Bubblegum Horror

By

Michael Frasca
A neighborhood shrouded in trees. SARAH, the smaller blond of the two, walks alongside CAYDEN. Their apron and dress clothes are color matching; neon pink, green, and beige. A green carrier bag is slung over Cayden’s shoulders.

CAYDEN takes a long drag from her cigarette. EXHALES.

CAYDEN
Do you have any gum?

SARAH
It’s in the cupholder.

Cayden SUCKS her teeth.

CAYDEN
Fuck.

They stop.

SARAH
What?

Cayden heel turns to Sarah.

CAYDEN
I left my sunglasses in the car.

SARAH
Fuck you. They’re my sunglasses.

Sarah’s flips her hair; combing back.

CAYDEN
But it looked so cute on me though.

SARAH
It did not. It’s trashy on you.

CAYDEN
Wow. Fuck you.

SARAH
We’ve had this argument already.

CAYDEN
But we never found out.

Hands on hips; she throws back her head and lets out a disgusted sigh.

(CONTINUED)
SARAH
I don’t want to go back.

Cayden tosses her cigarette down. She stomps and twists to put it out.

CAYDEN
Didn’t you get them from your guy friend anyway?

SARAH
Oh my god, Cayden. Please don’t bring it up.

CAYDEN
What? Like, I’m just saying you certainly let him live long enough.

SARAH
God, you’re such a bitch. You would bring this up now.

Her words don’t match her face. Sarah blushes and has an instinctive smile.

CAYDEN
I’m not being a bitch. I just think-

Cayden pauses; noticing Sarah averting her eyes. Cheeks still bright red.

CAYDEN
Look at me. It’s cute that Sarah had a little crush, that’s all. I need a human moment from you.

RELUCTANCE. Sarah smiles as she nods her head as a sign of giving in. Sarah’s eyes dart right to remember.

SARAH
Alright, well. He did have an adorable sadness in his eyes.

CAYDEN
Gross.

SARAH
(offended)
What? It was cute. His wife had recently passed away. I admired it.

(CONTINUED)
CAYDEN
His wife had a really chubby face for those sunglasses.

Sarah’s eyes lit up. Hands over her mouth; she’s almost too excited to say:

SARAH
Oh my god. She did have a squirrel face!

CAYDEN
Yes, alright. See, her husband didn’t seem to think so.

SARAH
I still think it’s cute. He can overlooks her flaws and stuff.

CAYDEN
You’re being gay.

SARAH
Just sentimental.

CAYDEN
Do you still want to get gum?

Sarah looks into the distance.

SARAH
We’re so far though.

CAYDEN
Are you sure?

SARAH
Yeah, let’s just keep going.

CAYDEN
Alright, well. Let’s go. Just let me do all the talking, okay?

As Cayden turns away to keep walking. Sarah covers her mouth.

SARAH
Why do you say that?

CUT TO:
STREET - A MOMENT LATER

Two girls STRUT in synchronicity. Cayden with her sunglasses; stoic and quiet. Sarah gnawing a piece of gum; innocence in her big, bold eyes.

CREDITS OVERLAY

Their Chuck Taylors’ move in opposite rotation from one another.

Shoulders and hair heave in motion.

Sarah’s deep green eyes - blows a bubble.

Cayden’s face of malice.

Sarah snaps her gum.

EXT. HOUSE

A house tucked quietly between identical houses in the middle of suburbia. It’s the typical white painted two-story with green curtains and wooden porch bannister. Two rows of large bushes alongside the bannister; obscuring them slightly. An orange stone path leading to the white solid oak door. The two girls walk along the path; setting down the carrier bag by the door.

Sarah leans against the bannister as Cayden bends down to rummages through her bag. There’s sounds of heavy metal and clicking.

SARAH
There’s our victim, three roommates, and a forth that’s currently out of town.

CAYDEN
Who’s the forth?

SARAH
She’s Alana Quarter-something. Her father calls her Quarter-cutie over the phone.

