

DADDY

BY

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FADE IN:

INT TRAILER - DAY

AMY, 13, that mix of cuteness and intelligence that makes a young girl a mystery, in panties and bra, stands on a chair and peeks through the blind.

This is a neat, clean if worn trailer. The furnishings have seen better days, and the decor is dated. Someone works to keep the place livable.

Satisfied, she climbs down, runs to a closed, padlocked door with a pet entrance at the bottom. She opens the pet door and calls.

AMY

Have you got it?

BOBBY (O.C.)

It's locked.

AMY

Find the key. It's got to be there somewhere.

BOBBY (O.C.)

I can't see it.

AMY

Keep looking.

She lets the door shut and runs back to the chair, climbing up to peek out.

Nothing.

She jumps down and runs to the pet door, talking through it.

AMY

Hurry! He'll be home soon.

BOBBY

It's not here.

AMY

Keep looking!

She races back to the chair, jumps up, and splits the blinds. Oops! She sees something and leaps from the chair, diving to the pet door.

AMY

He's coming. Get out of there.

She gets to her feet and drags the chair to the kitchen table. Grabs a book and pretends to read.

Through the pet door comes Bobby, 10, small and looking smaller in nothing but underwear. The pet door is a tight fit, and for a moment, he seems stuck.

BOBBY

Amy!

She glances over, jumps down, and tugs his arm.

AMY

Come on!

He twists a bit and out he pops, knocking her over. They both scramble into chairs as someone unlocks the front door. Bobby pants.

AMY

Hush!

Into the trailer steps RALPH, 40's, a mechanic from the uniform he wears. Short and bespectacled, he appears strong, not the geek he would be in a suit. He carries a gym bag and a bucket of chicken.

RALPH

Daddy's home.

Amy and Bobby look up from their books.

AMY

Hi daddy.

BOBBY

Hi daddy

Ralph sets the bucket on the table.

RALPH

Was that you peeking out the blinds,
Amy?

AMY

I wasn't--

RALPH

Don't lie, Amy. You know how daddy
hates lies.

AMY

Yes, daddy, I was peeking.

RALPH

Why?

AMY

We were hungry, we were looking for you.

Ralph goes to the door with the pet entrance and tugs on the padlock.
Secure.

RALPH

You know daddy would never let you go
hungry.

Ralph goes to the fridge and using a key from a big keyring, unlocks
the fridge.

RALPH

Childhood obesity is a growing
problem. I would be bad daddy if I let
you eat everything you wanted.
Besides, what would happen if someone
saw you peeking?

AMY

There's no one out here.

RALPH

Don't get smart with me, missy.

AMY

(chastised)
They'd take us away.

RALPH

That's right. They'd give you back to your mother. You wouldn't like that would you?

AMY

No, Ralph.

He fixes her with a stare.

RALPH

Your trailer trash mother might let you call her Darlene, but you call me daddy, understand?

AMY

Y..yes, daddy.

RALPH

Fix dinner for your brother. I have to shower.

He heads for the back room as Amy opens a cabinet and grabs plastic plates and glasses.

BOBBY

Daddy, can we please watch TV?

RALPH

(turning)

I shouldn't since you've been bad, but I guess it's OK.

He spins the dial on a combination lock, unlocking it. Unzips his gym bag and pulls out a power cord which he plugs into the wall and a small TV. He hands a remote to Bobby.

RALPH

Cartoons or sports, no news. I don't want you upset by the news.

BOBBY

Yes, daddy.

Ralph disappears as Amy loads chicken and fixins on their plates. They use the plastic utensils provided with the meal. Bobby flips to a cartoon.

AMY
 (whispering)
 We have to get his keys.

BOBBY
 (whispering)
 How?

Ralph, in nothing but pants, comes from the back room. Smiling, he goes to the front door and locks the dead bolt from the inside. Then, returns to his room.

The children eat and continue their sotto voce conversation.

AMY
 We have to do it while he sleeps.

BOBBY
 He locks them in his bag. We don't know the combination.

AMY
 We can watch him when he opens it in the morning.

BOBBY
 He won't let us.

They eat and watch each other, the TV droning.

AMY
 If we don't, we'll never get out of here.

From the other room emerges Ralph, wet hair and a cowboy shirt, jeans, and boots.

RALPH
 Isn't that chicken good? Doesn't daddy take care of you?

The kids nod at the oddly animated Ralph who takes the keyring off his belt and unlocks a cabinet stuffed with drugs of all kinds. He selects a vial and shakes several blue pills into his hand. He carefully relocks the cabinet before he goes to the fridge, takes a beer, and downs the pills.

RALPH
 Whooooeee, that loads the old pistol.

The kids don't share his enthusiasm.

RALPH

I almost forgot. I brought you presents.

He unlocks the front door and exits. Amy and Bobby look at each other and the ajar door. They could run. But Amy shakes her head.

AMY

It's a trap.

They eat a few seconds before Ralph reappears with a big box in his hand.

RALPH

You kids are gonna love this. Finish up, finish up.

Amy and Bobby finish and dump their plates as Ralph opens the box and pulls out a cute little sun dress.

RALPH

Isn't this pretty?
(handing the dress to Amy)
Try it on, try it on.

Amy tries on the dress which is at least a size too small. Short, tight, it makes her look like a tart.

RALPH

Yes, yes, that's so nice. You look great.
(pulling out a second dress)
And one for little Bobby too.

He hands the dress to Bobby who simply stares at it.

RALPH

Put it on. You don't want to make daddy unhappy.

Bobby slips into his dress, also too small.

RALPH

My two little angels. Don't you look good enough to eat.
(laughs) Maybe later.

He slips an arm around Amy.

RALPH
I think big sis goes first tonight.
Darling, just darling.

He leads her to the back room as Bobby watches.

RALPH
(to Bobby)
Watch TV and be a good boy.

The door closes, and Bobby falls to his knees by the door, listening.
Ralph can be heard through the thin door.

RALPH (O.C.)
Do it just like I taught you, Amy.
That's right, just like that. Oh,
that's good, that's real good. Use
your fingers too. This is gonna be soo
good.

The SMACK of skin on skin makes Bobby jump.

RALPH (O.C.)
I told you before not to do that! Get
on the bed.

AMY (O.C.)
Please, I'll do better.

RALPH (O.C.)
You're makin it worse.

A second SMACK makes Bobby close his eyes.

AMY (O.C.)
Please don't.

RALPH (O.C.)
Stupid slut!

Amy's SCREAM blasts through the trailer. Bobby shivers and hugs
his knees.

RALPH (O.C.)
Go ahead and scream. It only makes it
better.

A second SCREAM escapes Amy.

RALPH (O.C.)
Oh, the first one's gonna be quick
tonight, quick and hard.

A SMACK and a SCREAM.

Bobby jumps to his feet, runs across the room, and through the pet door.

Moments later, Ralph emerges from the room, zipping up his jeans.

RALPH
Hey, Bobby, daddy needs help.

He looks around, but Bobby's not there. He checks the front door--locked--before he checks the bathroom--empty.

RALPH
Hiding is makin' daddy mad. You don't
want daddy mad.

He reaches the last door, tests the padlock, and frowns. What happened to Bobby? Then, he notices the pet door and smiles.

RALPH
Daddy is gonna do you double hard
tonight.

He unlocks the padlock and opens the door and steps into

SECOND BEDROOM

Bobby stands across the small room. He points a shotgun at Ralph, a shotgun with a narrow steel cable running through the trigger guard. The butt of the gun is lodged against the wooden rack amid half a dozen other guns.

Ralph hesitates in the doorway, staring at the wavering barrel.

RALPH
Boy, you're gonna be sore for a week.

EXT TRAILER - EVENING

The trailer sits all by itself at the end of a desert track, Ralph's dusty pickup in front.

The shotgun BLAST rocks the trailer, sending a desert bird reeling into the sky.

Seconds later, Amy and Bobby burst out of the trailer. Her dress is askew, his is blood speckled. They run to the pickup and climb in, Amy driving. She starts the engine, puts it in gear, and shoots away from the trailer and it's gaping door.

FADE OUT.