

FIN'S RELEASE

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FADE IN

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE-OAKLAND-DAY

FIN REESE is having his tooth pulled. The DENTIST is Fin's brother-in-law, whose office on Telegraph Avenue is just a few blocks from Fin's apartment. It is a drab office, with soylent-green paint on the walls and dental tools from the early 20th century.

FIN
Ouch! That hurts.

The dentist turns off the blinding yellow light. The chair rocks back and forth.

DENTIST
Who cares? You should have never had it pulled.

Tooth number twenty-two drops onto a metal tray. The dentist lowers Fin's body down to the ground. Fin takes a look at his mouth in a hand held mirror. He gets his camera from the chair and begins shooting a few rolls. He shoots the blood dripping onto his shirt, the blood that got on his pants and some of the drops of blood that fell on his tennis shoe. He photographs the dentist and his ASSISTANT, still in scrubs.

FIN
You need to have a little bit more empathy for your patients.

DENTIST
(angrily)
Blow me!

FIN
Blow air around the tooth, not on it.

DENTIST
My patients don't worry about air on their teeth.

Fin keeps shooting film. He looks again at his mouth, this time from the mirror above, next to the light.

FIN
No wonder you borrow money from my wife. You're a terrible dentist.

The dentist, PETER, throws the camera onto the padded chair.

PETER

That's it, Fin. You're finished.

Fin climbs out and staggers to get his balance.

FIN

My decision was a fatuous one.

Peter and his assistant, REENA, clean up the work area.

PETER

Your decision was an idiotic one.

FIN

My decision?

PETER

(angrily)
Yes!

REENA

You're a locust tree which needs
fertilizing.

Fin's caught off guard.

FIN

Your opinion is abusive.

REENA

Not if I were your master.

FIN

But you're not Blanche, you're not.

Reena soothes Fin's nerves by rubbing his forehead. Fin gets hard. His erection soothes his headache.

REENA

Blanche? Who's Blanche?

FIN

Reena, you're good looking, but you
don't know shit about Shinola.

REENA

No, but I know about teeth. Thirty-
two of them. Uh, thirty-one now.

FIN

Tell me something I don't know.
No, really, go on, tell me
something I don't know. Who's
buried in Grant's tomb?

REENA

Grant?

FIN

Congratulations. I thought it was Lincoln.

FIN (V.O.)

Dental assistants. How they can antagonize when you're not looking.

CUT TO:

EXT. TELEGRAPH AVENUE-NEXT DAY

Fin, 28, is cute, lanky, and quite insane. He has a thick head of black hair, green eyes and thin lips. He walks down the street, smiling at people. The gap in his mouth now sets off different reactions from the people he smiles at. To some, he's become a bum, a person of the street. To others, he is cute, a guy they would like to get to know.

FIN (V.O.)

I wonder about the choice I just made. Choices. Funny how they make the world go round.

A BUSINESS MAN stops Fin while walking down Telegraph. Fin drinks from a bottle of water.

BUSINESS MAN

That's some gap in your mouth. I'd keep it closed if I were you.

Fin stops, drinks some more water and spits it on the business man's suit.

FIN

You're not me. I just had it done. I'm not through experimenting with it.

BUSINESS MAN

Spit on me again, and I will kick the living shit out of you.

FIN

I'm sorry... the water must have slipped out through the hole.

BUSINESS MAN

Show me something I haven't seen.

FIN

Watch.

Fin takes another sip of water and lowers his head over the sidewalk and drools. The saliva, mixed with natural sugars, thickens and the drool takes on a slower flow, finding its way through the gap. Fin sends it down to the ground, then quickly back up again, snapping it in the wind as it curls back up to his mouth.

BUSINESS MAN

Wow! That's incredible. You look like some kind of preying mantis.

The businessman tries it, but simply gets his spit all over his nice suit and tie.

FIN

This takes years of practice. The gap merely adds flare to the trick. But I can hook you up with my dentist if you wish.

BUSINESS MAN

(angrily)

I strongly suggest you take a hike, preferably into the next city.

He walks away. Fin continues down the street. A HOOKER walks up.

FIN

Hey, beautiful, how's your sex grabber, your snapper-wrapper?

She looks surprised.

HOOKER

Hey, baby, what's happening? Want a good time?

FIN

I'm having a good time already. See?

Fin drools again, this time for the prostitute.

HOOKER

That's gross! Honey, get that spit out of my face this instant.

A young CHILD sees what Fin is doing.

FIN

Don't scream, kid. I had a tooth pulled, that's all.

YOUNG CHILD

I think it's neat. Look at mine.

She opens her mouth wide and shows Fin her three missing teeth on the bottom of her mouth.

FIN

Wow! How did that happen?

YOUNG CHILD

I'm five. They fall out.

Fin passes the child and continues walking. He shoots a few frames of the kid and the hooker with his camera.

CUT TO:

INT. FIN'S APARTMENT-TWO HOURS LATER

Fin is now starting to feel the after effects of getting the tooth pulled. He calls his wife, LILY, the dentist's sister.

FIN

Hi honey, I got a tooth pulled. The one right in front. I like the look. Oh, it will not. Stop it! Okay, I'll see you when you get here. Bring me a chocolate milk shake, I need to freeze my mouth.

FIN (V.O.)

And do not delay. There is nothing more important than my mouth.

Fin puts down the phone and watches some television. He watches only reality shows now, thinking they all know something he doesn't.

FIN (V.O.)

They know something. I know they know. They know I know that they know something.

A bird flies into the apartment. Fin gets up and closes the window. The bird is trapped.

FIN

Hey, birdie, do you like my smile?

Fin smiles as wide as he can. He show the bird his teeth. The bird chirps. Fin uses his camera to capture the bird's inquisitive look.

FIN (V.O.)
Watch it, you little twerp.

FIN
Well, I'm stuck with it.

Fin opens the window and the bird flies out.

FIN (V.O.)
Go on, get one of your teeth
removed. Go find a bird dentist.

Fin continues to watch television. A cooking show is on but there is too much yelling by the CHEF for it to mean anything to Fin.

FIN
What is this crap?

FIN (V.O.)
I can't cook, but I can scream.
Why don't they let me on and I'll
scream while I'm boiling water.

Fin laughs at his own joke. The chef screams louder and louder. Fin mutes the sound.

FIN
What a gap. I could fit a small
house in there.

FIN (V.O.)
Yes, but could you burn it down if
need be? Maybe take along some of
these television chefs with you.
Teach them how to boil water as a
house burns.

Fin lays down on the futon in the living room and dreams.

CUT TO:

FIN'S DREAM:

INT. CHEF'S TV KITCHEN-DAY

Fin is the star on the Fin Network. He is the only star. All Fin, all day long.

Today, he is a chef showing his audience how to boil water. He is dressed in chef whites, with a white chef's hat, seemingly pointing to the sky.

FIN
(directly at camera)
First, you find a pot.

Fin looks around the set for a pot. A STAGE HAND's actual hand comes into view with the pot. Fin grabs it and fills it with water. He is confused by two sinks and hesitates for a moment. The AUDIENCE follows his every move and moans when he is unsure of himself.

FIN (V.O.)
These morons can't do anything correctly.

FIN
Now, you place the pot on the stove and turn it on high.

The audience cheers. The STAGEHAND hand appears again on camera, with a pot holder. He takes a small bow. The audience cheers again. Fin knocks him out cold with a large black skillet. The audience is slightly confused, but continues to cheer Fin's actions.

FIN (V.O.)
Good. Now there will be peace in the valley....

FIN
Next, after the water has boiled....

Fin checks to see if the water has come to a boil yet. It hasn't.

FIN (V.O.)
Jesus! You'd think these people had never seen boiling water? Or at least a rolling simmer.

FIN
Well, it seems our water hasn't boiled yet.

The audience moans. As the camera pans the audience, a collective pout is on every face.

FIN (V.O.)

You morons need to stop pouting
after every disappointment. The
world is a ghetto.

FIN

Does anyone have an interesting
story to tell while we're waiting
for this damn water to boil?

One MAN stands and wants to tell a story about his baby
granddaughter.

MAN

Well, she's just the dickens, this
little sweetie of mine.

The audience is startled when Fin takes a cast iron skillet
from the set, walks over to where the man is standing, and
smashes it down on the man's head.

FIN

Dickens, smickens, our water's
about to boil.

The audience cheers.

FIN (V.O.)

This water better boil or I'm toast
in the entertainment business.

FIN

And there you have it... boiling
water.

The audience cheer and clap their hands in unison. An
AUDIENCE MEMBER asks a question.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Chef Fin, how do you know the water
is done? It's boiling, but is it
done?

Fin looks out over his sea of fans and stares for a minute,
pondering the question.

FIN

I think it's done when I say it's
done.

The audience roars. The audience member who asked the
question is led out of the studio, covering his head with his
hands, expecting to be knocked out by Fin and his black cast
iron skillet.

FIN (V.O.)
 (singing)
 If I had a hammer... I'd hammer in
 the morning....

FIN
 Now.... Onto melting butter.

The audience cheers and applauds. Fin bows politely at the waist. He smiles widely and the audience gasps at the gap in his teeth.

AUDIENCE MEMBER
 Where's your tooth?

ANOTHER AUDIENCE MEMBER
 How do you eat? How do you feet?
 What do you want to eat? You have
 smelly feet. Smelly feet. Move
 your feet. Move your feet.

Fin awakens from his dream to find Lily standing over him at the apartment. She is kicking his feet. His dream ends with Lily screaming at him.

END DREAM

CUT TO:

INT. FIN'S APARTMENT—CONTINUOUS

Fin's wife, Lily, 29, a beautiful olive-skinned woman with white teeth, high cheekbones and long, flowing brown hair, is standing over Fin and yelling at him.

LILY
 Fin! Fin! Move your feet! Move
 your feet so I can sit down.

Lily pushes his feet off the end of the couch and sits down. He is not fully awake from his dream.

FIN
 What? What happened? Who...
 what... oh, Lily. Hi!

Fin sits up straight and looks into Lily's eyes.

LILY
 Christ, I've been yelling to you to
 move your feet for five minutes.

FIN
Lily, look at my mouth.

Fin opens wide.

LILY
Oh, no.... You really did it. You
had my brother pull it.

Lily puts her head in her lap.

FIN
I don't think he likes me too much.

LILY
He doesn't like you, he hates you
for marrying me.

FIN
So that's why he didn't give me any
novocaine.

LILY
Probably.

FIN
Well, it would have hurt a lot less
had he not hated my guts. Did you
bring my milk shake?

Lily hands the cold drink to her husband. He takes a sip.

LILY
Cold enough?

FIN
Uumm. Good.

Fin dribbles a little milk out of his left side of his mouth,
due to the gap.

LILY
It took me ten minutes in line to
get that milk shake.

FIN
(dribbling more)
Makes it a little hard to drink,
Lily.

LILY
Are you going to replace the tooth?
Get an implant?

FIN
I haven't decided yet.

FIN (V.O.)
Jesus Christ, shut up! I can't
hear the other voices when you ask
such stupid questions.

LILY
Well, it certainly affects your
looks. You look goofy. No, strike
that, you look like Goofy.

FIN
I wish you had said that before I
had it taken out.

LILY
I did. I did. Fin, you never
listen.

FIN
I'm listening now.

FIN (V.O.)
You better believe I'm listening
now. Get ready Lily, it's your
time soon!

LILY
This is me, Fin. I'm your wife.
I'm your partner. I never liked
this idea. I told you so many
times, after we made love, while we
were lying in bed.

FIN
I never heard that. Oh, well,...

LILY
My brother advised against it. A
root canal, a porcelain crown, and
none's the wiser.

FIN
I wanted it out.

LILY
Just like you want everything fixed
in a moment's notice.

Fin wanders around thinking about Lily's words.

FIN
Lily, let me ask you a question.

LILY
Yes. Ask.

FIN
Why did you marry me?

FIN (V.O.)
Now the truth can be told.

Lily sits down on the couch. She plays with her hair for a moment. She looks down at the frayed rug that she bought at a flea market.

LILY
I married you because you were a great photographer and artist. I married you because you treated me well. I married you because....

FIN
Go on, Lily.

LILY
I married you because I was pregnant.

Fin sits down next to Lily.

FIN
You were... pregnant? My God.

LILY
I know I should have told you, but I wasn't ready for it. I wasn't ready for a baby. But I needed you. I needed to get married.

FIN
What did you do?

LILY
What do you mean? I had an abortion.

FIN
(nonchalantly)
You mean, you just got rid of it. Like my tooth.

LILY
I'd say it was a harder decision,
Finny.

Fin takes this in and sits, bewildered by what Lily has said.

FIN
Why didn't you tell me?

LILY
Because you would have wanted it.
And I didn't know if I could do
that at that time of my life. It
was the right decision.

FIN
For you. The right decision for
you.

Fin gets up and walks out of the living room and into the kitchen. Lily follows him. The spaces combine, the living room flows into the kitchen, one starts and the other ends.

LILY
What does this mean, Fin?

FIN
Ta-ta for now?

Fin takes the nearest heavy object, a cast iron pan and hits Lily over the head with it. The blow kills her instantly.

FIN (V.O.)
There. No more pain. She's dead.
And she'll never harass me again.

Fin immediately photographs Lily on her back, with several close-ups of her face.

