

"Everybody's Eating Ralph"
an original screenplay by
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FADE IN:

INT. 1962 MOVING THUNDERBIRD - DAY

FOLLOW 1962 Thunderbird cruising south on the 405 Freeway.
ON LICENSE PLATE reading "BAD ASS".

The radio PLAYS.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

It is a hot and sunny ninety-eight
degrees in downtown Los Angeles.
It's time to head to the beach, and
get some fun in the sun. And to
help you get there, here's a great
little ditty from the most ultimate
beach band, the Beach Boys, singing
their number one hit, "Fun, Fun,
Fun".

RALPH BURTON, fat, early 50s, drives the car. His shirt is
disheveled, the collar is loose, and his tie is thrown over
his shoulder. Huge circles of sweat form under his armpits.
His suit jacket and overstuffed briefcase sit on the passenger
seat.

Ralph pulls out an expensive looking cigar and removes the
cellophane. He sniffs it, inhaling deeply.

RALPH

Oh, yeah.

He clips off the end and lights it with a gold "Dunhill"
lighter. ON SMOKE billowing out of the car window.

INT. BURTON HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The clean and orderly colonial house is tastefully decorated
in 1920 motif furniture and impressionist artwork. At the
rear of the house is a sun room. An outdoor patio table set
with fine china and candles sits in the center of the room.

MARYROSE BURTON, pretty, tall, in her late 40s, wears a
feminine sun dress. A Miraculous Medal pendant necklace of
the Virgin Mary adorns her neck. She carefully places roses
into a vase.

MARYROSE

Perfect!

She sets the fresh cut flowers in the center of the table.
A bottle of champagne sits iced. She grabs the bottle and
pops it, pouring herself a glass. The oven timer RINGS.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)

Oh, shit!

FOLLOW Maryrose walking to the kitchen. Kitchen pots steam on the stove burners. She opens the oven door and removes a deep dish apple pie. We hear her say "ouch" when she lightly burns her finger.

Maryrose glances at the CALENDAR posted on the kitchen wall with a date circled in red felt ink. It reads "Black and White Policeman's ball." A flowery sticker reads "Happy Anniversary" marking two days prior.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)

I almost forgot.

Maryrose picks up the telephone and dials.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hi, can I talk to Joe? Yes, it's Maryrose. Maryrose Burton...No, I can wait.

CROSS CUT WITH:

INT. 1962 MOVING THUNDERBIRD - SIMULTANEOUSLY

ON THUNDERBIRD driving into Burger King drive-through; stopping at the intercom. Ralph tosses out his cigar.

FAST ORDER COOK (V.O.)

Can I have your order please?

RALPH

Yeah...I'll have two triple whoppers, with extra cheese, and a chocolate milkshake.

Maryrose cradles the phone under her chin. She takes a sip of champagne.

MARYROSE

(into phone)

Hey Joe, Maryrose, I'm calling about my meat order. Yes, that's it...for the Policeman's Ball. Can you change my delivery date to noon Thursday? You can? Excellent! Thanks Joe.

Ralph slurps his chocolate milkshake and voraciously eats his triple-decker burger.

ANGLE ON EXIT SIGN "MANHATTAN BEACH AVENUE"

FOLLOW Thunderbird cruising down residential streets towards the Pacific Coast Highway and the ocean. Dreamily, Ralph looks out at the rolling waves. He FARTS and smiles.

Ralph shoves the last bite of his burger into his mouth. He crumples the wrapper and throws it into a back seat. ON EMPTY FOOD CONTAINERS in the back seat. Ralph BURPS loudly.

RALPH

Fuck me. That's good.

He lets out a large FART and SNIFFS contentedly.

RALPH (CONT'D)

From both ends.

Maryrose chops herbs on the cutting board and tosses them into a salad. She waves her hand over a pot, inhales deeply, pleased with the aroma.

MARYROSE

Maybe, just a touch more oregano.

(sprinkles oregano)

Ralph is going to love this.

Ralph, with one hand on the wheel, wildly maneuvers the car up a windy road. ON THUNDERBIRD crossing over the white and yellow lines. Ralph notices a car marked "STUDENT DRIVER". He accelerates until they are side-by-side, then HONKS the horn harshly.

RALPH

Hey asshole! Want a quick lesson?

He drives recklessly close, within two inches to the other vehicle. Startled, the INSTRUCTOR grabs the wheel and sharply turns it, steering away. Ralph LAUGHS and SCREAMS out the window as he drives away.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Made ya shit yourself, huh!

ON STUDENT DRIVER'S VEHICLE jumping over the curb and coming to a dead halt. ON THUNDERBIRD barreling down the road and out of view.

EXT. PLANT AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

Middle to upper-class Mediterranean and Spanish 1950's homes with manicured lawns and tropical foliage line both sides of the road.

FOLLOW car wildly turning onto Plant Avenue. Ralph spots VELMA WALKINS, late 80s, walking her Dachshund, PICKLES. She wears thick bifocal glasses and a regal dress with pearls. Pickles YELPS frantically when he sees Ralph's Thunderbird. Ralph leans out.

RALPH
Hey, Velma! What's shaking?

VELMA
Ralphie! There's your Poppa, Pickles.
(to Ralph)
Ralphie, How ya doing? I miss seeing
you around. You need to come by
later and check out my new Walther.

RALPH
Damn, Velma...I'll try...but you
know.

VELMA
(finishes his sentence)
Maryrose! Why the hell did you ever
marry that bitch?

RALPH
Hind sight, Velma. Hind sight.

Ralph turns the car sharply into his driveway. It bounces over the curb and comes to a SCREECHING halt, stopping one inch from the house.

Across the street, Velma picks up Pickles, hugs and kisses him. She walks towards her house.

VELMA
Come on baby....Yes. Who's my little
boy?..That's right! You are.

Prior to entering her home, Velma salutes the American flag on her door post. The door closes.

EXT. STAPLETON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Stapleton's New England style home sits adjacent to the Burton house. The homes are separated by a three-foot hedge.

DORIS STAPLETON, late 40s, waters the lawn. She wears a broad hat, "Prada" sunglasses, a halter top and culottes over her hourglass figure. She sees Ralph and faces the opposite direction.

DORIS
(to herself)
Fuck me.

Ralph watches Doris, as she bends down to pluck a weed. He lustfully sucks on his cigar, and blows a huge smoke ring. ON SMOKE RING encircling Doris's broad ass. BACK ON Ralph's leering face.

RALPH

Now, that's what I'm talking about.

Ralph leans out the car window and does a CAT-CALL WHISTLE.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Loo-keen' bueno, Doris. Muy bueno!

Doris stands up straight, annoyed.

DORIS

Don't start, Ralph! Not today!

She pirouettes and points the water hose at Ralph. ON water hitting Ralph smack-dab in the face.

RALPH

You fucking dumb polack!

Ralph quickly winds up the car window. He grabs his briefcase and opens his door to escape.

DORIS

I heard that, Ralph!

Ralph slams the car door and runs to the house. Doris aims and shoots. ON WATER hitting Ralph's back. He slips on the wet cement and falls. Ralph's pants split up the ass. ON WHITE protruding underwear.

RALPH

Stop it! Stop it, you stupid fucking whore.

DORIS

What did you just call me? You want a piece of this, Ralph!

RALPH

I've wanted a piece of you for years, baby!

Doris sprays the water directly at Ralph's crotch. We hear him scream "fuck me" and "stop it". Ralph runs for the front door of his house, tripping and skidding.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Christ, Doris! What the fuck is wrong with you? I was only joking.

Fumbling with his keys, he opens the door. Doris gets in two more solid shots with the water hose.

DORIS

Yeah! Who's laughing now, Ralph.

Ralph enters the house. ON DOOR closing.

INT. BURTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ralph's suit is drenched. He drops his slopping wet briefcase onto the floor. He shakes his suit jacket and throws it onto the coat rack. We hear water SLOSHING as Ralph takes each step. His watered-down footsteps track the entryway.

MARYROSE (O.S.)

That you, Ralph?

RALPH

Well, who the hell do you think it would be? Jesus Christ?

MARYROSE

You know how I feel when you take the Lord's name in vain.

Ralph rolls his eyes. Maryrose looks at the floor dismayed.

RALPH

(off Maryrose's
reaction)

Now, what's your problem?

Ralph removes his tie and hangs it around Maryrose's neck. He examines Maryrose's attire.

RALPH (CONT'D)

And why are you dressed up so...fancy?

MARYROSE

(disappointed)

You don't remember!

RALPH

Remember what?

MARYROSE

Every year I try and I try, but you never remember! I don't know why I try, but I do!

RALPH
Quit your goddamn blubbering and
talk to me.

MARYROSE
I made your favorite meal and fresh
bread and-

RALPH
(interrupting)
I already ate, Maryrose.

Ralph BURPS.

MARYROSE
(stupefied)
You already ate? You already ate?!

Ralph picks his teeth, and wipes his fingers on his pants.

RALPH
I was hungry.

MARYROSE
You were hungry! Are you really
that inconsiderate?

A beat.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)
(off Ralph's confusion)
You really don't remember. Do you?

RALPH
Remember what?

MARYROSE
Our twentieth anniversary!!!

RALPH
Our twentieth anniversary? Sort of
feels like forty, doesn't it?

MARYROSE
Ralphie!

RALPH
Maryrose. It's just one day out of
the year like any other fucking day.

Maryrose stares at Ralph coldly. A beat.

MARYROSE
Up yours!

She storms out of the room. Ralph waits until she is out of view.

RALPH
(muttering)
Crazy stupid bitch!

CUT TO:

INT. STAPLETON HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The country-style kitchen is modestly decorated. Small photos are posted on the fridge of TWO COLLEGE STUDENTS and DOUG STAPLETON, 40s, dressed in Police decorative uniform. Maryrose enters, carrying a picnic basket.

MARYROSE
(looking around)
Where's Doug?

Maryrose places the picnic basket onto the kitchen table. Her face and neck are bright red. She fans herself.

DORIS
He got called to a double homicide.
He probably won't be home till after
midnight. What's in here?

She opens the basket, removes the fresh baked bread and gourmet meal.

MARYROSE
I brought you dinner.

DORIS
(off Maryrose's)
But, I thought tonight was your
anniversary.

Maryrose tearfully shakes her head.

DORIS (CONT'D)
How about a glass of wine?

Doris uncorks a bottle of wine and pours two glasses. Maryrose downs the wine glass in one swift gulp.

MARYROSE
You're so lucky, Doris. Your life
is exactly what we always dreamed
of.

Maryrose grabs the wine bottle and refills her wine glass to the top.

DORIS

Trust me, it isn't perfect.
 (sipping wine)
 Maryrose, is there more going on
 than just Ralph?

MARYROSE

I don't know what you're talking
 about.

DORIS

You don't? Did you forget about
 what happened yesterday?

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - MORNING - TWO WEEKS PRIOR (FLASHBACK)

FOLLOW Maryrose and Doris pushing their grocery carts through
 the produce aisles. They stop periodically to examine and
 bag fruit and vegetables.

A GROCERY CLERK, late teens, wears ear phones and stocks the
 produce shelves. Maryrose crosses to him.

MARYROSE

Excuse me? Excuse me!

The grocery clerk turns. He removes the ear phones.

GROCERY CLERK

What do you want, lady?

MARYROSE

(points to Maui onions)
 The ad in the newspaper said these
 were on sale. But the sign reads-

The clerk reads the posted sign.

GROCERY CLERK

Can't you read? Does it look like
 they're on sale?

Maryrose storms away. She crosses to her cart, then picks
 up Durian fruit. A beat. She heaves it at the clerk,
 striking him square in the middle of the forehead. He face
 planted on the floor. ON DURIAN stuck in his forehead.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STAPLETON HOUSE - AFTERNOON (PRESENT)

MARYROSE

So you think I'm being a little over reactive?

DORIS

You have assault charges pending.

Maryrose starts to tear.

DORIS (CONT'D)

What has your doctor said? Dr. Kegel.

MARYROSE

It's Keigel, Doris. Not Kegel? He said-

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING - TWO DAYS PRIOR (FLASHBACK)

Maryrose lies on an examination table with her feet up in stirrups. A drape covers her private parts. A MEDICAL TECHNICIAN, female 20s, stands at her side.

DR. HEINRICH KEIGEL, early 50s, probes Maryrose under the drape. Maryrose winces, her eyebrows lift in surprise.

DR. KEIGEL

There all finished. I didn't feel a thing!

Dr. Keigel stands up, and removes his gloves.

MARYROSE

I sure did!

Dr. Keigel washes and dries his hands. He stands next to Maryrose and grabs her hand.

DR. KEIGEL

Maryrose, you're perfectly healthy.

MARYROSE

Then what's wrong with me?

DR. KEIGEL

I believe you've entered into a new phase of your life. It's called menopause.

Maryrose looks at Dr. Keigel speechless.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STAPLETON HOUSE - AFTERNOON - (PRESENT)

DORIS
So, that explains it.

Maryrose nods her head.

DORIS (CONT'D)
Did he say anything else?

MARYROSE
Just that I'm going to have to learn
to live with it.

DORIS.
So , what are you going to do?

MARYROSE
Ask for forgiveness.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFESSIONAL BOOTH - LATER THAT DAY

Maryrose kneels in front of the grid. FATHER O'CALLAHAN, handsome in his late 40s, sits on the opposite side. He wears clerical clothing with jeans. He opens the sliding screen and gazes at Maryrose's angelic face and bosomy breasts.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
Hello, Maryrose.

