

A WOMAN SCORNED

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INT. PUB - NIGHT

MIRANDA, a pixie-ish 30 year-old woman dressed in a dark pantsuit, sits in a corner of the dimly lit, mostly empty pub. Across from her sits JACK, a 30-ish, handsome man in a policeman's uniform. We hear their soft MURMURING turn into legible conversation.

JACK

(laughing)

You crack me up sweetie! I don't know how you laugh this job off.

MIRANDA

Gotta have a sense of humor, Jack. The bastard we took down tonight was a real evil son of a bitch from all reports, but when we picked him up he was watching some Meg Ryan movie weeping like a little girl!

JACK

A softie at heart, right?

MIRANDA

Yeah, 'til he pulled a Glock from the middle of his used-up tissues!

They laugh.

MIRANDA

So Jack, what are you working on? I hear nothing about the day job from you...

JACK

Aw, just workin' some drug bust. Look honey, I don't wanna talk about work anymore. Tell me something sweet...

MIRANDA

(smiling sadly)

How about I tell you how much I love sleeping in the same bed with you? How about I tell you how much I wish I could wake up with you every morning?

JACK

(serious)

Randi, you know I want that too. I talked to her the other day. We had a serious conversation about how I feel. How she feels. I -

Jack's cellphone rings. Miranda moans and turns away.

JACK

(to cell)

Pirnelli here. Yeah, hi Bonny.

Miranda winces.

JACK (con't.)

Yeah I'm at O'Flaherty's with Miranda, just finishing up some case notes. Yeah. Oh, yeah? OK.

Jack hangs up.

JACK (con't.)

She's in the area. She's gonna come by. Wants to talk to you about something.

MIRANDA

Probably wants to hear about 'our' case 'we're' working on. God forbid she ever finds out that we don't even work in the same department. What did she say it was about?

JACK

I dunno. I don't know what the hell you guys talk about. I don't know-

MIRANDA

(bristling)

You do know. The minute I met
her she clings to me like glue
like I'm her new best friend!
What the hell am I supposed to
do? In my... position?

BONNY, a short, overweight, overbearing woman, mid 20's,
enters. Her accent is brash and southern. She sweeps upon
them and kisses Jack's head, hugs and kisses Miranda.

BONNY

Hi honey! Hey Miranda! My God,
what a God-damned day! Ya know,
one of those crazy bike messenger
kids nearly drove right through
me just now! I know you cops have
'better shit to do' but those
guys are a frickin' menace!

Jack grunts and drinks his beer.

MIRANDA

How've you been Bonny? I haven't
seen you since -

BONNY

I know, you don't call me so much
anymore. The case you guys are
working on is taking up way too
much time. Honey? Get me a Mai
Tai or something? What a day!

JACK

They don't make Mai Tai's here.

Bonny turns and stares Jack down.

BONNY

Don't argue with me, Jack! They
have rum don't they? Just get me
something sweet! Jesus!

Jack dutifully heads to the bar.

BONNY (con't.)

Jesus! You think I asked for a prime rib steak in a pizza parlor! Always an argument with him. I don't know how you deal with him. If he's that much of a pain in the ass with me over a stupid drink, he must give you tons of trouble at work.

Miranda smiles wanly.

MIRANDA

Work's different I guess. No arguments like that.

BONNY

Cause you're his boss-lady. Knows he can't push YOU around.

Bonny's eyes tear up. Jack arrives with a sad looking Mai Tai.

JACK

Look, I gotta meet with an informant in a bit. Gotta run. See you guys later.

Bonny waves him off. Miranda meets his gaze.

MIRANDA

See ya tomorrow, Pirnelli.

Jack exits. Miranda shifts uncomfortably.

MIRANDA

So... Jack said you wanted to talk to me about something...

Bonny bursts into tears.

BONNY

I'm sorry! I don't know what else to do! I don't know who else to ask. Last week me and Jack had this long talk. He said he was stressed out and working real hard, but that he wanted our marriage to work out. But, I - I think... he's cheating on me...

Miranda reacts and recovers as Bonny wipes her eyes.

MIRANDA

Cheating on you? Jeez Bonny, I work with the man. I don't know when he'd have the time... for an affair...

