

*CW: Guns, Murder, and Decapitation*

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Sun beams through the blinds, hitting DEAN laying in his bed. An alarm rings; he dismisses it. He turns over in bed. A calendar sits on his dresser. Beneath that days date reads "One Year." He sighs and frowns.

INT. FLOWER SHOP - LATER

Dean walks into a flower shop, greeted by a cheerful cashier. He doesn't look at the flowers, instead bee-lining straight for pink carnations. He grabs the prettiest bouquet he can find and takes it to the counter.

CASHIER  
(overtly cheerful)  
Just these?

DEAN  
(monotone)  
Yes.

CASHIER  
They're beautiful. Who's the lucky lady?

DEAN  
My wife.

At his words, it seems the flowers wilt. It's too late; he's already paid. He nods and walks out.

Across the street is a gun store. He walks there, uncaring of the cars in the road.

INT. GUN STORE - CONTINUOUS

Pink roses in hand, Dean walks into the store. His mind made up, he once again beelines for a pistol. He sets it on the glass counter.

The cashier says nothing. They check out Dean's pistol, then move on. Dean tucks the pistol in the pink carnations. The handle sticks out of the back. He holds it by the handle, finger ghosting above the trigger.

He leaves.

INT. LOAN SHARK HQ - LATER

Dean walks in with the bouquet of flowers. The loan shark LORENZO sits at a desk. As he sees Dean, he stands smiling. He speaks with a thick Italian accent.

LORENZO  
Dean! My favorite customer turned  
employee.

DEAN  
Lorenzo.

Lorenzo claps Dean on the back.

LORENZO  
How you feeling, man?  
(softly)  
It's been a year.

DEAN  
It has.

Dean says nothing more. He doesn't make eye contact with him, and his hands grip the carnations tighter, and his finger drifts closer to the trigger.

LORENZO  
(chuckles)  
I remember when my and my wife hit  
one year. I couldn't believe it.

DEAN  
I can't believe it either.

LORENZO  
Those for her?

DEAN  
Yes, sir.

LORENZO  
They're nice. My wife's a rose kind  
of gal.

An awkward silence settles between them.

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
I got a job for you. The wife gonna  
be okay with that?

Lorenzo playfully nudges Dean.

DEAN  
Yeah, she'll be fine.

Lorenzo hands Dean a slip of paper.

LORENZO  
Here's the address.

Dean nods and turns and walks out of the room.

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
And Dean?

Dean turns back around.

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
You know what happens if they don't  
have my money?

Lorenzo makes a finger gun motion.

DEAN  
You got it, boss.

INT. POOR MAN'S HOUSE - LATER

Dean stands in the middle of a man's house, bouquet still in hand. Tears stream down his face as he paces frantically around the room. Dean stands there doing nothing, but his shirt is lifted slightly to reveal a gun resting on his hip.

POOR MAN  
Please, just give me more time.  
Just another week.

DEAN  
You've said "just another week" for  
three weeks now. Boss wants his  
money.

POOR MAN  
I'm gonna get it. I promise. I  
just...

He trails off as his wife enters the room. Dean does not see her as he doesn't care to turn around.

POOR MAN'S WIFE  
Gabriel, is everything okay?

He quickly wipes the tears.

GABRIEL  
Yes, dear, everything is fine.  
Money troubles is all.

GABRIEL's wife steps in front of Dean. His eyes immediately fall on her growing baby bump. The wife sits on the couch, guiding Gabriel next to her.

To Dean, the image looks like him and his wife, sitting together on the couch. His frown deepens.

DEAN  
You're having a baby?

POOR MAN'S WIFE  
Yes, it's why we can't get the  
money. Babies are quite expensive.

The poor man's wife lets out an uneasy laugh. She rubs her stomach. Dean's eyes fixate on her hands.

DEAN  
I'll pay your debt.

Dean covers his gun and turns around.

GABRIEL  
You will?

Dean nods.

POOR MAN'S WIFE  
How can we ever repay you?

DEAN  
You don't.

Dean walks out of the house. Before he gets too far, Gabriel calls out.

GABRIEL  
What's your name?

DEAN  
Dean.

Gabriel stops and thinks for a moment.

GABRIEL  
For your kindness, we'll name our  
daughter after you: Diane.

DEAN  
No, please, name her Annalisa. It  
would mean more to me.

INT. LOAN SHARK HQ - LATER

Dean drops a fat wad of cash on Lorenzo's desk. Lorenzo looks  
up and fingers through the money, first quickly then slowly.  
He stops and smells the cash.

LORENZO  
This is your payment from last  
week.

DEAN  
Yes.

LORENZO  
That's not what I asked for. I  
expected Gabriel's money. That's  
where I sent you.

DEAN  
Why do you care? You still get your  
money.

LORENZO  
(frustrated)  
Yes, but if I have one of my  
employees paying people's debts,  
then I look soft. And if I look  
soft people think they can mess  
with me. People can't mess with me.  
You're well aware of what happens  
when someone messes with me.