Maryrose quivers.

MARYROSE
Hello, Father.

Maryrose grabs hold of the wall to steady herself.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
(concerned)
Maryrose, are you okay?

Maryrose blushes and simultaneously a hot flash hits.

MARYROSE
Oh! Father forgive me.

The heat becomes uncontrollable. She lifts the dress fabric surrounding her breasts, and fans herself briskly, then stops.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)
Oh, shoot...Darn it!
(MORE)

MARYROSE (CONT'D)
(embarrassed)
Father, I'm so sorry.

Maryrose begins to tear up. Father O'Callahan's heart softens.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
Maryrose, its okay.

MARYROSE
No, it's not! I'm out of control.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
What is it, Mary?

MARYROSE
I cry and get angry for no reason.
My body...

Maryrose pushes upwards on her aching spine. Her breasts thrust forward.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)
Hurts. Oh, Father. Help me.

Father O'Callahan flushes. He loosens his collar.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
(to himself)
Lord, I wish.

MARYROSE
Excuse me?

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
I said...I wish I could, Maryrose.

Maryrose places her hand on the grid. She discerns the intimacy, stops, then places her hand in her lap.

MARYROSE
Father, I need a man who will listen
to me. Someone, who truly cares.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
What about, Ralph?

MARYROSE
You've met Ralph, Father.

A beat.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
I understand, Maryrose.

MARYROSE

Can I count on you?

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Sure, Maryrose. I'll always be here
for you.

CUT TO:

INT. STAPLETON HOUSE - EVENING

Doug sits at the kitchen table. He wears a white T-shirt and jeans. His shoulder holster is draped on the chair. Doris places two plates of food on the table, then sits. Doug butters a piece of fresh bread.

DOUG

(taking a bite)

Wow, did you make this?

DORIS

No, Maryrose did.

DOUG

Another fight?

(off Doris's nod)

Well, let's hope they stay together.
I'm eating like a king.

Doris hits him with a napkin.

DOUG (CONT'D)

What? It's true!

(off Doris's pout)

Aw...Come here, lovebug. You know
you're my queen.

Doug grabs Doris, then kisses her. Their love ignites in a heat of passion. We hear Doris's MOANS and her cries of "yes".

CUT TO:

INT. BURTON BATHROOM - EVENING

The expansive shower is lined with granite, an etched glass door allows entry. Ralph lathers his fat body with soap. He SINGS, "Bohemian Rhapsody".

RALPH

(singing)

So you think you can love me and
spit in my eye.

RALPH (CONT'D)

So you think you can love me and
leave me to die.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Oh..baby!

INT. BURTON MASTER BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Maryrose, in a full-length nightgown, lays on a large king size bed. A framed 8 X 10 photograph of a happily married and vacationing Ralph and Maryrose sits on the dresser.

Maryrose grasps her rosary. In the b.g. we the shower running and Ralph SINGING at the top of his lungs.

RALPH (O.S.)

Mama mia, mama mia, mama mia let me
go.

RALPH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Beelzebub has a devil put aside for
me.

RALPH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

For me. For me...

Mary squeezes her eyes shut and covers her ears with her hands. She prays.

MARYROSE

Virgin Mary, Mother of God, help me
in my hour of need. Please, take
this burden away from me. I beg
you. I can't have that white slimy
slug in me tonight, or ever again.
Guide me in your path and show me
the way. Amen.

Maryrose squeezes her legs together tightly. The shower turn off. A look of dread crosses her face as Ralph enters.

Ralph wears a towel draped around his waist. His fat belly flops over the towel. He seductively shakes his belly.

RALPH

Here I am, Maryrose! I'm ready for
ya, baby! Open your eyes and look
at what Daddy has for you.

Maryrose peeks. She lifts the blankets tight around her chin. Ralph unwraps the towel and shimmies towards the bed.

RALPH (CONT'D)

I know you want it.

Ralph swan-dives onto the bed. The bed bounces. He grabs Maryrose's hand and makes her gently pet his Labrador-hairy chest. His hairy butt slowly moves up and down.

RALPH (CONT'D)
Do you like this, baby?

Ralph licks and sucks her fingers. She cringes.

MARYROSE
Ralph. Not tonight, honey.

Repulsed, Maryrose removes her hand.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)
Please, I'm not in the mood.

Ralph lifts himself onto his knees. Aghast, Maryrose views his "Pedro".

RALPH
See what I got for you? Now, spread your legs, and get ready for Poppa.

Ralph gyrates his pelvis in circles.

RALPH (CONT'D)
("Mexican" Accent)
Pedro make you feel muy bueno.

Maryrose, totally repulsed, grasps her rosary tight. Panicking, she MUTTERS.

MARYROSE
Virgin Mary, Mother of God, I beseech you.

Ralph jumps on top of Maryrose. The bed rocks like an earthquake has hit. He struggles to spread her legs, then pumps hard for 1-2-3-4 seconds.

RALPH
Ayah!!!! Son-of-a-bitch, you're a skanky little whore.

Ralph plunks on top of Maryrose. Unable to breathe, she pants for air. She beats Ralph with her hands.

MARYROSE
Ralph! RALPH! Get off of me!

Ralph rolls over onto his back and immediately SNORES. Maryrose stares at the ceiling, then exclaims to the heavens.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)
Mother Mary, show me a sign?

Ralph emits a large FART. Maryrose covers her face with her pillow.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Maryrose's face is drenched with sweat. She throws off the bed covers. The clock on the bedside table reads "2:30 a.m."

Ralph MUMBLES in his sleep. He turns over and pulls the covers up. Maryrose kicks the blankets off. Ralph pulls the blankets up. A tug of war ensues. Agitated, Maryrose beats Ralph with her pillow.

MARYROSE
Stop it, Ralph! Just stop it!

Ralph wakes up, dumbfounded. He shields his face.

RALPH
Maryrose, what the hell is the matter with you?

Maryrose stops. She grasps the pillow to her face, then lets out a primeval HOWL.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. BURTON MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

The bedside alarm clock emits a shrilly RING. Maryrose opens her puffy blood shot eyes. Her hair is matted. Grumbling, she leans over to look at the clock.

ON ALARM CLOCK reading "5:45 a.m." Maryrose leans back on the bed and hits the mattress with both fists.

MARYROSE
No!

Ralph sleeps soundly next to her. She pushes his shoulder.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)
Ralph...Ralph! Get up!

Maryrose, punches him hard in the chest. He jolts awake.

RALPH
Huh? What?

MARYROSE
It's time to get up.

Maryrose gets out of bed. Ralph emits a large SNORT and rolls onto his side. Maryrose grabs her hair and pulls it straight out on both sides.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)

Ugh!!!!

She crosses to the door, and exits. The door SLAMS. Ralph jolts up, dazed and confused.

INT. BURTON KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

Maryrose prepares breakfast. Simultaneously, she stirs the grits, cooks the eggs and ham, flips the pancakes and tosses the bread into the toaster.

INT. BURTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FOLLOW Maryrose walking to the front door.

EXT. BURTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The front door opens. Maryrose bends to pick up the newspaper. She looks across the street. ON VELMA peering out the picture window. Maryrose waves.

MARYROSE

Nice to see you, too. Velma.

Velma gives her the finger.

INT. BURTON HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A smoke alarm emits a shrilly RING. Maryrose slams the door shut. FOLLOW Maryrose running towards the kitchen.

INT. BURTON KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

ON WHITE SMOKE in the air. Maryrose enters the kitchen.

MARYROSE

Shit!

She crosses to the stove, lifts the pot lid to the grits. Smoke billows out. She tosses the pot into the sink dousing it with water.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)

This cannot be happening to me!

She grabs a broom and annihilates the smoke alarm with the handle.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)
Shut up! Just, shut the hell up!
Shit!...Shit, shit, and shit!

The smoke alarm shatters to the ground. Silence.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)
Fucker!

Maryrose kicks it across the room. Frenzied, she cooks a new batch of grits.

FOLLOW Ralph, dressed in a suit, walking to the kitchen.
FARTS (O.S.) He sits at the kitchen table. Maryrose pours a glass of orange juice and quickly hands him the newspaper.

Ralph lifts his empty coffee cup in the air and waves it.

RALPH
Where's my coffee?

MARYROSE
Sorry.

Maryrose pours a cup of fresh-brewed coffee.

RALPH
What the hell is that smell?

MARYROSE
I burned your grits.

Ralph stands up and walks to the kitchen sink. He peers inside the burnt pot.

RALPH
You burned my fucking grits! You know how much I love my grits, Maryrose.

MARYROSE
I have another batch cooking, Ralph.

RALPH
Well, you better! All I expect you to do around here is clean the house, cook, and fuck. The only thing you seem to get right is the cleaning.

Ralph sits. Maryrose hurriedly places his breakfast, with the newly-made grits, in front of him. He takes a bite of the grits.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Maryrose! What the fuck? Where's the butter?

Maryrose's anger mounts. She stares at him.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, woman! Go get me my goddamn butter! How the hell do you expect me to eat my grits like this! They taste like...grits for Christ's sake.

MARYROSE

Don't you dare take the Lord's name in vain!

RALPH

I don't give a shit! Goddamn it! Move your big fat ass and go get me my fucking butter.

MARYROSE

You want butter, Ralph?

RALPH

What the hell did I just say, woman?
I WANT MORE BUTTER!

Maryrose grabs a stick of BUTTER and crosses to Ralph.

MARYROSE

Here's your fucking butter!

Maryrose grabs Ralph's hair and yanks it back. She shoves the entire stick of butter into his mouth, and jams it shut. She pinches his nose and places him in a headlock.

Ralph flails and thrashes his arms grasping for air. His eyes bulge and he goes limp. Maryrose releases him. His head falls into the plate of food.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)

I always told you, Ralph, that cholesterol would kill you.

Suddenly, Maryrose comprehends what she's done.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)

Oh, Virgin Mary, Mother of God!

Maryrose falls to her knees, crosses herself, and lifts her hands towards the heavens.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)
FORGIVE ME!

INT. STAPLETON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Doris and Doug stand at the front door. He touches her face tenderly. ON HAND brushing against his gun. Doris grimaces.

DORIS
You'll be careful, today.

DOUG
Sure, lovebug.

DORIS
Can you think about early retirement?

DOUG
We've already talked about this,
Doris. With the kids' tuition, you
know we can't afford it.

The telephone RINGS.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Who's calling this early in the
morning?

DORIS
It must be Maryrose. I'm supposed
to help her cook today.
(off his confusion)
For the policeman's ball.

Doris crosses to the phone and picks up the receiver.

DORIS (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hello? Maryrose, hold on just a
second.

Doris cradles her hand against the receiver.

DOUG
You're cooking?

DORIS
She's cooking. I'm only helping.

DOUG
Thank God.

DORIS
I'll call you later, smart ass.
Love you.

DOUG

Love you too.

Doug exits.

DORIS

(into phone)

Maryrose, you need to slow down. I can't make any sense of what you're saying...You did what? I'll be right there!

Doris hangs up the phone. FOLLOW Doris racing out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BURTON KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Doris and Maryrose stare at Ralph's slumped over body. Doris looks at Maryrose in shock.

DORIS

What did you do?

MARYROSE

I already told you. I shoved a stick of butter into his mouth!

Doris surveys Ralph's carcass.

DORIS

You're sure he's dead?

Maryrose nods.

DORIS (CONT'D)

You took his pulse?

(off Maryrose's
distraction)

Maryrose, look at me! Did you take his pulse?

MARYROSE

Well, no...I-

DORIS

Then how the hell do you know he's dead?

MARYROSE

Well, he isn't fricking breathing, is he, Doris?

DORIS

Oh, for God's sake.

Doris lifts Ralph's head and places two fingers on his neck. The egg stuck to his forehead slips off and lands on the floor. Grits coat both cheeks.

DORIS (CONT'D)

Oh my God! He's dead!

Doris drops Ralph's head onto the plate; food splatters all over the floor.

MARYROSE

My floor!

DORIS

Your floor? You're worried about your floor?

MARYROSE

(panicky)

What the hell am I going to do, Doris?

DORIS

Just sit. I'm going to call Doug.

Doris crosses to the phone. Maryrose grabs her arm and twists her around.

MARYROSE

Doris, you can't tell Doug.

DORIS

He's a homicide detective, Maryrose! Of course, I have to tell him!

MARYROSE

Don't you get it! I'm going to go jail. My life will be over.

DORIS

What do you want to us to do? Cover up a murder?

(off Maryrose's nod)

You're not serious.

MARYROSE

What other choice do I have? You're my best friend since seventh grade. Help me. Please.

A beat. Doris looks at Maryrose unsure. She turns Ralph's face upwards, is repulsed, then lets drops it.

DORIS

I never did like the son-of-a-bitch. Fine, Maryrose. I'll help you.

The two women embrace.

INT. BURTON KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The chair collapse holding Ralph's body crashes to the floor. A THUD as his head smashes against the ground.

Doris and Maryrose jump, startled. We hear their yelps of "oh my god" and "holy shit".

DORIS.

Let's get him out of here, before anyone comes by.

MARYROSE

And how are we going to do that? He's the size of a baby elephant.

DORIS

Go get a couple garbage bags.

Maryrose crosses to a kitchen drawer, grabs a handful of black utility garbage bags. Doris repositions Ralph on his side.

DORIS.

Put a bag under his back and one under his butt.

Maryrose places the bags beneath him. A large FART.

DORIS

Can't we plug that thing up?

A beat.

MARYROSE

No problem.