Bonny stops crying. She stares directly at Miranda, calmly.

BONNY

I know it, Miranda. I know it. And I want you to help me find out who the bitch is. Cause I know how much Jack loves me. And I know that some bitch must have kept at him, and kept at him, 'til he broke...

Miranda flushes.

MIRANDA

Well, uh... what do you want me to-

BONNY

I'll tell you what I can, but I'm no detective. Just find her Miranda, and I'll take care of her. I'll take care of her...

Miranda nods.

BONNY (con't.)

Here's something I think maybe
You could track, or whatever you
call it. Every Friday, and every
Tuesday, for like two months, he
doesn't get home 'til one in the
morning. He says he's meeting
with his 'informant'. Just like
tonight. I didn't think anything
of it at first. But last Friday,
he came home with no undershirt.

Miranda's interest is piqued, but she stares questioningly
at Bonny.

BONNY (con't.)

I waited up. I watched him
undress. I saw. And I knew.
Because Jack - I know Jack,
and he doesn't ever wear that
uniform without an undershirt.
Sensitive nipples.

MIRANDA

Fridays and Tuesdays?

BONNY

You must know who his informants
are! And when he meets them?
Yeah, yeah, Fridays and Tuesdays.

Miranda ponders; a beat.

MIRANDA

Let me go with that, Bonny. I
think I can look into it for you.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Miranda, dressed incognito, sits on a bench opposite the
police building. Jack exits. Miranda follows from a
distance. Jack walks a block. He stops at a corner and
lights a cigarette, leaning against a wall. A PROSTITUTE
saunters up to him. Jack puts his arm around her and they
walk. Miranda's mouth gapes.

MIRANDA

A... whore?

After a beat, Miranda pulls out her phone and dials. Jack releases the Prostitute and answers his phone.

JACK (V.O.)

Hello?

MIRANDA

(cheerily)

Hey sexy! How are you doing?

JACK (V.O.)

Hey, hi! Hold on a sec?

MIRANDA

Sure!

Jack hugs the phone to his chest, motions to the Prostitute, and steps away from her. Miranda watches him intently from afar.

JACK (V.O.)

Randi! Oh, I miss you honey. It's been crazy for me this week.

MIRANDA

What are you doing tonight? I'm free.

JACK (V.O.)

Oh, sorry hon! Can't tonight! I got to meet with someone for work. How bout tomorrow night?

Jack wanders back to the Prostitute and puts his arm around her. Miranda's eyes narrow.

MIRANDA

(sounding cheery)

It's a plan! See you tomorrow!

Miranda hangs up and watches as Jack does the same. He squeezes the Prostitute closer, and they dart into a building. Miranda watches with disgust.

INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Door buzzes. Miranda presses the security button and opens the door for Jack. He bounds up her stairs; he's in his uniform. She lets him into the apartment and gazes at him steadily; Jack grins.

JACK

Ooh, you look very serious tonight! Let's make some very serious love, honey.

He moves to kiss her. She jerks her head back and stares. Jack takes it as a tease.

JACK (con't.)

Oh, you're gonna tease me? Are you going to punish me for not coming over last night?

Miranda nods and walks to the bedroom. Jack follows. She pushes him onto the bed, takes his handcuffs and roughly cuffs him to her bedpost.

JACK (con't.)

(laughing)

Oh! Wow, Randi! I've been a bad boy, haven't I?

Miranda's face softens. She smiles.

MIRANDA

Can I ask you something?

JACK

Anything, Mistress Randi.

MIRANDA

Do you love me?

Jack stares, furrows his brows. He searches her face.

JACK

Randi? Miranda? What is this?

Miranda caresses his face, and smiles.

MIRANDA

I just want to hear you say it.

JACK

(feelingly)

Yes, Miranda, I do love you!

Miranda smiles, climbs off of him, and leaves the room, shutting the door behind her.

JACK (OS)

MIRANDA? What are you doing?

Miranda is pissed. She stalks into the kitchen and grabs an enormous knife. As she stalks back towards the bedroom, the phone rings. She stops, and swivels her head to the caller I.D. She smiles wickedly and picks up the phone.

MIRANDA

Hello Bonny. Yes, as a matter of fact, I did find something. He is cheating. She's a whore. A prostitute.

