

FAKE PLASTIC GIRLS

written by

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INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

RAY WILSON, a bald and chubby 40 year old man sits on his couch. He only wears white boxer shorts and pair of glasses.

He stares at a shotgun by his side, no emotion in his face.

Laying face down on the floor in front of him is a woman, a gaping hole in her back. Blood slowly seeps around her.

She is probably dead.

Ray walks to his bedroom door, careful not to step in the blood he opens it.

RAY

It's over.

Ray enters and closes the door behind him.

INT. MARVIN'S GUNS 'N' AMMO - DAY

SUBTITLE: Earlier that day

A BELL RINGS as the door opens and in shuffles Ray Wilson dressed in a navy blue postal uniform.

Ray nervously glances around as he approaches the counter.

RAY

Hello, anyone here?

The sound of a POLICE SIREN outside startles him and he quickly turns to the window but sees nothing. As the noise of the SIREN fades a voice startles Ray.

MARVIN

You looking for something?

Ray spins around to see MARVIN standing behind the counter. Around 60 years old and so tall his head nearly touches the low ceiling. His brown shirt has a picture of two pistols crossed and MARVIN'S GUNS 'N' AMMO emblazoned across the front.

RAY

Ray.

MARVIN

Come again?

Ray removes his glasses and wipes them with the corner of his shirt before putting them back on.

RAY

Ray, I mean my name is Ray, we spoke on the phone?

Marvin leans towards Ray and sizes him up.

MARVIN

Ray the mailman.

Ray offers his hand to Marvin but Marvin just looks at it. Ray, deflated, puts his arm back to his side.

MARVIN

(cont'd)

Rabbits.

RAY

I'm sorry.

MARVIN

Rabbits, you said you were shooting rabbits.

RAY

Rabbits, yes. Er, hunting. You know, heading up to the mountains for the weekend.

MARVIN

Too long to wait for your permit?

RAY

That's why I called you, I was told you could help.

MARVIN

You got the money?

Ray digs into his hip pocket and pulls out a brown envelope.

RAY

\$600, all there.

MARVIN

Wait here.

Marvin disappears behind the counter and into a back room.

Ray picks up a box that is part of a display on the counter and turns it over to read it. Ammunition spills out of the box, bounces off the counter and onto the floor.

CHINK, CHINK, CHINK, CHINK, For a few seconds it sounds like Caesar's Palace as the bullets bounce their way around the store. Ray scrabbles to pick them up.

Marvin re-appears with a long canvas bag and hands it to Ray.

MARVIN

You won't need those, I've put two boxes of 12 gauge in the bag. Should be enough for a day shooting rabbits.

RAY

Thanks.

MARVIN

Is there anything else you need?

RAY

I think that's it.

MARVIN

I guess we're done then.

RAY

Yeah, right. Thanks.

Ray turns around and heads for the door.

MARVIN

Oh, and mailman.

Ray turns his head.

MARVIN

(cont'd)

You never got it here.

RAY

Sure.

The BELL RINGS as Ray exits. Marvin locks the front door and peers out the dirty glass as he flips the sign over to CLOSED.

Marvin chuckles.

MARVIN

It's always a mailman.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - LUNCH

Ray is seated in a booth holding a giant cheeseburger in both hands. He takes a bite and washes it down with a large gulp from his 32oz Coke.

LISA PIRANASESI sits opposite him. A tall leggy brunette in her mid 40's, she wears too much make-up and is dressed in clothes that leave little to the imagination.

LISA

And another thing. If I move in you stop eating this crap. I want you getting into shape.

RAY

You mean WHEN you move in?

LISA

Only if you do as you promised and get rid of that fuc--

RAY

Her name is Laura. Please, this is hard enough as it is.

LISA

Whatever. Just make sure she is gone by tonight.

RAY

I said I would didn't I?

LISA

Just do it then, otherwise WE ain't gonna happen.

Ray takes another bite from his burger.

RAY

I wish we were moving into a new place.

LISA

All those golden memories?

RAY

No need to be like that. It just feels weird you moving into our, I mean my apartment.

LISA

We need money dumbass. You need to start pulling more overtime then we can talk about a new place.

RAY

And how much did you spend on those?

Ray gestures towards Lisa's ample breasts.

LISA

You bastard. You know why I needed these. I had a complex, I felt inferior.

