

# LOVE IS DEAD!

by

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Adapted for the screen by Josh Folan

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LLC

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NYEH Entertainment

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OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE:

Google the Family Matters opening credit sequence - exactly like that, but with our eleven characters - Betsy, Walter, Trevor, Ginger, Cindy, Nancy, Eugene, Kenneth, Maggie, Franky, and Daddy.

MUSIC WINDS DOWN, FADE TO:

BLACK CARD:

"What's one less person on the face of the Earth, anyways."

- Ted Bundy

A STUDIO AUDIENCE CAN BE HEARD, HOOTING AND HOLLERING.

FADE TO:

BLACK CARD:

"THE APPLE AND THE TREE!"

STUDIO ANNOUNCER

Love Is Dead! is filmed in front of  
a live studio audience.

FADE IN:

1 INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY 1

An old person living room, old people definitely live here.

BETSY, crotchety, watches a dated TV. She bitterly flicks through channels with the REMOTE.

The off-screen studio audience WHISTLES AND HOLLERS, CLAPS.

BETSY

(yelling to other room)

Walter!

(louder)

Walter!!!

Beat.

WALTER (O.C.)

(from other room)

What?

(CONTINUED)

BETSY  
(to herself)  
"What" he says.  
(screams)  
Walter!

The audience LAUGHS. This happens throughout, often - as if we were watching a sitcom.

WALTER (O.C.)  
What?

BETSY  
(to herself)  
Forget about it.

WALTER, hobbled and haggard, enters. The studio audience CELEBRATES his entry.

WALTER  
What do you want?

BETSY  
Where should I start?

WALTER  
Why were you calling me?

BETSY  
Forget about it!

WALTER  
(uber-calm)  
Forget about it? Do you realize the effort and pain it takes for me to get out of bed?

BETSY  
Will you calm down?

WALTER  
Stop calling my fucking name.

BETSY  
There isn't a thing on the TV.

They both look at the TV.

WALTER  
Three hundred channels and you can't find one program to watch.

BETSY  
Is that my fault?

WALTER  
Two hundred a month for that  
fucking thing and nothing meets  
your sloppy expectations.

BETSY  
Go back to bed, you're a walking  
infection spreading all your  
negative energy around the living  
room.

WALTER  
(muttering)  
Miserable bitch.

Walter exits, Betsy keeps flicking.

A KNOCK on the door.

BETSY  
(yells)  
Walter!  
(beat, louder)  
WALTER!

Beat.

WALTER (O.C.)  
What?

BETSY  
(screams)  
WALTER!!!

WALTER (O.C.)  
What?!?

BETSY  
The door!

WALTER (O.C.)  
What?

BETSY  
(screams)  
WALTER!!!!!!

Walter enters.

WALTER  
What do you want?

BETSY  
Someone's at the door.

Another KNOCK.

WALTER  
So go fucking see who it is then.

BETSY  
It's not that simple.

WALTER  
What?

BETSY  
"What" he says! It's like living  
with a parrot.

WALTER  
Answer the door.

BETSY  
I'm watching my show.

WALTER  
You said there was nothing on.

BETSY  
No, I said I'm watching my show.

WALTER  
My back is practically broken, my  
spine is crooked as a question  
mark, I'm missing half my fucking  
hip and my knee cap fell off.

BETSY  
That's the least of your problems.

WALTER  
Answer the fucking door. I'm going  
back to bed and don't you dare call  
my name again if you want to keep  
that jaw on your face.

BETSY  
You worthless bastard!

WALTER  
(leaving)  
Shut up!

Walter exits.

BETSY  
They should have left you in  
Vietnam!

Yet another KNOCK.

BETSY (CONT'D)  
(to door)  
Wait a second!  
(to Walter)  
They should have put you up against  
a wall and shot you in the head,  
you goddamn worthless, useless,  
insignificant bastard.

KNOCK.

BETSY (CONT'D)  
(yells at door)  
I'm coming!

Betsy exits, quickly returns with TREVOR, a degenerate. The audience YELLS, CLAPS, HOLLERS HIS NAME.

BETSY (CONT'D)  
Well it's about time you paid us a  
visit.

TREVOR  
Sorry mom, you're right. Is Dad  
home?

BETSY  
He is, he's in bed.

TREVOR  
It's three o'clock in the  
afternoon.

BETSY  
Yeah, but his back is bothering  
him. And his hip. His kneecap fell  
off last week.

TREVOR  
It fell off? How did it fall off?

(CONTINUED)

BETSY

You know what he's like, he drinks too much.

TREVOR

Well, I'm glad he's in the other room...it's you I wanted to speak to.

BETSY

What about?

TREVOR

Dad's never been the most compassionate man.

BETSY

He's was never the most passionate either. Just violent. The alcohol made him that way. Your father was a terrible lover.

TREVOR

Then why did you stay with him?

BETSY

It's hard to break a bad habit, or to kill a bad thing.

Walter enters.

WALTER

You know I can hear everything you're saying?

BETSY

(yells)

Close your door, you inquisitive prick!

WALTER

(nods)

Son.

TREVOR

(nods)

Dad.

Walter exits, a beat later we hear a DOOR CLOSE.

BETSY

Never mind him, he's probably drunk.

(CONTINUED)

TREVOR  
Mom, I have bad news.

BETSY  
What happened?

TREVOR  
Why don't you sit down?

She does.

BETSY  
Trevor, is something wrong?

TREVOR  
Yes, very wrong.

BETSY  
What happened?

TREVOR  
I went to a bar a couple of nights ago, and...  
(beat)  
I don't know how I'm going to tell you this.

BETSY  
Tell me what?

Beat.

TREVOR  
At the end of the night, after the bar closed down...  
(beat)  
I was raped.

BETSY  
What?

TREVOR  
I wasn't going to say anything.

BETSY  
Have you contacted the police?

TREVOR  
Not yet, you think I should?

BETSY  
Absolutely, Trevor.



TREVOR  
You're right.

BETSY  
Listen, if you ejaculated it's  
okay...

TREVOR  
...I did.

BETSY  
You did, didn't you? It's normal to  
do that while you're being raped.  
You're not gay.

TREVOR  
Gay? Why-

BETSY  
-did you get tested for AIDS?

TREVOR  
No -- I mean, I read it's hard for  
a man to get HIV from a woman.

BETSY  
From a-  
(beat)  
I don't understand.

TREVOR  
Sometimes it happens, but the odds  
are low.

BETSY  
You were raped by a woman?

TREVOR  
Two women.

BETSY  
How...is that even possible?

TREVOR  
They put something in my drink.

BETSY  
How is it possible though?

TREVOR  
They drugged me, and then they took  
advantage of me.

(CONTINUED)

BETSY  
Ginger caught you cheating again,  
didn't she?

TREVOR  
No, Mom! I was raped by two Asians.

BETSY  
Jesus Christ, Trevor!

TREVOR  
I'm a rape survivor.

BETSY  
Why would two Asians rape you?

TREVOR  
What's that supposed to mean?

BETSY  
I mean you're not exactly Marlon  
Brando.

TREVOR  
I guess they wanted what they saw,  
wanted what they couldn't have.

BETSY  
Did you tell Ginger about this?

TREVOR  
She was a witness.

BETSY  
Oh, so she did catch you.

TREVOR  
I was violated!

BETSY  
We have to tell your father.

TREVOR  
No, we-

BETSY  
(to bedroom)  
Walter!

TREVOR  
Mom, no!

BETSY  
WALTER!

WALTER (O.C.)  
What?!?

TREVOR  
Mom, stop.

BETSY  
Walter!

Walter enters.

WALTER  
What!?!

TREVOR  
Dad, go back to bed.

BETSY  
Trevor has something he wants to  
tell you.

WALTER  
What?

TREVOR  
I don't.

BETSY  
Your son was raped.

WALTER  
(to Trevor)  
He was what?

BETSY  
They raped him.

WALTER  
They?

BETSY  
Two of them.

WALTER  
Did you get tested for AIDS?

TREVOR  
Not yet.

(CONTINUED)

BETSY

Apparently it's difficult for a man  
to get AIDS from a woman.

WALTER

I don't understand.

BETSY

He was raped by two women.

WALTER

(to Trevor)

Why would they do that?

TREVOR

What are you trying to insinuate?

WALTER

I mean...

(beat)

You're no Burt Reynolds.

TREVOR

Well there's two Asians that  
disagree.

WALTER

A man can't get raped by a woman,  
it's physically impossible.

TREVOR

It's possible, and they can.

WALTER

If you got caught cheating again  
just own up to it.

BETSY

Off gallivanting with the  
prostitutes again, most likely.

TREVOR

I wasn't gallivanting with anyone.

BETSY

Poor Ginger, what you've put her  
through.

WALTER

And she's such a lovely girl. Raped  
he says.

Both Walter and Betsy laugh.

(CONTINUED)

TREVOR

So that's it, you're just going to laugh at me? Make a joke out of it?

WALTER

Forty-two years I've been with your Mother, and not once did she catch me cheating on her.

BETSY

That's because you never did.

WALTER

Sure it is. Forty-two fucking years.

