

Suppressing Bundy

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BUNDY APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Strips of moonlight through venetian blinds inundate a California King. We notice heaps of all-white linen blotched in crimson. A naked man is positioned over a pinned down woman. This man-

-NOAH BUNDY (27), pounds down with a piece of firewood relentlessly on a woman who has stopped resisting long ago.

He hammers his victim with intensity over and over, as if releasing a lifetime's worth of frustration.

Blood showers everything. Headboard, linen, ceiling, nearby lamps- and *oddly enough*, a picture of a beautiful woman in her 20s, holding a newborn. Luckily, the picture is protected behind a sleeve of glass.

We notice the remaining decor of the room is nonexistent, barren. Your typical bachelor's pad.

-Back to Noah as he continues, fighting his own exhaustion. Muscling through every swing - each less effective than the last, until-

-he crashes over the lifeless corpse, heavy panting subsiding to a slight wheeze.

NOAH (V.O.)

This isn't what it looks like.

A splash of moonlight reveals a heart-locket necklace nestled between the woman's naked shoulder and collarbone. Noah notices the unblemished area, unscathed with blood or bruising.

He lays his head against her stiff chest, stares at the small pendant.

He raises his bloody index finger and draws a *HEART* - in blood - around the necklace.

NOAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I always pictured my first kill
would be more...

The woman *INHALES* loudly interrupting his thought. Her eyes wide in fear-

Noah, SPRINGS up without hesitation, reflexes on full alert. Back to pummeling his victim. Grunting with each powerful strike.

After a solid minute of throwing blow after blow, the body beneath him goes limp again.

He drops the blood soaked log at his side and catches his breath.

NOAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Where was I? Oh yeah, I always
pictured my kill would be
more...satisfying.*

INT. BUNDY APARTMENT - LATER

Noah totters down the hall, the deceased in tow. He props her up against a LARGE WOODEN CRATE labeled "AW13".

NOAH (V.O.)
Okay, I know what you're thinking.
This guy's green. It's obviously
his first time...

Noah tries to readjust the sliding limp body as he removes the lid to the crate, but it slips through his blood-soaked fingers and CRASHES against the hardwood floors.

NOAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(watching, dejected)
...and you'd be correct in that
assumption.

He finally inserts the battered remains in the crate, seemingly a perfect fit for this particular body. He stares at the necklace perched between her breasts.

NOAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I've dreamed about this moment for
twenty-seven years. Twenty-seven
years fantasizing how I'd do it.
But things never work out the way
you plan.

He rips the necklace off her with one quick motion and then replaces the lid on the crate.

NOAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But like I said before, things
aren't always what they seem and
this is not what it looks like.

Noah studies the locket, *thinking back-*

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

It's these kinds of situations they warn you about. You know, meeting a stranger on a first date-

CUT TO:

INT. ROBBY ROMA'S PIZZERIA - NIGHT

We find ourselves in a busy Friday night hole-in-the-wall pizzeria. The dining families outnumber the Fire Marshall's recommended capacity as a few parties line the door outside, awaiting their turn to eat.

Servers hustle back and forth, slinging plates, silverware and hot-piping pizzas table to table.

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

-especially if it's someone with charm. Someone you find yourself extremely attracted to. Someone you just can't resist-

In an under-lit booth in the far corner of restaurant, NOAH BUNDY, cleaned up compared to our first encounter, a handsome boyish complexion, sits smiling oddly- as if forcing it. While the young woman accompanying him carries on, deep in a one-sided conversation. We notice now that this voice belongs to-

-ROSA HARDING (25), unevenly yoked in both the looks and brains department with Noah-

ROSA

I must sound *crazy* right now. But I figured what-the-hell, right? Put it all out there, be vulnerable for once...

She fidgets with the HEART-SHAPED LOCKET around her neck unconsciously, an obvious nervous tic. *We've seen this necklace before.*

He continues to give reassuring shakes and nods as he listens, feigning interest, but his mind is elsewhere...

NOAH (V.O.)

(as she rambles on)

I'm gonna kill you tonight. I haven't decided how yet, but it's time. *My first kill...*

She stops talking momentarily, takes a sip of her coffee, her eyes reading him, smiling while doing so.

NOAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Those eyes. I *do* love those eyes.
There's something haunting about
dark blue eyes.

He grabs his crotch under the table, readjusting his manhood.
His tight pants, restricting.

NOAH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I wonder if she likes my eyes. No,
she can't like my eyes. Definitely
not a defining factor of mine. I
think she would definitely like my-

ROSA
You have nice eyes.

Noah is caught off guard.

They stare at each other. She sets down the mug. Rearranges a
slice of half eaten pizza on her plate.

ROSA (CONT'D)
That's your cue to compliment me.

Noah breaks his gaze, fidgets with the spatula tucked beneath
the remaining slices of pie.

NOAH
You have nice eyes, too. *Very blue.*

ROSA
That's sweet.
(beat)
I know I've been rambling on about
myself. I think it's nervous
energy. Tell me a little about the
yourself, Noah.

NOAH (V.O.)
How about I *show* you a whole lot
later on tonight?

Noah takes a sip of his cola, delaying the inevitable.

NOAH
I'm gonna kill you...with boredom
if I attempt to describe who I am.

Rosa laughs.

ROSA

Try me. Let's start with work.

NOAH

Work? Quality control at BioBot. I inspect assembly line production to ensure the products are functional.

(beat)

See? Told you. You're dying already.

Rosa draws back in disgust. Noah takes a giant bite of pizza.

ROSA

Ugh, BioBot. The lifeblood of the andriod industry. It's not your job that concerns me. It's that company.

NOAH

(mouthful of food)

Don't like humanoids? You *do* live in the automaton Mecca.

ROSA

(takes another sip of her coffee)

No, *slave tech* is fine. I'm mean, they're useful. I would say every business owns at least one. It's just the creepy factor. They're so realistic, but *not*...

NOAH

I can see that. There are so many bugs with the earlier gens.

He smirks behind his glass of cola, before taking a drink.

A female server approaches with a fresh pot of coffee. Her face is smooth and perfect. Her complexion flawless, save a few imperfections that make her '*human*'.

SERVER

Can I get you a refill? Your cup's at 18 percent capacity. Dangerously low. *Dangerously low*.

She smiles as she awaits a response. Cuts her eyes to Noah-

SERVER (CONT'D)

You sir, have seventy-six percent of Pepsi-Cola remaining.

(MORE)

SERVER (CONT'D)
I can refill your beverage too, if
so desired. *If so desired.*

Only one eye blinks as the other strays slightly- as if
sporting an *indecisive lazy eye*.

NOAH
No, I'm fine. Thank you.

Rosa smirks. She has an idea.

ROSA
Umm, yes. Could you top me off at a
hundred and three percent?

SERVER
Oh, I'm sorry. That would result in
spillage and possible burns. I
cannot comply with that command at
this time. *At this time.*

Rosa smacks her lips at the response, disgusted.

ROSA
(patronizing)
Fine. Ninety-five percent will do.

The server smiles, refills the mug and walks away to tend to
other patrons.

NOAH
Those double speech glitches were
patched ages ago. They really need
to update here.

ROSA
You see what I mean, it's creepy.
They look so real, but they're just
computers.

NOAH
Aren't we all?

ROSA
I'm sorry?

NOAH
I mean, we all operate with
electrical currents. We
communicate, move around, and use
our five senses through
electricity. At least, that's what
we were taught in science class.

Rosa laughs at the thought, nods her head, concedes:

ROSA

I guess you have a point there. But regardless, there's no substitute for the real thing.

They both linger on that sentence.

NOAH

No, I have to agree there. But I will have you know- these new models we have coming out are pretty damn close.

She picks a pepperoni off the slice, eats it. Noah watches her as she chews, her teeth and lips grinding and dancing in slow motion.

NOAH (V.O.)

Man, those eyes are something else. I'm starting to wonder how I overlooked those lips. So succulent, so desirable, so-

ROSA

-Crusty.

Rosa picks up the slice of pizza. This particular slice isn't adequately covered in sauce and toppings. She raises her eyebrows at the lazy pizza chef's craftsmanship. Noah agrees with a smile.

