

The Dollar Girl

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CAR - DAY

A beat up car screeches to a halt alongside a curb.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

LINDSAY, 17, pretty, long highlighted brown hair, sits behind the wheel. She turns to CAROL, 16, conservative and cute.

Carol peers across Lindsay, her nose scrunched. She frowns.

CAROL

This is it?

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A tall, dilapidated Victorian sits on a large expanse of weeds, trees and overgrown bushes. Its top windows are boarded. A lone plank of lumber sways in the wind.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

LINDSAY

I think it's kinda charming in a...

CAROL

In a haunted house kinda way?

Lindsay smiles.

LINDSAY

Look, we don't have to stay for dinner. You know I've been tracking this dollar bill for, like, seven years now and --

CAROL

I know, I know. First dollar you ever made at that little lemonade stand when we were kids.

LINDSAY

Right. Besides, that kid, Brian, I spoke with, seemed really nice.

I/E. CAR/FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

They get out of the car and start for the house. Red and orange leaves fall all around them.

CAROL

Yeah, they're all very nice.  
Especially when they tie you up and rape you.

They laugh. Lindsay covers Carol's mouth. *Shush's* her.

The girls ascend rickety, gray steps onto a tattered screened-in porch. A solitary rocking chair teeters back and forth.

Lindsay pushes the door bell. No sound.

CAROL

(whispers)  
Fuckin' Addams Family.

Lindsay opens the screen door. It comes off it's hinges and CRASHES to the floor.

Both girls SHRIEK. Carol grabs Lindsay by the arm.

CAROL (CONT'D)

We're outta here.

The house door swings open.

BRIAN, 12, pimply-faced and overweight, stands before them. He's out of breath. His black hair looks as if it hasn't been washed in days.

The girls straighten up.

Brian looks them over, then smiles.

BRIAN

Hi. I'm B-b-b-b-rian. You're the  
dollar girls, right?

He shakes their hands.

LINDSAY

Right. We spoke on the phone. I'm  
Lindsay, this is my girlfriend, Carol.

Carol forces a smile.

BRIAN

Ooh. L-l-l-l-lesbians?

Lindsay looks bemusedly at Carol, but Carol's eyes don't leave  
Brian.

CAROL

(sneers)

No.

SEVERUS (V.O.)

(from inside)

Who's at the door, rat?

Brian turns his head.

BRIAN

It's the girls with the dollar! The  
dollar girls!

(to girls)

W-w-w-won't you come in?

Brian's face suddenly looks sweet and innocent.

Lindsay grabs Carol and they step in. In unison, they both  
rub their hands on the back of their jeans.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dimly lit with old mahogany furnishings. In front of them, a  
dark staircase. They step into the living room.

SEVERUS, 33, sits on a couch. He dons a black leather biker jacket with jeans and cowboy boots. His hair long and slick. He smiles. Perfect white teeth.

SEVERUS  
Hi, ladies.

BRIAN  
That's Severus. He's my brother.

SEVERUS  
It's a real pleasure.

LINDSAY  
Hi.

Carol's distasteful frown remains as she sniffs the air. Then suddenly --

CAROL  
Ohh! Oh, my God! I'm sorry.

Everyone turns their heads to see --

GRANDPA, 93, slumped in an easy chair. Eyes closed, face a garden of wrinkles. A few strands of hair meander atop his liver-spotted head. His flannel shirt and pants appear to be three sizes too big. Death warmed over.

Severus sidles up to Brian, then pushes him.

SEVERUS  
Rat! Go check on him.

BRIAN  
Oh, right!

Brian grabs a small mirror from a shelf. He races over to Grandpa and places the mirror under his nose.

SEVERUS  
Well?

BRIAN  
A little fog. Not much.

SEVERUS

Oh, that's good.

(to girls)

We do that sometimes. He's as old as the hills.

CAROL

(nudges Lindsay)

Ask him about the dollar.

BRIAN

Oh right! The dollar.

Brian RUNS, trips over his feet and lands on Grandpa's lap.

The feeble man's eyes go wide.

GRANDPA

Ohhhh-ughh.

Lindsay and Carol SHRIEK.

The door next to the staircase SWINGS open.

