

THE DEAL THAT DEBBIE MADE
ONE NIGHT ON A DARK ROAD
IN ALLEGHENY COUNTY

Written by

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OPEN ON:

INT. BIELEWICZ HOME -- EVENING

A pit bull named PEANUT licks his owner's bearded face.

His owner's name is TERRY BIELEWICZ (late 30s), who for the past fifteen years has struggled with his weight, his hair loss, and his hemorrhoids.

TERRY

I love you buddy. Yes I do. Yes I do.

Terry rubs his dog down and Peanut loves it, flopping onto his back and essentially asking for the belly rub Terry bestows upon him.

DEBBIE BIELEWICZ (late 30s) comes down the stairs with an exasperated look on her face. Frizzy, dry hair sticks out from under a winter hat. She was really something senior year of high school and into her two years of community college, but the fifteen plus years of drinking and worrying about money have taken quite a toll.

DEBBIE

You ready?

TERRY

(standing)

Yeah.

(to Peanut)

I know, where do we go Friday nights? I know, I know...

(a final love pat)

Seeya later, my man.

As Terry starts out the door, Peanut gets up and looks confused that his two favorite people in the world are leaving him.

When Debbie speaks to Peanut, the years of disappointment fade from her face for an instant:

DEBBIE

We'll be back, baby, don't worry.

Debbie and Terry exit out the front door, leaving Peanut to stare longingly at the door.

INT. BAR AND GRILL -- NIGHT

The sound of silverware scraping against a plate...

Debbie sits in a booth sipping a whiskey, a half eaten burger in front of her, as she watches, with disgust, her husband eat meatloaf across the table from her.

Terry shovels food into his mouth and slurps beer from a pint glass. He smiles at his wife.

DEBBIE

You're fucking disgusting.

TERRY

No I'm not.

DEBBIE

Gonna have a heart attack eating so fast.

TERRY

No I'm not...

She downs her whiskey.

EXT. BAR AND GRILL -- PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

It's raining a little when a drunk Debbie, digging into her jacket pocket for keys, exits the bar and grill she and her husband frequent.

A drunk Terry follows her as they make their way to their 2007 Toyota.

TERRY

(rubbing his belly)

I could eat that meatloaf every day for the rest of my life.

DEBBIE

You looove that shit.

TERRY

Not shit. Not shit. My favorite thing in the world. Hey, I should drive.

DEBBIE

(pulling out the keys)

I have the keys.

TERRY
How many you had?

DEBBIE
You're the one with the DUI!
Asking "how many I had" when you
got the fucking DUI on you. I'm
the best driver this side of the
river.

TERRY
Okay...

DEBBIE
No DUI Debbie right here.

They arrive at the car, Debbie unlocks the vehicle --

INT. 2007 TOYOTA -- NIGHT

The two climb into the car. Debbie buckles her seat belt.

TERRY
You can have your nightmare on the
couch, tell you that.

DEBBIE
What?

TERRY
You're sleeping on the couch.

DEBBIE
No I'm not.

TERRY
You always are having nightmares
when you drink. Wake up flailing
middle of the night, and that one
time you puked on me.

DEBBIE
Baahh...you're sleeping on the
couch.

She turns the key in the ignition and the engine coughs to
life.

TERRY
Nope, sleeping in the bed.

DEBBIE

You're sleeping on the couch is
where you're sleeping cause you
smell and I hate your fucking face.

TERRY

You're sleeping --

She shifts into gear as she cuts him off with:

DEBBIE

Put your seat belt on.

TERRY

Pffsss...seat belts are for
pussies.

EXT. BAR AND GRILL -- PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

The Bielewicz's 2007 Toyota pulls out of the parking lot and onto the wet road. The red brake lights slowly disappearing into the dark...

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD -- NIGHT

Rain falls.

A telephone pole leans at a diagonal, splintered at the base by the impact.

The 2007 Toyota is wrapped around the pole and steam issues from the hood. The windshield has a gaping hole in it, blood drips from the jagged edges of glass, and rain cascades into the interior.

