

DON'T YOU WANT ME

EPISODE 1 (PILOT): "THE MACABRE DEATH QUILT OF LOVE"

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INT. MEGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MEGAN HOWELLS (pronounced "ME-gun"- and don't you *EVER* get that shit wrong)- 45, wild-haired bottle blonde- handcuffs chiseled bro DAN, 29, to her brass headboard.

DAN

Oh wow, this is really happening-

MEGAN

Shut up and focus, would ya?

She pulls off his boxers and tosses them over her shoulder. Her fluffy cat, PRINCESS ANHEDONIA III (aka ANNIE), licks her paws, stopping briefly to observe as Megan goes down on Dan.

DAN

Oh yeah, that's- Wow, that feels-

He looks at the cat, who stares deep into his soul. Megan lifts her head.

MEGAN

Why haven't we achieved lift off here yet, buddy?

Dan is engaged in a staring contest with Annie the Cat.

DAN

...what's your cat's name?

MEGAN

Princess Anhedonia the Third. Or just Annie to her friends. Why? You wanna fuck my cat?

Dan loses the stare-off.

DAN

Jesus- what-?

MEGAN

You'd be surprised at some of the weirdos I've brought back here.

DAN

So you do this often?

MEGAN

If you're going to slut shame me as I'm going down on you, we can end this right now.

He kisses her.

DAN
I love sluts.

MEGAN
Damn right you do.

She goes back down on him. He can't stop staring at the cat.

DAN
Why 'the Third'?

She comes up for air, wiping spittle off her face.

MEGAN
Because there were two before her!
Surely you understand how monarchy
works.

DAN
How did you come up with 'Princess
Anhedonia'?

MEGAN
Listen, Danny boy, there's only one
pussy in this room that deserves
your attention right now.

DAN
Right. Of course. I'm sorry,
Maygan.

She physically recoils: a line crossed.

MEGAN
...WHAT?

DAN
My head's in the game now, promise.
As you were, m'lady.

Megan un-straddles him, climbs off the bed.

DAN (CONT'D)
Did I say something?

She rummages through her dresser. Triumph! She retrieves a purple dildo. She digs through the drawer's contents some more, look for something specific.

DAN (CONT'D)
Wait, is that-

MEGAN

Don't get too excited- pegging
doesn't happen until at least the
third date. And at this rate, there
won't be a second.

She finds what she's looking for: a large hunting knife. She
jumps back on the bed, pushing the blade against his throat.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Say my name again, bitch!

DAN

What the fu- ?!

She squeezes his cheeks hard with her free hand.

MEGAN

What...is...my fucking...NAME??

DAN

I thought you said your name was
Maygun!

MEGAN

My name isn't fucking Maygun! Who
names their daughter *MAYGUN*??

DAN

Lots of girls are named Maygun,
it's a super common name! Prince
Harry's wife for one, Maygun Kelly,
used to be on Fox News...

MEGAN

Do you watch Fox News, Dan?

DAN

What does that have to do with
anything?

MEGAN

It'd make killing you a whole lot
easier.

DAN

Because I watch Fox News?

MEGAN

If you watch Fox News, there's a
part of you that's already dead
inside.

She presses the blade deeper.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Don't ever call me MAY-gun, you got that?

DAN

I'm sorry! Don't- I swear, I won't ever do it again! Please don't kill me!

She starts to laugh.

MEGAN

I'm just fuckin' with you, dumb shit.

She grabs the dildo and shoves it in his mouth.

DAN

(gagging on the purple dildo)
Wha-the-fu-u??

She grabs his crotch.

MEGAN

That's called a fear boner.
Congratulations.

She backs off with the knife.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Now, you promise not to be a little bitch?

He nods. She holds the knife to his throat.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Say it!

DAN

(slobbering some more)
I promith nah be a lil bish!

She pulls the dildo out of his mouth, jumps off the bed.

DAN (CONT'D)

Crazy cunt.

MEGAN

...Oh, Dan. Just when we were getting back on track.

She shoves the dildo back in his mouth with one hand, plunges the knife into his heart with the other. He struggles, writhing in pain.

DAN
Jesus- what?- Nooo!

His screams are muffled by the purple dildo in his mouth. He whimpers until he eventually (and quickly) dies.