FIN
I've captured death. The look of
death. The moment when life is
drained out of a human being. I'll
win every photographic award there
is!

A goofy smile is on his face as he drags her body over to the trash receptacle. He opens the tiny door that normally would allow only small amounts of trash to go out.

CUT TO:

INT. FIN'S APARTMENT-LATER

Fin is hacking away at Lily's body, making small strides as he wonders aloud what to do with the body. He looks up at his many photographs that decorate the apartment.

FIN (V.O.)

Why the hell did I marry her? What the hell am I going to do now? I'm beginning to think that solving a problem immediately isn't always the best thing for me.

He gets angry with himself.

FIN

Shut up and get back to work.

Fin continues his work with dedication and a goofy smile.

CUT TO:

INT. FIN'S APARTMENT-A FEW HOURS LATER

Fin has finished the arduous task of cutting up his dead wife. He has most of the parts in Glad Bags, sitting by the back kitchen door. He grins. He takes some more photographs of the body and takes a few of the kitchen wallpaper.

FIN (V.O.)

Time for fun! This work is for morons. No wonder grave diggers are usually high school dropouts.

CUT TO:

INT. DINO'S BAR AND GRILLE-NIGHT

Fin is sitting at the bar in his favorite hangout. The BARTENDER, 56, a heavyset African-American with lots of gold in his teeth, has known Fin and Lily for a few years. He's worried about Lily.

BARTENDER

It's not like her to not come in without calling here, Finny. You say she was going to meet you here?

FIN

That's right. It's a little troublesome.

Fin smiles. He suddenly remembers that the bartender has not yet seen Fin's mouth where the tooth used to reside. Fin opens his mouth wide.

BARTENDER

Wider, Fin, I can't see... oh, my God! That's a gap.

FIN

You betcha partner.

Fin knocks back a beer and orders a shot. The bartender pours a rye neat.

BARTENDER

Think we should call someone?

FIN

Who? Her brother? He hates me.

BARTENDER

Why?

FIN

He said from the get-go that I was not good enough for Lily. That was it. No explanation of why I wasn't. Just that I wasn't.

FIN (V.O.)

Now shut the fuck up and mop the bar.

BARTENDER

Good enough.

FIN

You betcha.

BARTENDER

What an asshole.

The bartender attends to a customer down the bar. Fin pulls out his cell phone and accepts a pretend call.

FIN

(on the phone)

Oh, hi honey! Where are you?
That's too bad. Yes, I'm here.
The bartender says hi.

The bartender overhears some of the fake conversation and walks back down to be near Fin.

BARTENDER
Is it Lily?

Fin attempts a phony conversation.

FIN
Sure, I'll wait here. But that's
real late, honey. Why don't I just
meet you at home later. Take a
cab, no buses at this time of
night. No, I insist.

The bartender leans forward to see if he can hear any of the
conversation.

BARTENDER
Say hi for me.

FIN
I insist you take a cab. Money is
not important when it comes to your
safety.

The bartender smiles and nods his head in agreement.

BARTENDER
Let me talk to her for a sec,
Finny. I want to say hello.

Fin nods his head, and puts up his finger, the wait-a-minute
sign. The bartender nods his head in agreement.

FIN
Everyone here says hello. Yes.
Yes, dear. I know dear.

BARTENDER
Ah, love. For my darling, I love
you... and I always will.

The crowd of seven look up and clap. The clapping is lame.
Fin smiles and continues his fake phone call.

FIN
Hey, Lil, the bartender is buying
drinks for everyone 'cause of us.
I know. It is sweet. Now,
remember, you promised to take a
cab, right? Okay. I love you,
too. Bye-bye.

Fin collapses his phone and downs the rye in one gulp. He is
in unknown territory now.

BARTENDER
 Hey, Finny, is she alright? I
 wanted to say hello.

FIN
 Yes, yes, yes. I-I think she's
 going straight home. She's in a
 bad part of town.

The crowd waves to Fin and the bartender.

BARTENDER
 Where?

FIN
 Uh, the... ghetto. Do we still
 call it a ghetto?

BARTENDER
 Well, depends. It depends who you
 are, what money you have, what
 ethnicity you are, things of that
 nature.

FIN
 Well, she's in a bad part of town.
 That's why I said to take a cab.
 You heard me, right?

BARTENDER
 I never eavesdrop on my customers.

FIN (V.O.)
 Yeah, right, you never eavesdrop.

FIN
 Well, I mentioned it several times.
 No buses tonight.

BARTENDER
 How'd she get there? The ghetto?

FIN
 What?

Fin heard the question but needed time to come up with a
 plausible story.

BARTENDER
 How did she get to the ghetto, Fin?
 I'll speak real slowly, alright?

FIN
 Good. I'm a little smashed.

BARTENDER
On one beer and one shot?

FIN (V.O.)
She's pregnant?

FIN
She's... pregnant!

BARTENDER
What? Pregnant? Yippee!

FIN
I guess.

The bartender looks around his bar, the customers now down to five.

BARTENDER
Drinks on the house.

FIN
Yes, it's... quite a great thing,
right?

BARTENDER
You're going to be a father!

FIN
Well, that's what I thought
happens.

Fin realizes his past tense mistake with the bartender.

BARTENDER
What do you mean, Finny?

FIN
Uh, oh, nothing... just that we
tried and tried before and now...
well, maybe it's not the best time.

BARTENDER
It's always a good time for a baby.

FIN
Then you have it!

FIN (V.O.)
Whoops! Bad move, Fin.

BARTENDER
What on earth do you mean?

FIN
Nothing. I'm just excited, that's all.

BARTENDER
You should be!

The bartender becomes angry.

FIN (V.O.)
Whoa!

BARTENDER
The old lady and I tried and tried for years... We had to adopt. But our Melaka is a beauty. Wanna see a picture?

The bartender gets out a picture of MELAKA from his wallet and shows it to Fin.

FIN
She's black. You're black. Your wife is white.

BARTENDER
(angrily)
Your point?

FIN
Nothing. Did I show you my missing tooth?

BARTENDER
God, yes, Fin. Now let's talk about being a father.

FIN
Oh, no.

The conversation goes on for twenty minutes. How to change a diaper. When to enroll in pre-pre-school. How to get your wife to pay more attention to you than the baby.

BARTENDER
... And you can squeeze the coconut balm right on her nipples. It's so freaky.

FIN (V.O.)
I've got to get up early to bury Lily in the backyard before the neighbors get up.

FIN
Gotta get up. Another day, another
murder.

The bartender is waiting on other customers.

BARTENDER
(yelling)
I'll see you and Lily tomorrow,
right?

FIN
Right, Dino.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER FIN DREAM

INT. FANCY FASHION BOUTIQUE-DAY

Fin is on his own television station once again, this time he's a FASHION EXPERT, designing his own clothes in front of a well behaved audience. He presents to the group his latest design, a fancy man's suit positioned on a dress form.

FIN
Students, let's pick up where we
left off last week. Who can tell
me what color scheme would go with
my suit?

An AUDIENCE MEMBER takes the plunge.

AUDIENCE MEMBER
I think pink. Yes, I'd like to see
pink as the color of the jacket,
with pink and white stripes down
the black slacks.

Fin coyly smiles at the audience.

FIN
Well, everybody?

The audience is uneasy, not wanting to disagree with Fin.

AUDIENCE MEMBER
Pink's not for everyone.

Fin grabs a hot iron off the ironing board and smacks the audience member over the head with it. He is out cold, probably dead. The audience cheers.

FIN

You see, my friends, not every design is the right design, not every color pattern is the right color pattern. Any more takers out there?

The audience grows silent. Then, a small GIRL asks Fin a question.

SMALL GIRL

Why do you insist on killing everyone who doesn't agree with you?

The audience moans and groans. The girl's FATHER jumps out of the audience and races up to the stage.

FATHER

Although my daughter has a good point in her question, I hope you will not harm her. She is but an infant.

Fin picks up the young girl.

FIN

Don't worry, Papa, she'll be fine with me. I'm not sure about you.

Fin gently puts the child down, grabs a long, sharp sewing needle and stabs the father in the eye, killing him instantly. The audience applauds.

END DREAM

CUT TO:

INT. FIN'S APARTMENT-NEXT DAY

Fin is sitting in his kitchen with a hand held mirror, admiring his missing tooth. He then stares at the Glad Bags that contain his wife. The bags are rigid to the touch and a smell has begun to permeate through the apartment. There is a knock at the door. Fin walks to the door.

FIN

Who is it?

VOICE

It's Peter.

FIN

One moment.

FIN (V.O.)

Shit! Double shit! What am I
going to do?

Fin grabs the Glad Bags and drags them across the floor, into the bedroom closet. They don't exactly fit. One end of a bag sticks out of the semi-closed closet door. Fin races back to the front door.

PETER

Open up.

Fin opens the door.

FIN

Peter! Peter-the-dentist! Peter-O-
rooni!

PETER

Where's my sister? Where's Lily?

Peter snoops around the immediate area.

FIN

She's not here.

PETER

She lives here.

FIN

She never came home. I thought she
was with you.

PETER

Me? Why would she be with me
overnight?

He sticks his head inside the next room.

FIN

Uh, I-I don't know. Maybe she
wanted to get closer to you?

PETER

Is that a question?

Fin opens his mouth wide.

FIN

Look at my teeth! There's one
missing.

Peter falls for it, then dismisses his idiot brother-in-law.

PETER

I know, airhead, I took it out,
remember airhead?

FIN

Oh, yeah. Well, like I said, she's
not here. Never came home.

PETER

What's that smell?

His nose is rooting out an awful odor.

FIN

What smell?

PETER

It smells like dead rats coming
from... the kitchen. You have a
rat problem?

FIN

Uh, I-I.. We do. Yes, we do.

Fin picks up his camera and begins photographing Peter.

PETER

Get that thing out of my face.

FIN

Sorry.

PETER

I've tried her cell, no go, it's
off. I've tried calling all night,
but no one picked up. Don't you
have an answering machine?

Peter looks for one on the small tables in the room.

FIN

We used to, but Lily got sick of my
funny bits I did on the telephone.
God, they were hilarious!

FIN (V.O.)

They were to die for.

PETER

I'm going to go to the police. I
have to find her. Why aren't you
concerned?

FIN
I'm concerned alright. You betcha.

PETER
Well, you don't show it.

FIN
Sometimes concern can be
discerning.

FIN (V.O.)
And sometimes death can be a real
blow to a person.

PETER
Jesus, I never knew why on earth my
sister married you.

FIN
I-I don't know either.

Fin eyes a huge ashtray on the coffee table in the living room. He leads Peter over to that area of the apartment.

PETER
The smell gets worse when you go
near the bedroom. Fin, what
happened?

FIN
What do you mean?

Fin grabs the large, round ashtray that is usually filled with M&M's.

PETER
Talk to me, Fin.

Peter's is headed toward the bedroom, sniffing away like some fool bloodhound. Fin walks up behind him.

FIN
I'm doing this for all dental
patients around the world.

Fin bashes the back of Peter's head in, breaking the ashtray into tiny bits of colored glass.

FIN (V.O.)
Another problem down the drain.

Peter's body lay motionless. Fin kicks Peter's leg. Then he kicks his stomach. Then he kicks his head.

No movement at all. He picks up his camera again and photographs Peter's body on the floor. He shoots a full roll of film on Peter.

FIN (V.O.)
A family picnic.

Fin drags Peter's body into the kitchen. He gets out the saw from the bottom kitchen drawer.

FIN (V.O.)
I'm learning as I go.....

CUT TO:

INT. FIN'S APARTMENT-CONTINUOUS

Fin is wrapping up Pete's body. He is out of Glad Bags and must use a lesser brand.

FIN (V.O.)
Glad is a Johnson and Johnson company. Johnson and Johnson is a family company. I need family strength plastic bags.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL GROCERY STORE- LATER

Fin is in line at the grocery store. He has shopped a little bit more than he wanted to, and wound up with twenty items in the "less than 15" check out stand. Not wanting to attract any attention, he nervously puts back five items, including the Glad Bags. The CLERK, 19, a blonde haired surfer dude, hasn't a care in the world.

CLERK
Dude, put those things back in your scoop area. I'll ring 'em, bro.

FIN
That's kind of you, sir. Wouldn't you know it, I came in for the Glad Bags

FIN (V.O.)
Oops! Shit, now there's a connection between me and Glad Bags. And this pisser is the only one who can identify... wait a minute.

(MORE)

FIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I can't kill anyone here in broad
 daylight at the grocery store.
 What am I thinking?

CLERK
 Hey, dude, I use those all the
 time. If you got a lot of trash to
 put in there, it'll hold it, dude.
 It's the best brand we carry. I
 should know, dude, I'm working my
 way up to assistant manager. I'm
 the assistant to the assistant
 right now.

FIN
 Wow! Want to see something?

CLERK
 Sure, what is it?

Fin opens his mouth wide.

FIN
 I lost that tooth yesterday.

CLERK
 Someone hit you in the mouth?

FIN
 No, I had it pulled. By a dentist.
 My brother-in-law. Used to be.

FIN (V.O.)
 "Used to be"? Am I that stupid?

CLERK
 What's the problem?

FIN
 Nothing. Nothing at all.

An older LADY, middle-aged, attractive with gray hair, is in
 back of Fin and grows impatient.

LADY
 God damn it, get it going! Move it
 along there, sonny boys.