NOAH

Would you be open to having a drink at my place? I live a few blocks from here.

ROSA

Well, you did buy me dinner first.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALKS - NIGHT

Noah and Rosa mosey down an alleyway in no particular hurry, elbows pretzeled as they converse-

ROSA

Eleven times! Eleven times in one night.

NOAH

I'll never buy it.

ROSA

I mean, if you keep going,
anything's possible. You know the
saying, *if at first you don't*
succeed...

Rosa motions for him to complete the phrase.

NOAH

Have a bot do it for you?

She playfully slaps him.

ROSA

Anyways, he hit BINGO for the
eleventh time and the place just
erupts in anger. This guy has been
coming for years and never wins,
and all of a sudden, *he can't lose?*
You could feel the tension in the
room.

NOAH

I can imagine.

ROSA

I mean, people pay good money for
those cards and he just keeps
hitting number after number, like
he was cheating or something. *B11?*
Check. *I23?* Yep! *062?* Guess what?

NOAH

He's got it.

ROSA

Bingo.

They both smile at the pun.

NOAH (V.O.)

Should I slit her throat? She talks
a lot. No, I think I want to hear
her scream.

They reach a crosswalk and stop.

ROSA

Let's play a game, Noah.

NOAH

A game?

ROSA

Yeah, an old game they use to play before we started drowning in technology.

NOAH

What ya got in mind?

ROSA

Two facts and a fib. I tell you three things about myself. One of them is a lie. You have to guess the lie.

The crosswalk turns GREEN. They continue their trek.

ROSA (CONT'D)

I'll go first.

NOAH

This should be interesting.

ROSA

I lost my virginity at twenty-two in college.

Rosa pauses momentarily to read his eyes. Continues:

ROSA (CONT'D)

I have a cat named Peephole.

NOAH

Peephole?

ROSA

Yeah, not to be confused with pee hole or people.

(anunciating)

Peeep-hole.

NOAH

Like, that used to be on a door?

ROSA

Or in a public restroom...

(beat)

Anyways, that little joker's never NOT spying on me. Since he was a kitten, that was his M.O. A little voyeur. So, one day it just hit me. Peephole.

NOAH

I like it. It's got character.
(beat)
I'm gonna go out on a limb here.
That one's not the lie. Let's hear
what's behind door number three.

ROSA

Alright, I'm a twenty-five year old
widow. I was married at 18 to my
high school sweetheart who died
last year during a botched hernia
surgery. So, here I am on my first
date since...

NOAH

I'm sorry.

Rosa hangs her head. Her expression bleak, then-

ROSA

(laughing hysterically)
Gotcha! Obvious lie. I'm too self-
absorbed to marry at 18. I mean,
hell, I wouldn't let a man explore
my *secret garden* until twenty-
three!

NOAH

Alright, you got me there. I almost
felt sorry for you.

ROSA

Your turn.

NOAH

Hold that thought.

They stop in front of an apartment building. Noah scans the
lock at the door with his ether band. It clicks open.

NOAH (CONT'D)

After you.

INT. BUNDY APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The LOUD POP of a cork being released from a wine bottle.

Noah pours two glasses, hands Rosa one.

NOAH

I hope you like red.

ROSA
I'll manage.

NOAH
Want a snack or anything? I could
whip up a charcuterie board.

They both take a sip.

ROSA
We just ate. I would literally
explode. You would have to shampoo
pieces of me out of your carpet for
the next few months.

NOAH (V.O.)
(takes a sip)
I like the way you think...

She plants the glass on an empty coaster, draws in close.

ROSA
Don't think I don't see what you're
doing. You're not getting off that
easily.

NOAH
Getting off?

ROSA
Our game. It's your turn.

NOAH
Ah, right, the game. Two truths and
a lie.

Noah traces the rim of his wineglass while he thinks.

NOAH (CONT'D)
(out loud to automated
house A.I.)
Avalon, please lock all doors and
bar all windows.

Several CLICKS and POPS are heard simultaneously throughout
the house. A female voice echoes through the intercoms and
responds:

AVALON (O.S.)
Your request is acknowledged, Mr.
Bundy. Is there anything else you
require?

