

"Leona's Master Plan"

By

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BLACK

Heavy breathing inflates then deflates.

Muffled sobs lace the breathing.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Fingers dig out a black cigarette from it's pack. It's planted between chapped lips.

He brings up his bic, and sparks the ciggy. He tosses the bic on the table next to the cigs, and a perfectly made SANDWICH.

VINCE a.k.a The Prince (29) a skinny, slightly attractive male covered in thin scratches.

VINCE

(Bogart's the cig)

How many fucking times, do I have to tell you, huh?!

(He stares a hole into her)

I don't eat tomatoes! You know this. Once they've touched any part of my sandwich, it's a wrap. I can't eat it!

Vince stubs out the cig in the sandwich on the table.

VINCE

First, it was the peanut butter, even though you know I'm fucking allergic, okay? And now...it's one of the only two god damn things I don't eat. The hell is the matter with you?

LEONA (24) a woman hiding behind her open palms, sobbing. She's on her knees before the prince.

Leona's hands fall slowly from her face. Her face is tattooed with scratches and forming bruises.

Her eyes look at Vince, irate.

VINCE

Oh! You ready for round two, huh?

She looks down at the floor, defeated.

Vince gestures with his hand.

VINCE

Get up.

She does.

Vince also gets up. He begins circling her like a shark would it's prey.

VINCE

Look at you...can barely cook, you stuck on stupid...fucking useless.

Vince eye-fucks the woman.

VINCE

But, there's one thing you can do.  
Take it off.

Leona shakes her head "no".

VINCE

The fuck?!

Vince grabs hold of her shirt, tugs at it, slightly ripping it.

VINCE

I don't ask twice.

She complies. Covering her chest area with crossed arms.

Vince smells her hair deeply. He exhales.

VINCE

(smiling)  
Lay down, baby.

LEONA

No!...Fuck you!

Vince erupts with laughter. He suddenly stops, his smile melting off his face.

Vince takes his hand, and muffs the shit out of Leona. She falls back on the bed.

Vince walks over to the bed.

VINCE

You stubborn bitch. If you weren't so hard-headed I wouldn't have to molly-whop your narrow-ass all the time.

Vince takes a deep breath, calming himself down.

VINCE

I love you Leona, you know that,  
okay? You know that. You still love  
me?

Leona just lies there covered up.

VINCE

What'd I say about repeating  
myself? Give me an answer!

LEONA

(whimpers)  
...yes. Yes, okay?

Vince's bitch-ass smiles.

VINCE

Good.

Like he just taught his dog to roll over, Vince sports a  
cheeky fucking face.

He grabs hold of Leona's legs, and yanks them past his hips.  
Vince begins to push down his pants.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

THE NEXT DAY

The space is average in size. A table, and chairs sit in  
close proximity to a stove, fridge, and sink.

Leona, seated at the table, hides her eyes behind big  
70's-esque shades. She's chuckling, exposing an infectious  
smile.

Leona's friend, CHANEL (22) a cute lady with an earthy look,  
sits across from her, also chuckling.

CHANEL

Your never gonna get tired of this  
story, are you?

LEONA

(Laughing and shaking her  
head)  
Nope.

CHANEL  
(fakes disgust)  
Dirty mother fu-anyway. He cums and  
rips ass. Same time.

Leona laughs her ass off.

CHANEL  
(slightly embarrassed)  
Just busted out laughing while he  
continues to unload on my back.

Leona grabs her stomach laughing. She doubles over, and her  
sunglasses slip a bit.

Chanel catches a glimpse before Leona can push them back on  
her nose.

Leona comes down gradually. Chanel stares at her friend with  
a concerned face. Chanel's smile slowly melts.

CHANEL  
Are you okay?

LEONA  
(uncomfortably)  
I'm fine.

Chanel stares.

CHANEL  
I don't wanna hear that shit! Every  
time Lee, he always ends up putting  
his filthy hands on you.

RING! RING!

Leona's cell phone rings and vibrates. It's the prince.

Leona puts her index finger to her lips, signaling her  
friend to be quiet.

