

THAT'S THE GIRLS

Screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

A lonely roadside Motel in the middle of nowhere.

A grey 1956 Chevy parked on the lot.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM #2 - NIGHT

A guy, about 27, ROBIN MONTEL, mounts onto a DARK HAIRE
D GIRL, about 19, from behind on a bed. Both are naked.

He grabs her by the hair and pulls back hard.

DARK HAIRE
D GIRL
No, please, let me go!

Robin grabs a clump of more hair and pulls even harder

ROBIN
No way, you bitch!

Robin fucks the Dark Haired Girl hard, as he rapes her. He
pushes her head forward in time to the rhythm of his sexual
motions.

ROBIN
You're all the same, you hussy!

Tears streams down the Dark Haired Girl's cheeks.

DARK HAIRE
D GIRL
(pleads)
Please, let me go!

Robin's moves faster, and faster, deeper and deeper now...

ROBIN
N-o-o... O-h-h-h! O-o-o-h-h-h...! F-
u-c-k...! Oh, F-u-c-k...!

Robin rolls aside, relived.

The girl sobs as she reaches for her cloths.

DARK HAIRE
D GIRL
The girls will get their revenge...

ROBIN
(exhausted)
Who?

DARK HAIRE
D GIRL
The girls...

Robin quickly jumps from the bed like a cat and WHAM he punches the Dark Haired Girl right on her beautiful kisser.

The girl falls down, holds her face. Her nose bleeds.

ROBIN

Fuck you!

Dressed now the Dark Haired Girl rushes out of the room, all the while Robin laughs a sickening laugh of a monster.

INT. MOTEL - OFFICE - DAY

It is morning. Robin approaches a counter, a LITTLE OLD MAN in his late 70's stands behind.

ROBIN

How can I get to this City where all these bad ass guys are supposed to hang out?

LITTLE OLD MAN

You sure you wanna' go there, mister?

Robin grabs the Old Man by the scruff of his collar, pulls him real close.

ROBIN

Listen you, old shit! Just tell me how the fuck to get there! Okay?

LITTLE OLD MAN

Okay, okay... Turn right when you find a big tree. The hanging tree. There you'll see a road which leads to the city where the bad ass guys hang out. I must warn you, watch out for the girls there, mister.

Robin released The Old Man steps aside.

ROBIN

The girls, huh? Leave them with me for a while and I'll show them a thing or two... Bet your bottom dollar.

(gesturing)

I'll fuck them all. Ha ha!

Robin exits the Motel.

Robin finally gets out.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Robin approaches the 1956 Chevy.

He opens the door and before he gets in he takes a .9mm hand gun and slips in the back of his jeans.

The 1956 Chevy pulls out of the lot onto the highway.

INT. 1956 CHEVY - DAY

Robin is at the wheel.

ROBIN

(to himself)

The girls, the girls They're hookers,
whores? Don't matter no mores 'Cos
I've got this in my pants...

(touching his dick)

And I'm gonna fuck 'em till they
dance. Ha ha...

Robin takes the hand gun out of his jeans and paces it on the passenger seat next to him.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The 1956 Chevy is parked on an empty deserted road.

Robin relieves himself and pisses by the side of the road. He points the jet of his urine towards a scorpion.

The Scorpion looks pissed itself, its rear talons come up over its head, an attempt to sting but nothing's there.

The scorpion then jumps and dances in pain as the hot piss hits it full on then the wee beastly scuttles off into the desert.

Robin laughs and laughs.

Robin finishes then shakes his dick, zippers his jeans and steps towards the Chevy.

INT. 1956 CHEVY - DAY

Robin whistles a song. Suddenly, he sees something through the windshield.

A big Joshua tree at the side of the road up ahead.

The Chevy slows down.

A dirt track on the right hand side.

The Chevy stops.

Robin looks a big Joshua tree.

A really big Joshua tree.

ROBIN

Yeah, this is the way to find those
Bad ass guys. And me, well, I'll be
one more for their census. Yahoo!

Robin pushes the Chevy's gas pedal to the floor.

He glances in the rear-view mirror.

Five men hang by their necks from the tree branches like
strange fruit.

Robin slams his foot on the break pedal, stops the Chevy!

He shoves his head out of the driver's window to take a better
look but there is nothing there.

Only a Joshua tree by the side of the road.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - DAY

The Chevy drives fast down a dirt track, dust flies from the
tire tracks

INT. 1956 CHEVY - DAY

Robin appears happy and begins to whistle a ditty, ' White
and The Seven Dwarfs', theme, 'Whistle while you work, da da
da da da da da...'

The 9mm hand gun bounces on the passenger seat and then falls
into the floor.

EXT. DIRT TRACK - DAY

The Chevy stops in front of a gate. The gate is surrounded
by green grass and by lot of different colorful flowers,
quite different to the dirt track he just drove down.

INT. 1956 CHEVY - DAY

Robin appears confused. He looks around, back and forth.

ROBIN

What the fuck is that?

He climbs out of the Chevy.

EXT. 1956 CHEVY - DAY

Robin moves towards the gate. Looks back to the road and
then back to the gate.

ROBIN

The old shitter tricked me... No,
no, this is the way, the old fucker
said...

Robin climbs back into the Chevy and pushes his foot hard to the floor and speeds through the open gate.

INT. 1956 CHEVY - DAY

Robin at the wheel of the Chevy as it drives through the gate.

