

LOVE TERROR

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INT. MARY & JOHNS KITCHEN - NIGHT

MARY, 33, a suburban housewife wears a silky red nighty as she re-ignites an almost melted candle amidst a dinner table littered with rose pedals and cut-outs of sparkly hearts.

JOHN, 40, an overweight, hapless car salesman stumbles in wasted with his briefcase and half-buttoned up shirt.

MARY

Bill needed after-hours help with his tires again?

JOHN

Y-Uh huh.

John plops the briefcase down, pulls up a chair, Mary does the same and inches closer, putting her leg on his lap.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Where's the grub?

MARY

I was thinking we do something different tonight...

She takes one of the rose pedals, massages his nipple with it.

MARY (CONT'D)

Maybe we can make something... together.

JOHN

C'mon I'm spent.

She plucks a sparkly heart and playfully feeds one to him. He spits it back out.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What's with all the poppies?

MARY

Don't you think it would be nice? Working together... Our hands drenched in oil... Massaging one another?

JOHN

I don't cook.

MARY

You don't have to, you just have to rub the meat until it's ready to serve.

John whips his head around.

JOHN

What the hell is that smell?

MARY

You don't like it? I just picked it up today, it's heat by Beyonce.

JOHN

No not that crap. I'm talkin' about that thick stench burning around us.

MARY

The candles? They said it was chocolate fudge brownie delight. Your favourite.

JOHN

In my sundae. Not stinkin' up my airway.

A grumble emanates from John's barrel belly. He lets out a painfully loud burp.

MARY

My sweet Pumba.

John tries to wobble out of his chair.

MARY (CONT'D)

Not so fast, come to mama.

Mary pulls him in, mauling his face. He's too drunk to fight her off, they crash onto the floor.

MARY (CONT'D)

I've been waiting so long for this...

John winces under Mary while she violently rubs his package.

MARY (CONT'D)

I wanna suck on your fat pepperonis.

She rips open his shirt with her teeth. John's face turns green. He looks like he is about to burst.

MARY (CONT'D)
What's wrong honey? Not in the mood?

JOHN
Not feelin' so hot.

MARY
Well I am...

Mary lunges into his chest and BITES HIS NIPPLE OFF.

JOHN
ARRRRGHH!!!

He whacks her head away. The nipple flies out of her mouth.

JOHN (CONT'D)
YOU CRAZY BITCH!

Blood spews out from the missing nipple down onto John's pot belly as he writhes on the floor.

A ravenous smile springs across Mary's bloody face. She grabs a knife from the kitchen counter.

MARY
Come here my swine.

John drags himself towards the...

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

He latches onto the couch, like a wounded animal against a tree stump. Mary marches in, knife in hand.

JOHN
WHY?!

She towers over him, waving the knife.

MARY
I slave away, trying to make everything perfect for our valentine's Anniversary dinner

JOHN
That was my favourite nipple!

MARY
And for WHAT?!

JOHN
I have something for you! Upstairs!
I swear!

John wriggles towards the stairs. Mary's expression suddenly turns sweet.

MARY
Oh honey, you really got me
something?

JOHN
Just please put the knife down.

Mary drops the knife and falls to the floor, shoving her face in his.

MARY
You had me so worried I really
thought you might've forgotten...
(notices pink stain under
ear)
Is that lipstick?

JOHN
I can explain!

Rage flashes over Mary's eyes. She snatches the knife.

MARY
Valentine's dinner is over.
Forever.

JOHN
Dinner?! There was no food!

MARY
I was the dinner. But I guess you
filled yourself up with that little
pit stop you made after work.

Mary moves closer. John's face is now a bright shade of green.

JOHN
I think I'm gonna be sick.

MARY
Tell it to that tater-tot-titty-
brained slut you just fucked!

She raises the knife. No trace of sweetness left.

JOHN
Please honey, I---

Mary smashes the knife into John's stomach while he SCREAMS
AND PROJECTILE VOMITS IN HER FACE. Then we..

CUT TO:

INT. MARY & JOHN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

John shoots himself awake in bed, sweating profusely. He
feels his nipples. Both are in their rightful place.

He looks to his left, Mary asleep peacefully.

JOHN
(sotto)
Jesus Christ.

Mary rolls over and opens her eyes.

MARY
Good morning honey.

John slowly cranes his neck towards her, not sure what to
think.

JOHN
H-h-happy anniversary...?

She sits up and greets him with a long, passionate kiss.

MARY
And happy Valentine's day to you
too.

John takes a huge gulp.

JOHN
What'd you wanna do for it?

MARY
How about dinner?

John looks back down at his nipples, then up at Mary.

JOHN
Whatever you want.