

REDHEAD VS SNOWBALL

EXT. AMERICAN DINER. NIGHT

The Deep South.

'RICKY'S ROCKING DINER' sits beside a dirt track. It's the kind of diner you keep your kids away from.

REDHEAD steps in front of the entrance. Tall, poised, with wild red hair and a look of vengeance on her face.

She holds up a napkin with the words 'LOCATION: RICKY'S ROCKING DINER' scribbled on it.

REDHEAD

(lifting a mobile to her ear)

All set. If I draw first blood, the money will be yours by midnight.

Redhead hangs up.

Satisfied, she enters.

INT. AMERICAN DINER. NIGHT

Redhead sits at a table, alone. On the seat beside her, partially under her jacket and hidden from view, lies a gun.

On a napkin, below the rest, she's written 'FIND: RICKY. KILL: SNOWBALL'. She is harshly going over the line below it with a red pen.

Her head is lowered but her eyes dart around the room in subtle search. Neon lights illuminate the half-eaten, abandoned plates of dessert.

She doesn't look like the kind of woman to enjoy a dessert.

She pulls a small ticking watch from her pocket with the other hand - a smear of blood hides the exact time.

As she lowers it back down, her eyes slowly raise once again - WAITRESS, with two childish black pigtails making her look younger than she is, grinning from ear to ear, steps into view.

WAITRESS

(voice is young and sing-song like)

Your triple chocolate fudge delight,  
ma'am?

Redhead looks her up and down. She doesn't return the smile.

REDHEAD

I didn't order no triple chocolate  
fudge delight.

Waitress innocently surveys the room, giggling a little.

WAITRESS

Oh! Well, there ain't anyone else  
around tonight. Must be yours.

Redhead wrinkles her nose.

REDHEAD

I hate chocolate. And I especially  
hate it tripled.

She glances down at the napkin.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)

Is chef Ricky outback? I'd like a  
word.

Waitress performs an exaggerated pout.

WAITRESS

Sorry. Chef Ricky just left us.  
(scanning the room)  
He might be back soon. Why don't ya  
come round back and discuss it with me  
instead?

Redhead goes back to drawing on the napkin.

REDHEAD

No thanks. But if you see a bitch with  
white hair turn up with Ricky, let me  
know.

The subtle CLICK of a GUN throws Redhead into sudden movement  
- she grabs her own gun and jumps skillfully up onto the  
table.

The triple chocolate fudge cake flies across the room.

Waitress has removed her black pigtail wig, revealing stark  
white hair that falls down to her hips.

She seems to have pulled a gun from her apron and is aiming  
it at Redhead, who is aiming back at her.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)  
(under her breath)  
Snowball.

SNOWBALL  
(grinning, losing the sing-song  
tone)  
Hey there, Redhead. I said, why don't  
we go discuss this outback?

Redhead laughs quietly, shaking her head.

REDHEAD  
The pleasure's all mine.

INT. DINER'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The pair stand at opposite ends of a greasy, badly lit  
kitchen, guns aimed at each other.

The silver surfaces are covered in tubs of ingredients -  
CHERRIES, MARSHMALLOWS, CHOCOLATE... and a vat of CUSTARD.

A man in a chef's outfit lies face down in the custard,  
unmoving.

REDHEAD  
(clenching her teeth)  
You fucker.

Snowball giggles.

SNOWBALL  
Oopsies.

REDHEAD  
Why'd you do it? Why'd you kill Ricky?

SNOWBALL  
Hmmm. I like seeing you pissed off.  
Besides, thought you liked killing?

REDHEAD  
I like killing bitches who deserve it.  
And right now, that's looking a lot  
like you.

SNOWBALL  
I'm flattered.

Redhead steps forward, aiming the gun at Snowball's chest.

SNOWBALL (CONT'D)

Stop right there, missy. I wouldn't be so hasty.

REDHEAD

And why is that?

SNOWBALL

Seems you've forgotten why we're here. The money? What we both need if we don't want to get fucking killed by the different guys we owe it to?

REDHEAD

The *money* was with Ricky. And it's not just about me. My daughter's waiting for her mommy's safe return.

Redhead looks at Ricky as if checking for a possibility he may still be alive.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)

Why'd you do it, Snowball? Why the hell did you drown him in fucking custard?

SNOWBALL

(matter of factly)

So you wouldn't kill me.

Snowball starts giggling, dropping her gun as she covers her mouth. Redhead squares up to Snowball and thrusts the gun against her chest.

REDHEAD

(increasing anger)

What?

Snowball struggles to get her words out between snorting laughter.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)

Spit it out, you white-haired bitch!

SNOWBALL

A shoot-out between the two of us? Winner gets the cash? Of course you'd win. I'm no idiot and I like to see blood, but you're jack shit crazy. I'd be dead before I even knew it was coming.

She pushes the gun off her chest and struts over to Ricky, lifting his head out of the custard.

SNOWBALL (CONT'D)

But with this guy dead, you can't kill me - not if you want the money. He told me where it is. Well hidden for a no-brain chef, I'll tell you that for free.

