



CODY 'S TAB

a
vengeful kinda-comedy

by
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INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

A storm brews outside.

CODY BARCIA (30s) begins getting dressed in neatly-laid clothes on a barely-made bed. He hasn't slept or shaved in several days.

The rest of the room is a mess. Dirty clothes, used plates, and takeout wrappers are piled on the floor and furniture.

As he dresses, we hear voices from his past.

CODY (V.O.)
Sure it's good?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Yup. Foreman said it's secure.
You're all set.

CODY (V.O.)
Alright. I'm goin' up.

Machinery. Wood splintering. A scream. A crash.

Cody flinches as if he heard the crash too.

As he puts on his shirt, we see a large ugly scar across his chest and left side.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Oh god! Cody! Cody!? Shit.

Sirens. Ambulance doors. EMT chatter.

CLARISSA'S VOICE (V.O.)
Is he going to be alright? Please!
He's my husband! Cody? I love you!
Cody!?

Heart monitor. Surgery.

Silence.

Fully dressed, Cody pulls a revolver out from under his pillow, puts on a jacket & leaves the room.

2 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Cody lies in the bed. He's in bad shape, but healing.

DEE (looks 23) (feels ageless) in scrubs, leans against the doorframe checking his chart. There's a spot of dried blood on her sleeve.

DEE
Not dead yet, Mr. Barcia?

CODY
Can't die. Too much to do.

DEE
Oh yeah?

CODY
Yeah! I'm gonna travel, go bungee jumping, commit so many murders...

Dee pulls a deck of cards from her pocket.

DEE
...teach me blackjack? Like you said you would?

CODY
Top of my list. Get in here.

Dee makes it two steps into the room when her phone goes off.

DEE
Ah. Gotta go catch this. Rain check.

Cody pulls a sad face, then smiles. She returns his grin and exits.

FADE TO BLACK

3 TITLE CARD

4 INT. NEIGHBORHOOD TAVERN - TUESDAY NIGHT

A storm crashes outside.

Cody is finishing his 5th or 6th whiskey.

The tavern is manageably busy. A jazz trio plays badly, yet gently at the far end of the room.

He catches sight of his reflection in the dark front window. The rainy face gives him an encouraging smile.

Cody checks his watch and gestures to the BARTENDER for another drink. The bartender hesitates. Cody pounds his empty glass on the bar and flips them off.

The bartender reluctantly refills his glass. Cody dismisses her with a wave of his middle finger and takes a big drink.

Someone further down the bar breaks their glass. Cody jumps, panicked, splattering whiskey all over him. The bartender smiles to herself.

Cody catches sight of himself in the mirror behind the bar. His reflection judges him harshly.

Cody takes a breath & finishes what's left in his glass. As he regains himself, we see the pistol tucked into the back of his pants.

The lights begin to flicker but only Cody seems to notice.

A phone goes off to his right. He jumps and turns to see Dee sitting next to him. She wears a casual black dress and is texting without paying attention to the room around her. There's a little bit of dried blood on her hand.

She isn't wet from the rain.

DEE
(to her phone/self)
Geez, I'm here early. Just chill.

She sends the text. The lights stop flickering. She puts the phone down and turns to see Cody.

DEE
Hey hero, how's it going?

CODY
(whispered)
The fuck!? What are you doing here?

Dee rolls her eyes. Her voice becomes deep and cosmic. The lights flicker and smoke curls around her and Cody.

DEE
I've come for you.

Cody's face goes white. He starts shaking.

CODY

Really?

Dee giggles.

DEE

(in her normal voice)

No. Am I touching you?

Cody shakes his head. She smiles sarcastically.

DEE

Then relax. Geez, can't I say hi
without you dropping like a
Norwegian parrot?

Cody relaxes uncomfortably. Silence holds for a moment.

DEE

Soooo, hey there Cody.

(as Cody)

Oh, hey there, Dee. Sorry, that was
rude of me. How's life?

(as herself)

Well, it's a bit of a sensitive
subject now you mention it.

