

VIOLET

written by

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Fourth Draft

Over black.

BEEP

VIOLET (O.S.)
(voicemail)
Hey, you've reached Violet. Do the
thing.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

VIOLET (20s) sits on a bench, stares at the camera through blood-flecked glasses. She doesn't blink. Numb.

Blood is spattered across the front of her dress. Her hands clench a well-worn scrapbook.

CHUCK (O.S.)
(voicemail)
Yo, Vee, it's your favorite idiot.
I'm back in town. Hit me--

SUPER: MAIN TITLE

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - PREVIOUSLY

Violet rides around the neighborhood on her bike. A milk crate full of books has been bungee-corded to the front of the bike's frame.

She skids to a stop in front of a red house. Pulls several books from the crate and saunters up to the front door.

SUPER: ONE WEEK BEFORE

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY - LATER

Violet returns to her bike, empty handed, to find CHUCK (19) stood in front of her bike.

With a cigarette in his mouth, he attempts to look like a cool kid. He's not.

Violet gives him a cursory glance. Chuck smiles through clenched teeth and cigarette smoke.

CHUCK
Hey you.

Violet reaches out, snatches the cigarette from Chuck's lips and flicks it away.

VIOLET
Hey yourself.

CHUCK
Miss me?

VIOLET
In your dreams.

She doesn't mount the bike, instead pushes it along the sidewalk. Chuck tags along a step behind.

CHUCK
Every night.

VIOLET
Don't be gross, Chuck. How's school?

Chuck thinks hard on the question.

CHUCK
Different. Weird.

VIOLET
And now that you're home?

CHUCK
Still weird. What about you? Still playing book fairy?

Violet motions to the books on her bike.

VIOLET
Obviously.

CHUCK
Who even does that?

VIOLET
Hey, I'm performing a public service here.

Chuck throws his arms around Violet's shoulders, patting her on the back.

CHUCK
You're a real saint alright.
(beat)
So, hey, Funk Rhino's playing at The Sink tonight. We should bounce over there and check it out.

VIOLET

No can do, Chuckster. Got me a hot date.

Chuck stops. Violet continues a few steps before realizing he's stopped.

She turns back to him.

CHUCK

Wait, what? Since when did Her Royal Violet decide to slum it and start dating?

VIOLET

Lot's changed since you've been gone.

CHUCK

Who?

VIOLET

That's none of your business.

CHUCK

What if he's a complete creep?

VIOLET

I think I can manage.

CHUCK

I mean it. There's some seriously fucked up people out there.

VIOLET

Tell you what. Call me later to make sure he hasn't chopped me into bite-size bits. How's that?

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

In the blue and red neon shadows of a trashy motel room, Violet gets her dirty on with DUDE, an older washed-up white trash rocker.

Pumping away like an Olympic athlete, Dude is going for gold, grunting his way to a climatic finish.

DUDE

Oh yeah, baby. That's so good.

Violet, stares blankly at the ceiling. Remains unimpressed.

VIOLET
You ever wonder why we're here?

DUDE
I thought we were here to let our
freak flags fly, baby.

Dude punctuates his sentence with several macho thrusts into her.

Violet squirms with discomfort.

VIOLET
No you perv, I mean the bigger
picture. "Here" in a grand
universe kinda way.

DUDE
Shit girl, I dunno. We live, we
die. If we're lucky, there's
plenty of cash, grass and ass
along the way.

VIOLET
Charming.

Violet sighs.

DUDE
You okay? I'm not hurting you am
I?

VIOLET
No, you're fine. Fuck me hard,
baby. Oh yeah, you're so big.

She won't win any Oscars anytime soon.

Dude doesn't notice. His thrusts and breath become hard and fast. He climaxes with an overly dramatic grunt. Rolls off onto his back.

DUDE
Goddamn! Baby, you are one fine
piece of ass. Bet you've never had
your world rocked like that
before, huh?

VIOLET
No. I really can't say I have.

Dude turns towards Violet, drags his fingers across her arms. His fingers stops on one of her tattoos.

DUDE
"Toska"? That a band?

VIOLET
No, it's--

DUDE
Hold that thought, I gotta piss.

VIOLET
--Russian. Knock yourself out.

Dude slides from the bed and heads for the bathroom.

VIOLET
Nabakov described it--

DUDE (O.C.)
(interrupting)
Who?

INT. MOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dude lets out a content grunt as he pisses loudly into the toilet.

VIOLET (O.C.)
Vladimir Nabakov.
(pause)
Wrote 'Lolita'?