Maryrose crosses to the garbage can and grabs a champagne cork.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)

This should do the trick.

Maryrose unzips Ralph's pants. ON PANTS flying into the corner.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Ralph lies on his side, naked from the waist down. Doris and Maryrose kneel next to Ralph's body.

Doris looks at Ralph's crotch then lifts her pinkie finger in the air.

DORIS

Maryrose? No wonder you offed him.

Doris spreads his butt cheeks. Maryrose pushes against the champagne cork, CONE END first.

MARYROSE

Will you spread it open? I can't get it in.

A loud FART. Doris turns her face away.

DORIS

Would you hurry it up. I smell dead people!

MARYROSE

It won't go in.

Doris assesses the problem

DORIS

Try turning it the other way.

Maryrose reverses the cork and inserts it, ROUND END first.

MARYROSE

Got it!

CUT TO:

INT. BURTON HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Doris and Maryrose grab the ends of the black garbage bags that lie under Ralph's body. The hallway wooden floor glistens. The runway carpet is neatly folded and stacked in the living room.

MARYROSE

You're sure this is going to work?

DORIS

Positive. On a count of three.

TOGETHER

One, two, three!

They pull on the garbage bags. FOLLOW Ralph's body flying across the floor, down the hallway to the garage. We hear the women exclaim "holy shit" and "watch out".

Maryrose, Doris, and Ralph crash against the far wall. Ralph lies on top of Doris.

RIS
Gross! Get him off of me! GET HIM
OFF ME!

They push Ralph off. Doris is freed.

MARYROSE
Now you know how I felt.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BURTON HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Velma stands outside in a refined dress. She holds Pickles on a leash. She RINGS the door bell. Maryrose and Doris freeze.

DORIS
(whispers)
Are you expecting anyone?

Maryrose shakes her head. The doorbell RINGS again. Then we hear a KNOCK on the wooden door frame.

VELMA
Ralph, are you there?

Maryrose and Doris look at each other nervously. They whisper.

MARYROSE
What should we do?

Pickles ears perk-up. Velma listens intently.

VELMA
Maryrose, is that you? We can hear you! Now, get your fat ass over here and answer the goddamn door!

Maryrose looks at Doris, nervous.

DORIS
Just find out what she wants and then get rid of her.
(off Maryrose's
puzzlement)
Shit, Maryrose. I don't mean kill her.

Doris pushes Ralph's body out of sight. Maryrose walks to the front door and composes herself. She opens the front door a crack.

VELMA

Well, it's about time you opened the damn door.

Pickles SNIFFS the air and BARKS.

VELMA (CONT'D)

(to dog)

Hush, what's gotten into you, huh?

Velma eyes Maryrose, up and down.

VELMA (CONT'D)

And, what the hell happened to you?

MARYROSE

I, uh, I've been working.

VELMA

Well...you look a goddamn mess.

Maryrose nervously straightens her skirt.

VELMA (CONT'D)

Never mind that. I came to talk to Ralph.

MARYROSE

He can't come to the door right now.

VELMA

Why not?

MARYROSE

He's asleep.

A loud POP is heard. ON CHAMPAGNE CORK flying across the room. Velma watches the cork sail by. Pickles fights against the leash to chase the cork.

VELMA

What the hell was that? You're drinking in the morning now? Pickles, stop it!

The dog sits, solemn.

MARYROSE

I just got a champagne shipment in. There must have been too much pressure in one of the bottles.

VELMA

I never heard of that before.

MARYROSE

Trust me, Velma, anything or anyone
under too much pressure will pop.
I'll tell Ralph you stopped by.

Maryrose attempts to close the door. Velma stops her.

VELMA

Make sure you tell him to call me
when he wakes up.

MARYROSE

I will. Have a nice day, Velma.

Walking down the sidewalk, Velma MUTTERS to herself. Pickles
SNIFFS the air, he straightens his tail, and BARKS.

VELMA

Stupid mackerel snapper!
(to Pickles)
What the hell is the matter with
you? You smell pussy?

INT. BURTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Maryrose peeks out the peephole. She collapses against the
door, quivering. Doris crosses to Maryrose.

DORIS

Holy shit, that was close! Are you
okay?

Doris grabs Maryrose's fingers and struggles to free them.

DORIS (CONT'D)

Maryrose, you can let go now. It's
over. She's gone.

MARYROSE

But she's coming back, Doris. She
always does. She's relentless.

Doris releases Maryrose's fingers from the doorframe.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)

What are we going to do?

DORIS

(thinking)
We need a replacement. Someone to
throw Velma off track. A person we
trust. Who can keep a secret.

MARYROSE

As if anyone we know can keep a secret.

DORIS

There is one person. No! It's ludicrous.

MARYROSE

Tell me!

A beat.

DORIS

Your priest. Father O'Callahan.

MARYROSE

How do you know he won't turn us in?

DORIS

It's very simple. He agreed to vows of silence.

Doris picks up the phone and hands it to Maryrose. Maryrose dials.

CUT TO:

INT. OUR LADY OF PEACE CATHEDRAL - INTERCUT WITH

Father O'Callahan, dressed in clerical robes, holds a gold wine goblet at the altar. An ALTAR BOY stands next to him assisting with the Eucharist.

A sexy FEMALE PARISHIONER kneels in front of the priest. Father O'Callahan places a wafer on her tongue.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

The body of Christ.

She walks away, making the sign of the cross. Next FEMALE PARISHIONER, an elderly woman kneels and extends her tongue.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

The body of Christ.

Father O'Callahan's phone vibrates under his robe. The caller I.D. reads "Maryrose Burton".

FATHER O'CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Can you take over?

The altar boy nods. Father O'Callahan walks away and answers the phone.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hello? Maryrose, you sound upset.
What is it?

MARYROSE

(from phone)

Father, I need you!

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Maryrose, I'm in the middle of
communion.

MARYROSE

(from phone)

I'm desperate.

A beat.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

(pause)

I'll be right there.

Father O'Callahan crosses to the chapel doors and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. BURTON GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The garage is an oversized pantry with a large commercial
freezer, shelves, cabinets, and a long wooden work table.
ON KNIVES AND ROTARY SAW.

DORIS

(touches the saw blade)

We need to dispose of the body.

Doris opens the door to the commercial freezer to reveal a
row of meat hooks. Maryrose is shocked and appalled.

MARYROSE

You're kidding, right? You're not
suggesting -

DORIS

(taps meat hook)

Why not?

MARYROSE

It's barbaric, Doris!

DORIS
 (opens freezer shelf)
 If we package him up, label it, and
 tuck him away, no one will ever
 find him.

ON MEAT SHELF empty.

INT. BURTON GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Ralph lies on the garage floor in his business shirt and t-shirt. Maryrose and Doris struggle to remove his clothing.

DORIS
 (pulls on T-shirt)
 His head's so fucking big?

MARYROSE
 Let me help.

The T-Shirt pops off his head.

DORIS
 Thank, God! Do you have anything to
 tie him up with?

A beat. Maryrose crosses to a cabinet and removes a hat box. Opening it, to reveal an S & M MOUTH GAG with full body LEATHER RESTRAINTS.

MARYROSE
 Will this do?

Doris lifts both eyebrows, and gingerly touches the leather strap.

DORIS
 Kinky!

MARYROSE
 (grabs the restraints)
 Everyone has their secrets.

Maryrose straddles Ralph's chest and shoves the round mouth piece into his mouth.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)
 Besides, it was the only way to shut
 him up. Who's your daddy now?

Together, they tie the leather restraints around Ralph's arms and feet. They stand up.

DORIS
I can honestly say, it's the best
he's ever looked.

INT. BURTON GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Ralph's naked carcass sits trussed in restraints. Maryrose feeds rope through pulleys and connects it to the meat hook.

Doris opens up the freezer door and looks at the tracking on the ceiling.

DORIS
(pointing to track)
They click into there?

Maryrose shakes her head. Doris clicks the pulleys into place.

DORIS (CONT'D)
Are you ready?

Maryrose pulls on the rope. The rope moves through the pulleys and tightens. Doris grabs the rope.

TOGETHER
Pull!

They pull the rope. Ralph's body lifts off the floor.

MARYROSE
Mother of God!

DORIS
Why didn't you put this son-of-a-
bitch on a diet?

MARYROSE
(panting)
He's on a permanent one now.

The two women pull harder. ON RALPH rising into the air.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMERCIAL FREEZER - MOMENTS LATER

Maryrose and Doris gasp for breath. Their hot breath clouds the room. Dangling next to them is Ralph's naked body, trussed up and hanging upside down.

DORIS
He looks like a trussed pig.

MARYROSE

You are what you eat...Okay, we got to bleed him.

DORIS

Bleed him?

Maryrose draws her finger across her neck.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

FOLLOW Maryrose walking from the freezer to the display board. She grabs a sharp thin KNIFE and tests its edge. She grabs a tarp.

INT. COMMERCIAL FREEZER - CONTINUOUS

Maryrose enters the freezer, holding the knife and tarp. Doris swings Ralph's body on the hook. A pail sits in the corner.

MARYROSE

Would you stop that!

(pointing)

Go get me that white bucket?

Doris fetches the pail and places it under Ralph's head.

DORIS

(shivering)

I'm freezing my ass off in here.

MARYROSE

Hold his body steady for me, would you?

Doris holds onto Ralph's body. Maryrose pulls Ralph's head back. ON knife placed against Ralph's neck. The doorbell RINGS (O.S.).

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Father O'Callahan stands on the front of the home of Maryrose Burton. He looks at his reflection in the living room window and adjusts his hair and collar. He RINGS the doorbell.

EXT. VELMA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Velma opens her front door, dressed elegantly. Pickles stands at her side. Velma peeks out, looks both ways, and opens her mailbox.

VELMA
 (to Pickles)
 I didn't know Catholic fudge packer's
 made house calls.

EXT. BURTON HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

The Burton front door opens, to reveal Maryrose. Seeing Velma, Maryrose grabs Father O'Callahan by the collar and yanks him inside. ON DOOR closing.

EXT. VELMA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Velma and Pickles gaze hard at the Burton House. She crumples the junk mail and shoves it back into the mailbox.

VELMA
 (picks up dog)
 Did you see that? You did, huh.

Pickles tilts his head sideways.

VELMA (CONT'D)
 You think your poppa's okay?

Pickles whimpers.

VELMA (CONT'D)
 Well, maybe it's time you and I find
 out.

Velma closes the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Maryrose hugs Father O'Callahan. He gently pushes her away, looking deeply into her eyes.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
 Maryrose, what's wrong? What's made
 you so frantic?

Doris enters from the garage foyer entrance, and momentarily watches the exchange. She quietly sneaks away.

MARYROSE
 Father, will you hear my confession.

Maryrose lowers her face. Father O'Callahan lightly lifts her chin.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
 This is a bit unusual. But yes,
 Maryrose. Of course I will.

Maryrose wrings her hands.

MARYROSE
 I have committed such a terrible
 sin.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
 Nothing can be so bad. Please, tell
 me what's wrong.

Father O'Callahan grabs her hands. A beat.

MARYROSE
 I don't know how to begin...I...I.
 It's so horrible.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
 I'm here for you. Everything will
 be fine.

MARYROSE
 I...I killed my husband.

Father O'Callahan retracts.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
 (shocked)
 You killed your husband? Ralph?

MARYROSE
 Yes, Father. Ralph.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Doris wipes the kitchen counter. Inside the open dishwasher
 are breakfast plates and glasses. Doris closes the dishwasher
 door and turns on the machine.

Maryrose and Father O'Callahan enter.

DORIS
 Hello, Father.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
 So, you're her accomplice.
 (off her nod)
 Do you two know what you've done?

DORIS
 We know.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

What about Doug? Have you told him anything?

DORIS

No, I can't. Besides, he wouldn't understand. I'd lose him and my boys.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

I see.

DORIS

And if Maryrose goes to jail, then I lose my best friend. I can't win.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Why me?

MARYROSE

We don't know who we can trust. That's why I called you.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

The unwitting priest. What can I possibly do?

DORIS

We need someone to pose as Ralph.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

It's wrong, Doris. I can't believe I'm sitting here listening to this.

MARYROSE

Father, please. We don't know what else to do. I don't want to go to jail.

DORIS

And, I don't want to lose my family.

Tenderly, Maryrose touches Father O'Callahan's hand.

MARYROSE

Please...we need you.

A beat.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Explain to me what you need me to do.

EXT. BURTON HOUSE - LATER

Velma and Pickles peek out the front window of their home. Pickles BARKS. FOLLOW Father O'Callahan walking to the car, carrying a grocery bag. He opens the car door and sits inside.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Father O'Callahan nervously looks at the Burton house and then across the street at Velma's. He drops the keys on the floor of the car, bends down and picks them up. He emits a tiny prayer to the heavens.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Lord, help me.

He places the keys in the ignition and the engine turns over.

EXT. MOVING CAR - CONTINUOUS

FOLLOW Father O'Callahan driving away from the Burton house. He drives down the block, turns the corner and parks next to an alleyway.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Father O'Callahan opens the paper grocery bag and removes a black sweatshirt and knit cap. He disrobes and exchanges the clerical jacket for the sweatshirt and cap. He exits the car.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Father O'Callahan walks nervously down the back-alley to the rear of the Burton House. ON CAR turning into the alley towards Father O'Callahan.

Panicked, Father O'Callahan spins towards the fence and hides his face. Pretending to urinate, he spreads his legs apart and leans downwards. The appalled FEMALE CAR DRIVER covers her CHILD's eyes with her hand. The child fights to look while the mother screams out the window.

