

Her Friend Kate
By Alex Wasowicz

FADE IN:

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

JOE waits for the bus.

CARSON approaches, walking his DOG.

JOE
Hey, man.

CARSON
Oh, hey. What's up, dude?

JOE
Just waiting for this bus. I got to go
pick up my car from the shop.

CARSON
You get in a wreck or something?

JOE
Nah. I'm having this sweet system
installed.

CARSON
Ah. Nice.

Joe pets Carson's dog.

JOE
Pretty cool dog.

CARSON
Yeah. He's okay. So how you been?

JOE
Oh, dude. You're not gonna believe this.

CARSON
What?

JOE
So, the other day--

CARSON
--Oh my gosh!

JOE
Dude. Why you got to be like that?

CARSON
Like what?

JOE
I'm trying to tell you--

CARSON
--So tell me, already.

JOE
Not if you're gonna be a jerk burger.

CARSON
Who's being a jerk burger?

JOE
Okay. So, the other day--

CARSON
--Oh my gosh!

JOE
Dude.

CARSON
What happened the other day?

JOE
Nothing.

CARSON
Come on. Tell me.

JOE
You don't even care.

CARSON
Sure I do. What happened?

JOE
Forget it.

CARSON
Tell me.

JOE
No.

CARSON
Please? I promise not to be a
jerk burger.

JOE
Promise?

CARSON
Promise.

JOE
Okay. So, the other day--

CARSON
--Oh my gosh!

JOE
I hate you so much.

CARSON
I was just kidding.

JOE
You promised not to be a jerk burger.

CARSON
That was a jerk taco.

JOE
Taco.

CARSON
So what happened, dude? For real.

JOE
I'm never, ever telling you.

CARSON
Never, ever?

JOE
Nope.

CARSON
Fine. I don't even care.

JOE
Good.

CARSON
Okay. Now I care. Tell me.

JOE
Give me a break.

CARSON
I'll give you a buck if you tell me.

Carson takes out a DOLLAR.

CARSON (CONT'D)
Cash money. One dollar to hear your
story.

JOE
Quit messing with me.

CARSON
Take it or leave it.

Joe takes it.

JOE
Perplexing.

CARSON
So, what happened?

JOE
You really want to know?

CARSON
Money don't lie.

JOE
It would if it could.

CARSON
This story better be worth it.

JOE
Okay. But I swear, if you say oh my
gosh, I'm going to knock your block off.

CARSON
My block.

JOE
So. The other day..
(waits)
My girlfriend suggested we have a
threesome.

CARSON
What?

JOE
My girlfriend suggested we have a
threesome.

CARSON
We? You mean you? Me? And her?

JOE
No. Her and I. And her friend Kate.

CARSON
Her friend Kate?

JOE
Yeah, buddy.

CARSON
Who's her friend Kate?

JOE
She's hot. You've met her.

CARSON
Does she have curly brown hair?

JOE
No. She's blonde.

CARSON
I can't recall.

JOE
She's hot, dude.

CARSON
Well, that's all that matters.

JOE
Very, very hot.

CARSON
Smokin' hot?

JOE
Smokin.'

CARSON
Does she look like a sexual dynamo?

JOE
Tour de force.

CARSON
So, of course you agreed to this threesome.

JOE
Well. Let me tell you.

CARSON
Tell me.

JOE
So the other night, me and my girl Bridgette are laying in bed.

CARSON

Lying.

JOE

You calling me a liar?

CARSON

No. Continue.

JOE

So, we're in bed. All naked, and sweaty,
and post-coital. Right?

CARSON

Grr.

JOE

And she's like, hey! We should totally
have a threesome with my friend Kate!

CARSON

Just like that?

JOE

Just like that.

CARSON

Nuh uh.

JOE

Swear to God.

CARSON

What did you do?

JOE

What do you think?

CARSON

I'm asking.

JOE

Froze like a deer in headlights.

CARSON

I bet.

JOE

I tried to think of what to say.

CARSON

What did you say?

JOE
What would you have said?

CARSON
The wrong thing, probably.

JOE
My mind was racing like a Toyota with bad electronics.

CARSON
You had to say something.

JOE
I fumbled for words.

Suddenly Carson's dog takes a massive CRAP!

JOE (CONT'D)
Dude! You're just going to let your dog crap all over the place like that?

CARSON
He's a dog. Dogs crap.

JOE
Right there on the ground?

CARSON
It's just ground.

JOE
I got to walk on this ground.

CARSON
So don't walk on the crappy part.

JOE
How about, don't let your dog crap all over the place.

CARSON
Shit happens.

JOE
Pick it up.

CARSON
Ew. No way.

JOE
Pick it up, dude. For real.

CARSON
With my hands?

JOE
You don't have a bag?

CARSON
Why would I have a bag?

JOE
Go find a bag. And pick up this crap.

CARSON
Not happening.

JOE
It's your responsibility.

CARSON
Who are you? The crap police?

JOE
Who are you? Johnny crappleseed?

CARSON
A little dog crap never hurt anybody.
It's like fertilizer.

JOE
Pick it up.

CARSON
If you really want it picked up, pick it
up yourself.

JOE
I'll be damned if I'm picking up your
dog's crap.

CARSON
That makes two of us.

JOE
So you're just going to leave piles of
dog crap all over the place for innocent
people to step in?

CARSON
Watch where you're walking. It's not
that hard, dude.

JOE
You can be a real prick. You know that?

CARSON
Get back to the story, already.

JOE
Where was I?

CARSON
Bridgette proposed having a threesome
with her friend Kate, and you were trying
to think of what to say.

JOE
Oh. Dude. You're not gonna believe how
slick I was.

CARSON
You got all slick, huh?

JOE
Slicker than the Gulf of Mexico.

CARSON
What did you say?

JOE
I looked her right in the eyes, like
this.

Joe gives Carson the look.

CARSON
That's the look.

JOE
I said, baby.

CARSON
(girly)
Yes, darling?

JOE
Dude. Don't be a jerk burger.

CARSON
Sorry. I was captivated.

JOE
Understandable.

CARSON
So you said, baby?

JOE
I said, baby. I don't want nobody
but you.

CARSON
Aw.

JOE
Slick, right?

CARSON
Like the Gulf.

They high-five.

JOE
Then I kissed her on the forehead.

CARSON
Aw.

JOE
Cause in my head I'm thinking, this is a
trick of some kind.

CARSON
You think she's like testing your
monogamy?

JOE
She's up to something.

CARSON
She's shiesty like that?

JOE
Super shiesty.

CARSON
So you play it safe.

JOE
Safety first.

CARSON
Remarkable, how quick and thorough your
thinking was. Right after sex, and all.

JOE
I know. The most scatter-brained time
there is. I'm simply the slickest.

CARSON
You know how they say hindsight's twenty
twenty?

JOE
It's not.

CARSON
But that's what they say.

JOE
Who?

CARSON
Them.

JOE
They're wrong.

CARSON
How could they be wrong? They have the
benefit of hindsight. It's twenty
twenty.

JOE
Now you're just being a smart ass.

CARSON
Better than a dumb ass.

JOE
What kind of hindsight do we have about
things like the Iran-Contra affair? Huh?
Is that twenty twenty?

CARSON
Well.

JOE
Think about the Pyramids. We have
thousands of years of hindsight there.
And it's all figured out? Twenty twenty?

CARSON
I get your point.

JOE
Screw hindsight.

CARSON
It's not perfect.

JOE
Screw it.

CARSON

But it helps.

JOE

A little.

CARSON

Anyway. With the relative benefit of hindsight, I can tell you that your story about the threesome with Bridgette and her friend Kate was not a very interesting story.

JOE

It's not over yet. Knucklehead.

CARSON

Oh. What happened next?

JOE

Bridgette must have sensed that I sensed that it was a trap. Cause she gives me this look.

Joe gives Carson the look.

CARSON

Piercing sincerity.

JOE

Yeah. She tells me she's serious.

CARSON

With her eyes.

JOE

With her eyes. And literally, she says it too.

CARSON

So she's serious.

JOE

So so serious.

CARSON

Then what?

JOE

(whispers)
She whispers.

CARSON
(whispers)
Yeah?

JOE
(whispers)
Let's seriously have a threesome with
my friend Kate.

CARSON
(whispers)
Absolutely.

JOE
Shut up, dude.

