

BON APPEIT

FADE IN:

INT. EMMA'S DINING ROOM - DAY

PARAMEDICS do paperwork in front of a COVERED BODY on a stretcher while a distraught EMMA (female, late 20's, early 30's) fights back tears as she talks to the POLICE.

EMMA

...and then, he just collapsed!
That's all I know.

OFFICER ONE

Thank-you. You were very helpful.

The paramedics carry the body out. As Emma walks with the officers to the door...

OFFICER TWO

You okay?

Emma, nods.

After the officers leave, Emma takes a moment wipe away her crocodile tears. She gives a subtle smirk at how easy that ruse was as she walks out the dining room...

Unaware of the SHADOW in the form of an athletically built male gliding across the wall behind her...

Following her as she leaves.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Pictures hang on a wall. Most of them show either young girl about seven years of age.

One of these pictures show the same young girl sitting between her mother...

And someone with a muscular, athletic frame whose face is BLOTTED OUT.

MOTHER (V.O.)

(angry)

Was it Tiffany? Was it her lipstick
was on your shirt?

FATHER (V.O.)

Esther, I'm tired. Just give me my
dinner.

MOTHER (V.O.)
Answer me first!

FATHER (V.O.)
Fine... it's Tiffany's. It's
Megan's. It's your fat-ass momma's!
It's whoever you want it to be,
now, where's my dinner?

BEAT. A dish SLAMS on top of a table.

BEGIN TITLES

MOTHER (V.O.)
Bon Appetit!

A SLAP is heard.

The mother SOBS.

END TITLES

YOUNG EMMA (V.O.)
Daddy, stop... please!

Another SLAP.

Emma sits in front of her computer. The bedroom entrance that leads to the hallway is open behind her.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

APPARITION POV - It was *his* shadow we saw back in the living room. His footsteps are silent as he makes his way down the hall. Up ahead is the open entrance to Emma's bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Apparition POV - Like a stalker, the Apparition creeps up behind Emma. She is oblivious to who's behind her.

He looks over Emma's shoulders and sees the website on the computer.

ADULT AFFAIRS.

The purpose of the website is obvious. She scrolls down the list of available men and stops at a profile:

INSERT - PROFILE

Picture of a smug looking, macho man named Brad.

Description reads: *"Looking for someone to satisfy me in ways my girl cannot. Bonus if you feed me (something else my girl is too busy to do)."*

BACK TO SCENE.

Emma turns off the computer, gets up and turns around.

The Apparition is gone.

She walks over to the mirror. Scrutinizing her reflection, she straightens her posture, hardens her expression and turns with a cold stare at the picture with the blotted out face.

EMMA

(sotto voce)

You're not the only one who can get away with it.

Emma walks out.

INT. EMMA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Doorbell RINGS.

Emma, now dressed up, walks in and opens the door. BRAD (male, late 40's to early 50's. Except for his cheap, "hand-me-downs", he looks like his pic) stands at the other side, holding two bottles of beer.

EMMA

Brad! Come on in.

Brad hands Emma a beer.

EMMA

Thanks.

BRAD

Drunk sex is the best sex.

EMMA

(puzzled)

...I'm sorry?

BRAD

Especially with all those weirdos I've been fucking on that site... not to say you're a weirdo. Hell, as far as I can tell, there's nothing wrong with you.

Even though right now, Emma wonders if there's something wrong with Brad. Nonetheless...

EMMA

...Make yourself at home.

Brad walks away.

Emma locks and chains the door behind him.

INT. EMMA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brad is enjoying his beer when Emma walks in.

EMMA

Dinner's almost ready.

BRAD

Thanks. So, hey, I know beer may not be the ideal gift for a girl, but I'm a little cash-strapped with my job situation and all.

EMMA

Beer's fine. Sorry to hear about your job situation.

Brad walks over and makes a provocative advance on Emma, who appears repulsed.

EMMA

Dad, stop.

BRAD

(stunned)
What did you call me?

EMMA

I mean... *Brad!* I thought you wanted to have dinner.

BRAD

And sex. Hello? Adult Affairs? I mean, we don't have to do it in order.

Brad wraps his arms around Emma, who squirms out of his grasp and backs away.