Out comes MOMMY, 87, blue hair. She wears a house dress and apron with tattered slippers. She carries a tray with two drinks.

MOMMY

(exuberant)

Guests? Did I hear someone say we have guests?

She walks over to the girls.

MOMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, aren't you the cutest things.

Brian produces Lindsay's dollar and holds it up to her face. Lindsay goes to take it. He snatches it away, then grabs her face and looks deep in her eyes.

LINDSAY

(dreamily)

Hey, there's my dollar. Carol...

MOMMY

Oh, you are the cutest things. Have some lemonade, dears.

CAROL

Come on, Linds. We're leaving. Now.

Carol grabs her arm, but Severus comes from behind and puts her in a bear hug. He lifts her off the floor.

Carol kicks wildly. Screams her head off.

Lindsay, oblivious, grabs a glass of lemonade and gulps it down.

LINDSAY

OMG. This is the best lemonade I've ever had. Carol, you gotta try this.

Mommy nods approvingly. Big tooth-less smile.

Severus continues to struggle with Carol. She puts up quite a fight.

MOMMY

Oh, she will.

Carol takes a bite of Severus' arm. He howls in pain.

SEVERUS

Cunt!

He grabs her hair and forcefully yanks her head back. He swipes a lemonade from off Mommy's tray and SMASHES the glass in her face.

A bloody tooth falls to the floor.

SEVERUS (CONT'D)

Drink! Drink!

Lindsay begins to lose her balance.

LINDSAY

See, Carol? Told ya this stuff was --

Her legs go out. She hits the floor with a THUD.

Carol, face bloodied, takes an errant swing at nothing. She collapses next to Lindsay.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

Lindsay and Carol sit on a damp, stained couch in the living room. Their wrists and ankles bound with duct tape.

Severus sits across from them. A Samurai sword rests on his lap.

Lindsay's eyes crack open. She looks around, then at Carol. Her face is caked with dried blood, her lip split open.

SEVERUS

Welcome back. Just in time for the show.

LINDSAY

W-what do you want from us?

Severus just smiles.

SEVERUS

We're ready, Mommy!

The room goes pitch-black. A spot-light overhead flickers on. It's showtime.

Music plays from another room. A scratchy, old time ditty from a sultry-voiced female crooner.

A door opens. Mommy's leg, clad in a fish net stocking with a black stiletto, seductively bends at the knee.



She comes out. Wears a black corset and a crazy grin. Hair done up. Smearred red lipstick across her face. Her droopy ass cheeks sway back and forth from under silk panties.

Brian sits on the arm of Grandpa's chair. He claps excitedly.

SEVERUS

Oh, Mommy! This never gets old!

Mommy sings.

MOMMY

*Let me entertain you, let me make you  
smile...*

She sashays's to Grandpa. Throws a feather boa around his neck. She lets loose a greasy FART, then bumps Brian to the floor with a saggy butt cheek.

Brian scrambles to the couch between Lindsay and Carol. He sprawls out on their laps, then licks up the side of Carol's bloody face.

Carol's eyes flutter.

Mommy bends over and gives Grandpa a lap dance.

GRANDPA

Uhhh. Ohhh.

She finishes.

Grandpa has a bulge in his pants the size of Florida. He then proceeds to wet himself. A big stain spreads along his crotch.

MOMMY

Ooh. You're excited.

(continues dancing)

*Let me do a few tricks, some old and  
then some new tricks.*

Carol SCREAMS uncontrollably. She knocks Brian to the ground.

Severus stands. Covers his ears.

SEVERUS

Oh, that fuckin' screaming.

Severus goes behind the couch. CLANKING noises are heard.

He reappears. One hand holds a power drill. The other a large boring bit. He carefully fits it in, taps the trigger a couple times and smiles.

Fear engraves itself on Lindsay's face.

LINDSAY

No, please, don't. No.

Severus hops on Carol and pins her. He snaps her head back. Hits the trigger, then pushes it down hard into her forehead just above her left eye.

Carol's mouth forms a perfect O. Her guttural screams sound almost like a man's.

Lindsay closes her eyes and turns away.

The twisting bit bores all the way in. Severus hits reverse. Draws it out. Blood, bone and brain matter spill out.

He turns to Lindsay.