CAR DRIVER (V.O.)

Freak! Urinator!

FOLLOW car exiting the alley.

EXT. BURTON BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Father O'Callahan reaches over the back fence. He slides the gate lock, flings the gate open and slams it shut.

INT. BURTON KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Father O'Callahan pounds on the kitchen door. Maryrose and Doris peek out. Maryrose opens the door. Father O'Callahan rushes into the kitchen and closes it.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
Maryrose! Doris, who did you think
it would be?

MARYROSE
(blushing)
I don't know. A Jehovah witness?

Father O'Callahan shakes his head.

DORIS
We need to hurry.

They exit.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A suit jacket, undershirt, business shirt, and loud PLAYBOY BUNNY pattern tie sit on the bed. A hair net and Fedora hat sit on the dresser.

Father O'Callahan stands in the center of the room. He steps into Ralph's cavernous pants.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
Mother of God!

Maryrose and Doris carry pillows, towels, blankets, and small comforters. They drop them on the floor.

Doris grabs a towel and wraps it around Father O'Callahan's calf and thigh, then secures it with duct tape. Maryrose stuffs the pants with pillows.

DORIS
(appraising)
It's taking shape.

MARYROSE
Not bad.

The women wrap a comforter around his torso and wind duct tape around his chest.

DORIS
Undershirt.

Maryrose hands it to Doris. Doris pulls it over Father O'Callahan's head.

DORIS (CONT'D)
 Shirt and tie.

Maryrose hands them to Father O'Callahan. He puts on the shirt and buttons it. The women stuff pillows underneath.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
 (lifting tie)
 Do I really have to wear this?

MARYROSE
 It was Ralph's favorite.

Father O'Callahan makes several hopeless attempts to tie a knot.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)
 Here, let me help you.

Maryrose ties the knot. Father O'Callahan puts on the suit jacket.

Doris grabs the hair net and Fedora hat. ON HAIR NET and FEDORA pulled down on Father O'Callahan's head.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)
 We still need sunglasses.

Doris hands dark sunglasses to him. He puts them on.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)
 Well?

DORIS
 (satisfied)
 Perfect.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
 I look like the Pillsbury Dough boy.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Father O'Callahan, dressed as Ralph, sweats profusely at the front door. The women give him last minute instructions.

MARYROSE
 Here are the keys.

DORIS
 Now, remember the plan. All you have to do is dispose of the car.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Where?

DORIS

(hands a map)

I traced a route to Lake Wabamum.

Father O'Callahan places his hand on the doorknob, he opens the door slightly. Doris closes it, firmly.

DORIS (CONT'D)

Remember, try to stay incognito.

MARYROSE

Call me after you dispose of the car. We'll come pick you up.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Got it.

Father O'Callahan tries to open the door again. Doris stops him.

DORIS

Run to the car. Don't slow down and don't turn around.

MARYROSE

Velma is faster than a speeding bullet. She'll be across the street faster than you can say "Hail Mary".

Father O'Callahan nods.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)

And, be careful.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Will do.

Father O'Callahan runs out the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. VELMA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The living room is cluttered. A large photo of Velma's husband in military attire sits on the side table. An assortment of pistols and military medals hang on the wall.

Sitting in her recliner chair, Velma watches the Burton House. Pickles lies at her feet. The Burton front door opens.

VELMA

Did you see that?

Pickles sits up and barks.

VELMA (CONT'D)

Ralph is not leaving until I talk to him. Come on, Pickles!

Velma throws open her front door and charges out the door. Pickles runs behind her.

EXT. BURTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Father O'Callahan walks down the sidewalk towards the car. He sees Velma running towards him.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Lord Almighty!

He sprints to the Thunderbird.

Velma's arms flail in the air.

VELMA

Ralph, stop! I need to talk to you.

Father O'Callahan fumbles with the car keys. Finally, he opens the car door, slams it shut, and locks it.

CROSS CUT WITH:

INT. COMMERCIAL FREEZER - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Ralph hangs upside down on the meat hook, trussed in S & M gear. Maryrose holds the knife against his neck as Doris steadies his body. Maryrose pulls Ralph's head back and yanks his hair.

MARYROSE

Let's get this over with.

Father O'Callahan places the keys in the ignition and starts the car. ON REAR VIEW MIRROR and Velma running up the driveway.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Father of mercy!

Maryrose takes a big GULP. A slight cut starts to form on Ralph's neck. Maryrose winces. Doris turns her face away.

DORIS

I can't look!

Father O'Callahan slams the car into reverse then hits the gas. Velma side-steps the car and grabs onto the driver window. She bangs on it with her fist.

VELMA

Ralph, stop!

Suddenly, Ralph's eyes bulge open. He squirms uncontrollably on the meat hook. He looks upward at his tied feet. He attempts to free his arms and hands. We hear his MUFFLED words.

Velma runs with the car and grabs hold of the door handle. Father O'Callahan, shifts the car into drive. Velma throws her body onto the hood of the car and holds on for dear life.

Maryrose quickly backs away from the writhing man. Doris screams "Aaaa!!"

MARYROSE

JESUS FUCKING CHRIST!!!

ON Maryrose quickly placing both hands over her mouth.

Father O'Callahan panics at the sight of Velma's face pasted against the front window. He SCREAMS. He maneuvers the car wildly. Velma's body sways. She holds on tightly.

VELMA

I'm not letting go until you talk to me!

Ralph's eyes are enlarged and inflamed. He thrashes, like a fish held by its tail. He notices his naked body. Anger seethes in his eyes. He thrashes harder. His eyes point to the gag.

RALPH

(muffled)

You fucking bitch! You mother-fucking bitch. Get me the fuck down from here, Maryrose! Do you hear me?

Father O'Callahan sees a garbage can and drives the car directly into it. The car hits the garbage can and it bounces off the car, missing Velma by inches. Velma is shocked.

Shocked, Maryrose and Doris begin to argue.

MARYROSE

You told me he was dead, Doris!

DORIS

He was dead!

Maryrose removes the gag. Ralph takes a huge breath of air. We hear the women continue to argue.

RALPH
 Shut the fuck up!! Do I look like
 I'm fucking dead, Maryrose? Do I?

Velma starts to pound on the car window and looks inside,
 squinting.

VELMA
 Ralph, what's gotten into you?!
 (discovery)
 You're not Ralph! Who the hell are
 you? IMPOSTOR!

Maryrose frantically tries to explain.

MARYROSE
 You weren't breathing, Ralph!
 (to Doris)
 Doris, you said he had no pulse?

DORIS
 He didn't. I did everything that
 Armenian CPR instructor taught me.

RALPH
 An Armenian! An Armenian CPR
 instructor!!

Velma's glares. She pounds on the window "screaming
 obscenities". Her fist breaks through the glass. She reaches
 inside the car. Father O'Callahan panics.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
 God all mighty! What vitamins is
 she taking?!

Ralph more enraged thrashes harder. Alarmed, Maryrose and
 Doris watch and listen to Ralph's "rampage".

RALPH
 You stupid bitches, obviously I'm
 not dead! Cut me down, right now,
 damn it! Because if you don't, I'm
 going to fucking kill you. Do you
 hear me? I'll kill the both of you!

Father O'Callahan spots a traffic circle. In the middle of
 it sits a sparkling water fountain and pond. He slams on
 the gas. ON SPEEDOMETER hitting sixty miles an hour. He
 slams on the brakes. The Thunderbird comes to a dead stop.

Maryrose beseeches Doris. We hear Ralph MUTTERING
 obscenities.

MARYROSE

What do I do?

DORIS

Do what he wants...Cut him down.

RALPH

Goddamn right. Get the lard out of your fat asses and cut me down.

Velma flies into the air, her legs spread eagle and kicking. She lands into the pond. Velma's legs are spread apart and her dress is drawn up to her waist. The water from the fountain splays down on her.

VELMA

You're going to pay! Goddamn it!
If it's the last thing I do!

Maryrose takes the knife, unsure. She looks at Doris who shrugs. Maryrose cuts the rope. Ralph's eyes widen as he realizes his predicament. ON ROPE threads being severed.

RALPH

Maryrose, no! Stop!

Ralph's head crashes into the concrete. A loud CRACK is heard as his neck snaps.

Father O'Callahan shifts the car into reverse, then drive. His panic stricken face looks into the rear view mirror at Velma who sits in the fountain, YELLING obscenities.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Get thee behind me, Satan!

Maryrose leans over Ralph's body. His distorted and twisted neck lay at an angle, his eyes stare blankly into space. Blood dribbles out of the side of his mouth.

MARYROSE

He said cut the rope, Doris. I did what he told me to do...He is dead, right?

Pickles runs to the fountain. He leans over and wags his tail, emits a cute BARK. Velma stands up and slips. Pickles grabs her dress with his teeth and pulls her out.

VELMA

Momma's coming, baby.

Doris looks at Ralph's lifeless body on the floor.

DORIS

This time, I'm sure.

Velma and Pickles walk down the street. A wet stain follows each of Velma's water-logged steps. Velma's dress is stuck in her ass crack. She grabs her dress and yanks it down.

CUT TO:

INT. VELMA'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Velma Walkins, hair wet and wearing a bathrobe, dials "911" on the telephone. She stares out the picture window at the Burton house, the phone held to her ear. She fumes.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVING THUNDERBIRD - MOMENTS LATER

Father O'Callahan drives the 1962 Thunderbird on the I-15 Freeway. The sweat rolls down his face. He SNEEZES, then SNEEZES again. He begins to scratch his arms and chest.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Oh, no.

Father O'Callahan opens his shirt and feels the comforter wrapped and duct taped around his chest. A feather floats in the air, and towards his face. He blows and waves the feather away.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN (CONT'D)

Holy Father, save me.

He SNEEZES and struggles to tear the duct tape.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

The Homicide room is sparse except for four desks. The name signs posted at two desks read, DETECTIVE RODRIGUEZ and DETECTIVE STAPLETON. On the wall is a large photograph of the POLICE CHIEF smiling.

Doug's partner, DETECTIVE ENRICO RODRIGUEZ, late 40s, sits at his desk, eating a tofu salad.

Doug eats his lunch at his desk. His sports jacket hangs on his chair and stacks of cases sit chaotically on his desk.

FOLLOW POLICE CHIEF PATTERSEN, African American late 50s, walking down the hallway to the homicide room.

POLICE CHIEF
Doug! Velma Walkins on line two.

DOUG
Chief! Why me?

The Police Chief scowls.

POLICE CHIEF
Because she asked for you! And she specifically doesn't want to talk to no kike, or coon, or that dumb polack!

DOUG
Got it, Chief.

POLICE CHIEF
(pointing to the phone)
Are your fucking fingers broken?!
Line two.

Police Chief holds up two fingers. Seeing Doug pick up the receiver, he exits. Detective Rodriguez laughs at Doug's predicament.

DOUG
(dialing)
Aw, shit!

DETECTIVE RODRIGUEZ
She's back.

DOUG
Like a bad case of hemorrhoids.

DOUG (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Velma, how are you? It's Detective Stapleton. How can I help you?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. VELMA'S HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Velma stares out the picture window at the Burton house, the phone held to her ear. She fumes.

VELMA
(into phone)
It's about time you answered the phone you lazy Mick! I had to talk to some stupid polack for five fucking minutes!

Doug holds the phone away from his ear. Rodriguez is amused by the exchange.

DOUG
(into phone)
Velma, calm down. I'm not going to talk to you unless you refrain from-

VELMA
(from phone)
Don't you tell me to calm down, asshole! Someone posing as Ralph Burton, tried to run me over with his goddamn car!

Doug looks at Rodriguez in disbelief.

DOUG
(into phone)
You're sure about that?

Velma is dumbfounded at Doug's stupidity.

VELMA
(into phone)
Of course I'm fucking sure! What the hell is wrong with you boy?! Are you coming here or what?

Frustrated, Doug quickly wants to end the conversation. Watching Doug squirm, Detective Rodriguez laughs.

DOUG
(into phone)
We'll be by this afternoon to get your statement.

VELMA
(into phone)
Good! Just make sure you don't bring that hymie or dune coon with you.

DOUG
(into phone)
I won't Velma. I'll be bringing Detective Rodriguez.

Rodriguez gives Doug the finger. Doug gives him the finger back.

VELMA
(into phone)
That fricking cholo! He better not smell like some stale burrito.

DOUG
 (into phone)
 No, he won't smell like a stale burrito.

Rodriguez mouths the word, "no".

VELMA
 (into phone)
 Good! I'll expect to see you both within the hour.

DOUG
 (into phone)
 You have a nice day, now.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Doug hangs up the phone, and smiles at Rodriguez.

RODRIQUEZ
 Very funny, gringo bastard. Very funny.

DOUG
 Let's go, amigo.

Rodriguez takes the last bite of his tofu salad. He stands up and secures his gun in his belt. Doug throws his gun holster over shoulder and grabs his coat. They exit.

INT. MOVING THUNDERBIRD - LATER

FOLLOW car traveling on Route I-15 and turning onto Route 138 that transverses the San Bernadino Mountains. The winding road sits on a cliff high above railway tracks at the base of the canyon. Father O'Callahan SNEEZES.

Uncomfortable, he pulls the car to the side of the road. Dust billows behind the car. Leaving the keys in the ignition, he puts the car into park. He exits the car, leaving the door open.

EXT. CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

Father O'Callahan rips opens his shirt. Unable to free himself from the down-filled comforter, he leans into the car, opens the glove compartment and scavenges for a cutting device.