(beat, shakes his head)

I'd have only gotten thirty years for murder!

BETSY

Shut up!

TREVOR

So you guys don't believe me? Alright, well let's see if you believe this. I'm calling the police.

WALTER

You're not calling the filth.

TREVOR

I am, Dad. Mom, go online and find support groups I can go to. I'm heavily traumatized, Dad.

WALTER

He's not calling the fucking pigs.

TREVOR

Oh, he is.

Trevor calls the fucking pigs from an old rotary PHONE.

Betsy moves to an archaic DESKTOP COMPUTER, opens a Netscape browser.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Yes, thank you. I was raped. Two nights ago. No, I haven't been tested yet. Yes, two Asian women. Females, precisely. It is possible, and they can. This isn't a prank. Hello. Hello?!

(CONTINUED)

Trevor plops down and starts sobbing, Betsy rejoins.

BETSY  
I couldn't find any support groups.

WALTER  
There aren't any. Women don't rape men, they don't have the capability or the strength or the stamina.

TREVOR  
That's really sexist, Dad.

BETSY  
Your father was always a sexist, and a racist.

WALTER  
I am not a racist, I hate everyone equally. Put this matter to rest, boy. I don't want to hear any more talk of rape in this house today.

TREVOR  
I hope it happens to you one day, then you'll see.

WALTER  
Me too!

BETSY  
Shut up!

Trevor lies down, covers his face with a PILLOW.

BETSY  
(to Walter)  
You want to go for a walk?

WALTER  
My back is practically broken, my spine-

BETSY  
-I get it.

TREVOR  
I haven't been able to sleep, I just keep seeing their faces, I keep seeing their words, their sinister actions, "how do you like that you little bitch." It was really disgraceful.

WALTER  
(to Betsy)  
A short walk then.

Walter and Betsy grab their JACKETS.

BETSY  
(to Trevor)  
Feel better.

WALTER  
Apologize to Ginger.

They exit. Trevor sulks in silence a bit.

TREVOR  
Feel better?  
(yells)  
Apologize? Go to hell, the both of  
you.  
(to himself)  
I'll show you, I'll fucking show  
all of you.

He picks up his BACKPACK, takes out a PEN and NOTEPAD. Reads  
aloud as he writes.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Fuck you Mom, fuck you Dad.

He chucks the pen and notepad to his left, reaches for his  
backpack again. Takes out a HANDGUN.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Feel better she says.  
(yells)  
Okay Mom, how's this for feeling  
better?

Puts the gun against his head, closes his eyes.

KNOCK on the door.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?!  
(to door)  
I'm busy!

He puts the gun back in his backpack.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Who is it?

GINGER, better than Trevor in every way, enters to MURMURS from the audience.

GINGER

Trevor, I'm not looking for an argument.

TREVOR

Well how about an apology then?

GINGER

You're in no position to be telling jokes.

TREVOR

I've never told a joke in my life. Why did you knock if you were just gonna burst in here anyway?

GINGER

It was a heads up, and if I'd have procrastinated out there you'd have probably jumped out the window again.

TREVOR

I jump out of one fucking window...

GINGER

Can I ask you something?

TREVOR

Of course you can, communication is paramount.

GINGER

You're a disgusting excuse of a human being.

TREVOR

What was the question?

GINGER

If someone created a top-five list of what's wrong with America, you'd be on that list. Ahead of gonorrhea and politicians.

TREVOR

That's a real horrible thing to say to me.

(CONTINUED)



GINGER

You know I could get over a lot of it. I could get over the fact you're an alcoholic.

TREVOR

I am not, I haven't even had a drink today.

GINGER

Well isn't that inspiring. Or the fact that you're a kleptomaniac.

TREVOR

What are you talking about?

GINGER

You stole my sister's wedding dress.

TREVOR

I already apologized to her for that, what do you want from me?

GINGER

All my jewelry is gone, I haven't seen my engagement ring in months.

TREVOR

You most likely misplaced it.

GINGER

Your gambling addiction.

TREVOR

I enjoy watching the horses. Fucking sue me.

GINGER

I'm going to. Or the fact that you punched my father and broke his nose.

TREVOR

I pushed him in the face, Ginger! He called me a loser for God's sake!

GINGER

You are a loser.

(CONTINUED)

TREVOR

It was the way he said it.

GINGER

Or the fact you sit on our fire escape whistling and yelling at women on the sidewalk, in front of me, in front of your son.

TREVOR

Look, we have already been through this. I enjoy complimenting women.

GINGER

Catcalling isn't complimentary. It's offensive, dehumanizing and invasive.

TREVOR

Oh, here we go.

GINGER

Yelling "let those puppies breathe," that's your idea of a compliment? You're sick in the fucking head.

TREVOR

Women enjoy me saying these things, baby. It increases their self-esteem and their self-worth.

GINGER

Screaming "hey baby" at girls on the street doesn't seem like an effective way to achieve either of those.

TREVOR

I get it, you're jealous.

Ginger laughs. Eventually Trevor does too.

GINGER

You are ridiculous.

TREVOR

In what sense.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

GINGER

(yells)

But then you go out and bring those two filthy, rotten whores into our living room while I slept upstairs with our six-month-old baby! That was the last straw.

TREVOR

I was raped.

GINGER

They were prostitutes, I had to pay them to get them to leave.

TREVOR

My drink was spiked.

GINGER

Three-hundred dollars.

TREVOR

Look, calm down.

GINGER

Each.

TREVOR

Can we just start over?

GINGER

Sure, let's just wipe the slate clean.

TREVOR

Exactly.

GINGER

I was being sarcastic. You're such a fucking idiot.

TREVOR

Don't call me an idiot. I'm a fucking rape survivor, you need to accept that or else we are never going to recover from this.

GINGER

I'm leaving you.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

TREVOR  
I'm sorry, Ginger.

GINGER  
Okay.

TREVOR  
Okay?

GINGER  
Yeah.

TREVOR  
That's it? Are you going to accept  
it?

GINGER  
No.

Beat.

TREVOR  
I've become a monster. I'm so damn  
disappointed in myself.

GINGER  
Good.

TREVOR  
Good?  
(beat)  
I'm opening up to you here. Does  
that not mean anything to you?

GINGER  
No.

TREVOR  
No?

GINGER  
No, I mean it's a little better but  
it's still totally unforgivable.  
You are totally unforgivable.

TREVOR  
So that's it?

GINGER  
This feels like a prison sentence,  
not a marriage and I need freedom.

(CONTINUED)

TREVOR

You know it's only thirty years for murder.

Trevor picks up his backpack.

GINGER

What?

TREVOR

I can't have it.

GINGER

You can't have what?

TREVOR

I can't have this.

GINGER

Look, if you start seeing a therapist, maybe down the road you can have Tyrion on the weekends.

No hesitation to it, he grabs his gun and SHOOTs Ginger in the stomach. She falls to the floor, struggling to get up, as the audience GASPS.

She tries to speak, can't.

TREVOR

I still remember the first night we met.

(beat)

I'm sorry, are you trying to say something?

He SHOOTs her again.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Remember our first date? We went to Harry Potter.

(smiles)

Was it four or five we saw? I thought the young girl in it was hot then, so it was probably five.

Ginger stops moving, breathing.

Trevor gets on his knees, crawls across the floor to her. Gives her a little kiss on her cheek.

He puts the gun barrel to his temple, closes his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
I love you, Ginger!

His phone RINGS. He puts the gun on the floor, takes the call.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Maggie? You are? How about we go get a burger or something? Okay, I know you will. Yeah, I can be there in five minutes, I'm close by. Yeah, I can get cash.  
(looks around room)  
Yeah she is, isn't she?  
(looks at Ginger)  
I can bring a nice watch? Okay, look I'm kind of having a rough day, can we cuddle after? Okay, can we do something a little different though? Can we make out? How much extra? Can we leave the lights on this time? I just want to treat you like a princess, you know? Alright, I'm on my way. I love you.

Hangs up. Sickly smiles at Ginger.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
(screams to himself)  
YES!

A little victory dance.

He heads back to the bedroom, we're left with the body.

He returns counting an ENVELOPE OF CASH, exits the apartment.

A moment passes before Betsy enters.

BETSY  
(yelling back to door)  
What's taking you so long?

WALTER (O.C.)  
What?

BETSY  
(to herself)  
Forget about it.

(CONTINUED)

WALTER (O.C.)  
(entering)  
What?

BETSY  
Walking with you is excruciating.

WALTER  
My back is practically broken.

BETSY  
(yells)  
Trevor? You here?

WALTER  
My spine is crooked as a question  
mark.

BETSY  
(seeing the note)  
What's this?

She picks it up.

BETSY (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
Fuck you Mom, fuck you Dad.

They notice Ginger, dead, in unison.

WALTER  
What's this?

BETSY  
Is that Ginger?

WALTER  
Did she hurt herself?

BETSY  
(pointing at gun)  
She was shot, Walter.

WALTER  
By who?

BETSY  
Who do you think?

WALTER  
He's hardly capable of such a  
thing.

(CONTINUED)

BETSY  
That's what they said about you  
when I got pregnant.

