

# **ROSHAMBO**

by

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INT. SCISSORS TRUCK - NIGHT

SCISSORS (32), a trucker with a strong build, drives along the highway and makes a phone call.

INT. SCISSORS HOUSE - NIGHT

Vanessa(28), an attractive brunette, sits on a sofa watching television. A cell phone buzzes beside her. She picks it up, looks at the screen and tosses it back on the sofa without answering.

INT. SCISSORS TRUCK - NIGHT

SCISSORS continues to wait on the call. A voice mail greeting is activated:

"Hi, this is Vanessa. Leave a message after the beep"

SCISSORS

Hi honey, it's me. I'm about an hour away. Where are you?

(beat)

Anyways, really missed you... See you soon.

EXT. SCISSORS HOUSE - NIGHT

SCISSORS parks his truck. Tired, he walks to the front door.

INT. SCISSORS HOUSE - NIGHT

SCISSORS opens the front door and looks around.

SCISSORS

Hello? Anybody here?

SCISSORS walks down the hallway, stopping outside the bedroom. He quietly opens the door. VANESSA is lying in bed with her back facing him.

SCISSORS

Vanessa, are you awake?

(beat)

Vanessa?

SCISSORS leaves the bedroom, closing the door behind him. VANESSA opens her eyes. SCISSORS, dejected, walks back to the front door. He suddenly stops and turns his head, unsure if he should leave. He makes up his mind and leaves the house.

EXT. SCISSOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SCISSORS gets back into his truck and drives away

INT. BAR - NIGHT

SCISSORS sits alone at a bar. A few men sit nearby. CLIVE(40), slightly out of shape, enters the bar and sits beside him

CLIVE

What are you doing here, Scissors?

SCISSORS

Waiting for you

CLIVE

Go home, man. Vanessa hasn't seen you in days

SCISSORS

Can you hook me up tonight?

CLIVE

I don't think that's such a good idea. You're lucky to have such a fine woman at home... You don't need --

SCISSORS

-- Clive, can you get me someone or not?

CLIVE

You're playing a dangerous game, my friend. If Vanessa finds out, you're going to lose her --

SCISSORS slams the bar with his clenched fist. Nearby patrons glance over. He closes his eyes trying to calm himself. SCISSORS opens his eyes, reaches for his drink and downs the last of his whisky.

SCISSORS

Look, she won't talk to me. Alright? I've tried...

(beat)

I really don't want to talk about it right now. Just do me this one favor, will you?

CLIVE takes a deep breath and gets up to leave.

CLIVE

I'll have someone at your rig in 15 minutes.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A woman walks along a parked truck and taps the driver side door. SCISSORS rolls down his window.

WOMAN

You SCISSORS?

SCISSORS

Yeah, come round the other side

She walks around to the passenger side which suddenly opens a crack. She expertly hops inside and quickly closes the door.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SCISSORS TRUCK - NIGHT

SCISSORS eyes are closed as the woman performs fellatio on him. SCISSORS opens his eyes, staring blindly through his windshield.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SCISSORS HOUSE - DAY

VANESSA sits at the kitchen table in her bath robe. She stares motionless at the wall in front of her. She takes a slow drag of her cigarette. After a few seconds, she exhales.

The bedroom door opens and SCISSORS lumbers into the kitchen. He leans over for a kiss, but she turns her head away.

VANESSA

Where were you last night?

SCISSORS

Came back late. I left you a message.

SCISSORS pours himself a cup of coffee.

SCISSORS (CONT'D)

You were asleep when I got home, so I went for a drink with CLIVE.

VANESSA takes a long drag of her cigarette, finally glances over to him.

SCISSORS (O.S.)

Listen, I am back on the road this morning, but was thinking we try that new Italian place when I get back. What do you think?

VANESSA slowly exhales.

VANESSA

Scissors, I don't want to do this anymore. What's the point?

SCISSORS

Honey, I'm trying to make things right but you just shut me down on every turn. Please let's just --

VANESSA

-- I've put up with your bullshit long enough. I'm tired of being alone every goddamn night. Tired of smelling the same cheap perfume on you --

SCISSORS

-- Honey, I don't wanna fight. Got a long drive ahead of me and I just can't do this right now.

