

SOME VALENTINE STRANGE

(C) 2019

**BLACK**

"Total Eclipse of the Heart" by BONNIE TYLER plays.

A car horn BLASTS.

FADE IN:

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

Behind the wheel is ZACH LEE, 26, thin, awkwardly handsome. He is dressed nice. A button up t-shirt, cleanly shaved, his hair is even combed over.

He thumbs along the steering wheel to the beat of the song.

SUPERIMPOSE: FEBRUARY 14TH, VALENTINES DAY

On the passenger seat beside him is a bundle of roses and a heart-shaped box of chocolates.

Zach smiles, sees something outside of his car.

**EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

The small sedan is parked in the dark, dingy alley.

FRANKIE JONES, 23, pretty blond, tight skirt, bright red fish nets, and a revealing tank top, approaches the sedan.

Zach rolls down his window, turns off the music.

FRANKIE

Hey there, Handsome. You looking  
for a good time?

Zach frowns.

ZACH

I thought hookers only talked like  
that in the movies.

Anger spreads across Frankie's face.

FRANKIE

Whatever, Dick. If you're not  
interested, go home and beat off.  
You're wasting my time.

ZACH  
Relax. I might be interested.

Growing impatient, Frankie crosses her arms, taps her foot.

FRANKIE  
You *might* be interested? What the fuck does that mean?

ZACH  
It *means*...

He smiles.

ZACH (CONT)  
I like some variety.

Frankie CHUCKLES.

FRANKIE  
Oh, I can handle variety.

Zach motions for her to get in.

ZACH  
We'll see.

She shoots him a cautious smile as she walks around to the passenger side.

FRANKIE  
You're a strange one, aren't ya?

ZACH  
You have no idea.

**INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Zach grabs the roses and box of chocolates, makes room for Frankie as she gets in.

FRANKIE  
Yeah, well. I like strange.

ZACH  
Good.

He hands her the roses and box of chocolates, gives her a warm smile.

ZACH  
Now. Will you be my Valentine?

She hesitantly accepts the gifts.

FRANKIE  
Oh my.

She returns the smile.

FRANKIE (CONT)  
Of course I'll be your Valentine.  
So... Are we doing this here? Or-

ZACH  
Hell no. Too cramped in here. I  
like to get flexible. We'll head  
back to my place.

FRANKIE  
You wanna hear the price, first?

ZACH  
I'll throw you a grand. Blow my  
mind and I'll double it.

He switches the stereo back on, turns up the music.

ZACH  
(sings)  
And I need you now tonight! And I  
need you more than ever!

**EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

The sedan drives away, leaves the alley in darkness.

FADE TO:

**EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

A rundown shit-hole, paint faded, yard overgrown.

Zach approaches the front door, Frankie close behind. The roses and box of chocolate are stuffed into her purse.

She looks over the house, unimpressed.

FRANKIE  
Nice place...

ZACH

It's home.

He opens the front door, waves her in.

ZACH (CONT)

After you.

Frankie GIGGLES.

FRANKIE

Ooh. A gentlemen.

He smiles.

ZACH

I'm full of surprises.

Frankie seductively rubs against Zach as he passes him and enters the house.

He looks around briefly, then slips inside after her.

The door closes.

#### **INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

It's clean and tidy, well furnished. In stark contrast to the outside.

Frankie sets her purse down on the computer desk, turns to Zach as he locks the front door.

He flips a switch next to the front door, turns on the living room ceiling light.

The bulb is red, casting the room in an eerie glow.

Frankie looks up at the light, tilts her head, curious. She looks back to Zach, who just stares at her.

FRANKIE

So... Earlier you spoke of variety.

Zach grins as he walks over to the desk, takes a seat.

ZACH

First, introductions. I'm Zach Lee.  
I'm a piss poor writer and the very  
definition of a hopeless romantic.

Frankie steps in front of him, gets down on her knees.

FRANKIE  
Hi there Zach. I'm Frankie Jones.

She moves her hands up his thighs.

FRANKIE (CONT)  
Now. Let's get those pants off so I  
can blow your mind.

ZACH  
Don't you want your payment first?

Frankie smirks.

FRANKIE  
I trust you.

ZACH  
Bad move.

He stands, steps past Frankie, moves over to the stereo in  
the far corner.

Frankie gets off her knees, looks confused.

FRANKIE  
What are you doing?

ZACH  
Setting the mood.

He turns on the stereo. "Fuck the Pain Away" by PEACHES  
plays through the speakers.

Zach turns, faces Frankie.

ZACH  
Dance.

A long beat.

Zach stares Frankie down, who finally shrugs.

FRANKIE  
You're the boss.

ZACH  
Damn right I am.

He walks back to the desk, takes a seat.

ZACH

Now... Blow me away.

Zach just watches as Frankie starts to sway her hips to the beat of the song. Slow at first. Then faster.

As the song THUMPS along, so does Frankie.

Zach likes what he sees, smiles.

Frankie starts to take her shirt off.

ZACH

Keep it on. I like to be teased.

Frankie nods, lowers her shirt. She continues to dance.

