRIDGET
Oops.

She seems to have been enjoying the sudden rise in their adrenals. Both laugh.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wickedly neat. Paul and Bridget storm the inside, lips and limbs intertwined. He drags some bottles off his work-station and mounts her. He draws a step back, unbuttoning his shirt; her lustful eyes all on his well-built body as she unbuttons her shirt too.

As soon as Paul drops his shirt, Bridget jumps down the table like a tigress and pushes him back into the couch. She lies over him and begins to kiss him again. He flips her down to the floor and is on top. She smiles, amused. He goes for her bra.

PAUL
Beautiful.

He tastes her wonderful boobs. Licks his way down to her strap underwear. Paul unstraps the lingerie seductively with his teeth, feasts on her pussy like a hungry hyena. He fucks her like hell. Bridget loves every little bit of it.

INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Bridget and him are sleeping, wrapped in the other's arms. Paul's phone vibrates from a bedside table. He wakes and answers.

PAUL
Who's this? ... Alicia?

Bad news. Paul looks back at Bridget - she's fast asleep. He meticulously comes out of bed. Tiptoes out into the --

LIVING ROOM

-- and speaks in the lowest tone possible.

PAUL
(into phone)
I said I'd call... Yeah, if I haven't called then it means I'm busy, okay? Fine. I'll call you tomorrow.

He peeps into the bedroom. Bridget is facing away from us.

PAUL
Look ... Sweetie, am really sorry but now is not a right time to talk.

He hangs the phone.

INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Intense Bridget has heard it all. Her face grimaces and eyes shut as an oblivious cheater comes back to bed. Paul kiss her on the cheek.

INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Bridget wakes to Paul's gaze transfixed on her. He smiles, She's doesn't. She's moody.

PAUL
Damn, you look gorgeous when
sleeping. Tell me your story.

BRIDGET
There isn't much of a love story to
tell about me.

She gets up and begins to dress up.

PAUL
Come on.
(comes closer; eagerly)
Horromatic thrillers count in my
favorites too.

He stands behind her and helps button her shirt.

PAUL
I don't know anything about you.

He kisses her on the neck. She draws away - not interested.

BRIDGET
You know more than you should ...
(growing intense)
... Jeez, how dumb was I to let you
inside my panties, you bastard?

She scurries to LIVING ROOM COLLECTING THE REST OF HER OUTFIT. Paul follows with open arms:

PAUL(CONT'D)
Baby --

BRIDGET
Don't - baby me!

She grabs her skirt off the floor and rushes it over her cute body. Gets the hell out and slams the door behind her! Paul gazes the door for a minute, out of his mind. He sighs, confused.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
(to himself)
Another of my psychotic one-night
stands.

He heads back to the bedroom.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAYS LATER

A FEMALE HAND PICKS A PREGNANCY TEST STRIP FROM THE SHELF.
WE TRACK HER AS SHE WALKS TO THE BACK OF THE MART, EXITS
INTO A LONG HALLWAY -- TOWARDS THE LAVATORIES.

INT. LAVATORIES - CONTINUOUS

Reveal Bridget. It's her hand holding the strip. She drops
her panties and sits on the bowl. holds the strip between
her legs and pees on it.

Bridget holds out the strip, still seated on the bowl, and
watches it. A bit freaked-out. Her legs tremble. Then. The
test reads POSITIVE.

BRIDGET
Dammit.

She carries her head in hands.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He's punching some numbers on his phone. A wild knock hits
the door. Paul opens the door and it's Bridget on the other
side. Paul smiles, doesn't notice her in the first place.

PAUL
... Yes? ... How can I be of help?

BRIDGET
You son-of-a bitch. You don't even
remember my name, do you?

Bridget makes her way to the inside. Paul pivots in
confusion, trying to remember this tough cutie.

PAUL
Of course I do ... remember your
name...
(totally way off)
Jasmin. Right?

Bridget smacks Paul across the face.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
Hey! 'The fuck is wrong with you?

BRIDGET
I'm pregnant.

PAUL
(irrational)
Pregnant is your na... wait a minute. Whatta fuck are you talking about? I don't even know who you are!

BRIDGET
Yo' kidding me...

PAUL
Am I? Do I look like a father figure to you? ... And how can I be so sure you haven't fucked a million guys ever since we met, if we did even fuck anyway, huh?

A tear rolls down her cheek. She bites her jaws.

PAUL
Look, Sweetie, go search for your baby papa. You came to the wrong guy.