CLERK
 Yes, Ma'am. Will do, right away,
 let's go.

The clerk rings up Fin's twenty items and puts them in a
 plastic bag.

LADY

Come on, let's go! I gotta get home to watch those rich, hairy Armenian sisters who have big boobs and big butts try to fit into their clothes. It's hilarious.

CLERK

Yes, Ma'am. I'm trying, ma'am.

FIN

I'll need to reinforce this bag. It's your company's bag. It's not a Glad Bag, is it?

FIN (V.O.)

Not a Glad Bag! What is this world coming to?

Fin moves along like a good little customer. The lady finally gets her items rung up. She stares at Fin's mouth.

LADY

Why on earth would you have that tooth pulled on purpose?

FIN

It solved a problem. It took care of the pain.

LADY

Well, you're an idiot. A real idiot.

The lady dismisses Fin and pays her bill. Fin walks out of the grocery store, first stopping to look at some inexpensive Hawaiian shirts on sale.

FIN (V.O.)

Now's the time to live.

He picks through to find one he likes. He hides it in the rack for the next visit. He photographs the shirts in the exact order he left them.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE-CONTINUOUS

Fin is outside the grocery store, walking back to his apartment. He sees the older lady from the store walking in front of him. He catches up to her and begins a conversation.

FIN

Excuse me, ma'am, but I would like
a word with you.

The lady turns and speaks.

LADY

Do you know what the great comedian
W.C.Fields used to say?

FIN

No.

LADY

Get away kid, you bother me.
Well...

FIN

I'm the kid? And I'm bothering
you?

She turns to address him face to face.

LADY

I'm fifty-seven years old. What
else would you be? My boyfriend?
My lover? Mon cheri?

FIN (V.O.)

Watch out, Reese, she knows French.

FIN

Did you mean what you said back in
the store? Am I an idiot?

She starts walking down the street again.

LADY

You have a dentist pull a tooth at
your age? Yes, I'd have to say you
were an idiot.

FIN

But I didn't mean to be an idiot.

The lady comes to a complete stand still and addresses Fin
directly again.

LADY

Look, sonny boy, you are a nice
looking young man. Handsome, lean,
with provocative features.

(MORE)

LADY (CONT'D)

Why would you not take advantage of all that the dentist's world could do for you?

FIN

I wanted immediate satisfaction for my pain.

Fin and the lady begin walking together.

LADY

That's it, sonny boy. I knew you'd say something along them lines. Immediate satisfaction. That's what's wrong with this country today. Everyone wants a quick fix.

FIN (V.O.)

I'm screaming at you now but you can't hear me. Na-na-na-na-na-na!

A bus approaches. The lady turns to Fin to say good-bye. The bus stop is hidden from the street by large, untrimmed bushes, a result of city budget cuts. No one can see the bus until it's right there upon waiting riders. There is no one at the stop other than the lady. Fin gives her the slightest push and off the curb she goes, right onto the honking bus. Fin photographs a few frames of her actually hitting the huge bus, but runs off before anyone can see him.

FIN

Bye-bye to you, grandma.

FIN (V.O.)

Bye you old piece of dog shit!

Fin observes the lady on the ground, motionless. People are gathering quickly at the scene, screaming and crying.

FIN (V.O.)

Death took no holiday today, that's for sure! Look at the crying public. They didn't even know her! But they cry as if she were their grandma!

CUT TO:

INT. FIN'S APARTMENT- ONE HOUR LATER

Fin is sitting in his living room, with great open bay windows and a lot of early afternoon light. He hears some kids down below his window talking about the lady's demise.

While he sits, he shoots a few rolls of street life, all from the big bay window. He overhears a KID out on the street below him.

KID

Cops say she was toast as soon as she hit the bus! And she flew like Superman!

Fin closes the window and sits for a moment. He ponders his mistakes so far.

FIN (V.O.)

What am I doing? I've killed three people. Now, the only thing I have to show for it is a missing tooth.

There is a knock at his door.

FIN

Who is it?

VOICE

It's Lily. Open up.

FIN

Uh, who?

VOICE

Lily. Your wife. You know, the one you sleep with every night?

FIN (V.O.)

How many Norcos are you taking a day now? Twelve? Better get a hold of that shit right now!

Fin carefully unlocks the door and opens it a crack. He sees Lily and is flabbergasted. She is carrying two bags of groceries and needs help.

FIN (V.O.)

Uh-oh, Spaghetto's!

LILY

(annoyed)

Just don't stand there, Fin, grab a bag. I had to go shopping twice this week. We really need to watch our spending.

Fin takes a grocery bag from Lily. They walk into the kitchen.

FIN

You're absolutely right. The economy is not our buddy at this date in the history of humanity.

She looks at him like he's drunk.

LILY

Something like that.

FIN (V.O.)

What's going on? Am I crazy?

CUT TO:

INT. FIN'S KITCHEN—CONTINUOUS

LILY

Do you know we spent over twenty dollars this month on Glad Bags alone?

FIN (V.O.)

What? How? I mean....

FIN

What? How? I mean...

Fin stares at his wife, who he swears he killed the day before.

LILY

What's in these bags here by the back door? And what's that God awful smell in here?

LILY (V.O.)

What the hell is this jerk up to?

Fin is shaken by this revelation. He follows Lily around like a puppy dog as she puts away the groceries.

FIN

Let me help you, darling.

LILY

You're not bringing much into the war chest these days, I'm not saying that's bad, mind you, I know artists have slow months, but the kid down at the grocery store, real nice young man who is itching to make manager...

Fin throws up his hands. Lily turns to Fin to make her point directly at him.

FIN (V.O.)
Has life taken a turn for the
bizarre? Am I crazy?

LILY (V.O.)
Oh, this idiot doesn't know
anything yet, does he?

FIN
About nineteen, blonde hair, a
surfer type?

LILY
That's him! Do you know what is
nice about that whole thing? He
wants to work hard, he wants to
help you in line, he wants to let
you go in the line for fifteen and
under even if you have twenty
items....

Fin is now almost ready to blow a gasket. He is totally lost in this scenario.

FIN
Yeah... he sounds like... a nice
guy.

FIN (V.O.)
He's next on my list.

LILY
Fin! Are you listening to me?

FIN
Lily, stand still, right in that
spot!.

LILY (V.O.)
What's this goon going to try now?

Fin gets his camera and shoots a few shots of her, from every angle imaginable.

LILY
I look awful Fin. Let me put on
some....

FIN (V.O.)
Thanks. For old time's sake.

Fin takes the same pan he thought he used before and slams it over Lily's head. She drops like a ton of flour and that's that.

FIN (V.O.)

Now, if you promise to stay dead, I won't have to kill you a third time, will I?

Fin kicks the body. It's motionless. He then walks over to the bags that he dragged from the closet this morning and put by the back door.

FIN (V.O.)

This time, you're dead. But who's in the bag on the floor?

Fin reaches over to one of the Glad Bags and unwinds the twist top wire at the top of the bag. He leans over, holding his nose, and peers inside the bag.

FIN (V.O.)

Holy Moly!

He removes an arm with clothing similar to, no, exactly like what Lily who is half-way chopped up is wearing.

FIN

It can't be the same person. How is that even possible?

There is a knock at the door. Fin recognizes the voice even before he gets to the living room.

PETER

It's me, Peter, let me in.

FIN

(weaving)
Who?

FIN (V.O.)

What the hell? Is this the last episode of "Fin's Reality"?

VOICE

Open up, it's Peter.

Fin is speechless.

FIN (V.O.)

What the hell is going on? Won't anyone in this family stay dead?

FIN
Peter, is that really you?

PETER
Yeah, it is, Fin. Open up... I'm
concerned over Lily. She's
missing.

Fin turn purple in the face and spins around twice in his
tennis shoes.

FIN
I thought... I-I thought you had
gone... out of town?

PETER
Nope. Still here. Let me in.

Fin unlocks the front door and lets Peter in.

FIN
Hey Peter, what's up?

FIN (V.O.)
Hey Peter, why aren't you dead?

PETER
Don't you remember? We were
looking for my sister a few hours
ago.

FIN
I don't remember.

Peter walks all around the living room.

FIN (V.O.)
Look, Finny, too many drugs just
aren't any fun.

PETER
You better remember, Fin. Or I'll
have cops all over this apartment.

Fin physically places his arms on Peter's body.

FIN
Peter, do me a favor, will you?
Stand still in this spot.

PETER
What? You mean here?

FIN

Yes.

FIN (V.O.)

No, out the window, you fucking dentist. Who becomes a dentist anyway? Morons who can't finish law school, or flunk out of medical school?

Fin gets the camera and photographs Peter exactly as he did Lily. Fin then uses another colored ashtray, same size as the last one, to smash in Peter's skull. He goes down like his sister, like a four ton bag of flour.

FIN

Now God damn it. Everyone! Please stay dead.

Fin kicks Peter's body like he did before, but this time, just a little bit harder.

FIN (V.O.)

Good. Now, onto the sawing, dispersing of body parts into Glad Bags, and the final dumping of four dead people tonight!

Fin drags Peter's body into the kitchen where there are now a total of four dead bodies... two Lilys and two Peters.

FIN (V.O.)

I'm gonna need some help. Oh, and more colored ashtrays.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-FOUR HOURS LATER-NIGHT

Fin has successfully cut up two more bodies, finished sawing up the first Peter body and put them all into Glad bags and set them near the back kitchen door. The original hacked up Lily body is there, too. The bags now take up most of the kitchen floor. He has labeled each body by numbers, one and two. This saved him quite a bit of time and possible confusion.

FIN (V.O.)

Okay.. Who's helping me tonight? I need help with this. Who's available?

Fin chuckles to himself.

FIN
Who's still alive?

CUT TO:

INT. DINO'S BAR AND GRILLE-NIGHT

Fin has managed to fit the Glad Bags into his trunk and back seat of the dilapidated wreck he calls a car. It is parked in the alley behind the bar. Fin walks in, nonchalantly, and greets Dino.

DINO
Hey, Finny, my boy. How's the pregnant father?

Dino slaps Fin's back.

FIN
What? I'm not pregnant.

DINO
Of course you are. Once your old lady is knocked up, you become knocked up. It's some kind of body transference of something or other.

FIN (V.O.)
If I get a chance to kill you....

FIN
Hey, Dino, I'm not in the mood, okay? Just give me a shot of rye and a cold Foster's.

DINO
Jesus, alright already. I'm coming.

Dino pours the shot and gets the large Australian beer and sets them in front of Fin.

FIN
Thanks.

FIN (V.O.)
Thank God this asshole isn't asking questions....

DINO
So... where is she?

FIN

Oh, God, not you too? She's around.

DINO

You look like shit, Finny. You look like you've seen a ghost. Or several of them.

FIN

I say boo to you.

Fin drinks his shot and finishes most of the beer in one long gulp. Dino automatically brings him another set. Before realizing what is happening, Fin photographs a hard working Dino taking care of his other customers.

DINO

Catch my best side, okay?

FIN

Just had to get that shot of your huge ass.

Fin shoots a roll of film.

DINO

I just wondered where your wife was, Fin. No need to go nuke on me.

FIN

Oh, alright. Set me up again.

DINO

Jesus, I just gave you a set up. Slow down!

FIN

I have another tooth ache.

DINO

What?

FIN (V.O.)

What the fuck? Can't you hear, you fat fuck?

FIN

Hey, Dino, I wanted to know if you might want to help me with a photography project I'm in the middle of about garbage.

DINO
What is it?

FIN
It's a study in garbage bags...
very chic, aina-hey?

DINO
Garbage bags? I dunno know....

FIN
Aw, come on, Dino. Lily is...
pregnant and I don't want her
lifting things...

DINO
Oh.... Well... alright. What do I
have to do?

While the two are discussing the Glad Bag caper, in walks the older lady literally threw under a bus earlier in the day. Fin spots her at the end of the bar.

FIN (V.O.)
Her? What the fuck? No, no, this
shit's not happening again.

FIN
Who's the older lady at the end of
the bar?

DINO
Oh, she's okay. She comes in for a
spot of sherry every once in a
while.

FIN (V.O.)
How the fuck can she drink sherry
or anything else when she's dead?

FIN
I'll get back with you, Dino. I
need to talk with her.

DINO
Suit yourself.

Dino goes back to cleaning a spot he's cleaned with a white bar mop for the last twelve years. Fin moves down the bar to be next to the lady.

FIN
What the hell are you doing here?

LADY

What? We older folks can't come into a bar? A mature woman can't have a little sherry now and again?

FIN

No. You were killed by a bus today. I know. I was there.

LADY

What on earth are you saying?

FIN (V.O.)

I threw you under a bus. A big one.

FIN

I thought you were injured by a huge bus today.

LADY

I don't see exactly how that's possible, sonny boy.

FIN (V.O.)

This is officially a kind fuck right up in here.

FIN

This is fucking crazy. I saw you get hit by a bus. This is crazy, man.

LADY

Please, don't use that word... crazy... around me. I hate that word.

The lady starts laughing at her own joke. Pretty soon, Fin is laughing, too. He slaps the lady on the back, a little too hard.

FIN

That's a good one!

LADY

Why did you do that?

FIN (V.O.)

I felt like it, bitch!

FIN

It was funny, so I slapped your back. What's the prob?

Dino looks over at the twosome and furls his brow at Fin.

