

HANKSTER PRANKSTER

Written by

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Revised Draft

01.17.20

PUNCH TO FADE IN:

INT. MODEST HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

ANN-MARIE (29), soaking wet, sexy, wrapped in a towel. Running water. Steam rises. A pile of blood-soaked surgical scrubs on the linoleum.

She pulls items out of her doctor's bag. Chloroform, stethoscope. Shiny cutting tools velcro'd to the inner lining. A cell phone rings persistently.

INT. MODEST HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A 50-inch plasma TV, tasteful and well kept. In rushes Ann-Marie. She answers the beckoning call.

SIMON (V.O.)

Are you wet?

ANN-MARIE

Of course I'm wet. I just got out of the shower. Funny, Joey -- you coming?

SIMON (V.O.)

In a sec.

Caller moans. Once the shock wears off she can't help but roll her eyes. Somewhat amused. Then: hangs up.

JOEY (30), hurries in, broad-shouldered. Handsome in a lopsided way.

JOEY

Sorry I'm late.

Shakes her head, but kisses him hello. No grudge held.

JOEY

So... who was that?

ANN-MARIE

It's some loser jerking off on the phone!
Moan moan.

Suddenly, her cell rings again. Ann-Marie blushes; this is getting awkward. Annoyed, Joey grabs her phone.

JOEY

Hello?

A darkly-amused Ann-Marie yells into the phone.

ANN-MARIE

Pffft! Whassa matta, you don't want to groan for a him?

Pause. The caller promptly hangs up.

INT. MODEST HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A red-eyed Ann-Marie, white knuckling a Mountain dew, sending e-mails on her iPad. Her cell *chirps*. Unknown caller ID, and is compelled to answer.

SIMON (V.O.)

Are you wearing any underwear?

ANN-MARIE

Look, is this really how you get off? Why don't you just go get a porn magazine and go jack off.

Click. A flash of annoyance flickers across her face.

INT. MODEST HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A cell detonates at 3 A.M. Exhausted, she rolls away from it. Beat, it rings again. Ann-Marie fumfers and manages to answer it without totally waking up.

ANN-MARIE

Mm...ello?

Inarticulate, but certainly sexual, moans and groans.

Ann-Marie, no longer genial. She's pissed and tries to control her anger.

ANN-MARIE

No, I don't know what you are doing, but you're probably going to tell me.

SIMON

I am jacking off right now! Does this shock you?

ANN-MARIE

No, it's rather boring. Fella, you should be watching Scooby Doo cartoons at your age. Go to sleep.

Caller hangs up.

INT. HOSPITAL - SCRUB ROOM - DAY

Ann-Marie, in surgical scrubs. NURSE TANYA, a sense of humor but no bullshit, 50's, holds a cell to Ann-Marie's ear as she washes her hands raw.

ANN-MARIE

Joey. It's not like I can just turn the damn thing off. I'm on call.

Ann-Marie gives a distracted wave, Tanya ends the call.

TANYA

Just file a police report.

ANN-MARIE

Last I heard, being creepy on the phone isn't against the law.

Tanya nods. Holds up gloves. Ann-Marie aggressively pushes her hands inside each one.

TANYA

How about picking up the phone, setting it next to a speaker blasting Celine Dion? Or Lionel Richie?

ANN-MARIE

I can't imagine anyone whacking off to that.

INT. ANN-MARIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Book shelves are lined with medical texts.

Ann-Marie paces -- Doctor's coat accessorized with designer heels. Wheels turning. No messages.

Fed up, goes to power off her cell when an idea comes to Ann-Marie. She skims Apps on her phone, finds; **TRAPCALL**.

Ann-Marie stares at it -- her breath catches. A hint of fear but mostly exhilaration. Even... arousal.

INT. SIMON'S FLAT - NIGHT

It's cramped, out-dated, and a pig-sty one-bedroom.

SIMON lounges in a beanbag; a short, fat, balding guy in tighty-whities, watching a black-and-white TV - cartoons.

He devours Cheetos - fingers covered in Cheeto dust.

