

SCREAM QUEENS 2  
audition scene

INT. MOTEL - ROOM 6 - NIGHT

A WOMAN wearing a pair of high heels, steps away and reveals the burly TRUCKER.

IRENE

**You gonna be okay to drive back, or you want me to put in for another night?**

TRUCKER (slides on a wedding ring)

I gotta two day haul to do in one if I'm gonna make it home for Valentine's.

IRENE (fussing with her hair) (reapplies lipstick)

**Did you know...Saint Valentine was the patron Saint of Love? Whole thing started in Rome in like the year five hundred or something ... The Romans had this like, lottery. Young men would draw the names of teenage girls from a box...and that girl would be his secret sexual companion for the rest of the year. It's where we got Valentine's cards. Romantic in a sick kind of way when you think about it.**

IRENE (CONT'D) (She looks over, confused as he fiddles with something.)

**What are you doing?**

(She sees a tiny red blinking light shut off as he takes out a VIDEO CAMERA he had hidden in the closet. She stiffens.)

IRENE (CONT'D)

**Frank? Fuck is that?**

**She reaches for the camera but he keeps it away.**

TRUCKER

Just relax, okay? I make these for my own collection. I'll pay you.

IRENE

**I'm no hooker.**

TRUCKER (He throws a twenty dollar bill onto the bed. )  
Now you are.

IRENE

**Frank! Frank, you sonuvabitch! Give me the fucking tape or I swear...I swear...**

SHUNK! A PICKAXE bursts bursts out and slams into Frank's skull. His legs collapse, the video camera tumbles from his limp hand - rolls halfway under the truck, recording. IRENE inches forward, flabbergasted. A BLACK-BOOTED FOOT emerges from the door and onto Frank's shoulder. In one move A GLOVED HAND snaps the pickaxe out of his head and Frank sputters under the geyser from where his brain used to be as he SLAPS face-first onto the pavement.

Irene watches as blood drips from above. She holds her scream, trembles. An involuntary noise escapes her throat. Suddenly, the boots spin toward her!  
She **SCREAMS**.