

THE DEVIL'S YARDSALE LTD.

By

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Steve Miles 2017

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**FADE IN:**

**INT. CHESTER'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - NIGHT**

On a T.V. -- an inverted pentagram pendant spins from a thin chain. A covering of diamonds sparkle in the light. MUSAK plays in the background. The effect is hypnotic.

SUZANNE (V.O.)  
(filtered through a phone)  
...It's beautiful! Can I just say I  
watch every day, I just adore you  
guys. I can't tell you how long  
I've been waiting for one just like  
this...

CHESTER, early 50s, stern, perches on a sofa. The steaming bowl of macaroni cheese in his hands forgotten as he stares at the television, transfixed.

On the TV -- the pendant spins. A phone number blinks on a ticker alongside the words: HOT DEAL! GOAT OF LUST PENDANT. CALL NOW - ONLY 2 LEFT. SPECIAL PRICE 99.97.

SUZANNE (V.O.)  
I'm literally shaking!

The pendant dangles from the hand of --

MISSY DUNN, late 30s, a tomboyish sass, faces the camera, soaking up the praise with a practised smile.

Beside her stands JUAN POKE, mid 30s, a pudgy everyman with boyish charm. He cradles an open gift-box on the table before them. It displays an identical pendant.

DUNN  
Suzanne, you got me blushing like I  
just popped my first husky.

JUAN  
I would give it to you for free.

DUNN  
Hush your dirty mouth--

JUAN  
You're telling me there's nothing  
we can do?

Dunn frowns, playing to the camera. She looks around the studio, as if receiving divine instruction.

DUNN

What? ...this again? It's already a smoking hot deal...alright, you're the boss.

(to camera)

For Suzanne...and the very next caller, I'm getting brimstone on these prices. Sixty-six dollars and sixty-nine cents!

JUAN

Where do you pull these prices from?

DUNN

A special place.

Suzanne SQUEALS in excitement.

The macaroni cheese bowl sits abandoned on a coffee table. The sofa empty.

DUNN

Stay on the line, Suzanne, our people will take your deets.

Chester hurries back into view, a phone to his ear. He burns a look at the screen, impatient.

DUNN

Okay, let's take our next caller, Chester?

CHESTER

Is that the Devil's Yardsale?

**INT. DEVIL'S YARSALE - STUDIO - NIGHT**

Juan and Dunn stand in a cramped room. Cameras and lights angled towards them. A small operation -- just them.

DUNN

Chester, you're live with the hottest deals this side of cold hard dirt.

JUAN

You must be calling about the Scott Baio Acoustic box set?

(to Dunn)

How do you talk to girls?

## INTERCUT: DEVIL'S YARSALE AND CHESTER'S LOUNGE

CHESTER

I'm calling about the Goat of Lust  
exclusive.

DUNN

Then we got ourselves a very next  
caller!

JUAN

But first, I gotta ask you,  
Chester...how much do you want this  
hand-crafted, silver platinum  
moissanite encrusted Goat of Lust  
Pentagram?

Chester takes a steadying breath, massages his temples,  
almost salivating.

CHESTER

I really want it.

JUAN

Chester? Don't leave me to hang  
amigo--

CHESTER

(louder)

I said I really want it!

JUAN

I think we lost the line.

Juan bows towards the pendant, inhales...

JUAN

Must be the carbon forged  
beveling--

Chester's voice drops, a malevolent edge to his tone:

CHESTER

I want it, now.

Juan straightens. He flicks Dunn a look. Dunn beams and  
spins the pendant, taking it in stride.

DUNN

Chester, I'm yours for sixty-six  
dollars and sixty-nine cents.

Chester fumbles with his wallet, bills flying as he searches  
out his credit card.

CHESTER  
You take Saga Platinum?

**INT. DUNN'S HATCHBACK - DAY**

Dunn drives. Juan rides passenger. A pile of jewelry boxes on the backseat. A Pan Pipe melody drifts over the stereo.

They pull to the curb outside a suburban home.

DUNN  
Is that a flamingo on the lawn?

JUAN  
Yes.

DUNN  
You want this one?

JUAN  
I want it.

DUNN  
You want it so bad...

Juan ignores her and grabs a gift box from the backseat. He opens it up and douses a Goat of Lust Pendant with water from a spray bottle.

**EXT. SUZANNE'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY**

DING-DONG--

The door opens to SUZANNE, 40s, draped with chintz jewelry, an aura of glee verging on mild panic. Her jaw drops.

SUZANNE  
Oh my gawd!

Juan shrugs, sucks in his gut.

SUZANNE  
It's you!

JUAN  
And her.

Dunn waves through the car window.

DUNN  
Hi, Suzanne.

SUZANNE  
She knows my name!

JUAN  
We're more than tastefully  
hand-crafted jewelry, Suzanne.  
We're an experience.

Juan SNAPS open the jewelry box...

...the pendant twirls from his finger.

Suzanne looks on, giddy with excitement.

He helps her fit it around her neck. He steps back,  
watching...waiting, coiled with anticipation.

JUAN  
Well?

SUZANNE  
I love it!

Juan tilts, sceptical.