BRAD

What's going on?

EMMA

Okay, so, you're only the second one I met on Adult Affairs and I'm a little nervous. I mean... what if your wife or girlfriend finds out and--

BRAD

I could say the same for you, but as for me, my girl's working in another state. Happy? Now, can we please get to the sex before--

Oven bell RINGS from inside the kitchen.

EMMA

Dinner!

Emma hurries out the living room.

INT. EMMA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Brad sits at the dinner table. In front of him is the dining room exit where the corridor wall can be seen.

He sips his beer and looks away for a brief moment. From the corner of his eye, he catches a brief glimpse from the other side of the dining room exit...

The Apparition's shadow, moving across the corridor wall.

Brad gets up and heads out into the...

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

It's empty.

BRAD

Emma?

EMMA (O.C.)

Yes?

BRAD

We're alone, right?

INT. EMMA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bottles and containers line the counter top where Emma is preparing the sauce.

EMMA

Yes. Why?

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Brad checks both ends of the corridor.

BRAD

Because I thought... never mind.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Emma finishes cleaning up the counter, putting away the bottles and containers. She puts the last CONTAINER in the bottom cabinet before she walks out, holding two plates of lasagna.

BEAT.

The bottom cabinet door CREAKS open by itself.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Emma walks out with the lasagna. She sets one plate down on her side of the table and...

EMMA

Bon Appetit!

SLAMS the other plate in front of Brad, causing a few drops of sauce to spill on the table.

EMMA

Sorry. Plate's hot.

She cleans the mess and sits across the table.

Brad notices Emma missed a spot. He wipes it off with his finger, then glances at his finger with brief curiosity before cleaning it.

EMMA

It's my mom's recipe. I added a little touch.

(takes a bite)

Delicious! But, don't take my word for it.

Brad's fork seems to be stuck to the plate!

EMMA

What are you doing?

He's now trying to lift the fork up with both hands.

BRAD

...I don't know. I can't seem...

Emma walks over to see what the heck's going on when Brad suddenly pries the fork off the plate, sending a piece of lasagna flying to the floor.

BRAD

I'm sorry! I'll clean it up.

Brad cleans the mess and sits back down.

BRAD

That was wild. I--I don't know what happened--

EMMA

Just eat the lasagna!

Brad is taken aback by Emma's forceful tone. Nonetheless, he takes a forkful of lasagna with no problems this time, but right before he eats it...

All the lights in the house go off. Brad and Emma are engulfed in total darkness.

EMMA

Oh, great!

Brad turns on his cell phone flashlight.

BRAD

Just tell me where your fuse box is.

EMMA

It's in...

Emma SCREAMS.

BRAD

What?

EMMA

...T--There's someone else in this house!

BRAD

We're getting out of here!

Emma takes out her keychain, but it flies out of her hand.

EMMA

The hell!

She looks around, but it's too dark.

BRAD

We'll go out the back.

EMMA

The keys are all on that keychain!

Brad helps her find her keychain with his cell phone flashlight.

EMMA

Brad!

Emma points across the room...

Where the Apparition stands (athletic male, 30's), though much of his features, including his face, remain shrouded by the darkness.

Brad directs his flashlight at the Apparition to get a better look, but not before he disappears into the hallway.

Brad takes off after the Apparition.

EMMA

Brad!

BRAD

Just find the keys!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Brad hunts for the elusive Apparition.

BRAD

(sotto voce)

I better get me some really good sex for doing this.

He looks inside each room and closet he passes, using the flashlight phone to guide him.

BRAD

(calling out)

Hey, yo! You better get your ass out here right now, cause if I find you, you are dead!

Near the end of the hallway, Brad's flashlight beam catches the Apparition ducking into Emma's bedroom.

BRAD

Hey!

He chases the Apparition into...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brad scans the room with his flashlight. The beam stops briefly at the picture with the muscular person with his face blotted out.

Unable to find the Apparition, Brad is about to leave...

When Apparition jumps out from the other side and BLOCKS his exit!

The flashlight beam is now shining directly on the Apparition's deathly pale and corpse-like face.

BRAD

...What... the... fuck.

EMMA (O.C.)