DAN (CONT'D)
No- no- no-

...He's gone.

MEGAN
 Hold that thought.

Megan leaves the room. Returning with a plastic baggie, she prods him to make sure he's dead. Satisfied with his unresponsiveness, she pulls the knife out of Dan's chest and saws off his testicles.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
 For my collection.

She seals his balls in the baggie, stopping to ask Annie the Cat an important question.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
 Am I hungry or horny? Maybe I'll order Chinese and see if the delivery boy will fuck me. Two birds, one stone situation.

She looks at dead Dan and her bed, covered in blood. Annie the Cat meows, licking blood off her fur.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
 Good point.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

TITLE CARD: EARLIER THAT NIGHT

Kookily handsome JERRY O'DELL (43) picks up his date, lovely African-American VERONICA (33), for an evening on the town.

JERRY
 You look exquisite. Here-

He helps her down the stairs, then races to open the passenger side door for her.

JERRY (CONT'D)
 Proof that chivalry isn't dead.

VERONICA

I see that.

He sniffs her neck.

JERRY

Chanel No. 5?

VERONICA

Not me...

JERRY

Sorry, it's just - you smelled like
my mother just now.

VERONICA

Yikes.

He shuts the door and races to the driver side, waving at her through the front window like a guy clearly aware he is dating out of his league.

INT. JERRY'S CAR - NIGHT

He hops in, pushes the CD into the player.

JERRY

I made you a mixed CD.

VERONICA

Cool. Old-school.

JERRY

Too much too soon?

VERONICA

I'm not even sure I own a CD
player.

He cranks the 90s ballad.

JERRY

You know, the CD doesn't get enough
credit. Everyone's buying albums
again because they're so cool, but
CDs are far more portable.

VERONICA

But doesn't vinyl sound better, Mr.
DJ?

JERRY

Not in my car!

He revs the engine.

VERONICA
So where are we going?

JERRY
You'll see- it's gonna be poppin'.

VERONICA
Poppin? Can't wait.

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

Jerry and Veronica walk into the poppin' karaoke bar. A shoddy sign indicates it's "Two-fer Tuesdays": the joint is packed with music lovers getting hammered. Jerry and Veronica shout over the sound of wanna-be American Idols slaying classic hits.

JERRY
I hope you like to sing!

VERONICA
Not my thing, actually.

JERRY
Karaoke is my favorite!

VERONICA
Yeah, I can't stand it.

JERRY
Sorry, can't hear you! Hey, why don't you grab that empty table while I order us a couple of white Russians?

VERONICA
Don't do dairy!

He skips towards the bar.

JERRY
Oh my god, I love Mariah Carey!

Jerry bounds up to the bar. Dan- his favorite bartender, the one whose balls will end up in Megan's freezer later- greets him enthusiastically.

DAN
Jerr-yyy!

JERRY
Dan the Man!

DAN
White Russian?

JERRY
Dos. I've got a special lady friend
with me here tonight.

Jerry waves at Veronica. She looks annoyed.

DAN
She's a knockout. But can she sing?

JERRY
That remains to be seen. Heard?

Dan pours the drinks.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Hey, who's that?

Megan performs onstage, belting one out for an appreciative crowd.

JERRY (CONT'D)
She's good.

She finishes. The crowd explodes into applause. A new song starts; a classic 80s duet. Dan thrusts the white Russians at Jerry.

DAN
Here ya go. Gotta hit the stage.

Dan runs up and grabs a mic. Megan and Dan perform a hammy duet for the crowd. Jerry watches with admiration.

JERRY
She's really good, actually.

He cuts through the crowd and joins Veronica at the table.

JERRY (CONT'D)
They're great, aren't they? I mean,
I've heard the bartender sing but
that lady, she's terrific. I've
never seen her here before.

He hands her the drink. She doesn't touch it.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Wanna?

VERONICA
I don't sing.

JERRY

I'm sorry, I guess I thought this would be fun.

She pushes her drink away and crosses her arms. He sucks his down in one gulp.

JERRY (CONT'D)

We can go.

She stands and grabs her coat. He follows her to the bar. Megan and Dan finish their song and the crowd goes apeshit. Jerry looks back and admires the adoring throng.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Would you listen to that? They loved 'em.