DUDE
(to himself)
Ah yeah, right.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Violet gets out of bed and starts to rummage through her bag.

VIOLET
He described toska as "...a dull ache of the soul, a longing with nothing to long for, a sick pining, a vague restlessness, mental throes, yearning."

She pulls out an Instax camera. Stops to ponder.

VIOLET
Do you ever feel that way? Longing for something you can't quite put your finger on?

INT. MOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dude finishes peeing, shaking off in a weird little dance.

DUDE
You sure ask a lot of questions.

VIOLET (O.C.)
I guess I'm just a curious kind of gal.

DUDE
Yeah, well what'ya say, Curious George. Down for round two?

Dude turns to exit, not expecting to find Violet standing in the doorway with the Instax camera up to her face.

SNAP!

VIOLET
Absolutely.

The camera flash goes off, blinding the man for a moment.

As his eyesight returns, Dude sees a shiny hammer raised above Violet's head. His face twists in a mask of confusion and stupidity.

Violet brings the hammer crashing down on the man's skull.

CRUNCH.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Still in her bra and panties, Violet pulls a roll of plastic from under the bed, unrolls it on the bed.

She grabs Dude's slack naked body by the legs and struggles to drag him onto the plastic.

Her cell phone rings, its custom ringtone cute and childish.

Violet wipes her sweaty face with the back of her hand, leaving a bloody streak across her cheek. Checks the phone.

The digital face says "Chuckles". She answers.

VIOLET
Big Bob's Chop Shop. You stab 'em,
we slab 'em.

CHUCK (O.S.)
So?

VIOLET

So.

(pause)

What?

CHUCK (O.S.)

How it'd go?

Violet doesn't immediately answer, instead works on sticking the new photo into a scrapbook. We can see by the number of other photos, this isn't her first homicidal rodeo.

CHUCK (O.S.)

The date?

VIOLET

Yeah. No, not really my type after all.

CHUCK (O.S.)

Told you he'd be a creep.

Violet casts a look down at Dude's body.

VIOLET

Well, you weren't wrong.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Chuck is walking along a downtown street.

CHUCK

That's okay. Funk Rhino was less funk and more like two hipsters with Casio keyboards.

Violet grunts repeatedly on the other end of the phone.

CHUCK

What are you doing over there?

VIOLET (O.S.)

Girl stuff. You don't wanna know.

CHUCK

Yeah, spare me the gory details. Wanna grab some coffee?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Violet sits in a coffee shop, a giant cup of cappuccino in front of her.

Across the table sits HIPSTER GUY (late 20s, handsome, arrogant).

HIPSTER GUY
...so after my buddy and I
finished with the Vegan BBQ Truck
we opened a 3D printing business
for third world orphans.

VIOLET
You 3D print orphans?

HIPSTER GUY
Ha ha. You're funny, you know
that? I like funny.

Violet's expression remains fixed and bored.

VIOLET
Let me ask you something.

HIPSTER GUY
Go ahead, shoot.

To Violet's horror, Hipster Guy fires finger guns in her direction.

HIPSTER GUY
Pew! Pew!

VIOLET
Do you ever wonder why we're here?

HIPSTER GUY
How so?

VIOLET
Do you think we have a greater
purpose? Like, what's the point of
it all? Who are we? Where do we
belong?

HIPSTER GUY
Life is just living in the now.
Every second that passes is the
past, y'know? There is no such
thing as a future. There's just
now in the moment.

Hipster Guy takes her hands in his.

HIPSTER GUY
Do you feel that?

VIOLET

No.

HIPSTER GUY

That's your life, slipping away
with every passing moment that you
sit here.

VIOLET

You can feel that?

HIPSTER GUY

It's time to make a decision,
Violet. Are you going to let life
pass you by or are you going to
grab it by the balls and make it
your bitch?

Violet pulls her hands away from his.

VIOLET

You wanna get out of here?

A smile creeps across his smug face.

HIPSTER GUY

You know I do.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Violet and Hipster Guy are making out against a wall in the
alley behind the coffee shop. Or, more accurately, Hipster Guy
is doing all the kissing.

Violet is staring off into space.

VIOLET

Don't you ever feel lost? Like
maybe you don't belong anywhere?

HIPSTER GUY

You're not lost. You're here with
me.

Hipster Guy continues making out with Violet's neck. She pulls
her trusty hammer from her purse.

VIOLET

But what if it's never enough?

HIPSTER GUY

How could I not be enough?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Violet resumes her seat inside the Coffee Shop. She pulls out her scrap book and adds a new photo--Hipster Guy's terrified face a moment before the hammer crashed down--to the album.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Violet rides her bike around town.