Debbie sits behind the wheel, white dust from the air bag, now deflated, all over her. She wakes slowly and winces with pain as she tries to move.

She looks over to the passenger seat: Terry isn't there, but she see's the man sized hole in the windshield.

She tries to open the door, but it won't budge. She slams her body into it several times until it gives way and she falls out onto the muddy ground.

She cries out in pain and rolls onto her back, looking up at the sky and finding it devoid of stars. A light rain pummels her face and eyes.

DEBBIE

Terry?

She crawls around to the front of the wrecked car, seeing the splintered pole. Then...she finds him:

Terry lies crumpled in a heap ahead of the car. His features are unrecognizable, his face and head a bloody pulp.

He isn't breathing.

Debbie winces with pain as she drags herself to her feet. She digs into her pocket for her cell phone and takes it out as she limps her way to the berm of the road.

Her thumb hovers over the nine on the dial pad.

Then...

Down the road aways, from around the corner...

HEADLIGHTS.

An OLDER MODEL FORD comes down the road toward the wreck.

Debbie stands, frozen with fear, her phone still in her hand.

The car comes to a stop on the opposite side of the street. The door opens and a MAN gets out. The man looks to be in his fifties or so, with pock marks on his face and graying, greasy hair. A cigarette dangles from his chapped lips.

He approaches Debbie, not looking for cars coming in either direction. He tosses the cigarette to the pavement in a shower of sparks.

MAN

You alright?

(a smirk)

You got car trouble?

The man walks up to Debbie, his eyes gleam in the dark.

DEBBIE

I got in an accident.

MAN

That you did.

The man smiles a toothy smile, and then continues passed Debbie to investigate the wreck.

He walks down onto the muddy, broken ground and finds Terry's body.

MAN (CONT'D)
 Oh man. This ain't good. This
 ain't good at all.

The emotions Debbie has suppressed start to well up in her eyes.

The man makes his way back around to Debbie.

MAN (CONT'D)
 That guy has seen better days, tell
 you that.

Debbie looks at the man with big eyes.

MAN (CONT'D)
 What were you drinking?

DEBBIE
 What?

MAN
 "What?" Could smell you down the
 road.

DEBBIE
 Huh?

MAN
 "Huh?" What were you drinking?
 Iron City? Rolling Rock? You
 gotta have a lotta them to get as
 gone as you are. What was it?
 Bourbon? I love bourbon.

DEBBIE
 (beat)
 Whiskey.

MAN
 Whiskey! Old faithful. Beer too?

Debbie nods, confused.

MAN (CONT'D)
 Whiskey and beer. Deadly combo
 tonight, huh? Damn. Well, what
 you wanna do?

DEBBIE
 Huh?

MAN
 What. Do you. Wanna do?

Debbie looks down at her phone, now wet from the rain, her thumb still hovering over the nine.

MAN (CONT'D)
You wanna call it in?

DEBBIE
Get a, uh, an ambulance --

MAN
Ambulance ain't gonna help him
none.

DEBBIE
Huh?

MAN
He's deader than Elvis. And Elvis?
Elvis is pretty fucking dead, tell
you that.

Debbie presses the nine on the cell's call pad...

MAN (CONT'D)
Listen, you can call it in, get the
emergency vehicles here even though
they'll do him no good. You'll go
to jail, court hearing, picture in
the paper... Or, you can wait here
for the woman just filled her tank
at the 24-hour GetGo round the bend
there to come driving by and see
all this: see you here, see him
there...she'll be coming by
in... 'bout six minutes or so.
She's a slow driver. Doesn't like
driving at night. And she'll call
it in no question. You'll go to
jail, court hearing, all that.
Or...listen to me now...or, you
could ask me to help your drunk ass
cover this up. You could do that
too.

DEBBIE
Huh?

MAN
Debbie, you killed a man tonight.
Your husband, Debbie, you killed
him.

Debbie looks horrified that this man knows her name.

MAN (CONT'D)

(smiling, pointing to the
dead man)

And, his only crime was getting in
the car with you, which was fucking
stupid cause you were obviously
drunk on that whiskey and beer, but
that's all he did, get in the car
with you driving, and now he's
dead, and I don't think being
stupid and getting in a car with
you should be an offense garners
the death penalty. Do you?