CARSON
What did you say to that?

JOE
I tried to laugh it off. Cause I'm still
kind of suspicious it's a trap.

CARSON
She's really that sheisty?

JOE
Super shiesty.

CARSON
But she conveys such sincerity.

JOE
Utter sincerity.

CARSON
A conundrum.

JOE
Vexing.

CARSON
What do you do?

JOE
I'm looking at her. She's looking at me.
I'm thinking okay, she's serious. She
wants to have a threesome with me and her
friend Kate.

CARSON
Yeah.

JOE
This is awesome.

CARSON
Yeah.

JOE
So I say, baby.

CARSON
Yeah?

JOE
Two conditions.

CARSON
No. You didn't!

JOE
I did.

CARSON
You got conditional on her?

JOE
Conditioned her ass.

CARSON
Like the Gulf!

JOE
Drill, baby, drill!

They high-five.

CARSON
I can't believe you laid down conditions!

JOE
Two of 'em.

CARSON
What did she do?

JOE
She gave me a playful smile.

CARSON
But flatly refused.

JOE
And asked what they were.

CARSON
What were they?

JOE
First: Tequila has to be involved.

CARSON
Amen to that.

JOE
Cause I'm thinking, get enough tequila involved and nobody really knows what the hell happened. It's like destroying the evidence in real time.

CARSON
Brilliant.

JOE
Second: We have to do it in the dark.

CARSON
Kinky.

JOE
Again, I'm thinking, the harder it is for Bridgette to remember what the hell happened, the better.

CARSON
You don't want her to be able to use it against you later.

JOE
You never know, with her.

CARSON
She can be shiesty.

JOE
Super shiesty.

CARSON
Not to mention her friend Kate.
Shiestiness unknown.

JOE
I anticipate her friend Kate to be twice as shiesty.

CARSON
Why so shiesty?

JOE
Better to err on the side of caution.

CARSON
Plan for the worst. Hope for the best.

JOE
Screw hindsight.

CARSON
Did she accept your conditions?

JOE
She did.

CARSON
What a girl.

JOE
Got that right.

CARSON
How long have you been dating?

JOE
Almost a year.

CARSON
Is she like, the one?

JOE
I don't know. We'll see.

CARSON
So how did the threesome go?

JOE
It hasn't happened yet. It's going down tomorrow. This whole arrangement just took place Monday night.

CARSON
Monday, huh? I had a pretty crazy Monday too. I wasn't offered any threesomes or anything. But it was pretty crazy.

JOE
What happened?

CARSON
You'll enjoy this story. It has a hell of a punch-line ending.

JOE
Right on.

CARSON
But I won't tell you for free.
It'll cost a buck.

JOE
What? Dude.

Carson waits to be paid.

Joe reluctantly gives him the dollar.

JOE (CONT'D)
This story better be worth it.

CARSON
So, we got these florescent lights at
my work, right?

JOE
Ah, crap.

CARSON
What?

JOE
I just stepped in dog crap.

CARSON
You should be more careful.

JOE
Man. This sucks.

CARSON
It's just dog crap. No big deal.

JOE
Now I got to get on the bus with crap
all over my shoe.

CARSON
Wipe it off.

JOE
Give me your shirt.

CARSON
No way. Scrape it on a tree or
something.

JOE

So, now we're gonna have crap on the ground, crap on my shoe, and crap on a tree.

CARSON

A trifecta.

JOE

I can't believe this crap.

Joe scrapes his shoe on a tree.

JOE (CONT'D)

God. This crap is foul. What the hell do you feed your dog?

CARSON

Dog food. What else?

JOE

I'm going to have to burn this shoe.

CARSON

It's not coming off?

JOE

It's hopeless.

CARSON

So, anyway. We got these florescent lights at my work, right? And one of them starts to burn out, so it's like all flickering and annoying. You know?

JOE

Ugh. I hate when that happens.

CARSON

So the boss man tells me to change the bulb. I'm like, where's the janitor? But we can't find him, and this damn flickering light bulb's driving everyone bonkers, so I'm like, fine. I'll do it.

JOE

Way to man up.

CARSON

But I don't know where the new bulbs are. I'm looking in closets, and weird rooms, and finding all this weird stuff.

(MORE)

And the boss man is on my ass the whole time about this damn flickering light that's driving everyone bonkers.

JOE
Nothing's ever easy. Is it?

CARSON
I finally find the bulb, and replace it. And the boss man is all on my ass about being careful not to break the old bulb, because it's filled with like some kind of toxic dust.

JOE
It's literally powdered mercury.

CARSON
Mercury? For real?

JOE
Literally.

CARSON
Yikes. So guess what happens next?

JOE
What happens next?

CARSON
Five minutes later, another bulb starts flickering.

JOE
What are the odds?

CARSON
The boss man gets back on my ass about it. So I grab another bulb, and almost break my neck trying to get it in there.

A BUS approaches.

JOE
Is that my bus?

CARSON
Hell if I know.

JOE
Aw, damn dude. I gotta go.

CARSON
You don't want to hear the punch-line
ending?

JOE
Some other time.

CARSON
It won't be as funny.

JOE
See you around, man.

CARSON
Alright. Have fun tomorrow night!

Joe boards the Bus and departs.

Carson looks at his dog.

CARSON (CONT'D)
You want to know what happened?

The dog seems interested.

CARSON (CONT'D)
It'll cost you a buck.

The dog whimpers.

CARSON (CONT'D)
Just kidding, buddy.

Carson pets his dog.

CARSON (CONT'D)
So. These damn lights keep flickering
and burning out, and I keep replacing
them. I'm on maybe the sixth one when I
start to feel like the whole office is in
on some elaborate prank.

So I'm like, okay guys. What's the deal?
And they're like, April fools'! Cause
Monday was April fools.'

The whole point of me telling this story
was to remind Joe that Monday was April
fools,' which he may not have known, and
to suggest that this alleged threesome
with Bridgette's so-called friend Kate
might just be a wicked April fools' ruse
of some kind.

(MORE)

It's too bad his bus came when it did.
 Oh well. Maybe he'll find out before he
 does something foolish. Then again, I
 kind of hope he doesn't. I know I
 probably should have told him. But who
 am I to ruin a perfectly good ruse?

Besides, what's the worst that could
 happen?

FADE TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Joe scans the sand with a METAL DETECTOR.

Carson rides by on a BICYCLE.

CARSON
 Hey man.

JOE
 Hey, hey.

CARSON
 Find anything?

JOE
 Not yet.

CARSON
 How often do you find stuff?

JOE
 Never.

CARSON
 Yet the search continues.

JOE
 The search continues.

CARSON
 So how did that threesome go?

JOE
 Unexpectedly.

CARSON
 They always do.

JOE
 It turns out Monday was April fools.'

CARSON

Was it?

JOE

I wish someone had told me.

CARSON

So you found out the hard way?

JOE

It was a disaster.

CARSON

Aw. What happened?

JOE

See. I thought I was going to be like all romantic, with these candles, and rose petals, and jazz music and what not.

CARSON

Casanova.

JOE

Plus, honestly, I was going to get a little kinky with the whipped cream, and chocolate syrup and what not.

CARSON

Mercy!

JOE

So I got everything all set up. And I'm all naked, in bed, with the silk sheets, and the tequila and what not.

CARSON

Real classy.

JOE

I even got. Nevermind.

CARSON

What did you get?

JOE

Don't worry about it.

CARSON

Some crazy sex toy?

JOE

Anyway. I'm laying there.

CARSON
Lying.

JOE
I'm not lying.

CARSON
You were.

JOE
I wasn't.

CARSON
You were lying in bed.

JOE
All of a sudden, Bridgette barges in.
She's like, what the hell?

CARSON
Uh oh.

JOE
Then her friend Kate barges in.

CARSON
Wait. What?

JOE
Her friend Kate.

CARSON
I thought it was April fools.'

JOE
See. What happened was: Earlier I
called her friend Kate and told her about
how Bridgette suggested we have a
threesome. And Kate was like cool,
whatever.

CARSON
She was into it?

JOE
She was like, I thought you'd never ask.

CARSON
Nuh uh.

JOE

Yeah huh. She started talking all dirty on the phone about how she's wanted me ever since we met, and how she has wild dreams about me. All this crazy stuff.

CARSON

Damn, dude.