Relieved, he grabs the Swiss army knife. The arm sleeve of his jacket hooks onto the gear shaft. ON GEAR SHAFT shifting into neutral. ON TIRES beginning to roll.

Father O'Callahan cuts the tape, freeing himself of the comforter. He scratches his red blotchy skin.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
Yes! Yes!! Yes!!!

ON THUNDERBIRD rolling towards the edge of the cliff.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
No!

ON THUNDERBIRD teetering on the edge. Father O'Callahan runs to the car and holds onto the bumper.

ON CARGO TRAIN rounding the bend at the base of the canyon.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
No!!

ON THUNDERBIRD cascading over the edge and bouncing against the canyon walls.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
NO!!!

The car lands on the train tracks. Father O'Callahan falls to his knees.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
Holy Father, HELP!

INT. CARGO TRAIN - INTERCUT WITH

The CONDUCTOR, a 250 pound male, in his late 50s, is at the helm of the cargo train. He removes a silver flask from his overalls and takes a large swig. Laughing, he reads and sends text messages. The Conductor abruptly stops texting.

CONDUCTOR
Holy fucking shit!

ON THUNDERBIRD on railway tracks. The Conductor slams on the brakes. The brakes SPARK. Metal GRINDS. The cargo train jerks and smashes into the car. CRASH!

ON CONDUCTOR thrown from the interior of the cargo train and out the front train window.

ON GASOLINE oozing from the gas tank. ON CAR explosion.

ON CARGO TRAIN jerking. The cars zigzag off the tracks, and overturn. CRASHES and sounds of METAL against METAL echo in the canyon.

Father O'Callahan looks down at the carnage.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
 Father, forgive me!

He makes the sign of the cross. He runs down the road, stubbing his toe.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
 And though I walk...ouch, through
 the shadow of death...ouch, ouch! I
 shall fear no evil.

The oversized pants make him trip. He pulls them up, scampers into the bushes and removes them.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
 For thy rod and staff, shall comfort
 me.

He cuts away at the duct tape and removes the towels taped around each leg.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
 Thanks be to God!

He removes the disguise and stuffs it into a makeshift knapsack. He removes the I-Phone from his pocket and dials.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Yes, it's me...Pick me up at the
 Cajon Pass Diner. Yes, the one on
 Route 138. I'm fine.

SIRENS are heard in the distance. In the b.g. we see an EXPLOSION.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
 Why wouldn't it be?

Father O'Callahan crosses himself. He throws the pack over his back, and treks parallel to the road in the bushes.

CUT TO:

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Doris chops meat at the workbench. ON RALPH's decapitated head, fresh cuts of meat, and plastic zip lock bags.

Maryrose hangs up the phone. She wears a bloodied apron and gown. Goggles sit on her head over the shower cap.

MARYROSE
 He's at the Cajon Pass Diner. You
 know where that is?

Doris removes her goggles and nods.

DORIS.
You sure you have everything under
control?

MARYROSE
Yes, I'm fine.

Maryrose puts on earplugs and turns on rotary saw. The noise reverberates in the garage. Doris hurriedly removes her shower cap and apron.

DORIS
(yelling)
I'll be back in about an hour.

Exit Doris. Maryrose pushes the severed limb towards the saw. ON LEG BONE, with foot protruding, sawed in half.

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Doris puts on her running shoes and grabs her purse. She opens the front door and exits. The door closes. ON LOCK disengaging.

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Doris looks both ways and across the street. She leaps over the three foot hedge separating the two yards. She sprints to the 1968 Ford Mustang and gets inside. FOLLOW car reversing and speeding off.

INT. VELMA WALKINS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Velma moves the curtains aside and peeks out her living room window. She has a small bruise on her forehead. She watches the Ford Mustang speed off. Pickles lies on the rug, watching Velma.

VELMA
Come on, Pickles.

He covers his face with his paws.

VELMA (CONT'D)
Don't you start with me.

Pickles lowers one paw, and looks at her.

VELMA (CONT'D)
I said, come on.

Pickles gets up and puts his tail between his legs. Velma picks him up and applies the leash.

The dog straddles himself over her shoulder.

CUT TO:

EXT. BURTON HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Velma rings the doorbell, then repeatedly. No answer. Impatient, she walks through the flower garden to the picture window, crushing flowers. Pickles carefully tiptoes behind her.

VELMA

Shit! Why she planted such ugly
stupid flowers, I don't know.

Velma, puts her hands over her eyebrows and peers into the Burton home. Pickles peers inside.

VELMA (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

I know you're in their Maryrose.

Velma walks back to the front door, batting the plants aside. Pickles tiptoes through the foliage.

VELMA (CONT'D)

Fucking stupid, plants. Hurry it
up, Pickles!

Pickles ears perk up and he scampers to her.

INT. GARAGE - SIMULTANEOUS

Wearing earplugs, Maryrose leans over the rotary saw splicing a bone. The doorbell RINGS. The doorbell is drowned out by WHIR of the saw.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Annoyed, Velma Walkins tries the door knob. Pickles stands next to her. We hear her murmur "dumb ass".

The front door creaks open. Velma grabs the leash and drags Pickles into the house.

VELMA (CONT'D)

Maryrose!

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Velma and Pickles perk up their ears and listen, they turn their faces simultaneously to the WHIR of the saw (O.S.). Their bodies point to the location, like hunting dogs.

VELMA

This way.

Velma and Pickles, cross toward the entryway of the garage.

INT. BURTON GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Wearing earplugs, Maryrose leans over the rotary saw, then tosses the spliced bone into a pile.

ON PLASTIC COOLERS labeled "Ribs", "Filets", and "Ground Meat". ON PLASTIC BAG with twist-top inside it is Ralph's severed head.

Velma and Pickles storm into the garage. Velma jabs Maryrose in the back. Maryrose SCREAMS. She turns off the saw.

VELMA

I'm not happy, Maryrose, and have a big bone of contention to pick with you.

Shocked, Maryrose turns around. Velma's gaze barrels down on her.

MARYROSE

Velma, what are you doing here?!
How did you get in?

Maryrose attempts to hide the bones.

VELMA

You left your damn door wide open again.

MARYROSE

(to herself)
Damn you, Doris.

VELMA

Where's Ralph?!

MARYROSE

Uh...He's not here.

VELMA

I saw his car leave, but he wasn't driving it! So, WHERE IS HE?!

MARYROSE

Velma, you're completely insane!

Pickles scampers towards the coolers and plastic bag. He grabs the plastic bag with his teeth. ON PLASTIC BAG pulled and dragged by Pickles.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)

And this is trespassing! I want you
and your dog to get the hell out of
my house.

VELMA

I'm not going anywhere, damn it!
Until you explain what the hell is
going on around here.

Maryrose glances down. ON RALPH'S severed head being dragged
across the floor.

MARYROSE

Pickles, come here!

Maryrose attempts to grab the dog. He GROWLS. Velma looks
down.

VELMA

Pickles, come to Ma-

A beat.

VELMA (CONT'D)

Oh my fucking God. You killed him.

Maryrose kicks Ralph's head across the room.

MARYROSE

Velma! It's not what you think.

Velma steps backwards.

VELMA

It's not what I think? You just
kicked his head across the room like
a fucking soccer ball.

MARYROSE

Velma, stop!

Velma picks up the dog and runs towards the garage door
entrance.

VELMA

Don't you come near me!

Maryrose chases after Velma and Pickles. Pickles sits on
Velma's shoulder. He bops up and down.

INT. BURTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Velma runs to the front entrance. She slips and slides on
the slick wooden floor. Her glasses fly off.

Pickles lands on his buttocks. Velma frantically searches for her glasses.

VELMA

Where are my glasses! Damn it!

Picking Velma's glasses up by his teeth, Pickles drops them into her hand.

VELMA (CONT'D)

Good boy, Pickles!

Velma pats him, then hurriedly puts them on. They stand up and scurry towards the front door.

MARYROSE (O.S.)

Velma, let me explain!

Velma flings open the door, its SMASHES into the wall. Maryrose enters the foyer in pursuit.

VELMA

Murderer!! Help! Police!

Velma and Pickles run frantically out the door. Maryrose stops at the entrance.

MARYROSE

Shit!

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Maryrose stands at the front door watching Velma and Pickles run across the street.

VELMA

(screaming)

Help! HELP! There's been a murder!

Maryrose distressed, closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. VELMA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Velma and Pickles stumble through the front door. Terrified, she locks the door. She races to the telephone, picks up the receiver, and dials.

VELMA

(into phone)

Police? Emergency! Yes, of course this is Velma Walkins! What the hell is wrong with you?

(MORE)

VELMA (CONT'D)

Can't you read? Just look at your
fucking caller I.D.

(murmurs)

You useless piece of-

Velma glances out her picture window at the Burton House.
Pickles looks out the window pane, BARKING.

CUT TO:

INT. BURTON HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Maryrose frantically locks the door, and looks out the peep
hole. She races to the telephone, picks up the receiver,
and dials.

MARYROSE

(into phone)

Doris, pick up the fricking phone!
Doris! It's me...Yes, of course,
Maryrose! Velma knows! She knows,
Doris!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. FORD THUNDERBIRD - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The Ford Mustang, driven by Doris, exits off the highway.
The road sign read, "Route 138". Doris speaks on her cellular
phone.

DORIS

(into phone)

Maryrose! You're not making any
sense. She knows what?!

MARYROSE

(into phone)

That Ralph's dead!!

DORIS

(into phone)

Tell me everything from the beginning.

CUT TO:

INT. VELMA'S HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Velma screams into the telephone.

VELMA

(into phone)

Listen!

(MORE)

VELMA (CONT'D)

I'm not going to stand here talking
to some jigaboo over the phone,
goddamn it!! There's been a murder!
Now go tell that lazy Mick to get
his fucking ass down here.

Velma slams down the receiver and looks out the window.
Pickles BARKS.

CUT TO:

INT. BURTON GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Maryrose cleans the work bench with a cloth. A pail of dirty water sits on the floor. A spray bottle marked "hydrochloric acid" sit on the counter.

Maryrose grabs the pail, walks to the utility sink and flushes the remnants and bloody water down the drain.

ON bloodied apron, gown, caps, goggles, cloth and rubber gloves shoved into a duffel bag. Maryrose crosses to a cabinet.

MARYROSE

Next.

ON THREE BOWLING BALLS in bowling bags. Maryrose grabs a bowling bag and removes the ball. She stuffs Ralph's head into the bag, then places it on the shelf next to the others.

Maryrose's closes the commercial freezer door. In the b.g. WE SEE the COOLERS marked "Filets", "Ribs" and "Ground Beef".

CUT TO:

EXT. CAJON DINER - AFTERNOON

The restaurant is an old fashioned cafe with a covered front porch and a sitting bench. In the b.g. WE SEE WAITRESSES serving the PATRONS inside.

Father O'Callahan sits on the bench fanning himself. An immigrant farmer's hat covers his face. His make-shift knapsack sits next to him.

ON FORD MUSTANG exiting off the highway into the dirt diner parking lot and parking. Doris exits the car and walks to the restaurant.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

(whispering)

Doris, over here.

DORIS

Father?

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Yes, of course it's me!

DORIS

How'd it go?

Father O'Callahan grabs his gear, and sees three feathers stuck to the pack. He attempts to blow them off, they are stuck.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Doris, can you remove these?

DORIS

Uh? Sure.

Doris picks off the feathers and discards them. She enters the Ford Mustang and pushes open the passenger door. Father O'Callahan throws the knapsack into the back seat and sits in the passenger seat. The door closes.

INT. FORD MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

SIRENS are heard. ON FIRE TRUCKS AND AMBULANCE speeding past the diner. Doris watches. Father O'Callahan cringes.

DORIS (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on?

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

(ashamed)

It was an accident, Doris.

DORIS

What are you talking about, Father?

Father O'Callahan silently looks backwards. In the b.g. WE SEE a black smoke cloud rises. Doris turns to look.

DORIS (CONT'D)

Oh, shit. Tell me the whole story.

CUT TO:

INT. BURTON HOUSE - LATER

Maryrose washes her hands in the kitchen sink. The telephone RINGS.

MARYROSE
 (into phone)
 Hello? Oh, hi Joe. What's up?
 What? No, Joe, that's not reasonable.
 I need the meat today!

Maryrose leans against the wall, aghast.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Don't you have any other meat? No!
 I can't go to another market! I'm
 strapped for time.

Maryrose grips the phone.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)
 Joe, stop apologizing! I'll figure
 something out, thanks.

Maryrose hangs up the phone in a panic. She places her hand on the wall, then repeatedly bangs her head against it.

CUT TO:

EXT. VELMA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

ON UNMARKED POLICE CAR parking in front of Velma's House. Detective Stapleton and Rodriguez exit the vehicle. Velma Walkins peers out the picture window.

RODRIGUEZ
 Madre de dios! Do you see her?

DOUG
 Unfortunately, yes.

RODRIGUEZ
 You ready?

DOUG
 As ready as I'll ever be.

The two detectives walk up the sidewalk leading to Velma's front door.

INT. VELMA'S - CONTINUOUS

Velma, dressed in casual yet elegant clothes, pushes the two detectives inside. She quickly slams the door shut. Pickles sniffs the two detectives.

VELMA
 It's about time you got here!

Rodriguez crosses to the pistols and military awards in the glass case.

RODRIGUEZ

Fancy! Do you have a license for all of these?

VELMA

(appalled)

Are you talking to me?!

A beat. He opens the case and touches a World War I pistol.