DEBBIE

What're you...talking about?

Debbie is sweating and looking sicker and sicker...

MAN

You want me to help you, Debbie?

The man gets closer...

MAN (CONT'D)

Cause I can make it like this never
happened.

He puts a hand on Debbie's shoulder...

MAN (CONT'D)

You want me to bring him back?

Debbie looks at the man who's smiling wide now.

MAN (CONT'D)

You want me to bring him back from
the dead?

Debbie pushes away from the man.

DEBBIE

Fuck you, what -- ?

The man grabs Debbie by the sleeve, pulls her in...

MAN

You know I can. You know who I am.
You know what I can do. Think
about the consequences, Debbie...

She pulls away from him, breaking his grasp.

MAN (CONT'D)

Think about your mother -- mama Doris -- reading 'bout what you did. Think about your poor dog, Peanut. They'll put that doggie down. He's a pit bull, Debbie, no one will want him, he's aggressive, and they'll put him down. You want me to help you, Debbie? Want me to bring Terry back?

Debbie doesn't move, her eyes shifting from the man to Terry's crumpled body.

MAN (CONT'D)

That's the love of your life lying there dead, isn't it? High school sweethearts, right? I'll fix everything. It'll be like it never happened. You just gotta ask, Debbie. You just gotta ask.

Her mouth twitches with her request:

DEBBIE

(beat)

I...can you...bring him back?

MAN

Sure! Sure I can, Debbie. Debbarino. Sure I can. You want me to?

Debbie slowly nods her answer: "yes."

MAN (CONT'D)

Okay! Okiedokie. Now. Now. You know what I get if I bring him back, right? You know right?

DEBBIE

Huh?

MAN

Put two and two together, Debbie, c'mon, put two and two together. You're the smart one, Debbie. Between you and Terry, you're the smart one. He's the one with the DUI, right? Put two and two together.

Debbie is utterly lost, her mouth hanging open...

MAN (CONT'D)

(suddenly deadly serious)
 You think I'm doing this for free?
 Listen. You killed him. You
 killed Terry there, so you own his
 soul, yeah? You kill someone, you
 own their soul. So, I'll bring him
 back, be like nothing happened, if
 you give me his soul.

DEBBIE

(beat)
 Huh?

MAN

Debbie, try and pay attention, I
 know you got whiskey and beer and a
 shit ton of fear going through you
 right now, but try and focus for
 once in your fucking life, okay?

His eyes seem to glow...

MAN (CONT'D)

I'll make all this go away. But I
 need something in return. Got it?
His soul. And it's yours to give,
 Debbie, yours to give.

He holds his hand out to shake.

Debbie looks at it.

Then the wreck...

Then Terry's body...

SHE SHAKES.

MAN (CONT'D)

Alright.

The man smiles as he shakes Debbie's sweaty hand.

MAN (CONT'D)

I'll be back in a week to collect.

DEBBIE

What?

MAN

In a week, I'm coming back and
 taking Terry there with me. Don't
 worry, it'll look natural.

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)
 No one will be the wiser. You'll
 go on living like all this --
 (pointing to the wreck)
 -- never happened.

He starts back to his car.

DEBBIE
 Wait, what? A week -- ?

MAN
 (cutting her off)
 Have a good night, Debbie.

DEBBIE
 A week!? That wasn't part of the
 deal.

MAN
 (turning, suddenly angry)
 It's *my* soul, Debbie! You gave him
 to me. You understand? I can do
 what I want with him, take him
 whenever I want...

He smiles, turns, and continues to his car.

MAN (CONT'D)
 (smiling)
 Be back in a week.

He disappears inside, the engine revs up, and the car drives
 off into the night.

Debbie turns to where the car was and finds that it isn't
 there anymore. Neither is Terry's body.

She's alone on the side of the road. She wheels wildly in
 utter SILENCE and TERROR, then --

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Debbie, still wearing her clothes from the bar and grill,
 wakes in her bed and discovers she's alone.