Dan grabs the microphone.

DAN

C'mon, Jerry- you know you want to!

Veronica waits for Jerry impatiently. He races to the stage.

JERRY

Ok, just one song!

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Jerry belts out a classic 90s R. Kelly ballad. Veronica watches, arms crossed. Megan watches intently from the bar. She motions for Dan to come over.

MEGAN

Who's that guy?

DAN

Oh that's Jerry, he's one of our regulars.

MEGAN

I bet he rehearses this in the shower, dreaming of elusive stardom. Or love.

DAN

He's usually here on Dollar-Drank night.

MEGAN

Thursdays? Shit, that's the night I go to AA.

She grabs a beer from the bar and chugs it back.

GUY AT BAR
Hey, that was mine.

MEGAN
Now you can tell all your friends
you bought a pretty lady at the bar
a drink.

GUY AT BAR
Want another?

MEGAN
No thanks. My pussy gets too dry
when I get drunk.

Jerry finishes with a flourish. The crowd cheers. Megan can't take her eyes off him.

GUY AT BAR
Yeah, he's talented. I get it.

MEGAN
Wait- you wanna fuck him too?

GUY AT BAR
I might let him blow me in the
alley after a few too many. But
don't tell my wife!

She raises his beer in a gesture of respect.

MEGAN
...like your style.

Jerry passes Megan on his way to Veronica, who waits at the door impatiently.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Half this crowd wants to bang you
now, the other half is
uncomfortable with your R. Kelly
song choice. Good job.

JERRY
Thanks! You were pretty great
yourself.

MEGAN
Name's Megan. Wanna get out of
here?

JERRY

I've got someone waiting for me.

Watching, Veronica crosses her arms tightly.

MEGAN

The chick who looks like she can smell her own cunt?

JERRY

My girlfriend, Veronica.

MEGAN

Oh, sorry. I mean, I'm sorry she's your girlfriend. She looks like an asshole.

JERRY

You think I'd be happier with you?

MEGAN

Me? God, no. I'm, like, a total psychopath.

JERRY

Maybe I like a challenge.

MEGAN

Or maybe you just like bimbos with smelly cunt faces?

JERRY

Lovely meeting you, Megan.

He joins Veronica.

MEGAN

Yeah- fuck off, Jerry. Hey, you'll fuck me tonight, won't you Dan? After your shift?

Dan shrugs and continues polishing glasses.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, Dan'll fuck me for sure.

Jerry grabs Veronica's hand.

VERONICA

What did she want?

JERRY

...a duet.

INT. JERRY'S MOM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jerry closes the door gently as they enter his mom's house. He shushes Veronica and tiptoes down the hallway.

VERONICA

Are we not supposed to be here or something?

JERRY

I don't want to wake Mother.

VERONICA

Alright, Norman Bates.

He opens a door off the main hallway that leads down to his basement bedroom.

INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Veronica wanders around, admiring Jerry's nostalgic decor, stuck squarely in the late 90s: she stops at a Mariah Carey poster placed next to Kramer from Seinfeld. Both are framed.

VERONICA

I'm dating a man in his 40s who lives in a basement. Awesome.

JERRY

Do you want to go back to your place, then?

VERONICA

Yeah, there's no way I'm sleeping in a creepy basement.

Jerry's 78 year-old MOTHER screeches from upstairs.

MOTHER

(O.S)

Jerald? Is that you?

VERONICA

At least I'll finally get to meet your mother.

JERRY

I was hoping it would happen another-

His Mother opens the door and peeks her head in.

MOTHER

Jerry, you got company?

Mother steps gingerly down the steps. Veronica sits on the bed.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I've been wanting to meet this lovely Veronica I've been hearing so much about-

She stops upon seeing Veronica.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Okay, not what I pictured.

JERRY

What's that supposed to mean?

VERONICA

Jerry didn't tell you I was black?

MOTHER

No, he didn't tell me you were so slutty.

VERONICA

What's that supposed to mean?

MOTHER

It means cross your legs, dear. Let's keep Victoria's secret, shall we?