JOE

Yeah. So I was like, come on over.

CARSON

Sure.

JOE

And she did.

CARSON

What a girl.

JOE

Got that right.

BEEP!

JOE (CONT'D)

Holy crap! I found buried treasure!

Joe drops the Metal Detector and starts digging.

CARSON

I'll fight you for it.

JOE

Aw. Just a lousy, rusty old nail.

CARSON

A bent one, at that.

JOE

The search continues.

CARSON

So. Her friend Kate.

JOE

Her friend Kate shows up wearing stiletto heels and a trench coat. With nothing on underneath.

CARSON

You lucky scoundrel.

JOE
I was happy as a pig in shit.

CARSON
For the time being.

JOE
My luck would change.

CARSON
So this girl's smokin' hot?

JOE
Smokin.'

CARSON
Who's hotter? Bridgette? Or her friend
Kate?

JOE
I don't know if I can answer that.

CARSON
For political reasons? Or because you
really aren't sure?

JOE
They each have their qualities.

CARSON
If you were me. Who would I think was
hotter?

JOE
They're both pretty hot.

CARSON
I remember Bridgette being like a seven.

JOE
Dude. She's at least an eight.

CARSON
Ha! Seven point two. Tops.

JOE
Seven point five.

CARSON
Seriously, dude. Who's hotter?

JOE
Her friend Kate.

CARSON
Interesting.

JOE
So we're naked, and drinking tequila, and before long were doing a little this and that.

CARSON
Limbering up?

JOE
We limber up a bit.

CARSON
How limber did you get?

JOE
Damn near threw my back out.

They high-five.

JOE (CONT'D)
Afterwards, she asks if she can smoke a cigarette.

CARSON
Obligatory.

JOE
I tell her to do it on the balcony, because I'm allergic to the smoke.

CARSON
You are?

JOE
No. But that's what I tell her.

CARSON
So she smokes on the balcony.

JOE
In stilettos.

CARSON
Just stilettos?

JOE
Just stilettos.

CARSON
That's hot.

JOE
It was hot, dude.

CARSON
Awesome.

JOE
Then Bridgette shows up.

CARSON
Not awesome.

JOE
I could tell right away she wasn't on the same page vis a vis the whole threesome situation.

CARSON
Unfortunate.

JOE
And I'm like please God, don't let her friend Kate walk in here right now wearing just stilettos.

CARSON
But that's what happens.

JOE
In she walks.

CARSON
And Bridgette is pissed.

JOE
She's screaming. She's crying. She's throwing. She's smashing.

CARSON
Fiddlesticks.

JOE
I'm all like, baby! And she's all like, don't you baby me!

CARSON
Oh baby.

JOE
She throws the bottle of tequila at me.

CARSON
Luckily you manage to duck.

JOE
It hits me right in the face.

CARSON
Ouch.

JOE
I get a black eye.

CARSON
You poor scoundrel.

JOE
Next thing I know, she's chasing me
around with a chef's knife. Damn near
stabs me!

CARSON
How do you escape?

JOE
I manage to spray her in the face with
some air freshener or something and dive
out the window.

CARSON
What happened to her friend Kate?

JOE
She dove out the window too. That's
where I got the idea.

CARSON
You guys dove out the window? Naked?

JOE
She was wearing stilettos.

CARSON
Did anyone see you?

JOE
Just the mailman.

CARSON
What does he care?

JOE
He seemed totally cool with it.

CARSON
But meanwhile, Bridgette's still after
you with the chef's knife.

JOE
We got to get the hell out of there.

CARSON
You don't have car keys.

JOE
We just start running down the street!

CARSON
Spectacular!

JOE
It was a spectacle.

CARSON
I bet people saw you.

JOE
This old lady checking her mail saw us,
had a heart attack and died on the spot.

CARSON
Poor woman.

JOE
And some guy mowing his lawn saw us,
and ran over his sprinkler.

CARSON
Poor sprinkler.

JOE
I don't even want to tell you about the
poor Chihuahua.

CARSON
How far did you idiots run?

JOE
We jump this fence, right? Run across
this parking lot. And duck into this
abandoned building.

JOE (CONT'D)
Okay.

JOE (CONT'D)
At least, we think it's abandoned. But
it turns out to be some kind of church.

CARSON
Oh God.

JOE

They're in the middle of some pagan service. We stumble out on stage. Hundreds of worshipers are aghast. Ladies faint. Men scream. Children cry.

CARSON

What does the priest do?

JOE

He grabs the sacrificial wine and bolts. The Choir boys scatter like roaches. Somebody pulls the fire alarm, so the sprinklers go off. And we're all soaked.

CARSON

Sounds like a complete disaster.

JOE

Unmitigated.

CARSON

Did the cops show up?

JOE

Like ten of 'em.

CARSON

Were you arrested?

JOE

Dude. I got more charges than Shaq.

CARSON

And your relationship with Bridgette presumably took a hit.

JOE

It's over.

CARSON

You'll land on your feet.

JOE

I miss her already.

CARSON

I thought you were only together for like a year.

JOE

Year and a half.

CARSON
Time to move on.

JOE
Man. I really liked her.

CARSON
She was a bitch.

JOE
What?

CARSON
She set you up, man. She sabotaged your relationship with some stupid April fools' shenanigan.

JOE
I feel partly responsible for what happened.

CARSON
You're better off without her.

JOE
It was a simple misunderstanding.

CARSON
If you break up easy, you aren't really in love. Time to move on.

JOE
I thought we had something special.

CARSON
Guess not.

JOE
Guess not.

CARSON
Move on, dude.

JOE
I feel like a shmuck.

CARSON
Don't.

JOE
I am a shmuck.

CARSON
You're not that big of a shmuck.

JOE
Why would she sabotage our relationship?

CARSON
She's shiesty.

JOE
Super shiesty.

CARSON
When it's time to move on, move on.

JOE
I'm such a shmuck.

BEEP!

CARSON
Alright! Treasure!

JOE
Bah. It's just some piece of tin crap.

CARSON
Aren't you at least going to dig it up?

JOE
Why bother?

CARSON
Why bother looking, if you're not going to dig?

JOE
Indeed.

Joe throws away his Metal Detector.

CARSON
So you don't even care anymore?

JOE
Shmuck. Shmuck. Shmuck.

CARSON
Listen. There's plenty of fish in the sea.

JOE
Fish suck! They're all full of mercury.

CARSON
You'll find the right girl.

JOE
Like who?

CARSON
Like who knows.

JOE
Nobody wants a shmuck.

CARSON
What about her friend Kate?

JOE
What about her?

CARSON
You could date her. She's hot, right?

JOE
Smokin.'

CARSON
That's the most important thing.

JOE
But she's obviously crazy. Who knows
how checkered her past is.

CARSON
So what if she has a few proverbial
skeletons in her proverbial closet?
Nobody's perfect. Who are we to judge?

JOE
You can date her, if you want.

CARSON
What's her number?

FADE TO:

EXT. PAY PHONE - DAY

KATE, a smokin' hot blonde, talks on the phone--

KATE
I'm telling you, Sally. This guy was
incredible. I think it's really going to
work out this time.

She crosses her fingers. And bites them.

KATE (CONT'D)

I met him through a friend of a friend.
It's a weird story, actually.

A WORKER approaches--

WORKER

Excuse me, ma'am.

KATE

Just a minute, Sally. Yes? What?

WORKER

Does that phone work?

KATE

I'm talking on it. Aren't I?

WORKER

So it doesn't need to be repaired?

KATE

Leave me alone. Anyway, Sally.

WORKER

I'm sorry. But I was sent out here to
repair this phone.

KATE

There must be some mistake.

WORKER

Okay. I'll check the paperwork.

The Worker leaves.

KATE

Sally? You there? As I was saying.

This guy's really great. He doesn't
judge. At least, he says he doesn't
judge. I don't know how honest he is.
But I don't want to judge. You know?

I just hope he feels the same way about
me. I don't know what I'd do if I ever
caught him being unfaithful.

She kicks and punches the phone booth!

KATE (CONT'D)

But he wouldn't betray me. He loves me.
Everything's under control.

She chews on her hair.

The Worker returns--

WORKER

Ma'am?

KATE

You again.

WORKER

Hate to bother you. But are you sure that phone's working?

KATE

Are you some kind of idiot? How could I be talking on it if it wasn't working?