WALTER  
Shut up, you bitch.

BETSY  
After everything he put her  
through, now this.

WALTER  
She was a lovely girl too.

BETSY  
This is all your fault.

WALTER  
How is it my fault?

BETSY  
He needed a father, a real man. Not  
some alcoholic.

WALTER  
I am not an alcoholic, I haven't  
even had a drink today.

BETSY  
A thief.

WALTER  
I've never stolen anything in my  
life.

BETSY  
And a liar.

Betsy squeezes Ginger's face, hoping to somehow revive her.

BETSY (CONT'D)  
She's definitely dead.

WALTER  
Well either that, or she's a  
terrific actress.

BETSY  
You better call the authorities.

WALTER  
There's no cops coming into my  
house.



BETSY

Call them, you worthless son of a bitch. I need to lie down.

WALTER

What about this situation is making you want to take a fucking nap?

Fuck him, Betsy heads off to the bedroom.

Walter notices the gun on the floor, he picks it up and stares at it.

He puts the barrel in his mouth.

BETSY (O.C.)

(yells)

And take the trash out!

Walter lowers the gun.

WALTER

Betsy! BETSY!

BETSY (O.C.)

What?

WALTER

Betsy!!!

Betsy finally enters.

BETSY

What?

Walter stands, points the gun at her.

BLACK OUT.

BANG!

The studio audience GOES CRAZY. Endless APPLAUSE.

Slowly the crowd noise dies down as we:

FADE TO:

BLACK CARD:

"TWO MINUTE KENNETH!"

From the silence slowly comes the sounds of the audience welcoming the second act.

FADE IN:

2 INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

2

A young person living room, young people definitely live here.

A coffee table filled with GOSSIP MAGS and a half-empty cheap BOTTLE OF WINE.

A blond, beautiful young woman sits in the middle of the couch holding a box of TISSUES, crying hysterically, SILENCING the audience.

She drinks some wine, checks her PHONE, drinks some more wine, checks her phone again and cries harder. CINDY is sad.

Cindy drinks more wine, cries more tears. An awkward woman wearing anxiety on her face as naturally as a hipster rocks a scarf to a 4th of July party enters.

Cindy doesn't notice NANCY, who seems to enjoy watching her cry. Then does.

CINDY

Nancy?! What the-

NANCY

-I was just checking in, to see how you're holding up.

CINDY

How did you get in?

NANCY

I have a key.

CINDY

How did you get a key?

NANCY

You gave it to me, but that's not important. How are you?

Beat.

CINDY

Eugene and I-

(beat)

I can't anymore, I'm going to leave him.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

Cindy, that's fantastic.

CINDY

He's going to be home any minute,  
you should probably go.

NANCY

Maybe I should stay and support  
you.

Cindy's phone RINGS.

CINDY

Sorry, I have to take this.

(to phone)

Kenneth...not yet, no he hasn't.  
Okay, I'll meet you then. I love  
you too.

(hangs up, to Nancy)

Sorry.

NANCY

Who was that?

CINDY

No one. That's not a good idea, you  
should go.

NANCY

What are you going to say to him?

CINDY

I don't know.

NANCY

Okay, well...

CINDY

...I'm going to inform him that I  
don't love him anymore. That the  
relationship is like lung cancer  
slowly suffocating me and I don't  
even smoke. There's no reason why I  
should have to endure this any  
longer.

NANCY

You quit smoking years ago. I  
remember that day well.

(CONTINUED)

CINDY  
I'll tell him that I deserve  
someone that actually loves me...

NANCY  
...And you do.

CINDY  
Not some sexist asshole, I can do  
better than that, I'm a keeper.

NANCY  
You're such a keeper. I would keep  
you in a heartbeat.

Cindy smiles at Nancy through her tears, thankful.

EUGENE enters to glowing PRAISE from the studio audience. He  
looks more like a Todd than a Eugene.

EUGENE  
Hello girls. Nancy.

NANCY  
Eugene.

EUGENE  
Cindy, are you not going to take my  
coat?

Eugene is disappointed.

NANCY  
Alright. Well I guess I better get  
going.  
(to Cindy)  
Call me later?

The girls hug.

EUGENE  
(to Nancy)  
Have you been working out?

NANCY  
I joined a gym.

EUGENE  
I can tell, you look terrific.

He eyes her as she exits.

CINDY  
Maybe you should have taken a  
picture?

EUGENE  
You have some nerve.

CINDY  
I have some nerve?

EUGENE  
We had guests, how dare you not  
greet me at the door and take my  
coat like the man of the house is  
supposed to be greeted. With  
respect.

CINDY  
Man of the-

First little chuckles from the audience here.

CINDY (CONT'D)  
Respect? We split the rent.

EUGENE  
Shut the fuck up! It's the  
principle of the matter. You take  
my fucking coat when we have  
guests.

CINDY  
You're impossible sometimes, you  
know that?

EUGENE  
I'm very much a possibility.

CINDY  
What does that even mean?

EUGENE  
What's for dinner?

CINDY  
That's entirely up to you.

EUGENE  
You didn't cook up anything?

CINDY  
No. I did not.

(CONTINUED)

EUGENE

So let me get this straight - you don't greet me at the door and take my coat, and now you're telling me that you didn't cook up anything either?

CINDY

Yeah, that's what I'm telling you.

EUGENE

So what the fuck did you do all day?

CINDY

I worked, are you on drugs? When have I ever cooked?

EUGENE

Wait -- why are there two wine glasses?

CINDY

Nancy was here.

EUGENE

(picking up the bottle)  
Nancy detests pinot noir.

CINDY

Well she seemed to approve of it today. How do you know what Nancy detests?

EUGENE

You told me and stop trying to change the subject...

CINDY

...I wasn't trying to...

EUGENE

...So let me get this straight - I come home from work and you don't even fucking greet me at the fucking door in front of a guest to take my coat. Then I ask you what's for dinner and you say "figure it out," and now you're fucking lying to me.

(CONTINUED)

CINDY

I didn't say figure it out, I said it's entirely up to you.

EUGENE

Don't do this again, don't play the feminist card thinking I won't hit you because I fucking will, believe you me.

CINDY

I believe you, I'm well aware that hitting a woman does not exceed your capabilities.

Laughs.

EUGENE

(laughs)

What happened to us?

CINDY

You stopped taking your medication.

Bigger laughs.

EUGENE

Stop using my insanity as an excuse.

CINDY

I'm leaving you.

EUGENE

Where are you going? Grocery shopping I assume.

CINDY

No, I mean I'm leaving you and not coming back.

EUGENE

So let me get this straight - not only do I come home after working all day to have you not greet me at the fucking door to take my coat in front of our guests, but you don't even cook me dinner, and when I ask you about it you say "figure it out." Then I find a mysterious extra wine glass with no lipstick stains on it, even though Nancy looked like a circus clown, and to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EUGENE (cont'd)  
top it all off you tell me you're  
leaving me?

CINDY  
I didn't say figure it out, I said  
it's entirely up to you.

EUGENE  
I highly recommend you revoke your  
decision.

CINDY  
The decision is final.

EUGENE  
I can't accept it.

CINDY  
It's not yours to accept.

EUGENE  
Look, I can change. Things can be  
better, I will be better. Let's  
order a pizza.

CINDY  
Eugene...

EUGENE  
...the one with the pineapple  
right? Hawaiian, that's the one you  
like.

CINDY  
I'm leaving tonight.

EUGENE  
You're probably just on one of your  
monthly expeditions.

CINDY  
I'm not menstruating, I'm leaving.

EUGENE  
That's fucking disgusting, don't  
talk about that stuff...it's  
disrespectful to men.

CINDY  
You're unreal.



EUGENE

I'm very much a reality.

CINDY

I'm leaving. I'll be back with movers tomorrow.

EUGENE

Is this because I didn't hang the shelves in the bathroom? I'll do it now.

He heads to a closet, starts rummaging through his TOOLS.

CINDY

It has nothing to do with the shelves. I found someone else.

Rummaging stops. Some UH-OHs from the audience.

Eugene approaches her with a HAMMER in-hand, looking confused.

A stare-down.

EUGENE

What did you just say to me?

CINDY

You heard what I said. Put the hammer down, you look like a lunatic.

EUGENE

Who is he?

CINDY

Doesn't matter.

EUGENE

It's not your fucking decision to tell me it doesn't matter.

CINDY

It has nothing to do with you.

EUGENE

It has nothing to do with me? A year and a half, I have been nothing but a loving, caring boyfriend and now suddenly you tell me I'm not even in the fucking equation.

(CONTINUED)

CINDY

Loving and caring? My ribs are still sore from you kicking me, don't make me laugh.

EUGENE

Of course there's been a few exceptions, that's perfectly normal.

Laughs.

CINDY

I tolerated a lot of your bullshit, but the day you got physical was the day this ended.

EUGENE

I never laid a hand on you.

CINDY

You kicked me in the back.

EUGENE

No.

CINDY

Yes.

EUGENE

I shoved you with my foot, it was practically a shove.

Cindy looks at the hammer, Eugene follows suit.