LADY
Well? Speak, sonny boy.

FIN
I'm sorry. I'm Fin.

LADY
What kind of dumb name is that?
Fin? Were your parents from
Finland?

She laughs again at her second dumb joke.

FIN
Yes. Yes they were.

LADY
Oh. I didn't know that. I'm sorry
I laughed. Well, then, Fin is an
appropriate name.

FIN
It's better than Land.

The twosome laugh at Fin's dumb joke. Fin sees her glass is empty.

LADY
Good one, sonny boy.

FIN
Another sherry?

LADY
Sure. Your French is impossible,
not impeccable.

FIN
My French is Polish.

The twosome laugh again. They are starting to bond. Dino looks down the bar and winks at Fin.

LADY
My Polish is polished.

FIN
Garcon, two more set ups here.

LADY
I'm surprised you used the phrase
set up.

FIN

I'm from the past. My entire
psyche is from an earlier time...
say, the thirties? Maybe the
forties?

LADY

Well, we could have had some fun
back then, let me tell you. What
do you do, Fin?

FIN

I'm a photographer slash artist.
Mostly, though, I'm out of work.

LADY

How do you get by?

Fin shows her his camera.

FIN

I sell my photos. Not many, but
some bring big dollars, like ten or
fifteen a pop.

LADY

How the hell do you live on that?

FIN

Well, my wife does most of the
financial planning.

LADY

I knew it. Another leech.

FIN (V.O.)

How did she find out?

The woman tries to move down one stool, but Fin grabs hold of
her.

FIN

I'm not a leach. I'm an artist
whose time has not come yet.

LADY

Listen, sonny boy, I-

FIN

-Don't call me sonny boy.

Fin grows more and more aggressive.

LADY

Did I do that? Well, you look like a sonny boy.

FIN

You called me that before.

LADY

I did? When?

She ponders the question intensely.

FIN

When I had a tooth pulled that was so prominent in my mouth. You said I should have had a root canal or something. So did my wife, come to think of it.

LADY

When was this?

FIN

In the grocery store. You were in back of me, I was taking too much time talking to the clerk. You were getting really mad.

Both take a sip of their drink.

LADY

I don't remember that.

FIN

Well... Now, even I'm not sure it really happened.

LADY

You're not one of those young people on drugs, are you?

FIN

No. But maybe I should be.

Dino comes over to talk with them.

DINO

So, Finny, what is this project? What do you want me to do?

FIN

(whispering)

Help me dump a load of garbage bags into the ocean tonight.

(MORE)

FIN (CONT'D)
I'm going to photograph them as
they float out to sea.

The lady overhears them.

LADY
That's polluting the seas, young
man.

DINO
Yeah, Fin, I'm not sure-

Fin grabs Dino's shirt.

FIN
-Look, Dino, I need your help.

DINO
Settle down. Where are the garbage
bags.

FIN
I've got four bags, good, strong
Glad bags, in my car.

LADY
What if Fin has murdered some
people and you're going to be an
unknowing accomplice?

DINO
(sarcastically)
Yeah, Fin. What about it?

FIN (V.O.)
Awe, fuck. Now what do I do?

Fin is scared. The proverbial jig is up and no one can stop
the police from coming in now and arresting Fin for murder.

LADY
What about it Fin?

DINO
Yeah, Finny boy?

At the same moment, both Dino and the lady burst into
laughter at the idea of Fin's murdering anybody.

LADY
You had us going there, with your
shaking hands and your red face.

DINO
Not to mention your sweaty brow!

Both of them laugh and laugh. The lady tosses back her sherry and pushes her empty glass toward Dino for another set up.

LADY
(hiccup)
Hit me again, Dino.

Fin stops thinking about trash bags for a moment and thinks about the lady. She'll be smashed in another sherry or two.

FIN (V.O.)
Hmm. Should I? Do I have enough glad bags in the trunk? Is she drunk enough?

DINO
Fin, another round?

FIN
Sure Dino, set me up again. And I've got this and the last round.

LADY
Why thank you, sonny boy.

FIN (V.O.)
Quit calling me sonny boy.

FIN
You know, the words sonny boy really bugs me. Does it bug you, Dino?

DINO
Hell, if I were young enough to be considered a sonny boy, I wouldn't mind it at all. It's way better than the phrase girly boy.

LADY
Or goofy boy. Or toothless boy.

Dino and the lady laugh. When they laugh, he feels they're laughing at him.

FIN
Regardless, I don't care for this sonny boy business.

Dino walks away. Fin looks the lady straight in the eyes. He photographs her face.

FIN (V.O.)

I'll give you one chance, you old
bat, before I up and throw you
under another bus. Quit calling me
sonny boy.

FIN

Please don't call me sonny boy.

LADY

Sonny boy, sonny boy, sonny boy!
And that's just an aperitif of
insults you having coming your way
tonight!

The lady downs the sherry in front of her. Fin grabs her arm.

FIN

I'll show you...

LADY

Owee! That hurts.

Dino sees this and comes running to his customer's aid. He comes over the bar and unhands Fin from accosting the old lady.

DINO

Hey! What's the beef here?

LADY

This young blood is hurting me.
Let go, you dumb sonny boy!

Dino struggles with Fin.

DINO

Let her go, Fin. Let her go!

Fin lets go of her arm.

FIN (V.O.)

Where's a big colored ashtray when
you really need one?

FIN

I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry. I
never hurt people, Dino, you know
that.

The lady gets off her bar stool, wavering and off balance. Dino sees her to the front door. He comes back to admonish Fin.

DINO
(angrily)
That nice lady never hurt a fly.
Yet you grabbed her poor arm and
probably left a bruise. A big
bruise.

FIN
I did at that. You betcha.

DINO
What the hell's wrong with you,
kid?

A dejected Fin confesses his feelings to Dino.

FIN
I don't know. I haven't been
myself since my tooth was
extracted... against my will, I
might add!

Fin looks into Dino's eyes.

DINO
I'm not sure I understand you,
Finny. You came in here the other
day, real happy about your tooth
being gone and you smiled for the
camera, so to speak, and now you're
saying it was forcibly removed?

FIN
That's what I'm saying. As God as
my witness, I will testify to that.

DINO
What the hell you mean? We're not
in court.

FIN (V.O.)
Not yet.

DINO
Are we?

FIN
I said not yet.

Dino is a little scared of his friend at the moment.

DINO

Well, why the beef with that lady?
You've never even seen her before
tonight, have you?

FIN

That's what I'm wondering.

FIN (V.O.)

Christ, this is a fucking mess.

CUT TO:

INT. DINO'S BAR-AN HOUR LATER

Dino and Fin are the last two in the bar. Dino is ready to lock up. Fin is quite drunk, Dino just a bit. Fin is wandering around the bar, using his Nikon as an eye into Dino's world.

FIN

Hey, Dino baby, are you ready for my big artistically-challenged-yet - very-interesting-if-I-photographed-it-right project? God, I couldn't say that again if I wanted to.

DINO

You mean the garbage bag caper?

Dino wipes down the last of his stainless steel coolers.

FIN

Is that what you're calling it?

DINO

Yep. I suppose... I'll almost through here. We'll leave through the back door. Isn't your car parked back there?

Dino locks up the register.

FIN

(belching and hiccuping)
You betcha!

DINO

Where we going again?

FIN

Down Broadway, to the bay.

FIN (V.O.)
I'm a little crazy.

FIN
I'm a lot drunk. I'm a drunk a lot. I drink a lot. I drink and get drunked lot.

DINO
Shut up!

Dino throws a bar rag at his drunken friend.

FIN
Okay.

They walk out of the bar.

DINO
Good night, sweet prince. Until tomorrow. Be good. Cockroaches, don't get too hammered. Mice, watch the cockroaches.

FIN (V.O.)
This is what happens to a middle aged man with too much time on is hands.

CUT TO:

EXT. OF DINO'S BAR AND GRILLE-CONTINUOUS

Dino and Fin are approaching Fin's wreck when Dino stops for a moment.

DINO
Wait a minute! Hey, Finny, we can't go anywhere tonight.

FIN (V.O.)
I've got the urge... the urge to murder!

FIN
Why not, Dino? Something wrong with my agenda? The glad bags too artsy for you?

Fin gets in his car and nods to Dino to do the same.

DINO
What stinks? Why the camera?

FIN

The photographs will symbolize
man's inhumanity to man.

DINO

Through garbage? That's the
dumbest thing I've ever heard.

CUT TO:

INT. FIN'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

Fin is driving down Broadway late at night.

DINO

God! The stench! What kind of
garbage is this?

FIN (V.O.)

Would you just shut up and let me
do the talking?

FIN

Oh, let's just say that what was
once alive is now dead.

DINO

You make it sound morose. If it's
just common garbage, then it was
neither alive nor dead.

FIN (V.O.)

Hardy har-har-har!

DINO

Am I right?

FIN

Guess so.

Dino gets a little bit inquisitive about the back seat Glad
bags and begins to untwist the ties that bind one of he bags.

DINO

Just what the hell is in these
bags? Cheese?

FIN

Hey, Dino, don't.

He looks inside the top of one bag and sees a shoe.

FIN (V.O.)
Pop goes the weasel!

Dino stops his searching.

DINO
Jesus, Fin, I just wanted to see
what kind of garbage can create
such a morbid smell.

Dino throws the shoe out the window.

FIN
Well, as silly as it may sound,
I've got the garbage just the way I
want it. Arranged just so.

Fin drives with care and smiles, sucking up air where the gap
in his mouth is.

FIN (V.O.)
Heads on the bottom, torsos in the
middle and hands and feet toward
the top of the bags. All nice and
neat.

Dino changes the mood inside the car.

DINO
I feel like a steak. You hungry?

FIN
No, Dino. Let's just see who can
be mister quiet during our ride to
the bay.

DINO
Sure, Fin, sure.

The smell soon forces Dino to hold his nose.

FIN
That's a good bartender.

DINO
I can't be mister quiet... the car
stinks.

FIN (V.O.)
You'll be dead soon, so what the
fuck!

Fin drives on a few miles down Broadway. He thinks he spots the lady from Dino's bar, the one he supposedly murdered earlier in the day.

FIN

Hey, Dino, isn't that the little lady? Right over there.

Fin points to a small lady walking down Broadway, staggering, and singing some kind of song at the top of her lungs.

DINO

Yeah, that's her. Wow! She's got guts, walking the streets late at night. I'll bet she could beat up anyone she meets out here, though.

Fin sees this as one hell of an opportunity. He pulls over and yells out to her.

FIN (V.O.)

What an opportunity! I can kill her again.

Dino tries out his Jerry Lewis imitation. They both roll down their windows and yell out to the street.

DINO

Hey la-dee!

FIN

Hey! Yeah, you? Remember us? From the bar?

The lady walks over to the car and peers into Fin's window to see who they are.

LADY

(singing)

I have often walked on this street before, but it... la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la.. On the street where you live.. Who are you morons?

FIN

Christ, it's your sonny boy.

FIN (V.O.)

Yeah, the one who will kill you again and again until I get it right.

LADY

Sonny boy! How are ya?

FIN

I've got Dino here with me.

Dino waves at the lady. She peers ever-so-closely at the two men.

LADY

Hi ya Dino, whadaya hear from Frank and Sammy?

DINO

Hi! What are you doing out here at this time of night?

LADY

Trying to pick up a quick couple of bucks, if you know what I mean. I can show you fellas a good time, if ya let me.

The lady does a little dance for the men. Fin is rolling his eyes, while Dino thinks it's cute. Dino tries to pick up the camera, but Fin stops him immediately.

FIN

Nobody shoots any pictures except me, okay?

Dino puts down the camera. He's a little angry at Fin.

DINO

Sure, sure, Ansel Adams. Don't worry about it.

LADY

I knew Ansel Adams.

FIN

You knew the guy who photographed Lincoln.

The lady stares at FIN.

LADY

Your car stinks.

DINO

You know, I should ask this... you got a name?

LADY

Yes I do. You're right, we have not been formally introduced.

FIN (V.O.)

I'm the guy who's gonna kill you real good!

FIN

I'm Fin Reese. This is Dino Bar-And-Grille.

LADY

What?

FIN

I was joking. What is your last name?

FIN (V.O.)

I need a name for the obit column.

DINO

Ha-ha, very finny, Funny. My name is Dino Torrance. Originally from New York, but hijacked to California at the early age of twelve. Cut my teeth in a bar called the Velvet Frog. Came up here to the Bay area when I got married for the fifth time, back in ninety-one. From then on, it's history.

Dino sits back in the passenger seat and glares at Fin.

FIN

That sobered me up. What a boring resume.

LADY

Well, my name is.... Why the hell do you have me hanging out here, talking to you like I really was a hooker.

Dino opens the front door for the lady. She gets in. It's a little bit of a squeeze, but she fits.

FIN

All set?

The lady holds her nose.

LADY

Jesus Mary and Joseph! What on earth is that awful smell? It's the fragrance of death, if you ask me.

DINO

It is awful, isn't it? Fin, I gotta tell ya, this car stinks.

Fin must keep both people in the car long enough to get them down to the docks. He tries to make conversation to avoid the stench issue.

FIN

You didn't tell us your name.

LADY

It's Jenny... Jenny Romero. And I'm sixty-three.

FIN (V.O.)

A clearly respectable age to die.