She charges towards him with a roar but -- Paul kicks her on the belly. She tumbles back onto a chair, hits the floor and bleeds from genitals. Paul freaks.

PAUL
Omigod.

He runs to her rescue:

BRIDGET
Don't touch me!

She picks up herself, looks him in the eyes with pain and defiance.

BRIDGET
My name is Bridget. And I am that one-night stand you'll never forget.

She walks out without another word. Paul remembers who she was a minute later.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL
(remembers; to himself)
The mart girl?

He shrugs, "I don't give a damn".

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Tough and all in black, Bridget approaches a tombstone without a name holding a dead flower. She squats and looks at whoever is in there quietly.

BRIDGET
People like you still live on.

INT. BRIDGET'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - DAY

Superimpose: 13-YEARS AGO.

Young and innocent, Bridget is fast asleep with a teddy bear in her hands. The bedroom door is open. Suddenly. Bridget's father, wiry and hard on face, storms the room. Shuts the door behind him and walks to her bed quietly.

He cups her mouth firmly with one hand; she struggles out of sleep, wanting to scream but can't. He smacks her on the face and obviously overpowers her. He grips her tightly on the bed, rips her little cloths off and rapes her. He cums and rises off her, unashamed.

FATHER
Tell this to anyone and I'll kill
you myself I swear.

He pulls his pants up and walks out - abandoning the little girl in pain.

INT. BRIDGET'S CHILDHOOD HOME. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Young Bridget picks a knife from the table.

INT. BRIDGET'S CHILDHOOD HOME. MASTER BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Her father is lying on the back, buzzing forth snores, only in boxers. Bridget enters on her toes, armed with the knife. Her eyes wet with tears. She looks at him for a minute. Then, raises the knife and gathers all the energy she can...

(CONTINUED)

Bridget jabs the entire knife right through her father's heart, screaming out loud. His eyes open to see **Bridget's hands in a pool of his own blood**. Blood comes out from his mouth. He tries to get hold of her hands as he witnesses his end, can't. But manages to say one last statement under his breath:

FATHER

You ... are ... a monster.

BRIDGET

All thanks to you, father.

His eyes glare at her. He breathes his last.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Back to Present. Bridget throws the dead flower on the tombstone. She walks a way truly determined.

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

In a hooded jacket and black glasses, Bridget does some serious shopping in the HARDWARE SECTION...

A shovel. A drill. Gloves. A black trash bag. Duct tape. A machete. 2-ropes. A paint brush. 3-cans of paint in colors blue, yellow and red.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Bridget puts the merchandise in the trunk. Enters the car and guns the engine.

EXT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bridget approaches the door a real monster. She's holding a shovel in her hand. She knocks on the door and cocks the business-end of the shovel up in air.

The door knob turns and as soon as Paul's head pops out curiously, **BAMM!!** Bridget hits his nut pretty hard that Paul loses conscious immediately, lands on the floor. She drags him to the inside, locks the door and drags him further:

INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bridget abandons him on the floor for awhile. She messes up the room, searching for a different set of beddings. She gets a white pair of sheets. Makes the bed, then rotates it to a 90-degree angle.

She carries him onto the bed and walks out shortly. She comes back with all that she shopped earlier.

Bridget lines up the three cans of paint, opens them. She unwraps the paint brush and dips it into color blue; splatters it on the walls. She repeats the process for all the paint, creating a truly different look of the room. She splatters paint on the ceiling too.

LATER. When done altering the room's ambiance, Bridget strips Paul to his boxers only. Spreads him and ties his limbs on either sides of the bed tightly. She takes off her top and bra, covers his eyes with a bra. She collects the empty cans of paint and heads:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bridget drops the cans. Paces around the entire room. Opens the fridge and takes out a new bottle of champagne.

INT. PAUL'S BEDROOM - SAME NIGHT

Paul wakes up, lying on a bed with snow-white sheets. Eagle-spread, only in boxers, never relaxed. He waves his head and the bra falls off his face, studies the room but hardly notices it's his own. Panics.

PAUL

Hello!

He tries to loose himself but can't. He HEARS footsteps recede towards the closed door. Then, suddenly, everything goes dead silent.

PAUL

Can anyone hear me?

No response. Paul's eyes land on the shovel. But worst of all-- on a drill. Shit! He knows this is bad news. He struggles with the ropes.

The footsteps resume, coming even closer. His eyes bulge in terror and... Click.

The knob turns and the door opens slowly.