WORKER

Our system appears to indicate a failure.

KATE

Your system sucks.

WORKER

Could you please just let me examine it for a quick second?

KATE

Not on your life.

WORKER

Just so I can verify it's working.

KATE

It's working.

WORKER

Yes. But. It'll only take a second.

KATE

Nope.

WORKER

Come on. Please?

KATE

Stop harassing me.

WORKER

I'm just trying to do my job.

KATE
Sally? You won't believe what I'm
dealing with here.

The Worker tries to grab the phone!

They fight over it--

WORKER
Let me see it!

KATE
No!

WORKER
Give it to me!

She bites his hand!

WORKER (CONT'D)
Ouch!

KATE
Take that!

WORKER
You didn't have to bite me!

KATE
Get the hell out of here! Or I'm calling
the police.

WORKER
Go ahead. Call the police.

He waits.

KATE
Sally? Some delusional guy just tried to
take the phone from me. Can you believe
it? I fought him off. Yeah, I know.
Men. Right?

WORKER
I thought you were calling the police.

KATE
I was bluffing.

WORKER
If you won't call them, I will.

KATE
Not with this phone, you won't.

They fight over the phone!

WORKER
Let go! You crazy old bag!

KATE
Never!

WORKER
Fine! I'll just use my cell phone.

He takes out his CELL PHONE.

KATE
Sally? I'll have to call you back.
Something has come up.

Kate hangs up, and runs away!

WORKER
Hey! Where are you going?

The Worker is baffled.

WORKER (CONT'D)
Crazy broad.

He examines the phone--

WORKER (CONT'D)
Wait a second.

He finds disconnected WIRES!

WORKER (CONT'D)
What the?

He repairs the phone.

WORKER (CONT'D)
Crazy broad.

FADE TO:

INT. CRAB SHACK - NIGHT

Joe sits, eating SHRIMP SCAMPI.

MAX approaches.

JOE
Hey there, stranger.

MAX
Hey man. What are you up to?

JOE
Kicking it like Manchester. I'm supposed
to meet this girl here any minute.

Joe checks his watch.

MAX
Is it like a date?

JOE
Yeah. We've been dating a couple months
now.

MAX
What's her name?

JOE
Claire.

MAX
Claire. Is she a hot blonde?

JOE
No. She's a hot brunette.

MAX
I thought you were dating a hot blonde.

JOE
You're thinking of her friend Kate.
We used to date. Years ago.

MAX
Oh. So who's Claire?

JOE
She's Claire. She'll be here any minute.
I'll introduce you.

MAX
Cool. What are you eating? Shrimp?

JOE
Shrimp scampi. Want some? It's
delicious.

MAX
Shrimp, huh?

JOE
Shrimp scampi.

MAX

What the heck is scampi? Like some kind of seasoning?

JOE

They're creatures.

MAX

Who's a what?

JOE

Scampi are sea creatures. Similar to prawn.

MAX

What's a prawn?

JOE

Prawn are similar to shrimp.

MAX

Shrimp, huh?

JOE

They're delicious.

MAX

So scampi's like shrimp?

JOE

Similar.

MAX

How similar?

JOE

Everything's relative.

MAX

So wait. Shrimp scampi is a mixture of shrimp and scampi?

JOE

No. It's all shrimp.

MAX

Where's the scampi?

JOE

There's no scampi.

MAX

Why the hell not?

JOE
Who needs scampi? We got shrimp!

MAX
How can they call it shrimp scampi,
when there's no scampi?

JOE
(shrugs)
It's one of the lies we accept.

MAX
It's false advertising! We should sue!

JOE
Dude. Relax.

MAX
I want an explanation.

JOE
I can tell you.

MAX
Tell me.

JOE
See. When they cook scampi, they cook it
in butter. Right?

MAX
Who does?

JOE
They do.

MAX
Okay.

JOE
In butter.

MAX
Okay.

JOE
So one day, they discover shrimp. And
they're like, how the hell are we gonna
cook this shrimp? And somebody thinks,
aha! We can cook it the same way we cook
scampi!

MAX
Not very original.

JOE

Well, that's what they did. They cooked their shrimp like it was scampi. And they called it shrimp scampi.

MAX

So it's a cooking method.

JOE

It's reminiscent of chicken-cooked steak.

MAX

Ah.

JOE

Which is delicious.

MAX

But chicken-cooked steak isn't called steak chicken. Is it?

JOE

No. That would be confusing.

MAX

So then, why don't they just call scampi-cooked shrimp what it is?

JOE

What it is.

MAX

It's scampi-cooked shrimp.

JOE

They should call it that.

MAX

Damn right they should.

JOE

I would.

MAX

Anybody in their right mind would.

JOE

Why the hell don't they?

MAX

I don't even know who the hell they are.

JOE

We should find out.

MAX
Their names.

JOE
And whereabouts.

MAX
And beat some sense into them.

JOE
The nerve of these bozos.

MAX
Heads up their asses.

JOE
Liars and crooks.

MAX
Scam artists.

JOE
They really put the scam in scampi.

MAX
Good one.

JOE
Write that down.

MAX
Actually, they should just call it
battered shrimp.

JOE
Yes! End the confusion.

MAX
Everybody understands battered toast.

JOE
No confusion there.

MAX
Everybody understands battered popcorn.

JOE
Delicious.

MAX
They don't call it popcorn scampi.
Do they?

JOE

Hell no.

MAX

They're not stupid.

JOE

But let's not forget about popcorn shrimp.

MAX

Who the? What the?

JOE

You never heard of popcorn shrimp?

MAX

You're messing with me, dude.

JOE

It's delicious.

MAX

There's seriously a thing called popcorn shrimp?

JOE

De. Lish. Ous.

MAX

Is it shrimp, cooked like popcorn?

JOE

Absolutely not.

MAX

Vice vera?

JOE

Are you nuts?

MAX

So it's yet another lie.

JOE

That's how the world is, dude.

MAX

Marketing gimmicks.

JOE

Left and right.

MAX

Lies.

JOE

Out and out.

MAX

And we're all suckers, falling for the con.

JOE

That's how the world is, dude.

MAX

Shrimp scampi.

JOE

Want some? Have some.

MAX

Nah. I'm good.

JOE

You ain't so good. Come on. It's delicious.

MAX

No thanks.

JOE

There's more than enough for both of us. So you don't have to be polite and act like you don't want some shrimp, when you and I both know you're dying for a taste.

MAX

Really. I don't want any.

JOE

Did you just come from a shrimp buffet or something? How can you not want some of this delicious shrimp?

MAX

I don't like shrimp.

JOE

What? How can you not like shrimp? Everybody likes shrimp.

MAX

Not everybody.

JOE
What's not to like about shrimp? It's
so delicious!

MAX
Shrimp's kind of weird.

JOE
You're kind of weird.

MAX
It's like. I don't know. Buggy.

JOE
Buggy?

MAX
You know. Like it resembles bugs.

JOE
You're an idiot.

MAX
Know what I'm saying?

JOE
You think shrimp is like bugs? Shrimp
is not like bugs.

MAX
It looks kind of buggy.

JOE
You look kind of buggy.

MAX
You can't tell me shrimp don't look kind
of like little bug larvae.

JOE
Larvae?

MAX
They do.

JOE
Dude. They look like little lobsters.

MAX
Lobsters are essentially bugs.

JOE
Are you kidding me?

MAX
They have exoskeletons.

JOE
So?

MAX
And a whole bunch of creepy crawly legs.

JOE
So?

MAX
That's not an animal.

JOE
It's not a bug.

MAX
It's insect-like.

JOE
Hold on. You don't eat lobster?

MAX
Hell no.

JOE
Liar.

MAX
Or crab.

JOE
You don't eat crab?

MAX
It's not my thing, dude.

JOE
But it's so delicious!

MAX
Too salty.

JOE
You're out of your mind.

MAX
And buggy.

JOE
Crabs are not buggy!

MAX

You have to admit. A crab is essentially a giant spider.

JOE

I can't believe I even hang out with you.

MAX

I can't believe you're in denial about how buggy your diet is.

JOE

You think a crab is like a giant spider?

MAX

Think about it. If spiders got really evolved, and had pinchers, and could breathe underwater, they would be crabs.

JOE

So you think a crab is like a giant spider, from the future?

MAX

It has an exoskeleton.