Veronica cross her legs, shooting Jerry a stern look. Jerry shrugs, looking tense. Mother sits at Jerry's desk.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Oh, that reminds me of Uncle Walter! You remember queer old Uncle Walter? Papa caught him in your Nana's silk nightie, he really got a thrashing for that! Absolutely kicked the living shit out of him! Broke six ribs, if not his spirit entirely. I always thought Jerry here would grow up to be a great big pofter like Walt.

She lights a cigarette.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Poofter is a British term for fag,
which is a British term for
cigarette. Or is it faggot?

VERONICA

No, that's a bundle of sticks.

He smiles at Veronica nervously.

JERRY

Mother watches a lot of BBC.

MOTHER

So- what's a nice mixed race couple
like yourselves been up to tonight?

JERRY

I took Veronica to the karaoke bar
on 42nd.

MOTHER

Isn't his voice wonderful,
Victoria?

JERRY

It's Veronica.

MOTHER

So what did you sing, dear?

VERONICA

I'm not really into karaoke.

MOTHER

Jerry could've been on the radio
with that voice of his. But instead
he plays silly songs off his laptop
at children's birthday parties.

JERRY

I'm a good DJ, Mother. I'm
constantly booking gigs. I have one
tomorrow, in fact.

MOTHER

You know he doesn't pay rent here,
don't you? He'll never be able to
support you. So don't even think
about getting pregnant to trap him!

JERRY

Mother!

MOTHER

Oh, calm your tits. I'm just trying to get to know your lady friend.

She withdraws a flask from her robe.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Jerry doesn't like it when I drink. He thinks I'm a mean drunk. But the truth is, I'm meaner sober. Wanna swig?

She hands the flask to Veronica.

VERONICA

God yes.

Veronica sips on it.

MOTHER

Don't sip it like a baby bird! Take a real chug off that thing, like I'm gonna give you twenty bucks after you've drained it.

Veronica takes a long gulp. Mother grabs the flask out of her hand and wipes it off with her sleeve.

JERRY

Okay that's enough, Mother. Come on, let's go up.

He helps his mother up the stairs.

MOTHER

Toot-toot, beep-beep! You know that song "Bad Girls"? I bet Vicky knows that one.

JERRY

Veronica is not a prostitute.

MOTHER

Twenty bucks is twenty bucks.

JERRY

Seriously, time for bed, Ma.

His mother stops at the top of the stairs.

MOTHER

I'm sorry, I know I should mind my own beeswax. I am not so sure about-

JERRY

Ma, don't.

MOTHER

(loud whisper)

It's just that she's so, so *slutty*, dear.

JERRY

When am I going to meet somebody good enough for you?

MOTHER

It'll happen someday, but that day is not today.

She pats his cheeks.

JERRY

But I really like this one...

MOTHER

I'm your Mother, I know what's best for you. Now kiss me good night.

She kisses him on the lips.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Get rid of her. Tonight.

He opens the door. She leaves, shutting the door behind her. Jerry sulks down a couple steps. Mother re-opens the door for a last word:

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I mean, really- she doesn't even like karaoke!

JERRY

Good night, Mother.

MOTHER

Good night, dear.

She closes the door behind her. Jerry takes the last few steps slowly. Veronica sits on his bed, looking around in obvious disgust.

JERRY

You hear any of that?

VERONICA

Which part? The part where she thought I was a hooker? The covert racism, or the gleeful homophobia?

JERRY

She's from another generation.

VERONICA

You know, she's dead-on about one thing.

JERRY

What's that?

VERONICA

We're not right for each other.

She jumps up, grabbing her purse.

JERRY

Wait, I'll drive you home.

VERONICA

I'll grab an Uber. Your car smells like pickled chicken's feet and Strawberry Quik.

JERRY

Hey, that's just mean. And oddly specific.

She storms upstairs. Something switches in his demeanor: Dr. Banner turning into the Hulk. He grabs her ankles, pulling her down the stairs.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I said, *wait*.

VERONICA

...the *fuck!*?

He throws her on the bed.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you doing?? I said it was over, Jerry!

JERRY

It *IS* over.

VERONICA

Stop, you're hurting me!

He wrestles her on the bed, eventually overtaking and pinning her arms behind her. He grabs rope from underneath his pillow, binding her feet and wrists like a helpless calf at a junior rodeo.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Oh what, you're gonna rape me now?
That's pretty on-brand for a loser
like you.

