

BLIND DATE

a romantic bloody comedy

(4th Draft)

By

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From a story by Jamie Patterson

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN'S CLOSED EYES. The woman, made-up, sparkling earrings, lies asleep in the grass.

CHARLIE

(Off)

So beautiful. So precious. So innocent.

A hand brushes a strand of loose hair away from the woman's face.

CHARLIE

(Off)

You have no idea how hard I've tried. I'm sorry.

The woman's mouth is taped shut and her wrists and ankles bound with rope.

CHARLIE, wearing a tuxedo and with a horror mask covering his face, plunges a KNIFE into the woman's chest.

Her eyes shoot wide open and, behind the strip of tape, her mouth desperately fights for a lungful of air.

CHARLIE

Please accept my most sincere apologies.

He leans on the knife, driving it deeper into his victim's convulsing body. She eventually falls lifeless under his blade and his body.

He removes the mask to reveal a handsome and youthful face. Charlie climbs off of the woman and takes a few paces towards a shallow, freshly dug grave.

He rakes deeper down using his fingers.

After shoveling aside a few loads of soil the woman bolts upright and bellows a stifled scream from behind the tape.

Charlie starts before quickly regaining his composure, lunging at the woman and re-stabbing her.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry.

She falls back down.

Dead (apparently).

He returns to digging duties, shaking his head and muttering under his breath.

The Woman sits up, groaning.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Shit.

He stabs her for a third time.

She hits the dirt and her eyes fall shut.

Charlie loiters over the still body for a moment, nudges it with his toe, prods at it with the point of the knife.

She emits a dying groan.

CHARLIE

For fuck's sake.

CUT TO:

Charlie has his phone in hand. He searches a MEDICAL ADVICE website and reads aloud...

CHARLIE

...first identify the...sternal notch. The sternal notch is where the collarbones meet the chest. Move your fingers slightly below the sternal notch along the breastbone.

He slowly traces a course with the tip of the knife barely touching the woman's skin.

CHARLIE

Move your finger to the left to feel the second rib. Count downwards. The apex of the heart is located between the fifth and sixth rib.

He raises the knife overhead.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry. I tried, I really did.

He stabs.

CUT TO:

Charlie pats down the last bit of soil over the mound that conceals the corpse.

He then lays a bouquet of flowers on the makeshift grave, dusts his hands off and pushes his way through the network of branches and out into a...

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

...to reveal that he never was in the woods. He has just committed murder behind the extremely thin veneer of a few bushes in a city park.

He emerges from the bushes right beside a pair of YOUNG LOVERS kissing passionately on a bench. They don't even notice him.

He hits the streets, walking briskly.

EXT. CITY, VARIOUS - NIGHT

The walk home. Charlie has his hands stuffed in his pockets, his shoulders slumped, and a somber disinterested look on his face.

Adding insult to his misery he passes by;

LOVERS IN A BUS STOP...

LOVERS IN A RESTAURANT WINDOW...

LOVERS HOLDING HANDS ON THEIR OWN WAY HOME...

A PAIR OF DOGS INVESTIGATING ONE ANOTHER'S ARSEHOLES...

TWO SKANKS SHAGGING IN A PISS-SOAKED ALLEYWAY..

...before he makes it to his flat.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT

Charlie slides the key in the lock and maintains his troubled gait as he stalks the halls.

INT. HALLWAY, FLATS - NIGHT

A CUTE, OUT OF BREATH NEIGHBOUR (28) appears to be moving in across the hall. She sighs as she bends to heave another box inside her flat.

She notices Charlie, smiles at him. He ignores her and steps inside his own flat. The Neighbour is left disappointed.

INT. CHARLIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Charlie pulls the bloody knife from his pocket and stares at it in his palm. Finally, in disgust, he throws it in the bin.

He takes every knife from the knife block. They too go in the bin. Likewise with; a length of rope, a roll of duct tape, an ice pick, kebab skewers, a hammer.

EXT. FLAT, BIN AREA - NIGHT

Charlie dumps the contents of his bin into one of the many dumpsters behind the building.

INT. CHARLIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

A - Charlie stands under the hot spray of the shower.

B - Freshly cleaned, he climbs into a onesie.

C - He takes a tub of ice cream from the freezer and a spoon from the drawer.

D - Charlie gets into the bed and spoons ice cream into his mouth. But he doesn't enjoy it. This is an act of self-pity. An act of self-destruction.

The sound of frantic pounding from a neighbouring flat accompanied by groans of pleasure soon puts him off his dairy treat.

He curls up in bed and waits for sleep to take him.

INT. MRS CHILDS FRONT DOOR - MORNING

MRS CHILDS (78), all fake teeth and hunchback, smiles warmly at Charlie as she opens her front door.

CHARLIE

Morning Mrs Childs. Need anything from the shop today?

MRS CHILDS

Good morning Charlie. How comes a nice charming young man like you still living alone?

CHARLIE

If I knew the answer to that one I wouldn't be living alone.

MRS CHILDS

We all need love at some point in our lives.

CHARLIE

Love isn't what it used to be Mrs Childs.

(CONTINUED)

MRS CHILDS

True love has always been blind.

CHARLIE

I've always thought the opposite must be true; love is seeing all there is to see in another person, the best and the worst, and still loving them just the same. And having them love you back.

MRS CHILDS

Look, I don't have time for this. I was just trying to be nice.

She dumps a handful of change into his hand.

MRS CHILDS

That should cover the milk and eggs.

She shuts the door.

MR CHILDS

(Off)

Who was that?

MRS CHILDS

Just that loser from upstairs again.

Charlie nods to himself as he moves away from the door.

INT. CORNER SHOP - DAY

Charlie browses the aisles with a basket in hand. He pops milk into the basket. Eggs. Beans.

He's reaching for dishcloths when something catches his eye and holds his attention...KNIVES. Beautiful, shiny, gleaming knives. He is now staring.

MICHELLE

(Off)

Looks like we share the same taste.

Charlie snaps out of it.

He finds MICHELLE (30), wearing jeans and carrying a cycle helmet, looking into his eyes and smiling up at him.

Charlie finally notices that they are both holding onto the dishcloth. He forces himself to return the smile and they share an embarrassed laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
You have it.

MICHELLE
You have it.

Another embarrassed laugh.

MICHELLE
Please. I insist.

CHARLIE
Thanks. But it's the last one,
how can I repay you?

MICHELLE
The way I see it, you have two
choices.

CHARLIE
Two choices?

MICHELLE
Next time you're in here buy me
some dishcloths. Or...take me out
to dinner tomorrow night.

Charlie looks to his feet.

MICHELLE
Oh my God, I'm an idiot. You've
got a girlfriend, of course you
have. I'm just gonna go.

CHARLIE
No, it's nothing like that.
It's..it's complicated.

MICHELLE
Complicated? We can keep things
simple; you...me...dinner. Let me
give you my number.

She writes it on the back of his hand.

MICHELLE
At least think about it.

CHARLIE
I promise I will.

MICHELLE
My name's Michelle by the way.

They smile and part ways.

Charlie soon finds himself staring again. Staring at the
selection of rather sharp KNIVES on display.

LATER AT THE CHECKOUT

(CONTINUED)

Charlie pays and takes his bags of shopping. At the back of the line Michelle waits.

He drops the dishcloths in her basket.

CHARLIE

My treat.

She doesn't have time to thank him. He is already walking out of the shop. She looks to the dishcloths. Written on the packet is "CHARLIE" followed by his phone number.

INT. COMMUNITY HEALTH CLINIC - DAY

Charlie stands before a noticeboard checking out the various flyers. He singles out a series of posters of a particular theme...

"OVER EATERS ANONYMOUS"...

Not what he's looking for. Move on...

"ADDICTED TO GAMBLING?"...

Nah...

"ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS"...

What else they got?..

"ADDICTED TO SEX?"...

I wish...

"ADDICTED TO SOCIAL MEDIA"...

Come on, come on...

"ARE YOU A GERMAPHOBE?"...

No.

"RAGE-A-HOLICS"...

He pauses. Stops searching. He takes one of the tags with the number written on.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY

A small gathering of people, all walks of life, sit in cheap plastic chairs forming a circle.

KEVIN

My name is Kevin and I'm a
rage-aholic.

BEVERLY
Hello Kevin.

Every person present takes their cue from Beverly.

ALL
Hello Kevin.

Charlie looks around anxiously as he joins in.

KEVIN
Just yesterday I reached the
fourth step.

A round of applause.

BEVERLY
Why don't you explain what the
fourth step is?

KEVIN
The first step is acknowledgment.
The second step is making amends.
The third step is personal
inventory and the fourth step is
counting my blessings.

BEVERLY
Thank you Kevin. That was very
good. You're now ready to work
towards the fifth step; taking
back control.
(Pause)
I believe we have someone new
joining us today.

All heads and eyes turn to Charlie.

BEVERLY
It's ok, you can introduce
yourself. Nobody here will judge
you.

CHARLIE
My name is Charlie.

ALL
Hi Charlie.

CHARLIE
I think I might be a rage-aholic.

BEVERLY
Well done Charlie, you just
reached the first step.

Another round of applause.

BEVERLY

Introspection and acknowledging our own wrong-doings is the first step on the road to recovery.

CHARLIE

People seem to like me, everywhere I go, they say I'm too nice. People like me but I don't deserve it.

BEVERLY

Every single one of us deserves companionship, Charlie. You are no different.

CHARLIE

I do things I know I shouldn't be doing. It's like hearing a voice in my head, but I can't pretend that voice isn't me. It is me. I want to stop, but I can't seem to get it right.

BEVERLY

Making amends is the second step.

CHARLIE

But what if I can't take but what I've done?

BEVERLY

Find some other way of restoring balance. Treat a person in your life, a noble cause, a romantic gesture perhaps?

Charlie nods along contemplatively.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Charlie stares vacantly at his computer through heavy-lidded eyes as he types. He couldn't care less.

Across his desk, ANDY (47), balding and in need of a change of shirt, devours his lunch with great enthusiasm. Fried onions slip between his fingers as they make their escape from the grease-soaked burger in his hands.

CHARLIE

You know that food will kill you?

ANDY

These days, everything can kill you; not enough exercise, too much exercise, too many vitamins,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANDY (cont'd)
not enough vitamins, not enough
sun, too much sun. Women -

CHARLIE
- Getting grease stains on your
co-workers furniture.

