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Blah Blah Blah

FADE IN:

INT. TRENDY PARTIES BOUTIQUE - FEBRUARY 10, DAY

JANET 30s wears her garb of the day. A long Welsh dress and apron with a stove-pipe hat. She decorates the window with shiny red hearts, but with a half-hearted work ethic.

A bell jingles, signaling a customer's arrival.

Janet takes one look at the MALE CUSTOMER who strips off his coat revealing a black and white striped jailbird costume.

Janet mistakes him for a casting director. Feigning weakness-

JANET

Ooh, je suis so fatigué.

She falls. He hops to her aid, a youthful jailbird.

BUCKO

What's with the French?

JANET

You're not Mr. Lockheed?

Janet rises, dusts herself off. Bucko scratches his head.

JANET

Mr. William Lockheed The Third of
The Wonderful Casting Company.

BUCKO

No. Sorry. I'm Buckohveritz
Nickolaev. People call me Bucko.
Don't you remember me?

JANET

No I don't remember you and why are
you dressed like that?

BUCKO

I wanted to show you the inferior
product you sold me for Halloween.

He points to the legs being too short.

JANET

This is Valentine's month, BUCKO!

BUCKO

Don't call me Bucko!

Janet sticks her pointer finger into Bucko's chest.

JANET

That's your name, BUCK! Buck-Bucko!

BUCKO

You got a lot of nerve.

JANET

Me?! If it didn't fit, why didn't you bring it back three months ago?

BUCKO

I was in a coma.

JANET

Wha-haut coma? You one of those Mandella affected? Ooooh, the truth is out there.

Bang-bang! Shots fired outside. Janet and Bucko hug each other in mutual fear. They see through the window's decorations, creepy images of TWO MEN IN BLACK.

BUCKO

(whispering)

Those are the ones.

JANET

(whispering)

What ones?

Bucko pulls Janet towards the back of the shop. They duck underneath a counter filled with half-made candy baskets and helium balloons floating and ready for delivery.

BUCKO

They want my crypto.

JANET

If you've got so much crypto-- why you care about a stupid costume.

BUCKO

It's not a stupid costume.

JANET

It's a stupid costume for Valentine's. Wait... This isn't about the costume. This is a ruse.

BUCKO

Rouge? What's with all the French?

Jingaling-a-ling. The door has opened.

FRONT OF STORE

The TWO MEN at the computer. Clickety-clack!

MAN IN BLACK

Online...hah! Buckohveritz blew his cover. Now who's a party pooper.

BACK OF STORE

Janet and Bucko crawl under the table, real snuggled up.

All whispers...

JANET

My store your cover? Whahaut.

BUCKO

I kinduv used your name in a password. That's wha-haut.

JANET

You're a scammer. I don't even think your name's Buckhoveritz. You're probably the hacker behind the Valencrimes Virus.

BUCKO

I promise I'm not. I only just woke up from a coma. Long story but--

JANET

What's that thing in your pants?

BUCKO

My wallet.

JANET

There?

BUCKO

This get-up doesn't have pockets.

JANET

Blaming me again?

BUCKO

Come on Janet.

JANET

How do you know my name? I think I'm going to sneeze.

Janet tries to stifle it. One two three. Poof! A sneeze!

INT. JANET & JACK'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Janet, wearing a SNORE PATCH, startles awake: a loud SNORT.

Her common law boyfriend, Jack, who looks exactly like Bucko startles too, but he's still in a stupor.

JACK

What's the matter, Honey?

Janet stands up, flustered. Jack watches her with confusion smeared across his tired face while Janet puts on her Welsh outfit showing off potential themes for her party shop. She looks in her full length mirror and then realizes she has yet to remove her snore patch.

She RIPS it off.

JANET

I can't do this anymore.

JACK

You don't have to wear that thing.
It's kind of sexy when you snore.

JANET

I'm not talking about that.

INT. TRENDY PARTIES BOUTIQUE - MORNING

Helium balloons, candy bouquets... A Valentines explosion. Janet haphazardly sticks roses together to make bouquets.

JANET

Ever since the Valencrimes Virus:
Bad Luck! Orders aren't flowing
through our site and I have to TALK
TO PEOPLE IN PERSON. I HATE TALKING
TO PEOPLE!

JACK

That's it. You're mad because it's
Valentine's Month and you don't
want to marry me. You hate talking
to people. You can't stand getting
close at all. Period.

JANET

EX-clAMATION mark. Roar!

JACK

I understand. I'm okay with common law. It has that common feel to it.

JANET

What's that supposed to mean?

JACK

It means I love you even if you can't find it in your loving little heart to marry me. Hugz, hashtag something or another. If the Valencrimes Virus weren't messing up our virtual vice, I'd be sending you videos of happy kittens and--

JANET

I don't want a new cat! You think you can just replace Rufus? Well you can't! He's gone...

Janet breaks into tears over dear sweet Rufus. She looks over at his picture on a desk. Jack grabs Janet by the shoulders and looks her in the eyes.

JACK

We'll get through this. And. Look at the bright side, Saint Patrick's Day is coming. We'll have the luck of the Irish to celebrate!

JANET

Greeeeeen! Ugh! I hate parties! Everybody's partying except us!

JACK

Don't worry. We'll fill these orders and take a vacation.

JANET

Really? You think?

JACK

Next month's pretty meh. Why not.

JANET

You know what I dreamt last night?

Janet begins...

JANET

I dreamt...

A LITTLE LATER: STARDUST FALLS & MUSIC TINKLES

JACK

You shouldn't keep secrets. I never knew you wanted to be a movie star.