CINDY

Put the hammer down, Eugene.

EUGENE

You think I would hurt you like that? I love you.

He tosses the hammer on the sofa.

CINDY

I have to go.

She begins to collect her things, he sits on the couch. Notices Cindy's phone, picks it up and reads.

EUGENE

You have two missed calls from Kenneth.

(CONTINUED)

CINDY

What are you, my secretary now?

EUGENE

Who's Kenneth?

CINDY

He's just a guy I work with.

EUGENE

He's just a guy you work with?

CINDY

That's all.

EUGENE

That's all. Nothing more, nothing less, right?

CINDY

Yeah, for once you're actually right.

EUGENE

So let me get this straight - I come home from work and you don't even fucking greet me at the fucking door in front of our guests to take my coat. Then I ask you what's for dinner and you say "figure it out." Then you proceed to lie to my fucking face after I find a mysterious extra wine glass that you say belonged to Nancy, even though I know she detests pinot noir and the glass had no lipstick marks on it despite the fact that she looked like a fucking clown from the circus. Then you follow all of that by telling me you're leaving me for another man. Is that man Kenneth?

CINDY

I never said-  
(beat)  
Yes. It's Kenneth.

EUGENE

I'll kill him.

(CONTINUED)

CINDY  
Don't be so dramatic.

EUGENE  
I'll fucking end his entire  
existence.

CINDY  
He's twice your size.

EUGENE  
I don't care.

CINDY  
In more ways than one.

EUGENE  
You bitch.

CINDY  
We have been together for nearly  
two years, I've never had an  
orgasm. You never thought that  
maybe I may leave you? That never  
crossed your mind?

EUGENE  
I read a lot of women don't know  
how.

CINDY  
Where the fuck did you read that?

EUGENE  
Ellen DeGeneres said it.

CINDY  
You just said you read it?

EUGENE  
Read it, heard it, what's the  
fucking difference?

CINDY  
It took Kenneth two minutes.

Some sparse GIGGLES from the audience.

EUGENE  
To what?  
(beat)  
I fucking hate you?

(CONTINUED)

CINDY

Stop staring at me like that.  
Eugene?

He grabs her by the throat, starts to strangle her.

EUGENE

Shut the fuck up! You think you're  
fucking funny, bitch? Oh, you're a  
comedian aren't you?

Full-go on the strangling now, he drags her to the ground  
behind the couch. The top of his head still visible, as is  
her feet sticking out past the side.

He strangles, she kicks. This goes on until the struggle  
ends, as does her life.

Eugene stands. Walks to the couch, sits.

EUGENE

(to Cindy, winded)

You say some really hurtful things  
sometimes, you know that? Don't be  
so fucking dramatic, get up!

Silence.

He stands, grabs her by the wrists and starts pulling her  
from behind the couch. Dead weight. He gets her lifeless  
body into view, drops her arms.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Don't fucking die, are you  
seriously being fucking serious  
right now?

(yells)

Cindy!

(beat)

So let me get this straight - I  
come home from work and you don't  
even fucking greet me at the  
fucking door in front of our guests  
to take my coat, then I ask you  
what's for dinner and you say  
"figure it out." Then you proceed  
to lie to my fucking face after I  
find a mysterious extra wine glass  
that you say belonged to Nancy,  
even though I know she detests  
pinot noir and the glass had no  
lipstick on it despite the fact  
that she looked like a fucking

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EUGENE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
clown from the fucking circus. Then  
you follow all of that by telling  
me you're leaving me for Two Minute  
fucking Kenneth and now you fucking  
die on the fucking floor!

(beat)

I'm sorry I yelled at you.

He gets down on the floor, lies down using Cindy's corpse as  
a pillow. Hums a little tune.

He again stands, drags her off into a back room.

Returns, sits on the couch, takes what's left of the wine  
bottle and chugs it. Laughs to himself.

Nancy enters, Eugene doesn't clock it. She watches him  
laughing, enjoys that too.

EUGENE (CONT'D)  
Nancy, what the fuck are you doing  
here?

NANCY  
Hello Eugene.

EUGENE  
How did you get-

NANCY  
-I have a key.

EUGENE  
How did you-

NANCY  
-you gave it to me.

EUGENE  
Do you want some pinot noir?

NANCY  
You know I detest pinot noir.

EUGENE  
I do know.

NANCY  
Where's Cindy?

(CONTINUED)

EUGENE  
She's in her room.

NANCY  
Did you tell her?

EUGENE  
Yes I did.

NANCY  
How did she take it?

EUGENE  
Time will tell.

NANCY  
I love you so much.

They kiss.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Should I go talk to her?

EUGENE  
No that's a bad idea.

NANCY  
Why?

EUGENE  
(yells)  
Because she's upset, Nancy!

NANCY  
I don't like it when you yell at me  
like that, Eugene!

EUGENE  
I'm sorry, you're right.

NANCY  
It hurts my feelings.

EUGENE  
I know this is a difficult  
situation. I apologize.

NANCY  
I suppose it is. My emotions hurt,  
that's the worst part.

(CONTINUED)

EUGENE

Am I not worth the pain?

NANCY

Of course you are. Jesus, why would you even say that?

EUGENE

(screams)

Don't mention Jesus in my house!

(calmly)

Sometimes it seems as though you take me for granted.

NANCY

I'm sorry if sometimes it seems that way.

EUGENE

I think she was cheating on me, you know?

NANCY

I do know.

EUGENE

She told you?

NANCY

I heard her talking to a guy on the phone earlier.

EUGENE

What was his name?

NANCY

I don't recall hearing it.

EUGENE

Kenneth?

NANCY

Why did you ask if you already knew?

EUGENE

I'm not sure, maybe I needed affirmation.

NANCY

That's a form of codependency Eugene.

(CONTINUED)



EUGENE

Nancy, after I informed Cindy of you and I, she became enraged, violent. I was forced to restrain her to protect myself and to protect you. I would never let anyone harm you, Nancy. She was dangerous. Women can be dangerous.

NANCY

They can, you're right.

EUGENE

My friend Trevor was raped by two women a few nights ago.

NANCY

They raped him?

EUGENE

That's what I'm saying isn't it?

(beat)

Cindy was dangerous, Nancy.

Beat.

NANCY

Why do you keep referring to her in the past tense?

EUGENE

I love you so much.

Nancy heads towards the bedroom, leaving Eugene alone.

He grabs the hammer.

Nancy returns, perturbed. Eugene keeps the hammer concealed behind him as he approaches her.

NANCY

She isn't breathing.

EUGENE

I noticed that.

NANCY

She was my best friend.

EUGENE

Then I suggest you find a new friend.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

Thank you for the suggestion.

EUGENE

I'm sorry for your loss, may she rest in peace.

NANCY

How did you do it?

EUGENE

Why would you assume I did it?

(beat)

Suffocation.

NANCY

Did you use a pillow?

EUGENE

Just my bare hands.

NANCY

You're telling me you did that to her with your bare hands?

(beat)

And you're saying that you ended her twenty-five-year-old life for me?

Eugene nods.

NANCY (CONT'D)

That is so sweet.

Sweeping AWWWWWs from the audience. Nancy hugs him.

EUGENE

You're not mad?

NANCY

Mad? Are you kidding me?

EUGENE

I knew you'd understand.

NANCY

Why are you holding a hammer?

EUGENE

I have to hang those shelves in the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

Prioritize, man. We have to get rid of that bitch's body first. You pull the teeth, take them to McDonald's and flush them down the toilet, I'll go get the hydrochloric acid.

EUGENE

I love you, Nancy, but I'm done. My days of dissolving bodies in bathtubs are over.

NANCY

What are you talking about?

EUGENE

Besides, Two Minute Kenneth is probably going to be here any second, he might have a key for all we know.

NANCY

You have to stop giving keys to everyone. Why do they call him Two Minute Kenneth?

Beat.

EUGENE

I have no idea.

NANCY

Maybe he's a premature ejaculator.

EUGENE

Perhaps that's it. Can I ask you something?

NANCY

Certainly. Anything. I think you're wonderful.

EUGENE

How the sex?

NANCY

Between whom?

EUGENE

(annoyed)  
You and I.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

Oh. I mean, it's good. Appropriate.  
I've had a lot worse.

EUGENE

So you've had better.

The DOORBELL.

NANCY

The door, someone's at the door.  
Are you expecting someone?

EUGENE

It's him.

NANCY

Who? Two Minute Kenneth? Let's just  
not let him in.

EUGENE

He was here earlier, drinking wine  
with Cindy. I bet he was here  
frequently with Cindy, drinking  
wine and doing God knows what else  
on my settee.

NANCY

We have already established that  
they were romantically involved,  
Eugene. What does that have to do  
with our current situation?

EUGENE

She gave him a key. He's going to  
just come in.

NANCY

Then why did he ring the doorbell?

EUGENE

It's common courtesy to give  
someone a heads up.

NANCY

What are we going to do?

EUGENE

He's going to ask you where Cindy  
is.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

And I'll say she's at the store.

EUGENE

No, tell him she's sleeping.

NANCY

He'll want to see her.

EUGENE

Exactly.