In Dean's head, a gunshot rings out. His fingers tighten  
around the bouquet of flowers, finger ghosting over the  
trigger.

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
Go back and fix it.

DEAN  
I can't. They're having a baby.

Lorenzo lets out an exasperated groan.

LORENZO  
So that's what this is about. Dean,  
it's been a year. Get over it.

DEAN

How do you suspect I do that?

LORENZO

I don't know. Hookers, drugs, murder. Whatever you want. Just get over it. Annalisa was just another two dollar whore.

DREAM SEQUENCE SERIES OF SHOTS

-Dean meets ANNALISA for the first time. She giggles and takes his hand.

-Dean kisses Annalisa softly. She smiles and pulls him in for a harsher kiss.

-Dean and Annalisa stand at the altar. A priest speaks. They cry and kiss.

-Annalisa lays on the floor, a lazy smile and tears in her eyes. Her bloody hand resting on her stomach.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. LOAN SHARK HQ - CONTINUOUS

Dean's face finally shows an emotion: rage.

DEAN

Do NOT speak about my wife that way. Annalisa was a beautiful woman, and an even better wife.

LORENZO

I'm sure she was, but you could find twenty more of her on Broad Street.

Dean stands there, enraged. His fingers grip the handle of the gun in the flowers.

LORENZO (CONT'D)

(mockingly)

Oh, did I upset you? Go take all of that and make it useful.

Lorenzo throws Dean's money back at him. Dean doesn't move. Lorenzo stares at him.

LORENZO (CONT'D)  
Are ya stupid? I said, beat it,  
Dean.

DEAN  
I'm not going.

LORENZO  
Not going? Are ya going soft on me?

DEAN  
Gabriel has a wife and a kid on the  
way. He deserves to live that life.  
I'm going to allow him to live that  
life because I never got to.

LORENZO  
I never got to live that life  
either, and look at where it got  
me!

DEAN  
A miserable man with an empire. How  
inspiring.

LORENZO  
I'm much better without Natalie.

DEAN  
I'm much worse without Annalisa.

LORENZO  
Crying about it isn't gonna bring  
her back.

Dean points the bouquet at Lorenzo.

DEAN  
No, it won't.

He cocks the gun. Lorenzo's eyes finally lock in on the  
bouquet.

LORENZO  
What're you doing?

DEAN  
Getting over it.

He shoots the gun. Blood splatters over the bouquet.  
Lorenzo's body drops to the floor.

Dean walks over to Lorenzo's desk, grabbing the bottle of  
whiskey and downing it.

Then he walks to a wall, tears welling up in his eyes. He grabs a machete and begins separating Lorenzo's head from his body.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATE NIGHT

Dean walks with the bloodied bouquet and severed head through the cemetery. He walks slowly, swaying in the wind. His shirt is wrinkled and he reeks of booze.

A security guard shines his light on Dean, noticing the severed head. He says something into his walkie talkie.

Dean finally reaches his destination, stopping at a headstone that reads "ANNALISA HARRIS".

INT. LIVING ROOM - 1 YEAR AGO

Dean and Lorenzo are screaming back and forth. ANNALISA walks down the stairs.

ANNALISA

Dean? Is everything alright?

DEAN

Honey, please go back upstairs?

LORENZO

Is this her? The broad you're spending all of my money on. I want it Dean.

ANNALISA

Dean, what does he mean by "his money"?

DEAN

I'll explain later. Please go.

Dean presses a small kiss to her lips. Lorenzo seethes. His fingers fiddle with a wedding band.

LORENZO

No. Stay. You should know what your sorry excuse for a husband has done.

ANNALISA

Do not speak about my husband that way.

Annalisa wraps her arms around Dean. Lorenzo's face burns more. Tears come to his eyes.

DEAN

I'm gonna get you your money, just  
give me time.

LORENZO

You've been asking for time and  
more time. I'm done giving you  
time.

Lorenzo grabs the gun resting on his hip and shoots Annalisa. Her body falls to the floor, blood oozing out. Dean goes down and grabs her body.

LORENZO (CONT'D)

Get me my money, or I'll do much  
worse than that.

Lorenzo walks out of the house, wiping his away tears.

Dean is on the floor clutching Annalisa's body. She bleeds profusely. Her hand comes up to her stomach and she rubs it.

ANNALISA

(weakly)

I think it was a boy. I was going  
to name it Dean Jr. Diane, if it  
was a girl.

Annalisa cries as she struggles to breathe. Dean touches her stomach, sobbing tears of his own. He lays his forehead on the babies. He looks up at Annalisa.

DEAN

I'll bring you his head.

ANNALISA

I know you will.

Annalisa closes her eyes and does not reopen them.

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Dean drops Lorenzo's severed head on Annalisa's grave, setting the flowers right next to it. He gets on his knees and touches the headstone.

DEAN

Happy one year, baby.

He lets out a wrecked sob, clutching the headstone for dear life.

Police officers walk up to he headstone. They gently pull Dean away from the headstone.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I love you.

As he gets pulled away, his once wilted bouquet perks up once more.