

<Title>

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

This part of town isn't the Ritz, it's pretty much the shits. An even crappier piece of junk is backing into a driveway. A 1970's Chevy van complete with the bumper sticker "If this Van's Rockin' Don't be a Knockin'." Plastered on the back window. The van comes to a screeching halt as it stops in front of a closed garage door.

Both back tires begin to HISS as they slowly deflate.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Behind the wheel sits a hulk of a man, greasy long hair and an even greasier long thick beard. Looks like last weeks dinner is still stuck to and intertwines with the mass of facial hair.

This is HARLEY DAVIDSON, 25, biker without a bike. A brain the size of a shriveled testicle. Harley cringes as he hears the HISS then THUMP as the tires fully deflate.

HARLEY

(whispers)

Mothers gonna be pissed.

He lets out a slight cackle. (Sounds like a penguin being choked).

Then...

He turns toward the back of the van.

Red eyes stare at...

A man and a woman lie hog-tied and gagged on the shag carpet that lines the entire back of the vehicle.

This is GIOVANI, 30s, and CARLA VACCARO, 50s, Italian, and feisty as hell.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Harley stomps in; he has Giovanni on one shoulder and Carla on the other.

They are no longer bound.

He drops them onto a ratty old couch as dust billows into the air, Harley... sneezes.

Both Giovanni and Carla lean way back as to avoid the spit and snot splatter.

HARLEY

Dust.

The expression on the couples faces scream "No Shit - Sherlock".

Harley takes out the gags, as the Vaccaro's cough and try not to breath for a few beats waiting for the dust to settle.

Then...

Carla lets out a long wail, almost like a cop siren but louder and higher pitched.

Both Giovani and Harley cover their ears.

All of a sudden...

SMACK. Harley backhands Carla.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

You shut up Mrs. Macaroni.

CARLA

You shut up... Pig.

Harley raises his hand, ready to slap. When

GIOVANI

STOP. She did nothing, I did nothing. We come here from Italy and this is how we are treated? Taken off the street, tied up, choked with that... that dirty sock. Is this some kind of "Welcome to America, joke"?

Harley seems confused.

HARLEY

Your not from Italy. You lie, I hit.

SMACK... Harley punches Giovani in the eye. His head snaps back from the blow.

Carla wails.

Both men instantly cover their ears.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

Stop!

He picks up the old dirty sock that was her gag.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

You want this?

She frantically shakes her head; No...

Giovani puts an arm around Carla, trying to comfort her.

Harley paces the floor, Giovani plants a look on him.

Their eyes lock in visual combat.

The lock breaks as...

GIOVANI

Who are you anyway?

Harley scoots close to Giovani.

HARLEY

It's not who I am. You... and her
on the other hand are my way to...

Suddenly:

The front door swings open. Standing at the threshold is a behemoth of a woman. Her hair is spiked and green, she wears an old black leather jacket that is way too tight, and her satin leggings clutch every roll of fat like saran wrap.

This is MOTHER WRENCH, 35, big, bold, and downright ornery.

Harley turns and instantly tenses up.

MOTHER WRENCH

Bringin' in more stray's?

Harley is visibly shaken.

HARLEY

Mother...

MOTHER WRENCH

Don't you Mother me you overgrown
ape. First it's cats, then dogs,
now... now it's people! People give
me a headache!

Everyone jumps back.

Harley falls backwards onto Carla's lap.

She wails again. This time in agony.

Harley staggers up as Mother slams the door. She shoots a look at Harley as she waddles toward the center of the room.

Then she glares at Carla. Slowly inching forward, stopping a few feet from her.

Mother smirks.

MOTHER WRENCH (CONT'D)
You know why they call me Mother?
Mother Wrench? It's because...

Mother reaches behind her back, down inside her leggings and slowly pulls out a huge open end wrench from the crack of her ass.

She swings it wildly, coming inches from Carla's nose. Spinning around she swings it towards Harley then back toward Giovanni.

As...

The smell of ASS fills the room.

Giovanni covers his mouth, ready to puke.

Carla pinches her nose.

Harley holds his breath, and slowly breath's through his mouth.

Mother stops swinging. Looks at everyone. Smiles.

MOTHER WRENCH (CONT'D)
Know what this is?

She holds out the wrench, brings it back to her nose. Sniffs.

MOTHER WRENCH (CONT'D)
It's the sweet smell of success.
I'm in charge!

Harley steps up.

HARLEY
Mother I got us lots of cash. Know
who they are?

MOTHER WRENCH
No I don't.

Harley proudly puffs out his chest.

HARLEY
They are Mr. and Mrs. President of
French. I saw them on TV. This is
them. They'll get us millions.
President Macaroni.

Mother looks interested.

MOTHER WRENCH

You sure?

HARLEY

(excited)

Yes, I nabbed them in Jack London Square. It's them, It's them.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The bedroom is a disaster area. Cloths strewn about. Empty pizza boxes, Chinese food cartons, and a few used condoms litter the floor.

