

Side 6

DUKE

(DUKE runs over to Pippi's trailer, goes inside, then runs back out.)

She ain't home. Where is she?

(Points gun.)

Where is she?!

JEANNIE

I don't know.

DUKE

Come on, now, tell me! If she's doin' your husband and I can take care of her right nice. Nothin' sweeter than revenge, babydoll. Nothin' sweeter than that R-E-V ...

(DUKE gets confused trying to spell.)

JEANNIE

... E-N-G-E?

DUKE

Just tell me where she is!

JEANNIE

(Flustered.)

I swear. I don't know where she is.

DUKE

Okay, okay. No worries.

(He takes out an aerosol can of cooking spray and takes a huff.)

It ain't gonna be that hard to find Pippi. 'Cause I know where she lives.

(Tosses the can to JEANNIE.)

Help yourself while I tell you the plan.

(On a roll:)

DUKE (CONT'D)

First, I get me a little R and R at a local motel. Once refreshed, I come back here, wait for Pippi and your sumbitch husband, shoot 'em right between the eyes, set her place on fire, roll the bodies in a ditch and you and me ride off into the sunset. Am I good or what?

JEANNIE

I think I'm havin' second thoughts about that road trip.

DUKE

Come on, babydoll, relax. Frankie says "relax." Hey, let's you and me get some more beer and ammo.

*(DUKE grabs JEANNIE by the hand and pulls her down the steps.
JEANNIE panics.)*

JEANNIE

No. No! I can't! I can't go for drinks with you and I can't leave with you tonight. I gotta be inside.

(Points to her slippered feet.)

Indoor shoes! Indoor shoes!

(She tries to run back inside, but DUKE blocks her path, mistaking her panic as rejection.)

DUKE

Don't you jerk me around. I am tired o' women jerkin' me around! You're comin' with me!

(They wrestle until she gets him in the eyes with the cooking spray.)

Cooking spray! Aauughh! Shit! You know what? Fuck all ya'll! I'm gonna shoot up this whole trailer park and everybody in it and it's all your fault!

(JEANNIE cowers, cooking spray still poised for attack if necessary.)

And you can't stop me 'cause I know where you live. And I know where Pippi lives. And I got a case-load of that there cooking spray, because I ... am a member ... of Costco!

(DUKE proudly displays his "Costco" card. Slow building, hard-rocking version of DUKE music as he exits. JEANNIE runs to her door, but finds it locked from the inside.)