He searches his desk frantically.

JERRY

(indignant)

I have nothing but the utmost
respect for women. I opened your
car door, for Chrissakes!

VERONICA

I'd scream but I'm guessing your
Mother is passed out by now,
hopefully choking to death on her
own vomit.

JERRY

Despite her love of the drink,
Mother is a good judge of
character. And she has deemed you
unworthy.

VERONICA

You gotta be fucking kidding...

She struggles to free herself.

JERRY

Found it!

He approaches her with DUCT TAPE.

JERRY (CONT'D)

You know what's going to happen
now, don't you?

VERONICA

You haven't got the-

He tapes her mouth shut, humming R. Kelly to himself.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

What the fuuu-!!

JERRY

You'd be surprised what I've got.

He tapes her wrists.

JERRY (CONT'D)
(singing)
...I can fly!

INT. MEGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Annie the Third licks dried blood off the floor.

Megan wakes up, jumps out of bed, and immediately crosses the day off from the wall calendar.

MEGAN
Only a few more weeks until your
13th birthday, Annie! Have you
given any thought to what you want
to do? Pool party, bounce house?
It's your birthday so I want it to
be super special.

Megan slides into a pair of fluffy cat slippers. Annie the Third skedaddles out of the room. Megan looks at Dan, a dead lump with a purple dildo still in his mouth.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Shit. Guess I'm gonna have to deal
with this now before it starts
stinking up the place.

She pries the dildo out of his stiff, lifeless jaw.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Remind me to throw this bad boy in
the dishwasher later.

INT. MEGAN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Megan pulls out an electric bone saw, lye, several large garbage bags, and a fifth of Jack Daniels from under her bathroom sink. She throws them into an empty Hello Kitty garbage can. She undoes her plastic Hello Kitty shower curtain.

She has done this before.

INT. MEGAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

She cranks Pointer Sisters' "He's So Shy" on her stereo. She rolls Dan's heavy body onto the shower curtain.

MEGAN

Too bad. You were really good at
karaoke.

Singing along at the top of her lungs, she revs up the bone
saw.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Alright now, stud...

She tears into Dan's corpse, dismembering him limb by limb.
She stuffs half his arm and one of his feet in a garbage bag.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Break time!

She takes a swig of Jack Daniels.

Her neighbor to the north, MR. PETERSON, bangs on the other
side of Megan's bedroom wall.

MR. PETERSON (O.S.)

Keep it down, would ya!

Megan bangs back.

MEGAN

Everyone loves the Pointer Sisters,
Mr. Peterson!

She cranks up the next song and revs the bone saw. She saws
off Dan's head.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

...EVERYONE!!!

INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jerry's radio alarm clock goes off: another cheesy ballad. He
rolls over and sees Veronica, still bound, but alive.

JERRY

Good morning, sunshine. What a
treat to wake up to your beautiful
face.

She groans, pleading for her life, mascara running down her
cheeks. He jumps out of bed and pulls a fresh change of
clothes from his closet.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Big day today! I'm working this wedding, then I gotta hit that bar and kill bartender Dan and that Megan girl. Witnesses are bad! And I know what you're saying: what are the chances she'll be there again? I mean who goes to karaoke two nights in a row except for me? She was a pretty great singer, though...

Veronica groans some more.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Okay, you stay put. I'm gonna shower.

He kneels down and kisses her forehead.

JERRY (CONT'D)

If Mother finds out you're still here, we're both in trouble. So be quiet, got it?

She nods and groans.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Good girl.

He bounds up the stairs and stops to correct himself.

JERRY (CONT'D)

...I mean, *woman*.

INT. MEGAN'S DESK - DAY

Megan sits at her desk, staring out the window. Her co-worker, overeager 27 y.o. AUBREY, peers over the top of Megan's cubicle.

MEGAN

What the fuck you looking at?

AUBREY

I was going to ask you the same thing.

MEGAN

Fucking millennials, always taking credit for the hard work of my generation.

AUBREY

And what exactly are you
accomplishing right now?

MEGAN

Are you questioning my authority,
Aubrey?

Their supervisor, HR super-hag IRINA, strolls their way.
Megan sweetens her approach with Aubrey.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Hey, it's almost noon- wanna go
grab lunch at the mall?

