

WANNA BET?

(drama)

FADE IN:

INT. MORTIMERS RESIDENCE - DAY

The house is warmly ornamented with Christmas decorations. A magnificent tree towers the living room. On a shelf, several pictures under frames where a couple is standing together.

Except a huge silver candlestick, the table is empty. Flames rise high in the fireplace.

The house looks empty. Not a noise.

However, from the lobby, down the staircase, a VOICE can now be heard.

TONYA (40) is on the phone, wearing a pink parka.

TONYA
(on the phone)
No. Don't worry. I understand.
It's okay. Really. Take care.

She hangs up, upset.

Tonya is a dyed blonde-haired woman with a little spark lighted in her green eyes.

Her hand still on the receiver, she sighs. Then, she steps into the kitchen.

EXT. MORTIMERS GARDEN - DAY

The snowy garden court is as decorated as inside. A electric Santa is riding a sleigh, cheering "Merry Christmas" with a mechanic attitude. Every reindeer has a red shining and blinking nose.

BLAKE (42) is wearing a parka and a Santa bonnet. Bearded and fat, he's the kind of man who wouldn't hurt a bug. He stands in front of a gas barbecue, a tong in hand, by a patio heater. Like the reindeers, his nose is red, but not blinking.

By the grill, giant dishes are dressed with meat, sausages, kebabs, and corn. A large table is set with Christmas plates, Christmas napkins, bread, and mulled wine.

Unaware of Tonya's presence at the back door, Brian is happily singing on "Winter Wonderland" tune, heating his hands on the grill.

BLAKE

(singing)

Lacy things, the wife is missing,
didn't ask her permission, I'm
wearing her clothes, her silk
panty-hose, walking 'round in
women's underwear--

He suddenly stops, feeling his wife's presence. He turns to her, smiling.

BLAKE

Who was it, dear?

TONYA

The Morrisises.

BLAKE

Guess they're late as usual? The
steaks are gonna to be real
frozen.

TONYA

No. They won't come. Neither
Sandy nor Ross. Paul, Gary,
Susan, and Chris.

Blake puts his tong on the grill.

BLAKE

What do you mean? Are they all
ill?

TONYA

Rather sick.

BLAKE

Sick?

TONYA

Sick of your dumb ideas, Blake.
Have you ever seen someone
planning a barbecue party on a
Christmas Day?

BLAKE

Your brother did it last year.

TONYA

He's living in Australia.
Remember?

(sigh)

Anyway, I told you it wasn't a
good idea.

BLAKE
 You said you wanted something
 special this year.

TONYA
 Special doesn't mean stupid.

BLAKE
 Thank you for the compliment.
 I'll quote it.
 (a beat)
 So, what are we gonna do?

TONYA
 What are YOU gonna do?

BLAKE
 Tonya, what does it means?

TONYA
 I'm off to my mother's.

BLAKE
 You can't do that to me on
 Christmas Day.

TONYA
 (with a sarcastic smile)
 Wanna bet?

Blake suddenly hurls onto Tonya, grabs her hair, and pulls her to the grill.

BLAKE
 (shouting)
 YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!!

He forces her to lean over the burning grill and presses her head on it.

TONYA
 (shouting)
 BLAKE! STOP IT!

Blake keeps on pressing her head and her cheek is now stuck on the grill. She shrieks in pain as a thick and black smoke rises from her face.

Blake wears a devilish grin.

BLAKE
 Now, bitch! Are you going away?!

TONYA (O.S.)
 Wanna bet?

Tonya is still standing on the threshold. Nor Blake or her has ever moved.

TONYA

Anyway, as always, you'd stay here, complaining and sobbing on your own. You're pathetic Blake.

BLAKE

Not this time, Tonya. Not this time.

She shakes her head.

TONYA

You'll never do anything in your dull life.

Rage can be seen now on Blake's face.

BLAKE

There's one thing I should have done a long time ago.

He grabs a large knife and steps to Tonya.

TONYA

(chuckling)

Are you trying to frighten me? You're gonna hurt yourself.

BLAKE

Wanna bet?

He hurls the knife on Tonya and slices her throat. Blood splatters on Blake's face as she moans in pain, holding her throat.

Then, Blake quietly comes back to the grill and places one piece of meat on it, humming, as if nothing had happened.

However, after a short while and, frowning, Blake turns to Tonya. She's lying on the ground in a pool of blood, dead.

Blake freezes, realizing what he has done. He looks down at his hands: they are bloody!

BLAKE

(with horror)

No! This time I really did it!

He rushes to Tonya, kneels by her, and desperately shakes her lifeless body.

BLAKE
(sobbing)
I didn't mean it! I'm sorry!
Tonya! I'm sorry!

He hugs her for a while, gets up and steps back to the grill to turn it off.

Flames extinguish.

Then, he turns back the faucet on and tears the gas tube from the grill.

Gas whistles.

Sobbing, Blake turns back a last time to his wife.

BLAKE
(sobbing)
I'm sorry Tonya.

He slowly takes a match and scratches it.

At the first spark, the big gas can EXPLODES.

FADE OUT:

The end