(break)

Look, I have to run. I'll make it up to you when I get back. Please, let's just try to make this work.

SCISSORS puts his full cup down on the table. He puts on his leather jacket and quickly walks to the front door. He opens the door and bows his head down.

SCISSORS (CONT'D)

I'll see you in three days... I love you.

He walks out, closing the door behind him. VANESSA holds her head. She picks up her cell phone from the table and calls.

VANESSA

Hey, it's me... I need to see you tonight... OK... I love you, too

INT. SCISSORS TRUCK - DAY

SCISSORS drives his truck on the highway. The engine light and alarm are activated inside his cab. SCISSORS slaps his steering wheel in frustration and parks the truck along the side of the highway.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

SCISSORS looks into the engine. It hisses and smokes back at him. He takes out his phone and calls PAPER(45), the trucking company owner SCISSORS works for.

SCISSORS

PAPER, it's SCISSORS, listen... my truck just died on me. You'll need to send another driver.

(beat)

All right, call me back.

INT. TRUCK REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT

SCISSORS reads a magazine in the shop's waiting area. A MECHANIC enters from the garage door and walks up to SCISSORS, wiping his hands with an oily rag.

MECHANIC

Doesn't look like I will have it  
ready for you tonight, Scissors.  
Sorry for the wait.

SCISSORS

Great... I'll need a car to get  
home, then.

INT. COURTESY CAR - NIGHT

SCISSORS drives along his street. He notices a pickup truck parked inside his driveway. He stares at it ominously, driving a couple of houses beyond his own before parking.

EXT. SCISSORS HOME - NIGHT

SCISSORS walks to the front door with his eyes fixated on the pickup truck. He stands tensely at the outside front door.

INT. SCISSORS HOME - NIGHT

The door swings open. SCISSORS fills the door frame. A stone-faced SCISSORS looks down the hall. He peers down and sees a pair of men's cowboy boots.

He doesn't recognize them.

The bedroom door opens. SCISSORS slowly looks up. Signs of anger become noticeable on SCISSORS face. His lips and jaw tighten. His nostrils flare and his breathing quickens. He takes a step forward.

VANESSA (O.S.)

Scissors, what are you doing here?

VANESSA, finishes tying her bath robe at the end of the hall. The pace of his steps quicken.

VANESSA

SCISSORS, stop...

SCISSORS, in full stride, reaches into his belt buckle and pulls out a concealed blade. Holding it at his side. VANESSA gasps and quickly turns back into the bedroom. SCISSORS leaps as she tries shutting the door.

VANESSA

Leave him alone... Don't touch him!

SCISSORS kicks the door open inside the bedroom. A man in his boxers and undershirt stands facing SCISSORS.

VANESSA

SCISSORS, I wanted to tell you. Put away the knife...

SCISSORS lets out an animal growl and pounces on the young man as they both struggle...

VANESSA

NO!! Stop it, please...Get away from him!!

The man lets out a gasp as SCISSORS thrusts his blade into him. VANESSA, crying and screaming hysterically, pushes herself between the two men. SCISSORS drops the blade, backing away slowly into the hallway. The man collapses to the floor as VANESSA drops to her knees to meet him, sobbing uncontrollably

VANESSA

Jim...Get up...Please... GET UP!!

SCISSORS, disoriented, slowly stumbles toward the front door

VANESSA (O.S.)

You bastard...I'll kill you, I'LL KILL YOU!!!

VANESSA picks up the blade and runs out the bedroom, holding it high. SCISSORS slowly turns his head as she thrusts downward. He quickly leans back, avoiding the full impact of the blade, but SCISSORS face is sliced badly. In a defensive posture, SCISSORS grabs her forearm and wrist, steering the blade away from his body. The blade suddenly points to her mid section. Their combined momentum causes VANESSA to fall on top of a fallen SCISSORS, who pulls her closer.

The blade pierces her heart and she gasps. Her tear filled eyes widen as her body goes limp.

SCISSORS panic stricken face goes white as he watches VANESSA die.

SCISSORS

No... No... NOOOO!!

SCISSORS looks skyward, holding his wife's lifeless body close to his. He howls uncontrollably

FADE TO BLACK