

DOUBLE WHAMMY

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FADE IN:

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Dressed in leather black and a skull cap, MARIA (40s) lifts a five gallon Jerry can and angrily loads it in the trunk of a car. The gasoline sloshes around and spits out from the nozzle.

EXT. PENTHOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A terrace with a swimming pool. RYDER (40s) and ABSINTHE (early 20s) getting cozy on a fabric covered butterfly chair. After a long kiss, Absinthe steps back. She seductively undoes off her buttoned cover up, revealing her bikini.

The tease ends, as she wades into the pool.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Maria loads a handgun. Sees herself in a mirror. BAD ASS. Crazy eyes. Her lips tighten. Aims the gun at the mirror. Takes a deep breath. SMASHES the mirror with the butt of the gun. Lets out a scream of rage.

EXT. PENTHOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Ryder dips his finger in the pool. Watches Absinthe swim. He takes off his robe to join her -

ABSINTHE

Wait.

He stops.

ABSINTHE (CONT'D)

I want a pizza.

Ryder chuckles at the request. The two lock eyes. She's serious.

ABSINTHE (CONT'D)

I unlocked the front door.

RYDER

(surprised)

You did?

ABSINTHE

Order the pizza, tell him to come on up, and when he does, he's going to see our show.

RYDER

I don't know if I want an audience. What if he whips out his phone? I don't want it broadcast. Maria might see it.

ABSINTHE

Oh, you're a big bad boy. You can figure it out. Am I your girl or not?

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Windows rolled down. Wind whips Maria's hair. Music blares. Fury on the way.

EXT. PENTHOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Seated on a lawn chair, Ryder on his cell phone.

RYDER

Yes. That's right. Pineapple. With double olives. And Lots of cheddar.

(pause)

Your driver will get a good tip if he brings it inside, comes up to the rooftop terrace.

INT. PHENOM PIZZA - NIGHT

The MANAGER, a moustached heavy set man in his mid 30s, hands up the phone, puts the order number on a corkboard.

MANAGER

Sonny! Special order!

JAMES SUNDAY (20s) steps up.

SUNDAY

How special?

The Manager narrows his eyes. Sunday gets the gist.

MANAGER

Fifteen minute special.

INT. SUNDAY'S CAR - NIGHT

Bagged Pizza warmer beside him, Sunday follows his GPS instructions. One eye of the road. One eye on his speed limit, which is 55. He approaches an intersection. The light turns yellow -

HE GUNS IT!

And zips by just as the light turns red. Breathes a sigh of relief. He gets a horn or two at him, but a quick glance in his rearview reveals that there are no accidents. The speed limit posted is 50.

EXT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Sunday hustles out of his car, pizza bag in his hand. He rings the doorbell, not noticing Maria's car on the side road. He doesn't notice the Jerry Can on the porch either.

RYDER
(calling out)
Door's unlocked, come on up!

Sunday gets his hand on the doorknob when he notices the JERRY CAN. He taps it with his foot. It's full. He looks around. Nobody around.

INT. PENTHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Swank. Not a soul in sight. Carpet looks brand new, like it's never been stepped on. Mesmerized by the appeal of the home, Sunday snaps out of his trance and looks at his watch.

SUNDAY
Damn!

Finds the stairs.

EXT. PENTHOUSE - ROOFTOP

Maria's back is to Sunday. She holds a gun to the couple in the pool.

RYDER
Now hold on just a minute...

MARIA
You get what's coming to you, you bastard. You and your whore.

Sunday carefully puts the pizza down, gets out his cell,
turns on the camera just as

BAM! BAM! BAM!

ABSINTHE

You killed him, you witch you
killed him!

MARIA

One in the heart, one in the head,
one in the other head! That's for
messing around - WITH MY NIECE!

ABSINTHE

You were never there for him!

MARIA

Behind my back! And you flaunt it
like a selfish whore!

She shoots Absinthe in the chest!

Sunday steps back. Maria hears him, whips around.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Who the hell are you?

SUNDAY

Pizza Delivery.

Maria eyes his nametag.

MARIA

"Sunday"? That's your real name?

SUNDAY

Yeah. Who's..

Looks at the order ticket.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

... Absinthe?

MARIA

Whore's bleeding out in the pool.
Then later I'm going to burn this
place down.

Motions with the gun towards the pool.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Water's warm. Go on in.

SUNDAY

I don't think so.

MARIA

I do. Leave the phone. Strip and get in.

SUNDAY

Come on. Lady! I'm not dying over a pizza!

MARIA

You're a witness in the wrong place and the wrong time.

Sunday drops the phone. Strips down to his boxer underwear. Nervous, he steps in the pool. Maria has the gun on him the whole time.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Go dunk yourself.

Sunday goes under. Comes back up. He sees Maria putting the gun on the table next to his cell phone. She strips down to her underwear and dives in. Swims to Sunday.

MARIA (CONT'D)

(whispers in his ear)

I took out a five hundred thousand life insurance policy on my late husband. Do you want a good tip?

Maria puts her arms around him. Sunday, still awkward over the two bodies, accepts Maria's body heat.

SUNDAY

They wouldn't have paid. I was five minutes late.

EXT. PENTHOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Maria, dry and fully dressed again, dumps the gasoline around the front of the house. Sunday watches her light the match.

EXT. PENTHOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Flames engulf the terrace. On the table, a pineapple pizza, with a few slices gone, burns up.