Stares at his phone, displeased. Very: No service.

INT. MODEST HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ann-Marie, pacing, jumpy, excited, racked, like a woman on Benzedrine. She's killing time - stares at phone.

ANN-MARIE

Come on, come on.

She wills the cell to RING. It does. She smiles. Gotcha.

INTERCUT Ann-Marie's conversation with Simon.

INT. SIMON'S FLAT - NIGHT

Simon -- fucking-a, talking on his cell with one hand and inexplicably pumping furiously with the other.

SIMON

I'm stroking it, baby, just for you.

ANN-MARIE

(flirtatious drawl)

Hello... Simon? I was wondering when you were gonna call. Hey. You still there?

Simon goldfishes, no idea what to say. Hangs up.

INT. MODEST HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ann-Marie chops veggies. Castrating them.

On a laptop, lit, ghostly, by the phosphorescent screen; Ann-Marie scans news sources: "PORTRAIT OF A MONSTER... RIPPER HUNT... KILLER TO COPS: I'LL DO IT AGAIN... SHE'S STILL OUT THERE...???"

She can't stop smiling as she takes a takes a bite from a turkey-provolone sandwich. After a very long pause...

INT. SIMON'S FLAT - NIGHT

A text alert stirs Simon, snoring like a buzz saw from a patched easy chair. A bit woozy, checks; "Why won't you call me back."

An increasingly panicked Simon throws his phone against the wall, shattering it, the crash echoing into:

EXT. JOGGERS PATH - NIGHT

The sun not quite up yet. The path is deserted.

A jogger approaches. Ann-Maria, face glistening. Her reverie is broken when she sees --

A man speedwalks her way. It's Simon. Cramped. Goes hands to knees. Collects his breath.

He can't help but check out her ass as she passes him.

Ann-Marie turns back, pretends to be surprised. Lowers her I-POD earbuds.

ANN-MARIE

Simon...? Simon, right?

(pregnant beat)

You don't remember me, do you?

Simon doesn't recognize Ann-Marie.

She tightens the laces on her running shoes. Then takes off running deeper into the darkness. He keeps going.

A rustling. A branch snaps. Simon holds up. Nervous. Scans the area. *Is someone following him?* A beat.

She launches herself from the bushes like a demonic Jack-In-The-Box, smashes his head, face. Simon stumbles back, lip split and bleeding.

ANN-MARIE

I hear you want to sniff my panties.

Simon, as this fully sinks in...

Ann-Marie has come up behind him, a pair of panties tight against his mouth and nose. Simon struggles to no avail. The chloroformed panties kick in.

Simon slips towards unconsciousness.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A macabre serial killer slaughterhouse. The ceiling is a maze of body parts and entrails dangling from meat hooks. Blood smeared on the walls.

Ann-Marie - dressed for surgery, cradles a cell between her ear and cheek while she scrubs up at the sink.

ANN-MARIE

Hi, baby. Pulmonary embolism just rolled in. Don't think I'm gonna make it tonight. Okay? Love you.

Ann-Marie ends the call, smiles and turns around.

Medicine drips from the IV in Simon's arm. His pathetic attempts to scream escalate wildly, before fading into a drug-induced oblivion, but he's alert.

He lies on the table in horror-struck silence.

ANN-MARIE

See, the thing with prank calls. Much like Ouija Boards, you never know what, or who you'll conjure up.

She shoves a newspaper in his face. The HEADLINE: *'JILL the RIPPER' claims 11th victim. Man hacked to death.*

Ann-Marie menacingly thrusts her reddened face at him.

ANN-MARIE

Don't eyeball me. I'm around too many sharp objects.

He nervously eyes the medical tray next to him laden with cutting tools. Scalpels... caked with dry blood.

Ann-Marie dons her smock and gloves, lifts a scalpel, gestures - *Shall we?*

With a surgeons touch - makes an incision, thick, crimson blood slowly blooms out.

ANN-MARIE

This is so much slicker than flaying someone open and hacking away.

PUNCH TO BLACK: