

CHERRY BOMB

FADE IN:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Five empty shot glasses on the counter; two knocked over.

A bartender, MICKEY (mid 50s), grizzled, velvet vest and slacks, sets down another glass, fills it with Bacardi.

A hand with red-painted, well manicured nails scoops the glass up, offers a "cheers" to Mickey.

Mickey walks further down the bar.

The woman holding it, KAREN (34), blonde hair, skimpy red dress with a tan overcoat, fire red lipstick, downs the glass just as quickly as she scooped it up.

She slams the glass upside down on the counter then reaches inside her coat.

She grabs a bottle of aspirin, pours a handful into her hand, swallows them.

Mickey returns to Karen.

KAREN
Gimme another.

MICKEY
It's nearly closin' time, Karen.

Karen looks at the analog clock on the wall; 11:45PM then glares back at Mickey.

KAREN
Bullshit. Hook me up.

Mickey blends cherries, Absolut and lime juice. He leaves the blender going while pouring Karen another rum.

The blender stops and Mickey pours the blender mixture into a tall glass.

MICKEY
Last one.

Mickey slides the tall glass to Karen.

Karen glares at the glass with borderline disgust.

KAREN
I don't drink red.

Mickey places the rum neatly in front of Karen.

MICKEY
Ain't for you.

KAREN
(Realizes, sighs)
Who ordered it?

JOHN (O.S.)
I did.

Karen turns, sees JOHN TRENNOR (36), silk, silver business suit, perfect skin, standing over her shoulder.

John nods at Karen, sits on the empty stool next to her.

KAREN
Just how I like 'em. Free.

JOHN
Nothing's free in this world.

Karen rolls her eyes.

KAREN
I'm not a whore.

JOHN
(Chuckles)
Well, nobody's perfect.

John takes a sip of his drink.

KAREN
What the hell is that, anyway?

JOHN
Cherry bomb. Personally, I took a liking to calling it "vamp's blood" but that's just me.

KAREN
Heh. Cute.

Karen downs her shot, slams the glass on the counter.

JOHN
So, what're you doin' later?

KAREN
We been over this. I'm not workin'.

JOHN
I'm not about to drink alone
tonight and Mickey looks like he's
about to shut us both down.

Karen glances over at John.

KAREN
You payin'?

JOHN
If that's what it takes.

John pulls out a gold money clip loaded with \$100s.

Karen checks out the money.

JOHN
Where ya stayin'?

KAREN
Within walking distance.

John slaps a \$100 bill on the counter.

Mickey nods at John and Karen as they stand.

INT. KAREN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Karen pushes the squeaky door open as John follows her into
the cramped room.

KAREN
Make yourself at home.

JOHN
Thanks.

John takes his coat off, neatly lays it down on a ratty, old
love seat. He sits next to it.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Karen shuffles in, opens the medicine cabinet. She sets the
aspirin bottle inside.

The medicine cabinet is filled with aspirin bottles.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

John stares at an odd-looking broom, leaning against an old tube TV. He chuckles at it.

KAREN (O.S.)
If you wanna make yourself a drink,
go for it.

JOHN
Thanks.

KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

John maneuvers his way through the undersized kitchen.

He opens the refrigerator, finds a dozen bottles of Bacardi and bags of assorted fruits.

He opens the freezer, finds three bottles of vodka and more bags of assorted frozen fruit.

One of the bags is full of cherries.

John takes the bag of cherries, shuts the freezer door.

He sets them on the counter, pulls a blender off the refrigerator, sets it next to the cherries.

JOHN
(Calls out)
I thought you didn't drink anything
red.

KAREN (O.S.)
Not if I can help it.

Karen walks in, sees John prepping a drink.

JOHN
Lime juice?

Karen points to a cupboard behind John's head.

KAREN
Whatcha makin'?

JOHN
An old-fashioned.

KAREN
Yeah. That doesn't need lime
juice... or fruit.

JOHN
You'll like it. Trust me.

KAREN
Can you put rum in it?

JOHN
You can put anything.

KAREN
Fine.

Karen walks out as John pours the cherries into the blender.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

John brings two cherry bombs to Karen who is relaxing on the love seat. He sits, hands her one.

Karen holds it, then smiles at John.

KAREN
You go first.

JOHN
You afraid I spiked it or somethin'?

KAREN
(Chuckles)
I just wanna see your sour face.

John smirks, takes a sip. His face has no reaction at all.

Karen wrinkles her nose, takes a sip of hers. She swishes it around in her mouth then swallows it, satisfied.

KAREN
That's damn good...

JOHN
John.

KAREN
Naturally.

John takes another sip but a dribble rolls down his chin.

Karen eyes the dribble, puts her finger out. She wipes it off his chin then licks it off her finger.