Eugene picks up the hammer and heads to the bedroom.

A subtle KNOCK at the door. Nancy sits.

KENNETH, GQ boy, enters. Women want to fuck him, men want to be him. Not Eugene though, he hates his guts.

Every woman in the audience is WHISTLING, PURRING.

KENNETH

Hey, how's it going?

NANCY

That's a very personal question. No introduction and then just complete intrusion. You must be Kenneth.

KENNETH

And you're Nancy.

NANCY

Why would you assume that?

KENNETH

Cindy told me all about you.

NANCY

Well I've changed a lot recently, I've been doing much better.

KENNETH

(laughs)

She mentioned you were funny.

NANCY

She said I was funny?

KENNETH

Yeah, and that you are her best friend.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

Her best?

KENNETH

That's what she told me.

NANCY

Wow, that means a lot. We never really had the conversation to make it conclusive.

KENNETH

Well consider it concluded.

NANCY

How do you know my best friend?

KENNETH

We met at a charity event I hosted.

NANCY

What kind of charity event?

KENNETH

I started a non-profit dedicated to ending domestic abuse, encouraging women experiencing it to speak out, to have a voice.

NANCY

Those charity events are shameless, just a bunch of pretentious aristocrats trying to feel like human beings. Their only actual prerogative is getting a tax write-off, people don't care about the poor or the suffering. There's no love left in the world, Kenneth.

KENNETH

I'm hardly aristocratic, I've spent most of the little money I have on my mother's hospital bills. I created the event, but unfortunately I don't really have a lot of money to donate. But I give what I can and I do what I do to help them get by.

NANCY

Your mother is under the weather?

(CONTINUED)

KENNETH  
(indicating sadness)  
She is.

NANCY  
Bedridden?

KENNETH  
(even sadder)  
Yeah.

NANCY  
Sick as a dog?

KENNETH  
(confused)  
I guess.

NANCY  
Can't your father take care of her?

KENNETH  
(super-duper sad)  
He ran out when I was a kid. He  
never came back.

Audience CHUCKLES.

NANCY  
No siblings?

KENNETH  
No, I'm all she has. How about you?

NANCY  
I have a sister. Mother is also in  
poor health.

KENNETH  
I'm terribly sorry to hear that,  
Nancy.

NANCY  
Thank you.

KENNETH  
Where's Eugene?

NANCY  
He left, he was upset about  
something, he was crying  
hysterically.

(CONTINUED)

KENNETH

Eugene's a bad man, Nancy. Is she in her room?

NANCY

I believe so.

KENNETH

Do you mind if I go talk to her?

NANCY

(grabbing his arm)

You think that's a good idea?

KENNETH

How do you know Cindy?

NANCY

We met at a 49ers game, we randomly sat next to one another.

KENNETH

Are you from San Fran?

NANCY

I am.

KENNETH

Me too.

NANCY

No way! What part?

KENNETH

Bayview.

NANCY

I'm from Bayview!

KENNETH

That's crazy, whereabouts?

NANCY

Friel Avenue.

KENNETH

I grew up on Friel Avenue.

NANCY

WHAT. What a tiny world we live on.

(CONTINUED)



KENNETH

Or maybe it's just destiny, we were destined to meet, Nancy.

NANCY

Yeah, maybe you're right. Did you get to go to a 9ers game this year?

KENNETH

No, funny story, I'm actually a Raiders fan.

The audience GASPS, Nancy is appalled.

NANCY

The Raiders?

KENNETH

Yeah, so funny, right?

NANCY

As in the Oakland Raiders?

KENNETH

Growing up I just always liked the colors.

NANCY

The colors. Black. And silver. Well, I'm sure Cindy is expecting you.

KENNETH

You're right. I hope I'm not being intrusive. It will only take a couple of minutes.

NANCY

The rumors are true then.

KENNETH

So spoke of me?

NANCY

Briefly.

KENNETH

What did she say?

NANCY

Something about you being a-  
(beat)  
Premature ejaculater.

(CONTINUED)

Audience LOSES IT, WHOOTING.

KENNETH

What?

NANCY

Two Minute Kenneth she called you.

KENNETH

(laughs)

She was right about you, you're funny.

NANCY

Goodbye, Kenneth.

KENNETH

I'll be right back.

He heads towards the bedroom.

Kenneth SCREAMS from the bedroom.

KENNETH (O.C.)

What the fuck?!

The sound of a hammer CRASHING through a human skull, again and again. Several times, that sound of a hammer crashing through a human skull.

Nancy has been flipping through the magazines throughout. Eugene returns, covered head to toe in blood.

EUGENE

What was with all the fucking questions? I told you to just send him in.

NANCY

I was trying to act naturally, it worked didn't it?

EUGENE

That's not the point. I was crying hysterically?

NANCY

Why are you so unsupportive sometimes?

EUGENE

I'm sorry, you're right. You did great.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY

It's not the same, now you just sound contrived.

EUGENE

No I mean it, you were fucking great.

NANCY

If he called me funny one more time I would have smashed his head in myself.

They laugh. So does the audience.

NANCY (CONT'D)

So now what? Should I get the hydrochloric?

EUGENE

No, too many people know they were here, we'll never get away with it.

NANCY

Let's just go to Mexico then, on the run.

EUGENE

You know I have sensitive skin.

NANCY

Well then, what should we do?

EUGENE

Do you love me?

NANCY

Of course.

EUGENE

How much?

NANCY

More than anything.

EUGENE

More than life itself?

NANCY

More than life itself.

(CONTINUED)

EUGENE

Then I need one last favor.

NANCY

Anything.

EUGENE

I need you to claim responsibility for that mess in there.

NANCY

Go to prison? I watch Orange is The New Black, Eugene. I don't want anything-

EUGENE

-I would never put you in that situation, Nancy.

NANCY

Then what do you mean by claim responsibility?

EUGENE

Cindy and her best friend Nancy get into an altercation which ends with Nancy, the stronger of the two, overpowering her and choking her to death. Then Cindy's new lover, the premature ejaculator, let's himself into OUR apartment and you have no option but to cave his skull in with a hammer. A hammer I had been using earlier to hang the bathroom shelves. You can't handle the guilt, Nancy, you can't handle the pain. No, you can't FEEL the pain. That's what you can't handle, the numbness, so you take a bottle of pills and swallow them all, overdose and die on the living room floor.

Beat.

NANCY

I'm not sure if I like that plan, Eugene.

EUGENE

You said you loved me.

(CONTINUED)

NANCY  
More than life itself.

EUGENE  
Prove it.

NANCY  
I don't have any pills.

Eugene has a BOTTLE OF PILLS at ready, SHAKES it.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
No, I can't.

EUGENE  
You can't? Or you won't.

He raises the hammer, throws the pills at her.

She picks them up. Takes one. Washes it down with the wine.

NANCY  
I love you.

Eugene urges her to take more, motioning with the hammer.

One by one, then a handful.

EUGENE  
That's it, take them all. They're  
Cindy's xanax, you won't feel a  
thing. All that anxiety is about to  
go away, Nancy.

Another mouthful.

NANCY  
Am I doing good?

EUGENE  
You're doing so good, baby.

NANCY  
Can you tell my Mom I loved her?  
And tell my Dad he's an asshole.

EUGENE  
(annoyed)  
How can I share that information? I  
wasn't here.

NANCY

You're right, I'm sorry.

She finishes the pills.

EUGENE

Okay, just lie back on the floor now. The worst part is over.

She does. The worst part seems to be over.

Eugene runs to the bedroom with the hammer.

A minute passes with Nancy, motionless. He returns, fresh clothes, squeaky-clean.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Nancy, are you awake? Nancy?

He checks her breathing, kisses her on the forehead.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

You did so good, Nancy.

He pulls out his CELL PHONE, paces, gears himself up to make a call. Does.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Oh my God! It's terrible, they're all dead! Oh God, they're all dead! Coopers Avenue and 63rd Street. One zero six six six. Send someone quickly, there's blood everywhere! It's traumatic.

He starts crying hysterically.

Nancy stands up, sticks her middle finger up at Eugene, exits the apartment.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

There's blood on the walls, the floor, the fucking ceiling. No one is breathing, they're all fucking dead. Just send someone!

He hangs up, pleased with himself and the call. And completely unaware Nancy has left.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

What a day, right Nancy?

(smiles)

What a day.

(CONTINUED)

SIRENS start to come into earshot.

FADE TO BLACK.

Thunderous APPLAUSE from the audience. Once they quiet:

FADE TO:

BLACK CARD:

"MY GOLDFISH LOVES ME BUT I HATE YOUR GUTS!"

The audience beckoning the final act slowly fades in.

FADE IN:

3

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - EVENING

3

A living room somewhere in Brooklyn, nothing but a table holding a GOLDFISH bowl. A shitty cafeteria clock on the wall.

An egg-shaped beautiful and elegant blue and gold fish swims around the bowl with great energy.

MAGGIE, has been beautiful before but isn't so much so right now, sleeps on the floor next to the table that holds the beautiful and elegant blue and gold fish with high energy.

Once the audience settles, Maggie wakes up looking a little rough, she looks like she partied hard to get here.