RAY

And now you feel better with plastic tits?

LISA

You can be hurtful sometimes. You really can.

Lisa dabs her eyes with a napkin in a pathetic attempt at false tears.

LISA

Besides, you're a fine one to talk about plastic tits.

RAY

Don't start that again. It's just funny you talk about feeling inferior when I paid for them and you hardly let me touch them.  
I feel inferior.

LISA

Sometimes I think you are.

Lisa grabs Ray's coke and takes a slurp.

LISA

(cont'd)

Anyway I told you, you get rid of her and you can feel all you want.

RAY

It will be over by tonight.

LISA  
I need to get back to work. Go do  
what you need to.

RAY  
Come round after 8.

Ray puts a hand into his pocket and pulls out a key. He hands it to Lisa with a smile.

Lisa leans over and gives Ray a small peck on his cheek. She wipes her mouth as she grabs the key from him.

LISA  
Good luck I guess.

She walks towards the door of the restaurant and pausing for a moment turns back to Ray.

LISA  
Ray.

Ray looks up.

LISA  
(cont'd)  
It'll be okay.

Ray watches her ass wiggle as she disappears from view and then picking up his burger he takes another bite.

INT. JAKE'S PALACE OF DELIGHT - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Jake's Palace of Delight is no different than the thousand other sex shops located in the back streets of America.

Lining the walls is an A to Z of the most perverse and obscene DVD's imaginable and countless shelves are stacked high with toys of every color, size and shape known to man or woman.

Behind the counter is JAKE WEST, late 30's African American with an afro hairstyle. As he talks he designs a display of rubber dongs on a shelf behind the counter.

JAKE  
A gun? You're shittin' me.

RAY  
I need to do it Jake.

JAKE  
Can you even use one?

RAY  
I was hoping you could show me.

JAKE  
Oh, you mean because I'm black  
therefore I know how to shoot?

RAY  
I didn't mean that.

JAKE  
Well it sure sounded like it.

RAY  
Anyway, it can't be that difficult.

JAKE  
Have you listened to yourself  
lately?

RAY  
I know how it sounds.

JAKE  
What happens if someone hears you  
shooting the place down and calls  
the police?

Ray shrugs his shoulders.

JAKE  
(cont'd)  
And for what? Just so that dirty  
'ol whore can move in?

RAY  
She loves me.

JAKE  
As long as she keeps getting your  
money.

RAY  
It's not like that.

JAKE  
What's it like then?

Ray just stands there in silence as Jake waves a rubber dick  
in his face.

JAKE  
(cont'd)

I like you Ray, I really do, but I worry about your sanity. So you met a woman you wanna be with forever 'n shit. Great, I'm happy for you.

RAY  
So what's your problem?

JAKE  
People in your position do not usually go shooting the other thing with no shotgun. They dump that bitch, throw her on the street, whatever. But shooting? Man that shits fucked up.

RAY  
I have to do it.

Jake pulls a catalog out from a drawer and flicks through the pages until he finds a picture that he shows to Ray.

JAKE  
You want a new woman? Look at her. Man how lovely is she?

Ray looks at the catalog nodding appreciatively.

JAKE  
(cont'd)

This is the latest shit in plastic, feels just like the real thing. The technique was developed for the space shuttle. Real hair, soft skin, no fuckin' difference.

RAY  
She looks expensive.

JAKE  
How much Lisa's new titties cost you?

RAY  
\$4000.

JAKE  
Jesus, you can get Suzy here for \$2000 including delivery and three years warranty. \$2000 and no bitching, no shoes, no haircuts.

RAY

Jake, you forget who you're talking to here, you're preaching to the converted. But I've got enough to worry about.

JAKE

Suit yourself but you know where she is if you change your mind.

RAY

I won't. But thanks.

JAKE

You gonna buy anything while you're here? I've got some new DVD's from France, real good shit.

RAY

I don't watch French movies.

JAKE

You never seen French porn?

RAY

I don't know, I don't think so.  
Do they speak French?

JAKE

Of course they speak French you dumbshit, they're French.

Jake's broad smile turns into a laugh, he slaps the counter with a rubber dong.

JAKE

Do they speak French? I love it.

Ray's head drops, Jake's laughter making him feel a little uncomfortable.