JOE

You have an exoskeleton.

MAX

No I don't.

JOE

Shut up.

MAX

I do have a point, though. You know I do.

JOE

What about calamari?

MAX

What about it?

JOE

Tell me you like calamari.

MAX

Way too buggy.

JOE

I'm going to strangle you.

CLAIRE, a hot brunette, walks by.

JOE (CONT'D)
Hey, Claire!

CLAIRE
Oh. Hey!

JOE
This is my idiot friend Max. Max?
This is Claire.

CLAIRE
Nice to meet you.

MAX
Pleasure.

They shake hands.

JOE
Want some shrimp scampi?

CLAIRE
Nah.

JOE
It's delicious.

CLAIRE
Too buggy.

JOE
What?

CLAIRE
It's kind of like larvae. You know?

Joe slaps himself in the forehead.

JOE
That's it.

He gets up and storms off.

CLAIRE
What's his deal?

MAX
He's in denial.

CLAIRE
About how buggy his diet is?

MAX
Shrimp are undeniably buggy.

CLAIRE
They have exoskeletons!

Max is smitten.

MAX
Claire? That's a beautiful name.

CLAIRE
Why, thank you.

MAX
You're a beautiful girl.

CLAIRE
Why, thank you.

MAX
Let's order some drinks.

CLAIRE
Yes. Let's.

FADE TO:

EXT. JUNK YARD - DAY

Kate approaches MIKE, a mechanic.

KATE
You Mike?

MIKE
I am.

KATE
You know Jackie Ray?

MIKE
I do.

KATE
I'm her friend Kate.

MIKE
So?

KATE
She told me you were the guy.

MIKE
The guy for what?

KATE
I need my fiance dead.

MIKE
Ah.

KATE
Can you help me?

MIKE
Nope.

KATE
Why not?

MIKE
I don't know what the hell Jackie Ray
told you. But I ain't into that sort of
thing no more.

KATE
Come on.

MIKE
Sorry.

KATE
Shucks.

MIKE
Why don't you just dump him?

KATE
I will. After he's dead.

MIKE
Instead of him being dead. Just break up
with him.

KATE
I'd really rather he be dead.

MIKE
What did he do? If you don't mind my
asking.

KATE
He cheated on me.

MIKE
That all?

KATE
With my best friend.

MIKE
Some friend.

KATE
Frankly, I might want her dead too.

MIKE
You don't think you might be
overreacting?

KATE
How would you feel if your man cheated
on you?

MIKE
That would be pretty weird.

KATE
I want bloody vengeance.

MIKE
Merciless.

KATE
Exactly.

MIKE
How did you find out? If you don't mind
my asking.

KATE
It was obvious.

MIKE
Did you like walk in on them?

KATE
No. I pieced together the clues.

MIKE
The clues.

KATE
There were clues.

MIKE
Right.

KATE
And I pieced them together.

MIKE
Piecemeal.

KATE
So I know what I know.

MIKE
What kind of clues are we talking?
Like lipstick on the collar?

KATE
Not exactly.

MIKE
Strange panties in strange places?

KATE
No. Nothing that overt.

MIKE
Suspicious text messages?

KATE
Nothing that tangible.

MIKE
Tell me something I can sink my teeth
into.

KATE
I don't actually have any hard proof.

MIKE
But there's evidence.

KATE
Well. Yeah.

MIKE
What's the strongest evidence you have?

KATE
I got like, this hunch.

MIKE
A hunch.

KATE
It's a major hunch.

MIKE
It's a major something.

KATE
I know what I know.

MIKE
Look, lady.

KATE
He lied to me! How about that? He said he was going to the office, but then I saw him at the bakery.

MIKE
The bakery, eh?

KATE
And she was with him.

MIKE
Were they being romantic?

KATE
No. They were just talking. It looked like they were discussing cakes.

MIKE
Maybe they were.

KATE
Doubt it.

MIKE
Why?

KATE
I got a hunch.

MIKE
You and your hunch.

KATE
What about my hunch?

MIKE
You could run the bell tower in Notre Dame with your hunch.

KATE
You honestly think they were secretly meeting just to discuss cakes?

MIKE
Maybe he's planning a surprise party for you.

KATE
Yeah right.

MIKE
Maybe he was looking at wedding cakes.

KATE
He was.

MIKE
There you go.

KATE
But I don't even like cake. He knows that.

MIKE
You don't like cake?

KATE
I'm anti-cake.

MIKE
Anti-cake? What's wrong with you?

KATE
Why would he lie and be sneaky if he wasn't cheating on me?

MIKE
People do weird things all the time. We hardly ever know why.

KATE
He's up to no good. I'm sure of it.

MIKE
I don't know how to tell you this. But I think you're wrong about your fiance cheating on you. And you may be insane.

KATE
So you won't help me kill them?

MIKE
No ma'am.

KATE
Psh. Fine.

MIKE
I suggest you simply ask him why he was at the bakery.

KATE
I suggest you mind your own business.

MIKE
Excuse me.

KATE
Don't tell me what to do.

Kate storms off. Mike shakes his head.

FADE TO:

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Carson sits down at the bar.

JORGE is the bartender--

JORGE
Hey, guy.

CARSON
Hey, yourself.

JORGE
How you been?

CARSON
Crummy.

Jorge pours them each WHISKEY.

JORGE
Aw. What's up?

CARSON
My girl's been all crazy lately.

JORGE
Girls.

CARSON
It's like she resents me.

JORGE
What did you do this time?

CARSON
Nothing.

JORGE
You're always doing something.

CARSON
All I can think is, maybe she's stressed out about the wedding.

JORGE
Oh, that's right. You guys picked a date yet?

CARSON
Not yet.

JORGE
You got to invite me, dude.

CARSON
For sure, dude.

JORGE
It's not a party without me.

CARSON
That's what the cops say.

They clink and drink.

CARSON (CONT'D)
Remember Ray's wedding?

JORGE
Nope.

CARSON
Well, you've seen photos of yourself?

JORGE
Oh man.

CARSON
Man. Oh man.

JORGE
Man. Oh man. Oh man!

They drink.

CARSON
Don't get like that at my wedding.

JORGE
No promises.

A DRUNK approaches the bar--

DRUNK
A pint of pilsner, barkeep.

Jorge pours him a BEER.

DRUNK (CONT'D)
That looks like half a quart of lager.

JORGE
It's all the same.

DRUNK
You expect me to pay for this?

JORGE
On the house.

DRUNK
God bless you both.

The Drunk shakes their hands and leaves.

CARSON
Like I was saying. Weddings are kind of stressful.

JORGE
Aw dude. Are you like all stressed out?

CARSON
Well, I have to pay for the damn thing.
So yeah.

JORGE
And she's all stressed out?

CARSON
I don't know. I guess.

JORGE
What makes you think she resents you?

CARSON
Dude. She gives me the evil eye.

JORGE
How evil?

CARSON
Pure evil.

JORGE
Unrepentant?

CARSON
As if lacking a soul to repent.

JORGE
Oh man.

CARSON
Man. Oh man.

JORGE
Man. Oh man. Oh man!

They drink.

CARSON
It's like she wants me dead.

JORGE
I bet you did something.

CARSON
I really didn't.

JORGE
Maybe it's her time of the month.

CARSON
It's not.

JORGE
You checked?

CARSON
I stay well apprised of the cycle. I got
my calendar marked in red ink.

JORGE
She's got one of those clockwork cycles?

CARSON
Always on time.

JORGE
Like Mussolini's trains.

CARSON
Just like Mussolini's trains.

JORGE
I wish my girl had a clockwork cycle.
She's all over the place. So you got to
stay on your toes.

CARSON
What a frightful existence.

JORGE
I live on a razor's edge.

CARSON
How do you sleep?

JORGE
Don't sleep.

CARSON
Who needs it?

ANOTHER DRUNK approaches the bar--

ANOTHER DRUNK
Change the channel! Would ya?

Jorge hands him the REMOTE.

He fiddles with it.

ANOTHER DRUNK
Confound this gizmo.

He throws it away.

ANOTHER DRUNK
Pour me something cheap.

Jorge pours him a BEER.

ANOTHER DRUNK
I only got three pennies.

JORGE
On the house.

ANOTHER DRUNK
Aw. What a guy.

The Drunk shakes their hands and leaves.

CARSON
Is there a game on tonight?

