

BOUNTY BOYFRIEND

Written by

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EXT. MONKNE HOUSE, STOCKBRIDGE MASSACHUSETTS - DAY

MONKNE mailbox, decorated for Christmas. CLAIRE (29), fair, quiet, and plump, walks toward the house next to MARCUS (34), tall, bearded, and radiates business jerk energy. Claire has bruises on her arms and neck, too dark to hide with makeup. Claire looks up at the house as Marcus smooths down his hair that is re-curling. Claire turns to Marcus as they walk.

CLAIRE

Just make my parents happy for today, ok?

MARCUS

(sarcastically)

Anything for my sweetheart.

Marcus pushes past her to the porch.

EXT. PORCH OF MONKNE HOUSE - DAY

Marcus knocks. SHARON (57), tall, slender and wearing a tinsel dress and small axe earrings, answers and embraces Claire. She pulls away and eyes Claire's neck, then smiles, giddy. Behind Sharon is OSKCAR(60) who resembles Danny Devito in a woodsy way.

OSKCAR

Hey, this must be Marcus!

Sharon drags their bags into the living room as Oskcar embraces Marcus with a THUD as he steps inside. Oskcar wraps his arms around Marcus, hitting his butt awkwardly.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Oskcar draws away from the hug, holding Marcus's wallet. He turns, thumbs through it, then pockets it, still smiling.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

Ornate blue wallpaper patterns the walls. Kimchi, curry, and jello are on the table. Claire watches Oskcar pull out Sharon's chair. Sharon pats Oskcar on his balding head, polishing it a little. Marcus checks his hair in a spoon reflection. Claire stares at him.

SHARON

So, how did you guys meet? Claire hasn't told us anything! So buys being a nurse, no time for family.

Oskcar sits down and hands Claire the wallet he stole earlier. She gives him a mischievous but disappointing look and opens it. She slides a few bills into her pocket and winks at Oskcar.

MARCUS

We met at her ex's house party.
Luckiest day of my life!

OSKCAR

Sharon and I met at a party back in
1983! Aint that right, Shar?

Oskcar tries for Shar's hand, but she swats him away. Claire flips through the wallet, and sees that Marcus's ID is issued under the name "Nicolas Grimby." She furrows her eyebrows, and high pitched RINGING is heard under the dialogue.

SHARON

She was always so timid. How did
she score such a hunk like you?

Sharon fans herself flirtatiously. Marcus chuckles. Oskcar folds his arms. Claire looks uneasy with disgust.

CLAIRE

I am gonna make a drink, does
anyone want anything?

MARCUS/SHARON/OSKCAR

(simultaneously)

A sour whiskey.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The RINGING continues as Claire grabs her laptop and googles "NICOLAS GRIMBY." Her face twists in curiosity. ON SCREEN: a police report titled: "Attempted murder on Michael Cera." Claire returns to her search screen. An unmarked website. She clicks.

"\$50,000 BOUNTY FOR NICOLAS GRIMBY, WANTED DEAD. CONTACT

HERE: 877-458-4746." Claire chuckles in concerned disbelief. Curious, she puts the number in her phone. Just before she messages them, she hears LAUGHTER. The RINGING stops.

Claire gets up and creeps until she is standing just outside the dining room, unseen. She listens in from the hall.

MARCUS

No! He said I could have her! He would have kept her if she would have just lost 50 pounds!

Marcus chuckles. Oskcar and Sharon both fake laugh and make eye contact with each other, raising their eyebrows.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'll whip her into shape. In fact, let's start here.

Marcus takes Claire's barely touched plate and scrapes some of it off onto his own.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

What she doesn't know won't kill her.

Marcus winks. They all laugh hysterically. Claire closes her eyes in pain, and looks at her bruises. She gets her phone and texts the number. ON SCREEN TEXT: "GRIMBY WILL BE DEAD BY MORNING." Claire puts the phone away, and goes to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Claire pours three whiskey sours, and a large shot of tequila. She opens a cabinet and draws back. Inside are large amounts of prescription bottles and edibles. She smiles with an idea. Taking a few pills, she grinds them with a mortar and pestle, and drops the mix into Marcus's glass.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Claire smiles and gives the drinks out carefully.