MAGGIE

Good morning, Franky.  
(annoyed)

I know it's the evening, it's just  
a figure of speech.

(to the fishbowl)

What the hell happened last night?

Although beautiful and elegant, Franky doesn't respond.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Look at you.

She looks. Climbs up into the chair.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Look at you, you know?

(beat)

Yeah I bet you do. Did you have to  
do this? Did you have to do this to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
us again? Sssh, I have a headache,  
Francis.

(laughs)

Yeah, I know you do. Okay, FRANK.  
Are you happy now?

(beat)

All the other guys come and go, but  
not you. You'll never leave me,  
will you, Franky?

She stands, walks the empty room and begins playing with her  
IPHONE - but she does so in a way that hides the screen from  
Franky. Finishes, puts it in her pocket.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Frank.

(beat)

Are you aware it's the  
twenty-eighth of the month?

(beat)

Of February.

(annoyed)

It's not a leap year. I have twelve  
dollars in my checking account.

(beat)

What the fuck is a savings? Listen,  
I know you don't want to hear this-

(yells)

Hear me out! I need seventeen  
hundred by the morning, what else  
do you want me to do? I have to  
take a call.

(yells again)

No! No. Yes. No! I have to take a  
couple of calls, Franky. How do you  
think I'm going to pay for your  
food? It doesn't grow on trees.  
Don't look at me like that, Franky,  
please! Just tonight and that's it,  
okay? Just tonight. I already sold  
all the furniture and the front  
door. Just two calls, Frank. Trevor  
barely even counts he's so  
pathetic.

She kisses the goldfish bowl, then kisses her hand and puts  
it in the water.

She makes the call.

(CONTINUED)



MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Hey Trevor, how do you do? I just wanted to let you know I'm working tonight. Yeah. No, I'm not really up to going to any restaurants. I'll make it up to you, I'll humiliate you next time. So are you coming over? Good. Listen, you have cash right? I can't accept jewelry again. Yeah, plus I mean your wife is going to figure it out if you keep doing that. Yeah. No. No, Trevor, no cuddling, okay...I don't have time. Well, how different? That's extra. A thousand. That's two thousand. Do what? Just come over now and we can figure it out, okay? Alright, go to the bank. Bye.

She hangs up, immediately makes another call.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(to Frank)

I love you.

(to phone)

Hey Johnny, it's Maggie. I'm working tonight. I can probably fit you in.

(looks at time on her phone)

Let's say an hour, ten after nine. No. I don't care if it's Susan's birthday. Look, five hundred an hour is the cheapest rate I can give you, you're bending me over backwards here. Bring cash!

Hangs up.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(to Frank)

Okay, two calls and that's it. What? Oh, nothing. We just wait. Trevor should be here any minute, you know what he's like. Maybe I can go back to the pawn shop and get back some of our things. Stop it, Frank! Look, I've been through a lot and I have very little family support, the last thing I need right now is someone I consider a good friend making assumptions about what's best for me. You're so fucking judgmental sometimes.

(CONTINUED)

She sits. Silence.

She begins to sing to the bowl.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I said it once, And it wasn't  
pretend, The way I felt, And how  
long it's been. I'm trying to focus  
on Life somehow, When you're not  
around I feel like I can drown...

Maggie and the fish smile at one another.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I said it once, And it wasn't  
pretend, The way I felt, And how  
long it's been. I'm trying to focus  
on Life somehow, When you're not  
around-

The DOORBELL.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

How is he here already?  
(to Frank)  
Earmuffs Frankie.

Maggie goes to get Trevor, but he's already here. The studio audience RESPONDS enthusiastically.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

How did you get here so quickly?

TREVOR

I happened to be in the  
neighborhood.

MAGGIE

Just happened to be?

TREVOR

I like to be close to you in case  
you call. I like to be near you,  
Maggie. Do you know your front door  
is missing?

MAGGIE

Thank you for the update.

TREVOR

It's really sweet to see you. I'm  
so excited.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Well you better curb that fucking excitement. How much did you bring?

TREVOR

Is that really how you're going to welcome me into-

MAGGIE

Trevor!

TREVOR

I brought everything.

MAGGIE

How fucking much?!

TREVOR

Eleven-hundred and thirty-seven dollars.

MAGGIE

Eleven hundred, that's it?

TREVOR

And thirty-seven.

MAGGIE

You fucking weasel.

TREVOR

I'm sorry, Maggie, it's all I could get. Ginger has been paying close attention to our finances and...she's wondering where her jewelry is.

MAGGIE

I don't care about Ginger.

TREVOR

I know you don't care about Ginger.

(beat)

I was thinking maybe you could give me back her engagement ring though.

MAGGIE

How dare you! That was a gift. You know what, just get the fuck outta here, how about that?

(CONTINUED)

TREVOR  
(looks around)  
Where's all your furniture?

MAGGIE  
I sold it all.

TREVOR  
At least you still have the fish.

MAGGIE  
Don't look at him!  
(beat)  
I had to sell the ring too, times  
are tough, Trevor. I have bills,  
cocaine is sixty bucks a bag.

TREVOR  
Fucking Obama. How much did you  
sell it for?

MAGGIE  
I got three hundred for the couch,  
a hundred for the coffee-

TREVOR  
-No, the ring, Maggie. How much did  
you sell her engagement ring for?

MAGGIE  
Seven hundred.

TREVOR  
Seven hundred?

MAGGIE  
Is there an echo in here? And they  
threw in a tick to a Broadway show.

TREVOR  
Which show?

MAGGIE  
Hamilton.

TREVOR  
Any good?

MAGGIE  
I didn't go. Musicals are for  
imbeciles.

(CONTINUED)

TREVOR

It cost me twenty thousand. I'm still paying it off.

MAGGIE

Well, maybe they over-charged you? You probably got ripped off.

TREVOR

Perhaps they did. People are always taking advantage of me, Maggie.

MAGGIE

Stop playing the fucking victim here. You do this every fucking time. Look, you gave me the ring, now it's gone, that's the end of it. If you want to have sex it's eleven-hundred and thirty-seven dollars, otherwise get the fuck outta here.

TREVOR

I'm sorry I'm playing the victim again, I just love you.

MAGGIE

My goldfish loves me but I hate your guts!

TREVOR

Don't say that, maybe if I left Ginger and moved in here with you?

MAGGIE

That's not going to happen, Trevor. Besides, you took an oath. Marriage means nothing to you, does it? You dirty little rat-faced creep. Show me the money.

Trevor shows her the MONEY. She counts it.

TREVOR

It's all there, you don't have-

MAGGIE

-Don't tell me what I can or can't count.

TREVOR

Did you sell your bed?

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Why would I sell my bed? Do I look like a dog that sleeps on the floor?

(beat)

I rented it to a friend, but it's just temporary.

TREVOR

I would treat you like a princess.

She puts the money on the table beside Frank.

MAGGIE

Okay, let's get this ordeal over with.

TREVOR

Is that all I am to you? An ordeal? A vicious torment?

MAGGIE

Always the fucking victim. Let's go.

They head off to the bedroom.

Not long after, Eugene enters. He walks across the room, listens to some PATHETIC SEX SOUNDS, shakes his head.

Goes to leave, but notices and takes the money on the table first.

We watch Franky swim about with high energy, the clock on the wall in the background.

FADE TO:

Franky still swimming about with very high energy, two minutes have passed on the clock.

Maggie returns, her hair a little askew.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Come on, Trevor. Chop-chop.

Trevor returns, fastening his belt as he speaks.

TREVOR

Wow, that was incredible. Worth every dollar.

Maggie looks at the table.

(CONTINUED)

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Wasn't it incredible, Maggie?

MAGGIE  
It was incredible.

TREVOR  
That was probably my best performance, I think. I mean, what time is it right now? We must have been in there for half an hour.

MAGGIE  
Around two minutes, I'd say.  
Trevor, where's my money?

TREVOR  
You left it on the thing? Time with you is different, it's like Inception, Maggie.

MAGGIE  
I left it on the thing. Which thing, Trevor? I don't know if you've noticed, but I don't have many things.

TREVOR  
Next to the fish.

MAGGIE  
It's not here.

TREVOR  
That's preposterous. It has to be-  
(looks)  
Where is it?

MAGGIE  
I don't know, Trevor.

TREVOR  
Maybe it's in your bedroom?

MAGGIE  
(smiles)  
Maybe, I'll go take a look.

She does.

TREVOR  
(yelling to bedroom)  
You know, if I moved in here I could bring my furniture. I mean, I  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TREVOR (cont'd)  
bought it, I don't care what Ginger  
says. I own it. It's mine, I mean.

(beat)

Maybe I'll get movers to grab it  
while she's at work or something. I  
love Ginger, but sometimes I feel  
like I fucking hate her, you know?  
Does that make sense?

(beat)

Her father thinks I'm a loser. He  
told me I was a loser.

Trevor starts waving at Frank, TAPPING on the glass, trying  
to get his attention.

TREVOR

I think the fish likes me!

Frank continues to swim around the bowl with high positive  
energy.

