

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The counters are overflowing with ingredients. In the middle of the chaos, MARCO pounds chicken breasts with a mallet.

He's thirtyish, fit, bearded with stubble, and humming.

The front door BANGS open and he looks up with a smile at a tornado of a woman, CASSIE, who hops on one leg, tears off her shoe, and hucks it at his head without a word.

He catches it one-handed and ducks the other shoe as it sails right after. His smile curdles and he looks confused.

Cassie rushes him. She's small but fierce, hair whipping.

CASSIE

You trying to cut me out?

MARCO

What? I'm making enough for two!

She swings a punch at his head but he dodges and steps back, brandishing the mallet defensively.

CASSIE

I saw you! Making a deal with
motherfucking Hugo like that shit
he pulled in Malta doesn't matter!

She grabs a full cutting board and he winces in horror as she flings it at him like a frisbee, sending vegetables everywhere and shattering a bottle of red behind him.

MARCO

Time out! I would never do that.
Also now we don't have any wine.

Cassie growls and pulls a knife out of the knife block.

She stabs at him but he deflects it with the mallet, so she twists and swipes again, fast and brutal.

He manages to block her jabs but can't disarm her, until-

MAN (O.S.)

Ever tried marriage counseling?

They freeze and turn to see a man, MARCO'S DOUBLE, holding them at gunpoint with a lazy smile.

MARCO

I told you it wasn't me.