JORGE
Tomorrow. Yo. Where were you for the last game?

CARSON
Oh. I had an errand to tend to.

JORGE

Such as?

CARSON

I was looking at wedding cakes.

JORGE

Ah. With your lovely bride-to-be?

CARSON

No. She's on some crackpot diet where she doesn't eat cake. So she's all anti-cake. She says she doesn't even want to have a wedding cake. Period.

JORGE

You got to have a cake, dude.

CARSON

I know. I'm planning to.

JORGE

You're just gonna sneak it in? On the low pro?

CARSON

Yep.

JORGE

Oh man.

CARSON

Man. Oh man.

JORGE

Man. Oh man. Oh man!

They drink.

CARSON

See. Kate has this best friend, who has this sister, who makes wedding cakes. And boom. She's gonna hook it up.

JORGE

You're getting a deal?

CARSON

A steal.

JORGE

Righteous.

CARSON
I say let them eat cake.

JORGE
Did you find any cool ones?

CARSON
Dude. They're all so cool. You would not believe modern cake technology.

JORGE
Yo. You should get a giant cake with a stripper inside. Who jumps out, and strips and everything.

CARSON
At my wedding?

JORGE
Where else?

CARSON
Maybe.

JORGE
That's what I would do.

CARSON
Listen. I should get out of here. I told Kate I was at the office. I don't want her to start thinking I'm having an affair or something.

JORGE
No. You don't want that.

Carson puts a DOLLAR in the TIP JAR and leaves.

FADE TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

A CLERK stacks BOXES.

Kate surreptitiously approaches him.

KATE
Hey, there.

CLERK
Hi.

KATE
I need a favor.

CLERK
Big favor?

KATE
Medium favor.

CLERK
Go on.

KATE
You know any tough guys?

CLERK
I am a tough guy.

KATE
You don't look so tough.

CLERK
You kidding?

KATE
You look strong, charismatic, sensible,
passionate and just.

CLERK
I do?

KATE
But right now I'm looking for tough guys.

CLERK
Like, tough guys?

KATE
Yeah. Know any?

CLERK
Sure. I know some tough guys.

KATE
Wonderful.

CLERK
This guy Tony, for instance.

KATE
Tough?

CLERK
Built like a truck, this guy.

KATE
Tony the truck.

CLERK
Actually, they call him tire iron Tony.

KATE
Who does?

CLERK
They do.

KATE
They do?

CLERK
Hell yeah, they do. Know why?

KATE
Cause he's tough?

CLERK
No. Cause he really really likes
tire irons.

KATE
Ironic.

CLERK
He has a huge collection.

KATE
How odd.

CLERK
He carries a tire iron with him
everywhere he goes.

KATE
Everywhere?

CLERK
Everywhere he goes.

KATE
Even to the bathroom?

CLERK
Especially to the bathroom.

KATE
Even to church?

CLERK
He don't go to church.

KATE

How about to the laundromat?

CLERK

You name it.

KATE

To the park?

CLERK

To the zoo.

KATE

What about when he's just checking
the mail?

CLERK

He's got that tire iron.

KATE

Right there with him?

CLERK

You betcha.

KATE

Tire iron Tony.

CLERK

That's him.

KATE

Pathological.

CLERK

Know why he keeps so many tire irons
around?

KATE

So he can bash people in the head?

The Clerk looks at Kate like she's crazy.

CLERK

So he can change tires.

KATE

Ironic.

CLERK

You should see him. Tony changes tires
like a NASCAR pit. Zoop zoop zoop done.

KATE
Three zoops?

CLERK
Done.

KATE
Aren't there four tires?

CLERK
He's so fast, you can't hear the fourth one.

KATE
Unbelievable.

CLERK
Believe it. Any tire he sees needs changing, he'll change it. I've seen him pull over, in the rain, on his wedding day, just to change a tire.

KATE
What a guy.

CLERK
Yeah. He's okay.

KATE
And he's tough?

CLERK
Tougher than the SAT.

KATE
Think he'd do a job for me?

CLERK
Oh sure. What kind of job?

KATE
A dirty job.

CLERK
Porn?

KATE
No.

CLERK
Dang.

KATE
I might need somebody taken care of.

CLERK
You mean well treated? Pampered?

KATE
Taken care of in a bad way.

CLERK
You mean beat up?

KATE
I mean killed.

CLERK
Killing?

KATE
Shhh!

CLERK
Holy guacamole.

KATE
You think Tony can help me?

CLERK
With killing?

KATE
Shhh!

CLERK
Oh, no way. No way.

KATE
Why not?

CLERK
Tony wouldn't hurt a fly.

KATE
You said he was tough.

CLERK
He is. Like the SAT. But he's not a lunatic.

KATE
You don't have to be a lunatic to be a contract killer. That's a common misconception.

CLERK
What do you want with killing, anyway?

KATE
Shhh! We all got our reasons.

CLERK
Have you tried talking it out?

KATE
I hate talking.

CLERK
Have you tried medication?

KATE
You mean give him an overdose? That's
a good idea.

CLERK
No. I mean maybe you should be on
Valium or something.

KATE
I am.

CLERK
Does it help?

KATE
The Valium's the one who came up with
this whole murder plot in the first
place!

CLERK
Excuse me?

KATE
(nervous)
She doesn't like when I talk about her.

CLERK
Who?

KATE
You know damn well who!

CLERK
Are you okay?

KATE
I have to go now.

CLERK
As if you're not already gone.

Kate hurries away.

The Clerk shrugs and resumes stacking boxes.

FADE TO:

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

GRANDMOTHER and GRANDFATHER sit reading NEWSPAPERS.

Grandmother shakes her head--

GRANDMOTHER
My, oh my. Oh my. Oh my. Oh my.

GRANDFATHER
Your what?

GRANDMOTHER
Haven't you read?

GRANDFATHER
Read what?

GRANDMOTHER
Some crazy girl.

GRANDFATHER
Who?

GRANDMOTHER
Oh my. It was horrible.

GRANDFATHER
What?

GRANDMOTHER
Right there in the street and everything.

GRANDFATHER
Come on. Spit it out.

GRANDMOTHER
She was screaming all loud and crazy-like about how her good-for-nothing, I don't know, boyfriend or husband or something. Boyfriend I think.

She checks the Newspaper.

GRANDFATHER
Just get on with it.

GRANDMOTHER
How he cheated on her, and how he was good-for-nothing, and blah blah blah.

GRANDFATHER

Uh huh.

GRANDMOTHER

Then. Oh my.

GRANDFATHER

What then?

GRANDMOTHER

She. I can't say it.

GRANDFATHER

Get a grip.

GRANDMOTHER

Okay.

Grandmother gets a grip.

GRANDFATHER

What did she do?

GRANDMOTHER

She went to her car.

GRANDFATHER

And?

GRANDMOTHER

She opened the trunk.

GRANDFATHER

And? And?

GRANDMOTHER

She took out this. Oh my.

GRANDFATHER

What?

GRANDMOTHER

This.

Grandmother faints!

GRANDFATHER

For crying out loud. Did you faint?
Or did you drop dead?

He checks her pulse.

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)
 Can you hear me? Wake up, would you?
 I want to know what happened next.

He checks the newspaper--

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)
 Where's the article? Aw! What happened?

He shakes her violently!

GRANDFATHER (CONT'D)
 Please! For the love of God! Wake the
 hell up! And tell me what she got from
 her trunk!

Suddenly Grandmother regains consciousness--

GRANDMOTHER
 An axe!

GRANDFATHER
 Oh my!

Grandfather faints!

GRANDMOTHER
 Oh, for crying out loud. Did you faint?
 Or did you drop dead?

She pokes him.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)
 Can you hear me?

She slaps him!

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)
 Wake up, you old fossil, so I can tell
 you what happened.

She waits.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)
 You better not be dead.

She checks his pulse.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)
 Oh my. Oh my. Oh my.

FADE TO:

EXT. BACKYARD BARBECUE - DAY

Max stands behind a row of GRILLS, cooking all kinds of MEAT.

Jorge approaches the KEG and pours himself a BEER.

JORGE

Hey man. Good to see you.

MAX

Good to see you, too. Glad you could make it.

JORGE

How long has it been?

MAX

Long time. For sure.

JORGE

You've put on a few pounds.

MAX

So have you.