Maggie returns. She is holding a HANDGUN.

MAGGIE

He appears rather ambivalent from  
here, and his name is Frank. I am  
pretty fucking sure I told you not  
to fucking look at him.

TREVOR

Why are you holding a gun?

MAGGIE

Where's my fucking money?

TREVOR

I told you, you left it on the  
thing.

MAGGIE

Give me my money.

TREVOR

I don't know where it is,  
Maggie...I told you.

MAGGIE

I'm going to count to three.

TREVOR

You can count to twenty-three, I  
don't have it.

(CONTINUED)



MAGGIE

One.

TREVOR

I would never steal from you! Are you fucking kidding me?

MAGGIE

Two.

TREVOR

Jesus fucking Christ...

(cries)

I love you, Maggie!

MAGGIE

Three.

Maggie SHOTS him in the chest. He falls, dies quickly.

Frank continues to swim around the bowl with high positive energy.

She goes through his pockets, checks his socks. Does not find the eleven-hundred and thirty-seven dollars.

MAGGIE

(screams)

Fuck! Frank, where did he put our money?

(annoyed)

I checked his pockets. Down his?

(beat)

Why would it be...

She puts her hands down his pants. Nope.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

What the fuck, Frank?! He gave me no other option. Any other action other than what just transpired would simply be out of complacency and I'm not complacent or conceited. I'm prolific. We both know that. Don't speak to me like you're unaware because you're attentive.

DOORBELL.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Who the fuck is that? I'm guessing you didn't invite anyone. Just ignore it, they'll go away.

(CONTINUED)

Maggie goes to the bedroom, returns swiftly with a SHEET and some NEWSPAPERS. Pauses before placing them over the corpse to read the back page.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
You know, I really think the Jets  
have a shot this year.  
(beat, then agrily)  
Fuck the Patriots!

She places the back page on Trevor's face.

KNOCK on the door. Maggie quickly hides the gun under the clothes pile.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
(to Frank)  
Sssh!

An older man wearing a top hat and an eye patch enters.

MAN  
Margaret, is that you?

MAGGIE  
Daddy!

DADDY  
It's good to see you.

MAGGIE  
How did you get in here?

DADDY  
(pointing to door)  
The front door is gone and your  
lock is broken.

MAGGIE  
It's gone?

DADDY  
Gone.

MAGGIE  
They must be repairing it.

DADDY  
That's dangerous, Margaret. They  
have to replace it.

MAGGIE

They must! Perhaps I'll write a strongly-worded letter to the super.

Daddy notices the newspapers and sheet.

DADDY

What's this?

MAGGIE

That's an art project I'm working on.

DADDY

What type of art project?

MAGGIE

For a new play I'm in, Daddy. It's a prop.

DADDY

You're going to be in a new play?

MAGGIE

I am.

DADDY

An original play?

MAGGIE

Yeah, it's very unique.

DADDY

That's terrific. Has Mother been informed?

MAGGIE

I haven't spoken to Mother in some time.

DADDY

Well then I shall send word.

MAGGIE

Will you be able to experience it?

DADDY

That would be a dream come true, however Mother and I have had some issues with finances as of late. She always was a squanderer, your Mother.

MAGGIE  
I understand.

DADDY  
You always were an understanding  
child.

Daddy takes a closer look at the art project.

DADDY (CONT'D)  
The Jets signed Darrelle Revis?  
Wow, I really think we have a real  
shot this year.

MAGGIE  
Why are you here, Daddy?

DADDY  
We both know why I am here.

MAGGIE  
If I did, why would I ask the  
question?

DADDY  
To maintain or stage a certain  
element of innocence.

MAGGIE  
Innocent of what?

DADDY  
A sentence should never end with  
"what."

MAGGIE  
What what what what what what!!!!

DADDY  
Stop that this instant. You checked  
yourself out of rehab again.

MAGGIE  
I was sexually molested.

DADDY  
You were not.

MAGGIE  
You never did believe me, did you,  
Daddy?

(CONTINUED)

DADDY

Mother has found a rehab center that our insurance will cover. They will take you tomorrow at first light.

MAGGIE

I didn't think my crippled mother was capable of finding such a thing.

DADDY

Don't use negative connotations when describing Mother!

MAGGIE

Daddy, I woke up in the middle of the night and some creep was touching me.

DADDY

That was the nurse, and he was checking your pulse.

MAGGIE

Well then he was using a very strange method.

DADDY

Are you still gaying?

MAGGIE

I think you could have used a better verb.

DADDY

You know my opinion on homosexuality, I am against it. God is against it.

MAGGIE

Daddy stop!

DADDY

The bible calls it an abomination.

MAGGIE

So a few homophobic fucks from the Bronze Age wrote a book.

DADDY

(preaches)

Or do you not know that the unrighteous shall not inherit the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DADDY (cont'd)

kingdom of God? Do not be deceived,  
neither fornicators, nor idolaters,  
nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor  
HOMOSEX-

MAGGIE

-Love is patient, and kind, love  
does not envy or boast, it is not  
arrogant or rude, it does not  
insist on its own way. It is not  
irritable or resentful, it does not  
rejoice at wrongdoing, but rejoices  
with the truth. Love bears all  
things, believes all things, hopes  
all things, endures all things.

(beat)

Have you abandoned reality  
entirely? You stand here and you  
preach God and his will and his  
hatred, while Mother, your wife,  
sits at home in a wheelchair from  
the beating you inflicted upon her.  
You beat your wife, you put your  
hands on your daughters, and yet  
you are here quoting the bible like  
you're not a horrible cunt.

Beat.

Daddy lifts the newspaper off Trevor's face.

DADDY

Your art project appears to be a  
dead human being.

MAGGIE

Stop trying to change the fucking  
subject.

(beat)

It's modern art.

DADDY

Did you kill this man?

MAGGIE

Who or what I kill is none of your  
business.

DADDY

Did you take his life, Margaret?

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

I can't remember.

Maggie grabs her gun from under the clothes, walks to camera.

DADDY

Mother was a sinner, a feminist who ran her mouth and had to face consequences. Equal this and equal fucking that, that's all I ever heard from her, equality equality equality. You couldn't hold the door open for her without being called a sexist, equality equality equality. When the titanic was sinking and the stewards were yelling "women and children, please," you didn't see any feminists having any issue, did you? I punched Mother in the face and yeah, I broke her neck when I kicked her down that flight of stairs. The six years I spent in that cell, I had but one regret, that I didn't kick her harder and deeper.

He laughs. So does the audience.

DADDY (CONT'D)

And of course six years later she took me back.

(screams)

She's such a fucking bitch!

(calm)

Like any woman would, because a woman without a man is only as good as a fish without...

(stares at the gun)

A gun.

She turns to him. A staredown.

DADDY (CONT'D)

Human beings have different methods to express love, I loved you and I loved Nancy and I wanted - no, I needed you both to know how much I loved my baby girls, how much I cared. So I touched you both sexually multiple times, passionately, so you both knew how

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DADDY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
much I cared, so you both felt  
protected. All I ever wanted was  
for you to feel safe.

MAGGIE  
You tried to kill me.

DADDY  
How could I protect you after you  
stuck a screwdriver in my eye?

MAGGIE  
I'll see you in hell, Daddy.

DADDY  
Put the gun down, baby, I love you!

MAGGIE  
Love is dead!

She points the gun at Daddy.

DADDY  
It's not dead, it's just taking a  
break that's all.

MAGGIE  
I'm going to count to three.

DADDY  
I'm your father.

MAGGIE  
One.

DADDY  
I raised you.

MAGGIE  
I remember, Daddy. I remember  
everything. Two.

DADDY  
(yells)  
Maggie, put the gun down, I command  
you!

MAGGIE  
After I shoot you, I'm going to  
boil both your testicles like eggs  
and eat them with my toast in the  
morning.

(CONTINUED)



DADDY  
You're going to fucking what?

MAGGIE  
Three.

Maggie unloads a bullet into Daddy's chest. He's dead before he hits the ground. Frank simultaneously and concurrently swims around the bowl with high positive energy, unfazed.

She places the gun back under the clothes pile.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
(to Frank)  
Relax, I'm not going to boil his testicles. I'm not crazy. Do you think we could flush their heads down the toilet?  
(beat)  
Yeah, you're probably right. Maybe if I pour gasoline down their throats and crack a match?  
(checks her pockets)  
I don't have a light though.  
(to Trevor)  
Trevor stop fucking staring at me, you fucking creep.

She places the newspaper back on his face.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)  
Well this seems like a good time to move to Mexico and change my name to Rita.  
(beat)  
I would never leave you behind, Frank. Don't be so insecure.

Maggie goes to the bedroom, returns with more newspaper. Covers Daddy. Sits.

Eugene enters. The audience LAUGHS.

EUGENE  
Maggie.

MAGGIE  
Eugene. I'm not working, and I'm certainly not in the mood for a conversation. I'm kinda having a rough day here.

EUGENE

You're having a rough day? You don't even fucking know.

(looking around)

I like what you've done with your hair.

MAGGIE

Thank you. I felt like it was time for a change.

EUGENE

I'd have preferred breast implants.