VELMA (CONT'D)

Are you blind or something! Can't you tell I'm just a fragile old woman who needs to protect herself!

Velma slams the case shut. Rodriguez removes his hand just in time.

VELMA (CONT'D)

So, yes! I do have a license for these and I know how to use them.

DOUG

Velma, maybe you should settle down a little.

VELMA

You listen to me, Doug. I'm not going to put up with some beaner immigrant who got here by sneaking over the border, touching my personal belongings. He ought to be ashamed of himself.

DOUG

Your right, Velma. You got that, Rodriguez?

Rodriguez gives a "fuck-you" look. Pickles sniffs Rodriguez's pant leg and wags his tail. Velma gives him a look of "traitor".

DOUG (CONT'D)

Velma, let's talk about what happened today. Maybe, we can clear this whole matter up.

VELMA

Ralph is dead and Maryrose, that fucking bitch, murdered him!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VELMA'S HOUSE - LATER

The front door opens, Doug and Rodriguez walk out. Velma escorts them. They stop on the porch.

DOUG
We'll find out what's going on, Velma.
Trust me. Come on, Rodriguez.

The detectives walk down the sidewalk towards the Burton House.

VELMA
(muttering)
Fucking shit heads.

Velma slams the door.

RODRIGUEZ
What a bitch, man!

The two detective cross the street, and walk towards the Burton house. In the b.g. Velma peeks out the front picture window at the detectives.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
Do you think Maryrose offed her
husband?

DOUG
Maryrose is a saint. Not in a million
years.

CUT TO:

INT. BURTON KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

ON MEAT CLEAVER slicing apart fresh meat. Maryrose stands at the kitchen counter. She raises the cleaver and chops the meat into cubes.

She drops the cubes inside the meat grinder. ON MEAT churning into a bowl. Opening a plastic storage bag, she spoons the meat inside, and vacuum packs the meat. The doorbell RINGS.

Maryrose removes her gloves. The doorbell RINGS, again. Maryrose straightens her clothes, fluffs her hair and walks to the front door.

EXT. BURTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Doug and Rodriguez stand outside the Burton house. Rodriguez leans over the trampled flower bed to look through the living room window. In the b.g. WE SEE Velma, spying from across the street. The front door opens.

MARYROSE
(surprised)
Doug? Hi. What are you doing here?

DOUG
I'm here on official business,
Maryrose. There's been a complaint.
This here is my partner Detective
Rodriguez.

RODRIGUEZ
Nice to meet you, Mrs. Burton.

DOUG
We need to talk to you and Ralph.
Is he home?

MARYROSE
Uh, no...He's gone.

DOUG
Can you spare a few minutes?

MARYROSE
Sure. Please...Please, come in.

The two detectives enter the home. The front door closes.

INT. BURTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FOLLOW Maryrose and the detectives as they walk through the house to the kitchen. Rodriguez inspects the surroundings.

The sparkling floor, clean kitchen table, and calendar with "Police Men's Ball" circled. The T.V. PLAYS.

RODRIGUEZ
So, you're catering the Policemen's
Ball this Saturday?

MARYROSE
Yes, it's my first big gig. Thanks
to Doug.

Rodriguez crosses to the meat grinder and bowl filled with meat. He picks up a spatula and pokes it.

RODRIGUEZ
Pretty fresh meat.

Maryrose grabs the spatula.

MARYROSE
 (slightly nervous)
 I try to use only the freshest
 ingredients. Do you mind?

RODRIGUEZ
 Sorry, I-

DOUG
 (interrupting)
 Can we sit?

MARYROSE
 Please.

They sit at the kitchen table. Doug glances at the T.V.,
 routinely. In the b.g. WE SEE an "URGENT NEWS BREAK" is
 announced.

NEWS REPORTER
 (on TV)
 An urgent NTV news break.

RODRIGUEZ
 Mrs. Burton, we received an allegation
 today from your neighbor, Velma
 Walkins.

MARYROSE
 I see.

RODRIGUEZ
 We can clear this matter up quickly
 if we talk to your husband. Can you
 tell us where he is or how we can
 contact him?

MARYROSE
 (nervously)
 Ralph? He went to work. He left
 here, maybe about two hours ago.

In the b.g. WE SEE the TV screen displaying the catastrophe
 on Route 138. Doug crosses to the T.V. and turns up the
 volume.

RODRIGUEZ
 It was reported that someone else
 was driving his car.

MARYROSE
 That's ridiculous! The T-Bird is
 Ralph's baby. He doesn't allow anyone
 to drive it. Not even me.

ON DEMOLISHED THUNDERBIRD on TV screen. The license plate reads "BAD ASS". Maryrose GASPS. Doug WHISTLES.

MARYROSE (CONT'D)

That's my husband's car!

Rodriguez looks at the television screen. A NEWS REPORTER stands on the cliff above the accident.

NEWS REPORTER

(on TV)

Just a few minutes ago, catastrophe struck Route 138. An incredible train collision as a car has plunged off the cliff and crashed with the cargo train below. It looks severe. Lots of black smoke and the fire department is trying hard to get the blaze under control. Obviously a difficult fire to fight.

RODRIGUEZ

How do you know?

MARYROSE

The license plates!

A beat.

DOUG

I think that's enough for today. We'll make a couple of calls and find out what happened, Maryrose.

RODRIGUEZ

(interjecting)

You'll be available if we have any further questions?

MARYROSE

Yes, of course.

Doug turns to Rodriguez.

DOUG

Let's go.

(to Maryrose)

No need to get up. We'll let ourselves out.

The detectives exit while Maryrose continues to watch the T.V.

MARYROSE

Oh, shit!

INT. BURTON HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

FOLLOW Rodriguez and Doug walking towards the front door.

RODRIGUEZ

What the fuck is going on, man? Why are you stopping the investigation?

DOUG

What investigation? Velma's a nut job! We both just saw Ralph's car was on National Television smashed to smithereens.

RODRIGUEZ

But we don't know if he was in the car when it went over the cliff.

DOUG

Fucking Ralph was!

RODRIGUEZ

I think you're too close to this case, man. It's fucking up your judgment.

DOUG

My judgment is just fine. I know Maryrose. She would never, never, kill her husband!

The detectives exit. A moment later, Doug re-opens the door, locks it securely, and closes it shut.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Maryrose stands frozen at the kitchen counter. A beat. She walks to the telephone, picks up the phone and dials.

MARYROSE

(into phone)

Doris? What the hell is going on?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MOVING FORD MUSTANG - AFTERNOON

Doris speaks on her cellular phone while driving the car. Miserable, Father O'Callahan shrinks into the passenger seat.

DORIS

(into phone)

Blame it on a duck.

Pacing, Maryrose looks out the window into the backyard.

MARYROSE

(into phone)

What are you talking about? Never mind, I don't want to know. Everything's falling apart, Doris. Do you hear me? Everything!

DORIS

(into phone)

Maryrose, calm down. We still have everything under control.

MARYROSE

(into phone)

Are you nuts!! And, don't tell me to calm down! Your husband and another Detective were just here questioning me. Do you know that?

Doris slams on the brakes. Father O'Callahan hits his head into the console.

DORIS

(into phone)

What? When?

(to Father O'Callahan)

Sorry.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

(rubs his head)

It's alright. What's-

Doris SHUSHES him.

MARYROSE

(into phone)

They left just a few minutes ago.

DORIS

(into phone)

Did they say anything? Anything at all?

MARYROSE

(into phone)

That they're coming back and they'll be looking into the accident.

DORIS

(to self)

Shit!

Father O'Callahan looks at Doris concerned.

MARYROSE

(into phone)

I have to get rid of the body, Doris!
One way or another. I got to get
rid of it!

Phones disengages.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Now, would you please tell me what's
going on.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Doug drives the unmarked police car while Rodriguez sits in
the passenger seat holding the radio receiver.

POLICE DISPATCHER

(radio filter)

The derailment is on Route 138
Eastbound. Police and emergency
crew have already secured the area.
Do you copy?

RODRIGUEZ

(into radio)

Ten-four. We're on our way.

Rodriguez hangs up the receiver.

DOUG

No rest for the weary, amigo.

Doug places the police siren on top of the unmarked police
car. SIREN sounds.(O.S.) Doug hits the gas pedal. The car
accelerates and speeds down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. VELMA'S HOUSE - VELMA'S POV - THROUGH BINOCULARS

ON FORD MUSTANG driving into the Stapleton driveway. Father
O'Callahan and Doris exit the car. He pauses momentarily.
Then they walk briskly to the Burton house.

Velma Walkins, dressed in black ninja wear. Pickles, wearing
a puppy-size mask of Zorro, wags his tail.

VELMA

I'm know what I saw, Pickles. Those
dumb ass detectives think I'm crazier
than a coon, but we'll prove them
wrong.

Pickles ears stand up.

INT. VELMA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Velma cocks the pistol and checks to ensure it's loaded. She tucks it into a black canvas bag.

VELMA (CONT'D)

And, we're going to catch her in the act, if it's the last thing we do.

Pickles lies down and puts both paw over his eyes.

EXT. BURTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Father O'Callahan and Doris wait impatiently at the door. Doris looks around her, and across the street at Velma's house. She sees a reflection of light in the window.

DORIS

Shit! Velma.

Frantically, Doris KNOCKS on the door. Maryrose opens the door. Father O'Callahan and Doris enter. The door quickly closes behind them.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN (O.S.)

Mother of God, be praised.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BURTON KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The kitchen stove laden with steaming commercial size pots and pans filled with sauces. Coolers marked "Ground beef" and "Filets" sit on the kitchen counter.

ON MEAT browning in large saute pot. Maryrose turns the meat with a large steel spoon, then adds salt and pepper. The doorbell RINGS. Doris grabs a fork and stabs the meat.

MARYROSE

(stops her from eating)
You don't want to eat that.

DORIS.

Why not?
(off Maryrose's guilt)
No! NO! You didn't!

MARYROSE

You suggested it. They won't suspect a thing if it's packaged up and-

DORIS.

I didn't mean cook it. What are we going to do with the bones? His head?

MARYROSE

I never figured that part out yet.

DORIS.

Fuck me! You never figured it out? We need to get rid of it, Maryrose. All of it! It's just a matter of time before the police come looking for DNA evidence

Father O'Callahan, freshly dressed, enters the kitchen.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

What's to eat?

Maryrose glances at Doris.

TOGETHER

NOTHING!

Father O'Callahan crosses to the stove.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

But...this smells great! What is it? Veal?

MARYROSE

Not quite. It's a secret family recipe.

(hits him with oven mitt)

No tasting.

DORIS.

Stop with the food! We need to get rid of all the DNA evidence, NOW!

CUT TO:

INT. 2010 HONDA FIT - VELMA'S POV - THROUGH INFRARED GOGGLES

Maryrose, Doris and Father O'Callahan exit the Burton house carrying a bowling ball bag, large plastic container, and two large duffel bags. They run to the Ford Mustang, throw the items into the trunk, and enter the car.

VELMA

Gotcha, Maryrose. And, fuck you too, Doris. Well I'll be god-damned...If it isn't the priest!

INT. 2010 HONDA FIT - CONTINUOUS

Velma lowers the infrared goggles. She wears black ninja wear. Pickles leans on the car dashboard. The black canvas bag sits on the passenger seat. She starts the engine of her car.

VELMA (CONT'D)
It's D-Day, baby!

Pickles BARKS and wags his tail. ON the Ford Mustang reversing out the driveway.

EXT. 2010 HONDA FIT MOVING - CONTINUOUS

FOLLOW the darkened 2010 Honda fit pursuing the Ford Mustang. ON RED GLOW of the Ford Mustang's back lights.

CUT TO:

EXT. AMIDED FUNERAL HOME - EVENING

The two story brick walled building is shadowed by a large weeping willow. Two marble columns stand in front of the wooden mahogany doors.

Father O'Callahan, dressed in clerical garb. Maryrose, and Doris walk quickly towards the Funeral Home. They struggle to carry the bowling ball bag, knapsack, and two large duffel bags.

MARYROSE
Are you sure, Doris?

DORIS
Yes! Heat destroys DNA evidence.
Quit worrying.

In the b.g. WE SEE Velma's 2010 Honda Fit, with its headlights off, creeping to a stop across the street from the funeral home.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HONDA FIT - SIMULTANEOUS

Velma Walkins grabs her infrared goggles and peers out. Pickles leans against the window.

VELMA
I knew it! I knew they were up to something.

The bronze sign at the front of the funeral home reads, "Amided Funeral Home and Crematorium".

VELMA (CONT'D)
 (reading)
 Am-I-dead funeral home.

EXT. AMIDED FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Doris struggles to jimmy the lock. Maryrose and Father O'Callahan wait, impatiently.

DORIS
 Hold on. I almost got it.

MARYROSE
 I thought you said, you could get us in.

DORIS
 I'm trying!

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
 (interrupting)
 Here, let me.

Father O'Callahan turns the doorknob. The door opens.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
 It was open.

Maryrose smacks Doris in the arm. In the b.g. WE SEE Velma watching them enter. Velma opens the car door and exits.

VELMA
 Come on, Pickles.

The dog BARKS.

VELMA (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 Shhh! We got to be careful.

EXT. 2010 HONDA FIT - CONTINUOUS

FOLLOW Velma and Pickles battle crawling across the lawn to the front entrance of the funeral home.

INT. AMIDED FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

The funeral home is extravagant with dark wood paneled walls, Persian rugs, marble pedestals, and a crystal chandelier. Doris, Maryrose and Father O'Callahan stare in awe.