DINO

Nice to meet you, Jenny Romero. You're a swinging gal!

JENNY

Well, at least no one can accuse me of being a wall flower.

FIN

Nice to met you, Jenny. You've really given me a different outlook on the elderly.

JENNY

How did I do that? Tell you about my mother? Look here, sonny boy, if I'm elderly, then please let me know that.

Jenny looks directly at Dino.

FIN (V.O.)

I've just got to kill you again.

JENNY

Do I look like an old codger to you?

FIN

The correct word is codgerette.

JENNY

You do have a sense of humor, sonny boy.

DINO

You do not look like a codger.. Uh, codgerette I mean.

JENNY

Calling me ma'am doesn't help very much.... Maybe I am an old lady.

Jenny begins to feel sorry for herself.

DINO

I meant no disrespect. In fact, I'd make a pass at you if I wasn't married.

Fin again rolls his eyes.

FIN

But ya are, Blanche, ya are!

DINO

What the hell are you talking about?

JENNY

Oh, I know. He's doing Bette Davis. And it weren't too shabby, neither, sonny boy.

Fin smiles a goofy smile. Lily never got any of his film references. But her insistence of Sonny Boy....

FIN

Okay classroom, I'm not going to say this again.... I hate the word sonny boy.

JENNY

Touchy, touchy.

DINO

There's a great blues harp player by the name of Sonny Boy Williamson. In fact, there are two Sonny Boys.... One of them, his real name was Rice Miller. He was known as Sonny Boy Two. But the other was Sonny Boy Williamson. He came long before number two.

(MORE)

DINO (CONT'D)

Rice was probably more popular than One, but who knows? I wasn't around then, so who knows? Bet you didn't know that, Jenny.

FIN (V.O.)

Oh, boy, here comes a lesson in blues history. I hate blues history. I hate the blues.

JENNY

Bet I did! It was Rice Miller who actually rose to a higher fame on the blues circuit in the fifties. Played and traveled with people like Muddy Waters, Herbert Sumlin, Johnny Shines. The first Sonny Boy was much younger. Even I was too young to appreciate him. But he could play harmonica like a-ringin'-a bell. That's a Chuck Berry line, like-a-ringin'-a-bell! Go! Go! Go Johnny go!

A police car gets suspiciously close to Fin's car.

FIN

Oh, no, I'm sure I have a tail light out or some dang thing.

Fin thinks to himself.

FIN (V.O.)

Or, I have a few dead bodies I've got to get rid of!

JENNY

Let's get out of this territory. Looks like Injuns are a-comin'.

DINO

Now who said that?

JENNY

Randolph Scott, in any movie he made!

All three laugh at the ridiculous statement.

FIN

You're a funny gal, Jenny.

DINO

Ditto.

FIN (V.O.)

Jenny has a great sense of the absurd. Why do I need to kill her... again?

Dino is unfamiliar with the territory they've come to.

DINO

Just how far down into the docks are we going?

FIN

We're going to dump these bags while I shoot them with my old thirty-five millimeter. What I wanted was to smuggle them on board the ferry that travels between Oakland and San Fran. Halfway out, you start dumping them, I start photographing them.

FIN (V.O.)

God, I hope they buy this shit. If they don't, I have to do both of them right here, right now! Ugh!

JENNY

Besides the pollution factor and the smell factor, I can give you any number more problems with that scenario.

Fin rolls his eyes.

FIN (V.O.)

Well, I told you....

FIN

Okay, lady, go. What are the problems?

JENNY

There's the fact that tomorrow morning, someone is bound to smell those bags. Then, how do you keep the bags away from any of the personnel? Then you got the U.S. Coast Guard that is constantly patrolling the waters and are sure to see Dino dump the bags. And while you photograph them, the rest of the passengers, fifty or sixty, will want to know what's going on.

(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)

Then, they'll be asking questions to the ferry personnel about the smell. That smell is your give away.

DINO

You gonna tell us what the hell is inside those bags?

FIN (V.O.)

Not on your life or any other life I can think of.

FIN

No.

Jenny and Dino ride with Fin in complete silence until they arrive at the end of Broadway. Fin parks the car. Dino looks around for any suspicious characters. He scans full circle until he comes around to himself.

DINO

We're the ones I'd arrest if I were a cop!

JENNY

I think you're right, Dino. We look and smell straight out of a Damon Runyon story.

FIN

Who's Da-

JENNY

-mon Runyon? Never mind, Fin. It's way before your time.

Fin gets out of the car. Jenny and Dino follow.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIN'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

Fin and Dino exchange fearful glances. Jenny stands by the car, ready for any kind of excitement.

DINO

My God, Jenny, you've got the energy of three twenty year old kids!

JENNY

More like four fifteen year old's
I'd say!

FIN (V.O.)

The both of you will find that
death eases you out of that
energetic look you love so much.

JENNY

Okay, Fin, what are we supposed to
do now?

DINO

Yeah, what's our assignment?

Fin takes his camera out of the car and starts snapping some awkward pictures of his companions. The camera is pointed at their heads, not faces, but their heads. As he shoots, they both make funny faces.

FIN

Knock it off!

DINO

We're just having some fun.

FIN

These are your head shots, in case
you want to go into movies. Ha!
Ha!

JENNY

You are a strange kid, Fin.

DINO

Let's get these garbage bags
unloaded.

FIN

Yeah, let's bring them out of the
car so I can get them on the boat.
I'm supposed to meet the boat guy
here around now.

FIN (V.O.)

What boat guy? The only boat guy I
know is Gilligan.

Fin comes around to the trunk of the car and opens it. The stench is unbearable.

JENNY

Oh, sweet Jesus and Robert E. Lee!
How can you stand the smell? It's
awful. It's as though someone
died...

Jenny looks over at Dino and Fin. She gets a deep
penetrating stare from Fin.

FIN

Let's just get on with this.

FIN (V.O.)

Yeah, damn it, let's just get on
with dumping bodies and possibly
killing some old lady!

JENNY

Dino, what do you know of this guy
right here?

FIN (V.O.)

Oh, no, here we go. She's gonna
have to go first, then Dino. They
both got big mouths. Too big for
their own good.

DINO

He's an artist. With his camera.
And I've known he and his wife for
a couple of years as my bar
customers. Other than that, not
much.

JENNY

These bags.... I've smelled this
before. It's death. The smell of
death.

Fin closes the trunk and walks back to the driver's side of
the car. He grabs his camera out of the front seat through
the open window.

FIN (V.O.)

Where's my mallet?

FIN

You have me all wrong. I'm just an
artist with a camera. I take
pictures.

Fin begins photographing Jenny and Dino, this time as a true
photographer, getting full body shots, with Dino posing with
comical facial expressions again.

FIN (V.O.)

And I've already killed you once, old biddy. So shut up! And don't pollute Dino's mind. He and I are friends.

FIN

Let me get a few of you, Jenny, my dear.

JENNY

Jenny my dear, my ass! You are a killer, that's what you are, sonny boy! And I'm afraid I don't want to play anymore tonight. Take me home.

FIN (V.O.)

Take you home? Are you fucking kidding me? If anything, I'm going to kill you... again!

FIN

Uh, sure, when we're done. But, as you can see, we're not done yet.

JENNY

No, now. I want to go home now.

Dino gets a little itchy himself. He has no real knowledge of Fin's history and is starting to fear him.

DINO

Hey, Finny, I think we should call it a night. The garbage is so rotten, it can wait another day. I've got a headache from the smell and Jenny here wants to go home.

FIN (V.O.)

Alright you two losers. Now it's going to get rough!

Fin walks down the street. He sees a large rock that could easily bash in both their skulls, but he's confused on the process. If he kills one, the other will run away. Given that he already pushed Jenny under a bus and squashed her like a bug, Dino presents the only real problem.

FIN

Hey, Dino, come here a minute. I want to show you something.

Fin reaches down to pick up the rock. Dino is a little suspicious and ventures toward Fin very slowly.

DINO

Finny, I really think we should go home. We'll drop Jenny first and then... hey, I've got an idea! We'll hit my buddy's place, he stays open til two. What do you say?

FIN (V.O.)

What do I say? What do you think I'm going to say? No. Of course not. I have to murder you to ease my pain, you moron.

DINO

What do you say, Finny?

FIN

Sure, but come over here for a sec. I've found something really interesting.

When Fin stands up and brings the rock down on Dino's head, the whimpering bartender exhales his last puff of air from his lungs. Jenny sees Dino fall. Fin photographs Dino's body, but has to do it quickly, as he is out on the streets of Oakland and doesn't want to attract attention.

JENNY

(frightened)

Oh, my God! Dino? Fin you murdered him! I'll have you arrested. (yelling) Police! Police!

FIN (V.O.)

Try as you will, it'll never happen in Oakland.

FIN

Hey, old biddy... this is Oakland. See any cops around? And you won't in this part of town!

JENNY

Help! Help!

Fin begins dragging Dino's body to the car. He opens the already cramped trunk and shoves the body as far in as it will go. Then, he turns to Jenny.

FIN

Scream your head off. No one can hear you in the city that doesn't care.

CUT TO:

INT. FIN'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

Jenny gets in the car and Fin decides that the Berkeley Marina is the place to dump everyone. He drives. Jenny talks calmly to him.

JENNY

Now, Fin, you should keep your wits about you.

FIN (V.O.)

Good advice, you dumbbell. You really think I won't kill you again? You only live twice, mister Bond.

FIN

Hush, little lady, don't you cry. Daddy's gonna buy you a strawberry pie.

Jenny is cowering in the front seat. Fin is about seven miles away from the Marina. He drives nice and slow.

FIN (V.O.)

What if I didn't kill this old broad again. I mean, I killed once already, isn't that enough? Why do I have to do it again?

Fin pulls over for a moment. Jenny sits in the car and begins to sober up.

JENNY

You know, Fin, when I was younger I did some weird things. It was the early eighties and people did strange things.

FIN (V.O.)

Here we go with the begging.

FIN

Like what?

JENNY

I killed a guy. It was in a bar, he came onto to me and I wasn't interested. He followed me outside and I ended up hitting him over the head with a large object. I think it was a club of some kind.

FIN (V.O.)

Wow! A kindred spirit? Now if she only could use a camera.

FIN

Really? You murdered someone?

JENNY

Yes. And I was quite the photographer in my day, I'll tell ya that! I used an old Brownie box, but it did the job. I got the look I wanted from all of my subjects.

FIN (V.O.)

This is too good to be true.

FIN

You're just saying this now so I don't kill you.

JENNY

Remember a few minutes ago, when I said I smelled death before? Well, I smelled death because I created the death. I didn't just kill one guy trying to get into my pants, I killed several. Hell, for a period of time, I lost count.

FIN

But I already killed you. I threw you under a bus.

JENNY

I think you're confused. Let's get a bottle and go to your place, develop these rolls of film I see here on the seat and look at what you have.

FIN (V.O.)

I have heard of worse things to do late at night.

FIN

Okay. But don't think I won't kill you later.

JENNY

I'll take my chances.

JENNY (V.O.)

How do you know I won't kill you?

Fin changes direction and heads for his apartment. But he remembers the bodies and slows down.

FIN

Wait a minute, Einstein. I need to dump these corpses. They're stinking up the place. Soon, you'll be able to smell them from the street.

JENNY

We'll do it at daybreak. Nobody at the Marina at daybreak this time of year. We'll get there by six. Meantime, when we get the bottle, we'll pick up some Vicks Vaporub. That's what they use when they handle corpses... keeps the stink away.

FIN

You've done an excellent job of talking me out of killing you. High grades to you!

FIN (V.O.)

Don't get your hopes up high, kiddo. She may be just a kook.

JENNY

Thank you for your observations. But I hope this will lead to an artistic partnership.

FIN

You're a weird old lady.

FIN (V.O.)

But I can still kill you any time I want. And I did throw you under the bus, so don't forget it.

JENNY (V.O.)

But I can kill you at any moment.
So much for throwing me under the
bus.

CUT TO:

FIN'S APARTMENT-FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Fin has shown Jenny into his apartment. She is still apprehensive of his motives. She sits on the couch and admires the big windows. As she watches the street activity, Fin watches her.

JENNY

You can see much of the world right
out these windows, right Finny?

FIN

I like it. There's room for the
darkroom and room for us-

JENNY

-I know you're married, Fin.
There's evidence of it all over the
apartment. First, I know you don't
wear a bra...

FIN

Well, I....

Jenny takes the bra she found hidden in the couch and throws it on the floor.

JENNY

I don't take you for a cross-
dresser. Second, your furnishings
have a feminine take, and I don't
take you for a homosexual, either.

FIN (V.O.)

Who is this broad?

JENNY

Third, this mail is addressed to
Lily Reese. I don't think your nom
de plume is Lily.

Fin quickly tosses the mail behind the easy chair. He turns on the television.

FIN

Do you like reality shows?

FIN (V.O.)

You'd better or I'm getting out the big colored ashtray with your name on it.

JENNY

No, not really. There not real. You should have a reality show. You would be the first reality star who is honest, forthright and kills people.

FIN (V.O.)

God, this lady's terrific.

FIN

My ratings would go through the roof.

JENNY

Top ten in less than three months.

FIN

Awe shucks, ma'am. I'm embarrassed.

Fin turns off the television and signals Jenny to take a tour of the apartment.

FIN (V.O.)

If I kill you now, my show would sky rocket to number one by Tuesday.