They stand face to face holding hands.

MOTHER WRENCH

Baby we need a plan.

HARLEY

Right now I have a plan.

MOTHER WRENCH

What's that?

Harley pushes Mother back onto the mattress that lies on the floor.

She lands with a THUMP as the mattress collapses for a split second.

Harley leaps on top of her; bounces a few times. He cackles, she laughs as they kiss wildly.

HARLEY

I'm gonna go where no man has gone before.

MOTHER WRENCH

Let me take the wrench out first.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Vaccaro's are handcuffed to the pipes under the kitchen sink.

Laughter can be heard then sick moans.

Giovani gazes into Carla's eyes as their lips meet. Tenderly kissing.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The sound of passion and the sound of wild animals mix as the couples make love.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Giovani and Carla, still handcuffed to the pipe lie side by side. Their hair is a mess from the sweat, and their clothes look like they dressed in a hurry... a big hurry.

The sound of stomps come down the hallway as Mother Wrench enters. Her T-shirt is way too small as it barely covers her breasts. Oh god and she is wearing very short, shorts.

MOTHER WRENCH

Look at the two lovebirds, think we couldn't hear ya last night?

Giovani sits up.

GIOVANI

You weren't the quietest either.

MOTHER WRENCH

This is my house. I'll be as loud as I want... Got that?

Carla sits up.

CARLA

Let us go, you've had your fun.

Mother inches closer. Her face tense and eyes glazed over.

MOTHER WRENCH

You call this fun? I call it hell. Your strangers, your in a strange land, with even stranger hosts. No better than Harley's strays. I need a god-damned drink.

She goes to the cupboard, pulls down a half gallon of Vodka. Slams it on the counter. Grabs a cup, and starts pouring.

MOTHER WRENCH (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Breakfast for a beautiful girl....
Me.

She stares at Giovani.

GIOVANI

Taste good?

MOTHER WRENCH
Delightful baby.

Harley staggers in. See's Mother with the Vodka.

HARLEY
I need some.

He goes and pours himself a healthy glass full.

Chugs most of it down.

Harley eyes Carla, who is trying to get out of the cuff.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
She needs an ass whoopin'.

Mother must be feeling the effects of the Vodka she starts to be nice.

MOTHER WRENCH
Not so fast, maybe they want to join us?

Harley looks... then laughs.

HARLEY
Want some? Sure ya do.

Mother has already pulled out two cups.

Harley fills them up.

Both Mother and Harley have a cup as they stumble toward Giovanni and Carla.

Harley hands his cup to Carla. She reluctantly takes it. Giovanni holds out his free arm as Mother Wrench tries to strut like a runway model.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Everyone is drunk as a skunk as Mother kisses Carla, Giovanni joins in.

Harley, dances to heavy metal half naked.

Laughing and screaming, they are crazy at this moment.

Then...

Harley exits the room.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Walking like a zombie, he goes to the knife block on the counter. He pulls out a big butcher knife.

With darkened eyes he is enthralled with the blade shine, as he moves it back and forth in the sunlight.

Harley lets loose that sick CACKLE as he raises the blade.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Hiding the knife behind his back Harley slithers in. No one even notices.

Giovani chugs Vodka from the bottle as Carla tries to nab it from him.

Mother takes a few steps and falls onto the old couch.

She's out.

Harley walks up behind Giovanni.

EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

SUPER: THE NEXT NIGHT

Smoke billows from the Barbecue as Harley sticks an oversized fork into a nice butt roast. Blood oozes from the puncture.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mother Wrench opens the freezer door. It is loaded to the hilt with bags of cut meat.

Harley walks in with the roast, sets it on the counter.

HARLEY

Just as you like it. Nice and bloody.

MOTHER WRENCH

Where did you get all this meat?

HARLEY

Don't worry. I didn't steal it.
But I think it was imported from
Italy...

Mother looks to Harley.

MOTHER WRENCH

Italy? Now your blowin' smoke up my
ass.

Harley chuckles.

HARLEY
That's not the only thing. I'm hungry
lets eat.

LATER

Mother has blood dribbling down her chin as she chews the moist morsel.

MOTHER WRENCH
This roast is really bloody, it's
like the one we had a few weeks ago.

HARLEY
Just super fresh. Nothin' like fresh
meat.

MOTHER WRENCH
What'd you do, go kill the cow?

Harley stares Mother in the eyes.

Then all of a sudden he lets out that darned CACKLE.

Mother bout hit's the roof.

MOTHER WRENCH (CONT'D)
Damn you Harley!

Harley smiles as he bites on a big chunk of meat.

EXT. BACKYARD - SAME

The soil behind the small patio is freshly turned. New flowers sit strategically.

A pitchfork and a shovel are shoved into the ground.

Behind a flower the sparkle of a diamond wedding ring flashes.

It's still attached...

To a FINGER.

FADE OUT:

THE END