MAGGIE

Like I said I'm not in the mood for a conversation. Have you been taking your medication?

EUGENE

Not recently.

MAGGIE

You never were one to comply.

EUGENE

How could I?

MAGGIE

I hear my front door is missing.

EUGENE

I didn't notice.

MAGGIE

Are you going to say hello to Frank?

EUGENE

Hello, fish.

MAGGIE

That felt somewhat insincere.

EUGENE

Maybe it was.

MAGGIE

How's Cindy?

(CONTINUED)

EUGENE  
She's on vacation.

MAGGIE  
Where'd she go?

EUGENE  
Somewhere warm.

MAGGIE  
I hope she brought sunscreen.

Eugene really starts to scrutinize the art project.

EUGENE  
What's this?

MAGGIE  
Darrelle Revis is back with the  
Jets.

EUGENE  
He has no loyalty, kind of like  
your sister Nancy. Did I tell you  
Nancy betrayed me?

MAGGIE  
You never mentioned it.

EUGENE  
Nancy betrayed me, Maggie, and I  
wasn't referring to the sports  
section. It was the two dead men  
beneath it that gained my  
attention.

MAGGIE  
They're dead.

EUGENE  
Yeah, they are aren't they?

MAGGIE  
If they're not-  
(beat)  
Then they fucking should be.

EUGENE  
Who did this?

MAGGIE  
I did.

Laughs from Eugene, and the audience.

(CONTINUED)

EUGENE

That's funny. Who fucking did it?

MAGGIE

I already told you, I did.

EUGENE

This isn't the work of a woman.

MAGGIE

Believe as you will, I certainly don't require your validation.

EUGENE

So let me get this straight - this man-

MAGGIE

-Trevor-

EUGENE

-That's Trevor?

MAGGIE

Yes it is, do you have some kind of issue with that?

EUGENE

Nah, he was kind of a creep. Who's the other guy?

MAGGIE

It's just my father. He barely even counts.

EUGENE

So let me get this straight - you killed little Trevor over here, and then you turned the gun on your own father?

MAGGIE

I'm not telling you anything, I'm answering your questions.

EUGENE

So you're answering me that you shot and killed little Trevor over here, and then you shot your old man through the heart?

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Why are you being so dramatic? I never said anything about shooting him in the heart. It could have been his lungs or fucking liver, I haven't exactly gotten around to conducting an autopsy. And I told you already, I'm not in the mood for a conversation.

EUGENE

Don't talk down to me like you're anything more than just another whore with a cocaine habit.

MAGGIE

That rat-faced fucking creep was a bad man, a stalker, and he stole from me. Why are you here?

EUGENE

I had a situation at the house and I needed a distraction.

MAGGIE

What kind of situation?

EUGENE

Nothing out of the ordinary.

MAGGIE

What kind of distraction?

Eugene throws a bundle of TWENTIES on the floor.

EUGENE

One-hundred dollars worth.

MAGGIE

You know I don't work for less than five.

EUGENE

We need to get rid of these bodies, Maggie.

MAGGIE

You'll help me?

EUGENE

I will, but only under certain conditions.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Such as?

EUGENE

I will never pay here again. Your body is my property now, like every woman's body should be. The property of a man.

MAGGIE

If you say so.

EUGENE

Just for a while, I don't want it forever. A woman's mind can't handle pressure like a man can, so they age terribly. They turn to sugar and carbohydrates to medicate their emotions and the feels.

(beat)

It's not sustainable. Do you have rope?

MAGGIE

I have some in my room.

EUGENE

Go get it then.

She stands, and does. Eugene runs to the clothes pile, grabs her gun, sticks it down his pants.

Maggie returns with the ROPE.

MAGGIE

Is this enough?

EUGENE

It should be. Can I ask you something?

MAGGIE

Yes, it's small. But I've seen smaller on, like, google and stuff.

EUGENE

I wasn't talk -- what the fuck?

MAGGIE

Oh, my bad.

(CONTINUED)

EUGENE

Trevor was a creep, a stalker and an unfaithful husband, he deserved to die. I believe that. The guy stole eleven-hundred and thirty-seven dollars from you, but why your father?

MAGGIE

He wasn't a good man. He put his hands on my Mother, my sister and I.

EUGENE

Sometimes women say too much and they need to be taught some respect.

MAGGIE

How do you know how much money he took?

EUGENE

You told me. It was like the first fucking thing you said to me.

MAGGIE

I guess I did. So how are we going to do this? Why do we need rope, shouldn't we be getting acid or a saw?

EUGENE

The rope isn't for your father or the rat-faced creep.

He pulls out the gun.

MAGGIE

You always were a piece of shit, Eugene.

EUGENE

But smarter than you all the same. You see, men are always smarter, Maggie. That's why women should just be barefoot in the kitchen, where they belong. Or on their knees. So get down on yours, you fucking whore.

Maggie gets on her knees, where in Eugene's opinion she belongs.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

What do you want?

EUGENE

Is that even a real fucking question?

MAGGIE

I know why you're doing this. It's because of your one-inch-

EUGENE

-Shut up!

MAGGIE

Did I ever tell you about the time I was bullied in school?

EUGENE

Maybe you did, I don't listen to females when they speak. You weren't put on this planet to talk.

MAGGIE

His name was Kurt. He asked me for my lunch money one afternoon, so I punched him in the face and broke his jaw. I knocked him out. All his jock friends were asking him if he was okay, so I beat them up too.

EUGENE

Bullshit.

MAGGIE

Out cold.

EUGENE

So let me get this straight - firstly you're trying to convince me you shot and killed the rat-faced weasel little Trevor over here, before turning the gun on your father and shooting him in one of his vital organs, and to top it off now you're saying that you hit Kurt and knocked him out cold and then attacked the jocks?

MAGGIE

I nearly killed him and them.

(CONTINUED)



EUGENE  
You're a liar!

MAGGIE  
So what do you say, Eugene? You and  
me, one on one?

EUGENE  
You wouldn't have a chance, you're  
a woman for fuck's sake.

MAGGIE  
Prove it! Put the gun down.

Eugene laughs. So does the audience.

EUGENE  
Are you kidding me?

MAGGIE  
If I wanted to crack jokes, I would  
just talk about your dick.

EUGENE  
Alright. You wanna fight?

He puts down the gun, takes off his jacket.

EUGENE (CONT'D)  
Let's go!

He puts his hands up. Maggie hardly moves.

MAGGIE  
Wait, can I ask you something  
first?

EUGENE  
Ask me what?

MAGGIE  
(looks at Daddy)  
You should never use "what" at the  
end of a sentence. How does it  
feel?

EUGENE  
How does what feel?

MAGGIE  
To be outsmarted by a woman.

Maggie pulls another GUN on Eugene. The audience goes WILD.

(CONTINUED)

EUGENE

You bitch.

MAGGIE

You know how many guns I have in there?

EUGENE

I was just kidding around. I didn't mean-

MAGGIE

-I'm gonna count to three.

EUGENE

You never knocked Kurt out did you?

MAGGIE

Out cold. One.

EUGENE

I love you.

MAGGIE

That's adorable.

EUGENE

You can't do this!

MAGGIE

Can't I?

She looks to the art project. He follows suit.

EUGENE

What's my other option?

MAGGIE

There's no plan B for you.

EUGENE

Then why are you counting to three?

MAGGIE

Just a force of habit, perhaps.

EUGENE

A force of-

MAGGIE

-Two.

(CONTINUED)

EUGENE

Maggie, no. I can make this right.

MAGGIE

After I kill you, I'm going to take your testicles, squish them up, and make myself a fucking omlette.

EUGENE

(confused)

You're a woman?

MAGGIE

Three.

She SHOTS him through the heart. He dies quickly, and he deserved it.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Relax, Frank. I'm not going to fry his testicles. Sometimes I feel like you think I'm a lunatic or something.

Beat. The audience finally exhales, CELEBRATES, while Maggie stands over the three bodies.

She goes through Eugene's pockets and finds her eleven-hundred and thirty-seven dollars. She also picks up the bundle of twenties.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(to Eugene)

You know what? I think Rita has a nice ring to it. I'm going to lie down in my room for a while, take a nap.

(beat)

Okay, I'll stay with you.

Nancy enters. She's high as a kite. Staring at the floor, she walks towards the art project.

MAGGIE

Nancy, are you okay?

NANCY

Hey Margie, I took some pills. I took a lot of pills, your mind couldn't comprehend how many pills I took. I like your art project.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

You do?

NANCY

I do. It's very evocative. I need to sleep.

MAGGIE

Okay, you wanna get brunch tomorrow?

NANCY

Sure.

MAGGIE

I love you.

NANCY

I love you too!

Nancy exits.

Maggie curls up on the floor next to Frank, mirroring the same position she was in when we joined her. Frank continues to swim around the bowl with good positive energy.

MAGGIE

Good night, Franky.

BLACK OUT.

No applause, just the sounds of a quiet studio audience that carries through the credits.

FADE IN:

BLACK CARD:

"THE FUCKIN' END"

FADE OUT.

LOVE IS DEAD!

Credits roll.