Brad?

Brad doesn't answer. He's still trying to come to grips with who's in front of him. Before he can react, he is propelled backwards and CRASHES hard onto the bedroom floor.

He struggles to his feet, groggy. He sets aside his fears and charges at the Apparition...

But the door SLAMS shut before he can reach him. Brad is locked inside Emma's bedroom.

He BANGS on the door and tries to force it open. It's no use. He's trapped.

EMMA (O.C.)

Where are you?

BRAD

(bangs on door)

I can't get out!

EMMA (O.S.)

What's happen... oh... my...
gosh... my gosh!

BRAD
Emma? Emma!

BEAT of silence. Then...

EMMA (O.C.)
You're not real... you're not
real... you're not fucking real!

Brad takes out his cellphone and dials.

OPERATOR
911, what's your emergency?

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brad talks to OFFICER TWO while Emma sits on the steps.

OFFICER ONE exits the house and walks up to Emma.

OFFICER ONE
We gotta stop meeting like this.

Officer Two joins her.

OFFICER ONE
I searched the house from top to
bottom. Whoever it was, must have
left. Nothing was taken and no sign
of break-in.

LATER

The police are gone, leaving Brad with Emma.

BRAD
Hey, it's been bonkers. I really
mean it, but I'm gonna check out
now.

As Brad walks off...

EMMA
You're going to walk away and leave
me, just like that?

BRAD
What do you want me to do?

EMMA
Since your girlfriend is not with
you, I was hoping I could stay with
you till--.

BRAD

No can do.

EMMA

I can't be alone after that.

BRAD

Why not? That guy's gone.

EMMA

What if he comes back? Please?

BRAD

I don't like living with people.

Emma gets up and follows him.

EMMA

It'll only be for awhile.

BRAD

I came here to get laid. That's it. I didn't even get that and no offense or anything, but all that extracurricular bullshit? That's none of my business. Just go find a hotel or something if you're still worried.

Brad quickens his pace to get away from Emma, who tries to keep up with him.

EMMA

I could do that, but I just thought you might need the money.

He stops. Turns around. Emma catches up to him.

EMMA

You said you were unemployed. I was also hoping we can do...

(flirts)

You know what... at your place.

Broke-ass Brad ponders the proposition.

INT. BRAD'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The place is a dump. The kind an unemployed person would live in.

Emma sits in a cheap, hand-me-down sofa next to Brad.

EMMA

Why don't I make us dinner first
before we have our affair?

BRAD

Sure...

As Emma heads to the kitchen...

BRAD

After you tell me who that guy was.

Emma stops and turns to him.

EMMA

How should I know?

BRAD

Please don't tell me you told the
cops that.

EMMA

What makes you think I'd know who
he was?

BRAD

I figured, since you knew he *wasn't*
real... whatever the hell that
means. I heard you repeat that over
and over when that asshole locked
me inside your bedroom. I just
wondered if you knew other things
about him.

EMMA

I thought you said none of this was
your business!

BRAD

I also said, I don't like people
living with me, yet, here you are!
So, you gonna call the cops and
tell them who it was so we can get
this whole thing settled?

EMMA

Sure. After we have dinner.

BRAD

Do it now.

EMMA

...I--I... left my phone back in my
house.

Something's wrong. Brad knows it. He takes out his phone and holds it in front of Emma.

EMMA

...Brad, there's something you need to know--

BRAD

Call the cops! Or, I'll call them and tell them you withheld information from them!

Brad's not fucking around. Emma knows it.

EMMA

Fine.

She takes the phone from Brad's hand...

Then leaps over the couch.

BRAD

The hell!

Emma darts across the room...

EMMA

Will you just listen?

BRAD

(chases Emma)

Fuck you! Give me back my damn phone or I swear, I'm gonna--

As Emma throws objects in Brad's path to impede him.

EMMA

You're gonna what?! Hit me?

BRAD

What the hell you talking about?

EMMA

Let me spell it out for you. You are just like my alpha-male asshole dad... except *stupider!*

BRAD

Was that who that ugly fool in your house was? No wonder you blacked out his mug in that photo, but you forgot to do the same to that '*bitch-faced*' brat in the middle of that picture!

