Worth Every Penny

By

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INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

MAX, 20, appears nervous as BETHANY, 21, approaches his register.

BETHANY
Hey Max, I’ll take the usual.

MAX
Sure...good to see you Beth.

Max walks over to the coffee machine to make Beth’s order. He puts a hand through his hair, anxious. He looks over to Bethany, who is staring off into space.

Once the coffee is done, he quickly brings it over and types it into the register.

MAX
That’ll be two thirty five.

BETHANY
Cool.

Bethany pays and grabs her drink, about to leave when Max interrupts.

MAX
Uh, hey, Beth.

BETHANY
Yeah?

MAX
I was just thinking about going to the movies tomorrow night, and I thought maybe if you didn’t have plans we could--

BETHANY
Are you asking me out?

Bethany takes a sip of her coffee.

MAX
Well, yeah.

Bethany spits out her coffee onto Max’s uniform. She laughs.
BETHANY
(still laughing)
Sorry.

Max grabs a napkin to wipe his shirt.

MAX
It’s OK, it’s only burning through my flesh.

Bethany suddenly becomes serious.

BETHANY
Wait, are you really asking me out?

(beat)

MAX
yeah.

Bethany again bursts out laughing.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Max sits at a table across from CLARK, 62, foreign, shop manager. Both drink coffee.

CLARK
So how’d it go with Beth?

MAX
Not quite as good as I’d hoped.

CLARK
Ah, don’t beat yourself up kid, she’s just one in a billion other women out there. You’re a good guy Max, and good men are hard to come by these days, just ask my wife.

MAX
Thanks Clark, I guess I just thought I had a decent shot with her.

CLARK
You know what you need?

MAX
What?
CLARK
You need to get laid.

Max nearly spits up his coffee.

CLARK
I’m serious, how old are you?

MAX
Twenty.

CLARK
Are you still a virgin?

MAX
Well...yeah.

CLARK
You know what age I lost my virginity?

MAX
When?

CLARK
Twelve.

MAX
Is that even possible?

CLARK
Let’s just say there wasn’t much to do in the old country. The point is, loosing it made me more confident with other woman.

MAX
I don’t know, I just want someone I can really connect with, you know?

Clark removes a small notepad from his shirt pocket and begins jotting something down.

CLARK
You know what, I’m going to share with you a street my friend told me to go if I was ever feeling "lonely".

MAX
Are you referring to prostitution?

Clark hands the paper to Max.
CLARK
I’d like to think of it more as a little female assistance. Just drive by at night and you’ll get to meet some very interesting woman...from what I’ve heard of course.

MAX
I appreciate it, but I don’t think that’s really my kind of thing.

Clark stands.

CLARK
Alright, just hold onto it if you ever change your mind, I’ve gotta get home to my wife before she decides to get friendly with the mail man again.

MAX
Uh, I will, see you later Clark.

CLARK
Best of luck to you kid.

MAX
Thanks.

Clark walks off while Max stares back into the paper.

INT. CAR - NIGHT
Max tightly grips the wheel as he drives down a street.

MAX
What the hell am I doing?

He parks beside a sidewalk, puts a hand over his eyes and sighs. He shakes his head and pulls back onto the street. He stops at a street sign and pulls out Clark’s paper, reading: Tuls St.

He continues driving and checking signs along the way until he finally reaches Tuls. He hesitates before finally turning right down the street. He drives slowly, anxiously staring down the passing sidewalks.

His attention shifts when he notices CASEY, 22, standing to the left with her back against a wall. Max pulls up nearby. He glances over to Casey who shoots a glare back. Max looks away, embarrassed.
MAX
I’m insane.

A knock from the driver window causes Max to jolt up in surprise. He turns to find Casey standing outside and hurriedly puts down the window.

CASEY
Hi, sorry I scared you, are you here interested in...

MAX
Yes, I am here for the, uh, special...service.

CASEY
OK.

Casey walks around to the passenger door. Max takes a deep breath before she enters.

CASEY
This your first time?

MAX
Yeah, is it that obvious?

CASEY
(smiles)
Just relax, I don’t bite. Unless you want me to.

Max lets out a nervous laugh.

MAX
Is it okay if we go to my place?

CASEY
Sure.

Max nods before driving off.

MAX
I’m Max.

CASEY
Casey.

MAX
That’s a nice name.
CASEY
Thanks.

MAX
Is it cool if I play music?

CASEY
Why not.

MAX
Cool.

Max turns on the radio to an awkward sex song. Silence fills the car.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
Max and Casey step inside, Casey glances around the small space.

MAX
I know it’s not the roomiest place, but I like it.

CASEY
It’s clean. You don’t see that a lot with men living alone.

MAX
Thanks, I get it from my mom.

Casey plops down onto the sofa.

CASEY
So what are you into?

MAX
Well, maybe we could start off with a movie.

CASEY
I don’t watch any of that bondage stuff.

MAX
No, not anything like that.
INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Max and Casey watch the end of Titanic. Max wipes away some tears with a tissue, he offers one to Casey, she politely declines.

CASEY
You okay?

MAX
Yeah, It’s like the more you watch it the sadder it gets.

CASEY
So are we gonna?

MAX
You wanna play a quick game with me?

CASEY
...Sure.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Max and Casey play a fighting video game together.

CASEY
So the circle button is for a special attack?

MAX
Yeah, you can also mix up comb...