Snowball drops Ricky back into the custard.

REDHEAD

And why should I believe you?

Snowball shrugs and drops her gun, raising her hands.

SNOWBALL

Kill me then. You and your daughter are as good as dead if you do. No money, no living.

Redhead stares at Snowball, considering her options. After a beat, she curses and throws her gun onto the counter.

REDHEAD

You scheming bitch.

Redhead paces, thinking, picking at the tubs of ingredients.

She lifts a cherry and squashes it in her fingers, letting the red juice trickle down her hand.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)

(slowly, cautiously)

Snowball, you know where the money is. Why in God's name am I still breathing?

Redhead slowly slides her hand across to her gun. Snowball watches, making to move to pick hers back up.

SNOWBALL

Because as part of his shitty cheffy way to hide it, our old pal Ricky accidentally made it so I could never take it.

Snowball's eyes grow wide in theatrical upset, shock, disgust.

SNOWBALL (CONT'D)

He shoved it in a bag of peanuts.

Redhead stares, not understanding.

REDHEAD

You're gonna have to fill me in a little more, sweetheart.

SNOWBALL

My fatal flaw. I'm allergic to goddamn peanuts!

Snowball slams her fist down on the counter, sending a tub of marshmallows toppling everywhere.

SNOWBALL (CONT'D)

And I despise marshmallows.

She swipes her arm across the counter in rage, sending the marshmallows flying across the room.

SNOWBALL (CONT'D)

So that's why you're still breathing.

REDHEAD

To protect you from the marshmallows?

SNOWBALL

(screaming)

No, you bitch!

With extreme speed, Snowball grabs her gun, thrusts the barrel against Redhead's temple, holds her in a headlock, and sends Redhead's gun flying across the room.

SNOWBALL (CONT'D)

You're gonna fish out the cash whilst I hold this gun to your ugly little head.

REDHEAD

(struggling to stay composed)

And I guess after that we'll split the cash, kiss and make up and be on our separate ways?

Snowball starts dragging Redhead across the room, towards the pantry.

SNOWBALL

You're not making it out of here alive. If touching peanuts didn't near kill me, you woulda joined Ricky already.

INT. PANTRY. NIGHT.

They struggle through the pantry door, where sacks and tubs of various ingredients lay spilled across the floor.

SNOWBALL (CONT'D)

I didn't think to ask if there'd be peanuts. Who the fuck thinks of that when they're killing someone?

Snowball starts coughing as she breathes in the confined, peanut-infested air of the pantry.

SNOWBALL (CONT'D)

Right at the back. Take it out, throw it to me, then say your goodbyes.

With the gun still to her temple, Redhead doesn't try to fight back. She doesn't give Snowball the satisfaction of a witty comeback, either.

Snowball gives her a shove and Redhead slowly steps over and around the ingredients in the pantry.

She scans the room, eyes intent.

SNOWBALL

(wheezing slightly, without conviction)

Hurry up, else I'll shoot you.

REDHEAD

(turning back)

No, you won't.

Snowball shifts uncomfortably, trying to still hold the gun in confident aim.

Redhead turns back around, takes the final few slow steps before kneeling in front of a sack labeled 'PEANUTS'.

She dives her hand in, rummages for a moment, and pulls out a wad of cash.



SNOWBALL

Show it to me!

Redhead raises the cash above her head but doesn't stand.

She seems to be rummaging with something else, but with her back still turned and body hunched over, Snowball can't see what she's doing - neither can we.

SNOWBALL (CONT'D)

Stand up else it's a bullet in your shoulder.

Redhead raises slowly, turning to face Snowball. Redhead moves into a stance as if to throw the wad of cash.

SNOWBALL (CONT'D)

(with a wide grin)

Come to mama.

Redhead throws the cash.

REDHEAD

Eat shit.

She spits.

A peanut flies from her mouth with impeccable aim and speed.

Snowball's mouth is still in a wide grin, the perfect opening for the peanut to fly into.

It hits the back of her throat.

Snowball coughs, choking. She can't dislodge it.

She staggers back, clutching the wad of cash for dear life as she coughs and wheezes.

Redhead marches over with perfect calmness as Snowball starts to grab at her throat. The cash and gun fall to the floor. Redhead scoops them up before lightly pushing Snowball on the shoulder. She falls.

REDHEAD

If I knew it was that easy, I woulda made you a peanut butter and jelly sandwich a long while ago.

SNOWBALL  
(almost incoherent)  
You - you sche- schemi--

REDHEAD  
Scheming bitch? Guess that makes two  
of us.

Redhead kneels back down to Snowball, opening up her mouth. She slips her fingers down her throat and plucks out the peanut.

She examines it a little before dropping it into her own mouth.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)  
I hate chocolate, but I sure do love  
peanuts.

Redhead crunches as Snowball tries to scream a desperate scream. Little more than a squeak comes out.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)  
Tell Ricky I say hi.

Redhead points the gun at Snowball's head.

She pulls the trigger.

CUT TO BLACK.