That hit low. Emma's rage boils over, causing her to make a rash decision as she...

EMMA
Shut the fuck up!

Whips the phone at Brad, who catches it. Emma realizes her mistake too late.

BRAD
Thanks! Now, get lost.

Brad starts to dial. Emma looks desperate.

EMMA
Brad... that guy is dead!

BRAD
Then, dad's going to jail and you can join him.

EMMA
No, Brad, listen! He's dead...
dead!

That! That piece of information stops Brad from dialing.

EMMA
He's some kind of ghost, spirit, walking dead... whatever. That's why I can't call the cops or tell anyone. Are you happy now?

A traumatized Emma collapses on the couch and cries.

INT. BRAD'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Emma has somewhat recovered, but she appears confused and lost as she tries to make sense of everything that just happened.

Brad walks in with two bottles of beer and offers her one.

BRAD
(mispronounces)
Bon Appetit.

EMMA
(takes beer)
It's Bon Appetit.

BRAD

You wouldn't have made much of a dinner. Not for both of us, anyway. All I have is a bag of Ramen in there. It's yours if you want it.

EMMA

I'm okay.

Brad sits next to her.

BRAD

...For what it's worth... I'm... sorry about how I acted.

Emma wasn't expecting that.

EMMA

...Nobody's ever apologized for being mean to me before. Certainly not my dipshit dad.

BRAD

I'm guessing your old man didn't win any father of the year honors.

EMMA

Not unless the other contestants were all fucking psychopaths. He'll probably still finish last. I hated him. How he treated mom. What he did to her. To *me*... and getting away with it.

(seethes)

The fucking bastard got away!

BRAD

Whoah... chill out. Have a drink.

EMMA

I don't need a drink. I need help.

BRAD

...I think I know someone.

EMMA

I'm not talking about a doctor.

BRAD

Neither am I.

EXT. EMMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brad waits outside with Emma.

EMMA

So, how'd you find her?

BRAD

Remember what I told you about all those weirdos I fucked on that Adult Affairs site?

Next to the front door is the living room window where the curtains are pulled back...

The Apparition appears on the other side. A frightened Emma gets Brad to look at the window. When he does, the Apparition is gone.

A car pulls up. MATILDA (exotic, gothic female, 20's, wiccan), walks out carrying a bag.

EMMA

You must have really been desperate.

Matilda walks up to them.

BRAD

Emma, this is Matilda. She's a witch.

MATILDA

Wiccan.

BRAD

...Matilda, this is Emma, my "adult affair" who has a problem...

He corrects himself when he sees Emma's offended look.

BRAD

Ghost problem.

Matilda leans over to Brad.

MATILDA

(whispers)

You must have really been desperate.

BRAD

You need us for anything?

MATILDA

No. I must be alone to connect with the spirit.

EMMA

Connect with him?

MATILDA

To see what he wants.

EMMA

...What about what I want? I want you to 'ghost bust' his mother fuckin' dumbass and get it over with!

BRAD

How long do you need?

Matilda takes a step towards Emma's house. A troubled look immediately comes over her.

MATILDA

I sense much negative energy from a truly tormented being inside this house. One who may be quite dangerous as well.

BRAD

In other words...

MATILDA

This could take most of the night.

Brad pays Matilda.

EMMA

(whispers)

Thought you had no money.

BRAD

I didn't, until you paid me for letting you stay with me.

Touched by Brad's act of kindness, Emma tries to hide her look of remorse.

Matilda proceeds up the steps to the porch towards the door...

Which suddenly OPENS by itself.

BEAT. She stares at the pitch black interior on the other side, then looks over to Brad and Emma with an uneasy gaze.

Both look back at her as they walk away from the house. Emma stares daggers back at Matilda.

Matilda turns her attention back to the open entrance. She takes a moment to mentally prepare herself...

When a HAND shoots out from the dark interior on the other side of the entrance and drags her inside!

BRAD

Matilda!

The door SLAMS shut.

EMMA

You heard her... she wants to be alone!

They both take off.

INT. EMMA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Total darkness. Matilda lays on the floor. Unconscious. Her bag beside her. She wakes up, groggy, then immediately checks her surroundings.