AUBREY

I thought you straight up didn't
like me.

MEGAN

I didn't say I was *buying*.

Irina approaches them.

IRINA

I assume you'll have payroll ready
to run by 2pm?

MEGAN

On it, Irina. Been dotting I's and
crossing T's like a mother fucker
all morning. Right, Aubrey?

IRINA

Glad to see you two resolved your
little spat from last week.

MEGAN

It takes team work to make the
dream work. This woman here is my
rock.

AUBREY

I am?

She grabs Aubrey's hand and squeezes a little too hard.
Aubrey pulls her hand away.

IRINA

I needn't remind you that you're on
a final written warning for the
last pay day fiasco.

MEGAN

You need't- and it won't happen again. I mean, what are the chances I'll get "accidentally roofied" again?

Irina recoils at her use of air-quotes.

IRINA

I'm watching you, remember that. Wait-

She spots something on Megan's shoes: drops of blood.

IRINA (CONT'D)

Is that-?

Megan looks down.

MEGAN

Oh shit. Either of you got a tampon?

AUBREY

That's, like, disgusting.

MEGAN

That's your internalized misogyny talking, Aubs. Gotta get more woke.

IRINA

Make sure payroll's run before the holiday, OK?

MEGAN

I'm here on my day off, aren't I?

IRINA

Just take care of it.

Irina leaves abruptly, heading out the front door.

MEGAN

...bloody fucking cunt.

IRINA

You might want to wait until I'm out of ear shot, Ms. Howells.

MEGAN

I was talking about my own bloody cunt, ma'am!

Irina exits, revolted.

AUBREY
My god, were you really roofied?

MEGAN
I roofied myself to get out of work
that day. You know, you lose your
PTO if you don't use it.

AUBREY
Do you really think I have
internalized misogyny?

MEGAN
Fuck you.

She stands, grabs her coat off the back of her chair.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Let's go the mall!

EXT. SUBURBAN BACK YARD - DAY

In a suburban backyard somewhere in Jersey, Jerry hits play
on his laptop.

JERRY
We're 'bout to get this party
turnt!

"This Is How We Do It" by Montell Jordan blasts as children
run amok, screaming.

White suburban get crunk at 2pm on a Sunday, oversized white
wine glasses full to the brim.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Happy 5th birthday to the best
-boy?- on the planet, Nathaniel!

Fey, toe-headed Nathaniel covers his ears and screams at the
top of his nelly lungs.

NATHANIEL
But I want to hear "Let It Go" from
FROZEN!!

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN BACK YARD - DAY

The kids surround Jerry for a FROZEN singalong. Moms are getting wasted, Jerry looks ready to cut short little Nathaniel's time on the planet.

A petite brunette mom, GINA (35)- one of the few moms who isn't blonde- approaches Jerry.

GINA

Are you going to play anything besides FROZEN? Some of us moms want to slit our wrists right about now.

JERRY

I would love to play something besides FROZEN, ma'am. What would you like to hear?

GINA

Jesus, don't call me ma'am. Do you have some 90s Mariah Carey maybe?

Jerry's heart grows wings.

JERRY

You bet your sweet sweet fantasy I do!

He drops in a classic MC jam and she throws her hand up in a praise gesture. The children, however, revolt.

NATHANIEL

More FROZEN! I wanna hear Frozen!

Pandemonium ensues: crying kids, drunk moms, and DJ Jerry helpless to control any of it. Gina dances by herself, ignoring it all.

INT. MALL STORE - DAY

Megan and Aubrey peruse the racks at a fast-fashion teen clothing store. Aubrey pulls out a pink faux-fur fuzzy vest from an overstuffed sale rack.

AUBREY

This is cute.

MEGAN

Looks like the scalps of a thousand troll dolls stitched together in a macabre death quilt.

AUBREY

I can't afford it right now anyway.
We're saving for the wedding.

Megan snatches it out of her hand.

MEGAN

Pink death quilt's all mine,
biotch.

She throws it on, admiring herself in a nearby mirror.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

You see security anywhere?

She looks up at a camera in the corner, and over at a FEMALE SECURITY GUARD leaning by the front entrance, bored.

AUBREY

What are you- ?