ANDY
Not you Charlie. You wouldn't
hurt a fly.

Charlie swats a buzzing fly. He and Andy lock stares. Andy quickly relieves the tension with a grin. Food hangs between his teeth.

ANDY
Who wants to live forever anyway?

CHARLIE
None of us get to live forever,
Andy. But some of us get to live
long, fulfilling and prosperous
lives while others get to rot in
the prisons of their own making,
prisons of their own swollen,
bloated bodies as they're
consumed by heart disease,
diabetes and an ever-climbing
cholesterol level until one day
the last glimmers of an already
dim life are choked from them,
just as their arteries are choked
by the fat they've accumulated
over years and years of gluttony
and over-indulgence.

Charlie faces him, smiles.

CHARLIE
But who wants to live forever
anyway?

ANDY
...So how was your date last
night?

CHARLIE
It didn't work out.

ANDY
Another one? How many is that
now?

Charlie shrugs.

CHARLIE

I somehow always end up doing the wrong thing.

ANDY

Talk to me.

CHARLIE

I don't need dating advice from a three time divorcee who once dumped a girl because she had a stalker.

ANDY

The stalker out-gunned me, made me look bad. It got to the point where she was asking why it wasn't me who was sending her flowers, writing her letters and meeting her after work. The stalker was willing to go to lengths that I wasn't in order to sustain the relationship.

CHARLIE

And she was your cousin.

ANDY

Best sex I ever had.

(Pause)

The secret really is no secret; be yourself. Works for me.

CHARLIE

But you're an asshole.

ANDY

I'm tellin' ya mate, just be you.

DENNIS

(Off)

Charlie being Charlie IS the wrong thing.

Charlie and Andy both look up (with thinly veiled disdain) at the immaculately dressed (spit-shined shoes, gold cuff links, gelled hair) DENNIS (31) who stands casting a shadow over Andy's desk.

ANDY

Hi Dennis.

DENNIS

Chuck here acts himself in the company of the fairer sex and that explains why he never gets any further than the first date.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DENNIS (cont'd)

You lack ambition, boy. That's why your beloved Juliette ran off never to be seen or heard from again.

Charlie looks at Dennis with hate in his eyes, as if the man had just reopened an old wound, before quickly filing a way a framed picture of JULIETTE, a very pretty redhead, from his desk to a drawer.

DENNIS

And it's also why, when the Big Boss Man upstairs announces which one of us will be getting the promotion to senior sales executive, you'll all be addressing me as Mister VanHenry.

CHARLIE

What can I do for you...Dennis

DENNIS

Proof read this project proposal. All 57 pages of it.

He tosses a file on the desk where it lands with a heavy thud.

Dennis catches Charlie staring at him.

DENNIS

What?

Charlie launches himself out of his chair and buries a six inch knife in Dennis' throat as he lets out a delighted banshee-like cry. Blood decorates the office.

BACK TO REALITY:

All is normal. All is right with the world. Charlie breaks into a theatrical smile.

CHARLIE

Happy to do it.

Dennis, alive and well but still a prick, turns away with a grunt.

ANDY

Couldn't you just kill that dickhead?

(Pause)

What ever did happen between you and Juliette?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

I don't want to talk about it.

ANDY

It's been two years and nothing beyond a first date since.

CHARLIE

She was the Yin to my Yang, man.

ANDY

Come on Charlie, she was the vagina to your penis.

CHARLIE

Why do you have to talk like that?

ANDY

I lead by example.

(Pause)

Let me set you up on a blind date, she's a friend of a friend of a friend. Great girl. Apparently. Good looking. Apparently.

CHARLIE

Save her for yourself.

ANDY

Not me, I got something lined up with an older woman.

CHARLIE

Older woman? But you're already pushing 50. Just how old is this older woman?

ANDY

69. And 13 months. Don't judge, she's got more experience and fewer expectations. So, what's your plan of attack?

CHARLIE

There'll be no attacking. As much as I hate to admit it, Dennis has a point. If I can just be less...me, I think I might get as far as a second date with this one. Besides, I don't do blind dates.

INT. CHARLIE'S FLAT, BATHROOM - EVENING

A - The RADIO is turned up loud while Charlie showers.

NEWS BROADCASTER

(Off)

The Blind Date killer strikes again! A dog-walker made a grim discovery early this morning in the form of a shallow grave in Edward's Park, barely concealing the remains of an, as yet unidentified, female. But early reports are suggesting that this latest victim bares the Blind Date Killer's signature M.O; the removal of her eyes.

CUT TO:

B - Charlie brushes his teeth, spits into the sink and returns his toothbrush to a cup in the bathroom cabinet. It sits beside a jar full of HUMAN EYEBALLS.

He closes the mirror and flashes his pearly whites to himself.

NEWS BROADCASTER

(Off)

This latest murder, just one in a spree spanning two years, now brings the victim count to a total of six.

Charlie appears genuinely shocked and horrified. His grin quickly fades.

CHARLIE

I'm a serial killer?

C - He uses a razor to shave his neck.

NEWS BROADCASTER

(Off)

We go now, live, to senior investigating officer Megan Dann. Detective Dann, what can you tell us about this vicious killer?

D - With his boxers around his ankles, Charlie dares to do a little man-scaping with the razor.

DETECTIVE DANN

(Off)

He's clearly a deeply repressed and disturbed sexual deviant. He is likely impotent, inadequate. A nobody.

(CONTINUED)

Charlie stops what he's doing, listening to the radio and becoming ever more mortified. He visibly shrinks.

DETECTIVE DANN

(Off)

We are looking for a man who is insignificant and ineffectual, someone who is physically, intellectually and emotionally weak. His victims recognise this and this is why he takes their eyes. He's a parasite, an amoeba. Disgusting.

He's by now totally emasculated. He sits, pathetic, on the edge of the bathtub, naked, underwear at his ankles.

BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charlie takes a suit from the wardrobe. The white shirt is still stained with blood. He shakes his head.

CUT TO:

Charlie, dressed smart but casual. He appraises his appearance before a mirror. Pleased, he gives himself a wink and a smile.

CHARLIE

You can do this.

INT. HALLWAY, FLATS - NIGHT

Charlie opens his door to find a FIST poised at eye level. It's the cute neighbour. She quickly puts her hands behind her back and bounces on her heels.

NEIGHBOUR

Sorry, I was about to knock.

Charlie is silent. Anxious.

NEIGHBOUR

(Flirty)

I don't suppose you have any sugar I could borrow, do you?

CHARLIE

(Walking away)

Sorry.

NEIGHBOUR

Sweetener will do?

Charlie hurries down the hall, practically power walking his way out of there.

EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

Evidently it's a little chilly. Michelle rubs her hands and shivers from the cold. She's in good spirits though, doesn't mind the wait.

She smiles when she catches sight of Charlie running to meet her. They hug. It's awkward, but still nice.

CHARLIE

I got these for you.

He presents her with a rather bountiful bouquet. Lilies. Michelle can't quite hide her surprise and confusion.

MICHELLE

Oh...lilies...how nice.

Ever the optimist, Charlie gives her his best smile.

MICHELLE

I got you something too.

She offers him a packet of dishcloths and they both break out into laughter.

CHARLIE

Very practical. Thanks.

MICHELE

I figured I don't wanna be too clean, you know? It's good to be a little bit...dirty sometimes.

More laughter, some of it nervous.

MICHELLE

So, what's the plan?

CHARLIE

You feel like living it up?

MICHELLE

Always.

CHARLIE

Ok, let's go.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Charlie and Michelle sit across from each other at the dinner table. They don't say a word but their eye contact speaks volumes.

But Charlie's expression turns to stone when the WAITER begins CARVING at the table. Charlie watches the KNIFE cut into the supple meat.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

Eating candyfloss, the pair stop to enjoy a PUPPET SHOW. Charlie hones in on PUNCH as he batters the living daylights out of JUDY.

He hurries Michelle along.

INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S TENT - NIGHT

Michelle and Charlie, tight together, share a seat across from the FORTUNE TELLER, all decked out in her bangles and scarves.

She turns over a card...LOVE.

Michelle and Charlie get excited.

The Fortune Teller turns over a second card...FAME.

Michelle laughs, makes 'big eyes'.

A third card is turned over...DEATH.

Charlie stares.

INT. DANCEHALL - NIGHT

Michelle and Charlie dance slowly to the music. She guides his hands from her waist, up her back, and to the back of her neck.

His fingers edge closer and closer to her exposed throat.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

They feed each other ice cream and giggle as they paint each others noses white with the melting food.

Laughter.

CUT TO:

Slaughter.

EXT. UNDERPASS - NIGHT

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, so sorry, so sorry.

He repeats and repeats, punctuating each apology by slamming Michelle's skull against the concrete.

(CONTINUED)

In her final moments Michelle rakes her fingers on concrete and breaks a nail. She feebly paws at Charlie's collar, down his lapels and down his front.

Now dead, her hand drops. The broken nail is gone.

Charlie's hands are drenched in blood. He wipes them using the brand new dishcloths.

EXT. WATER'S EDGE - NIGHT

Charlie checks over his shoulder, looks left, looks right. All clear. He plays it casual as he kicks Michelle's body over the edge of the dock.

He waits for a splash.

SPLAT/CRACK.

He looks to the water below. Michelle's body lies stranded on the only rock in sight.

CHARLIE

I can't do anything right.

He runs away.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Today it's a burrito that Andy wears on his face and hands.

ANDY

So how'd your date go last night?

CHARLIE

It didn't work out.

ANDY

Let me hook you up? Come on.

CHARLIE

Nope. No more, never again, that's the last date I ever go on.

ANDY

Two words for you; Blind. Date.

DENNIS

(Off)

I know what you did.

Andy and Charlie once again find Dennis casting a shadow over the desk. And their lives.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

You've got a knack for sneaking up on people, Dennis. You'd make a good creep.

DENNIS

You re-wrote my project proposal.

CHARLIE

I corrected a few mistakes.

DENNIS

Like what?

CHARLIE

You spelled 'proposal' wrong. And 'project'. You asked me to proofread it, that's what I did.

DENNIS

You trying to be smart?

CHARLIE

No, I'm achieving that without effort.