Cayden looks up with a look of odd confusion.

CAYDEN
That’s gay.

(CONTINUED)
SARAH
I know. She’s six hours out on the
North Carolina coast and won’t be
in until Tuesday though.

CAYDEN
Perfect.

Cayden stands. She hands Sarah a pistol with silencer
modification.

SARAH
Do you have the rifle? I’m a better
shot with that.

CAYDEN
Other than these, all I have is the
pellet gun.

SARAH
I’ll stick with the 8mm.

CAYDEN
Suit yourself.

Cayden tucks the airsoft gun into her belt.

CAYDEN
Who’s our victim?

SARAH
Walter Glazer. Twenty three years
old and son of wealthy business
owner Alexander Glazer. He has the
back left window – main bedroom.

Cayden cocks her pistol.

CAYDEN
You ready?

SARAH
You ring the bell. Grant has been
up every morning since we’ve kept
tabs on the place, so he should
Kill the roommates. It should go
from there.

Cayden and Sarah switch sides; Cayden’s on the left and
Sarah on the right.

Cayden hangs her sunglasses on the collar. Sarah kicks the
carrier out of public view.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: 6.

SARAH
I’m ready.

Doorbell ring.

Cayden and Sarah hide their guns behind their back.

In the peephole, Cayden and Sarah; bodies like sewing pins with the widest shit eating grins.

SARAH
We’re girl scouts troop #1004!
We’re able, honest, cute, and at your door!

Cayden looks puzzled. A smirk etched over her face.

SARAH
What? My leader made us say it.

The door opens. Lanky, acne-scabbed, and tall. This is GRANT, but this won’t matter in a minute.

CAYDEN
Hello, we’re selling girl scout cookies and stickers to raise awareness for breast cancer.

Grant purses his lips. He eyeballs these girls; taking in more than enough detail. He nods.

GRANT
Sure. Give me one second.

Grant walks behind the door. Footsteps running up the stairs.

Cayden pushes the door open.

Sarah surveys the room on her tip-toes.

CAYDEN
(whispers)
You should kill him. He likes you more.

SARAH
Don’t be gross.

CAYDEN
It’s not gross if it’s mutual.

Sarah turns to Cayden with a stern look on her face.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SARAH
Cayden. That’s so not fun-

Footsteps coming down.

CAYDEN
Shh. Shut up.

Grant comes back into frame.

GRANT
What can I get for twenty?

CAYDEN
We have a special! Four boxes for twenty dollars. You also get a free breast cancer awareness sticker.

Grant licks his lips; unaware of her words.

GRANT
Uh-huh. I’ll take it.

CAYDEN
Great! I’ll put you down. What’s your name?

GRANT
Grant pardonski. P-A-R-D-O-N-S-K-I. You’re not going to write this down?

CAYDEN
No. This one’s a savant.

She points to Sarah.

Sarah waves.

CAYDEN
She can remember everything.

Grant nods.

GRANT
Oh.

CAYDEN
Are you the current owner of the house?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: 8.

GRANT
No.

CAYDEN
Do you know if he’s in?

GRANT
He should be sleeping.

CAYDEN
Perfect.

Cayden withdraws her gun. Two in the throat and chest. He collapses onto Cayden.

A look of horror. Grant gurgles; pouring blood from his mouth.

Grant holds Cayden tightly. He spits blood to speak, but all he repeats is:

GRANT
(whispers)
I’m going to scream. I’m going to scream. I’m going to-

Sarah covers his mouth. Breathing sharply through his nose. Grant closes his eyes. A barrel to his head.

A flash. His body goes limp.

CAYDEN
Grab his feet! Grab his feet!

Sarah grabs his feet. They scuttle over - out of view behind the bushes. Resting his body there.

Cayden removes her blood-soaked uniform top. A second outfit is revealed underneath.

CAYDEN
(to Sarah)
Do I have blood on my face?

SARAH
A little. There’s more on your neck than on your face. There’s a bathroom downstairs if you wanna wash it off.