Doors are open. A sign reads "Chapel". ORGAN MUSIC plays. A sign with 8 X 10 photograph, 80s male, reads "Jean Emmanuel Guizol". MOURNERS mill in the chapel. TWO MOURNERS exit.

MARYROSE
 (whispers)
 We're going to get caught!

Father O'Callahan grabs their arms and pulls them into a darkened corner.

DORIS.
 (whispers)
 Would you just stop it!

MARYROSE
 (whispers loudly)
 Quit telling me what to-

The mourners turn towards the voices. Father O'Callahan places his hands over Doris and Maryrose's mouths.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
 Shhh!

He points to the winding staircase leads to the basement. A sign reads, "Crematorium".

FATHER O'CALLAHAN (CONT'D)
 (whispers)
 This way.

They sneak down the staircase. Other MOURNERS exit the chapel. Panicked, the trio descends.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF - EVENING

Yellow crime scene tape and POLICEMEN keep the area secured. IN the b.g., WE SEE ONLOOKERS watching and the T.V. News Van. The Announcer stands talking in front of a news camera.

Doug exhausted, inspects the tire tracks. ON TIRE TRACKS leading off the cliff. Rodriguez looks down at the carnage below, then back at Doug.

RODRIGUEZ
 What a fucking mess, man! What do you make of it?

DOUG
 It looks like he just drove off the side of the cliff. I don't see any skid marks.

RODRIGUEZ
 Him or someone else? Check that out.

Rodriguez points to foot prints dragged to the edge.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
Somebody was here.

DOUG
(troubled)
Let's go see what we can find out.

RODRIGUEZ
Where?

DOUG
(pointing to train
derailment)
Down there.

CUT TO:

INT. CREMATORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

The crematorium is sterile and quiet. The oven is enclosed in brick with metal doors with tracking to the interior. An ignite button sits on the exterior oven wall.

Father O'Callahan opens the oven door. Maryrose and Doris hand him the knapsack, duffel bag, and bowling ball bag. He puts them on the track and slides them into the oven.

MARYROSE
Hurry!

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
That's all of it?

DORIS
That's it.

Father O'Callahan closes the oven door and pushes the ignite button. ON GAS TRAY igniting. Doris's CELLULAR PHONE RINGS. The trio jump.

MARYROSE
Shit!

Doris read her caller I.D. Her face is dismayed.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
Doug?

DORIS
What should I do?

Father O'Callahan and Maryrose look at each other, tension builds. Maryrose hits DO NOT ACCEPT.

MARYROSE
He'll call back.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Doug maneuvers the unmarked police vehicle down the busy, windy mountain road. He picks up his cellular phone and dials. Rodriguez listens in the passenger seat.

DOUG
(into phone)
Hey Doris, baby, are you in? I'll
going to be working late tonight.
Call me when you get this message.
Okay? I need to talk to you. Call
me. I love you.

Doug disengages the phone.

RODRIGUEZ
(blows a kiss)
I love you.

DOUG
And I love you too, asshole.

RODRIGUEZ
She's not in?

DOUG
(concerned)
No.

ON CORONER'S VAN on switchback driving head-on towards police car. A HORN blasts startling Doug. He swerves to the right, barely missing the truck.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Jesus!

RODRIGUEZ
Fucking asshole!

CUT TO:

EXT. AMIDED FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Velma opens the door to the funeral home. MOURNERS exit the front door. Pickles yelps. The mourners turn.

VELMA
What the hell are you looking at?

The mourners shake their heads. Velma picks up Pickles and enters the funeral home.

INT. AMIDED FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Velma stops, and listens. She appraises the surroundings. She sees the open chapel door, crosses to it, and goes inside.

INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

An open casket, adorned with flowers, sits on the altar. Tall lit candlesticks are on either side. Scattered MOURNERS sit in the pews.

Velma and Pickles search for Doris, Maryrose, and Father O'Callahan. A fully endowed female MOURNER, 30s, grabs her arm.

MOURNER

I'm so glad you came.

VELMA

Shit!

Pickles growls.

MOURNER

You must be his second wife. Emmanuel told me so much about you. You look a little older than I expected.

VELMA

Listen jugs. I don't even know-

MOURNER

(interrupting)

I know...I know. You don't even know why you came. Emmanuel told me about your falling out.

(tearfully)

This would of made him so happy. Please, come.

The mourner drags Velma to the casket. We hear Velma muttering "but" and "shit" and "fuck me".

INT. CREMATORIUM - CONTINUOUS

ON FLAMES igniting. The knapsack, bowling bag, and duffel bags catch fire. Maryrose stands at the oven window, a tear rolls down her cheek.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Life is funny. Sometimes things just don't work out like we plan.

Maryrose looks at the burning bowling ball bag. Doris places his arm around her shoulder. ON EARRING dislodged and falling onto the floor.

MARYROSE

Good-bye, Ralph.

Father O'Callahan makes the sign of the cross over the oven. The three hang their head for a minute of silence, then. A POPPING sound. Ralph's eyes explode against the oven window.

DORIS

Can we get out of here.

Maryrose, Father O'Callahan and Doris run up the stairs.

INT. AMIDED FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Maryrose, Father O'Callahan and Doris scamper up the winding staircase to the front lobby. ON TRIO stealthily trying to sneak out the chapel doors.

In the b.g. WE SEE Velma looking at the open casket. Pickles sees the trio and BARKS.

INT. CHAPEL - CONTINUOUS

Velma standing next to the open casket. The female mourner holds onto her arm. Hearing Pickles BARK, Velma turns in time to see Doris, Maryrose and Father O'Callahan exit out the front doors. Velma pushes the mourner away.

VELMA

Get your fucking hands off of me!
God-damn it!

The mortified mourner gasps.

MOURNER

Well, I never!

VELMA

(guffaws)
I doubt that. I'm sure you ate plenty
of his 'croque monsieur".

FOLLOW Velma, holding Pickles, pushing and maneuvering between the mourners. They exit the chapel.

INT. AMIDED FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Velma and Pickles sprint to the stairs. FOLLOW Velma and Pickles descending the spiral staircase into the crematorium.

INT. CREMATORIUM - CONTINUOUS

ON FIRE ablaze in the oven. It casts dancing images on the walls. The room is bare except for a shelving unit with liquids and solvents. Brooms and mops lean against the wall.

Velma and Pickles walk to the oven window. Velma lifts Pickles up and they peer into the fiery inferno. Her eyes grow huge. ON BURNING BOWLING BALL BAG revealing the melting face of Ralph.

Velma SCREAMS and Pickles WHIMPERS. Frightened, Velma walks carelessly backwards and tumbles into a shelving unit.

The liquid containers teeter and totter, then crash to the ground. Liquid splashes all over the floor. Velma loses her footing and slips and slides on the liquid.

Panicked, she quickly spins and steps onto the utility broom's wooden brush head. ON HANDLE whacking Velma hard between her eyes. Her eyes cross and roll. She sways and falls backward, hitting the floor. Pickles nudges his mistress, lifts his nose into the air, and HOWLS.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANYON - EVENING

FOLLOW Doug and Rodriguez examining the crumpled Thunderbird. POLICE and EMERGENCY RESPONSE TEAM clear the area. Doug stops a HIGHWAY PATROLMAN, 30s.

DOUG

(shows his badge)

Detective Stapleton, Homicide. This is my partner, Detective Rodriguez. Can we ask you a couple of questions?

HIGHWAY PATROL

(reading badge)

What's L.A. homicide doing in San Bernadino? You're a little out of your jurisdiction, aren't you?

DOUG

The owner of the Thunderbird is connected to the case we're working on.

RODRIGUEZ

We're here to identify the body?

HIGHWAY PATROL

Sorry, guys. I'd like to help you,
but the bodies are already in
transport to the coroner's office.

DOUG

No problem, thanks.

Doug and Rodriguez cross to the unmarked police cruiser.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BURTON KITCHEN - NIGHT

Maryrose slices meat. Father O'Callahan peels and chops
vegetables. Doris's picks up her cellular phone and dials.
Everyone stops to listen.

Doug's cellular phone RINGS. He picks it up.

DORIS

(into phone)

Hi baby, it's me. Sorry I missed
your call. You said you needed to
talk to me.

DOUG

(into phone)

Yeah, I called awhile ago. Hey,
babe! Have you noticed anything
strange going on next door?

DORIS

(into phone)

Strange? Nothing stranger than
normal. Why?

Doris grimaces at her lie. Maryrose and Father O'Callahan
wince.

Rodriguez listens intently. He mouths, "nothing". Doug
nods.

DOUG

(into phone)

Just asking. You'll call me if you
notice anything?

Maryrose raises the cleaver and chops a filet of meat in
half. She glances up at Doris.

DORIS

(into phone)

Yeah, sure...Of course, baby. When
are you coming home?

Maryrose looks at the clock that reads "10:15 pm", and frowns.

DOUG
 (into phone)
 I'm not sure. I have a few things I
 need to figure out...I love you,
 Doris.

DORIS.
 (into phone)
 I love you, too. Bye, honey.

Doris and Doug click off the cellular phones.

DOUG
 (to Rodriguez)
 Come on. Let's get back to the
 station.

The detectives enter the unmarked police car. FOLLOW car
 driving up steep windy mountain road.

CUT TO:

INT. BURTON KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Maryrose concerned looks at Doris, then at Father O'Callahan.

DORIS
 He doesn't know anything.

Maryrose glances at the clock, then slams the meat cleaver
 into the cutting board. She tears.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
 What's wrong, Maryrose?

MARYROSE
 The policeman's ball is tomorrow and
 I'm not ready.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
 We can help? Right, Doris?

DORIS
 Sure. Maryrose?
 (off her tears)
 Tell us what we can do.

MARYROSE
 I appreciate your help, but the job
 is too big. We don't have enough
 time.

Suddenly, Father O'Callahan's face brightens. Maryrose and Doris exchange questioning glances.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
I have an idea.

CUT TO:

INT. BURTON KITCHEN - MONTAGE SEQUENCE - NIGHT

IN a series of DISSOLVES we see Father O'Callahan telephoning numerous FEMALE PARISHIONERS, varied ages and sexes.

--Father O'Callahan dialing and talking on telephone.

--FEMALE PARISHIONER #1 in movie theater, picks up telephone. We hear her say "Sure" and "Where are you?"

--FEMALE PARISHIONER #2 having sex. We hear her say "Now?" And "No Problem".

--FEMALE PARISHIONER #3 having dinner. We hear her say "Excuse me" and "I'll be right there!"

CUT TO:

INT. BURTON KITCHEN - LATER

Maryrose drags the coolers into the kitchen. Doris cuts vegetables. The doorbell RINGS. Father O'Callahan stops cutting vegetables.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
They're here.

INT. BURTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Father O'Callahan opens the front door. A smile broadens across his face.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN
Ladies. Thank you so much for coming!
This way.

FEMALE PARISHIONERS enter the house, single file. Maryrose and Doris lead the women to the kitchen.

MARYROSE
Ladies, thank you so much! Please,
come with me.

Maryrose turns and smiles at Father O'Callahan.

CUT TO:

INT. CREMATORIUM - NIGHT -SIMULTANEOUSLY

Pickles licks Velma's face. The FUNERAL DIRECTOR, 50s, wears a black suit and white shirt. He nudges her.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Ma'am? Ma'am. Are you okay?

Velma's eyes flutter open. Seeing the funeral director, her eyes bulge and she SCREAMS.

VELMA
Help!
(scampers backwards)
Get away from me!

Velma, disheveled and confused, looks around the unfamiliar surroundings. Discombobulated, she picks up Pickles tight in her arms.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Ma'am, it's okay. Please, calm down.
I'm here to help you.

VELMA
(screaming)
Help me! Get away from me, you
degenerate camel jockey!

FOLLOW VELMA running up the stairs and to front entryway.
The Funeral Director runs after her.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Come back here! I need to talk to
you!

She throws open the front doors.

EXT. AMIDED FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

The funeral home doors open. Velma runs out the doors full throttle to her Honda Fit. Pickles bops up and down on her shoulder. Velma, nervously, fumbles for the car keys, and drops them on the ground.

VELMA
Shit!

She grabs the keys off the ground, and unlocks the door. She tosses Pickles on the passenger seat. ON FUNERAL DIRECTOR running across the lawn towards her car.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HONDA FIT - CONTINUOUS

Velma puts the keys into the ignition and starts the engine of the car. The Funeral Director knocks on the window.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Stop! I want to talk to you.

Velma gives him the finger, puts on the car into drive.

The car swerves out of the parking spot. It barely misses the oncoming traffic.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Wait!

The Funeral Director waves at the car driving off. Velma watches him in the rear view mirror.

VELMA
We gotta talk to the police, Pickles!

Pickles ears lower.

VELMA (CONT'D)
It's okay, baby. Momma knows what she's doing.

CUT TO:

INT. BURTON KITCHEN - MONTAGE SEQUENCE - NIGHT

IN a series of DISSOLVES we see Maryrose overseeing the food preparation of Doris and the FEMALE PARISHIONERS, varied ages and sexes.

--Doris lifts the lid off a steamer. She delights at the perfect "phallic" constructed stuffed boudin. Maryrose gives a thumbs up.

-- FEMALE PARISHIONER #1 chops onions with tearful eyes. Maryrose hands her a Kleenex.

--FEMALE PARISHIONER #2 sautes ground beef. Maryrose turns the burner down and adds spices.

--FEMALE PARISHIONER #3 makes flower radishes and green onions. Maryrose smiles and sniffs the roses.