CLAIRE

(to Marcus)

Made with extra love!

Claire kisses his head, and he smiles dryly, smoothing his hair down after.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Cheers, here's to an evening of love, fun and games. Merry Christmas Eve, everyone!

Claire looks at Marcus when she says "games." They all raise their cups and drink. Marcus gags harshly, but smiles as soon as he sees Sharon, who pats his back in a motherly way.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dateline plays on the TV. Marcus shows Sharon his MLM company leggings. Oskcar is asleep in the La-Z-Boy. Marcus coughs with pain. Claire purses her lips and looks at her watch. Bored and impatient, she slips out of the room.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Claire roams the shelves, picks up a 2x4 and swings it experimentally. She likes it. Claire beats the air a few times, accidentally knocking over a box of nails. She looks at them.

CUT TO:

Claire hammers nail after nail into the plank of wood. They jet out of the other side. Inspecting it, she is proud.

EXT. BACKYARD PORCH - NIGHT

Claire covers the plank in the snow at the base of the steps. Each exhale she breathes is seen in the cold night air. She walks to the nearby shed, turns the hose on, and waters the steps.

EXT. BACKYARD SHED - NIGHT

Claire reaches down and turns off the water, but the window catches her eye. Inside is an altar. Bloodstained axes are mounted to the wall. Painted above them is "SHARON + OSKCAR (do not touch)." Signs under each axe have a date, each a Christmas Eve. Claire sighs as she looks at them. She tries the door, but it has a lock. She turns and leaves.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Claire takes off her coat and walks up the hallway. She hears SOFT GIGGLES as she moves past her room. She stops.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Claire peaks in, and sees Marcus and Sharon going through a photo album. Sharon gestures to the bug displays on the walls.

SHARON

I feel like she collected bugs
instead of friends, you know? Such
a strange child.

Marcus blushes. Claire knocks and enters.

CLAIRE

Mom, can we start a fire and make
s'mores, you know, like we used to?

SHARON

Oh! Yes, of course, Moon-pie!

Sharon rushes out, leaving them behind. Claire stares at
Marcus. The corner of her lip twists up with strange delight.

CLAIRE

You shouldn't be in here.

Claire is monotone. High pitched RINGING fades in. Marcus
grumpily pushes past her with a COUGH. A drop of blood lands
on her face from the cough as Marcus passes. She wipes her
face and looks at her fingers. She eyes the bug cases and
shuts the door. The RINGING stops.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sharon slaps Oskcar awake with the magazine from his lap as
Claire and Marcus enter.

CLAIRE

Oh, Marcus, can you grab some
firewood? It's just out back.

Oskcar turns over. Marcus huffs and exits. Claire opens the
fireplace. A SHOUT, THUD, and GROAN come from outside. Sharon
and Claire go to the window. Oskcar SNORES softly.

They all GASP at the sight of Marcus on the ground. Leg
twisted, arm impaled, and vomit on his pants. Claire smiles
to herself, surprised it worked so well.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marcus CRIES OUT as Sharon and Claire set him in a chair.

CLAIRE

Mom, go get the first aid kit.

Sharon scurries away, Oskcar stands by, frozen and shaking.

MARCUS

Stomach just started to knot up...

He groans in pain. Sharon returns with the first aid kit.

SHARON

Should we take him to the hospital?

MARCUS

NO! hah, no need for the hospital,
I... I trust Claire.

Claire looks at Marcus. While maintaining eye contact, she YANKS the plank out. Marcus SCREAMS. Claire grabs a towel, and shoves it into Marcus's mouth. She wraps his arm. Claire looks at the leg, inspecting it. Her eyes appear alive and hungry.

CLAIRE

It isn't broken, but you dislocated
it. This is going to hurt.

Taking a deep breath and using both hands, she twists his foot 90 degrees with a hard SNAP. Marcus lets out another SCREAM through the towel.

SHARON

OSKCAR!!! Grab the painkiller!

OSKCAR

... Which one?!

Claire puts her hands in the sink. She calmly examines the blood as it washes off. We hear BREATHING over the FADED voice of Sharon trying to direct everyone. High pitched RINGING again. Claire grins with the satisfaction of a new addiction.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Marcus is asleep on the couch. There are painkillers on the coffee table behind him. DING. Claire looks at her phone and sees a text from the number: "SEND US THE LOCATION WHEN YOU HAVE THE BODY." Oskcar and Sharon come into the room bickering.

