

THE MALTESER BUNNY

Written By

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INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

SAM DIAMOND, wearing a trenchcoat and fedora, faces off across the counter with RUTH PONDERLY, dressed in an evening gown.

SAM

Now I don't want any guff. I know it's here. You know it's here. Now hand it over, darling.

RUTH

I swear, Sam. I swear it to you, it ain't here. You believe me, don't you? You must believe me.

Sam takes a step towards the camera, speaking to it.

SAM

I knew she was lying. It'd been twenty years since I first took this case, and I'd finally tracked it down this very kitchen. But what could I do? She was a dame, and I was a private dick. There's rules to follow.

Sam steps back to Ruth.

SAM

Of course I believe you, Ms. Ponderly. Maybe we should just start again. After all, it's been a long time.

RUTH

It sure has, Sam. The last time we connected was, what? Twenty years ago?

Sam steps to the camera

SAM

I knew she was listening to my asides, because that's what dames do.

Sam steps back and pulls out a bottle of champagne.

SAM

So let's celebrate.

RUTH

You think you can handle it,
tiger? The last time we had
champagne you got the cork stuck
up your-

SAM

I remember.

Sam goes to the camera.

SAM

I didn't remember, but then
there was a lot I didn't
remember from that night.

Sam returns to the scene.

RUTH

Lucky for you I really knew how
to screw a cork.

She opens the bottle, and they pour some drinks.

SAM

You sent me on quite a chase,
Ruth. Quite a chase. And to
think that damn Maltese Bunny-

RUTH

Malteser Bunny-

SAM

Was here the whole time. You
shoulda known you couldn't keep
it. You shoulda known he'd come
looking for it.

RUTH

You mean-

SAM

That's right. And as much as I'm
enjoying a drink with a
beautiful dame, if you don't
start talking, I'm gonna do
something that you're gonna
regret.

RUTH

You can threaten me all you
want, Mr. Diamond, but I ain't
talkin'!

SAM

Oh yeah?

Sam grabs a spatula out of a drawer and holds it threateningly.

RUTH

You can always tell when a dick's getting old, Sam. Now what makes you think I wouldn't enjoy that?

Sam walks towards the camera.

SAM

She was right. I was getting old. Old and tired. Tired and old. And even with a spatula I liked being in bed by nine thirty.

Stepping back into the scene.

SAM

I bet you hid it right around here too, didn't you...

Ruth's eyes involuntarily dart up to a high cabinet.

SAM

In there, huh? You think that'll keep me from—

RUTH

No! You mustn't! Besides, you'll never get it! It's... It's too high. You'll die if you go up there!

Sam swings open the cabinet, and on the top shelf is a glorious chocolate Easter Bunny.

RUTH

Like I said, it's past your reach now. Past anyone's reach. Uncle Jimmy made sure of that before he fell into the trash compactor.

SAM

Fell... or pushed?

RUTH

How dare you!

Back to the camera...

SAM

She knew I dared. I knew it too, but this wasn't the time.

Back to Ruth...

SAM

Now step out of the way.

Sam goes up to the cabinet, and reaches for the rabbit but with no success. He glares at her. Then he reaches up with the spatula, but still can't get it.

SAM

Damn you!

(He throws the spatula on the floor in anger.)

You dames are all alike, always putting the good stuff out of reach. But I'll show you!

Sam starts to jump up, trying to reach the chocolate, but he can't. He stops, and they glare at each other. Then suddenly Sam grabs a ladle, and shakes it at her.

SAM

You think you're the only one who can dish it out?

RUTH

Do your worst, Sam Diamond!

Sam suddenly turns back to the cabinet, and with a combination of jumping and fishing with the ladle, manages to knock the bunny to him. Ruth breaks down into tears.

SAM

Now this, this is the stuff creams are made of.

RUTH

What are you gonna do with it, Sam?

SAM

I'm taking it to the Fatman, and there ain't nothing you can do to stop me.

RUTH
Alright, you win, Sam. But...

SAM
Yeah?

RUTH
Could I have just one kiss? You
know, for old times sake?

Sam back to the camera.

SAM
I fell for that twenty years
ago, but a man don't fall for
the same trick twice.

Sam goes back to her. He takes the champagne bottle, and
very obviously the cork, and puts them far out of her
reach.

SAM
Alrighty, baby. One kiss.

Ruth sidles up to Sam, and goes to kiss him. Suddenly,
there's the sound of breaking chocolate. They separate, and
we see that Ruth has broken the head off the bunny.

RUTH
Sorry, Sam. But if I can't have
it, no one can.

Ruth seductively takes a bite out of the bunny head.

SAM
What have you done?

RUTH
Aw, Sam. Always being the good
dick.

Ruth starts to lead Sam out of the kitchen, waving the
chocolate bunny head at him.

RUTH
Come on, try it. Who knows? You
might enjoy a little head.

They walk out of the kitchen as dramatic 1940's music plays
and the camera fades to black.

THE END