Leona puts it on speaker phone.

LEONA  
Hey baby!

VINCE(V.O.)  
What took you so long to answer the  
damn phone? The hell you doing?

LEONA

I was just in the bathroom.

VINCE(V.O.)

In the bathroom huh? Whatever, what you cooking tonight?

LEONA

What did you want?

VINCE(V.O.)

Something good, and something hot.

LEONA

Okay, I'll think of something.

VINCE(V.O.)

I gotta get back to making this money, so I can support your freeloadin' ass. Love you.

LEONA

Love you too.

Click.

CHANEL

(irate)

This is ridiculous! Look, your my girl, but I can't keep supporting you while your with this lame. You won't call the cops, you cant fight him, you won't up and leave this chump...

Leona is looking off to the side, not paying attention.

LEONA

Tonight.

CHANEL

Tonight what?

Leona removes her sunglasses. Her eyes tired, slightly bruised, and empty.

LEONA

Tonight, I leave him. After tonight, he won't put his hands on me, or anyone else again. You know what I'm going to do?

Chanel leans forward in her chair, eyes squinting, at full attention.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LATER THAT NIGHT

Vince sits on the couch drinking a beer, watching the tube.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Leona is in the semi-dark bedroom, by the dresser. She's dressed to impress.

She opens up the drawer revealing a small WALTHER P99.

She picks it up slowly. She examines it.

She aims it, and makes gun shot noises with her mouth.

VINCE (O.S.)  
 (yelling from other room)  
 Yo! Leona?! I'm hungry, the food  
 ready yet?

Leona panics. She drops the gun in her panic. She picks it back up.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vince looks around the living room.

VINCE  
 (to himself)  
 This bitch...

Vince begins to get up.

Leona emerges from the other room, walking toward the kitchen.

LEONA  
 Don't get up, I'm on it.

VINCE  
 Good. While you at it, grab me  
 another long neck.

LEONA  
 Sure.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

TWELVE MINUTES, FIFTY ONE SECONDS LATER

The table has a plate of food resting on it. The meal looks like it was made by a culinary wizard.

Vince enters the kitchen holding a half-drunken beer. He seats himself.

Vince eyes the food.

VINCE  
Looks pretty good...

Leona smiles.

VINCE  
For once.

LEONA  
Be nice.

VINCE  
I just gave you a compliment.  
That's nice.

Vince grabs the fork next to the plate, and digs in.

VINCE  
(mouthful)  
Damn! This is good!

Vince devours the expertly crafted meal.

VINCE  
Mmm! Baby, what you call this?

As Vince continues to eat, Leona begins to giggle.

VINCE  
Shit is magnificent!

Leona's giggle becomes an aggressive laugh. Vince takes notice.

VINCE  
The hell's so funny?

LEONA  
You.

Vince shrugs it off.

VINCE

Say what you want. I'm not in the mood to take your ass to task tonight. Your cooking saved you this time baby. Damn, now I remember why I hooked up with you.

Vince gets a tickle in his nose.

He sneezes. He shakes it off.

Vince then looks around the room concerned.

VINCE

(at the plate of food)  
What the hell?  
(to Leona)  
What you put in this?

Vince begins to wheeze.

Leona brings over a paper bag. She sets it down on the table in front of Vince. Vince peeks inside.

VINCE

Oh hell no!

Vince shoots up out of his chair, knocking over the bag. Peanut shells spill from the bag.

Vince sprints out of the kitchen, and Leona follows him.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Vince rushes in the bathroom, his breathing becoming more of a viscous wheeze by the seconds.

He rummages through the drawers and cabinets.

Vince finds a box that reads: "EPI-PEN"

He tears open the box. Nothing.

He rushes back out the bathroom.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vince is beginning to sweat, and his eyelids are beginning to swell. He scans the room to see Leona holding a small tube.

His Epi-pen.

LEONA  
Need some help?

VINCE  
Leona...  
(Coughing)  
Please baby?

She holds it out for him to get. He quickly walks over as his condition rapidly takes over.

Just a few steps away, Leona drops it.

LEONA  
Oops!