MARYROSE
Very nice!

Maryrose exhales, relieved.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The station is a brick building with steps leading to the double front doors.

FOLLOW HONDA FIT driving towards police station. The car bounces over the sidewalk then stops abruptly.

Inside the car, Velma grabs the black canvas bag sitting on the passenger seat. Pickles places a paw on his head.

VELMA
Come on, Pickles.

Velma exits the car and bounds up the steps. Pickles runs after her.

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

FOLLOW Velma, holding a black canvas bag, traverses the police station hallways. Pickles runs behind her. She pauses momentarily to glare at the POLICE OFFICERS watching her. She stops at the Homicide room.

Sitting at their desks, Doug and Rodriguez see Velma.

TOGETHER
Oh, shit!

Velma enters. Pickles scampers in beside her.

VELMA
Doug, they murdered him! I found
the body!

DOUG
What are you talking about, Velma?
What body?

VELMA
Ralph Burton! I saw him or his head
anyway.

DOUG
And, where was this Velma?

VELMA
At the Amided funeral home.

A beat.

DOUG
Are you sure?

VELMA
What the hell? Of course I'm sure!

VELMA (CONT'D)
(panicky)
I saw them. They're in it together.
Maryrose, Father O'Callahan,
and...and, your wife. Doris!

Velma stops ranting.

VELMA (CONT'D)
(having epiphany)
And...And, you're in it with them!

Doug touches Velma's arm to try to calm her down.

DOUG
Velma.

Velma retracts her arm violently. Doug removes his hand.

VELMA
Don't you dare touch me. Get away
from me!

Velma removes the pistol hidden in the black canvas bag.
She cocks the pistol and aims it at Doug.

Police Officers crawl towards Velma and encircle her. They
aim and cock their firearms.

VELMA (CONT'D)
(twirls around)
This is all a conspiracy. You're
all in it together.

DOUG
Velma, put the gun down.

Velma backs away. Rodriguez cocks his pistol and aims.

VELMA
Fuck you! Asshole!

Velma cocks the trigger. A SHOT. Rodriguez firearm
dislodges. GUNFIRE explodes. Velma's body is riddled with
bullets. She falls to the ground. SMOKE clears.

RODRIGUEZ
I hate that bitch.

Police officers pat Rodriguez on the back. We hear "congratulations", "nice shot" and "it's about time".

CUT TO:

EXT. BURTON HOUSE - NIGHT

The Female Parishioners exit the Burton House. Maryrose, Father O'Callahan and Doris wave. A few parishioners wave back.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

You made your deadline, Maryrose.

MARYROSE

Yes, thanks to you.

DORIS

Bad choice of words, Padre. Bad choice of words.

ON DOOR closing.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Pickles whimpers under the desk. Rodriguez crosses over to Pickles. He picks the dog up and cuddles him. Pickles licks his face.

RODRIGUEZ

Sorry, puppy.

Doug types on the computer "Velma Walkins". Concerned, Rodriguez turns a watchful eye to his partner.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

You okay?

Doug, closes his case file.

DOUG

Yeah, sure.

RODRIGUEZ

Doug, if you don't mind, I want to get this little fellow home?

Rodriguez picks up Pickles and cradles him.

DOUG

Sure, no problem. You're taking that mutt?

RODRIGUEZ

Yeah, what can I say? He's adorable.
You going home soon?

DOUG

I have a couple of loose ends I need
to tie up, then I'm on my way. I'll
type up the report.

RODRIGUEZ

Thanks. I'll see you later then,
amigo. Get some shut eye before the
ball. Okay?

DOUG

Will do. Hey! Thanks again.

RODRIGUEZ

What are partners for?

Rodriguez exits. In the b.g. WE HEAR Rodriguez talking to
Pickles. Pickles wags his tail, then licks his face.

RODRIGUEZ (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Daddy's taking you to meet your new
Mommy...Yes, that's right.

Doug grabs his car keys, puts on his jacket and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTY MORGUE - DAY

A lone desk sits and a light shines on the computer and case
files. Doug and the MORGUE ATTENDANT, dressed in scrubs,
walk to a sheeted body lying on a stretcher.

MORGUE ATTENDANT

This is him. Poor sucker got smashed
up pretty bad.

The attendant pulls down the sheet. Doug examines the burned
body.

DOUG

Thank you.

MORGUE ATTENDANT

So can you make a positive I.D.?

DOUG

Yes.

Doug exits the morgue.

MORGUE ATTENDANT

Hey! What's his name?!

(mutters)

Asshole.

The morgue attendant replaces the sheet, and slides the body into the drawer.

CUT TO:

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

ON UNMARKED POLICE CAR parking in front of the Amided funeral home. Doug exits the car. He walks up the sidewalk leading to the front doors.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

The front door opens. Doug enters and keenly looks around at the posh surroundings.

DOUG

Hello? Anybody here?

Doug hears movement in the basement. He crosses to the stairs. He reads the sign marked, "Crematorium". He cautiously descends the winding stairs.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Hello? Police!

(hears a noise)

I'd like to have a word with you.

A clanging of metal and wood is heard, and MUTTERING.

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Just a second! Give me a minute
alright!

The funeral director mops the last remains of spilled liquid off the floor.

DOUG

What's going on?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Some crazy old bitch trashed my place.

DOUG

Was she around eighty years old and
mean as hell?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Yeah, that's her! She scared the
living hell out of me.

DOUG
Any idea why she was here?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
No, although everybody is dying to
come here.

Doug grimaces and politely smiles. The funeral director
laughs.

DOUG
Was anyone else here last night?
Besides Velma?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
Not to my knowledge.

DOUG
You don't mind if I have a look
around?

FUNERAL DIRECTOR
No, go right ahead.

The funeral director exits. Doug walks over to the oven and
looks inside. He sees ashes and shattered bone fragments.

Doug crosses to the stairs, then stops. ON EARRING glimmering
in the light. He picks it up, inspects it, and then places
it in his coat pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMERCIAL KITCHEN- LATE AFTERNOON

Maryrose, Doris, and Father O'Callahan wear "MARYROSE
CATERING" aprons prepare food trays. SERVERS, wearing white
shirts and black pants, walk in and out of swinging doors
carrying trays of food.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POLICEMAN'S BALL - LATE AFTERNOON - SIMULTANEOUS

The ball room is decorated with large bouquets of flowers,
streamers, and balloons. Ice figurines adorn the banquet
tables.

Maryrose, Doris and Father O'Callahan peek out the swinging
doors.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Looks impressive.

POLICEMEN and WOMEN, in police formal dress, mill at the bar, sit at tables, and stand in groups with their WIVES and HUSBANDS, dressed in suits and cocktail dresses.

SERVERS server 'hors'derves' to the party guests.

MARYROSE

So far, so good.

CUT TO:

EXT. BURTON HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

FOLLOW Doug inspecting the front of the house. He opens a garbage can. Rummaging through the debris, he finds two empty bleach bottles and an empty bottle hydrochloric acid.

He walks to the front door and rings the doorbell. No answer. He tests the door knob to see if the front door is locked. It opens. Doug glances side-to-side and walks inside.

INT. BURTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Doug enters the Burton house, the house is quiet except for the tick tock of a mantel clock in the living room.

DOUG

Maryrose? You here?

Dead silence. Doug walks towards the garage door.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Doug inspects the garage. The garage is clean and spotless. He walks toward the utility sink and notices the freshly cleaned, spotless surfaces.

Doug crosses to the commercial freezer and opens the door. The freezer is empty and stark. Doug opens a cooler, empty. He sniffs then grabs his nose.

DOUG

Whew! Bleach.

Noticing S & M leather restraints in the corner, he lifts them, curiously. He walks out.

INT. BURTON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FOLLOW Doug traverse as he traverses the house, pausing to inspect and lift different objects. He enters the kitchen.

The kitchen is spotless. Three kitchen chairs sit at the kitchen table. Doug surveys the surroundings. He glances at the calendar and reads "Police Man's Ball" circled in red. He exits.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICEMAN'S BALL - MOMENTS LATER

Doug enters the policeman's ball dressed in wrinkled pants, and wearing the same jacket from the previous day. Rodriguez, with cocktail in hand, greets him.

RODRIGUEZ

Hey, partner, this party is the bomb!

Doug grunts.

DOUG

Where's Doris?

RODRIGUEZ

(pointing towards
kitchen)

She's that way. Hey! Grab a
cocktail!

DOUG

I'll be back.

Doug walks swiftly to the kitchen.

INT. COMMERCIAL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

ON DOORS swinging open. FOLLOW Doug walking. Doris cuts vegetables. He grabs Doris by the arm.

DOUG

Come with me!

She drops the knife. FOLLOW Doug walking, with Doris, towards Maryrose and Father O'Callahan. They assemble food trays. Father O'Callahan's spots Doug and grabs Maryrose's arm.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Maryrose, turn around.

MARYROSE

Oh my...Doug, I'm glad you could
finally make it.

Doug grabs Maryrose's arm.

DOUG

Come with me! You too, Padre.

Doug drags the reluctant women. Father O'Callahan walks behind. The servers turn to watch.

DORIS

Doug, honey. Are you okay?

DOUG

Am I okay? Am I okay?! Of course, I'm not okay!

DORIS

What's wrong?

They stop.

DOUG

Your best friend murdered Ralph, Doris.

MARYROSE

Ralph died in the car accident.

DOUG

Maryrose, stop it. I identified the body. It wasn't Ralph. And, I found the empty bottles of hydrochloric acid and bleach in your house.

Maryrose freezes.

MARYROSE

How?

DOUG

You left the door open. Again.

Doris glares at Maryrose, then smacks her. Doug removes an earring from his pocket. Doris's face turns pale.

DOUG (CONT'D)

And I believe this is yours, love bug.

(dangles earring)

I found it at the Amided Crematorium.

DORIS

Doug, I can explain.

DOUG

Explain what? How you and the priest helped Maryrose cover up a murder?

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Doug, you don't understand!

DOUG

You're right! I don't understand.
How can a man who devoted his whole
life to God help? You're a man of
the cloth, damn it!

Silence.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Now, for the love of God. All I
want to know is...Where's RALPH?

Maryrose looks at Doris, apprehensive. A beat. Maryrose
points to the service doors.

MARYROSE

Everybody's eating Ralph.

Shocked, Doug and Father O'Callahan respond simultaneously.

TOGETHER

What?!

The two men peer out the service doors.

INT. POLICEMAN'S BALL - MONTAGE SCENE (M.O.S.)

In a series of DISSOLVES we see PARTY GUESTS eating food.

-- ON FORK with meatball raised to Police Chief's mouth.

-- ON MEATBALL swallowed and moving down esophagus.

-- ON KNIFE slicing boudin.

-- ON Rodriguez eating boudin.

-- ON FEMALE PARTY GUEST eating carpaccio. She licks her
lips. END MONTAGE.

INT. COMMERCIAL KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Doug and Father O'Callahan turn. The door closes. Servers
walk-by carrying trays with food.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Maryrose? Why?

MARYROSE

I ran out of meat. I didn't know
what else to do.

DOUG

How about going to the grocery store?

MARYROSE

There wasn't enough time.

DOUG

(to Doris)

Did you know about this?

(off her nod)

Jesus, lovebug.

Doris and Maryrose hang their heads in shame.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Do you understand what you all did?

Do you know what I have to do? What

I am forced to do?

Maryrose extends her hands to be handcuffed. Then, Doris extends her hands followed by Father O'Callahan.

DORIS

Doug, I'm sorry.

A beat. The trio waits expecting the worse.

DOUG

All of you...Put your hands down.

(to Doris)

I don't want to lose you.

Doris tears.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Everyone makes mistakes. Some of us, more than others. Besides, I don't know how I would explain this to the Chief.

DORIS

What about Velma?

DOUG

Dead. So, there's no witnesses and no loose ends. You're free.

FATHER O'CALLAHAN

Father of Mercy!

MARYROSE

Oh my God! Thank you!

Maryrose hugs Father O'Callahan. Father O'Callahan extends his hand to Doug. They shake. Doris runs into Doug's arms.

DORIS

Oh, Doug! I love you!

ON POLICE CHIEF bursting into the kitchen. He crosses to Maryrose.

POLICE CHIEF
 Maryrose? Oh! There you are. I had to come and personally thank you. This party is a success. Everyone loves your food! And, the flavor! It's simply to die for. Thank you!

Maryrose smiles weakly. The Police Chief wraps his arm around Doug.

POLICE CHIEF (CONT'D)
 Great job, Doug! You made me proud.

DOUG
 Thanks, Chief.

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPERTITLE: "ONE YEAR LATER"

INT. WEDDING - AFTERNOON - ONE YEAR LATER

A photo of Maryrose Burton and Father O'Callahan smiling in front of charming two-story house. The Realtor sale sign is marked, "Sold".

INTERTITLE: Maryrose married Father O'Callahan, now, an Episcopalian priest.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAWAIIAN BEACH - DAY - ONE YEAR LATER

A photo of Doris and Doug sunbathing. They lie on beach lounge chairs, drinking cocktails.

INTERTITLE: Doug retired from the police force. Doris and Doug opened their own company and as successful bounty hunters.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY - ONE YEAR LATER

A photo of Rodriguez in formal police dress is awarded by the Police Chief. Rodriguez holds Pickles, who wears a tiny policeman cap.

INTERTITLE: Rodriguez was awarded the "medal of honor" in the slaying of Velma Walkins.

Pickles, is the department's new mascot and Rodriguez's best friend.

FADE TO BLACK: