Her Friend Kate
By Alex Wasowicz
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.
Lying.

I’m not lying.

You were.

I wasn’t.

You were lying in bed.

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

Uh oh.

Then her friend Kate barges in.

Wait. What?

Her friend Kate.

I thought it was April fools.’

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.

She was into it?

She was like, I thought you’d never ask.

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?
Who needs scampi? We got shrimp!

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

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

It’s false advertising! We should sue!

Dude. Relax.

I want an explanation.

I can tell you.

Tell me.

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

Who does?

They do.

Okay.

In butter.

Okay.

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!

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 buttered shrimp.

JOE
Yes! End the confusion.

MAX
Everybody understands buttered toast.

JOE
No confusion there.

MAX
Everybody understands buttered 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.

CLAIRES
They have exoskeletons!

Max is smitten.

MAX
Claire? That’s a beautiful name.

CLAIRES
Why, thank you.

MAX
You’re a beautiful girl.

CLAIRES
Why, thank you.

MAX
Let’s order some drinks.

CLAIRES
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.

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--
A pint of pilsner, barkeep.

Jorge pours him a BEER.

That looks like half a quart of lager.

It’s all the same.

You expect me to pay for this?

On the house.

God bless you both.

The Drunk shakes their hands and leaves.

Like I was saying. Weddings are kind of stressful.

Aw dude. Are you like all stressed out?

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

And she’s all stressed out?

I don’t know. I guess.

What makes you think she resents you?

Dude. She gives me the evil eye.

How evil?

Pure evil.

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

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

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
Hahahahahahahaha!

FADE OUT.
THE END.