

PERFIDY

Written by

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INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - EVENING

KEYS RATTLE. The front door opens. MIKE (28), handsome and hip, walks through the front door. He closes it behind him.

He flips the light switch. Nothing happens.

MIKE

Shit.

He kicks his shoes off onto the mat beside the door.

He walks through the living room, navigating by the small amount of light coming through the window.

SLAM - SMACK! His hip runs into a table and a PICTURE falls over. He sets it upright.

He makes his way to the kitchen.

At the doorway, he reaches around the corner and FLIPS another light switch.

Nothing happens.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You have got to be kidding me.

He pulls a CELLPHONE out of his pocket, touches the screen and it lights up. He wields it like a flashlight.

Slowly, carefully, down the hallway. The door at the end is slightly ajar.

He pushes the door open, steps inside. It's a utility room. Cleaning supplies and unpacked boxes line shelves.

He walks over to a CIRCUIT BREAKER BOX. The main circuit is OFF.

He flips it ON.

There's a BEEP from another room as the electricity kicks in.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Whatever that was about.

He walks back to the door. As he walks through it...

SMASH! A shovel slams into his face.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The house is well lit. Mike is TIED to the bed, spread eagle. His mouth is GAGGED. His pants are stripped off, but his underwear is still in place.

His assailant checks the ropes. They're tight.

The assailant is a man, dressed almost normally if it weren't for the plastic DRAMA MASK (comedy) that rests in front of a face further disguised by a covering of NYLON STOCKINGS.

ASSAILANT

My sophomore English research paper was on torture. The teacher gave me a B, because he didn't like the subject matter.

He bends down beside the bed, and comes up with a BACKPACK.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)

I deserved an A.

He PUNCHES Mike in the solar plexus.

Mike's body tries to bend in pain, but the ropes hold him back.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)

There are two reasons people torture other people. The first is for information.

Assailant unzips the backpack and pulls out a KNIFE in its sheath.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)

The second is for vengeance.

He unsheathes the knife. It looks very sharp.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)

There's a third reason everyone seems to forget about. Some people torture other people to prove a point. In their own, fucked up little minds, torturing someone else is a show of power. It sends a message to the person being tortured, or someone who knows the person being tortured.

Quick as lightning, he slices into Mike's thigh.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)  
Fortunately, I'm not here to  
torture you. I'm here to kill you.

Blood starts pouring out Mike's thigh.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)  
I just cut into your profunda. I  
like sound of it - profunda.

BLOOD is welling out of the wound, pooling on the sheets.  
The assailant sets down on the bed, like a familiar friend.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)  
It shouldn't hurt much, unless  
you're a little bitch. I sharpened  
this knife enough.

He PATS Mike's chest, an almost friendly gesture.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)  
But you will die from it.

Mike begins to cry. The assailant brushes Mike's hair away  
from his face.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)  
I've read that dying this way  
doesn't really hurt. It is more  
like going to sleep. You can feel  
your energy leaving you, but there  
isn't any pain, at least not in the  
traditional sense.

Mike is SOBBING.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)  
Did you know you fucked my wife?

Mike starts shaking his head no, furiously.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)  
That's just it. You didn't know you  
fucked my wife.

Mike STRUGGLES with the ropes. Blood continues to well out.  
The assailant stands up before any gets on his clothes.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)  
You should quit struggling. It  
speeds up your heart, and you'll  
die sooner.

Mike, breathing heavily, stops. He looks at him, pleadingly.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)  
You didn't know she was married. I  
guessed that. If you knew she was  
married, you would be getting  
tortured.

Assailant takes a bottle of ALCOHOL out of his bag. He pours  
it down the knife blade, then wipes the blade carefully with  
a small rag.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)  
But you deserve to die for fucking  
my wife.

He sheathes the knife, then puts it and the bottle back in  
his bag. He ZIPS it closed.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)  
This way...

He points at the blood welling from Mike's wound.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)  
...you'll have time to think about  
it. You'll have time to reflect on  
the choices you've made.

He puts the backpack over a shoulder. He picks up the rag and  
starts to walk away.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)  
I believe in reincarnation, friend.

He pauses at the door.

ASSAILANT (CONT'D)  
Maybe you'll have some profound  
insight that can help you in the  
next life.

He walks out.

INT. SMALL BAR - EVENING

The room is mostly empty. A couple of customers nurse beers  
at the bar. Three women set at a table, a few drinks in front  
of them. They are CHRISTY (27), TINA (25) and SALLY (25).

SALLY

Right, so the prick decided he didn't need to pay me because the photographer never showed.

TINA

That's not your fault.

SALLY

I know, right. But what can I do?

CHRISTY

Want me to kick his ass?

The women laugh.

SALLY

I could use a smoke. Join me?

TINA

Let me finish this drink.

SALLY

Be quick

Tina picks up the drink in front of her and inhales it.

TINA

Done.

The three women stand up, grabbing coats, purses and phones.

EXT. SMALL BAR - CONTINUOUS

The women exit, Sally already pulling a JOINT out of her cigarette pack. She lights it as they walk up to a car. Tina gets into the driver seat, Christy in the passenger seat and Sally in the back.

INT. TINA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sally leans forward in the back seat so she's between the other two. They pass the joint back and forth as they talk

CHRISTY

Here's a question for you.

TINA

Shoot.

CHRISTY  
What's so special about  
Shakespeare?

SALLY  
We really need to quit getting her  
high.

CHRISTY  
I'm serious.

SALLY  
So am I.

CHRISTY  
Look, dude wasn't exactly original.  
On top of that, nobody can  
understand anything he wrote.

TINA  
You mean you can't understand  
anything he wrote.

CHRISTY  
I mean nobody. You can't just read  
it and figure it out. Somebody has  
to explain it to you.

TINA  
If we shadows have offended, think  
but this and all is mended

CHRISTY  
That monologue wouldn't be  
considered half as good if someone  
else wrote it.

SALLY  
What a piece of work is a man, how  
noble in reason, how infinite in  
faculties...

CHRISTY  
That's from "Withnail and I."

SALLY  
It was from Hamlet first.

CHRISTY  
Whatever. I just don't get what all  
the fuss is about. Reading  
Shakespeare is a chore.

TINA

Look, I can sum up why The Bard is the greatest writer ever in five words.

CHRISTY

I seriously doubt it.

TINA

"Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead."

CHRISTY

Can you say that in English?

TINA

You are a cultural vacuum.

Sally's phone BEEPS. She picks it up and looks at a text.

SALLY

Shit.

TINA

What's up?

SALLY

My ex. I still owe him money and he keeps bothering me about it.

CHRISTY

Want me to kick his ass?

SALLY

No, I want you to pass me that joint. You can kick that photographer's ass for me.

CHRISTY

K. But I'm high, so I'll have to do it tomorrow.

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sally is sitting on her couch, with her phone to her ear. She takes it down and SNAPS it shut.

SALLY

God damn it!

She THROWS her phone on the table, grabs a pack of cigarettes, pulls one out and lights it.



COLLIN, 28, walks in. He looks shaken.

COLLIN  
Sweetie.

She continues ranting without looking at him.

SALLY  
Another cancelled gig! At this rate  
I'd do better flipping burgers!

COLLIN  
Sweetie.

SALLY  
I swear to fucking Christ, if one  
more person calls me and tells me  
they can't make it I'll charge  
through town with a machete.

COLLIN  
Sally!

SALLY  
What the hell!

She turns to him. When she sees the look on his face, she  
pauses.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?

COLLIN  
It's Mike.

SALLY  
What about him?

COLLIN  
He's dead.

Sally's face drops.

SALLY  
What? How?

COLLIN  
Someone killed him. His sister said  
it was a robbery.

SALLY  
Oh my god.

Sally begins to cry.

INT. BRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BRIAN (26) is sitting on the couch playing a video game. Christy is sitting beside him. He's playing a racing game, and as his car goes left and right, he LEANS with it.

Christy starts laughing.

CHRISTY

Do you really think that will help?

BRIAN

It helps me.

CHRISTY

That's like trying to tilt a picture so you can look up some girls dress.

BRIAN

That doesn't work. I've tried it.

Brian leans far towards Christy. It must be a tight curve.

Christy reaches around his back and starts TICKLING him. He drops his controller.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit...

He begins GIGGLING.

CHRISTY

Looks like you'll have to start over.

He falls into her lap and looks up at her.

BRIAN

It can wait. The pizza should be here in a minute.

She leans down and KISSES him.

CHRISTY

I am so glad you and Sally didn't work out.

BRIAN

I am so glad we did.

The doorbell rings. Christy pushes him off her lap and jumps up. He falls to the floor.

CHRISTY

You've got to handle that. I have to pee.

She runs off toward the bathroom.

BRIAN

Sure, the man always pays.

CHRISTY (O.S.)

There's money in my wallet, ass!

He looks at her WALLET on the table, then ignores it and pulls out his own as he walks to the door.

He opens the door.

BRIAN

What the fuck!

Assailant is there. He puts a GUN up to Brian's face.

BANG!

EXT. SALLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sally is standing beside her car. All four tires are FLAT.

She starts screaming in frustration. She KICKS the hell out of one of the tires.

