

FLORIDA MAN

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

DAVID CARSON, 36, at the wheel, looks pretty happy with himself. He's got a heart-shaped box of chocolates and a dozen yellow roses on the passenger seat.

He whistles along with the radio, checks his hair in the mirror and makes a turn.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The tree-lined streets of a quiet Florida suburb.

David's car stops in front of a house. He gets out, still whistling, holding the chocolates and flowers as he traipses up the walk.

He approaches the front door, goes to knock and stops. Thinks. He decides to go around back instead.

INT. HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

RACHEL, 33, removes a casserole from the oven.

The back door springs open.

 DAVID
 Surprise!

Rachel SHRIEKS. The casserole CRASHES to the floor.

 RACHEL
 Jesus Christ!

 DAVID
 Oh my God. I'm so sorry.
 (sniffs)
 Is that tuna?

She glares at him and nods.

David backs off like it's the plague, starts scratching.

 DAVID (CONT'D)
 Holy shit. Rachel, you know I'm
 allergic to tuna. Are you out of
 your mind?

She swipes a cell phone from the counter and holds it up.

RACHEL
 (cryptic)
 I just might be. Forget something
 this morning?

DAVID
 Oh yeah. I was looking all over for
 that.

He tries to take it.

RACHEL
 Not so fast, Romeo. Who's Barbara?

DAVID
 Barbara..?

RACHEL
 Barbara. The woman you've been
 talking dirty to. I saw it, David.
 I saw it.

DAVID
 Rach, it's not what you think.

She laughs sarcastically.

RACHEL
 Huh ho! That's a good one.

He reaches out to her, mindful of the tuna on the floor.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
 Don't you touch me.
 (from the phone)
 And I quote: *She's such a sexy
 bitch. You're gonna love her!*

DAVID
 (sighs)
 Rachel, you got this all wrong.

She wipes away a tear.

RACHEL
 Oh, you're full of cliches, aren't
 you? Son of a bitch. *I can't wait
 to share her with you. I know
 she'll bring you so much pleasure.
 No need to worry about getting
 pregnant. She's fixed.*

David smiles.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You sick fuck. You think this is funny?

DAVID

No. Rachel, wait. Hold up.

RACHEL

No, you hold up. You know, I should have listened when you told me you were a recovering sex addict. But no! I listened to my heart. And this is what I get for it.

DAVID

Honey, let me have the phone.

Now she's all out bawling.

RACHEL

And especially now -- after what I've just been through.

DAVID

May I have the phone?

She wings it at him, clocks him in the head. David recoils, slips and falls in the tuna.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh God!

He runs to the sink and starts scrubbing his arms with hot water and soap.

RACHEL

Serves you right. You can just go to your little chickadee.

David shuts the water off, turns, his face breaking out with numerous quarter-sized blisters.

DAVID

It's a puppy, you maniac.

RACHEL

A what?

DAVID

Here. Come see for yourself.

She inches over and looks at his phone. On the screen is--

INSERT: PHONE SCREEN

The cutest little PUPPY you've ever seen.

BACK TO SCENE

DAVID

Barbara's the woman at the animal shelter. I wanted to surprise you for Valentine's Day.

Rachel's speechless.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I know how devastated you were when you found out you can't have children. I... I wanted to do something nice to make you happy. I also wanted to let you know I don't feel you're any less of a woman.

RACHEL

So, you got me a puppy?

DAVID

I-- Yes.

Before he can say anything else, she embraces him.

RACHEL

Oh, David. I love her. She's beautiful. It is a girl, right?

DAVID

Yes, it's a girl.

David smiles, his lips marred with pustules. She kisses him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Ow! Ow.

RACHEL

Oh, your poor face. I'm so sorry.

DAVID

It's not that bad, is it?

He's looking more like Freddy Krueger by the minute.

RACHEL

Not at all.

Rachel crosses the kitchen, picks the roses and chocolates up from off the floor.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Yellow roses are my favorite. You knew that, right?

DAVID
Of course I knew, honey.

As she's cleaning the tuna --

RACHEL
Well, I might as well let the cat out of the bag. I got you something, too.

DAVID
You did? What is it?

She stands, finds two small dishes and places them atop her head.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You got me a satellite dish?

RACHEL
No! Who's your favorite mouse?

David perks up, his speech beginning to slur.

DAVID
Disney? You got me Difney World?

She shrugs.

RACHEL
I know it's been like a dream of yours since you were a child.

DAVID
Oh, Rachel! Thank you. Thif make me tho thappy.

They embrace.

RACHEL
Your welcome, baby. I love you.

DAVID
I luff you too.

RACHEL
Oh, I do have one more surprise.

David struggles to keep his swollen eyes open.

DAVID

Thif keep getting better and better.

RACHEL

Wait. First you gotta close your eyes.

DAVID

No problem there.

She takes his arm and leads him into the --

LIVING ROOM

A normal living room, except clear plastic tarp covers the floor and furniture.

RACHEL

Well, I booked our trip with the travel agency. You know, the one down at the mall.

DAVID

Uh huh.

Still leading him on.

RACHEL

And I met the nicest travel agent. So helpful. Can you guess what her name is?

DAVID

I gif up.

RACHEL

Okay. You can open your eyes.

He cracks his engorged eyes open.

Sitting on the couch -- hands, feet and mouth DUCT TAPED, is the TRAVEL AGENT, 30s. Dripping with sweat, her hair's a stringy mess. Eyes swelling with fear.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

David, this is Belle.

DAVID

Belle! Like the Difney princess from Beauty and The Beast!

RACHEL
Happy Valentines day, honey.

David rubs Belle's hair with a bloated, red hand.

DAVID
I luff you, baby.

RACHEL
I love you too, David.

They kiss. And...

BELLE'S POV:

David, his face leaking puss, and Rachel, glare wickedly at their victim. An AXE comes into view.

Belle SHRIEKS through the duct tape.

David grips the axe tightly, winds up like he's going to swing for the fences.

DAVID
Hey, Belle. Guess what?

Her eyes darting, ready to explode.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'm going to Difney World!

THWUMP!

CUT TO RED.

(BLOOD RED)