There's the Apparition. All the way on the other side of the room. Barely visible in the darkness.

He walks toward her.

Matilda goes into her bag, whips out a RELIGIOUS SYMBOL and holds in front of the Apparition while she recites a CHANT.

The Apparition is gone.

The Wiccan wastes no time. She pulls out a pouch of salt from her bag and sprinkles the contents around the floor.

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A guilt-ridden Emma lies in bed, deep in thought.

INT. BRAD'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Brad walks in with a case of cheap beer and a large bag of even cheaper chips.

BRAD

Emma! I got us some dinner. Only the best for...

He heads towards...

INT. BRAD'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Brad is floored at what he sees.

BRAD

You.

Bags of GROCERIES piled on top of the table and counter.

Moved by what he sees, he takes out his cell phone and makes a text to "KARA".

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad walks in. Emma greets him with a tired smile.

BRAD

You didn't have to do that.

EMMA

You didn't have to do what you did, either. There's also more, but I wasn't able to put it in the kitchen.

BRAD

...Why?

EMMA

Cause they're here!

Emma THROWS aside the bed covers to reveal her NAKED BODY!

BRAD

Bon Appe "tits"!

Close enough. About time, too, as Brad couldn't rip his clothes off any faster if he tried.

He THROWS himself on the bed and nearly flattens Emma.

The two engage in a passionate display of sex that Brad should have gotten back when he was in Emma's room.

INT. EMMA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Candles spread around an otherwise dark room serve as the only light source.

Matilda clutches her religious symbol as she sits in a deep trance in the center of a protective circle of SALT.

The brief moment of silence is broken by...

Painful, tortured MOANS that fill the room.

Matilda's body quivers. A troubled look comes over her. She fights to remain in her trance when...

MATILDA

...Oh, my god... my god...

Her breaths become labored. Her face, drenched with sweat. The MOANS become louder as if they're closing in on her.

MATILDA

...No!

She lets out a GASP and snaps out of her trance. The religious symbol falls from Matilda's trembling hands. She loses her balance and falls backwards...

Outside the protective circle of salt!

Matilda looks up to find...

The Apparition's disfigured face staring down at her!

She sees the religious symbol all the way on the other end of floor and reaches for it...

The symbol slides out of her reach.

The Wiccan is defenseless as the Apparition inches toward her. She scoots backwards to create separation. It's no use. He's getting closer...

Closer...

A horrified Matilda SCREAMS as...

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Back to the sex.

EMMA

You sure your girlfriend won't stop by for like a surprise visit?

BRAD

Ex-girlfriend.

Emma looks surprised.

BRAD

The past year, it's been a god-damn shit show with our fighting and her getting back at me for something I did and me getting back at her by going on Adult Affairs, but you know what? Sometimes, you just gotta just let go of the baggage before it messes you up...

Emma looks at Brad, affected by that last line.

EMMA

...So, I guess it can't be called an affair anymore.

BRAD

Not for me, at least.

There is a genuine warmth in Brad's expression as he stares at Emma, as if he truly cares about her.

BRAD

So, look... I know this will sound totally crazy considering we barely know each other...

EMMA

That's fine. What is it?

BRAD

...I'm gonna miss you.

EMMA

Miss me?

BRAD

I mean, after Matilda gets rid of your dad's ghost, you'll move back to your place and probably find someone else on Adult Affairs--

Emma suddenly looks concerned.

EMMA

Do you really think Matilda can connect with the ghost and talk to him?

BRAD

When she and I were together, I saw her do some crazy-ass shit...

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)
and not just in bed. But, for
now... why don't we get back to our
crazy-ass shit?

EMMA
...Sure.

They resume their lovemaking, but this time, it's obvious that Emma's phoning in her performance from the middle of a dead zone because her mind seems pre-occupied.

Brad doesn't care. He's getting sex when...

EMMA
Crap!

Brad stops.

BRAD
Sorry! Am I going too hard?

EMMA
No, No. You're... doing fine.

Emma gets up, grabs her purse and checks inside. Turning to Brad.

EMMA
I just remembered... I left my
credit card back at the store.

She puts on her clothes and grabs her purse.

