

RASCAL:  
THE FIRE SCENE  
(A SAMPLE)

Written by

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The following is an excerpt from the full-length feature film script, "RASCAL."

Please enjoy.

INT. BROTHEL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Roger closes the door in Danny's face.

ROGER

All right, now where was I?

He struts back toward the dance area as Stanley bolts into the kitchen.

STANLEY

Fire!

ROGER

Fire?

INT. BROTHEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Partygoers shriek as a plume of black smoke emerges from the office door.

Stanley scatters.

STANLEY

Fire! Get out! There's a fire here!

INT. BROTHEL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Roger peeks his head down the hallway, he sees the smoke and punches a hole in a nearby cabinet.

ROGER

Damnit!

He marches into the pantry and retrieves the fire extinguisher from the wall.

INT. BROTHEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Roger storms down the hallway, extinguisher at the ready.

He searches through a large ring of keys attached to his hip, fat fingers fumble to find the right one.

ROGER

Goddamnit, Rascal. This is the last straw, you hear me?

INT. BROTHEL OFFICE - NIGHT

Rascal stands at the ready, a T-shirt wrapped around her mouth to breath through the smoke.

She pours whiskey onto a burning pile of invoices. She steps back, tightens her grip, and presses her forehead against the barrel of the gun.

RASCAL

One plus one is two. One plus two  
is three. One plus three is four...

INT. BROTHEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roger fumbles with the keys.

ROGER

You are through, you hear me?! Your  
prissy ass is out of this house!  
Burn my motherfucking brothel to  
the ground, I will end you, bitch!

INT. BROTHEL OFFICE - NIGHT

Rascal takes a deep breath.

RASCAL

One plus four is five...

INT. BROTHEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roger finds the right key. He touches the doorknob -- it  
burns his hand.

ROGER

Aah! Goddamnit!

He uses the fabric from his polo shirt to shield his hand and  
unlocks the door with a hard kick.

INT. BROTHEL OFFICE - NIGHT

BAM!

Roger barges in to the office, extinguisher on full blast.

ROGER  
You are dead! You hear me? You  
insane, broken, brain-damaged whore  
-- you are dead!

A dense white fog fills the air as the smoke subsides.

Roger drops the extinguisher to the floor. He coughs through the fog and searches for Rascal.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Where you at, bitch?

Roger stops dead in his tracks.

The long barrel of the handgun presses in to his forehead.

Rascal appears through the fog.

Roger stares down the steel chamber and puts his hands up.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Did I say bitch? I meant beautiful,  
gorgeous courtesan. Baby, have you  
had any water lately? Here, let me  
get you some.

Roger grabs for the gun - it goes off.

BANG!

A bullet blasts through the foam tiles of the ceiling as the ricochet throws Rascal back. Roger wrestles her for control.

EXT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

Party goers shriek and scream as they exit Maxine's. They jump in to their cars and tear off into the rain.

INT. BROTHEL BAR - NIGHT

Panicked customers flee for the exit, Hector shoves bottles of alcohol into a backpack. A half naked Cherry shakes him.

CHERRY  
Hector, do something!

HECTOR  
Nuh uh. I do not get paid enough  
for this bullshit.

He flings the backpack over his shoulder and exits.

Heaven, Cherry, and Sadie, all half naked and scared, flee out the front door with the other patrons.

INT. BROTHEL OFFICE - NIGHT

Rascal grips the handgun. Roger grips her.

She struggles, but then realizes... Roger isn't very strong.

Rascal bends at the hip and leans her weight back in to Roger -- all of her force frees herself from his weak hold.

Roger stumbles backward, out of shape and out of breath.

RASCAL

What's the matter, Rog? Forget to do a pushup every once in a while?

Roger stumbles toward her. Rascal retakes her stance -- points the gun at his face.

RASCAL (CONT'D)

Get back!

Roger steadies his balance. He charges toward Rascal again.

ROGER

You sonofa--

WHACK!

A blunt object slams his face, Roger flies to the floor.

Rascal turns to the doorway -- Danny holds the wooden baseball bat in the threshold.

RASCAL

Where did you come from?

DANNY

Jesus, Rascal.

Danny lowers the baseball bat.

DANNY (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on?

Roger groans from the floor as he starts to come to. Rascal takes two long steps toward him and KICKS him right in the testicles.

ROGER

Aaaaah!! Why? Ohhhh, why?

Rascal points the gun at Roger.

RASCAL  
Stay down!

Roger writhes on the ground, holding his aching balls.

ROGER  
I'm down... I'm down.

He coughs and inspects the blood dripping from his nose.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Jesus Christ, Rascal. You really  
are one crazy bitch.

WHACK!

She kicks him in the balls again.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Aaaaaahhhh!!!

Roger whimpers and crawls in to a ball in the corner.

RASCAL  
You couldn't cancel the goddamn  
party you horrible sonofabitch.

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