Miranda listens into the phone. Her steely demeanor cracks and softens.

INT. BONNY'S HOUSE - INTERCUT

Bonny paces with the phone, in tears.

BONNY

A whore?! A whore? I don't -
I can't believe that. He - he
said that he couldn't stand men
like that! That he'd never...
that he loved me!

Bonny opens a drawer and takes out a gun, starts putting bullets in the chamber. She calms down, her voice steely.

BONNY (con't.)

Where is he, Miranda? Where is he?
Because when that motherfucker
opens the door tonight I'm going
to blow his fucking head off.

INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT - INTERCUT

Miranda comes out of her daze. She looks around her apartment, eyes resting on her awards and trophies, her photos of her in various poses with the police department, and finally, on her badge.

MIRANDA

Bonny, you have to do what you have to do.

She hangs up, hides the knife in a drawer, and enters the bedroom.

JACK

Miranda? What are you doing?

Miranda uncuffs him.

MIRANDA

Look, that was Bonny. Something happened, you have to get home.

Jack dresses quickly as Miranda watches him coolly.

INT. POLICE STATION - MIRANDA'S OFFICE - DAY

Miranda sits at her desk, tapping her pen and staring at the clock. She looks to the phone, the clock, the phone. A KNOCK on her door.

MIRANDA

WHAT?

Jack enters. Miranda's mouth gapes.

JACK

Jesus, Miranda? Why didn't you tell me? Bonny freaked on me last night! She thought I was sleeping with a fucking prostitute or some shit! I thought she was going to fucking shoot me!

Miranda gets out of her chair and tries to recover.

MIRANDA

Oh, she... didn't say anything,
just that she was really upset,
and... she didn't know where you
were, and...

JACK

I have NO idea where she got
that idea! I was up all night
trying to calm her down! But
don't you worry, she has no
idea about us.

Jack moves around her desk and takes her in his arms.

JACK (con't.)

Look, last night was getting
pretty interesting before she
called... You free tonight?

Miranda stares, then smiles coolly.

MIRANDA

Absolutely!

Jack kisses her and exits. Miranda sits back and closes her
eyes.

INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Miranda enters her apartment and checks her watch. She
glances around her apartment. She takes out her gun, looks
at it, and puts it down. She sits and rubs her face with
her hands. Her eyes rest on her fish tank, with its green
tint of algae. A slow smile spreads across her face.

INT. MIRANDA'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Miranda is slicing an electrical wire with a knife. She
looks at it, satisfied. She scoops two fish out of her
green tank and sets them into a small bowl. She runs the
exposed wire around the back of the tank, and drops it into
the tank. The buzzer rings. She hides the bowl with the
fish in a cupboard and buzzes the security lock. She opens
the door to Jack.

JACK
(sexily)
Hi there, beautiful.

Miranda kisses him quickly.

MIRANDA
Hi Jack. Look, I'm having
a problem with my tank
again. I just got a new
filter, and look at it!

They look at the green tank.

JACK
Jesus! Are there fish in
there?

MIRANDA
Yeah, look, I think there's
something caught in the
filter. I tried to feel
around but I couldn't feel
anything blocking it. Could
you just try and feel if
there's something stuck?

JACK
Well hon, this wasn't the
sexual adventure I was
looking forward to, but yeah,
let me see what I can do.

MIRANDA
Sorry baby, I'll make it
up to you...

She grins evilly behind his back as he advances toward the tank. Jack checks out the tank from all sides. He opens the cover to the tank.

JACK
Well, let me just...

Jack's hand gets closer to the surface of the water.
Miranda's eyes narrow.

JACK (con't.)
Wait, a sec, I see the
problem!

He unplugs the filter and takes it out of the tank. Miranda
grits her teeth.

JACK (con't.)
Hey! You got the filter
in backwards! No wonder it
isn't working!

He grins triumphantly and puts the filter back in without
touching the water, then plugs it back in. Miranda smiles
tightly.

JACK (con't.)
Problem solved! Hey, you
look tense. Let me get some
drinks.

Jack moves into the kitchen. Miranda grimaces and looks
around the apartment. She spies a bottle of Algae Killer
with a big 'poison' sign on it. She takes it in hand. Jack
enters and sets drinks down on the coffee table.

