

Girlie

A Movie About Feeling Naked

A DARK COMEDY WRITTEN BY
R. ROUSTOM © raarou.com
email: raarou@outlook.com

An uptight student photographer is roped into her coworker's risqué get-rich-quick scheme.

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INT. ALISON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

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Creepo lies in a heap on Alison's pale pink carpet. The carpet is smeared with rusty, bright blood. Alison and Leila each hold a corner of the carpet near Creepo's head. Sabina holds the bottom near his feet.

SABINA

On three, we lift. One...

Leila adjusts her grip, gets a hand under the carpet to support Creepo's shoulders when she has to lift.

SABINA (CONT'D)

Two...

Alison ducks her head, observing how Leila is holding Creepo.

SABINA (CONT'D)

Three!

Sabina and Leila lift at the same time. Alison adjusts her grip to try and mirror Leila but, moving her hand under the carpet she encounters a patch of blood that has soaked through. She shrieks, flinching back from the wetness and dropping her corner of the carpet.

She lifts her hands in front of her face to inspect them. They're bloody. She whimpers.

Creepo, now only supported by his feet and his left side, slides off of the airborne carpet headfirst, nose landing with a wet crunch at Alison's feet, blood leaking onto the floor and soaking into Alison's socks.

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EXT. ALISON'S YARD - 3AM

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The camera looks down at a partially flayed open chest, lower sternum and ribs visible. On the right, a rib is missing.

Alison stands above Creepo's corpse, holding his rib. Next to the body, Sabina sits on the ground and riffles through his wallet. At Creepo's feet, Leila is untying his shoes.

ALISON

What the fuck do I do with this?

Leila wrenches his shoes off and sets them aside.

LEILA

Get rid of it, Alison. We're not gonna do fucking crafts with it.

ALISON

Are you sure Sabina doesn't want,
like a bone-piano?

SABINA

Piano keys are made out of ivory,
not bone.

ALISON

I thought ivory was bone.

LEILA

No, it's like elephant tusks.

ALISON

Tusks aren't bone?

LEILA

No.

ALISON

Are they teeth?

LEILA

Pretty sure teeth are bone.

SABINA

I don't think teeth are bones. Do
you think it'd be traceable if we
used the rest of his Trader Joes
gift card?

Sabina slips the card out of his wallet and holds it up.

LEILA

No, I think that's fine. How much
is on it.

SABINA

I don't know, doesn't say.

ALISON

Oh, gimme.

Alison takes the card with the same hand holding the rib. The
slime and gristle touches Sabina's outstretched arm and she
flinches back.

SABINA

Oh god. Eugh.

Sabina shakes her arm around and then wipes it on her pants.
Alison turns the card around, reads the number on the back,
and gets out her phone, dialing. A robot answers.

ALISON
(Over annunciating, loud)
Card. Balance.

Alison takes her phone away from her ear and enters the numbers on the back of the card into the keypad, then lifts it to her ear. Beat. She hangs up and puts her phone away.

ALISON (CONT'D)
Sixty-seven dollars and fifty-five cents.

Leila continues stripping the body, tugging off socks and tucking them into the shoes, then removing his pants.

LEILA
Great, that'll get you four bottles of Everything But The Bagel. Boxers on or off?

ALISON
Can we donate used boxers?

LEILA
If they're clean.

SABINA
I don't think that's true.

LEILA
Why wouldn't it be true. That place downtown sells old clothes by the pound in big piles on the first floor. You wanna bet there's not a single boxer in the mix?

SABINA
Ok, maybe there is but it's rude. You're not supposed to donate used underwear even if it is clean. It's an unspoken rule. Plus, I don't want to wash this dude's boxers. Or see his dick.

ALISON
I've already seen his dick.

LEILA
Oh God, this isn't the one you showed me at work yesterday, is it?

ALISON
No, I only show you the unsolicited ones. It's, like, deserved.

LEILA

Well, ok, so me and Sabina haven't see this guy's dick before. We'd rather avoid it. Why don't we just forget about donating them- we're donating the rest of his stuff- and leave them on him. Cool?

ALISON

Yeah, sure.

SABINA

I mean, they look cottony.

ALISON

I mean they're probably more of a poly blend, Bina. I'm not sure their fiber count is gonna be a huge financial loss for us if we don't sell them.

Sabina reaches for the edge of the boxers and rubs the material between her index finger and thumb.

SABINA

No, I just mean cotton's more natural than something like elastane. It's not really bad if we throw some cotton in a landfill since it'll break down.

ALISON

That's such an odd fucking thing to worry about.

SABINA

You know I try to keep our waste down. We should all be worried.

ALISON

I'm worried about getting caught with a dead guy in our back yard.

SABINA

I mean I'm definitely worried about that. I just have an ever present, low-level of worry about ecological destruction. You're not worried about the death of our planet?

LEILA

I'm not worried about the death of our planet.

ALISON

You weren't worried about walking around with crumbs matted into your sweater, I doubt your capacity to worry about anything.

LEILA

Have you noticed that you tend to insult me while you're trying to get something out of me?

Leila bats Sabina's hand away from Creepo's boxers.

ALISON

What am I trying to get out of you?

Leila pulls a folded heavy duty trash bag out of her pocket and shakes it open, brandishing it at Alison.

ALISON (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm so sorry you participated in a murder and now have to deal with the consequences.

LEILA

I didn't touch him!

ALISON

You stomped his fucking rib out of his body!

SABINA

Guys, we're getting a little loud.

Leila attempts to throw the trash bag at Alison but because it's unfolded, it doesn't go far and falls to the ground softly. Leila stomps away.

LEILA

Fine, you put him in the bag.

Sabina gather's up the pile of Creepo's clothes and shoes.

SABINA

(Leaving)

I'm just gonna go stick these in the donation bin, try to keep it down while I'm gone.

ALISON

Oh, come on! Leila!

LEILA
(Walking away)
No, no, I'll fuck off if you don't
want my help.

ALISON
I can't lift him on my own!

Leila stops where she stands and groans.

LEILA
(Turning around)
Try.

Alison grabs the trash bag and gets her arm under Creepo's back, lifting his torso off the ground. Leila watches this for a moment before rushing over and taking the bag away.

LEILA (CONT'D)
Let me do it.

ALISON
I was doing it!

Alison makes no move to stop Leila from taking over.

LEILA
I want to do it. I can't watch you
do it, it's stressful.

Leila starts putting Creepo's feet into the bag and then propping up the rest of his body to shake the trash bag over it, the way one might put a pillow in its case.

ALISON
Where do we put him now that he's
in the bag?

LEILA
The trash?

ALISON
Oh.

LEILA
Do you wanna go get the bin for me?

Alison jogs to get the bin. A moment later, she comes back without it, Sabina tagging along behind and bringing the bin.

ALISON
Here it is.

Leila rolls her eyes and smiles at Sabina.

LEILA

Here, bring it close and then just tip it over.

Sabina brings it close and starts to tip it sideways.

LEILA (CONT'D)

Wait is there anything in it?

SABINA

(Leaning into the bin)

Uh, yeah. There is. You want me to move it?

LEILA

No, no, it's cool. I'll do it. Here, tip it over anyways, I can't reach.

Sabina tips the bin over and Leila drops the bag with Creepo in it. It falls over, his head sticking out. Leila hoists the bags out of the bin and lifts the three of them up, supporting them on her shoulder.

SABINA

Are you sure you don't want me to take them?

LEILA

No, I got 'em.

SABINA

Cause me and Alison could seriously take one each and that'd be even.

ALISON

Don't volunteer me, babe. I like these slippers garbage-juice free.

SABINA

Babe, there's blood on them.

ALISON

Blood's kind of fine. I mean it doesn't smell bad. Little baking soda, no problem.

Leila starts walking away. Sabina reaches for her but she ducks out of the way and dashes out of the yard.

LEILA (O.C.)

(Yelling)

Really, I got it.

ALISON

She really is fine. She always does the trash runs at the store. She likes it.

SABINA

It just felt wrong not to try.

Alison bumps her shoulder against Sabina's.

ALISON

You're sweet. Sorry I got rib goo on you.

Sabina bumps her shoulder against Alison's and then leans her head on top of her shoulder. Alison rests her head atop Sabina's.

SABINA

This would be nicer if you weren't still holding it.

ALISON

Huh?

SABINA

The rib. I can see it.

Alison moves the hand holding the rib behind her back. Leila comes back into the yard, now empty handed.

LEILA

Alright, let's get him in there.

Alison and Sabina turn back to face the body. Leila starts dragging and pushing Creepo until most of his body is over the lip of the trash can.

LEILA (CONT'D)

C'mere, help me lift it.

Sabina comes over and takes the other side of the garbage can and lifts at the same time as Leila. Together, they get the bin high enough that Creepo's body falls, thudding to the bottom of the bin and making it easy to set upright.

A moment after the body hits the bottom of the bin, Creepo groans. The girls look uneasy. Creepo groans again. The girls all peer down into the trash bin. After a beat, Creepo starts to wriggle around and his head pokes out of the top of the bag. His head is bloody and he starts screaming.

Leila quickly shut the lid of the bin, which muffles the sound somewhat. She stands in a state of shock.

ALISON
The fucker's alive.

SABINA
What do we do?

ALISON
(As if to herself)
I mean we should commit, right?

Alison starts walking away from the bin, back to the house.

SABINA
Where are you going?

ALISON
To get a knife!

This breaks Leila out of her silent staring at the bin. She grabs the bin's handle with a white knuckled grip

LEILA
Woah! No.

Alison turns around. Creepo is still emitting a high, reedy sound that is sounding less like a scream and more like the wind the longer it goes on. Alison waves angrily at the bin.

ALISON
What, you want to let him keep shouting until someone calls the cops?

LEILA
No- Alison, we can't keep him here if he's alive.

ALISON
That's exactly what I'm working on.

LEILA
No, Alison, you're not- We are not saying the same thing here.

ALISON
Are you sure this isn't one of those fights where we're both saying the same thing but in slightly different ways that makes us feel like we're on opposite sides?

LEILA

This is absolutely not one of those fights. Because I'm pretty sure you're saying he shouldn't be alive. Right?

ALISON

Right.

LEILA

And I'm saying he shouldn't be here. As in, we need to take him to a hospital. If he's alive, we've got a responsibility to help him. Killing him was an accident, killing him again would be on purpose.

SABINA

Fool me once, you know?

ALISON

What?

SABINA

You know, like the expression?

ALISON

No?

LEILA

Yeah, like, "Kill him once, shame on him. Kill him twice, shame on us," You know?

ALISON

That's an expression?

SABINA

No, the expression is, "Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me."

ALISON

Bina, I swear to God you make this shit up. I've never heard half of what you say anywhere else.

LEILA

No, that's an expression. I've heard that before.