Vince is now clutching his throat.

VINCE  
Please-I need-I need-I need that.

Vince's speech becomes strained, as it becomes harder and harder for him to talk.

LEONA  
Come get it.

Vince begins to walk towards it. Leona brings her round toe tan pumps on top of the pen. Applying pressure. This stops Vince.

LEONA  
No!

Leona points to the ground like a dominatrix.

LEONA  
(sadistic)  
On your knees!

Vince immediately gets on his knees.

Vince is sweating profusely, his breathings sounding like a wounded animals. His eyes almost swollen shut.

VINCE  
Please, I'm-  
(forcing breaths)  
I'm-I think I'm dying.

LEONA  
You think?  
(beat)

LEONA

I know.

Leona kicks the epi-pen. Vince scrambles for the pen, but it escapes his grasps, and finds shelter under the couch.

Leona struggles with Vince, wrestling with him, keeping him away from the couch.

After a short while, Vince becomes very woozy. He stumbles around before crashing to the ground.

He props himself up against the wall.

Leona looks at him as she stands over him.

Vince stares irately at Leona before his angry face fades into a neutral, lifeless expression. His eyes and mouth hang slightly open, and his last breath whistles out from his lips.

Leona stares.

INT. VINCE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Leona removes her sunglasses. Her eyes tired, slightly bruised, and empty.

LEONA

You know what I'm going to do?

Chanel leans forward in her chair, eyes squinting, at full attention.

CHANEL

What?

LEONA

I'm going to kill that son-of-a-bitch! But, I'm going to make it look like an accident.

Chanel looks at her friend confused.

LEONA

I told you about his peanut allergy right? Had to rush him to the hospital after I ate a granola bar and and he kissed me?

CHANEL  
 (slightly scared)  
 ...yeah?

LEONA  
 That's it! I'mma expose his  
 allergy.

CHANEL  
 And if that don't work?

LEONA  
 Do you know what anaphylaxis is?  
 That mother fucker doesn't stand a  
 chance. That shit is merciless.

Chanel just listens.

LEONA  
 I already took his epi-pens out the  
 box in the bathroom. So, when he  
 eats his dinner tonight, which will  
 have crushed up peanuts mixed in,  
 he'll rush to the bathroom...

FLASH ON

Vince rushing to the bathroom.

LEONA  
 ...see that shit is gone. Come back  
 out, and...awww shit! Look who has  
 the key to prolonging his miserable  
 existence.

FLASH ON

Vince rushes out of bathroom to his living room to see Leona  
 holding his epi-pen.

LEONA  
 After I get that violent bitch to  
 beg for his life, I'll toss the  
 epi-pen aside, and tussle with him  
 a bit.

FLASH ON

Leona tussling with Vince.

CHANEL  
 Whoa! Hold on 'Thin Line Between  
 Love and Hate'. Why would you risk

CHANEL  
wrestling with him. He's stronger  
than you. If he gets to his meds,  
your ass is done.

LEONA  
Is it Ms. Chanel? Anaphylaxis will  
close up his airways. Me wrestling  
him will tire him out, increasing  
his body's need for oxygen. But, if  
you can barely breath...well, your  
a smart girl.

Chanel shakes her head, almost in disgust.

CHANEL  
I love you Leona, you've been my  
girl for a long, long time. But, I  
don't think this is a good idea.  
Maybe if you just go to the cops-

LEONA  
Cops?!  
(shakes head laughing)  
Two years I've been getting my ass  
beat. Two years. Family cut contact  
with me, friends abandoned me,  
except you.

Leona breaths deep.

LEONA  
Because of him. I miss hanging out  
with you, going to the movies, and  
the clubs. Miss my mommy and daddy.  
Got a bachelors in communication  
from the U, and can't find work  
cause I always have to wear these  
stupid sunglasses. I'm taking my  
life back Nelly...

Chanel looks at her friend scared and concerned.

LEONA  
...by any means necessary!

Chanel reaches across the table grabbing hold of her friends  
hand.

Leona squeezes her friends hand, tears free fall from both  
of their eyes.

END