FIN

Come on, I'll show you my lair.

CUT TO:

INT. FIN'S KITCHEN—CONTINUOUS

Fin and Jenny are in the kitchen. Fin shows her where the first body was laid.

FIN

It was here that I disposed of Lily... for the first time.

JENNY

What do you mean, the first time?

FIN

I've killed her twice already. Her brother, too. Nobody stays dead in that family.

JENNY

Well, the photos will prove everything, won't they?

JENNY (V.O.)

Got him now.

FIN

Photos? Of course, the photos. You're a mean mistreater.

JENNY

Straight out of Muddy waters.

FIN

So, the photos would wrap it up for me, murder-wise, correct?

JENNY

Probably.

FIN (V.O.)

Of course, the photographs. I should have known this, I'm a photographer. Jesus, I need an over the hill lady to tell me that?

FIN

Would you care to be part of my developing team? Right here, in my own dark room?

JENNY

Sure, sure, I've got nothing else to do.

Fin leads Jenny to the spare bedroom which Fin had transformed into a dark room a year ago. There, amid all the macabre photos of Fin's career, would be the defining moment in this death mystery.

FIN (V.O.)

Are they dead? Are they all really dead? At least the photos will tell me if I captured the after death scenes well, or if there's nothing there.

Fin gets busy arranging all his rolls of film in chronological order to be developed. Jenny makes tea, a terrific Earl Gray with a little milk and sugar. As she brings in the late night snack to Fin's dark room, he decides that killing Jenny at this point would be futile.

JENNY

Here you go. I've always enjoyed making tea.

FIN (V.O.)

Lily never made tea like this. And the little biscuits? Where on earth did she find them in the kitchen? I can hardly find the sink!

Fin enjoys his tea and biscuits while preparing to expose all of his twenty four rolls of film.

FIN (V.O.)

This process is going to take forever. Why don't I get some sleep and tackle it tomorrow morning? Besides, Jenny won't mind getting some sleep. She's coming down hard into sobriety and she'll thank me in the morning. Now, where is everyone going to sleep? I'll take the couch, Jenny can have my room and everybody that's in the car.... well, you'll just have to stay there. And don't stink up the neighborhood too much, I don't want cops banging down my door at six a.m.

FIN

Hey, Jenny, I think we both need some sleep.

JENNY

May I trust you not to kill me tonight?

Jenny grows apprehensive about Fin, but he assures her there's nothing to worry about.

FIN

Don't worry, Jenny, I'm not going to whack you. We need sleep... you more than I. But tomorrow, oh, tomorrow is another day and who knows what it will bring?

JENNY

That's reassuring! Just when I thought we had become friends....

FIN

We are friends, Jen. You take my room, down the hall, I'll sleep on the couch.

JENNY

What about the bodies down there?

Jenny points toward the street and Fin's car.

FIN (V.O.)

God damn it! Those fucking bags.

FIN

They'll be fine. Don't worry. I'll throw a bunch of pine scented hangers from the hall closet into the car before I go to bed. I'll check it thoroughly.

JENNY

Please make sure you do, Fin.

Fin is taken aback for a moment.

FIN (V.O.)

Wow! She actually hopes I get away with all this.

JENNY

Well, Fin, then I'll say my good night now. Good night, Fin.

FIN

Good night.

JENNY (V.O.)

Hope he has enough chutzpah not to kill me tonight.

She gives Fin a small but sweet kiss on the cheek and marches off, still with a little bit of a stagger, to Fin's bedroom.

JENNY

(yelling down the hall)
Don't let the bed bugs bite!

FIN

This broad has a future.

FIN (V.O.)
This broad better have a future!

CUT TO:

ANOTHER FIN DREAM

INT. FIN'S TV STUDIO-NIGHT

Fin has become part of the "Real Murderers and Housewives of Oakland". He is the only star, with all the MURDERERS and HOUSEWIVES looking exactly like FIN. He has assembled them for a reunion show. Some are female FINS and some are male FINS. Fin sits in the middle, with note cards in his hands. His AIDE brings him water, and announces his program.

ANNOUNCER
And now, ladies and gentlemen, the
reunion show you've all be waiting
for. Fin's Release!

Applause triumphantly rings through the studio-living room.

FIN
Well, it's a pleasure having all of
you here tonight. Should I start
with the murdering photographers or
the ordinary housewives?

A well quaffed HOUSEWIFE Fin speaks first.

HOUSEWIFE FIN
I have quite an exciting life here
in Oakland. Most of my stories
contain violence, sexual
peccadillos and drug-induced
nightmares. It's a fun place to
live.

Fin HOUSEWIFE snaps her fingers with great gusto. The MURDERING Fin gets in on the very next chance.

MURDERING FIN
I've killed over four, five... no,
six people here in this great town.
And let me tell you, Fin, I love
it.

The audience loves it and applauds excitedly. Another MURDERING Fin ways in.

ANOTHER MURDERING FIN

Well, I've killed a few folks, and then realized they weren't dead... so I'm not sure I'm all that much in love with Oakland. Perhaps it's not the murder capital of the world. Perhaps Richmond will take over soon....

The audience moans and groans over this statement. A different Fin HOUSEWIFE speaks up.

HOUSEWIFE FIN TWO

I find the local hardware stores to carry a lovely variety of cast iron black skillets. And we housewives love our cast iron skillets.

The audience howls with laughter. The announcer grows anxious over the time left.

FIN

We don't have a lot of time left, so, please, if you could wrap it up for us....

A MURDERING Fin takes a black cast iron skillet from under his chair and hits the announcer over the head with great force.

MURDERING FIN

There, you putz!

The audience go wild. A HOUSEWIFE Fin takes over.

HOUSEWIFE FIN

You know, there you go with that violence again. Why can't you just behave in social settings?

The audience moans.

MURDERING FIN THREE

We all can't be silly little girls in our fluffy housewife attire, eating Oakland food and drinking Oakland wine.

Another MURDERING FIN speaks up.

MURDERING FIN FOUR

...yeah, we need to silence our enemies and take care of our problems! Don't we?

FIN (V.O.)
This is getting out of hand!

The audience is laughing, clapping and crawling out of their seats.

FIN
So, in conclusion, I'd like to thank our sponsors tonight, Glad Hefty bags, and their parent corporation, without whom none of this would be possible, Johnson and Johnson.

Out of the blue, PADMA LAKSHMI walks onto the set. The audience goes wild and applauds for what seems to be hours. Padma addresses the audience.

PADMA
I would just like to say how wonderful it is to be here with Fin tonight. Isn't he a doll?

FIN (V.O.)
Sure, if I don't kill you.

FIN
Awe, thanks, Padma. I so much enjoy your quaint little show.

PADMA
Thank you. Perhaps you'd like to come on one day and show us how to kill someone. Two to three times. Could you fit us in your busy schedule?

The audience yells and screams and begs Fin to say yes.

FIN
Oh, well, alright. If you'll join me, Padma.

PADMA
I'd love to.

Padma stands up and kisses Fin.

FIN (V.O.)
Well, then, won't that be a hoot. You'll learn the art of murder.

FIN

I'll look forward to it. But for now, we must say good night. Bye-bye!

Padma and Fin walk off the stage in Fin's living room.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIN'S APARTMENT--THREE A.M.

A group of wandering young PUNKS are walking home from a night of partying. One of the punks sees Fin's car and smells something foul.

YOUNG PUNK ONE

Hey, everybody, come here.
Something died in this fucking car.

YOUNG PUNK TWO

Awe, go fuck yourself. Let's go home so we can do some bowls.

YOUNG PUNK ONE

Just come over here!

YOUNG PUNK THREE

Hey, you stupid motherfuckers, let's go! I wanna go home and watch porno and fuck my hand.

YOUNG PUNK ONE

Come on, get over here.

Reluctantly, the others come over to the car and smell the obnoxious odor.

YOUNG PUNK THREE

Holy shit, there's definitely something dead in that car. Look at the bags in the back seat.

YOUNG PUNK ONE

Yeah, there Glad bags, so you know somebody's dead inside.

Each one peers into a window.

YOUNG PUNK TWO

What do we do?

YOUNG PUNK ONE

What do you mean, what do we do?
Jesus, we take the bodies. Hold
them for extortion. Then, collect
and go to Vegas.

YOUNG PUNK TWO

Yeah, smart move, bro.

The others concur as they begin to pry open the trunk.

YOUNG PUNK ONE

If he's got bodies in the back
seat, chances are, he's got bodies
in the trunk.

It doesn't take much for the crowbar one of the punks had
down his pants to force the trunk open. The smell is almost
deadly. The crowbar lifts the trunk open, breaking the
spring inside and forever keeping it open. The ODOR pops up
and snarls their noses like a noose.

YOUNG PUNK TWO

Oh, my God! Jesus and Joseph and
all the rest of the squad! It's
gross.

The others choke back their gagging and one actually upchucks
into the trunk. The bags, three of them, are crawling with
worms and stiff to the touch.

YOUNG PUNK ONE

Alright, we each take a bag.

YOUNG PUNK TWO

Fuck you, you grab the bags, I'll
keep watch.

YOUNG PUNK THREE

Come on, pussies, we're almost
home, it won't be that bad.

He looks at young punk one.

YOUNG PUNK ONE

It's like smelling your dirty
undies!

They all laugh and begin their assignments. Two of them drag
the bags, one keeps an eye out for police or nosy neighbors
and the others keep an eye out for the car's owner.

YOUNG PUNK TWO

We'll leave the bags in the back seat alone. This will let the owner know we're serious when we make our demands.

YOUNG PUNK THREE

And exactly how do we do that? We don't have his phone number. I don't know this guy, do any of you?

They all shake their heads negative.

YOUNG PUNK ONE

I know.

YOUNG PUNK THREE

You know what?

Number one smashes the front passenger window of the car and looks inside the glove compartment. He finds the registration card and a pizza delivery menu which has Fin's name and address on it.

YOUNG PUNK ONE

I shoulda gone to Harvard.

Happily, the young street punks make their way home with Fin's precious bags in tow.

CUT TO:

INT. FIN'S APARTMENT-DAYBREAK

Fin awakens in a screaming fit. He knows something is wrong. He cautiously steps out into the hallway. He hears nothing but the hum of the refrigerator. He walks down toward his bedroom. He cracks the door open and sees Jenny sleeping soundly. He shuts the door and walks into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-CONTINUOUS

Fin sits down and tries to figure out his position in life at this very moment. Jenny is an asset. Everyone else isn't.

FIN (V.O.)

Then's what's wrong, Finny my boy?
Why the gloom? Oh, shit... The
car!

Fin jumps up and puts on Lily's coat she always kept draped around the kitchen chair. He rushes downstairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIN'S APARTMENT--CONTINUOUS

Fin immediately sees the damage to the trunk door. It's up, and the window is broken.

FIN (V.O.)
I'll bet two to one that most
people probably can't tell the diff
on this car. If I just shut the
trunk....

Fin walks over and closes his trunk. Then, he tidies up the front seat a little, brushing the broken glass on the floorboard with his hands.

FIN (V.O.)
There. Nobody's the wiser. For
now. Gotta wake up Jenny. She'll
know what to do. Aren't you glad
you didn't kill her? Again?

CUT TO:

INT. FIN'S APARTMENT--CONTINUOUS

Fin races into the apartment and down to Jenny's room. He enters.

FIN
Lily! Lily! I mean, Jenny!
Jenny!

FIN (V.O.)
Get the names of the people you
killed right, okay?

Jenny comes to the door in a shawl from Lily's closet. She opens the door.

JENNY
I'm up!

FIN
Jenny, they broke into my car, into
my trunk. They've stolen the glad
bags. And they smashed a window.

JENNY
Oh, no! When?

FIN
Sometime early this morning.
What'll we do?

Jenny steps into the hallway and walks down to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN—CONTINUOUS

Jenny puts on the water for tea. She then sits down exactly where Lily would sit. This doesn't bother Fin, he rather enjoys the similarities between the two women. Jenny has a better sense of the macabre.

JENNY
First, we stop and think. Who would do such a thing? And why not take the bags in the back seat also? You say the window was broken, too?

Jenny gets up to check on the tea.

FIN
Yes. I think my registration was taken.

JENNY
Well then, they know where you live. They can blackmail you. They can send you to jail.

FIN eases up for a moment and begins to laugh.

FIN
They're not going to get any money from me. I'm flat broke. Lily made the money in this household. I don't think I could lay my hands on a thousand dollars if my life depended on it.

JENNY
Well, it may.

Jenny finishes making the pot of tea. Again, she finds some delicious biscuits to serve with the tea. This morning, it's an English blend.

FIN

The biscuits and tea? Unbelievable.

JENNY

Thank you, Finny. I'm thinking you need to get those photos developed.

Fin slaps his forehead.

FIN (V.O.)

You're right, lady. I do need to develop those rolls of film. I need to see what's on them. Did I kill those people? Twice? Or am I just an artist with psychotic undertones?

FIN

You're right, Jenny. I'm going to do that right now.

Fin gets up.

JENNY

Okay, I'll hold down the fort here. Would you like a real breakfast? Eggs, hash browns, ham and toast?

FIN

God, yes. But I don't think we have-

JENNY

-Let me worry about that. I'll be back shortly. You go to work in your darkroom.

FIN

Yes, ma'am!

CUT TO:

INT. DARKROOM-TWO HOURS LATER

Fin is developing the rolls of film he has taken in the last seventy-two hours. He is almost done with the proofs.

FIN (V.O.)

I'm almost done here. I can see what the hell I've photographed. Now I'll find out if I'm crazy or not.

Fin readies the last batch of proofs and dries his hands. He carefully leaves everything in order, switches on the regular light and walks out of the room. Jenny is in the kitchen, cooking his breakfast.

CUT TO:

INT. FIN'S KITCHEN—CONTINUOUS

Fin walks in to hear Jenny humming Lily's favorite song, DESPERADO. When he hears it, he is reminded of his late wife.

FIN

That was Lily's favorite song. She hummed it all the time.

Jenny turns toward Fin abruptly, surprised by his presence.

JENNY

Oh, you startled me. I'm almost finished here. You go sit down and get yourself some jam for the toast. In the fridge.

Fin opens to the refrigerator to find a completely stocked ice box. He grabs some Smucker's Strawberry Jam and brings it to the table.

FIN

You bought a lot of food.

JENNY

Yes, you were out of a few things. Consider it pay back.

FIN

For what?

JENNY

For not killing me last night. I know it was on your mind.

FIN (V.O.)

She's real sweet when she's worried about getting killed.

Fin sits and eats the wonderful breakfast Jenny has made.

FIN

Jenny, these eggs... wow! And the ham? How'd you know I was a ham guy?

JENNY

A gal knows these things.

FIN (V.O.)

My God! I've got to let her know how I feel! While I have no physical feelings for her, I love her. I love her honesty, her cooking, her way of making me feel comfortable in my art... oh, yeah, and she doesn't mind me killing folks.

FIN

You're a true gift from heaven.

In two seconds, Fin's body lay on the floor next to the kitchen table. Jenny has taken the big cast iron pan she cooked his breakfast in and smashed it over Fin's head, killing him instantly. She nudges his still body.

JENNY

Fin?

JENNY (V.O.)

Well, well, well. Fin is dead. And I killed him.

Jenny does a little dance around the kitchen table.

JENNY (V.O.)

It almost didn't happen. I almost let it go. I was really starting to like the young sonny boy. But...

Jenny taps his head with her high heel toe several times.

JENNY

Dead! Dead! Dead! Good riddance!

Jenny gets a dish rag out of the closet and sets about doing the dishes and straightening up the kitchen. There is a knock at the door. Jenny walks into the foyer.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT FOYER—CONTINUOUS

JENNY

Who is it?

VOICE

Oakland police, ma'am. Open up.

JENNY

Uh, who are you looking for?
Excuse me, whom are you looking
for? It is whom, isn't it?

VOICE

I'm not an English teacher ma'am,
I'm a cop. An Oakland cop. Not a
lot of us out there these days.

JENNY (V.O.)

Shit! Just as my plan was done.

JENNY

The person... who is the person
you're looking for?

Jenny keeps asking questions.

POLICE MAN

One Fin Reese. Are you Fin Reese?

JENNY

Oh, gosh no, I'm his... granny.
Granny Jen they call me.

POLICE MAN

Ma'am, just open the frigging door.
I have to be able to say I looked
for and did not find Fin Reese.

Jenny cracks open the front door a bit, just enough to see
the uniformed cop in front of her.

JENNY

Well, does this satisfy you? I
must say, I'm in my nightgown, and
I don't entertain anyone in my
nightgown. You understand, right?

POLICE MAN

Sure. Mind if I step in for a
moment? My back's killing me.

JENNY

Well... yes I do. Would you allow
me to put on some different
clothing first?

The cop looks around as much as he can from the outside. He
stands on one leg and rubs his back.

POLICE MAN

Sure.

JENNY (V.O.)

Oh, God, please allow me the strength to kill him. I know he's a cop, but so what? I need help.

Jenny shuts and locks the front door. She races down the hallway, into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-CONTINUOUS

Jenny discovers there is no Fin Reese lying on the kitchen floor. She is shocked. She sits down for a moment and goes over the recent activities in the kitchen.

JENNY (V.O.)

What the hell? I killed him, right? I just killed him fifteen, twenty minutes ago. What the hell is going on?

Jenny hears a low moan from the other room, probably the darkroom, she thinks.

JENNY (V.O.)

Don't tell me the little whippersnapper is alive?

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT DARKROOM-CONTINUOUS

Jenny peeks into the darkroom. There, hardly standing up, but wobbling and deep in thought over his contact sheets is Fin.

JENNY

Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle.

Jenny hits Fin over the head with a nearby large colored ashtray, the same kind used by Fin.

FIN

Ouch!

JENNY

Oh, shit, the cop!

FIN (V.O.)
She learns quickly.

JENNY (V.O.)
He just won't stay dead. Seems to
be a way of life around here.

Jenny grabs the coat from last night laying on the couch.
She runs back to the front door, jumping over a fallen Fin.

CUT TO:

INT. FIN'S APARTMENT FOYER-CONTINUOUS

Jenny unlocks the door and opens it gradually for the police
man. He walks in and stretches his back.

POLICE MAN
Oh, God, my back hurts. Okay,
lady, now... is there a Fin Reese
living here?

JENNY
Yes, there is. But he's not...
here right now. And I don't know
if he's coming back.

POLICE MAN
Can you tell me if that is his car
downstairs in front of the
building, the old wreck?

JENNY
I can but will I?

POLICE MAN
What?

JENNY
You should have asked if I will
tell you about the ownership of the
vehicle, not can I.

POLICE MAN
Lady, I told you before, I'm not an
English professor. I'm a cop. A
beat cop. And I seem to be wasting
my time here. I need to be out
there on the streets, protecting
and serving, serving and
protecting. Not arguing about the
usage of correct grammar.

JENNY
Touche, Officer. As I said before-

POLICE MAN
-Got it. If he comes home, please
ask him to call this number.

The cop hands Jenny a card with a phone number on it.

JENNY
Sure, sure I will. What is wanted
for?

POLICE MAN
Routine. Some kids were playing
outside and said his car smelled
like there were dead animals in it.
Is it were or was?

JENNY
Excuse me?

POLICE MAN
Is the correct grammar were dead
animals or was dead animals?

JENNY
Oh. Were, I guess. I'm not an
English teacher, either.

The cop shakes his head and moans about his back again.

POLICE MAN
This damn back! Sorry for the
language lady.

JENNY
Would you like me to rub your back?

Jenny attempts to help the cop.

POLICE MAN
Thanks, but I'm a beat cop and I
have to be out there-

JENNY
-Yes, I know, protecting and
serving, serving and protecting.
But a little back massage never
hurt anyone.

The police man relents.

POLICE MAN
Well, if you rub right up in
here...

He shows Jenny where to rub on his back. She gently rubs his solarplexes and he relaxes a bit.

JENNY
That better?

POLICE MAN
Ah!

Out of the hallway darkness, Fin arrives just in time, still a little bit wobbly, but in control of himself enough to kill the POLICEMAN by using the same cast iron skillet Jenny used on him.

JENNY
Fin!

The cop falls like a sack of flour.

POLICE MAN
Ugghh! Why?

JENNY
You killed him.

POLICE MAN
Somebody help me... I've got to
protect and-

Fin hits him again with the skillet.

FIN
That was your trouble Jenny. You
didn't hit me hard enough.
Consequently, I was out, but not
dead. Down, but not out.

JENNY
Holy smokes! Now what happens?

FIN
I'm not sure. My head sure hurts.

JENNY
I should think so. That cast iron
cooking equipment is lethal in the
hands of an expert.

FIN
And you're an expert?

JENNY
I killed you, didn't I?

Jenny realizes her mistake.

FIN
Really?

JENNY
Well, I thought I did!

Fin rubs his head. There is a little bit of blood running down his forehead. He touches it and screams.

FIN
I hat blood. The look, the feel...
ugh!

Fin looks closely at his bloody fingers.

JENNY
It looks like Hollywood blood.

Fin takes a closer look at his own blood.

FIN
You're right!

JENNY
I'm so glad you're alive. I didn't mean to hit you with the frying pan.

FIN
It's a skillet. You're a cook, you should know the diff.

The cop's head is bleeding down the hallway. Jenny gets a rag to mop it up. Fin looks down at the body.

FIN (V.O.)
How many is that for me? Six, seven? A couple of them once or twice.

FIN
I do enjoy my killing!

JENNY
You're a perfectionist, I'll say that for you.

FIN

Can you make us some tea while I sort this out?

JENNY

Yes, but let's call a truce. No one murders anymore people, including ourselves, okay?

FIN

Thumbs up.

Fin drags the body of the dead cop down the hall and shoves it in a closet. The blood trail looks like red paint running down the apartment's hallway.

FIN (V.O.)

She's amazing! What verve and substance.

FIN

Jenny, there's something remarkable about you.

JENNY

What is it?

FIN

Your preponderancy to likability.

JENNY

Watch out for them those words.

FIN

You're too likeable for me to kill a third time.

JENNY

I can live with that.

FIN

I don't get it. Let's get rid of these bodies once and for all.

JENNY

I agree. But I'd like to know what the photographs show.

FIN

The photographs.

Fin races to the down the hall and brings back all his developed photographs.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-CONTINUOUS

There are piles and piles of photographs on the floor, starting with the ones at the dentist's office.

FIN

Look at that tooth! It's a great photo, eh?

Jenny and Fin lay on the floor, on their backs, and look at the photographs.

JENNY

I guess. I still say you were a foolish sonny boy to do that to your smile.

FIN

Well, let's just forget it. Or you'll end up dead again.

JENNY

Gotcha!

Fin shows Jenny some early photos.

FIN

Here's some of you, at the grocery store, when you were bugging me and calling me sonny boy.

Jenny looks at the pictures and smiles.

JENNY

I was there, wasn't I? Boy, I look mighty grumpy.

FIN

Yes, you do.... You look like a real bitch.

They both laugh. Jenny sees a photo on the side of the rug, one that Fin put aside.

JENNY

What's this one?

Jenny takes a peek. It is Lily, right after Fin had murdered her. She lay on then floor, still and silent.

FIN

It's creepy, Jen. Watch out.

Jenny then dives into a pile of photos that are of both Peter and Lily, their dead bodies framed in different ways, some of the shots in color, some in black and white. They really are quite scary.

JENNY

These are horrible, Finny. I mean, how you frame their bodies after you've killed them. Yet I find I'm drawn to them, like my own artistry is intertwined with yours.

Fin looks at the photographs again, arranging his head to align with each of the dead bodies' heads.

FIN

Yes, you might say they were horrible. But imagine them in a gallery in San Francisco, where lots of rich people were sipping champagne and eating little canapes. They are perfectly lighted and perfectly framed, on the walls, with people walking around and commenting on them. Then, these would be artistic, sensitive photographs from a strange-yet-fascinating young artist.

JENNY

Someone had an ego.

FIN

It's true, Jenny. I feel you have not only seen my talent, but felt it. A few times.

Jenny rubs the middle of her head, easing the pain from Fin's latest blow to her noggin.

JENNY

I see your talent and madness and raise you to insanity.

FIN

Cute.

FIN (V.O.)
 She better watch out.

Fin gets up from the floor of photographs and storms off. Jenny is alone with the rest of his work. She moves around the sea of pictures until she finds a few of Lily.

JENNY
 My, my. She was quite beautiful.
 She reminds me... oh my God!

Jenny takes several of the photographs of Lily and picks up a nearby magnifying glass. She inspects the black and whites and colors with a careful eye.

JENNY (V.O.)
 She looks just like me. It's me!
 I swear, I looked just like her
 when I was her age. Exactly. Down
 to the small scar on my chin.

One of the photos, held closely to Jenny, reveals a small scar on her face.

JENNY (V.O.)
 What the hell? How can... what can
 this be?

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK 1983

INT. JENNY'S OAKLAND APARTMENT-NIGHT

Jenny is inside the same apartment which is rented by Fin in 2013. This is where she lives. She is 22. An artist, she paints macabre pictures of dead people. She is very talented, and quite beautiful, but her work borders on the insane and she is lonely. Her husband, LEN, 33, a large man with strong hands and huge shoulders, is a welder by trade and works at a local Oakland factory. Jenny is in a room next to the bedroom, painting. Len arrives home from work. He walks into the room and startles her.

JENNY
 Oh, Len. I didn't hear you.

Len, drunk, is unaware and unconcerned about his wife's artistic vision. He's just plain hungry.

LEN
 Where's my fucking dinner?

JENNY

I-I... I haven't stated it yet.
I'm sorry.

JENNY (V.O.)

Fuck you!

Len takes a good look at her painting. It is of a man who has been bludgeoned to death by an unknown weapon, blood spilling out of his head like a fountain. He is disgusted by the work. Jenny looks at her husband with a passionate hunger he cannot satisfy.

LEN

Jesus Mother of God, Joseph and Mary, good God Almighty! What kind of nonsense are you doing in here every day?

Jenny looks at the painting with Len.

JENNY

It's hard to explain to a layman what I feel and see in my head. This is how I express myself.

LEN

For God's sake! This is a painting of a man who has been killed and his own blood is dripping down his back! Who paints these pictures?

JENNY

I do. It's my art. I'm sorry about your dinner. I'll get it going now.

Jenny turns to leave.

LEN

Never mind. I'll catch a burger at that new place down the street, Dino's? Is that the name of it?