JACK (con't.)
Here ya go!

He turns and unbuttons his shirt. Miranda squeezes Algae
Killer into his drink. Jack turns back to her.

JACK (con't.)
Jeez, you are stressed out
about something! Relax baby!
You're not still worried
about Bonny are you?

He takes his glass, and hands her the other glass. She
drinks. He drinks.

MIRANDA

No, I'm not worried about Bonny. How'd she think you were cheating, anyway?

JACK

Who fucking knows! Something about my late meetings with my informants...

MIRANDA

What informants are those, anyway?

JACK

(laughs)

Oh, just work... work on that drug bust, you know.

He finishes drink, and leans in to kiss her. He abruptly pulls away.

JACK (con't.)

Oh, man!

Jack grabs his stomach and runs to the bathroom, slamming the door behind him.

JACK (con't.) (OS)

Oh my God! Oh Randi, Jesus!

Miranda smiles, hopeful.

MIRANDA

What's wrong Jack?

JACK (OS)

Ohh! My stomach! Jesus Christ!
I think I'm dyin' or somethin'!

MIRANDA

What did you have for lunch?
not from that Mexican place
around the corner?

JACK (OS)
Noooo! Oh Randi, get me
something for this pain!!
My fucking intestines are
exploding!

Miranda taps her foot.

JACK (OS)
MIRANDA!

MIRANDA
Yeah?

JACK (OS)
GET ME SOME TUMS OR
SOMETHING! JESUS!

Miranda, irritated, throws the poisonous Algae Killer
across the room and stalks into the kitchen.

MIRANDA
(under her breath)
What did I expect? Shit
couldn't even kill the
fucking Algae!

She paces in the kitchen. Her eyes land on rat poison. She
mixes some with juice and enters the bathroom. Jack is on
the toilet and looks to be in agony.

JACK
What the fuck is that?

MIRANDA
Medicine. Drink up.

Jack smells it and grimaces.

JACK
What the fuck, Miranda?
You trying to kill me?

Miranda smiles coldly. Jack notices and stares at her
through his pain.

JACK (con't.)
What the hell?

MIRANDA
I know about your fucking
whore on the side, Jack!
I fucking saw you with her!
Bonny came to me with her
fucking suspicions and boy,
she was right! And I have to
see you with this whore and
then hear how you're still
fucking pandering to Bonny!
You don't love me! You never
did!

JACK
JESUS MIRANDA!

MIRANDA
But did your fucking wife
blow you away like she
fucking promised me? NO!
I have to do everything my
God-damn self!

Miranda turns and runs into the other room and grabs her
gun.

MIRANDA (con't)
That's it for you Mister
Fucking-Fuck-Anything-That-
Fucking-Moves!

She turns back into the bathroom. Jack is climbing through
the window, pants not quite all the way up, shouting into
his cell phone.

JACK
(into cell)
...she's gone fucking nuts!
Get here! 215 West 58th Ave.!

Miranda shoots and misses.

MIRANDA
WHO ARE YOU CALLING, JACK?
YOUR WIFE OR THE WHORE?

She climbs out the window after him, chases him down the road. He stumbles on his half-down pants. She shoots him in the side.

JACK
Jesus, Miranda!

He dies. Suddenly, the Prostitute rounds the corner, gun drawn.

PROSTITUTE
FREEZE, MIRANDA!

Miranda turns, sees the Prostitute, and laughs. Miranda points the gun at the Prostitute. The Prostitute shoots her in the leg, comes over to her and pulls out cuffs from her thigh-high nylons.

PROSTITUTE (con't.)
You're under arrest, Miranda.

MIRANDA
What the hell?

Miranda stares up at the Prostitute, understanding washes over her face.

MIRANDA
(laughing)
Oh shit.

PROSTITUTE/COP
I'm undercover, you idiot.
Me and Jack ARE vice squad!

MIRANDA
Oh, Jesus...

Miranda cries, defeated.

PROSTITUTE/COP
But if it'll make you feel
better, you were right, we
were having an affair.

Miranda looks at Prostitute/Cop, at Jack's body, and
smiles.

FADE OUT