Another car pulls in behind hers. Christy gets out.

SALLY

Holy serendipity, you just saved my life.

She starts walking towards Christy's passenger door.

SALLY (CONT'D)

No time to explain. I need a ride!

Christy walks over to her. Sally notices the pained expression on her face.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Sweetie...what is it.

Christy COLLAPSES into her arms, sobbing.

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sally and Christy are sitting in the living room. There is a bottle of VODKA on the table, and they are both holding coffee mugs. They look cried out.

CHRISTY

It was just completely senseless.  
They didn't even take anything.

SALLY

What is wrong with people?

The doorbell rings.

SALLY (CONT'D)

What the hell! Is that someone here  
to tell me my mom died?

She marches over to the door. She starts to open it, then catches herself and LOOKS out the window. BLAKE, 30, is standing there.

SALLY (CONT'D)

Who is it?

CHRISTY

I don't need this right now.

She pulls the door open.

SALLY

What do you want?

He PUSHES past her, into the house.

BLAKE

I want my fucking money.

He stomps into the living room.

CHRISTY

Who the fuck are you?

Sally comes into the living room.

BLAKE

Who the fuck are you?

SALLY

This is my ex.

CHRISTY

We're a little busy right now.

Blake pulls out a gun and points it at Christy.

BLAKE  
Shut the fuck up.

He looks at Sally.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
Call your boyfriend and tell him to  
get over here right now or I'll  
shoot this cunt in the face.

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Sally and Christy are sitting on the couch, Collin is TIED to a chair with a GAG around his mouth. Blake is standing in the middle of the room with the GUN. The room is a bit dark, because the curtains are drawn.

BLAKE  
(to Christy)  
You can go now.

He waves the GUN towards the door.

CHRISTY  
Wha...

BLAKE  
Get the fuck out of here!

She runs from the house.

SALLY  
What are you doing?!

Blake starts PACING back and forth.

BLAKE  
You didn't fucking listen to me. I  
told you this would happen.

SALLY  
What are you talking about?

BLAKE  
You cheated on me!

SALLY  
After you cheated on me! Then I  
dumped your sorry ass!

Blake walks over to Collin and PISTOL WHIPS him. Collin tries to cry out in pain.

BLAKE  
With this fucker, no less. You were my wife!

SALLY  
I was your fiance.

BLAKE  
I told you I would kill anyone you cheated on me with.

SALLY  
Oh my god... you killed Mike?

BLAKE  
And that other shit head. And this one's next.

Collin has his head held back, still in pain. Blake SMASHES him in the THROAT with his pistol.

Sally screams.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
Shut the fuck up!

He points the GUN at her. She shuts up.

Collin starts STRUGGLING. He's having trouble breathing.

SALLY  
He can't breathe.

BLAKE  
That's because I crushed his larynx.

SALLY  
Don't do this.

BLAKE  
It's already done. Now you get to watch him die.

Sally closes her eyes, crying. Collin's chair FALLS OVER as he struggles.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
(pointing his gun at her)  
I said watch, bitch!

She opens her eyes and watches in horror, until Collin quits moving.

INT. SALLY'S APARTMENT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

SALLY

You're going to spend the rest of your life in prison for this.

There's a SCREECHING sound outside.

Blake walks to the window. He pulls back the curtain just enough to look out.

BLAKE

I've never had a pizza get here nearly that fast.

SALLY

What?

BLAKE

The cops are here already. I thought I would have more time. I wanted at least an hour and a half, but fifteen minutes will just have to do.

SALLY

You are a sick bastard. I'm glad I never married your sorry ass.

BLAKE

You useless bitch! People like you make me sick. Marriage is nothing more than a piece of paper to you. When you're tired of it, you get another piece of paper that says the first piece doesn't count any more.

SALLY

What are you talking about?

BLAKE

We said forever! That's what I'm talking about!

SALLY

You cheated on me!

BLAKE

No! You want to think that because it makes you feel better about what you did, but it's not true! I never cheated on you! I never lied to you! I never hurt you!

SALLY

You're a psycho.

BLAKE

I told you what would happen if you left! You left - it happened! All four deaths are on you! And you get to live with that knowledge the rest of your pathetic life.

SALLY

Four?

BLAKE

When you ended it, I died.

SALLY

You're still here!

BLAKE

I wanted to make sure you knew! You needed to see what you caused!

He marches over to the door.

SALLY

I didn't cause anything!

BLAKE

You caused everything! Remember that!

He pulls open the door and runs outside, FIRING his GUN as he does. There's a volley of GUNFIRE.

Sally runs over to Collin. Crying, she holds his head in her hands.