

EXCERPT FROM JOHNNY DEATH

By

NILS OSMAR

FADE IN:

INT: SMALL APARTMENT, NIGHT

SHARON stands at a sink, holding her hands under running water, washing off blood. Her GUN is on the counter. SHAWN sits nearby, watching sports on his phone. There's are two dead BODIES visible through a doorway to another room, and a DYING MAN on the floor near Shawn's feet.

SHARON  
It won't come out.

SHAWN  
Use the powder. In the other can.

She pours powder in her hand, scrubs, smiles as the blood washes clean...picks up her gun, goes to stand beside Shawn... looks down at the body, which is shuddering.

SHARON  
He's still moving.

SHAWN  
Shoot him again. In the head this time.

She does so.

SHARON  
(to the body)  
Asshole.

SHAWN  
Did you kill him?

SHARON  
About ten times. (fires again) Oh, great. Now he's bleeding on the carpet. How am I going to get that shit out of the rug, damn it!

She kneels by the body, tries to mop some blood up with her sleeve. Shawn stands, looks down at her.

SHAWN  
So tell me again. How this all happened.

(CONTINUED)

SHARON

I was out shopping. For some beer, all right? I come home, and I find them here, with the stupid bags over their heads.

SHAWN

Just like that. Tied up and suffocated.

She stands, faces him, hands on hips.

SHARON

What, you think I killed them? I didn't even *know* them! So I went in the bedroom, to call you -- and he was in there, with a knife!(pointing at man she just shot) It freaked me out, Shawnie. I had to shoot him!

SHAWN

Where's the knife?

SHARON

I dunno, honey. I was scared, baby! Then he turned, and saw me! So I shot him, and --

SHAWN

You had a gun. You just happened to.

SHARON

The gun you gave me! Back when we were together. So I shot him five or six times, then I called you.

SHAWN

You know something? Can I tell you something, honey?

SHARON

What?

SHAWN

You're pathetic.

SHARON

(darkening)

What?

(CONTINUED)

SHAWN

Your brain's rotting. From the drugs, the booze. Oh we can fuck if you want to. But I don't give a shit about the bodies. Or the fucking carpet. Clean your own messes up.