(as Cody)

Yeah, I know how that goes. I'm
sad.

CODY

Ok! Point taken. How are things?

DEE

Oh, you know, not as good as *that*
year. Nothing big till the weekend.
Speaking of, if you're planning to
visit Dover in the next 72 hours,
don't.

CODY

I never planned to visit Dover in
my life.

DEE

No one has, still better safe than
sorry.

CODY

Yeah...

DEE
Didn't expect me, huh?

Cody tries to drink from his empty glass. Dee checks her phone again. The Bartender comes over. They cautiously refill Cody's glass.

BARTENDER
(to Dee)
Anything for you, Darling?

DEE
Ice. No whiskey.

The bartender looks at her, confused.

CODY
She likes to watch it melt.

Dee smiles to herself. The Bartender moves away.

A guy in a SUIT (late 30s) at the end of the bar whistles to catch Dee's eye. He's staring at her in what he thinks is a flirty way. She politely nods and goes back to her phone.

Dee glances at Cody.

DEE
So, are you going to make me drag
it out of you?

CODY
There's nothing to drag.

DEE
Come on, bro. You think I don't
know what you're planning? You
think I didn't look ahead at the
list for tonight?

CODY
No, I just...don't really want to
talk about it.

DEE
You think I wasn't there last week?

Cody refuses to engage. His mirrored reflection glares at him.

The bartender brings their drinks. Cody takes a small sip. Dee blows into her glass and one of the ice cubes turns immediately to water. She smiles.

DEE

So anyway--

CODY

I fucked up.

DEE

Ah, better late than never. What happened?

CODY

I...uh...I got the name wrong.

Dee coughs. All her ice melts.

DEE

You what?

Cody looks away. His dark window reflection looks warningly at him.

CODY

I thought it was Quillingson with an O, but it's Quillingsen with an E.

DEE

You're gonna have to back up and walk me through this again.

CODY

You know my old gym teacher, Davis?

DEE

Unibrow Davis or Only Owns Three Shirts Davis?

CODY

Um...Jethro Davis? Taught me how to wrestle? Coached me to the state semis? If I'd had an abusive father, he'd be the substitute male figure that I would look up to and confide in?

None of this is ringing Dee's bells. Cody sighs.

CODY

Three Shirts Davis.

DEE

Gotcha, yes. Brushed with him a few years back. Go on.

CODY
So, he retired and the
Superintendent, Jennings.

DEE
Too Many Fish Jennings?

CODY
No, uh...uh...Crossfit Jennings.

DEE
I'm with you.

CODY
He's trying to use a loophole in
Davis's contract, which was written
in 1982, just so you know, to deny
him his pension.

DEE
Right, and so you were going to
send Fishy Jennings--

CODY
CrossFit Jennings.

DEE
Fitted Jennings my way and hope the
next superintendent would be more
human?

Cody finishes his drink.

CODY
That was the plan.

DEE
So you killed the wrong Jennings
Quillingson?

CODY
No, I killed the only Jennings
QuillingSON, but yeah, that means
he's the wrong Jennings
QuillingSEN.

Dee whistles in shock. The Suit perks up.

DEE
Well, shit.

CODY

Yeah.

He can't look at her. The Mirror stares at him. He pretends to drink and looks away.

DEE

So that's why you--

CODY

Yep.

DEE

And that's why you haven't...

CODY

Yup.

DEE

And now you're-- Hey, how's it going?

Dee high fives a college STUDENT (21) who is passing their seats.

STUDENT

It's going, y'know.

DEE

Well, don't look so grave then! It can always get better.

STUDENT

(a little zoned out)

Yeah, you too.

The student walks away. Dee pulls out a wet wipe and cleans her hand. Cody looks at her.

DEE

What? I don't want to catch anything from y'all.

Cody watches the Student go into the bathroom.

DEE

So what're you going to do?

CODY

Try again.

DEE
You never did go down easy.

CODY
You told me in flames was the only
way to go down.

DEE
I was trying to dissuade you from
your previous attempt at going down
in scaffolding.