JUAN  
Huh--

**INT. DUNN'S HATCHBACK - DAY**

Juan closes the door.

Dunn flips a small hourglass and presses it to blu-tack set  
on the dash.

They watch the house. Suzanne appears through the front room  
window, looks to be admiring her purchase in a mirror.

The sand gathers...

Suzanne disappears from view.

Dunn taps the wheel, impatient.

Juan spoons a mouthful of pop-rocks into his mouth.

The sand runs out.

They trade a look. Juan shrugs.

JUAN  
I could've sworn.

DUNN  
Poor taste is not a crime.

JUAN  
Who's next?

**EXT. CHESTER'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY**

Door opens, Chester squints out into the light.  
Dunn stands on the step, a gift box in her hand.

CHESTER  
Is that? Aren't you?

DUNN  
Yes...and yes. And so it he.

Chester peers round her --

Juan beams from the car.

CHESTER  
Neat.

Dunn SNAPS open the gift box.

DUNN  
We're so much more than--

Chester snatches the box and SLAMS the door.

Dunn holds her smile, staying strong.

**INT. DUNN'S HATCHBACK - DAY**

Sand gathers in the bottom of the hour-glass.

Juan and Dunn watch Chester's house.

DUNN  
See anything?

JUAN  
Nothing. Think it's a duplex?

The last grains of sand tumble to the base.

DUNN

Well this is a bust. We need a new design, we've gone mainstream.

JUAN

Five points and shiny, these are the rules. And one-hundred and thirty-three dollars and thirty-eight cents is by no means a bust.

DUNN

Since when was this about cash flow?

JUAN

The Lord's work won't pay child support.

Dunn holds up the clipboard, scans the list...

DUNN

Chin up, Pokes, Beechview, suburban paradise awaits. Maybe I'll sniff you out some bored cougar action to compensate?

JUAN

You is good people-- shit!

BANG! The car rocks.

Dunn lowers the clipboard --

Chester pounds the hood, eyes dark with rage. Two rounded bumps like horns protrude from his forehead. Smoke pours from beneath his clothes.

He claws at the pendant around his neck in a futile bid to remove it. He can't. He SNARLS and bounds away.

They burst into action. Dunn pulls a small crossbow from under the seat. Juan struggles to retrieve a silver tipped telescopic pitchfork from the backseat.

DUNN

Masks!



**EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY**

A shoe smoulders on the pathway.

Juan and Dunn, masked, huff along in a cloud of smoke. A CRASH ahead. Car alarms BLARE. A primeval ROAR of anger.

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

Chester hares barefoot across the grass, smoke trailing.

Dunn and Juan jog into view. They give up, winded, lifting their masks to breathe.

DUNN

Forget it, he's got demon speed.  
I'll get the car, we'll grease him  
with the blessed bumper sticker.  
It'll be way quicker. We'll get  
drive-thru.

JUAN

Think we overdid the holy water?

BOOM!

Juan flinches, a mixture of horror and awe.

DUNN

A popper. We'll skip lunch.

JUAN

Like a meat...firework.

They wrinkle their noses at the smell.

FAN BOY (O.S.)

Are you the lady from the T.V?

They spin --

FAN BOY, 8, stares up at them from a push scooter.

Dunn hides the crossbow. Juan collapses the pitchfork.

DUNN

You watch?

FAN BOY

Sometimes I drink too much juice  
and then I can't sleep. What did he  
do?

DUNN  
He touched himself.

JUAN  
Creature of darkness.

FAN BOY  
Like an owl?

JUAN  
Not really.

FAN BOY  
Can I get an autograph?

DUNN  
Got a pad?

Fan Boy frowns, hangs his head.

Dunn shrugs. Pulls out a marker pen.

**EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY**

Dunn's hatchback peels out.

Fan Boy watches after it, a thick ink signature scribbled on his forehead.

**INT. DUNN'S HATCHBACK - DAY**

Juan settles the pitchfork in the back.

Dunn drives.

JUAN  
What would you do if it wasn't for  
the fame?

DUNN  
Honestly, a lot more fat guys.

JUAN  
How about that.

Juan flips a page on the clipboard...

**INT. MACEY'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY**

On a T.V. -- an inverted pentagram pendant spins. This one is gold, decorated with glittering rubies. MUSAK plays.

JUAN

I think this phone is no good--

LARRY (V.O.)

(low, menacing)

I said I want it!

Juan and Dunn appear on-screen. Dunn holds the pendant.

JUAN

I know you do, Larry. You can't resist the deal, it just pulls you in. Those shiny red facets set to a braze-hardened monocoque. You can't say no. You won't say no. You know how we know?

On a couch, MACEY, 50s, gawks at the television, cheese-puffs spilling from her pudgy fist. Her free hand gropes for a phone, eyes never leaving the screen.

DUNN

Cause, Larry, if our prices were any lower they'd be burning in a lake of hellfire.

A stubby, cheese dusted finger stabs in a series of numbers on a keypad.

JUAN

Let's go to our next caller. Macey, you're live with the Devil's Yardsale and do we have a smoking-hot deal awaiting you!

**FADE OUT**