JANET

You were supposed to be William Lockheed, but then you had this Folsom Prison thing going on. The dream kept shifting... Acting is just one of those fun things for me. That's the part of this business that I do love. I love dressing up in costumes and pretending I'm someone else.

JACK

Maybe we could do a Youtube or something. I may not be William Lockheed the Third, but...

Janet laughs. She feels better. Jack goes to the

BACK OF SHOP

He turns on Folsom Prison. Inflates a helium balloon, breathes in and sing-squeaks. His dance commences.

FRONT OF SHOP

Janet: Folsom again! Busily she fills Candy Baskets, straightens racks of costumes, RING! The telephone.

JANET

Yes that's right. 60 of those quiche tart things. What kind? The same as last year and the year before. ... You're new. Well look in the compute-- Just do broccoli.

A big fat HANG UP on a retro styled phone in shiny red.

JINGALING-- the door opens as a customer enters.

It's LADY STUCK-UP. Her ensemble screams uptight.

She sees Janet stabbing florist foam with roses.

JANET

Just a minute. Ah sh-tah.

She pricks herself on a rose's thorn.

LADY STUCK-UP

Achem. Maiora premunt.

Janet mimes, imitating the intruder from Mt. Gibberish.

JANET

Go back. Your rock is getting cold.

LADY STUCK-UP

Latin. Greater things are pressing.

JANET

Ya? Res meliusevinissent cum coca.

LADY STUCK-UP

Oh. What does that mean?

JANET

Coke adds life.

She picks up a can, slurps it back and grabs her note pad.

JANET

Gimme your order and I'll do my best for tonight howz that.

LADY STUCK-UP

You don't use a computer?

JANET

The news lately? Valencrimes Virus. Half the town's been hacked.

Lady tries to ignore her lack of Current Events knowledge.

LADY STUCK-UP

Our cause for celebration: My husband's recent Art Exhibit. Fried Jello. Hear of it?

JANET

When my computer's back I'll look it up. I'm thinking red and greasy.

LADY STUCK-UP

It's a commentary on the precarious nature of fast consumption.

JANET

How lovely. Can we?

LADY STUCK-UP

Of course.

Lady takes out her own notes. A word war begins.

Rose- LADY STUCK-UP

Petals. JANET

Tea- LADY STUCK-UP

Basket. JANET

Maybe 20 Lawn- LADY STUCK-UP

Ornaments. JANET

Red-- LADY STUCK-UP

Jello JANET

Fried-- LADY STUCK-UP

Potatoes. JANET

Lady's eyebrows rise. Gottcha.

JANET
Deep fried fish.

Lady's got a winner's grin.

JANET
Chicken. Fried chicken.

LADY STUCK-UP
Close.

Janet taps her pen on her notebook.

JANET
Fried... Fried... Eggs!

LADY STUCK-UP
Wookams used eggs to symbolize-

JANET
The cosmic egg. Hah!

Janet pumps her arm in victory.

LADY STUCK-UP

And--

JANET

I really must...

Janet gestures at all the work.

LADY STUCK-UP

Of course. The rest of my needs:

As she hands her the paper, it unfolds from 4 inches to 12. After Lady leaves, Janet locks up, turns the sign to CLOSED.

JANET (O.S.)

Jack!!!

LATER THAT EVENING

Janet checks her book. Jack sings "If they freed me..."

JANET

Orders are done. Youtube it!

JACK

Okay. What should it be about?

JANET

Remember when we went to dinner and we were walking back to our car...

EXT. THE COPPER STILL RESTAURANT & LOUNGE - NIGHT

Jack and Janet leave the classy restaurant arm in arm. A glow from food and wine. They walk to the corner and turn onto

ROSS STREET

They are busy talking, looking up and down, everywhere but just ahead where A GROUP OF STREET PEOPLE are congregating.

These people know the trick of intimidation. The GROUP gesture each other as they see the couple on route.

In slo-mo they descend: J & J cloaked by the horde.

Jack and Janet caught off guard by voiced ~~requests~~, demands.

They see arms patting their shoulders, so many pairs of shoes surrounding them. Blur. Their vision stops working from fear.

FROM BLACK TO SHREDS OF CUT IMAGES

GUY 1 (O.S.)
Got a buck for a coffee?

More O.S. Voices scramble- vague sounds: passive aggression.

Jack pulls out his wallet and gives them a wad of cash. The horde, satisfied, break apart and let them through.

INT. TRENDY PARTIES BOUTIQUE - NIGHT

Janet takes the hat pin out of her hat: pops a red balloon. Payback! Jack rubs his hands together.

EXT. ROSS STREET - NIGHT

Janet wears a bulky old coat. A junky cap plastered on her head where scraggy bits of hair poke out unevenly.

Confident, she approaches and infiltrates the horde. No one notices her or: Jack-In-The-Hood, filming from his phone.

Janet nudges one of the guys.

JANET
Hey how much ya got so far?

GUY 1
Bout fifty.

JANET
Gimme. I'll get us fried chicken.

The guy gives her some bills.

JANET
Here. Chocolate. Happy Valencrimes.

The Guy chuckles. Janet chuckles more. She leaves the horde dropping an Ex-Lax package in the garbage.

A slo-mo strut to Jack, stardom in her eyes as she peels off the homeless garb, revealing a new costume, red and sexy.

The horde won't notice. They're too busy surrounding someone.

MR. & MRS. STUCK-UP... Give them the money Wookams!