Cayden hops inside; presumably to the bathroom.
CONTINUED:

CAYDEN
Alright, give me one second.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

Sarah fiddles with an iphone.

She’s sliding through picture by picture. It’s grant’s phone.

He was the typical socially-dysfunctional and emotionally radical kid in a duster and fedora. With every one picture of a selfie, there are five more pictures of anime and quotes.

CAYDEN (OS)
I’m ready.

Sarah puts the phone down. A pink tank-top in beige short shorts. Cayden poses; hand on waist and holding her hair in a bun.

SARAH
You look so cute.

Cayden has a spring in her step. She bounces over to the couch.

CAYDEN
Thanks!

Cayden joins Sarah as they venture through Grant’s phone.

CAYDEN
Any dick pics?

SARAH
Yup. It looks like a grossly sunburned mini hot dog.

Cayden SLIDES back one.

CAYDEN
You read too fast. I wanna read the quotes.

Cayden smiles. Sliding one after another. She laughs.

(CONTINUED)
CAYDEN
YES. I found the John Green quote! Ready?

SARAH
Oh god. Ready.

CAYDEN/SARAH
(In Unison)
"I wanted so badly to lie down next to her on the couch, to wrap my arms around her--"

Cayden wraps her arms around Sarah.

SARAH
(laughing)
I can’t. Oh my God.

Sarah leans her head back.

CAYDEN
"And sleep." Come on, Sarah.

CAYDEN/SARAH
Not FUCK-

Sarah LAUGHS; red in the face, but trying to keep it quiet.

CAYDEN
Like in the movies.

CAYDEN/SARAH
Not even have sex.

Cayden SNICKERS.

CAYDEN/SARAH
Just sleep together in the most innocent sense of the phrase.

SARAH
Ha! Gay.

Cayden is laughing into Sarah’s shoulder. Sarah’s head tilted back. They’re both trying to keep to hold back the noise. Sarah SNORTS. Cayden laughs at her snort.

CAYDEN
(taking slow breaths)
Okay, okay. Stop.

They wait for it to die down.
CAYDEN  
(still smiling)  
Do you want to get changed?

SARAH  
Yeah.

Sarah gets up from the couch; placing the phone on the coffee table.

CAYDEN  
Wait. Can you put my clothes in the bag while you’re up?

SARAH  
Yeah, sure.

Cayden hands her a white and bloody plastic bag.

CAYDEN  
Thank you.

Cayden relaxes; putting her feet up on the couch. Sarah walks offscreen.

LIVING ROOM - A MOMENT LATER

With her head tilted back, Cayden snaps her gum. Her sunglasses on.

SARAH  
How do I look?

Cayden takes off her sunglasses and turns her head. She smiles.

Sarah poses. A skintight pink collared polo in beige pants. Hands on waist, back arched, and lips puckered.

CAYDEN  
Girl, you look sexy.

Cayden mimics pulling hair back.

CAYDEN  
You should put your hair in a ponytail though.

SARAH  
You think it’s going to get bloody up there?

(CONTINUED)
CAYDEN
It’s a just-in-case kind of thing. If they pulls your hair or something.

SARAH
Yeah, you’re right.

She pulls her hair back. With one hand, Sarah pats her pockets.

SARAH
Do you have a tie?

Cayden tosses one to her.

SARAH
Thank you.

Sarah ties her hair back.

SARAH
Okay.

CAYDEN
That’s better.

Cayden stands on the couch. She jumps.

CAYDEN
Fuck yo’ couch!

Cayden lands her dismount. Hands raised in victory. She hops back to normal.

They giggle.

CAYDEN
Okay. Let’s go.

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

A single dark hallway lit sole by a slit of sunlight through green curtains. There isn’t any noise as they approach. Cayden signals Sarah to go left. Cayden heads to the closest door on the right.
BEDROOM

Sarah’s POV- A man - slender, olive skin. Mid-twenties. Asleep; unflinching and sparse in breath. A white pillow is gently put across his face. A silencer barrel moves into frame.

BATHROOM

Cayden’s POV- A man - obscured by a shower curtain. Only his thick frame is visible. A heated fog covers the mirrors. The door CREAKS. He lowers his hands; turning towards her.

MAN
Hello?

EYES OPEN. Pupils dilate.

MAIN BEDROOM

Approaching his early thirties. Pale and posh. Disheveled and rushed with adrenaline. This is WALTER.

Cayden and Sarah are at the far side of the room - standing shoulder to shoulder. They’re wearing masks now; modified to fit their ponytails.

CAYDEN
Hey.

Walter sits up; pulling his covers to his neck.

WALTER
Can I help you?

His words are still groggy.

CAYDEN
Are you Walter?

WALTER
Ye-yeah. Who are you?

CAYDEN
We’re here to rob you.

WALTER
Oh. Um, are you serious?

Cayden unholsters and points. BANG.

Walter winces. He struggles to breath in.

(CONTINUED)
WALTER
FUCK. Did you shoot me?

He wipes his chest. Walter looks to see. A spot of blood.

WALTER
Holy fuck. You shot me. I CAN’T BREATHE.

Almost instantaneously, he starts BAWLING.

WALTER
I can’t- I can’t breathe. I don’t want to die.

He lies his head down.

CAYDEN
You’re not going to die.

His eyes are closed.

WALTER
(breaking down)
I’m going... to die. I’m going. I’m going to die.

Cayden lightly slaps Walter. His eyes are still closed.

CAYDEN
Work with us. Where’s your money?

WALTER
I don’t have money.

SARAH
We know who you are, Walter.

A sudden realization. His eyes burst open.

WALTER
(quivering)
I didn’t want to die poor.

SARAH
Are you serious?

WALTER
Yes.

CAYDEN
You’re broke?
CONTINUED:

WALTER
Fucking fuck. YES. Yes, I’m broke.
My dad pays for everything.

CAYDEN
Do you have any credit cards?

WALTER
In the drawer. Take it.

Gun still pointed. Cayden points Sarah to its direction.

WALTER (OS)
Help me.

CAYDEN
Where’s your phone?

WALTER
It should be with my card.

CAYDEN
(To Sarah)
Smash it.

CAYDEN
(To Walter)
Watch this. She’s a softball pitcher.

BACK INTO THE 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

The phone smashes into the wall; battery and glass parts shatter.

MAIN BEDROOM – CONT.

Sarah slings a plastic bag over her shoulder.

SARAH
I have everything.

Cayden tosses the gun to the floor.

She takes out her silencer from behind. Points at Walter.

CAYDEN
You can take it and follow. We know everything about you. We know where you live. We know where you will be, so do so at your own discretion.

(CONTINUED)
Pulls back hammer.

CAYDEN
Make your move.

Long silence.

WALTER
You shot me with a pellet gun, didn’t you?

Sarah peels back out of the room. Cayden takes notice; rolling her eyes.

CAYDEN
Yeah. It is. Wanna go two for two in guessing if this one is real?

WALTER
I’d take the chance if I could. We could also make this interesting.

CAYDEN
How’s that?

WALTER
We can duel.

CAYDEN
Right here?

WALTER
Right here while your friend is gone. Winner takes all.

CAYDEN
Where’s your gun?

WALTER
It’s in that cabinet beneath the television.

CAYDEN
Alright, well. Wait there.

Cayden pulls back on the cabinet; still keeping an eye on Walter. Sure enough, there’s a pre-loaded six shooter in a black case. Dusty as hell and beautiful.

She take it in her hand and feels the weight.
CAYDEN

Looks expensive.

Cayden aims the silencer at him. BANG. BANG. Cayden walks.

Walter remains sitting on his band; hand clutched to his chest. A hole in his head. The lamp by his bedside goes out. The room expands as heating ceases. The main breaker has been switched off.

Footsteps trail off.

CAYDEN (OS)

Sarah! Look at this gun I found.
It’s really cute.