Zach turns his attention from her to his computer. He starts typing away on the keyboard.

Frankie doesn't notice. She is too caught up in the music.

HEAVY MOANING and WET SMACKING SOUNDS play through the computer speakers.

Zach leans back in his chair, starts to rub himself.

Frankie, now aware of what Zach is doing, slowly approaches him from behind.

Zach closes his eyes, takes a deep breath just as Frankie reaches him.

She reaches her arms around him and down towards his groin.

He smiles.

Frankie leans in close, puts her mouth to his ear.

FRANKIE

Are you enjoying yourself?

He shivers as he nods, takes a deep breath.

Frankie undoes his belt, seductively removes it. She licks his earlobe.

FRANKIE

How's this for variety?

She throws the belt around Zach's throat and squeezes tight.

Startled, Zach loses his balance and falls backwards as he is choked.

Frankie's face twists with anger and joy as she falls to the ground with him.

Zach struggles to free himself, but Frankie has too tight of a hold.

FRANKIE  
Quit struggling!

In a last ditch effort, Zach roles over and is able to loosen Frankie's grip. He elbows her in the gut and is able to free himself.

Zach COUGHS VIOLENTLY as he gets up.

Frankie jumps up and pushes him against a wall. She punches him in the face.

Zach reacts by grabbing Frankie by her hair and smashing his fist into her face. Again and again.

The tide quickly turns.

He knees her in the gut, swings her around by the hair, and throws her to the ground.

ZACH  
You bitch!

He COUGHS some more as he rubs his throat.

Frankie pulls her self to her knees, spits out blood.

Zach rushes forward, kicks her in the stomach.

She GROANS in pain as she rolls over onto her back.

Zach moves quickly and gets on top of her. He straddles her and wraps his fingers around her throat.

ZACH  
I'm gonna eat your heart you  
fuckin' whore!

His face is bloodshot. Veins protrude from his forehead.

Just as it seems he has won, Frankie swiftly brings up her knee and catches him in the groin.

Zach WHELPS as he goes pale white and rolls over off of her.

Frankie uses all of her might to get to her feet. She grabs the keyboard off of the desk and turns back to Zach, who attempts to get back to his feet.



FRANKIE

Stay down!

She smashes the keyboard across Zach's face, who falls back to the floor, dazed.

Blood gushes from his nose and mouth.

The music stops, the next song starts. It's "Nights in White Satin" by THE MOODY BLUES.

ZACH

(weakly)

F-fuck... Me...

Frankie drops what is left of the keyboard, turns to her purse on the desk. She digs inside, pulls out a switchblade.

Zach just watches. He spits out some blood and LAUGHS.

ZACH (CONT)

Oh... This is just fantastic. You were gonna kill *me* this whole time.

He LAUGHS some more, hysterical.

Frankie's face draws blank. She takes a step toward Zach, blade in hand.

He grins.

ZACH (CONT)

Look at you... You love it...

She raises the blade high, ready to strike.

ZACH (CONT)

Just like me.

A KNOCK comes from the closet on the other side of the room.

Startled, Frankie spins around.

Another KNOCK.

Zach watches as she slowly moves towards the closet.

She's almost there when she stops, turns back to Zach.

FRANKIE

What's in there?

Zach responds with a sinister smirk.

Frankie turns back to the closet. She grips the blade tight as she reaches out with her free hand.

Just as she is about to open the closet door, it burst open and JEFF, 52, bloodied and beaten, wearing nothing but a thong and a ball gag in his mouth, falls to the floor. His hands are handcuffed behind his back.

Shocked, Frankie stares down at Jeff.

FRANKIE  
What the fuck!?

She turns to Zach, who just shrugs.

ZACH  
I can explain.

Jeff attempts to speak, but is MUFFLED by the ball gag.

Frankie bends down, removes the ball gag.

JEFF  
(hysterical)  
Thank God! Please, you have to help me! He murdered my brother!

Jeff starts to cry.

JEFF (CONT)  
He a fucking psycho-

Frankie shoves the ball gag back in Jeff's mouth. She turns back to Zach, who gives her a questioning look.

FRANKIE  
Is that true? Did you really kill his brother?

Again, Zach just smiles.

Frankie smiles back. She turn down at Jeff, who is confused and terrified.

Tears well up in Jeff's eyes as Frankie grabs him by the hair and puts the blade to his throat.

FRANKIE  
This is *not* your lucky day.

She looks back to Zach.

FRANKIE (CONT)

And you. You are a strange one.

ZACH

Told ya so.

Frankie rips the blade across Jeff's throat.

Blood sprays out as he convulses.

She releases her grip on Jeff's hair, lets him drop to the floor and choke on his own blood. She smiles at Zach, a friendly smile this time.

Zach smiles back. A big, goofy grin.

ZACH

You. Are. Amazing.

Frankie blushes.

FRANKIE

Ditto.

They stare into each others eyes. True love.

Frankie walks over and kneels down next to Zach.

He reaches a hand out, caresses her cheek.

They embrace in a passionate kiss.

SMASH TO:

**BLACK**

The End.