JORGE

We must be doing something right.

MAX

Must be.

JORGE

You still keep in touch with Joe and those guys?

MAX

Kind of. Hey, did you hear about Carson?

JORGE

No. What happened?

MAX

(somber)

Dude. Brace yourself.

JORGE

What? Is he dead or something?

MAX

He's dead.

JORGE

No.

MAX

Yeah dude.

A PATRON approaches.

MAX (CONT'D)

What'll it be?

PATRON

Chicken, brother!

MAX

Breast? Thigh? Wing? Leg? Drumstick?
Or tenderloin?

PATRON

That's all you got?

MAX

If you want liver, neck or feet, it'll be
another five to ten minutes.

PATRON

Y'all ain't got no gizzard?

MAX

Hell yeah, we got gizzard! Seared?
Roasted? Fried? Or deep-fried?

PATRON

Deep-fried. For sure.

Max serves it up.

PATRON (CONT'D)

Thanks, boss!

MAX

Enjoy!

The Patron leaves.

JORGE

Wow. You're like a culinary wizard.

MAX

Practice makes perfect.

JORGE

So anyway. How did Carson die?

MAX

His crazy girl killed him.

JORGE
He had a crazy girl?

MAX
He had nothing but crazy girls.

JORGE
I guess you're right.

MAX
Live by the crazy, die by the crazy.

JORGE
Which girl was it?

MAX
Remember Rachel?

JORGE
Rachel killed him? Figures.

MAX
No. Her friend Kate.

JORGE
Her friend Kate?

MAX
The same.

JORGE
Some friend.

MAX
It's a terrible shame.

JORGE
Tragic.

MAX
Poor girl.

JORGE
You mean poor guy.

MAX
Who cares about the guy? The girl is the one who has to live with the stigma of being a murderer.

JORGE
The stigma.

MAX

The guy has nothing to worry about.

JORGE

He's dead!

MAX

So he has nothing to worry about.

JORGE

You numbskull.

MAX

Sometimes I wish I was dead.

JORGE

You do?

MAX

Don't you?

JORGE

Not all the time.

The Patron returns--

PATRON

Another deep-fried gizzard, boss!

Max serves it up with behind-the-back fanfare.

The Patron and Jorge exchange looks of amazement.

PATRON (CONT'D)

Can you believe this guy?

JORGE

He's like a culinary wizard. Right?

The Patron happily skips away.

JORGE (CONT'D)

How did she kill him?

MAX

With an axe.

JORGE

Geez. Really?

MAX

Hacked him to pieces.

JORGE

With an axe?

MAX

With an axe. Can you imagine?

JORGE

Why not just use a gun?

MAX

Maybe she was too crazy for guns.

JORGE

I would have just used a gun.

MAX

So much easier.

JORGE

Not nearly as messy.

MAX

Think of the mess.

JORGE

Ugh. All those sticky little pieces of gore.

MAX

Sticky, and rancid, and unsightly.

JORGE

How many pieces did she cut him into?

MAX

You think I know? I have no idea.

JORGE

Well, are we talking like a dozen?
Or like a hundred?

MAX

I would think several dozen.

JORGE

Why several dozen?

MAX

Seems like it would end up that way.

JORGE

That's quite a bit of work.

MAX
It can't be easy.

JORGE
In a way, it's almost impressive.

MAX
I don't know. Perhaps. In a way.

JORGE
I wonder how sharp the axe was.

MAX
Good question.

JORGE
Cause like, how well does a dull axe
cut skin?

MAX
Maybe not so well.

JORGE
Smashing bone is no sweat.

MAX
No sweat.

JORGE
But that rubbery skin.

MAX
Another matter.

JORGE
You have to cut it.

MAX
You need a sharp axe.

JORGE
Or a second tool.

MAX
Maybe a saw?

JORGE
I was thinking scissors.

MAX
Big ones.

JORGE
Gardening shears.

MAX

Now you're talking.

JORGE

I can see a saw being tricky.

MAX

I can totally see using a saw.

JORGE

Like a hack saw?

MAX

No. An electric one. Like a circular saw.

JORGE

Oh. That would do it.

MAX

You wouldn't even need an axe, if you had a circular saw.

JORGE

They make cordless ones, don't they?

MAX

Bet your ass.

JORGE

Cause a cord would definitely get in the way, when you're trying to kill somebody.

MAX

Oh, definitely.

JORGE

Like what if they run into the next room? You're chasing them, but the cord won't reach!

MAX

That would be the worst!

JORGE

That's when you go for the axe.

PATRON TWO approaches--

PATRON TWO

This beer any good?

JORGE

It's like having sex while sky-diving.

PATRON TWO
Is it cold?

JORGE
You could play hockey on it.

Patron Two fills his cup while Jorge pumps the keg.

MAX
Hey. What if you had one of those
electric turkey carvers?

JORGE
That would be perfect.

MAX
You could carve them all up into nice
thin slices.

JORGE
Decadent.

PATRON TWO
I'll take some nice thin slices of steak
over here.

MAX
Sirloin? Rib? Chuck? Flank? Or
tri-tip?

PATRON TWO
Surprise me.

MAX
You got it.

Max serves it up.

Jorge is amazed.

PATRON TWO
Thank you much.

MAX
Don't mention it.

Patron Two waves and leaves.

JORGE
Where did they find the dismembered
corpse? In like an ice chest somewhere?

MAX
Who the hell owns an ice chest?

JORGE
Who the hell kills people with an axe?

MAX
Touche.

JORGE
As long as you're an axe-murdering
psycho, you might as well do something
creepy with the dismembered corpse.

MAX
I guess.

JORGE
Dude. If I was psycho I would go all
out.

MAX
All the way?

JORGE
Oh, dude. I'd be wearing my victim's
skin around like a mask, and painting
pictures with their blood and everything.

MAX
Damn, dude.

JORGE
Why not? As long as you're psycho.

MAX
Would you drink their blood?

JORGE
Hell yeah.

MAX
Ew.

JORGE
How bad can it taste?

MAX
I'm not worried about the taste. In
fact, I rather enjoy the taste of blood.

JORGE
Come again?

MAX
But it can't be very healthy.

JORGE
Probably not.

MAX
Maybe in small quantities.

JORGE
Maybe.

MAX
I'll look into it.

JORGE
If you were psycho, would you eat
somebody?

MAX
Hell yeah. I might eat somebody even
without being psycho.

JORGE
What?

MAX
Sure. I've considered cannibalism
before.

JORGE
How many times?

MAX
All the time.

JORGE
I could never do it.

MAX
It's just meat.

JORGE
But it's human meat.

PATRON THREE approaches, turns on his heels and leaves.

MAX
Dude.

JORGE
Dude.

MAX
I bet humans are delicious!

JORGE
You think so?

MAX
Well, obviously it would depend on the person.

JORGE
Obviously.

MAX
Some people would taste like crap. But some would be delicious!

JORGE
You think fat people would taste better than skinny people?

MAX
It would all depend.

JORGE
Sure.

MAX
But in general, pound for pound, I bet a good cut of human would surpass a good cut of, say, beef.

JORGE
I wonder.

MAX
It makes you wonder.

JORGE
I'd like to know.

MAX
I'd kill to find out.

JORGE
What would be the best cut?

MAX
Thigh, maybe? There's a lot of good meat on the leg.

JORGE
How about ribs? Can't go wrong with ribs.

MAX
Ribs are ribs.

JORGE
It would also depend how you cooked it.

MAX
Of course.

JORGE
Think about human fajitas!

MAX
Think about Philly cheese-humans!

JORGE
Think about human scampi!

MAX
Honestly, I would probably just want
a burger.

JORGE
How much would you pay for a human
burger?

MAX
Why? You got one?

JORGE
Say I knew where to get one.

MAX
Where? Tell me, damn it!

JORGE
Dude. Relax. Hypothetically.

PATRON FOUR approaches.

PATRON FOUR
You guys got any crab cakes?

MAX
Get the hell out of here, with your
loony, buggy diet.

PATRON FOUR
Huh?

MAX
I don't grill anything with an
exoskeleton.

PATRON FOUR
Where does that leave me?

MAX
Would you settle for mahi mahi?

PATRON FOUR
I love mahi mahi!

Max serves it up.

PATRON FOUR (CONT'D)
Thanks guys!

Patron Four leaves.