Her eyes wide despite the pounding in her head, she gets up
 and begins her search...

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Debbie descends halfway down the stairs and finds Terry on the couch, Peanut sprawled out on the floor.

Her knees buckle with the relief and she makes her way down to her husband.

Sitting on the arm of the couch, stroking what hair Terry has left:

DEBBIE
Hey...hey, Terry. Terry.

Terry wakes, wincing with pain...

TERRY
What? What? I gave you the bed.

DEBBIE
I know you did. I had a bad dream.

TERRY
You wake up flailing?

Debbie smiles and nods.

DEBBIE
I love you.

TERRY
Huh?

DEBBIE
I love you.

TERRY
Yeah, what? Love you too.

Terry's face sinks back into the couch cushion and Debbie climbs on top of the love of her life.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Oh c'mon...

Debbie giggles.

INT. BIELEWICZ HOME -- EVENING

Peanut is on his back, getting one of his favorite things in the world: a belly rub from his dad, Terry.

TERRY

Yeah...yeah...belly rub time, belly
rub time...

Debbie descends the stairs, a big smile on her face.

DEBBIE

You ready?

TERRY

Friday night meatloaf night. Just
giving this guy some loving.

(to Peanut)

Seeya later my man...

Terry gets up and heads out the door.

Debbie looks down at the dog who looks up at her with sad
eyes saying: "please don't leave."

DEBBIE

Be right back, baby.

She heads out the door and Peanut is left alone, staring at
the door.

INT. BAR AND GRILL -- NIGHT

A plate of meatloaf is set on the formica table top.

Terry and Debbie sit in a booth opposite each other.

Terry tucks his paper napkin into his shirt, rubs his hands
together, and picks up his silverware...

Debbie smiles at her husband and sips whiskey, a burger in
front of her.

THE DOOR TO THE JOINT OPENS.

Debbie leans out of the booth to see who it is just entered
the establishment...and sees it's just a FAT WOMAN and her
FAT HUSBAND.

Debbie breathes a sigh of relief.

EXT. BAR AND GRILL -- PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Debbie and Terry exit their favorite Friday spot all smiles
and tipsy love. Debbie digs for the keys when a familiar
voice cuts through her buzz:

MAN (OS)

That a good idea, Debbie?

Debbie stops in her tracks. She looks up, terror in her eyes, and finds the man with the pock marked face leaning against his older model Ford.

MAN (CONT'D)

How many you had tonight, girlie girl?

Terry looks at the man confused.

TERRY

The fuck, man, who are you?

The man lights a cigarette and replies:

MAN

You know who I am, Terry berry. Shoulda put your seatbelt on last week when she told you to.

TERRY

What?

MAN

(to Debbie)

Nice of you to give him meatloaf as a final meal, Debarino. Where he's going, nothing but coal to eat.

TERRY

Debbie, what's this guy talking about?

DEBBIE

(to the man)

Please...I...

MAN

You'll be so hungry, you'll break your teeth apart. And then, all you'll do is gum and suck on coal stones.

He smiles his toothy smile, his eyes lit up and wild.

DEBBIE

(breaking into tears)

I'm sorry, Terry. I thought it wasn't real. I'm I'm I'm -- they woulda killed Peanut, and and and...

TERRY

What?

MAN

C'mon Terry. Get on in.

He opens the passenger side door of his older model Ford.

Terry's eyes widen.

Debbie's mouth opens in sorrow and terror as we --

INT. BIELEWICZ HOME -- NIGHT

Peanut the pit bull barks and growls as the front door opens. When he see's who it is, he immediately becomes docile...

DEBBIE

Heeeyyy, Peanut, it's me, it's
mommy...

Peanut gives her a kiss with his big pink tongue.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Heeeyyy buddy...I'm sorry I'm so
late...

(beat)

Hey, daddy isn't coming home, okay?

Debbie takes the dog's big head in her hands.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

He had a heart attack. He's gone.
Yeah...

(beat)

It's just you and me now, baby.
Just you and me. Just you and
me...

Debbie melts into the floor and hugs the big dog.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

And mommy's gonna quit drinking.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END