BRAD
Need a ride?

EMMA
No. It's a short walk. I'll be
back.

She hurries out of the bedroom and into...

INT. BRAD'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Emma stands in front of all those bags of groceries.

She makes sure Brad's not watching, then turns her gaze back to the groceries. Fighting back her emotions.

EMMA
(melancholy)
Bon Appetit.

She puts something inside one of the grocery bags.

INT. BRAD'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma looks around the crappy place as if she's about to move out of a home she has lived in since childhood, then leaves.

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad fiddles with his phone in bed. He notices a NEW MESSAGE on his Adult Affairs app.

He logs on and checks the message:

"BRAD, PLEASE CALL ME AT 111 222 3456. IMPORTANT!!!".

Brad dials.

BRAD
Matilda! You okay?

INT. MATILDA'S HOME - NIGHT

Matilda is on the phone.

INTERCUT BETWEEN BRAD AND MATILDA.

MATILDA
I'm fine. Are you alone?

BRAD
For now. Emma's stepped out--.

MATILDA
Brad, listen to me. It's not the ghost who's the threat. It's Emma!

BRAD
...Emma?

MATILDA
I connected with the spirit. He showed me everything. That ghost you saw was someone she met on Adult Affairs. She killed him!

BRAD
...Killed him? Wait, no! The ghost is her dad.

MATILDA

What makes you think he's her dad?

BRAD

She told me...

Did she? As Brad recalls back to...

INT. BRAD'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASH)

Emma pleads with Brad.

EMMA

Brad... that guy is dead!

BRAD

Then, dad's going to jail and you can join him.

EMMA

No, Brad, listen! He's dead...
dead!

Brad stops calling.

EMMA

He's some kind of ghost, spirit,
walking dead... whatever!

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASH)

Brad and Emma in bed, talking.

BRAD

I mean, after Matilda gets rid of
your dad's ghost, you'll move back
to your place and probably find
someone else on Adult Affairs--

EMMA

Do you really think Matilda can
connect with the ghost and talk to
him?

BACK TO BRAD

BRAD

...Does the police know she killed
this guy?

MATILDA

She made it look like an accident
for them. Brad... it was no
accident!

INT. EMMA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASH)

Emma finishes cleaning up the kitchen. She puts away the containers and bottles, placing the last container in her hand inside the bottom drawer before she takes both plates of spaghetti and walks.

BEAT.

The bottom cabinet slowly opens to reveal what that container was that Emma placed inside.

BACK TO SCENE.

BRAD

Rat poison?

As he thinks back.

INT. EMMA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASH)

During dinner, Brad wipes off a small spot that Emma missed with his finger, then glances at his finger with brief curiosity because...

He notices a fine CHALKY, WHITE RESIDUE POWDER on his finger.

BACK TO SCENE.

MATILDA

I'm calling the police but
listen... do not let her back in
the house. You hear me?

BRAD

You don't have to tell me twice.

Brad hangs up, runs to the door, LOCKS it.

MONTAGE - BRAD AND EMMA AFTERMATH - NIGHT

-- BRAD'S LIVING ROOM: Brad stares out the window, wondering. He takes out his cell phone and disables his Adult Affairs app.

-- OUTSIDE THE CITY STREETS: Emma is a tortured soul as she strolls down a lonely, street-lit sidewalk.

BRAD (V.O.)
...Sometimes, you just gotta just
let go of the baggage before it
messes you up...

She stops in front of a store and stares at her pathetic reflection in the window for a BEAT, then fixes her posture, hardens her expression and continues on her way.

-- BRAD'S KITCHEN: Brad is putting away the groceries when he notices something inside one of the bags.

A huge wad of CASH.

FADE OUT.

POST CREDITS:

INT. GENTLEMAN'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A GENTLEMAN (30's who looks like he's been working out) reads a magazine in front of a table.

Emma comes out with a tray of LASAGNA...

EMMA
This is my mom's recipe, although I
did add a little touch to it.

She SLAMS it down in front of the gentleman.

EMMA
Bon Appetit!

She has this big smile that, upon closer look...

Appears cold and devious while hiding sadistic intentions.

THE END