JOHN
I thought you weren't working...

KAREN
I was negotiating.

John laughs, takes another sip.

JOHN
Oh, I see. What's your asking
price, then?

KAREN
What do you think's fair?

JOHN
We'll negotiate...

John leans forward, kisses Karen who gets into it and sets
her drink down on a coffee table.

INT. BAR - DAY

Karen is at the counter with a plate of buffalo wings and a
cherry bomb in front of her.

Half of the wings have been polished off, but her face and
hands are surprisingly clean.

PETER (O.S.)
Mickey, get me a Vodka cherry bomb,
will ya?

Karen stops, smiles.

KAREN
Did ya have a good time last night,
John?

Karen turns, sees PETER CRANE (44), dark brown fedora and
trenchcoat, glasses, take a seat next to her at the counter.

PETER
How you doin', Karen?

KAREN
(Sighs)
Detective. What do I owe the
pleasure of your company?

PETER
I can't check in on my favorite
fall-down drunk from time to time?

KAREN

Well, now that you have, you can move on.

Karen takes a sip.

KAREN

I hear they got half price on a dozen donuts down at the bakery. If ya hurry, ya might still make it.

PETER

Mmm... That's a good one. I'll have to remember that.

KAREN

So, what do you want?

PETER

You know anybody named Trennor?

KAREN

Trennor? Not really.

PETER

Here's a hint. You took him home with you last night. Goes by the name of "John".

Karen clears her throat, takes another sip.

KAREN

Nope. Not ringin' any bells.

PETER

You're positive?

Karen turns her head to meet Peter's piercing stare.

KAREN

All right, yeah, I know the guy. But, I wasn't hookin'.

Peter's stare turns to confusion.

PETER

That's not what I was gonna ask.

Karen takes another sip.

PETER

We found him dead in the street this morning, a block and a half from your apartment.

KAREN
He's dead?

PETER
Very. His head is no longer
attached to the rest of him.

Karen's hand shakes as she reaches for her glass.

PETER
We have witnesses that say you were
the last one to see him alive.

KAREN
I didn't do it.

PETER
No, I don't think you did. So, why
don't we head down to the station
and you can tell us who you think
might have done it.

KAREN
Us?

Karen turns, sees four uniformed POLICE OFFICERS standing
near the front door.

Peter leans in close to Karen.

PETER
(Whispers)
If you don't come with me, they're
gonna take you in and book you for
his murder. You got me?

The police officers walk up behind Karen.

Peter holds his hand up to them, for them to wait.

PETER
You have to cooperate with me,
Karen. It's your only choice.

KAREN
All right.

Karen spins around in her bar stool. She takes a deep breath,
stares at the officers, mumbling incoherently to herself.

PETER
What's that, Karen?

KAREN

Remember me today, as I commit
suicide. Remember me forever, on
this day, I died.

Just then, the police officers draw their guns on each other.

PETER

What the hell?

Karen puts both her hands to her forehead as they begin to
tremble. Her eyes are forced shut.

Peter pulls his gun out, puts it to his own head.

Karen's hands slowly become old and decrepit as her fingers
elongate to double their normal length.

KAREN

Remember me today, as I commit
suicide. Remember me forever, on
this day, I died.

Karen's eyes burst open, totally bloodshot. She sprints out
of the bar, quick as can be.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Karen sprints down the sidewalk, crosses the street in
between traffic.

She knocks a male PEDESTRIAN down, turns down an alley.

ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Karen hides behind a dumpster, unable to catch her breath.
Her eyes are blood red and hands shake uncontrollably.

She reaches into her coat pocket, pulls out a bottle of
aspirin. She pours all of them in her mouth.

SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Peter and the police officers emerge from the bar.

PETER

Jesus Christ. You all right?

POLICE OFFICER 1

Yeah. I just... It was weird.

PETER

Yeah, I know. Where the hell is she?

Peter sees the pedestrian walking towards them.

PETER

You see a woman comin' outta here?!

PEDESTRIAN

I dunno. Blonde, looked like a hooker?

PETER

That's her.

PEDESTRIAN

Yeah. The bitch knocked me down and ran down the alley that way.

ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

The officers get there but it's empty, besides the dumpster.

Peter draws his gun, eases towards it.

PETER

Karen, if you're back there, come out. Now. If you don't, I'm gonna be forced to shoot.

Peter waits for a response, but there's nothing. He turns, points his gun behind the dumpster but nobody's there.

PETER

Goddamn it! What did we miss?

Peter kicks the dumpster out of frustration.

POLICE OFFICER 1

What do we do, now, boss?

PETER

(Sighs)

Put the word out. We got a runner.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Karen, looking normal, watches Peter and the police officers leave the alley. She exhales deeply, closes her eyes.