JORGE
Culinary wizard.

MAX
What were we talking about?

JORGE
How much you would pay.

MAX
For a human burger.

JORGE
Hot off the grill.

MAX
Quarter pounder?

JORGE
Double.

MAX
With cheese?

JORGE
Pepper-jack.

MAX
Wow. Dude.

JORGE
And all the fixin's.

MAX
Hold the onions though.

JORGE
You don't like onions on your burger?

MAX
Are they the ring kind? I find the rings
unwieldy.

JORGE
We can dice them.

MAX
You'd do that for me?

JORGE
Fry 'em too.

MAX
I could kiss you.

JORGE
Plus avocado, I presume?

MAX
Check.

JORGE
Pickles?

MAX
Not sweet.

JORGE
Kosher.

MAX
I'll take a dill spear on the side,
please.

JORGE
Bacon?

MAX
Regular bacon? Or human bacon?

JORGE
Human. Duh.

MAX
Make it so.

JORGE
Would you have declined regular bacon?

MAX
Psh. I'll eat any bacon, any time, any
place.

JORGE
Bacon is awesome.

They high-five.

JORGE (CONT'D)
Okay. With fries and a drink, that comes to twenty dollars even.

MAX
Sold!

JORGE
Really? You would pay twenty dollars?

MAX
Hell to the yeah!

JORGE
How about thirty?

MAX
Dude. I would pay like fifty.

JORGE
Yeah right.

MAX
The novelty factor is tremendous. Plus, you know it's illegal.

JORGE
You know it.

MAX
Where would you get the meat?

JORGE
Don't ask.

MAX
Mysterious.

JORGE
I could tell you. But then I'd have to make burgers out of you.

MAX
I'm getting hungry.

JORGE
You would seriously pay fifty bucks?

MAX

Cash on the barrel.

JORGE

You got cash?

MAX

You got a barrel? And a human burger?

JORGE

The human burger needs a more marketable name. Something catchy.

MAX

I can't think of anything.

JORGE

How about man burger?

MAX

I like it.

JORGE

You don't really have fifty cash on you.

MAX

I got more than fifty cash on me.

JORGE

On your person?

MAX

I'm a high-roller, son.

JORGE

Fifty bucks is kind of a lot of cash to carry on your person.

MAX

No it's not. My person carries all kinds of cash.

JORGE

You don't just rely on plastic?

MAX

Psh. All the best transactions are done in cash.

JORGE

You're probably right.

MAX

And dude. If you're gonna cater to cannibals, you don't want a paper trail.

JORGE

No. I suppose not.

MAX

Paper trails are for suckers.

JORGE

Man burgers will be cash only.

MAX

I could sure go for a man burger right now.

PATRON FIVE approaches--

PATRON FIVE

So could I!

Patron Five fills his cup as Jorge pumps the keg.

JORGE

By man burger, he means a human burger.

PATRON FIVE

You guys got human burgers?

MAX

Not yet.

PATRON FIVE

Damn. I'd pay good cash money for one of those.

JORGE

Like fifty bucks?

PATRON FIVE

Sold!

MAX

I think we got ourselves a viable business model here.

JORGE

But where to get the meat?

MAX

That's the bottleneck.

PATRON FIVE

In the mean time, I guess I'll settle for a hamburger.

MAX

How would you like that cooked, sir?

PATRON FIVE

Medium rare. If you please.

MAX

Coming right up.

Max serves it up.

JORGE

Culinary wizard.

MAX

I was born at a barbecue.

JORGE

Difficult to believe.

PATRON FIVE

My cousin was born at a barbecue!

JORGE

Go figure.

PATRON FIVE

Her first word was tobasco.

MAX

My first word was chipotle.

PATRON FIVE

I still can't pronounce that word.

JORGE

You two are like peas in a space pod.

PATRON FIVE

Thanks for the burger. So long!

MAX

Later, man.

Patron Five leaves.

JORGE

Hey. Remember that dog Carson used to have?

MAX
That little crap factory.

JORGE
He was pretty cool.

MAX
He was okay.

JORGE
I wonder what ever happened to him.

MAX
I can tell you.

JORGE
Tell me.

MAX
He's right over there.

JORGE
Where?

MAX
See that dog over there?

Max points. Jorge looks.

JORGE
The happy one with the frisbee?

MAX
Dude. He's a frisbee assassin.

JORGE
He looks so happy.

MAX
That's him. Happy and crappy.

JORGE
I never saw him so happy with Carson.

MAX
Tragedies can have their silver linings.

JORGE
Life is strange.

MAX
So strange.

PATRON SIX approaches--

PATRON SIX
How cold is this beer?

JORGE
Colder than my ex-wife's heart.

Patron Six fills his cup as Jorge pumps the keg.

PATRON SIX
I'll take a hot dog too.

MAX
Sure you don't want a bratwurst?

PATRON SIX
Maybe I do.

MAX
My wursts are the best.

PATRON SIX
The best wurst?

MAX
Don't let the name fool you.

PATRON SIX
Deceptive.

MAX
Deceptively delicious.

PATRON SIX
I want one.

MAX
Right away.

Max serves it up.

Patron Six tries it--

PATRON SIX
This is the best damn wurst I've
ever had!

MAX
That's what I've been saying!

PATRON SIX
You're like a culinary wizard!

JORGE
That's what I've been saying!

PATRON SIX
Take it easy, guys!

Patron Six leaves.

MAX
I might even have one myself.

Max eats a BRATWURST.

MAX (CONT'D)
Want one?

JORGE
I'm good.

MAX
You ain't so good.

JORGE
So what ever happened to the girl?

MAX
Who? Kate?

JORGE
Who else?

MAX
She's still Kate.

JORGE
Is she like in prison?

MAX
Nah.

JORGE
Why the hell not?

MAX
The case got thrown out.

JORGE
Why?

MAX
The trial got all screwed up.

JORGE
How?

MAX
Somebody destroyed all the evidence.

JORGE
You're kidding.

MAX
No evidence, no guilt.

JORGE
They just let her go?

MAX
Free as a bee.

JORGE
But she murdered her fiance with an axe!

MAX
Case dismissed!

JORGE
Where's the justice?

MAX
Justice is blind. And stupid.

JORGE
Did they ever find out who destroyed the
evidence?

MAX
Never. But I know.

JORGE
How do you know?

MAX
Because I did it.

JORGE
You destroyed the evidence?

MAX
Sure did.

JORGE
Why?

MAX
It was an accident.

JORGE
Huh?

MAX
Look. It's a long story. Forget it.

JORGE
I don't know what to say.

MAX
What's done is done.

JORGE
So this crazy girl is just free as a bee?

MAX
Buzz, buzz, buzz.

JORGE
She's just loose on the streets?

MAX
Day and night.

JORGE
Doing God knows what.

MAX
I know most of what she does.

JORGE
How would you know?

MAX
We're engaged.

JORGE
Engaged?

MAX
To be married.

JORGE
No.

MAX
Wedding's in two months. Want to come?

JORGE
It's not a party without me.

MAX
So come.

JORGE
Dude. You're engaged to an axe murderer?

MAX
Dude. She's hot.

JORGE
Unbelievable.

MAX
Believe it.

JORGE
An axe murderer.

MAX
Nobody's perfect.

JORGE
But she's psycho!

MAX
Everything's relative.

JORGE
What if she tries to murder you with an
axe?

MAX
Psh. What are the odds of that?

JORGE
It could happen.

MAX
So? I'm looking forward to death.

JORGE
At the hands of an axe-wielding psycho?

MAX
We all got to go some time.

JORGE
You dimwit.

MAX
Leave my wits out of this.

JORGE
What wits?

MAX
You witty, son of a--

JORGE
--Holy crap!

Jorge points. Max looks.

MAX
Holy crap!

Patrons run for cover as Kate wildly swings an AXE!

JORGE
I'm out of here!

Jorge runs away!

MAX
Honey? Put down the axe!

KATE
You!

MAX
Oh shit.

Kate chases Max around in circles!

MAX (CONT'D)
Honey! No!

KATE (O.C.)
Hahahaha!

MAX
Help! God! I don't want to die!

She swings and misses!

He throws a BEER in her face!

She shakes it off.

He runs away!

She chases after him!

MAX (CONT'D)
Help! Help!

KATE
Hahahahahahaha!

FADE OUT.

THE END.