Through the windshield there is a long and winding track surrounded by green grass and flowers in a multitude of colors.

INT. ROAD HOUSE CLUB - DAY

The Chevy approaches Road House Club and stops.

Inside the Road House Club is a clean 1950's retro place, colored tables and stools and waitresses with tits to die for. It is full to the brim with customers.

Robin enters, scans around the room.

Across the room there are a collection of some ugly fuckers and bad bastard looking types.

Robin waltzes to the bar.

A muscular BARTENDER, about 40, approaches to serve him. Robin looks up to the Bartender.

ROBIN

Hey, is this the place where Bad asses hang out?

BARTENDER

You got fuckin' eyes ain't ya'?

ROBIN

Er, yeah, yeah. Just thought some little shit sent me the wrong place is all...

Robin turns around, stares at some of the customers.

ROBIN

Whiskey.

BARTENDER

We don't serve whiskey.

Robin quickly turns a round.

ROBIN

No whiskey? Some bad ass place this is! Okay, gimme' a vodka?

BARTENDER
Ain't got no vodka.

ROBIN
Rum?

BARTENDER
No rum.

ROBIN
Gin?

BARTENDER
No Gin either.

ROBIN
What kind of fuckin' place is this?

BARTENDER
Coke?

ROBIN
No!

FURTHER IN THE BAR

Robin sits at a table and drinks a Pepsi. The main door opens and three Bad Ass looking guys enters.

They remind of The Three Stooges. LARRY (40) sports a large moustache, CURLY (40) has curly hair and a goaty beard and MO (40) is bald as a coot.

Larry, Curly and Mo approach the bar. He whispers something to the Bartender who gestures towards Robin who sits at a table across the room.

The three bad asses, Larry, Curly and Mo stomp over towards Robin. Robin put his pepsi down on the table and slowly looks up at the three dark figures towering above him.

CURLY
May we?

ROBIN
Yeah, sure, take seats.

Larry, Curly and Mo sit down.

ROBIN
What's up?

LARRY
What are you looking for?

ROBIN
Say what?

CURLY
He said, what are looking for here?

ROBIN
Some fun and... maybe a good fuck!
Ha-ha!

Curly, Larry and Mo exchange looks with each other.

MO
You come to the wrong place

ROBIN
You're kidding?

LARRY
No.

ROBIN
I thought this place was for bass
asses?

CURLY
Yes.

ROBIN
And you're a bad ass, right?

CURLY
Yeah, I am.

ROBIN
So we're all bad asses, right?

CURLY
Listen creep, we're the bad asses.
Not you!

Robin appears uncomfortable.

ROBIN
Ha-ha! I got! Ha-ha, I got! You're
funny, very funny!

LARRY
Did you meet a girl about this tall?
She's about 19 years old?

ROBIN
Oh, yeah, of course I did. That bitch
was only half as good of what I
thought she was... She wasn't a good
fuck, you know.

Everybody in the bar goes silent and glare at Robin.

CURLY

You fucker... So you've met her?

ROBIN

Yeah. Say, are you deaf?

LARRY

Deaf? Did ask if Monica was deaf? Ha-ha!

Curly, Larry and Mo start to laugh then everybody in the place starts to laugh.

LARRY

(to the crowd)

He said Monica was deaf!

The laughter becomes louder and louder. Robin suddenly becomes uncomfortable then slowly reaches for his .9mm from the back of his jeans...

INT. 1956 CHEVY DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Robin takes the hand gun out of his jeans and paces it on the passenger seat next to him.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ROAD HOUSE CLUB - DAY

ROBIN

(under his breath)

Oh, fuck me!

CURLY

Something wrong?

ROBIN

(with a yellowed grin)

No... I mean, why was it funny when I said he was deaf?

LARRY

Nobody ever says Monica is deaf because she is deaf!

ROBIN

She?

CURLY

Oh we forgot to introduce ourselves... I'm Nance. She is Monica, as you know, and she is Thelma...

BARTENDER

And I'm Christine!

Robin looks surprised at the Bartender, Christine!

ROBIN
You're fuckin' with me, right?

THELMA
Would we fuck with you? We're all
girls, baby.

Robin attempts to rise from his chair.

ROBIN
What the fuck! But you've got a
moustache! And you've got a goaty
and... Fuck this! You're liars!

Monica pushes Robin back down on the chair.

BARTENDER
The girl you fucked at the motel,
she's our niece Robert. And we're
the famous 'The Girls'.

NANCE
And the old man is our uncle Dorothy,
dick wad.

All three, Monica, Thelma and Nance get to their feet and
close in on Robin. Thelma, Nance and Monica grab Robin and
push his face down on to the table and rip his pants down,
which reveals a bare bottom. Monica lifts a large dildo and
aims it at Robin's bare ass.

MONICA
Now, you'll see what it's like for a
man bein' fucked, baby! With this!

A crowd surrounds the table, Robin is terrified. He tries to
scream for help but in vain. The Bartender, Christine, jumps
over the counter and helps the others to ram the dildo right
up Robin's virgin ass!

ROBIN (O.S.)
H-e-l-p!

FADE OUT:

ROBIN (O.S.)
Hey, hey, hey! Wait! Wait!

MONICA (O.S.)
What now?

ROBIN (O.S.)
Have you girls got any Vaseline?

THE END