DADDY

BY

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FADE IN:

INT TRAILER - DAY

AMY, 13, that mix of cuteness and intelligence that makes a young girl a mystery, in panties and bra, stands on a chair and peeks through the blind.

This is a neat, clean if worn trailer. The furnishings have seen better days, and the decor is dated. Someone works to keep the place livable.

Satisfied, she climbs down, runs to a closed, padlocked door with a pet entrance at the bottom. She opens the pet door and calls.

    AMY
    Have you got it?

    BOBBY (O.C.)
    It's locked.

    AMY
    Find the key. It's got to be there somewhere.

    BOBBY (O.C.)
    I can't see it.

    AMY
    Keep looking.

She lets the door shut and runs back to the chair, climbing up to peek out.

Nothing.

She jumps down and runs to the pet door, talking through it.

    AMY
    Hurry! He'll be home soon.

    BOBBY
    It's not here.

    AMY
    Keep looking!
She races back to the chair, jumps up, and splits the blinds. Oops! She sees something and leaps from the chair, diving to the pet door.

**AMY**

He's coming. Get out of there.

She gets to her feet and drags the chair to the kitchen table. Grabs a book and pretends to read.

Through the pet door comes Bobby, 10, small and looking smaller in nothing but underwear. The pet door is a tight fit, and for a moment, he seems stuck.

**BOBBY**

Amy!

She glances over, jumps down, and tugs his arm.

**AMY**

Come on!

He twists a bit and out he pops, knocking her over. They both scramble into chairs as someone unlocks the front door. Bobby pants.

**AMY**

Hush!

Into the trailer steps RALPH, 40's, a mechanic from the uniform he wears. Short and bespectacled, he appears strong, not the geek he would be in a suit. He carries a gym bag and a bucket of chicken.

**RALPH**

Daddy's home.

Amy and Bobby look up from their books.

**AMY**

Hi daddy.

**BOBBY**

Hi daddy

Ralph sets the bucket on the table.
RALPH
Was that you peeking out the blinds, Amy?

AMY
I wasn't--

RALPH
Don't lie, Amy. You know how daddy hates lies.

AMY
Yes, daddy, I was peering.

RALPH
Why?

AMY
We were hungry, we were looking for you.

Ralph goes to the door with the pet entrance and tugs on the padlock. Secure.

RALPH
You know daddy would never let you go hungry.

Ralph goes to the fridge and using a key from a big keyring, unlocks the fridge.

RALPH
Childhood obesity is a growing problem. I would be bad daddy if I let you eat everything you wanted. Besides, what would happen if someone saw you peeking?

AMY
There's no one out here.

RALPH
Don't get smart with me, missy.

AMY
(chastised)
They'd take us away.
RALPH
That's right. They'd give you back to your mother. You wouldn't like that would you?

AMY
No, Ralph.

He fixes her with a stare.

RALPH
Your trailer trash mother might let you call her Darlene, but you call me daddy, understand?

AMY
Y..yes, daddy.

RALPH
Fix dinner for your brother. I have to shower.

He heads for the back room as Amy opens a cabinet and grabs plastic plates and glasses.

BOBBY
Daddy, can we please watch TV?

RALPH
(turning)
I shouldn't since you've been bad, but I guess it's OK.

He spins the dial on a combination lock, unlocking it. Unzips his gym bag and pulls out a power cord which he plugs into the wall and a small TV. He hands a remote to Bobby.

RALPH
Cartoons or sports, no news. I don't want you upset by the news.

BOBBY
Yes, daddy.

Ralph disappears as Amy loads chicken and fixins on their plates. They use the plastic utensils provided with the meal. Bobby flips to a cartoon.
AMY
(whispering)
We have to get his keys.

BOBBY
(whispering)
How?

Ralph, in nothing but pants, comes from the back room. Smiling, he goes to the front door and locks the dead bolt from the inside. Then, returns to his room.

The children eat and continue their sotto voce conversation.

AMY
We have to do it while he sleeps.

BOBBY
He locks them in his bag. We don't know the combination.

AMY
We can watch him when he opens it in the morning.

BOBBY
He won't let us.

They eat and watch each other, the TV droning.

AMY
If we don't, we'll never get out of here.

From the other room emerges Ralph, wet hair and a cowboy shirt, jeans, and boots.

RALPH
Isn't that chicken good? Doesn't daddy take care of you?

The kids nod at the oddly animated Ralph who takes the keyring off his belt and unlocks a cabinet stuffed with drugs of all kinds. He selects a vial and shakes several blue pills into his hand. He carefully relocks the cabinet before he goes to the fridge, takes a beer, and downs the pills.

RALPH
Whooeee, that loads the old pistol.
The kids don't share his enthusiasm.

RALPH
I almost forgot. I brought you presents.

He unlocks the front door and exits. Amy and Bobby look at each other and the ajar door. They could run. But Amy shakes her head.

AMY
It's a trap.

They eat a few seconds before Ralph reappears with a big box in his hand.

RALPH
You kids are gonna love this. Finish up, finish up.

Amy and Bobby finish and dump their plates as Ralph opens the box and pulls out a cute little sun dress.

RALPH
Isn't this pretty?
(handing the dress to Amy)
Try it on, try it on.

Amy tries on the dress which is at least a size too small. Short, tight, it makes her look like a tart.

RALPH
Yes, yes, that's so nice. You look great.
(pulling out a second dress)
And one for little Bobby too.

He hands the dress to Bobby who simply stares at it.

RALPH
Put it on. You don't want to make daddy unhappy.

Bobby slips into his dress, also too small.

RALPH
My two little angels. Don't you look good enough to eat.
(laughs) Maybe later.
He slips an arm around Amy.

RALPH
I think big sis goes first tonight.  
Darling, just darling.

He leads her to the back room as Bobby watches.

RALPH  
(to Bobby)  
Watch TV and be a good boy.

The door closes, and Bobby falls to his knees by the door, listening.  
Ralph can be heard through the thin door.

RALPH (O.C.)
Do it just like I taught you, Amy.  
That's right, just like that.  Oh, 
that's good, that's real good.  Use 
your fingers too.  This is gonna be soo 
good.

The SMACK of skin on skin makes Bobby jump.

RALPH (O.C.)
I told you before not to do that!  Get 
on the bed.

AMY (O.C.)
Please, I'll do better.

RALPH (O.C.)
You're makin it worse.

A second SMACK makes Bobby close his eyes.

AMY (O.C.)
Please don't.

RALPH (O.C.)
Stupid slut!

Amy's SCREAM blasts through the trailer. Bobby shivers and hugs 
his knees.

RALPH (O.C.)
Go ahead and scream. It only makes it 
better.
A second SCREAM escapes Amy.

RALPH (O.C.)
Oh, the first one's gonna be quick
tonight, quick and hard.

A SMACK and a SCREAM.

Bobby jumps to his feet, runs across the room, and through the pet door.

Moments later, Ralph emerges from the room, zipping up his jeans.

RALPH
Hey, Bobby, daddy needs help.

He looks around, but Bobby's not there. He checks the front door--locked--before he checks the bathroom--empty.

RALPH
Hiding is makin' daddy mad. You don't want daddy mad.

He reaches the last door, tests the padlock, and frowns. What happened to Bobby? Then, he notices the pet door and smiles.

RALPH
Daddy is gonna do you double hard tonight.

He unlocks the padlock and opens the door and steps into

SECOND BEDROOM

Bobby stands across the small room. He points a shotgun at Ralph, a shotgun with a narrow steel cable running through the trigger guard. The butt of the gun is lodged against the wooden rack amid half a dozen other guns.

Ralph hesitates in the doorway, staring at the wavering barrel.

RALPH
Boy, you're gonna be sore for a week.

EXT TRAILER - EVENING

The trailer sits all by itself at the end of a desert track, Ralph's dusty pickup in front.
The shotgun BLAST rocks the trailer, sending a desert bird reeling into the sky.

Seconds later, Amy and Bobby burst out of the trailer. Her dress is askew, his is blood speckled. They run to the pickup and climb in, Amy driving. She starts the engine, puts it in gear, and shoots away from the trailer and its gaping door.

FADE OUT.