They almost laugh together.

DEE
So that's what tonight's about? A
second try?

CODY
Davis still needs my help.

DEE
And going after...?

CODY
Jennings.

DEE
Right. Going after Jennings is
still the best way?

The bartender shows up with a very fruity drink and puts it
in front of Dee.

BARTENDER
(with an eye-roll)
Compliments of the gentleman.

The Suit winks lecherously at Dee.

DEE
(customer service voice)
Oh, no thanks, Sweetie. But you
have yourself a few more. You're
going to get lucky tonight.

She blows him a kiss then looks back to Cody.

CODY
Look, I'm trying to do a right
thing here.

DEE
Not for nothing, but you did say
that last week.

CODY
Yeah, well, it's still the same
right thing.

DEE
Right, but now you're different.

Cody breaks eye contact. His dark reflection watches
frustratedly.

Dee's phone alarm goes off. She quickly silences it.

DEE
Give me one sec.

She gets up, picks up a hitherto nonexistent scythe, and
walks off toward the bathroom. No one else in the bar
notices.

Cody sits on his own. He checks his watch. His hand is
shaking. His dark reflection watches expectantly.

He glances at the bathroom, but quickly looks away.

Thunder crashes.

5 FLASHBACK JENNINGS'S HOUSE - NIGHT - LAST WEEK

Cody knocks on the door. He waits. Jennings answers. The
gun. A cry for help. Pleading. Confusion. Cody is confident.
Jennings is earnest. Cody laughs. Jennings lunges. Struggle.
BANG.

Dripping. Cody finds Jennings's wallet. Panic. Ransack.
Nothing. Dripping.

Cody runs from the house as the blood begins to turn brown.
Someone's shadow drifts over the scene. Smoke wafts in.

DEE (O.S.)
(deep and cosmic)
Jennings, isn't it? Can I help you
up?

6

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD TAVERN - AS BEFORE

Cody is jolted from his thoughts as Dee plonks down into her seat. She looks refreshed. There's a little fresh blood on her cheek.

DEE

Sorry about that. Had to add a little rosiness.

She's cleaning herself with another wet wipe.

CODY

No worries. Bad?

Dee indicates her forearms.

DEE

Sticky. Wrists.

CODY

(casually)

Yikes. Forty-Five seconds the record?

DEE

Bar bathroom on a rainy Tuesday? I think it's thirty-seven now.

There's an offscreen scream. A MAN (late 20s, pants undone) runs out of the bathroom.

MAN (O.S.)

Oh my god. Oh, my fucking god!
Someone call 911!

Other patrons in the bar run to see what's happened. Cody is staring down the mirror. Dee watches the chaos.

DEE

Y'all run funny.

CODY

Is this feeling there every time?

Dee seriousness up. Cody's mirror nods.

DEE

I'm the wrong one to ask.

CODY

You're the only one I can ask.

DEE
I've never killed anyone, Cody.

A kind pause.

DEE
And I don't... I can't care the way
you do.

CODY
Oh, right. I forgot.

DEE
Hey, I care about you. Just not
the, y'know, majority. You all
flash by too fast to get attached.

The sound of approaching sirens. Cody looks to the window.
Flashing lights disrupt the disappointed face of his dark
reflection.

CODY
Who was the last person you had a
conversation with?

DEE
Is Keith Richards still doin stuff?

Cody scoffs.

DEE
Look, it's not like I have much of
a choice. I don't start until
they're done and it's not like I
can catch up with them once they're
across.

Behind them, two EMTs walk briskly through the tavern and
into the bathroom.

CODY
So you don't care at all who I
kill?

DEE
No, but you do. And I care about
that. But, at the end of the day,
you're the one who has to be able
to live with it.

CODY
What if I can't? Live with it, I
mean.

She leans in close. Behind them, a third, younger EMT runs through with a stretcher.

DEE
(serious)
Then drop the gun in a hole and go home.

CODY
But, I made a promise though.

DEE
Before you knew how it would feel.