DENNIS

I'm ruthless. Like shark. Like a shark with a concealed weapon, like a taser or pepper spray. That's why that promotion is mine. And it's why I don't need to go on blind dates like a sad little tosspot.

(Pause)

I've got my eye on you.

He backs away and, true to his word, keeps his eye on Charlie. That is until he bumps into someone else's desk.

ANDY

You're not a sad little tosspot.

CHARLIE

Yes I am.

ANDY

But you do need this blind date.

CHARLIE

No I don't.

ANDY

I hear she's completely uninhibited.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Then she'll make some other guy's
dreams come true.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY

RAGE - AHOLICS MEETING.

Charlie looks utterly miserable while Beverly and the rest
of the group look on with sympathy.

CHARLIE

It seems like I just can't help
myself. I know I should feel
guilt and remorse. But I don't. I
just know that what I do is
wrong.

BEVERLY

I understand.

CHARLIE

Nobody can understand what I'm
going through.

BEVERLY

We are all individuals with our
own stories to tell, this is
true. Perhaps you can start to at
least think about the third step.
Everybody, let's remind Charlie
of what the third step is.

ALL

Personal inventory.

BEVERLY

Personal inventory, that's
correct, well done. Start to take
stock of your life Charlie, what
you have, and also what you feel
you don't have. What do you feel
is missing?

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT

Charlie walks with the gait of a depressed man. He passes
by a lit window on the ground floor and then retraces his
steps to look inside.

Through a gap in the curtains he sees his neighbours Mr
and Mrs Childs snuggled closely together on the sofa
watching the evening news.

The elderly couple share a quick kiss.

(CONTINUED)

Charlie can't help but smile.

Mrs Childs then removes her FALSE TEETH and lowers her face towards Mr Childs' lap. Mr Childs then turns his face to the ceiling, closes his eyes, and smiles with delight.

Charlie runs away.

ON THE NEWS a REPORTER at the scene of Charlie's most recent crime. The headline reads "BLIND DATE KILLER STRIKES AGAIN...COULD MISSING FINGERNAIL HOLD CLUE?"

INT. CHARLIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

He's on the phone.

CHARLIE

I'll do it. I'll go on the blind date...Maggie? Ok. Tell Maggie I'll meet her -

EXT. FLEA MARKET - EVENING

MAGGIE (25), quietly pretty, subtly made-up, simple dress and heels and wearing glasses, waits outside the flea market.

CHARLIE

Maggie?

Charlie is a little out of breath, a little uncertain. But hopeful.

MAGGIE

No, I think you've got me confused with someone else.

CHARLIE

Oh, sorry.

He flashes her a tight-lipped smile before shuffling away a few feet and waiting with his bouquet of flowers.

MAGGIE

Blind date?

CHARLIE

That obvious?

MAGGIE

Kind of, yeah. Me too.

CHARLIE

Ah.

MAGGIE

Good luck.

CHARLIE

Thanks. You too.

MAGGIE

Thanks. I'll need it, I've heard this guy's a real dick. But you know, desperate times.

CHARLIE

Well, I hope he's a really nice guy.

MAGGIE

Nah. He just has to be honest, you know. You can't have nothing without honesty. You hear me, Charlie?

CHARLIE

I - Maggie?

MAGGIE

Got ya, didn't I?

CHARLIE

A real dick?

MAGGIE

It's very nice to meet you.

CHARLIE

(Smiling)

I want to say the same.

MAGGIE

(Pointing to the flowers)

Those for me?

CHARLIE

(Still playful)

They were up until about 30 seconds ago.

MAGGIE

'Cause I should warn you, I'm allergic to pollen.

He shoves the flowers under her nose.

CHARLIE

That's good, 'cause these are plastic. All the other ones seem to die on me. Last thing I'd want to do is kill you too.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

In that case, thank you very much, they're beautiful.

CHARLIE

Shall we go inside?

MAGGIE

We shall.

INT. FLEA MARKET - EVENING

Together Maggie and Charlie browse the endless isles and floor to ceiling shelves full of treasures from the past.

MAGGIE

So, why a flea market?

CHARLIE

Thursday nights are late night shopping.

MAGGIE

I meant why, why here?

CHARLIE

You don't like it?

MAGGIE

I love it.

CHARLIE

Me too. It's like everything here has been given a second chance to bring joy to some stranger's life. Everything in here, no matter how weird or obscure has a secret past. But now they're here, dormant, just waiting to be picked out by the right person to come along.

He stops, points to a pair of womens shoes.

CHARLIE

Like these shoes. They were once loved, danced to their wearer's joy, walked in time to their sorrow. And any day now someone will come along and make them dance again. Maybe you.

MAGGIE

Maybe.

(CONTINUED)

She slips out of her heels, revealing brightly painted toenails, each one a different colour than the last. They wiggle their way into the old shoes.

CHARLIE

What's with the toes?

MAGGIE

I was always told that it's good to be different.

The shoe is a perfect fit.

MAGGIE

...If the shoe fits.

CUT TO:

They continue their shopping, Maggie now carrying the shoes under her arm.

MAGGIE

You know what's weird?

CHARLIE

What?

MAGGIE

It's that I don't feel weird. What I mean is, dates are normally minefields of nerves, aren't they? Last date I went on, I was so nervous of getting nervous that it made me nervous. Silly really, I mean what's the worst that could happen, right?

CHARLIE

(Nervous laughter)

Right.

MAGGIE

But with you I feel...I dunno, at ease. Safe.

(Pause)

I suppose I should probably ask you some of the obligatory date questions at some point.

CHARLIE

You mean like, where did you grow up?

MAGGIE

Precisely. But I'm starting with; so Charlie, tell me about yourself.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Well, I'm a junior sales rep
for...

He notices Maggie narrowing her eyes and shaking her head
at him.

CHARLIE

Why are you shaking your head
like that?

MAGGIE

I asked you to tell me about
yourself, not what you do for a
living.

CHARLIE

You don't think what we do and
who we are are the same?

MAGGIE

What do you do for a living?

CHARLIE

I sell advertising space.

MAGGIE

So you charge companies for blank
pages and empty billboards?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

MAGGIE

In other words; you sell nothing.

CHARLIE

God, that's depressing.

MAGGIE

So in your case I definitely hope
you're not defined by what you
do. I make Christmas decorations
for eleven months of the year, it
makes me money, it doesn't make
me who I am. I make phony joy,
fake cheer. It's up to us to make
own happiness, not for me to
build it, package it and slap a
price tag on it. I'd rather be
sad for real than false happy.

(Pause)

See that was more than idle chit
chat, we've both revealed
something real about ourselves.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Yeah?

MAGGIE

Sure. You fear that everything in your life is only momentary. That everything you touch is short-lived.

CHARLIE

And you prefer genuine sadness over make believe pleasure?

MAGGIE

Honesty is important. That's been the problem with all the other guys I've dated.

CHARLIE

They're not honest with you?

MAGGIE

They weren't honest with themselves. They were all pretending to be something they weren't.

CHARLIE

I think I might know what you mean.

MAGGIE

They thought they knew what women want. But all I've ever wanted is someone who gets me. I don't think it's asking to much of the universe to meet a guy who I at least share a common interest with.

CHARLIE

(Long pause)

So Maggie, tell me about yourself.

MAGGIE

Born in Essex, moved to Brighton two years ago, only child, father died when I was eight years old, close with my mother, a natural blonde, I live alone, bachelors degree in art and design, right-handed, cried when the shark dies in Jaws, hate olives, I once stole actual candy from an actual baby and my cycle starts on the 21st of every month.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

AT THE CHECKOUT.

The next person in line is paying for their goods.

CHARLIE

So what do you do when you're not shedding tears at the passing of deadly underwater behemoths of the silver screen?

MAGGIE

I like to dabble in a bit of photography.

CHARLIE

Landscapes? Fine Art? Photojournalism?

MAGGIE

Still life.

Maggie steps up to the counter with her shoes. The SERVER is a tall, lanky hippie who nobody told the 60's is over. He pulls it off though.

SERVER

Nothing for the gentleman?

MAGGIE

He's got me.

SERVER

You got stiffed. Do you want to wear these now?

Maggie turns to Charlie as if to ask his opinion. He lifts his arms; do what you want.

MAGGIE

I'll wear them now.

SERVER

I'll give you the "nice eyes" discount. Eight pounds.

She hands over a ten pound note.

MAGGIE

Keep the change. For the nice smile.

SERVER

Amen, Sister.

(CONTINUED)

Maggie leads the way, happy in her new shoes. Charlie, carrying Maggie's old shoes, flashes the server the peace sign on his way out.

SERVER

Treat her right, Comrade.

CHARLIE

Amen, Brother.

EXT. CITY, LANES - NIGHT

This city has a pulse, a good vibe. And tonight is no exception; people seem to be in good spirits, taking in the night air and in no particular hurry.

Charlie and Maggie slow as they approach a BUSKER who has attracted a crowd with his feel-good music.

MAGGIE

Dance with me.

CHARLIE

What?

MAGGIE

Come on, we owe it to the shoes.

CHARLIE

So then dance away. I'll watch.

Charlie watches Maggie break away from the crowd and put herself between the spectators and the gifted musician.

She soon loses herself in the music, moving with ease and grace, hair flowing about her shoulders.

A comfortable, joyful smile spreads itself across Charlie's face. As he watches Maggie dance, she looks up from her feet and their eyes meet. She returns his smile.

The music swells.

EXT. MAGGIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Charlie walks Maggie to her front door, hand in hand.

MAGGIE

This is me.

CHARLIE

Well...

MAGGIE
Well, indeed.

CHARLIE
Goodnight, Maggie.

MAGGIE
"Goodnight" is something you say
when the night has come to an
end.

A beat.

MAGGIE
You want to come up? It's not the
21st for five more days.

CHARLIE
What I want to do and what I
should do aren't in agreement
right now.

MAGGIE
You should only ever do exactly
what you want.

CHARLIE
In that case...

He leans in to kiss her. She stops him, playfully, with a
finger to his lips.

MAGGIE
But before I let you in...I need
to ask if you're some kind of
psycho killer?

CHARLIE
...That, but so much more.

MAGGIE
(Laughing)
You're such a tease.

She opens the door and they both step inside.

INT. MAGGIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Well kept, artsy. Warmly lit. Inviting. Black and white
photographs, hung in their frames, adorn every wall.

