

SNAKE MY DRAIN

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Strange noises fill this pretty, country-style kitchen.

GRUNT - SLAP - GRUNT - SLAP - GRUNT - SLAP - GRUNT- SLAP

In front of a 2-bay sink, plunger in hand is LORRAINE JONES (50), faint trace of a teen beauty still visible through quite a few extra pounds.

With a crazed look in her eyes she plunges furiously.

After a few moments she stops, catches her breath and wipes the sweat from her brow.

She turns on the faucet which erratically spurts water. She flips up a switch. The sound of halted gears echoes through the garbage disposal opening.

LORRAINE

Son of a bitch! He's gone and broke the garbage disposal! Faucets don't work, toilets' overflowed. What a useless piece of shit that man is!

Lorraine begins to cry but in an instant, she quickly gathers herself and continues to plunge until, SNAP. The handle breaks.

Defeated, she hurls the broken handle and storms out.

EXT. LOWE'S HOME IMPROVEMENT STORE - DAY

A white SUV pulls into a spot, Lorraine gets out. Mussed hair and clothes disheveled, she marches into the store.

INT. LOWE'S HOME IMPROVEMENT STORE

Pushing a cart, Lorraine wanders slowly down aisle 8, plumbing supplies. She stops in front of a plunger display.

RICK COOPER (40), enters aisle 8 from the other end. They make eye contact, Rick smiles, nods, goes about his business.

While looking at plungers, Lorraine steals glances at Rick's muscular arms, his dark wavy hair, his dreamy brown eyes, his work shirt with "Rick's Plumbing" written on the back.

She grabs any old plunger and tosses it in her cart, loud enough for him to turn and look at her. They smile.

Nonchalantly she inches closer to him, feigning interest in gaskets, O rings and such.

She picks up a valve, huffs in frustration. He doesn't notice. She does it again but louder. It works. He looks over.

RICK
Need some help there?

LORRAINE
Oh. I really do. I have no idea what I need. Toilet overflowed. Faucets spurt. Sinks are stopped up.

RICK
Wow. That is a cluster of issues.

Rick moves closer, puts his hand on her cart. Lorraine softens.

LORRAINE
My husband clogged everything AND broke the garbage disposal. He's...useless.

RICK
Maybe I can help. I'm Rick.

LORRAINE
Lorraine.

RICK
Well --

Rick grabs the plunger from her cart. He walks around her, slow, his body lightly brushing hers. He speaks softly into her ear.

RICK
It sounds to me like your pipes are clogged--Sweet Lorraine.

The store lights dim. Plunger in hand, Rick steps back and stands in the center of aisle 8.

A spotlight shines on him. Store sound system plays Elvis's, A LITTLE LESS CONVERSATION.

With Elvis snarl and swagger, Rick dances toward Lorraine. He uses the plunger as a microphone.

RICK
(sings his own words)
When husband can't fix your clog,
Plumber Ricky is here to please.
(beat)
I will flush your pipes and surely
bring you to your knees.

Falling to his knees, Rick humps the air, now scooting toward Lorraine.

RICK
 Let me come by to snake your drain--
 I can service you, oh sweet Lorraine--
 For work guaranteed to fill your needs
 call on Plumber Ricky--

Another spotlight appears behind Rick, illuminating ten identical RICKS. They act as back up singers/dancers.

BACK UP RICKS
 Call Plumber Ricky.

Mouth agape, Lorraine watches as Rick tosses the plunger to one of the BACK UP RICKS. It multiplies until they all have one.

Music continues to play.

Rick grabs the front of Lorraine's cart and drags her up the aisle, tossing in plumbing items while the back up Rick's dance, using their plungers as fake instruments like horns and guitars.

Music begins to fade. Back Up Ricks begin to fade. The lights slowly brighten. Everything returns to normal.

Rick stands next to Lorraine, as he was before. Speaking now...

RICK
 Lorraine? I can be at your house in an
 hour. To check your drain. Lorraine?

Lorraine snaps back to reality.

LORRAINE
 Yes. Thank you. That sounds great.

Lorraine watches Rick walk up the aisle, then disappear. She then sees a translucent trail of Back Up Ricks following him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Doorbell rings. Nice outfit, hair fixed a bit and lipstick applied, Lorraine hurries to open the door.

She swoons at the sight of Rick who stands in the doorway shirtless, sweaty, tool belt around his waist.

RICK
 Sorry it took me a little longer to get
 here. Got held up.

As Rick walks by she sees he's wearing a shirt. Disturbed, she rubs her forehead as she leads him to the --

KITCHEN

Rick heads to the sink. She watches him turn on the faucet. Water spurts and collects in the clogged sink.

He flips up the disposal switch. It just sounds broken.

He opens the cabinet under the sink, kneels in front of it exposing his plumber's crack. Lorraine giggles.

Rick turns, catches her staring.

RICK
Like what you see, Lil Mama?

Rick stands, shirt off again. Porn music plays. Chick a pow wow.

Now in a white lace teddy, Lorraine seductively walks to him. Rick grabs her ass, pulls her close.

RICK
I think you may have corroded pipes.

LORRAINE
Oh my. That sounds -- bad. Is it bad, Rick? Is it so bad?

Rick holds a long, green snake. It slithers up between them.

RICK
Ahh...it can be...bad. Are you okay?

Music stops. Rick's shirt back on, Lorraine in clothes but is now standing a little too close to Rick. He holds a long, silver drain snake in his hand.

He backs up a bit. He's kind of weirded out. She realizes and sits on a nearby chair. She looks embarrassed.

LORRAINE
Did I say something? I, sometimes get confused because of schizophrenia. I--

RICK
It's okay. I think maybe I should work on the garbage disposal first.

From her chair, Lorraine watches as Rick removes his tool belt and gets on the floor. Top half of his body is under the sink, shirtless, bottom half he wears only a banana hammock.

She shakes her head, looks again. He's fully clothed.

LORRAINE

Will you excuse me? I'll be right back.

Before Rick can answer, Lorraine is gone. He shakes his head like...whoa, and continues to work.

INT. BATHROOM

In front of an open medicine cabinet, Lorraine grabs a prescription bottle labeled, CLOZAPINE. She opens it. Empty.

RICK (O.S.)

Well, I found one of the problems!
Bones in the garbage disposal!

Lorraine closes the medicine cabinet, stares at the reflection in the mirror. It's not hers. It's WADE JONES (55).

He looks dead. Face purplish, bloated, just nasty.

WADE

You going to tell him whose bones those are? Wait until he sees what's stuck in the drain. You'll pay for what you did to me, Lorraine. You fucking crazy --

Lorraine smashes the mirror with her fist.

INT. KITCHEN

Still half under the sink, Rick doesn't see Lorraine enter the room. Her expression is frightening, her hand bleeding.

She quietly walks to the counter, pulls the biggest knife from the holder, hides it behind her back.

She stares at the huge snake that appears from under the sink.

Rick comes out from under the sink, surprised to see Lorraine.

RICK

Oh. Hey. So that's one issue taken care of. Not sure what you were putting down there but those bones were, well --

LORRAINE

Told you he broke my garbage disposal.

Lorraine pulls the knife from behind her back and stabs the snake in the head, over and over and over...

She falls back on a chair, stares at the dead snake.

The SNAKE's eyes pop open. Lorraine gasps. It sings in a hiss.

SNAKE

Ssssweet Lorraine. Killed Ricky when he
found Wade's bones in the drain.

Sssssweet, crazy, sssschitzo, Lorraine.

The snake morphs back to Rick's dead body. Dead Rick hisses at her with a forked tongue.

FADE OUT