CODY
That shouldn't be an excuse!

He slams his hand on the bar to stop the shaking. His mirror reflection is waiting. His dark reflection is looking away angrily. Dee looks at him patiently.

A crash comes from the bathroom.

EMT
Shitballs!

Cody jolts and finally breaks.

CODY
(breaking down)
I just don't want to be a bad person anymore.

Lightning crashes outside.

Dee grabs the bartender's towel and places it on Cody's shoulder so she can comfort him.

Their eyes meet. She nods comfortingly.

CODY
I promised I would turn my life around. I'd use it to punish bad people and make the world...and then Clarissa left me--

DEE
When did Clarissa leave?

CODY
After I was out of the ICU. You weren't around as much.

DEE

Ah.

CODY

...and now I've killed the wrong guy. And I don't even really know anything about him and...I'm such a fuckup.

DEE

Would it change your feelings if you did know about him?

CODY

I tried and it didn't. Found his obituary. He didn't have a family. Lived alone all his life. Probably didn't have many friends and...

DEE

And what?

CODY

He was a mortician.

Dee pauses mid thought and aggressively growls at Cody.

Cody does a double take and can't help but laugh. Dee joins him. For the first time, Cody seems human.

CODY

Well, sorrrrrry.

DEE

Hanging offense if ever there was one.

They keep laughing. Cody wipes his eyes with the towel and puts it back. Dee checks her phone.

CODY

I just wanted to save people, you know?

DEE

Cody, I really don't. But I'm told there's more than one way to do it.

The EMTs wheel the body out. There is blood coming through the sheet right where the wrists should be.

Dee watches intently.

DEE
(guiltily)
Can I ask what it felt like?

CODY
When I...with Jennings?

DEE
Yeah.

CODY
It was quick at first. He was-

The Suit interrupts. He puts his hand on the back of her chair.

SUIT
Last chance, Doll. You sure I can't
get you anything?

DEE
Baby, I'm really alright.

SUIT
Alright, I've been told. But if you
ever want to...y'know.

He puts his business card on top of her glass.

DEE
I'll hit you up.

SUIT
You won't regret it, Babe.

He pulls her hand from her phone and kisses it. Cody's reflections both watch in shock.

SUIT
See ya.

He shoots her a finger-gun and leaves.

Dee pulls out another wet wipe. Her phone dings.

CODY
Did he just--

DEE
Yep.

CODY
So he's gonna...

DEE
Mmmhmmmm

CODY
And you're gonna--

DEE
Arrive fashionably late so he can
lie there in burning agony for a
bit. You wanna catch a flick?

Cody actually laughs.

CODY
I can't, I kind of have this thing
I gotta do.

DEE
Ah, well I gave it my best shot.

They clink their glasses. Dee looks out the window.

DEE
At least it stopped raining.

Cody looks to the window and the smiling face of his dark
reflection. Dee tucks her phone away and gets up.

DEE
I got this.

She waves the Bartender over and scatters a large handful of
silver dollars on the bar.

CODY
I taught you to stack chips better
than that.

DEE
(teasing him)
Well, it's easier when you don't
have so many of them.
(to Bartender)
That's for both of us. Keep the
rest. Kind of a rough night for
you.

BARTENDER
(seeing the mass of coins)
Yeah. Thanks. Come back here
anytime.

DEE
I'll definitely do that.

Dee picks up her scythe. Cody is looking at the coins.

CODY
That's all we're worth to you, huh?

DEE
Don't feel too bad. You're worth
more than most.

Cody smiles at her. She returns it.

CODY
I guess I'll see you around.

DEE
I always am, even if you don't see
me. You'll do alright, Cody.

Cody perks up at her words. She pats him on the shoulder.
Her thumbnail brushes his neck. With a smile, Dee departs.

His reflections watch her go before looking back to him. The
dark one is satisfied. The mirror is inquisitive.

Cody surreptitiously pulls out his pistol and checks it.

He smiles, tucks the gun away, rubs his neck and leaves his
unfinished drink.

CUT TO BLACK