I Love It When You Call Me Bitch Tits

Ву

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Copyright (c) 2013. This Alabamamoviemaker@hotmail.com screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author. INT. MAX AND MAXINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MAX and MAXINE, both mid to late forties, an average looking American couple, are in bed reading MAGAZINES. Suddenly, Max has a thought and turns to his wife.

MAX You know what I love most about you, Maxine?

MAXINE What's that, Max?

MAX I just love it when you call me Bitch Tits.

MAXINE

Why?

MAX Well, I mean, we all know that I'm the manliest fella around. But little quips like that keep me grounded, which is something my ego is always in need of.

Maxine smiles. She reaches over her side of the bed and comes up with a FRYING PAN. She smacks Max across the face with it, sending him falling off his side of the bed and landing on the floor.

> MAX Ach! It hurts so bad. Err...so good...ach!

Max pulls himself back onto the bed. His nose is swollen and purple. He's also missing a tooth.

MAX Why you do dat for?

MAXINE

Figured it would help keep you humble. You know, since you like that about me and all.

MAX

Yes! You see what I'm talking about, then! I'm so used to shakin' my bacon all over the place while both men and women gape at my bits and pieces. It gives me a big head. (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAX (cont'd) But it's these little things you do that keep me down to earth. I-

As Max finishes his speech, Maxine reaches over her side of the bed and pulls out a SHOTGUN. She shoots Max in the chest, sending him flying over his side of the bed to the floor.

> MAX Ach! Why? It hurts so bad!

Max pulls himself back onto the bed. BLOOD is soaking through his pajama top.

MAX Well, so you're a little hopped-up bunny rabbit tonight.

MAXINE It's no problem, if that's what you're wondering.

MAX Well, no, it's just - what are you doing now?

Maxine is reaching over her side of the bed. She picks up an ORNERY CAT. The cat hisses and lets out guttural growls. Maxine pets it on the top of the head and then casually tosses it onto Max's face. Once again, Max falls over his side of the bed.

> MAX It's killing me! It's pulling the flesh right off of my face! Ach! Ahhhh!

At that moment, a ROBBER (dressed in stereotypical "robber" clothes. All black, a little black mask around the eyes, big bag to put stuff in) crawls through the WINDOW on Maxine's side of the bed. When he sees Maxine, he smiles, embarrassed.

ROBBER Oh, sorry. I didn't think anyone was here. I'll come back later.

MAXINE You didn't think anyone was here? But our lights were on. MAX Who are you talking to? AHHHHHHHHH! IT'S MURDERING ME!!

MAXINE (to the robber) You're not a very good thief, are you?

## ROBBER

I'm trying my best but I'm afraid this might not be my line of work. I'm sorry. I'll come back later. Hey - is that guy okay?

## MAXINE

He's fine. He loves it. In fact, he's a masochist. He really wants someone to go kick him in the balls. I don't have the heart to do it. He is my husband, after all. Do you think you could go over there and give him a swift one in the genitals?

## ROBBER

Well, I suppose I could. I had penciled in about fifteen minutes or so for the robbery. Okay, sure. I'll do it.

By this point, Max is standing upright at the foot of the bed, still struggling to pull the cat off of himself. Just as the robber brings his leg back for an epic kick, Max is finally able to force the cat off his face. He tosses it directly onto the robber's face. The robber stumbles backward until he hits the window and falls out.

Max casually gets back into bed. In addition to the still bleeding chest wound and the swollen nose, he now has cat scratches all over his face. He casually picks up his magazine and starts browsing through it.

> MAX You see, I vanquished that criminal with barely any effort at all. I probably saved both of our lives. Liable to give a man a big head. Luckily, I have you to keep me humble.

Maxine snuggles up to Max.

FADE OUT.