MEGAN

Relax. I just need you to ask her
where the fitting rooms are. Can
you do that?

AUBREY

I think they're up-

MEGAN

Just ask her.

Aubrey approaches the female guard hesitantly. Megan walks out the back door wearing the vest. Alarms go off. Aubrey panics, pleading with the guard. Megan knocks on the window and waves as she skips down the street wearing the vest.

EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

The kids break into spontaneous bawling. Panicked, Jerry cues the FROZEN song back up. Nathaniel's mom rushes the DJ booth; Gina blocks her from speaking to Jerry.

GINA

If you make him play FROZEN one
more time, I will end you. Are we
clear?

NATHANIEL'S MOM

If my kid wants Frozen, the DJ
plays Frozen!

GINA
Let...it...GO!

Gina grabs Nathaniel's mom by her hair and drags her from the DJ booth. They get into it.

Caught in the crossfire, Jerry pulls off his headphones and retires to a nearby stool, dreaming of four hours from now when he'll be at the-

INT. KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT

It is a slow Sunday night. A handsome new bartender, KENNY, wipes down the bar as Jerry takes a seat. He sets his BACKPACK on the bar and turns to watch a tiny KOREAN COLLEGE STUDENT singing "Let It Go" with her friends - badly.

JERRY
This fucking song.

KENNY
What can I get you?

JERRY
A muzzle? Maybe a shotgun?

KENNY
Not a fan?

JERRY
I literally played this song ten times at a child's birthday party today.

KENNY
Jesus, what are you drinking in that case?

JERRY
I just want a root beer. Too early for hard liquor.

KENNY
Not for them.

The song ends and the Korean students throw back a round of tequila shots.

Kenny uncaps a bottle of root beer.

JERRY
Thanks. Where's Dan?

KENNY
No show. Start a tab?

JERRY
Sure- let me get my-

Jerry digs around in his pack for his wallet: inside we see ROPE and DUCT TAPE. He grabs his credit card from his wallet and sets it on the bar.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Probably partied too hard with some bimbo. Hey, has this blonde come in here tonight by any chance? Foul-mouthed chick, great singer?

KENNY
You're the second person to ask tonight.

Kenny grabs the card.

JERRY
What do you mean?

KENNY
There's a cop in the bathroom right now, was sniffing around here not 5 minutes ago.

Megan saunters in, stroking her new faux fur vest.

JERRY
Holy shit, that's her.

The COP comes out of the bathroom, buckling his belt.

Jerry grabs Megan by the arm and whisks her to an empty booth, backpack dangling from his arm like a purse.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Buy you a drink?

MEGAN
Hi Jerry, I had a feeling we'd meet again.

She yells back at Kenny.

MEGAN (CONT'D)
Grey Goose on the rocks! His tab.

They scoot into the booth.

JERRY

Isn't it a little early?

MEGAN

What're you, Amish or something?
Because I fucked this Amish dude
once and I'll tell you what-

Kenny sets her drink down on the table. She takes a sip.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

So why are you back here tonight?

JERRY

Truthfully, I came to find you.

MEGAN

What about cunt-face?

JERRY

Not gonna work out.

He takes a sip.

MEGAN

Wait, you're not like some psycho
stalker who's come here to torture
and kill me, are you? I mean, it's
pretty unusual to see the same guy
two nights in a row in a karaoke
bar unless there's something wrong
with 'em.

JERRY

So why did you come back tonight?

MEGAN

I felt like expressing my feelings
in song.

JERRY

See, I think you were hoping to see
me here too.

Megan spies the cop asking Kenny more questions. They both
turn and look at her. Megan slams her drink.

MEGAN

Like my vest?

He rips off the price tag dangling from her armpit.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

You probably shouldn't be here.

JERRY

Neither should you, I'm guessing.

The cop crosses towards them. Jerry grabs the song book and flips through it, quickly finding a song he likes.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Kenny, song 142, please!

Kenny cues the music: the opening synth line of Human League's "Don't You Want Me" blasts. The Korean students scream in delight.

JERRY (CONT'D)

...shall we?

She nods, sliding the knife she used to kill Dan in the crack between the seat cushion and booth. Jerry grabs her hand and pulls her onto the stage before the cop can reach them.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE BEGINNING.