

UNIT 11J

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. UNIT 11J - VIEW OF BEDROOM WINDOW - NIGHT

A middle-aged TYCOON slams his escort DEE flat against the windowpane, her hands and face pressed against the glass.

INT. UNIT 11J - BEDROOM

TYCOON  
Where is my watch?

DEE  
I told you, I didn't take it!

TYCOON  
I pay you 100 by the hour, and you still expect more? Something tells me you got into this business by choice.

When she struggles, he grips her hand in his, closing his fingers around one long-nailed forefinger.

TYCOON (CONT'D)  
You and your pretty things...that's all you're good for.

The tycoon uses Dee's false nail to slice into the flesh of her left cheek, etching a dollar sign symbol. Dee screams.

The moment the tycoon releases her, Dee collapses to the floor. As he turns around, she leaps at him, using the same acrylic nail to slice his throat from behind.

EXT. UNIT 11J - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Young art student graduate LYDIA talks on the phone to her friend, in distress.

LYDIA  
I already told you, Jen. They give you the keys...I don't know, the guy insists it's haunted, his brother got killed here.

Lydia jostles the keys, until the front door opens.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Yeah, well, unfortunately, my dad doesn't care about teaching art to needy kids, he just sees me as a mooch. I need this money to move out.

She steps inside the condo.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

The rich brother sends someone over in the morning to check if your car is still there. Should be fine. If I don't call, I might be dead. No promises.

Lydia hangs up and glances around the modest condo. She startles at the sound of a floorboard creaking, taking a deep breath.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

(murmuring to herself)  
500k. You got this.

Moving along to the bedroom, Lydia inspects the closet and vanity before noticing a bloody smudge on the windowpane. Dismayed yet resolved, she takes a seat on the bed.

INT. UNIT 11J - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lydia finishes reading her picture book of art exhibit images and clicks off the bedside lamp. She tosses and turns for a while, before settling into a doze.

A beat. A thick drop of liquid hits Lydia's face, her brow furrows. Opening her eyes, she gasps and sits up at the sight of a dark figure looming over her, face mostly obscured in shadow.

Swiping a hand over her forehead, she spots bright red in the moonlight from the window.

Before Lydia can scream, the figure thrusts a hand over her mouth. The figure emerges into the moonlight, revealing Dee, the wound on her cheek mostly healed aside from a freshly picked bit.

DEE

It just won't stop itching.

Terrified, Lydia attempts a muffled protest.

DEE (CONT'D)  
Promise you won't scream?

Lydia nods. Dee removes her hand.

LYDIA  
Please, I won't tell anyone,  
just...I'll go now, I swear.

Dee grins, blood dribbling almost to the corner of her mouth.

DEE  
So fast? I wanna hear your story.  
Where you from? Here for that  
haunted house that's been all over  
the news?

Lydia nods again.

DEE (CONT'D)  
Rich people. Someone dies, and  
money's still all they think about.

LYDIA  
You knew the guy that died?

Dee gestures to the wound on her cheek.

DEE  
He gave me this.

Realization sinks in for Lydia.

LYDIA  
Are...are you the one that killed  
him?

DEE  
(scoffing)  
Would you believe his own brother  
started this little scarefest?  
Guessing you're a social  
influencer? Taking pictures at the  
murder condo to post all over your  
profile?

LYDIA  
Art school graduate.

Dee leans forward.

DEE  
So just another brat-

LYDIA

No, I swear, I teach art to disadvantaged kids own the Lower East Side.

DEE

...Hm, okay. Charity work. Coulda used someone like you when I was little.

Lydia just stares, at a loss for words as she eyes the glinting blade Dee holds.

DEE (CONT'D)

I'll let you in on a little secret. If you wanna be a starving artist, you should know this is how the big shots of this world treat dregs like you and me. It's either us or them.

As the pre-dawn light appears outside, the women fall silent. Lydia's eyes follow the trickle of blood from Dee's wound as it pools at the corner of her mouth. Lydia shuts her eyes in resignation.

LYDIA

Are you going to kill me?

Just then, a car pulls up outside the condo. The moment Lydia's eyes shift to the window, Dee steels her gaze at the artist who immediately refocuses on the escort. Lydia remains silent, even as the sound of a whistle announces the presence of a visitor who delivers the cash beneath the doormat outside.

The two women's staring match doesn't break, until the whistling fades and the car drives off.

DEE

Congratulations, you've made it through the night...and you didn't run.

LYDIA

I'm guessing you won't let me out of here with that money.

DEE

Hey now, I thought all rich kids learned to share? There are gonna be a lot more like you real soon.

(MORE)

DEE (CONT'D)

You want a cut? Stick around.  
Haunt with me. We'll make sure  
they're not around to move their  
cars come morning. You game?

LYDIA

Like you said, a lot of people that  
come through here will be like me -  
maybe even worse. People who need  
the money.

DEE

Easy. The rich ones always  
broadcast on social media. We'll  
know when an overnighiter is loaded.  
That'll be your job - influencer  
spy.

LYDIA

And if I don't agree? You gonna  
hunt me down?

DEE

That'd be up to you.

Lydia's cell phone rings with a call from the Tycoon's  
BROTHER. Lydia answers.

LYDIA

Hello?

Lydia briefly exits to retrieve the money from beneath the  
doormat outside. She moves carefully, aware of Dee lurking  
behind her in the corridor, blade in hand.

BROTHER (V.O.)

Hi, Lydia. Congratulations. You  
pick up your money.

LYDIA

(gazing at Dee, who  
returns with the cash  
envelope in hand)  
Yeah, I've got it.

BROTHER (V.O.)

Great. Be sure to clear out all  
your stuff, the next guest will get  
there in about an hour.

A hesitant smile graces Lydia's features, as she locks eyes  
with Dee.

THE END