VIOLET (V.O.)

Do you ever stare up at the sky
late at night? Look up at all the
millions of stars shining above
you and wonder where you belong in
the universe? You can't decide if
you're meant to be forever alone
or if maybe, somewhere, somehow
you just haven't found your tribe
yet?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Violet sits in her usual spot at the coffee shop.

VIOLET

What does it all mean?

Cut to montage:

GEEK (20s, probably on the spectrum) responds as if giving a lecture.

GEEK

Life doesn't have meaning, but our
lived lives are our meaning. I
mean, that's what meaning means--
a sense of significance.
Heidegger said "the being of all
beings is not itself a being" --
at once demonstrating the
difficulty of using language to
discuss philosophy, and coining
his pithiest phrase.

CUT TO:

HIPPIE CHICK (20s, loves festivals and tiny dogs, hates the patriarchy) scowls at Violet.

HIPPIE CHICK

Don't tell me you're still down
with that patriarchal bullshit.

CUT TO:

FRENCHIE (30s, lover of women and music, probably has more than
few skeletons in his closet) waves his hands around.

FRENCHIE

(in French)

What is life to a flower such as
yourself? A beautiful woman
shouldn't be so preoccupied with
such things.

CUT TO:

Violet regards each suitor with a dead pan stare.

CUT TO:

A MAN in a PLUSHY costume shrugs.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Violet walks in slow motion. Pull her hammer from her bag.

Cut to montage of photos showing Geek, Hippie Chick and
Frenchie in their last moments.

CUT TO:

Plushy tries to run but Violet tackles him. Smashes him
several times with the hammer. Gets up and continues kicking
him before finally snapping his photo.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Chuck sits on the grass at a park, ear buds in and chain
smoking.

Violet pulls up on her bike and plops down next to him. She
wears the same white dress from the first scene.

VIOLET

S'up, Chuck?

CHUCK

Livin' large, Vee. Where you
been?

VIOLET
It's been a busy week.

Violet leans over, snatches Chuck's cigarette and again flicks it away.

CHUCK
Oh, c'mon!

VIOLET
No one wants to kiss a smoker.

CHUCK
Why, you wanna kiss me?

Violet punches Chuck in the arm.

CHUCK
Ow!
(beat)
You hear they found Jimmy Lucas'
body down in a dumpster on the
south side?

VIOLET
Tragic.

CHUCK
Totally. Dude used to have the
sweetest Vegan BBQ truck.

Violet rolls her eyes to herself.

CHUCK
Makes you wonder though, right?
Like, this could all end tomorrow.
(smacks hands together)
BAM! Just like that. Makes you
really think about what's
important.

VIOLET
Yeah? So what's important to you?

CHUCK
You.

VIOLET
Me?

CHUCK
We've been best friends since,
like what, our whole lives?

VIOLET
You mean I used to babysit you
when you were still crapping your
diapers.

CHUCK
C'mon, you're not that much older
than me.

VIOLET
I dunno man, five years can be a
lifetime.

Chuck pauses in thought.

CHUCK
You ever think about us?

VIOLET
Us?

CHUCK
You and me. Together. Like,
y'know, a couple?

VIOLET
Oh Chuck. You don't wanna be with
a girl like me. Trust me.

CHUCK
You don't know that.

VIOLET
But I do. There are so many
better girls out there for you.

CHUCK
I don't want those other girls. I
want you.

Violet stares at her hands.

VIOLET
Why would you say that?

CHUCK
Because it's the truth.

Chuck chooses this moment to lean over and plant an unexpected,
lingering kiss on Violet's lips.

Violet pushes him back after a moment.

VIOLET
Ew! See, this is what I mean about
smoker's breath!

The two sit in awkward silence for a few moments before Violet speaks.

VIOLET
You sure this is what you want?

CHUCK
More than anything. I love you,
Violet. I've always loved you.

Violet doesn't look at him. Her big blue eyes threaten to tear up.

VIOLET
Ok.

CHUCK
Ok?

Violet stands up and starts to walk away.

VIOLET
You coming?

Chuck scrambles to his feet. The two disappear into the park.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Violet wanders down an empty street, her white dress spattered with gore. She holds the bloody hammer to her chest like a bouquet of flowers.

She stops at a bus stop and takes a seat on the bench. Opens her scrapbook and places another photo into the book.

It's Chuck, in his very last moment of life.

The camera pulls back to a far away wide angle.

Violet is very small in the frame, surrounded by nothing and everything.