NOAH

No, that will be all. Thank you.

Rosa leans in close, intrigued.

ROSA

Think I'm gonna bolt? It's that spicy, huh?

NOAH

I always lock up. Better safe than sorry. So, the game...

She claps her hands together in excitement.

ROSA

I can read you like a pop-up book.

NOAH

Oh yeah? Care to wager?

ROSA

Whatcha got in mind?

NOAH

(shrugs)

How about a kiss?

ROSA

A kiss?

NOAH

Yeah, a kiss. Am I *that* repulsive?

The both force a slight laugh.

ROSA

And if I win?

She fidgets with her heart-shaped locket once again. Noah fixates on it nestled between her fingers.

NOAH

Name your price.

Rosa finishes her wine. Noah immediately refills it.

NOAH (V.O.)

I'm going to choke the life out of you, stab you, undress you, bite chunks out of you until you bleed out and then I'm going to-

ROSA
I want a tour.

NOAH
-make love to you.

ROSA (CONT'D)
Excuse me?

A long silence. Noah's eyes search for an escape from the Freudian slip. Rosa's reaction, somewhere between flattered and confused.

NOAH
That's not how I operate on a first date. Just jump in bed with someone...*make love to you.*
(beat)
That's more of a third-fourth date motive.

She collects herself, serious initially then- laughs and takes a sip from the refilled glass.

ROSA
Slow your roll, playboy. We haven't even finished our first game of two truths and a fib and you're already talking about sex.

NOAH
Fine, fine. I get it. I'll play along. Statement number one...
(beat)
My mother was killed when I was just a child. My father was never in the picture, so I was shipped off to a foster home where- somehow the families I ended up with were worse than being alone.

Rosa's eyes grow wide in concern.

ROSA
Right out the gate with a dark one. I take it that one's not the lie.

NOAH
(shrugs)
You tell me. Remember, you owe me a kiss if you're wrong.

ROSA
I'm scared to ask, but number two?

NOAH

Number two...

(thinks briefly)

I've seen a shrink like clockwork
every week for the last twelve
years, save a session or two.

ROSA

I see why we need the drinks.

(takes another sip)

Every week?

NOAH

That's right.

ROSA

Because of your parents?

NOAH

Sure. Among other things...

Rosa fishes a micro cork fragment from her glass with her
index fingernail, places it on the coffee table on a coaster.

ROSA

So, you had a rocky childhood in
foster care and you've seen a
therapist ever since? Now let's
hear the lie...

Noah takes a sip, *not so much to drink*, but to savor the
moment. He places both of his hands over hers.

NOAH

(strong eye contact,
commanding whisper)

I killed a girl on my fifteenth
birthday. My first crush. We went
into the woods and she never
returned.

ROSA

That's not funny.

Rosa's eyebrows slowly raise in fear, the white in her eyes
screaming. She glances towards the front door. *Still locked.*

NOAH

I've had a bloodlust since then. I
just want to revisit that feeling
of when I had full control over
another human being. When I fed my
sexual appetite as I watched the
life drain from her delicate face-

ROSA

-You can stop now. You win! I don't want to play this game anymore.

NOAH

(calm voice, monotone low pitch)

Rosa, Rosa, Rosa. It's just a game. You wanted to play, remember?

ROSA

Noah, I like you and all, but I don't understand your humor. We should wrap this up.

NOAH

But we didn't finish. Which one's the lie?

ROSA

I'd rather not.

Rosa picks up her purse, fishes out her etherfone and keys.

NOAH

Be a sport. Take a swing. What's the lie?

ROSA

(bold guess)

Number three.

The suspense flatlines. Noah leans forward, locks eyes, finally produces a smile.

NOAH

How about that kiss..?

A LONG MOMENT. SILENCE. The fear in her eyes resurfaces.

NOAH (CONT'D)

(resigned from defeat)

...even though you guessed it. I suppose I owe you a tour now.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNDY APARTMENT, BATHROOM - LATER

Noah rinsing bloody hands under a cascading faucet. Pull back to reveal a wine glass being emptied and these are not bloody hands, but they are simply being washed while pouring out wine.