JAKE

Hey Ray, guess what they call a threesome in France?

RAY

They don't call it a threesome?

JAKE

No, they got the metric system over there, they wouldn't know what the fuck a threesome is.

RAY  
What'd they call it?

JAKE  
Menage a trois.

RAY  
Man-arge-are-twar, that's funny.  
What do they call a gang bang?

JAKE  
Gangbang's a gangbang, but they  
call it Le gangbang.

RAY  
Le gangbang. What's the French for  
a Big Mac?

JAKE  
Big Mac? What, like the burger?

RAY  
Yeah.

JAKE  
Does this place look like  
McDonald's?

RAY  
I just thought--

JAKE  
I tell you what though, you will  
never guess what those French girls  
use instead of lube.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The door opens and Ray barges through it. Under one arm is the black canvas bag and in the other is a paper sack. He kicks the door closed behind him.

RAY (SHOUTS)  
I'm home.

Silence.

Ray puts the bags down on the couch, walks over to a door and opens it enough to poke his head through the gap.

RAY (QUIETLY)

I'm home.

Ray closes the door and returns to the couch.

He picks up the canvas bag, unzips it and pulls out the shotgun. He opens one of the boxes and loads the gun.

Holding the gun tightly against his chest he walks to the bedroom door.

Ray enters the

BEDROOM

and creeps in slowly.

The room is dark but enough light shines through the open door that we can see the shape of someone asleep in a bed.

Ray stops at the side of the bed, his body trembles. He lifts the gun and aims it at the figure under the covers.

Ray slowly brings the gun down to his side and retreats back to the lounge and closes the door behind him.

A LITTLE LATER

Ray is sat on the couch, he wears only a pair of white boxer shorts and his glasses.

He is watching TV, the sound of WOMEN SPEAKING IN FRENCH and MANY PEOPLE HAVING SEX.

RAY

Le gangbang.

The sounds of a KEY TURNING A LOCK the front DOOR OPENING and SLAMMING shut and into view appears Lisa.

LISA

What are you doing?

Ray hurriedly grabs the remote control and turns off the TV. Not quickly enough however that Lisa does not see.

LISA

You fucking perv.

RAY  
I never realized the time.

LISA  
Looks like it.

Lisa shakes her head at Ray and walks over towards the bedroom door.

LISA  
She gone?

RAY  
Don't go in there

Lisa turns and faces Ray.

LISA  
I don't believe it, are you serious? after all we talked about.

Ray looks defeated, Tears well up in his eyes.

RAY  
I tried, I really did.

Lisa stomps off into the kitchen area and quickly returns holding a large butchers knife.

LISA  
If you can't to do it then I will.

RAY  
Lisa don't go in there.

Lisa looks at Ray and for the first time sees the gun, it is now in Ray's hands and is pointed right at her.

LISA  
Ray what the fuck are you doing with a gun?

RAY  
I couldn't do it. I tried but I couldn't do it.

Lisa's mouth is wide open.

LISA  
Ray, get a grip.

RAY  
Get away from the door.

LISA  
You listen to me. I am going into that room and doing what you haven't got the balls to do yourself. I have played along with your sick pathetic game for long enough and It's over. And if that gun is still in your hands when I come out I am cutting your balls off. Understand?

RAY  
You go near that room and you'll leave me with no choice.

LISA  
You may be crazy enough but you certainly don't have the guts. You forget how well I know you. You are nothing but a sniveling, perverted little coward.

Lisa turns with her back towards Ray and heads towards the bedroom door.

BLAM.

Lisa lays face down on the floor, the shot has destroyed much of her back. A puddle of blood seeps around her.

Careful not to step in any blood Ray makes his way to the bedroom and opens the door.

RAY  
It's over.

Entering the

BEDROOM

he closes the door behind him.

Darkness.

The sounds of someone FUMBLING about in the dark.

Then a LIGHT comes on.

Ray climbs onto the bed and pulls back the covers.

There is a SEX DOLL in the bed. She has Blond hair, pale skin and is dressed in black lingerie.

RAY

Laura, what was I thinking?

Ray kisses the doll on the mouth and gently strokes her hair.

RAY

Never again. I promise.

Ray kneels on the bed next to her head and slowly starts to pull down his shorts. The top of his large buttocks come into view as thankfully and just in time we reach..

THE END.