(CONTINUED)

Paul maintains his freaked-out gaze on the door. But nothing comes in... or goes out, for a moment. Then.

Enters a pretty, tough face. BRIDGET. Only in her undies, body stockings and gloves. She's holding the champagne bottle and a stainless blade.

PAUL

You bitch! Where am I?

BRIDGET

Where am I? ... Who am I? The very questions I used to ask myself in rehab. You wanted to hear my story, Paul, right? Here it is. Right now. Happening to you.

PAUL

I'm gonna kill you I swear!

She drops her gaze on the floor for so long, her mind wanders away from her. Then snaps back and looks at him.

BRIDGET

(mumbles)

He said that too.

PAUL

What the fuck are you talking about.

BRIDGET

My father. He was my first kill. He broke my heart. My father broke my little heart just like you, Paul.

She turns away from Paul; paces around as she talks to herself incoherently.

BRIDGET

He didn't deserve to live. He was a monster and so are you, dear Paul. He broke my heart. Men break hearts. I hate men. They all deserve to die.

She approaches him, playing with the knife. He freaks out even more.

PAUL

Who are you to play judge, eh? You think you're a fucking angel or --

She silences him with the knife on his lips. Then, seductively, takes off her underwear. Paul can't help but to look at her perfect body.

BRIDGET
(refers to her nudity)
Do you like it?

PAUL
I'm gonna kill --

Bridget slaps him, cutting short his threats!

BRIDGET
You talk a lot.

Bridget folds the underwear and stuffs it into his mouth. Then, holds the knife so boldly as he fights with the ropes helplessly. Bridget licks the knife and, erotically, drives it from his cheek down to the belly.

Bridget grips the knife in her five, looks at Paul, then, punches it hard into his thigh. Paul groans quietly. The pain is reflected on his grimacing face. She bends closer to his ear and speaks in a very low tone:

BRIDGET
I'm gonna make you regret the day
you set your wide eyes on me. Then
I'll cut off your dick and feed it
to the dogs.

She plucks the knife out of the wound and uses it to pop open the cork on the champagne. Spills the champagne all over Paul's body. Pours some on the wound. She licks the champagne off his belly.

BRIDGET
Do you love my licking?

Paul just struggles. Not the response she wanted to see. Her hand grips the knife again.

BRIDGET
Wrong answer.

She jabs it into his second thigh. Paul groans louder. Blood oozes out, all over the bed, as he whirls in pain! Bridget sighs a relief.

She picks up the DRILL. Looks into it's box for a right-size bit, takes it out and fits it into the brace. Paul watches on.

She licks the bit. Paul shakes his head - silently begging for mercy. Tears roll down from his eyes.

BRIDGET
Ooh. You cried...

She crouches over his cheek and licks the tears with her tongue. Paul groans, pushes her away with the head.

BRIDGET
Eaasy, tiger. Do you wanna say something?
(Paul nods)
Okay. Say something.

Bridget pulls the underwear out of his mouth. Paul digs his own grave with his mouth.

PAUL
I made a right decision, you know why? Yo' incapable of love. You're as cold-hearted as the sea and thanks to my kick you won't bring another of your kind in this world.
You are a monster!

BRIDGET
(mumbles)
He said that, too.

Bridget powers the main socket, truly broken. Brings the drill and rests it on Paul's chest. He surrenders.

PAUL
Go ahead. Prove your father and I right.

Bridget bites her jaws. She turns red hot.

BRIDGET
Yeah. Maybe you're right. I'm a monster.

She drills right through Paul's heart as both scream anger! Blood splatters all over Bridget's nude body as the drill holes into his vitals.

Paul's hands click, until they loose life. Bridget screams wildly. Grabs a machete and chops Paul's dead body angrily. Not a clean kill by any means. She screams again!

Bridget unties the body parts and packs them in the black trash bag. Peels the gloves off her hands and drops them in bag too. She ties it firmly with duct tape.

INT. SHOWER - SAME NIGHT

Bridget washes up. Takes quite some time seated down on the floor as water cascades down into her hair. Until she's a bit relaxed.

EXT. CAR - SAME NIGHT

Bridget grapples to put the big bag into the trunk. Eventually wins. She enters the car and races away.

EXT. HILLS - SAME NIGHT

Bridget buries the bag. Alone.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Pretty as she always be, Bridget is behind the counter. A man approaches to clear the bill. He smiles for her, Bridget smiles back.

CUT TO BLACK.