

RICKER SCENE 1 (MONOLOGUE)

RICKER

They say smoking kills. I can't argue with that. But you've gotta ask yourself: Is that such a bad thing? I'd say it depends who's dying. Mother Teresa? Maybe it's time to switch to filters. Out-of-work birthday clown playing pocket pool while he stares at you on the bus? Here's a two-for-one coupon to the tobacco shack, knock yourself out. So where does a guy like me fall on this spectrum? These days, I'm kinda leaning towards the clown. Not literally, by the way. You've gotta stay the hell away from that guy. But I guess what I'm really trying say is... Got a light?

RICKER SCENE 2

NOTE: In the following scene, Ricker awakens from a trance to discover that he has just killed the love of his life. His Hand is possessed by an evil spirit and has a mind of its own. It talks to him like a sock puppet.

You are playing both parts.

INT. BEDROOM

Ricker wakes up and sees Daytona's body.

RICKER

Daytona? No... No! What have I done?

HAND (RICKER)

What have you done? Don't hog all the credit, big boy!

RICKER

You did this?! How could you?

HAND (RICKER)

It was easy! I'll show you!

It begins to STRANGLE him. He desperately fights it off, finally manages to break free.

RICKER

You murdering piece of garbage...
You scum...

HAND (RICKER)

She was getting in the way!

RICKER

I loved her!

HAND (RICKER)

I'm afraid you've got poor taste
in women, my friend!

RICKER

I'm not your friend! I. Hate. You.

HAND (RICKER)

But I loooove you!

It plants a juicy wet SMOOCH right on his lips.