JENNY

I believe it is. The owner is a nice man who named the place after his youngest son. I'm sorry, honey.

Jenny gets up to comfort her husband. He turns away, but not until he has hit her, hard on the face, leaving a permanent scar on her chin from his wedding ring. Jenny is shocked.

LEN

You deserve to rot in this room,
you morbid bitch!

He hits her again.

JENNY

Please, Lenny, don't treat me like
this. I-I'm pregnant!

LEN

Fuck you. And when I get back
tonight, if I come back, I want
this painting and all your art
supplies gone. Or I'll throw you
out on the street!

Jenny tries to run, but Len grabs her and slaps her silly.

JENNY

But... why?

LEN

You have no right to bring this
blasphemous art into this world.
It is wrong, Jenny. And I will
make sure that our child-

JENNY

-No! Do not bring our child into
this conversation. When he or she
is born, then we'll discuss my
artwork.

Len strikes her face again. He then kicks her in the
stomach.

LEN

Bullshit! That sonny boy is mine.
I'm the father. And I'll decide
what his mother does or doesn't do.
And this so called art...

Len knocks the painting off the easel.

JENNY

Len!

LEN

This sort of garbage will not be
tolerated in my household!

Len hits her again in the face. Jenny is crying. Len Reese
walks out of the apartment, slamming the door.

She tries to pick up the gruesome artwork, but doesn't have the strength. The painting sits on the floor at a strange angle, with the dead man's bloody face looking directly at Jenny. As she closes her eyes, it becomes 2013.

END OF FLASHBACK.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM-LATE AFTERNOON

Fin is reading a large calendar from January to December. He looks at the photographs of cats on each month's blocks of numbered days. He marks his own birthday with a pen, marks Padma's, Gordon's and Tim's birthdays also, and marks the day of his death. Only Fin can see the month, day and time of death. But it's there.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-ONE HOUR LATER

Jenny is lying on the floor, amidst all the photographs. Her remembrance of her past now confirms what she had suspected a few times earlier today.

JENNY

My God!

Fin walks back into the living room after his tantrum has subsided. He notices Jenny is bleeding.

FIN

Lily? I mean... Jen?

JENNY

Where did you go? I was scared you'd left.

FIN

I told you I didn't like the phrase sonny boy.

JENNY

I'm sorry, Fin. I'll never call you sonny boy again. Ever.

FIN

Thank you. Now, onward and upward! What's the four-one-one on the bodies and the cop?

JENNY

Negative on the bodies. They're gone. Most of them. And the cop? I don't think anyone's gonna miss him for a while. He didn't have a radio clip on his shirt. I don't think he was expected by anyone soon.

FIN

Tea?

JENNY

That's a nice idea at this time of the day. Don't you love a cup of tea at five-ish?

FIN

Yes I do. Especially when it's your cup of tea.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-EVENING

Fin and Jenny are relaxing in the kitchen. She wants to bring up a touchy subject but is having a hard time doing so.

JENNY

Fin, do you remember much about your childhood?

FIN

Not too much. Just that I was given up for adoption when I was one. And I never met my real parents. They say my mother is alive but my father had a terrible accident in his apartment. He slipped and fell on a banana peel, of all things and died right in the kitchen.

JENNY

How awful! Who told you that?

FIN

The nuns at the church. They took me in after my mother disappeared.

JENNY

And do you remember the year?

FIN

Middle eighties, I think. Why so many questions?

JENNY

I've got something to tell you.

As Jenny takes a big breath to begin her story, Fin has it already figured out.

FIN

I know. You're my mother. I've known it since yesterday.

JENNY

You're my son, Fin. My sonny boy... I'm sorry, Fin. I know I said I'd never say those words again, but my sonny boy... my sonny boy is here with me!

Fin is startled as Jenny reaches over and hugs him while they both remain seated.

FIN

Jesus Christ! I can't fucking believe this!

FIN (V.O.)

What the fuck?

JENNY (V.O.)

What the hell?

JENNY

I'm not exactly having an easy time with it, either.

FIN

Let me think this through for a moment.

Jenny looks around the room while Fin is in deep thought.

JENNY

And it gets even stranger, Fin. This is my old apartment. I had put it out of my mind for such a long time, but this is it. Your dark room was my art room. I painted in there.

Jenny walks around to get a better feel for the old place.

FIN

Jesus, Jenny, when I moved in, there were some paintings in the closet, covered by sheets. There's one of a fellow with a bashed skull, blood running down his hair, his face and shoulders. It's quite beautiful in its own way.

Jenny gets excited.

JENNY

Oh, Fin.

FIN

Oh, Jenny!

JENNY

I finished it the night I killed your father.

There is an incredible silence that is felt by both people. The idea of Jenny being Fin's mother, that she lived here and that she killed her abusive husband on almost this very spot is astounding.

FIN

What do we do now?

JENNY

Well, first we say hello to each other. Mother and son. Son and mother.

They hug again.

FIN

Hi ya mom! How are ya?

JENNY

Hi ya sonny... I mean, son. How are ya?

FIN

Oh, I'm good. You know, I'm a murderer. Did ya know that?

JENNY

Really? I'm a murderer, too!

FIN

(astonished)
You are?

Jenny breaks out in song.

JENNY
 (singing)
 Be a Pepper, drink Doctor
 Pepper....

FIN
 Kill a few folks, photograph them
 in their death masks, and have a
 spot of tea.

JENNY
 What an ambitious agenda.

The two laugh.

FIN
 This is possibly the weirdest day
 of my life. What about you?

Fin grows close to Jenny.

JENNY
 It's right up there with the day I
 killed your father....

FIN
 Jesus Mary and Joseph! You mean
 you have more to tell me?

JENNY
 Incredibly, yes.

FIN
 Well then, talk on, mommy, talk on.
 What was he like, my father?

JENNY
 Big, tough and especially mean. He
 was the meanest man I ever met.

FIN
 Why did you marry him?

JENNY
 I thought it would help my
 personality. You know, help quell
 the urge to kill.

FIN
 Hey, that makes sense.

JENNY

I've always had the urge.

JENNY (V.O.)

The urge was passed to my baby boy.

JENNY

I didn't mean to kill him that night. He had stormed out of the apartment earlier after calling me all kinds of names. I told him I was pregnant with you. He beat me terribly!

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK 1983

INT. JENNY/FIN'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

JENNY (V.O.)

He had always been abusive. Back then, the only place a woman could go was the YWCA. And that was full of dykes. So, I stayed with the bastard. I was putting some finishing touches on the head, some more blood on the left side, that's what I felt the piece still needed. I was working and he came home drunk.

Len Reese enters the apartment and calls out for Jenny. He staggers into the art room and stares at his wife's painting. Jenny is in the closet, hiding.

JENNY (V.O.)

I didn't know if I could actually do it.... kill him, that is.

Len hears something move inside the closet. He knows it is his wife. He stumbles over to the door of the closet. His heavy breathing was a clue to Jenny that he was very drunk.

JENNY (V.O.)

His emphysema gave him away every time he got really drunk. Then his breathing would be heavy. I knew he was near. He huffed and puffed his way into my room.

Len opens the closet door. There, behind the clothes, is Jenny, quivering, with a big butcher knife in her hand.

JENNY (V.O.)

My first thrust missed his gut and caught only his left side. It just nicked his rib cage. It was clearly the one right after that killed him. Straight up, into the heart. Twisting the tip of the knife didn't hurt any either.

Len falls to the ground.

JENNY (V.O.)

His legs were sticking out of the closet. But I didn't care about his body. I wanted his blood. I took some of the warm, red juice spilling out of him like a stuck pig and combined it with the paint I was using.

Jenny rubs some blood into the paint and then finishes by brushing blood/paint into the canvas.

JENNY (V.O.)

It was glorious! I had completed my masterpiece of horror. He was gone and I had done it! I was free!

END FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-LATER

Jenny is standing near the kitchen window. Fin is slumped over his seat, partly from the story, partly from pure exhaustion. He sits up a little when his mother has finished speaking.

FIN

Mother, that was a glorious story.

JENNY

It's my life, Fin. I'm so glad to have told it to someone, especially if that someone was you.

FIN (V.O.)

I know now how I came to be.

There is quite a bit of commotion outside the apartment. Fin and Jenny can hear different voices speaking outside. There is a bull horn being used to call their names.

VOICE

This is Oakland police. We have your apartment fully surrounded and would ask now that you come out with your hands up.

Fin panics while Jenny sits quietly in her seat. She knows that they both are going to jail. Fin runs to the living room to look out the big windows.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-CONTINUOUS

Fin peers out the biggest of the bay windows and sees a large number of police cars on the street. There are DETECTIVES opening up his car, uniformed COPS getting shotguns out of their trunks, and, in general, a huge police turn-out occurring. SWAT has pulled up and is getting out of their huge van. Fin smiles at all the attention.

FIN

(yelling to Jenny)
This is awesome! I'll show them all my missing tooth.

Jenny walks into the living room. She notices the mayhem outside but remains calm.

JENNY

Finny. Fin. I love you. You know that, don't you?

FIN

I do. And I love you.

Fin shows off his goofy smile and pretends to have a gun. He starts shooting the police outside as though he was a six year old.

JENNY

It is life that imitates art, not the other way around. God, if you're listening, I want you to know that.

FIN

Pow! Pow! Pow, pow!

Fin circles the imaginary gun around his finger and blows away the imaginary smoke from the imaginary gun barrel.

JENNY (V.O.)

Fin?

Fin stops his playing.

FIN (V.O.)

Yes, mother?

JENNY (V.O.)

I love you, sonny boy.

FIN (V.O.)

I do, too. I love you... sonny girl!

They both laugh. As the door to the apartment is being broken down by several fireman's axes, Fin and Jenny say their good byes.

JENNY (V.O.)

Good bye, sonny boy. I love you.

FIN (V.O.)

Good bye, mommy.

Fin picks up another huge colored ashtray and smashes it over Jenny's head, killing her instantly.

FIN

I'm true to my art. God, if you're listening, I want you to know that.

The door to the apartment is broken down and in rush three police men. They fire upon Fin immediately. He falls to the floor like...

FIN (V.O.)

... a sack of flour!

CUT TO:

FIN'S FINAL DREAM

INT. LARGE DARK STAGE-NIGHT

Fin is standing before three judges he has seen many times on television: PADMA LAKSHMI, TIM GUNN and GORDON RAMSEY. Fin stands before them, awaiting his fate. The room is darkly lit, with spotlights on the judges and Fin.

Behind him are large blow-ups of his photographs, some of Lily, some of Peter and some of Jenny. They are gruesome.

PADMA

Fin Reese, do you know why you're here?

FIN

Not really.

GORDON

Oh, bollocks, you do too! I knew he'd be this little sniveling bastard, yeah?

TIM

Now, Fin, please, if you could just tell us why you think you should be judged by three top television judges. (To Padma) Can we hurry this? I'm late for a fitting.

FIN

Last thing I remember, I was getting fired upon by three of Oakland's finest. Boy, it's strange to get shot. I've been hit over the head, but not shot.

GORDON

Balls, lets get on with this. I've got a restaurant to clean up and save. Let's get on with it, yeah?

PADMA

Fin, you're here to be judged.

Padma notices she is not lit properly. She adjusts the lighting herself.

GORDON

Oh, bollocks, deary, you're fine. Right.

PADMA

Hey, Gordo, can you please get out of my light?

GORDON

What? I see your hogging the stage again, Padma. Where is Tom? Opening another doomed restaurant?

TIM

Girls, let's not fight. Let's keep our eyes on Fin and his mass murdering art.

Gordon adjusts his body so that the lighting is attractive to Padma. She smiles and continues.

GORDON

Sorry, luv. Go on.

PADMA

You've been chosen by Johnson and Johnson...

Padma is staring directly into the CAMERA.

PADMA (CONT'D)

Makers of Glad Heavy Duty Lawn and Dead Body Bags, to find out if our audience, your audience, Fin, should let you live or die.

FIN

I thought I was dead.

TIM

You know, Fin, I've felt like that ever since I split up with my partner. Can I get another assistant in here to help my other three assistants hire another assistant before I throw up? Please?

FIN

What do I have to do?

Gordon takes over.

GORDON

Tell us, mate, in your own words, why you'd like to continue your life. That's it. One line. One sentence. A log line, if you will, of your life.

FIN

I want to live so I may continue my art, killing people. You three would be next.

PADMA

That's it?

FIN

That's it. Pure and simple.

TIM

There's nothing pure and simple in this life.

PADMA

That's not true. Look at me.

Gordon laughs. Tim snarls at Padma.

GORDON

Well? Come on, yeah? We've not all day here. Yeah?

FIN

I stand on my ground. It is my final answer.

The three judges confer with each other and Padma quickly makes the decision.

PADMA

Fin... please pack your black cast iron skillets and go.

Fin looks dejected, but not for long. Quickly, he spots a small table behind the stage. He grabs his black cast iron skillet and bludgeons all three JUDGES. Blood is everywhere and Fin is laughing, along with the audience who was always there to support him.

FIN

Well, ladies and gentlemen? This goes to show that anyone can become an artist today. There, before you, is art. And by art, I mean, death. Oh, death, where is thy owee?

The AUDIENCE cheers and goes wild. FIN raises the cast iron skillet over his head in a majestic victory pose.

FADE OUT

THE END