

JOHNNY AND PEANUT

written by

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INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT -- EARLY EVENING

This is a modern apartment, spacious and well lit.

JOHNNY comes bounding into the room, elated. He is in his late 20s and underweight, but not a man to mess with.

Johnny flips open four large pizza boxes, one by one.

JOHNNY

We got spicy beef. We got extra cheese. And check this out!

He looks at PEANUT. Peanut is a girl no older than twenty. She sits unresponsive on the sofa, hugging her knees.

JOHNNY

Look! It has little itty-bitty shrimp on it. They call it the bayou pizza. Have you ever heard of such a thing, shrimp on pizza?

Peanut does not respond. Johnny picks her up off the sofa, a little roughly. She has been crying in the last hour.

JOHNNY

What's wrong? Tell me. What's wrong, Peanut?

PEANUT

Nothing, Johnny.

The phone rings. Johnny picks it up and slams it down.

JOHNNY

Ok. This wasn't the plan. But we can deal with anything. No one will ever split us up. Ok?

(Peanut nods ok)

Have I ever let you down? Have I ever let anyone hurt you? When your step father was beating on you, what did I do?

(she smiles a little.)

I went straight into that fleapit bar, in front of his hillbilly friends, and what did I do?

PEANUT

You bust him up.

JOHNNY

(swings fists, wide eyed)

Too right I did. Too right I bust him up. You'll exhaust the annals of pugilism without finding tell of such a one-sided brawl. Never

JOHNNY  
 did I see one shot send so many  
 of a man's teeth to the floor.

Peanut giggles at this story she's heard a hundred times  
 before. Johnny suddenly lets go of her.

JOHNNY  
 You want coffee? I'm gonna make  
 coffee.

INT. KITCHEN, APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Johnny is looking through cupboard after cupboard. He  
 talks with raised voice to Peanut. Stretching to open  
 cupboards, we see a gun tucked into his waistband.

JOHNNY  
 We'll do this, Peanut. Ain't no  
 force on this heartless rock  
 gonna stop us. We'll always be  
 together. That's my promise...  
 (he spins round, smiling)  
 Now I'm fast running out of  
 patience here. Where exactly do  
 you good folk keep the coffee at?

(A MAN and WOMAN are tied to chairs, terrified. They are  
 the home owners -- professionals in their early thirties.)  
 Hey, have you guys ever heard of  
 pizza with little tiny shrimp?

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT -- LATER

The phone rings. Johnny rips the cable out of the wall.  
 Peanut is now in better spirits. He smooths back her hair.

JOHNNY  
 You know I love you, right?

PEANUT  
 I know it, Johnny.

He kisses her. The lights go out. Johnny peers behind the  
 drapes. Flashing blue lights illuminate the apartment.

PEANUT  
 What's happening. Johnny, what  
 are they doing?

JOHNNY  
 Don't worry, Peanut. I didn't lie  
 to you. They won't split us up.  
 (reaches back for his gun)  
 One way or another, we'll always  
 be together.