Casey obliterates Max’s game character.

MAX
Wow.

CASEY
Did I win?

MAX
You sure you’ve never played this before?

Casey laughs.

CASEY
Guess I’m a natural.
MAX
Oh yeah, how could I forget, come with me.

Max leads Casey into the...

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Casey climbs up onto the table and begins to unbutton her shirt.

MAX
Uh...actually, I’d prefer if you kept them on.

Casey is confused.

CASEY
Um, okay.

Max opens the fridge and pulls out several ingredients.

MAX
I thought I would make some chicken and mashed potatoes for dinner, is that alright with you?

CASEY
You want to have dinner with me?

MAX
Are you not hungry?

CASEY
I am...I just wasn’t expecting it.

MAX
Just relax, I’ll be done in a few minutes.

Casey nods, perplexed at her buyers surprising manners.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Max and Casey sit across from each other at the table, their dinner in front of them. Casey swallows her food as though she’s hasn’t eaten in days.

MAX
Like the food?
CASEY
  (mouthful of mashed potatoes)
It’s great.

MAX
Thanks, cooking’s a hobby of mine.

CASEY
You know your unusually kind for
someone looking for a one night
stand.

MAX
You must run into a lot of bad
guys.

CASEY
You couldn’t imagine.

MAX
You ever think about getting a less
dangerous occupation?

CASEY
It’s not glamorous but sex sells,
and I could use the money.

MAX
What for? If you don’t mind me
asking.

CASEY
No offense, but I don’t like to get
personal with my clients.

MAX
Understandable, I just now how it
can be struggling with income.

(beat)

CASEY
I’m trying to get into college...

MAX
That’s great, what do you want to
major in?

CASEY
I’ve always had this dream of being
a teacher. It’s stupid for someone
like me I know...
MAX
That’s not stupid, everyone has a rough spot they have to get over.

CASEY
How many prostitutes you know grow up to be school teachers.

MAX
Don’t know, I usually don’t talk much with woman.

CASEY
It might not mean much, but you seem like a pretty decent guy to me.

MAX
Thanks, it does. And if it means anything to you, you seem like a really nice girl, with a great taste in cooking.

CASEY
(laughs)
Thanks.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT
Max places their dishes into the sink.

CASEY
The food was good, I’ll subtract it from the charge.

MAX
No need, it’s on the house.

CASEY
Thanks, so are we going to the bedroom or--

Max thinks it over for a brief moment.

MAX
No.

CASEY
The living room then?
MAX
No.

CASEY
The kitchen?

Max shakes his head.

CASEY
Showers cost extra.

MAX
I think you’ve done enough.

CASEY
But we haven’t even--

MAX
We don’t have to.

Max pulls out his wallet.

CASEY
You’re seriously gonna pay me for watching a movie and eating dinner with you?

Max hands Casey a fifty dollar bill.

MAX
Is this much okay?

CASEY
You’re joking, right?

MAX
No, you make good company.

Casey stares down at the money in disbelief.

CASEY
I’m confused, you know I’m a hoar, right?

MAX
I don’t think you are, I think you just sell yourself short.

Casey shrugs.

CASEY
Whatever you say.

Casey heads for the front door.
MAX
Wait, let me drive you home.

CASEY
I don’t live far from here and
I told you, I don’t like to get
personal.

Casey is about to leave when Max interrupts.

MAX
Why do you do it? Why do you
degrade yourself for the pleasure
of some sick perverts?

CASEY
I’m a slut Max, it’s in the job
description.

MAX
You don’t have to, I know a couple
of places nearby that are hiring, I
could help you get back on your
feet.

CASEY
Not interested.

MAX
So that’s it, you really don’t mind
selling your soul for a couple of
bucks? I could--

CASEY
I don’t need your help OK?! I
choose to do what I do and I don’t
need anyones pity.

Casey throws Max his money back before slamming the door
behind her. Max puts a hand to his head.

INT. CITY STREET - NIGHT
Casey stands against a wall, troubled. She looks up as shady
looking older Man approaches, HARRIS.

HARRIS
You weren’t here yesterday.

CASEY
I had another customer.

Harris moves closer, Casey grows uncomfortable.
HARRIS
I thought we meet here every Friday.

CASEY
We never agreed to that.

Harris squeezes Casey’s leg.

HARRIS
You know you belong to me.

Casey swats his arm away.

CASEY
I don’t belong to anyone Harris, especially not you.

Harris brings his face closer, Casey moves hers away.

HARRIS
That’s no way to talk to a paying customer...

Harris stops at the sound of a blaring police siren.

HARRIS
Shit!

Harris runs from the scene, Casey is about to follow when she recognizes Max’s approaching car.

Max pulls over beside Casey.

MAX
You OK?

CASEY
How did you do that?

Max lifts up his cell phone.

MAX
Sound effect.

CASEY
Why are you out here?

MAX
I don’t know...I feel bad about yesterday.

Casey sighs.
CASEY
Your weird you know that?

MAX
I had a hunch.

CASEY
Look, I’m sorry, you just were trying to help and I attacked you for it. Kindness is not something I’m used to around here.

MAX
It’s okay, I still owe you though.

(beat)

CASEY
(smiles)
How about dinner and a movie?

Max smiles back.

MAX
I can do that.

Casey climbs inside the passenger seat and the two drive off into the night.

FADE OUT