SEVERUS

(matter-of-factly)

Jeffrey Dahmer used to do this. It's supposed to quiet them down.

He's right. Carol's screaming stops. Her mouth and eyes remain open. She's conscious.

Severus drills another hole. This one above her right eye.

SEVERUS

That oughtta do it.

He drops the drill on the couch.

LINDSAY

(crying)

Please. This is all a bad dream.  
This is all a bad dream...

Brian jumps back on top of a subdued Carol. He puts his mouth to one of the oozing holes in her head.

Carol turns slowly to Lindsay. Her blank eyes like an empty blackboard.

Brian wipes his mouth with his sleeve, then BELCHES.

BRIAN

So good, so goo --

Suddenly, his eyes go bug wide. His face turns white.

The WHIRRING of the power drill as it punctures through his chest.

Carol holds the drill with her duck-taped hands, pushing it deeper and deeper.

Severus kicks his boots in a joyous cowboy two-step, then comes to an abrupt halt. He casually grabs the Samurai sword. Jabs it into the back of the couch.

Carol spasms out. The tip of the sword pokes the inside of her blouse, then punctures through. Her head dangles like a doll's.

Lindsay can do nothing but watch.

SEVERUS

Fucking cunt.

Lindsay quickly tries to get up.

A black stiletto clamps down on her neck.

MOMMY

Not so fast, dearie.

Lindsay swings her legs. Knocks Mommy onto Carol. The sword pierces Mommy through her corset. She falls to the floor, clutches her belly. A gray piece of intestine wiggles out through the gaping wound.

Lindsay falls back, raises her legs. She slices the duct tape around her ankles with the sword.

Severus races around to get her.

Lindsay stands. Runs to the back of the couch. Pulls out the sword with her taped hands.

Carol slumps to the floor next to Mommy.

SEVERUS

Really, dollar girl?

Lindsay backs up a few steps. She hastily slices the tape around her wrists. Picks up the sword and holds it in a ready position.

LINDSAY

Come on, you sick fuck.

Severus bends down. He pulls the power drill from Brian's chest and holds it up. Taps the trigger and looks at Lindsay. He takes a step towards her.

SEVERUS

What'll it be? Head? Chest? Or maybe I'll stick it up that sweet honey box.

Lindsay takes a challenging step forward.

Severus, lightning quick, reaches in his back pocket.

Before she realizes what happened, a thunderbolt of pain cascades through her left arm.

She looks down. A knife protrudes from her bicep.

Severus SCREAMS and lunges over the couch, his face contorted into a grotesque sneer.

Lindsay blindly slashes the sword through the air.

The power drill skids along the floor.

The smile disappears from Severus' face. He slowly looks down to see what must be an optical illusion: his arm is gone. He looks up at Lindsay, stupefied.

SEVERUS (CONT'D)

You fuckin' tramp.

Quickly losing blood, he stumbles in the direction of the power drill. He doesn't make it.

Lindsay plunges the Samurai sword deep into his back.

Severus reaches back for it, but Lindsay wrestles him to the ground. She grabs the power drill and brings it down repeatedly on his head.

Her face is crazed. Her breathing heavy. She holds the drill above her head.

LINDSAY

This one's for Carol, you fuck.

She goes to bring the drill down one last time when --

THUMP. THUMP.

Grandpa has risen from his chair. Arms extended, his big boner pups a tent on his urine stained pants. He can manage nothing but GRUNTS and GROANS.

He comes towards her.

Lindsay stands, holding the blood-stained drill. She's ready for anything now.

Grandpa takes another step, then clutches his chest with a bony hand. He breathes his last. Falls face down on the floor.

Lindsay drops the drill. THUD. She cries.

The spotlight above suddenly goes out. A thin ray of sunlight streams in from a boarded window. A needle scratches a record at its end on a turntable somewhere.

She steps forward and trips over a corpse. Fear grips her as she returns to reality. She scrambles frantically for the front door. Opens it. The last light of day pours in.

She runs out.

A long beat.

Lindsay's head slowly peeks back in. She surveys the room. Spots something on the floor next to Brian.

She scampers gingerly across the floor and retrieves the dollar bill. Stuffs it in her pocket, then races out.

The door closes, leaving us behind in the darkened room.

FADE OUT