

Bubblegum Horror

By

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EXT. STREET - MORNING

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.

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 answer. Kill him. Move upstairs. 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)

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)

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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

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?

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?

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.

(CONTINUED)

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.