OSKCAR

We are out of firewood! I don't
care how many people get impaled
tonight, we need s'mores!

Sharon and Oskcar put their coats on and start to exit.

SHARON
(to Claire)
Why don't you cheer yourself up
with an early gift under the tree?

Sharon winks and exists behind Oskcar. Claire walks up to Marcus as he is sleeping and lightly pulls at a curl in his hair. Marcus starts muttering.

MARCUS
SHARRONNN... a kiss... bug girl...
thinner you might be worth... freak
show...

Claire's face is numb. She eyes the tree and finds the present that Sharon had pointed toward. Claire opens the present, an axe. Her eyes glitter in the tree lights. She looks at Marcus and back to the axe. She sends a location pin to the number. We hear a CLUNK from down the hall.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

As she walks into the room, all PAST DIALOGUE from Marcus is reheard in FADED tones with high pitched RINGING underneath. Claire enters, her axe raised. Christmas lights illuminate the walls in intricate patterns and colors. A display bug box lays on the ground. Claire gently picks up the box. Inside, the butterfly pinned down is alive, flapping its wings. A tear falls from her face, and she smiles peacefully. All noise stops as her tear hits the glass. She places the box back on the wall, and steps back. We hear her breathing. She raises the axe.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marcus wakes to the CRASH of breaking glass. He hobbles down the hall, and the sound stops as he reaches Claire's room.

INT. CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MARCUS
Claire? What is going on?!

Marcus steps in and onto glass. He crouches just as the axe comes swinging where he had been, lodging itself into the door. POV: TILT up to see Claire, sporting bloody scrapes and cuts, looking coldly at him. Marcus pulls glass out of his foot.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
What was THAT?!

Marcus smooths his hair. Claire yanks the axe out.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

High pitch RINGING slowly creeps in, crescendo-ing throughout the fight. Claire charges, Marcus body checks her into the wall. She drops the axe. Marcus scrambles for it, but Claire kicks his side and he falls over. Claire grabs the axe.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Marcus backs into the dining room and grabs a knife from the table setting. Claire knocks it out of his good hand with a swing, nicking his already injured arm.

MARCUS

Claire, STOP! PLEASE?!

Claire turns the axe and swings the blunt end of the weapon, connecting and sending him onto the edge of the table, barely cognitive. Claire climbs onto the table, dragging him with her.

CLAIRE

(mockingly)

Please! PLEASE, CLAIRE! Hahaha!

She looks at him lovingly and caresses his cheek. She leans in.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

"What you don't know might kill you."

The RINGING outweighs all other noises. Claire strikes downward with what looks like a scream. Her foot presses on the axe, just out frame, until it connects all the way down to the table. Pinning him down like a bug. Claire stands back and admires her work with flecks of blood on her face. Suddenly the RINGING stops, giving way to slow CLAPPING. MICHAEL CERA walks into the room. Claire startles. He opens his arms wide to present himself.

MICHAEL

Surprise, it's me! Great job! I believe this is what we agreed upon.

Michael hands Claire an envelope with \$50,000 cash. Claire nods, still stunned. Michael stands, smiling awkwardly like only he does. They look on as blood drips.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Would you like some help getting
the body to a lake or something?

Claire slowly nods with a twisted smirk of surprise and gratitude.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Claire and Michael push the body with rocks tied to it into the lake from the bridge. They look at each other.

CLAIRE

You wanna come over for Christmas
Cocoa?

He holds out his hand. She takes it, carrying the axe in her other hand as they walk back.

INT. LIVING ROOM MONKNE HOUSE - MORNING

Sharon and Oskcar sip cocoa across from Michael and Claire. They clink their mugs together.

CLAIRE

Oh! Here, one more from me!

Claire hands Oskcar a present. Oskcar opens it. The axe, still bloody. Everyone is quiet for a moment, then all burst into laughter simultaneously.

SHARON

I always knew you had it in you.

We ZOOM out from the house as the family congratulates Claire. We see the town and beyond as the sun rises.

THE END