Maggie and Charlie have their lips locked, pausing only
for breath. With the eagerness of new lovers they move to
the sofa and fall onto it. They kiss away.

Fingers fumble at buttons, faces become flushed. Things
are hotting up.

(CONTINUED)

Maggie pulls away. Flashes a sultry smile.

MAGGIE

Would you excuse me a moment? Why
don't you pour us some drinks.

She fixes her clothes a little. Charlie watches her walk
down the hall and go into the bathroom.

Charlie stands, finds a more comfortable spot for his
erection, heads for the KITCHEN.

KITCHEN

Charlie tries a couple of the cupboards before finding the
glasses. He takes two. Next, the fridge. He pours them
each a glass of red wine. Takes a sip.

INT. MAGGIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Maggie stands at the mirror. She gives her reflection
moral support.

MAGGIE

You can do this. You can do this.
He's just a guy, nice guy, but
just a guy.

KITCHEN

Charlie gives his reflection (as seen in the microwave)
the male equivalent of moral support.

CHARLIE

Great girl, great smile, great
bum. She's gonna come back in
here, you're gonna play it
cool...

BATHROOM

MAGGIE

You're gonna head back out there,
nice and easy, do your thing, no
fuss, no embarrassment...

KITCHEN

CHARLIE

...no murders. You've got this.

BATHROOM

MAGGIE

It's not as if this is your first time, you know what you're doing, you remember where everything goes. You're fine. You-are-

KITCHEN

CHARLIE

Fine.

He fixes his hair, checks his breath, armpits. Nods his approval.

BATHROOM

A quick wink in the mirror and Maggie is good to go.

KITCHEN

Maggie's reflection in the microwave signals her return. Charlie faces her, giving his best James Dean.

She sips her wine, hands him the other glass. They watch each other across the rims of their glasses.

Maggie keeps on tipping her glass and quickly empties it down her throat. Smiles. Charlie tries to hide his surprise and does the same. Chokes when the last drop lodges in his throat.

MAGGIE

Now get over here, where I want you.

She leads him by the collar until his back meets the wall, pressing her body against his and pinning him in position. She's a force of nature. She pulls his jacket off.

The kissing picks up where it left off, heat turned to eleven.

His eyes stray to the black and white photo to his left. To his right. Frowning, he breaks the connection between himself and Maggie. She does not seem bothered. She seems pleased.

For the first time Charlie notices that both images show the faces of two different men. Every picture in the room is of a different man. But something is off.

Every man in these photos is dead.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE
Do you like them?

CHARLIE
I don't understand.

MAGGIE
You will.

Charlie doubles over and clutches his stomach. The pain in his gut forces him to his knees.

Maggie heads for the kitchen.

MAGGIE
When I told you I like to shoot still life, I really should have stressed the still aspect. And the life part isn't quite accurate either.

She grabs a bowl from the sink, returns to Charlie.

MAGGIE
If there's one thing I've learned, it's that there is no such thing as the perfect man. Unless of course one finds a way to mould them to one's own liking. Capture them at their best; compliant, willing. Dead.

CHARLIE
What have you done?

MAGGIE
I've saved a spot for your picture, right above the TV.

Sure enough, an empty frame hangs above the TV.

He vomits violently just as Maggie makes it in time with the bucket.

MAGGIE
Uh-uh, not on the carpet.

More of his stomach contents splash into the bucket.

MAGGIE
No need to strike a pose. I'll do that for you.

CHARLIE
You're insane.

MAGGIE

My mother always preferred the word 'different'. But then she did batter my father to death with a rolling pin. Or was it a leg of lamb? I was so young I forget.

He vomits blood.

CHARLIE

Oh God.

MAGGIE

Nope. Just me. Maggie. With a little help from...

FLASH TO

Maggie taking a CAPSULE filled with white powder from the BATHROOM CABINET.

MAGGIE

A lovely little substance called potassium bromate.

FLASH TO

She cracks the capsule open over Charlie's glass of wine.

BACK IN THE PRESENT

CHARLIE

But...that's...not fair. I'm -

He's cut off by another torrent of vomit and blood. He's looking pale. Like death.

MAGGIE

I know. I'm sorry. If it's any conciliation I'll make you look good. Nice suit, tie.

(Mimes, poses)

Or maybe something more butch, like fitting a light bulb.

CHARLIE

No, you don't understand. I'm like you.

Ignoring him she begins picking up his discarded clothing. Searches the pockets. She pulls out a BROKEN FINGERNAIL.

MAGGIE

Well you've got some explaining to do.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
I'm the blind date killer.

He's running rapidly out of time. He's flat to the carpet, pale and sweaty. His breathing is ragged and laboured. Too weak to lift his head, he follows Maggie with his eyes.

MAGGIE
You were planning on killing me?

CHARLIE
No.

MAGGIE
(Not convinced)
Well now I'm double glad I got to kill you first.

CHARLIE
Don't you see? We're the same.
We've finally found each other.

MAGGIE
(Lets it sink in)
You're right. The shoe fits.
You're the one, the perfect man I didn't believe could exist.
(Regret)
And now I've gone and murdered you. Well this is awkward.

CHARLIE
A little bit, yeah.

MAGGIE
You're really a serial killer,
you're not just saying that?

CHARLIE
I was.

MAGGIE
Snap.
(Pause)
Stay there.

She runs away, feet thudding on the carpet. She hurries back and helps Charlie up into a sitting position.

She rolls up his sleeve, taps his vein and slides a needle into his arm.

MAGGIE
Sodium Thiosulfate. Antidote.

They are face to face, both breathing hard - but for their different reasons.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Sorry for poisoning you. But you,
you should have said something.

CHARLIE

That I was a murderer? It's
hardly something one drops into a
conversation.

MAGGIE

Well I did ask. I had a plan and
now you've gone and messed it all
up.

CHARLIE

(Dry as sand)

You're right, sorry for ruining
your night.

MAGGIE

You've made my night. And maybe
my life.

They kiss.

MAGGIE

So...since nobody's getting
killed...

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM NIGHT

Maggie and a somewhat recovered Charlie are in bed, making
love. It is tender. Loving.

INT. MAGGIE'S BEDROOM NIGHT

They lay entwined, naked.

MAGGIE

How long's it been for you?

CHARLIE

I haven't had sex in two years;
Juliette Gardiner.

Charlie is quick to shake of his wistful look that comes
with that name.

MAGGIE

No, when d'you last kill someone?

CHARLIE

Oh. That.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Wait, tell me more about
this...Juliette girl.

CHARLIE

She was my first.

MAGGIE

First?

CHARLIE

First everything.

MAGGIE

...You said you weren't trying to
kill me?

CHARLIE

I wasn't. I quit, I've killed my
last.

MAGGIE

I knew you seemed too good to be
true. Just when you think you're
starting to get to know someone.
Did you say all that just to take
advantage of me?

CHARLIE

No, everything is true. But don't
you see, neither one of us has to
keep on killing, it doesn't make
sense now that we've got each
other.

MAGGIE

Now is when it makes the most
sense.

CHARLIE

What are you saying?

MAGGIE

It's what brought us together.
We're the only two sane people in
an insane world. It's everybody
else that's crazy for resisting
their true nature, pretending
they're something they're not.
We're animals, might as well act
like it.

CHARLIE

But...they're people.

MAGGIE

You should never have to hide who you really are.

CHARLIE

Murdering the innocent, I dunno, it just seems a bit...mean.

MAGGIE

Maybe you need to ease yourself back into it. I'll help you.

CHARLIE

You mean like, with a puppy or a kitten or something?

MAGGIE

What? No, that's just cruel. Surely you can think of someone you want kill, who has it coming? Someone who deserves to die.

Charlie raises an eyebrow.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

All eyes are on the Big Boss Man.

BOSS

Dennis, we're proud to announce, will now be the company's senior sales executive. The competition was fierce. But then so was Dennis. Dennis, a few words?

And and Charlie exchange looks.

Dennis is happy to step forward. He's even brought his own microphone for the occasion. He steps up onto a box for added height.

DENNIS

I can't express in words how proud I am to be your superior. But I'll do it anyway. If ever you're looking for inspiration, if ever you're looking for someone to aspire to be, look no further than Dennis VanHenry. One day, any one of you could be half the man I am. Yes, I am your boss, but more than that, I'm your leader. Your commander, your drill sergeant, your general. Think of me as a father. And I'll think of you as my children.

(CONTINUED)

BOSS

Ok, thank you Dennis.

DENNIS

(Stepping down)

Mister VanHenry.

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Maggie lies on his bed examining his jar of eyeballs.
Charlie rummages through his wardrobe.

MAGGIE

This is gonna be fun.

CHARLIE

What do you think?

He wears a clown mask.

MAGGIE

Clowns have been done to death.

CHARLIE

Clowns are classic.

MAGGIE

The word is cliche.

Disheartened, he resumes rummaging.

CHARLIE

I just can't decide what to wear.
How's this.

He presents her with something ugly and creepy.

MAGGIE

Better, but don't expect me to
sleep with you wearing that.

CHARLIE

So something sexier?

MAGGIE

I don't know why you want to wear
a mask anyway. Half the thrill is
having them see your face.

CHARLIE

What if someone sees us?

MAGGIE

Kill them too.

(Off his look)

You're right, let's not rush

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE (cont'd)
thing. Sorry if I'm going too
fast for you.

CHARLIE
I guess I'm just a bit nervous.
I've spent the last couple of
years desperately trying not to
kill anyone.

MAGGIE
Don't worry. I'm sure it was just
a phase. Everybody experiments
when they're young.

CHARLIE
You know, I think I might be
falling in love with you.

MAGGIE
You're sweet.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

The car sits parked across the street from the office
where Charlie works. Just a few lights burn in the
otherwise dark building.

Maggie spies Dennis through a set of binoculars.

THROUGH BINOCULARS;

Dennis sits at his computer.

MAGGIE
You ever torture anyone?

CHARLIE
(Nods to the binoculars)
Let me see those.
(She hands them over)
No. You?

MAGGIE
Only emotionally.

CHARLIE
(Spying on Dennis)
Lying bastard.

MAGGIE
What?

He focuses on Dennis's computer screen. Reads.

CHARLIE

BlindDate.com...dating for the
visually impaired.

(Pause)

Sorry Dennis, blind or not, any
woman will still be able to see
your shitty personality.

MAGGIE

Ever eat anyone?

CHARLIE

Nah. Fussy eater, as it is.

MAGGIE

What's the worst thing you've
ever done?

CHARLIE

I once poured a friend a regular
coke and told her it was diet.
She was trying to lose weight.

MAGGIE

When I was little I cut my
friend's hair wonky. I always
felt bad about that.

Charlie pans up with the binoculars, finds the Boss.

CHARLIE

Dennis always makes a point of
leaving after Big Boss Man just
so that he knows Dennis is
working late. So all we have to
do is wait until my Boss goes
home then we know Dennis is the
only one left in the building.
He'll leave five minutes after.

MAGGIE

So how'd you wanna do this?

CHARLIE

I thought you had something in
mind?

MAGGIE

I can't be left to think of
everything, I brought the duct
tape, the rope, pliers, the
knives the change of clothes and
the snacks.

CHARLIE

Snacks?

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Yeah.

CHARLIE

I'm kind of hungry.

MAGGIE

(Unwrapping a sandwich)
Exactly, I thought ahead and knew you would be. Start thinking for yourself and not just of yourself. Now how do you want to murder your boss?

CHARLIE

(Eating the sandwich)
Let's wait by his car, then when he goes to get in we'll sneak up behind him and cut his throat.

MAGGIE

Classy.

EXT. CORPORATE OFFICE BLOCK - NIGHT

An upstairs light goes out.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

CHARLIE

The Boss is leaving.

EXT. CORPORATE OFFICE BLOCK - NIGHT

The Boss waves goodnight to Dennis on his way out.

A moment later the Boss exits the building, gets in his car and drives away.

INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

CHARLIE

Ok, let's go.

EXT. CHARLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Charlie and Maggie stalk quickly and stealthily across the street. Charlie carries a backpack.

MAGGIE

Dun dun dun dun dun dun dun.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE
What are you doing?

MAGGIE
Danger music.

CHARLIE
I'm on the verge of a panic
attack as it is.

MAGGIE
*Twinkle twinkle little star, how
I wonder what you are...*

INT. SUB-LEVEL CAR PARK - NIGHT

Maggie and Charlie duck into the dimly lit car park. Only one car occupies a space. They take cover behind a pillar.

He takes out a nylon stocking and pulls it over his head and offers Maggie a stocking of her own. She doesn't take it.

MAGGIE
You look like bank robber. You
want to be taken for a common
thug?

CHARLIE
It's a disguise. Wear it.

MAGGIE
That hides nothing, I can still
see your face.

CHARLIE
Suit yourself.

Squatting, Charlie unshoulders the backpack and unzips it.

CHARLIE
Shit.

MAGGIE
What?

CHARLIE
The knives, they're still in
their packaging.

He holds a set of knives still encased in tough plastic.

MAGGIE
I had to buy new ones, you didn't
have any. How do you prepare food
with no knives in the house?

(CONTINUED)

He pulls at the plastic. Bends it. Bites it. Might as well be steel.

MAGGIE

If only we had a knife.

CHARLIE

Funny.

DENNIS

(Off)

Charlie?

Charlie, stocking on his head and shrink-wrapped kitchen knife in hand, turns to see Dennis a few metres away. Dennis apparently is confused rather than scared.

CHARLIE

Who's Charlie?

DENNIS

I can see your face.

MAGGIE

Told you.

DENNIS

What's that you got there?

CHARLIE

Knife.

DENNIS

And who's that with you?

CHARLIE

Maggie. My girlfriend.

MAGGIE

Hi Dennis. I've heard a lot about you.

DENNIS

What are you doing here?

CHARLIE

Nothing.

DENNIS

You're hiding in the car park at night, holding a knife and wearing a stocking on your head, doing nothing?

CHARLIE

Hard to believe isn't it?

DENNIS
(Taking out phone)
That's it, I'm calling the
police.

Charlie sprints. He charges Dennis at full speed and
knocks the man to the floor.

Dennis spills paperwork all over the floor.

Charlie hits Dennis on the head with the wrapped knives.
It has little effect.

Dennis reaches for his phone but Maggie drives her heel
into his hand. She stomps and breaks his fingers.

Charlie picks up a sheet of paper and uses it to give
Dennis a paper cut across his throat. The wound is barely
noticeable, but...

DENNIS
Aaaaarrrrrrggghhh, paper cut!

He uses both hands to cover the minute wound. He is in
agony. He takes his hands away, looks to them expecting
rivers of blood. They're bone dry. It silences him.

Maggie goes on the attack with a sheet of paper - slices
him across the face.

He recoils in pain. But nary a drop of blood.

Charlie goes for the face with his sheet of paper but
Dennis throws up an arm in defense. The paper cuts him on
the forearm.

That brings Dennis to his knees

Charlie retrieves a stapler - also fallen from Dennis'
bag. He uses it to staple Dennis in the head, the hand,
the leg, the backside.

Maggie shoves Dennis' phone into his mouth to silence his
screams.

A pencil, rolling away, is grabbed. Buried in flesh.

A shoe is removed and used to batter Dennis.

After it is all over Charlie and Maggie take a step back
and catch their breath. Both are bloody and sweaty.

Charlie has one last swipe with the shoe. He smiles.

CHARLIE
Think they'll rule accidental
death?

The two lovers take each other by the hand.

MAGGIE
meet you at the car.

Maggie runs off, once again singing danger music to herself.

Charlie takes a moment to soak up the adrenaline coursing through his veins.

Dennis lies bloody and broken amid assorted office supplies and equipment.

EXT. CORPORATE OFFICE BLOCK - NIGHT

Charlie runs back out into the night. And finds his car on fire while Maggie watches it burn.

CHARLIE
What are you doing?

MAGGIE
Destroying evidence.

CHARLIE
My car!

MAGGIE
You mean it wasn't stolen?

CHARLIE
No, I'm not a thief.

MAGGIE
Why would you use your own car to commit a crime?

CHARLIE
The fresh clothes were in the boot.

MAGGIE
Oh.

CHARLIE
How do you expect us to get home?

INT. BUS (MOVING) - NIGHT

Maggie and Charlie ride the bus in their blood-stained clothes, blood drying on their faces, her head resting on his shoulder.

Every one of the half a dozen passengers sharing the journey have their faces inches from their phones. Not a soul bats an eyelid.

INT. CHARLIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Maggie and Charlie shower together, kissing and washing the blood away as one.

Outside the window, a firework explodes in the night sky.

MAGGIE

Look.

CHARLIE

It's always fireworks, with you.

The kissing intensifies.

The water swirling down the drain is red.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

BOSS

Everybody, there's no easy way to say this...Dennis...mister VanHenry...is dead.

No reaction.

BOSS

Murdered.

Still no reaction.

BOSS

Violently butchered. Blood everywhere. The police say he likely died slowly in agonising pain.

He might as well be discussing his love of steam engines.

BOSS

Anyway, not one to dwell on the past, the company have appointed Charlie to be your new senior sales executive. Charlie?

CHARLIE

Ok, first things first, casual Friday's, they're coming back. Cake Tuesdays...self explanatory, really. I've heard laughter yoga has its merits, but I'm open to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE (cont'd)
suggestions. And since Dennis won't be coming back I figured we could shift his desk and make space for a little putting green, maybe an air hockey table, pastry trolley. Nothing too distracting, after all we're here to work hard.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Maggie and Charlie share a picnic in the sun. They are people-watching.

MAGGIE
Blonde. Business woman, grey skirt, brown bag.

CHARLIE
I've always wanted to see what it's like with an Asian woman. Better yet, redhead.

MAGGIE
Pony tail. Stressed librarian look.

CHARLIE
Nah. Brunette. Pink tracksuit, coming from the bus stop, smoking a cigarette.

MAGGIE
You had me at pink tracksuit. It's not as if she wants to live too badly anyway, not if she's sucking down cancer sticks. Let's do it.

CHARLIE
Now?

MAGGIE
You'd prefer to check with her for a time that's more convenient?

CHARLIE
But it's broad daylight.

MAGGIE
Kind of exciting, isn't it? Out in the open, public place, anyone could see us. I believe they call that alfresco.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

So what do you suggest?

MAGGIE

Follow her.

CHARLIE

At what distance?

MAGGIE

A reasonable distance.

CHARLIE

What's a reasonable distance?

MAGGIE

Close enough so that we don't lose her, but not too close to make her suspicious.

CHARLIE

A specific distance?

MAGGIE

Somewhere between 10 and 20 metres. Specific enough?

CHARLIE

Got it.

MAGGIE

And don't run. But don't creep either. An no tip-toing. I followed someone once for three quarters of a mile, tiptoeing the entire distance. I looked like a cartoon. You ready?

They hold hands and prepare to leave.

CHARLIE

Yeah.

MAGGIE

Oh bollocks.

CHARLIE

What?

MAGGIE

She's gone. Business woman, grey skirt?

CHARLIE

Ok.

INT. CHARLIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Blood drips from the ceiling. Maggie, herself covered in blood holds a knife while Charlie is still dressed in his suit from work and carrying a briefcase.

CHARLIE

How'd you even manage to get it up there?

MAGGIE

I got a bit carried away. It shot up like a fountain at the Belagio. It was really quite pretty.

CHARLIE

Sorry I missed it.

MAGGIE

It's ok, we'll just paint over it..

CHARLIE

But then I'm gonna be left with a patchy ceiling.

MAGGIE

Just get some white paint and -

CHARLIE

Good luck trying to find the correct shade.

MAGGIE

What do you mean, correct shade? White is white.

CHARLIE

There's cream, blush, ivory, magnolia, pearl, seashell, snow, vanilla...Hang on...where's her head?

MAGGIE

In the sink.

CHARLIE

On top of the plates?

MAGGIE

Look, if you don't want me here just then you should just say so, ok?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

You're right, I'm stressing about the little things and not putting them into perspective. I do want you here. In fact, why don't you move in?

MAGGIE

Really?

CHARLIE

Really.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

A - Maggie takes down the framed photos of dead men one by one.

The photographs themselves go into a fire.

B - Boxes marked 'MAGGIE'S STUFF'. Charlie heaves the boxes into his bedroom, the living room and the kitchen, where Maggie is busy emptying other boxes.

She takes out spices, jars of food, bottles of poison.

C - Charlie's face is sprayed with freckles of blood as he swings at some poor soul with a meat tenderiser.

D - Shopping. Maggie and Charlie push a trolley down the supermarket aisle. In go cereal boxes, milk, eggs, bread, an icepick, a butcher knife...

E - Double date. Maggie, Charlie, Andy and a 70 YEAR OLD WOMAN sip drinks and dine and laugh together.

F - Charlie climbs the length of Maggie's prone body, kissing her from the tips of her toes all the way to the bloody stump above the knee. Wait, that's not Maggie's leg.

He throws the severed limb out of bed. Maggie and Charlie can't help but laugh.

G - Maggie whistles while she works, hovering around a corpse on the living room floor.

H - The CUTE NEIGHBOUR from across the hall seems surprised, frightened, by Maggie's entering Charlie's flat.

Maggie tries to make sense of the woman's strange expression as she slips inside.

I - The PLASTIC FLOWERS from their first date are placed in a vase on the windowsill in Charlie's flat.

(CONTINUED)

J - Another shopping trolley gets filled up; axe, machete, chainsaw...

K - Another double date. This time Maggie and Charlie spend their evening with Andy and an 80 YEAR OLD WOMAN struggling to read a menu.

L - Two 12 foot shadows on an alley wall bludgeon a third 12 foot shadow.

M - Maggie dons an apron and chops at the kitchen counter. REVEAL - it's not vegetables she's chopping. A human hand lies stretched across the chopping board.

N - The never ending shopping trip continues. The trolley still has room for a pickaxe, a length of chain, a MOTHER'S DAY CARD.

O - Maggie presents her mother with the card, Charlie offers her a bunch of flowers. She would accept them but she's busy being pumped with sedatives by the PSYCHE WARD ORDERLY and drooling on herself.

Other criminally insane patients shuffle around in the background.

P - Maggie and Charlie feed each other forkfuls of food by candlelight. Across the table from them Andy watches his 90 YEAR OLD date die and land her face in a bowl of soup.

Q - Charlie and Maggie share a romantic kiss under the moon.

R - Charlie pulls a RING from a severed finger and slides it onto Maggie's own. She is beaming, tears streaming down her face.

S - A car with "JUST MARRIED" painted on the rear windscreen. The car heads for the horizon, balloons, tin cans, and dead body with its head stuffed in a bin bag trailing it its wake.

END MONTAGE.

INT. HALLWAY, FLATS - NIGHT

Maggie carries shopping and fishes her keys out of her pocket. She is about to enter the flat when a door opens behind her.

Through the two inch gap the face of the cute Neighbour appears from behind the chain.

MAGGIE

Hello?

(CONTINUED)

NEIGHBOUR
Stay away from him.

MAGGIE
Sorry?

Suddenly Charlie opens the door and greets Maggie with a smile. Maggie turns back to the neighbour's door but it is already shut again.

Charlie is apparently unaware of the events of the last few moments.

CHARLIE
There you are. I thought I heard you.

Maggie enters and Charlie shuts the door behind her.

INT. CHARLIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

MAGGIE
That was weird.

CHARLIE
What?

MAGGIE
Your neighbour, just gave me the distinct impression that she didn't want me around.

CHARLIE
Oh her, yeah, she's kind of flirted with me a few times.

MAGGIE
Well then her name ought to go on the list.

She opens the fridge, loading it with items from the shopping bags.

Held to the fridge door with a magnet proudly displaying a honeymoon photo is a LIST of names under the heading; "PEOPLE TO KILL".

CHARLIE
That would fall into the the shitting where we eat category.

MAGGIE
We killed your boss.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Which is all the more reason to not make that look any less coincidental by murdering our neighbour. Now, talking of eating, what did you get for dinner?

INT. CHARLIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

They're eating dinner, quietly.

MAGGIE

How would you have gotten away with it?

CHARLIE

Gotten away with what?

MAGGIE

Killing me.

CHARLIE

I told you at the time, that was never my plan.

MAGGIE

Was it ever your plan to kill all those other girls? Sorry, women.

CHARLIE

(Pause)

I could ask you the same. How would you have gotten away with killing me that night?

MAGGIE

Easy. The same way I did before. And before that, and before that; slowly dissolve you in acid then pour you down the drain.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Lit only by the headlights of a car, Maggie delights as she bounces the business end of a shovel off of a person's skull while Charlie watches.

She giggles when it makes an almost cartoon-like sound.

MAGGIE

You hear that? Next time we should bring a frying pan.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

DONG! DONG! DONG!

Maggie beats a rhythm out on a dead man's head with a frying pan.

MAGGIE
Can you guess the song?

CHARLIE
What?

MAGGIE
It was Time of My Life.
(Once again playing
percussion)
*'Cause I've had the time of my
liiife, and I owe it all to
youuuu.*

Charlie forces a smile.

MAGGIE
Don't you want your turn?

She offers the frying pan for him to take.

CHARLIE
We should get his car off the
road.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTIM'S CAR - NIGHT

Charlie leans in to release the handbrake. He pauses when he finds a CHILD'S CAR SEAT in the back. The seat is empty, but still the sight is enough to drain the colour from his face.

INT. CHARLIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They lie snuggled together on the sofa, watching *The Bride of Frankenstein* in glorious black and white.

THE MOVIE

Boris Karloff as the monster reaches out a tender hand for his bride. She screams, runs away.

THE MONSTER
She hate me. Like others.

With his stitched hand poised on the lever, the Monster spares his creator.

(CONTINUED)

THE MONSTER

Yes. Go. You live.

With a tear tracing a path down his cheek he reaches for his Bride before pulling on the lever, destroying them both.

THE MONSTER

We belong dead.

A dramatic explosion consumes the pair of them.

The credits roll and the music plays.

MAGGIE

(Switching off the TV)

You wanna go out tonight, try out our new stungun?

CHARLIE

Are you happy?

MAGGIE

Of course.

CHARLIE

I mean, are you happy killing people?

MAGGIE

I wouldn't do it if I wasn't.

CHARLIE

Why is it we found love where other people see hate?

MAGGIE

Destruction is a form of creation.

CHARLIE

But what does it say about us that we can't simply enjoy the world the way it is?

MAGGIE

Happiness is just a state of mind. We make our own happiness, remember?

CHARLIE

And with it, the misery of others.

MAGGIE

That's life. That was my life, it'll be life for a lot of other

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE (cont'd)

people too. Wasn't it the same for you?

CHARLIE

No. Normal home, normal parents, normal childhood. Then about two years ago I found I couldn't stop killing the women I went out with. I'd become a serial killer.

(Pause)

Have you ever tried it? Life without killing?

MAGGIE

Once.

CHARLIE

And? What did you find?

MAGGIE

I found that it was life that scared me to death. Then I found you.

She holds him a little tighter, kisses him.

MAGGIE

Have you ever been in love before?

CHARLIE

Once. About two years ago.

MAGGIE

Juliette?

Charlie gets up, goes to the kitchen.

CHARLIE

You want a drink?

Maggie does not respond. She watches him closely.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

They're at it like animals. Maggie the cat, Charlie the mouse. She rides him something wild. He's the somewhat stunned recipient, looking up at her with wide and watchful eyes.

MAGGIE

Talk dirty to me.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

...How dirty?

MAGGIE

Tell me what you want to do to me.

CHARLIE

(Thinks long and hard)

I'm gonna moisten your gusset.
I'm gonna caress you from inside out.

MAGGIE

Tell me you're gonna make me scream.

CHARLIE

I promise to make you scream.

MAGGIE

Say...

(grunts)

"I'm gonna pound you with my blunt instrument".

(grunts)

Say "I'm gonna bruise your organs".

(grunts)

Expunge your body of its fluids.

(grunts)

I'm gonna fracture your fucking pelvis.

CHARLIE

...Are we still talking about what you want me to do to you here?

MAGGIE

Shut the fuck up and fuck me like you're a death row inmate.

CHARLIE

I'm scared.

MAGGIE

That's good.

(Grunts)

That's real good.

INT. CHARLIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

The plastic flowers. Charlie takes a single flower and places it a separate vase at the dinner table. He lights a candle.

He selects a CD, something romantic, turns on the stereo. It is already set to radio and the announcer's voice comes to life.

NEWS BROADCASTER

(Off)

As the third year comes to an end since the hunt began for the Blind Date Killer, and with no apparent end in sight and an ever-growing list of victims, we welcome back lead investigator, Detective Megan Dann to discuss the latest developments. Detective Dann, welcome back.

Charlie remains poised with the CD, fixated on the voices coming from the speakers.

DETECTIVE DANN

(Off)

Much obliged.

NEWS BROADCASTER

(Off)

What can you now tell us about this most vicious and depraved of killers?

DETECTIVE DANN

(Off)

We do, in fact, now have good reason to believe that the Blind Date Killer has paired up with the serial killer known as the Grey Widow Murderer.

NEWS BROADCASTER

(Off)

Is there any significance to the name Grey Widow?

DETECTIVE DANN

(Off)

None whatsoever. A few of us down at the station took a vote. We wanted The Black Widow, but somebody wisely pointed out that Black Widow had already been taken. Twice. Once by a lady spider, and once by a lady

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE DANN (cont'd)
superhero. So we went for the
second darkest colour known to
man.

NEWS BROADCASTER
(Off)
Purple?

DETECTIVE DANN
(Off)
No. Grey.

NEWS BROADCASTER
(Off)
Not even a really dark purple,
like aubergine?

DETECTIVE DANN
(Off)
Grey is the next darkest after
black. Hence, our great city now
finds itself cursed by the Grey
Widow Murderer and her male
accomplice, the Blind Date
Killer. It wouldn't be hyperbole
to compare the threat this pair
pose to that posed by Bonnie and
Clyde, or Michael and Rebecca.
They absolutely must be stopped
and I am pleased to inform our
citizens that we are closing in
on them. By operating together
they make themselves a bigger
target and their time will run
out. Do you hear me, if you're
listening, your time will run
out.

There is a long pause during which, Charlie can only stare
at the speaker as if it were the face of the woman hunting
him.

NEWS BROADCASTER
(Off)
Detective?

DETECTIVE DANN
(Off)
Yes, I was just pausing for
effect.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

Charlie looks to the door, eyes wide.

A second KNOCK follows the first.

DAD
(Off)
Hello? Charlie

Charlie opens the door. His parents, both in their 70's, stand at the threshold, each brandishing sappy grins that only parents in their 70's can.

CHARLIE
Dad? Mum?

MUM
How's my little soldier?

Without waiting for an answer his Mum kisses his cheek and pushes her way past him to make herself welcome inside.

His Dad then takes his hand, shakes it and steps inside. Charlie shuts the door.

LIVING ROOM

Charlie watches his Dad turn on the TV and settle in front of it.

DAD
(Shouting)
You got my glasses, Dear?

KITCHEN

Charlie then follows his Mum to the kitchen.

MUM
Dark in 'ere.

DAD
(Off)
I said you got my glasses?

She turns on the light and blows out the candle, ruining the ambiance, and passes Charlie a pair of reading glasses.

MUM
Take these to your father.

LIVING ROOM

Dad is now attempting to read a newspaper whilst simultaneously watching TV. Charlie gives him the glasses.

On TV, the rousing sound of gunfire.

(CONTINUED)

DAD

What just happened?

CHARLIE

Either read the paper or watch TV, Dad. You can't do both.

DAD

Yes I can. Who got shot? And where's that lovely wife of your's?

CHARLIE

I'm expecting her any minute now. Today is our anniversary.

KITCHEN

MUM

(Shouting)

We know, that's why we came by to say congratulations and happy anniversary.

LIVING ROOM

DAD

You ought to be meeting her from work and walking her home, can't be too careful with these nutters out on the loose.

KITCHEN

Charlie returns to the kitchen. His Mum is searching the cupboards and fridge shelves.

MUM

(Shouting)

They ought to string the bastards up, that's what I say.

CHARLIE

I'm right here.

MUM

I was talking to your father.

CHARLIE

Maggie and I were about to have dinner.

(CONTINUED)

MUM

That's ok, I've already eaten.

(Shouts)

You hungry, Rob?

DAD

(Off. Shouts)

What's to eat?

MUM

What you having?

CHARLIE

A rectal prolapse, I think.

MUM

Is that one of those celebrity
diet fads?

DAD

(Off. Shouts)

What's that?

MUM

(Shouts)

Diet food.

DAD

(Off. Shouts)

No, tah.

CHARLIE

Thai food, Mum. Maggie and I will
be eating Thai food.

MUM

You don't like Thai food.

CHARLIE

Yes, I do

MUM

Since when?

Another gun shot echoes from the living room.

DAD

(Off)

I missed that, what happened?

CHARLIE

I wasn't expecting guests.

MUM

Don't feel like you have to go to
any effort just for us.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

What are you looking for?

MUM

You realise you've got expired products in here?

CHARLIE

Mum, can I ask you something? What made you and Dad first get together?

MUM

There was a time when he was nice to look at.

DAD

(Off. Shouts)

And there was time when your arse was in proportion to the rest of you.

CHARLIE

But there must have been something more than just that? There must have been things you enjoyed doing together, stuff you had in common?

MUM

Once upon a time, yes.

CHARLIE

Not any more?

MUM

When you get to our age boredom is a luxury.

CHARLIE

So what keeps you together?

MUM

The one thing we still have in common. Each other.

The front door is heard crashing open.

MAGGIE

(Off)

Happy anniversary, I got you something that's gonna make you jizz. Oh. Hi Rob.

Charlie and his Mum head to the...

LIVING ROOM

...where Maggie hovers in the doorway, obviously surprised to see Charlie's parents, and with a LARGE BOX on a sack barrow.

CHARLIE

Maggie, my parents came to say -

MUM

Congratulations.

DAD

Congratulations.

DAD

What's that you got there,
anniversary present?

MAGGIE

...Yes.

DAD

Go on then, Son. Open it.

MAGGIE

(With eyes wide on Charlie)
Best not.

MUM

Have some sense, Rob. It's most
likely something private. You
know, for the bedroom.

DAD

Bedroom? Jesus, what's she
wheeled in, another woman?

MAGGIE

As if.

CHARLIE

I'll help you take it to the
other room.

The box is evidently heavy. Even with Charlie helping it is an effort for him and Maggie to wheel it down the hall and to the...

BEDROOM - NIGHT

Once inside, Charlie is quick to shut the door.

CHARLIE

Are you insane?

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Yes. But you knew that before you married me.

A GROAN from inside the box.

CHARLIE

Maggie, is the person inside this box still alive?

MAGGIE

Well it wouldn't be much of a gift if they weren't, would it? A corpse is no good to anyone.

CHARLIE

Fuck.

MAGGIE

You could at least pretend to be grateful. I picked this one special for you.

CHARLIE

(Sarcastic)

Now I feel bad. All I got you was a box of chocolates.

(Pause)

Who's in here?

MAGGIE

You said you always wanted to see what it would be like with a redhead, so I got you one.

CHARLIE

Oh God.

MAGGIE

Nope, just me again. Maggie.

CHARLIE

What are we going to do? My parents are here, there's a semi-conscious woman trapped in a box, and dinner is probably ruined.

A KNOCK at the door.

MUM

(Off)

Your Dad changed his mind, tried eating some of the rectal prolapse you cooked up and spilled some down his shirt.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Did she just say rectal prolapse?

CHARLIE

It's Thai food, Mum.

MUM

(Off)

Anyway, could he borrow one of your shirts?

DAD

(Off)

Please.

MUM

(Off)

Please?

CHARLIE

I'll bring you one out.

(To Maggie)

Can she get out?

MAGGIE

What kind of killer do you take me for?

CHARLIE

You know the police have started calling you the Grey Widow Murderer.

MAGGIE

I would have preferred Black Widow. Still, nice to have a nickname.

CHARLIE

That's not the point. They said it's only a matter of time before they catch us. We should be keeping a low profile. And keeping a low profile doesn't mean bringing hostages home for dinner.

The tension just keeps on rising.

MAGGIE

Why are you so ungrateful? Why are you intent on spoiling our anniversary?

CHARLIE

Look. We'll talk about this later. Ok?

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Fine.

INT. CHARLIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Charlie and Maggie come from the hallway and find his parents sitting at the table patiently, smiling.

Maggie and Charlie make the effort to smile back. But it is false. Plastic. Charlie reaches for Maggie's hand but she pulls her's back.

CHARLIE

Who's hungry?

INT. CHARLIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The four of them eat in near silence.

MUM

Maybe I don't say it enough, but you two are made for each other. I'm really pleased. Charlie, I know we were never perfect, but at least we were never the Manson family. We couldn't ask for a nicer family than the two of you.

Charlie does his best poker face. But look close enough and you'll see the face of a trouble man. A man tired of living a lie.

MUM

Maggie, you're good for him. Better than that Juliette he went out with.

CHARLIE

Mum -

MUM

Just disappeared one day. Upped and left. But now he's been able to move on.

(To Charlie)

Haven't you Charlie boy?

(To Maggie)

And that's thanks to you.

DAD

That blood on your blouse, Maggie?

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

Yeah. Work was murder.

After a beat she breaks out into laughter, easing the tension and prompting Mum and Dad to do likewise.

Charlie doesn't laugh. Doesn't smile. He takes a drink.

INT. FLATS, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Maggie, Charlie and his Mum and Dad all say their goodbyes at the door.

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charlie and Magge approach the box. They lift the lid and look inside. With her knees to her chest, her wrists and ankles bound, is an unconscious REDHEAD.

Charlie gasps. Takes a step back as if stung.

CHARLIE

Juliette.

FLASH TO:

Charlie sweeping a framed picture of the redheaded Juliette from his desk at work and burying it in a drawer.

BACK TO THE PRESENT:

MAGGIE

It took me a while to find her.

CHARLIE

What have you done?

MAGGIE

I know she was your first; first love, first lover. You'd led me to believe she was your first kill too, but I know you too well. I know you could never kill something you love. It's why you never killed me.

(Pause)

But it is why you killed all those other women. You bottled your anger you felt for Juliette and unleashed it on them.

(Pause)

What did she do to break your heart?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Why'd you bring her here?

MAGGIE

Your Mum was only half right. We are made for each other. But you haven't truly moved on. Not yet. It started with her, now end it with her.

Maggie takes out a long knife. Offers Charlie the handle.

CHARLIE

I can't.

MAGGIE

You can. She's no different than all the others.

CHARLIE

You're right. She's not.

He takes the knife. In the box, Juliette stirs and groans.

CHARLIE

She deserves to live. Just like all the others deserved to live.

MAGGIE

What?

CHARLIE

It ends here.

MAGGIE

What does?

CHARLIE

All of it. The killing.

MAGGIE

It's normal for things to feel a bit...stale after the honeymoon period is over. We just need to spice things up.

CHARLIE

I said all of it. It ends now.

MAGGIE

Us?

CHARLIE

It has to. I can't pretend anymore. I can't fake that I'm ok.

(CONTINUED)

MAGGIE

So this won't be forever?

CHARLIE

It looks that way.

MAGGIE

So let me get this right. You're breaking the heart of a woman known infamously as the Grey Widow Murderer?

CHARLIE

That's a chance I'm willing to take.

MAGGIE

No chances here, only certainties.

CHARLIE

Whatever is due to catch up with me, knows where to find me.

Maggie looks from Charlie to the knife in his hand. She looks back at him and into his eyes.

CHARLIE

(Tears in his eyes)
For what its worth, I love you.

MAGGIE

(Tears in her eyes)
I love you too. So much it hurts.

INT. FLATS, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Maggie, still crying, flees from the flat with a suitcase, clothes bulging from the seams.

As she rounds a corner she almost bumps into Cute Neighbour, who quickly gauges the situation.

CUTE NEIGHBOUR

And for your own good, don't come back. Not ever.

Maggie only hurriers away even quicker and bursts out the front door onto the street.

Cute Neighbour's face splits into a conniving grin. She heads for her own door.

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charlie gently lays Juliette down on the bed. He unties her wrists and ankles, removes the gag and blindfold.

He keeps his gaze on her. Brushes her hair way from her face.

A knock at the door.

Charlie looks off, toward the hall.

Juliette opens her eyes and sees Cahrlie over her, still looking away. There is a brief moment of recognition before he disappears to answer the door.

INT. CHARLIE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Cute Nieghbour eyes Charlie lustily when he answers the door. She's in full flirt mode.

CUTE NEIGHBOUR

I find myself out of sugar again.
You sure you ain't got something
sweet I could make use of?

CHARLIE

Sure. Hang on a sec.

He heads for the...

KITCHEN

digs out some suger and turns around...

The Cute Nieghbour has a GUN pointed at him.

CHARLIE

Jesus.

CUTE NEIGHBOUR

Don't move fuckface.

CHARLIE

Is that a flare gun?

CUTE NEIGHBOUR

Yeah, what of it? You ever tried
getting hold of a gun in this
country, it's well hard. My
boyfriend's a sailor and this'll
still put a hole through your
face, Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

I take it you no longer need the sugar?

CUTE NEIGHBOUR

Good guess, dickhead.

CHARLIE

And you're not here to satisfy any lustful desires?

CUTE NEIGHBOUR

Was it the boyfriend that gave it away?

CHARLIE

So what do you want?

CUTE NEIGHBOUR

Answers. Revenge.

CHARLIE

I'd like some answers of my own.

CUTE NEIGHBOUR

Like what?

CHARLIE

Like, who the fuck are you?

CUTE NEIGHBOUR

My name's Gardiner. Gillian Gardiner. Juliette Gardiner's sister.

CHARLIE

Oh.

GILLIAN

Now you know who I am.

CHARLIE

And you seem to know who I am.

GILLIAN

I know exactly who you are, you sicko. You're that twisted killer the police have been looking for. The so-called Blind Date Killer.

CHARLIE

Yes. It's true.

GILLIAN

Since you're in the confessing mood, maybe you'd like to confess to what you did to my sister

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GILLIAN (cont'd)
before I turn your face into
charcoal.

CHARLIE
I never laid a hand on your
sister.

GILLIAN
Liar, liar, head on fire.

CHARLIE
It's true.

JULIETTE
(Off)
Charlie?

Gillian and Charlie crane their necks towards the bedroom doorway.

Juliette staggers towards them on unsteady legs, a gag now around her neck.

CHARLIE
Ok, this isn't what it looks
like.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie sits in an armchair staring up at Gillian, brandishing her flare gun, and Juliette, holding a handheld blender inches from his nose.

JULIETTE
Charlie, why was I unconscious in
your bedroom?

GILLIAN
That's what I'd like to know.

JULIETTE
Oh, Charlie, meet my sister Gill.
Gill, this is Charlie.

CHARLIE
We met.

JULIETTE
So what am I doing here? As a
mater of fact, Gill, what are you
doing here?

GILLIAN
I came here to avenge your death.

(CONTINUED)

JULIETTE

Avenge me? We were never that close?

GILLIAN

I might have hated you but you were still my sister.

JULIETTE

And I'm also very much alive.

GILLIAN

I can see that. Where have you been for the last three years?

CHARLIE

Tell her, Juliette.

GILLIAN

Shut up.

Juliette squeezes the button on the blender for a half a second and the blade spins.

JULIETTE

I went traveling for a while.

CHARLIE

You ran off with another man. A 'bad boy' named Dean.

JULIETTE

Sorry Charlie, you were just too much of...nice guy.

CHARLIE

The irony.

GILLIAN

All this time I thought you were dead. No phone call?

JULIETTE

Like I said, we were never that close.

(Pause)

And why would you think I was dead?

Gillian levels her hard stare at Charlie, directing Juliette's attention the same way.

CHARLIE

You wanted a bad boy. I'm as bad as they come.

(CONTINUED)

GILLIAN

And I just spent two years following you, one year living across the hall from you, biding my time, all in the name of getting even for this bitch, when she was really shackled up with some asshole with neck tattoos and an attitude problem. Which begs the question, why was she here now? Tonight.

CHARLIE

I found myself a bad girl. She didn't like that I still have feelings for you.

JULIETTE

(Softening)

You do?

Gillian throws up her hands and shakes her head.

GILLIAN

I'm done.

CHARLIE

It's complicated. But yeah.

JULIETTE

'Cause my feelings never truly went away for you either. I was just going through a rebellious phase.

CHARLIE

I can relate.

JULIETTE

I think I just needed to find myself.

CHARLIE

Me too. Only I don't like what I found.

JULIETTE

What are you talking about?

CHARLIE

I'm a murderer Juliette. A serial killer.

JULIETTE

Oh.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Yeah. Oh.

JULIETTE

What happened to the nice guy I remember?

CHARLIE

I've been slowly killing him too.

GILLIAN

(Flare gun at his face)
We can help you with that.

CHARLIE

It's probably what I deserve. But it's not what you deserve, either of you.

GILLIAN

Don't worry about us, we'll be just fine.

CHARLIE

You ever squashed a bug?

GILLIAN

Yeah?

CHARLIE

You feel bad about it after?

GILLIAN

Yeah?

CHARLIE

Imagine that times 100,000. And it never goes away and it's something you can never take back. That's my life sentence. It shouldn't have to be yours too.

Gillian relents and lowers the flare gun and gently lays it on the coffee table.

Juliette kisses Charlie, letting her lips barely touch his.

JULIETTE

That nice guy, he isn't completely gone.

Juliette and Gillian make their way out.

Charlie is left sitting alone.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - DAY

Charlie holds in his hands a strip of passport-sized photographs, each image depicting Andy and a PRETTY WOMAN in amusing poses.

ANDY

We've known each other for years, been friends a long time. Then it just hit us both. Like a wave. The answer to all my problems had been there all along, right under my nose. You know when it's right.

CHARLIE

Congratulations, Andy. I'm happy for you.

ANDY

Things finally feel like they're working out.

CHARLIE

Andy?

ANDY

Yeah?

CHARLIE

You want the job?

ANDY

What job?

CHARLIE

Mine. It's your if you want it.

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY

CHARLIE

I met someone. A woman. Strong, knows her own mind, unyielding. I feel grateful that I found love and love found me.

FLASH TO:

INT. MAGGIE'S FLAT - DAY

Maggie sits, melancholy, by a window. She twirls the plastic flower in her hand.

BACK TO:

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY

BEVERLY

Step four. Count your blessings.

CHARLIE

I do. I fell in love with her precisely because she's a stronger force than me. It's also the reason I might now need my own anger just to survive her.

FLASH TO:

INT. MAGGIE'S FLAT - DAY

Maggie drops the flower. Tramples it. Crushes it beneath her shoe on her way to the TV. She hangs an empty PICTURE FRAME on the wall and exits her home.

BACK TO:

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY

CHARLIE

But it's that anger I don't want, I never did want it.

BEVERLY

The final step left to take, step five, is taking back control. Not just of your anger but all your emotions and all the loose ends in your life.

INT. FLATS, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Charlie stands at the threshold to Mr and Mrs Childs' flat handing over some bread, milk, and eggs.

CHARLIE

There you go, Mrs Childs, the bare essentials.

He gives her a box of chocolates.

CHARLIE

Something extra. I have no need for them.

MRS CHILDS

Are you sure?

INT. CHARLIE'S FLAT - NIGHT

Charlie steps inside the quiet flat and surveys the place with an eerie calm.

He pours himself a glass of water and takes a drink before picking up the phone and dialing. He waits. An answer.

CHARLIE
Detective Megan Dann, please.

CUT TO:

Charlie sits by the window watching the people below. He sees young lovers, middle-aged couples, edlerly husbands and wives.

He sips his water. The glass comes away slightly pink, a fresh dose of blood swirling, mixing with the water and losing it's vibrancy.

He touches a finger to his lips. That too comes away bloody.

Then the stomach cramps hit. Then the vomit flows. Violently.

He crawls across the carpet to the kitchen, knocking over the glass.

KITCHEN

He manages to claw his way to the counter, up it's front and to the sink, spilling the contents of a drawer.

He lets the water flow and splashes as much as he can into his mouth.

MAGGIE
(Off)
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

He sees her reflction in the kitchen window.

MAGGIE
You'd be surprised how easy it is to access the water tanks in these buildings.

CHARLIE
It's good to see you, Maggie.

MAGGIE
Good to see you too, Charlie. It pains me to see you like this though.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Yeah? Pains me too.

MAGGIE

You know what they say, 'love hurts'.

CHARLIE

They also say 'it's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all'.

MAGGIE

I'd have to think about that one.

CHARLIE

How long do I have?

MAGGIE

Ten minutes, give or take.

CHARLIE

If you come up with an answer in that time, let me know.

With a deft slight of hand that'd make most magicians envious, Charlie flicks on the gas hobs.

The distant sound of sirens.

CHARLIE

Ah, that'll be for me.

MAGGIE

It'll be too late.

CHARLIE

Never too late to do the right thing.

MAGGIE

And what is the right thing, Charlie? Pretending to be someone you're not? Hiding your true self?

Sirens grow louder.

CHARLIE

I'm not hiding. Not anymore.

MAGGIE

What about us? Were we just pretend?

CHARLIE

We only ever pretended that this could end any other way than how it has to.

Among the debris from the drawer is the FLARE GUN. He reaches for it.

A knock at the door.

DETECTIVE DANN

(Off)

This is Detective Megan Dann, open up.

CHARLIE

You don't have to be afraid any more.

MAGGIE

Afraid of what?

DETECTIVE DANN

(Off)

Charlie, open the door.

CHARLIE

Of life.

(Pause)

You once asked me to think of someone I knew who deserved to die. I can think of two

He points the flare gun at her.

CHARLIE

It's always fireworks with you, Maggie.

He then aims high, pointing the flare gun at the ceiling.

MAGGIE

(Tears in her eyes)

It's always better to have loved and lost.

CHARLIE

(Tears in his eyes)

We belong dead.

Charlie squeezes the trigger.

THE END.

No it's not.

The BURNING PINK FLARE sails across the room and gets caught in Maggie's hair.

(CONTINUED)

She runs around the room, blindly, screaming in agony as her head is turned into a flaming ball.

Charlie watches in revulsion and horror. And guilt.

The door is kicked from outside. Wood splinters and the door slams open on Maggie's face. Her nose erupts in a small shower of blood.

Maggie drops to the floor, squealing and screaming.

DETECTIVE DANN

Oh Jesus. The smell.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS - NIGHT

Charlie, his hands in cuffs, is ushered into a police car by Detective Dann.

He watches Maggie - her head like a bunt match head - bald, black, and crispy - get taken into the back of an ambulance.

They lock eyes.

He mouths "sorry".

She gives him the finger.

The ambulance doors are slammed shut and the police car containing Charlie is driven away.

THE END.