

FOR SALE

Written by
Desiree Argentina

Copyright (c) 2017

Dargentinal@gmail.com
607-232-2648

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

MONICA, a heartbroken young woman sits on the couch with her laptop and scrolls through many pictures of her and a tall, skinny MAN with flowing brown hair on FaceBook.

She takes a deep breath and changes her relationship status to SINGLE. She cries, blows her nose and throws the wet tissue on the floor, amongst many others.

Many posts in her FaceBook timeline are of two missing women. News articles, pictures, "Missing Person" signs fill Monica's timeline but she is too preoccupied to notice or care.

She writes in the search bar: "Sam". She hesitates for a few seconds but gives in against her better judgment. Clicks his name.

Sam's new status: "In a Relationship". It has many likes and his profile picture: a picture of him and a gorgeous BLONDE WOMAN.

Monica huffs and puffs. She blocks Sam on FaceBook and SLAMS her computer closed.

MONICA
Screw you, asshole!

She sees a framed photograph of her and Sam. She YELLS and THROWS the picture across the room. The frame SHATTERS.

Frustrated, Monica walks into the-

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

She gets a broom and dustpan from the closet.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Monica sweeps the glass into the dustpan.

Overwhelmed, she grabs her laptop from the couch and leaves the living room.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Monica sits in her bed with a bowl of ice cream, a bottle of wine and her laptop. She opens Netflix and scrolls through the movies. So many romantic films.

Out of the corner of her eye, Monica notices cards from Sam on the dresser. Annoyed, she rushes over, rips them up and throws them in the garbage.

She looks around her room, disgusted. Sam's belongings are everywhere. T-shirts, pictures, notebooks...

Monica opens her phone. She pulls up Sam's name. She opens a text message and types.

MONICA (TEXT)

When can you pick up the rest of your stuff?

She is unsure if she should send it. She sighs...hesitant.

MONICA (cont'd)

Just send it!

Hits SEND.

She lets out a long breath of relief and tosses her phone to the other end of the bed.

She stands. Doesn't know what to do. Then...her phone vibrates. Runs to it.

SAM (TEXT)

Took all I wanted.

Monica tosses her phone in anger.

MONICA

Ughhhhhh!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Monica rushes around the apartment, furiously throws any reminder of Sam into garbage bags. Clothes, mugs, pictures, hats.

She then she comes across Sam's guitar and a pocket knife set.

MONICA
 (confused)
 His favorite guitar and his
 grandfather's knife set...

Monica shrugs off the odd discovery and shoves them into a garbage bag.

MONICA (cont'd)
 Whatever.

She looks around. Satisfied with herself, she takes the bags to the-

INT. ATTIC - EVENING

Monica lifts the heavy bags up the stairs then drags them to the corner of the attic. It's long, unfinished, and dimly lit.

She takes duct tape and a sharpie from a shelf. She puts duct tape on the bags and writes in large letters "ASSHOLE'S JUNK".

She kicks one of the garbage bags. Turns and leaves the attic.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Monica looks around the half empty bedroom. She feels sorry for herself.

She sits on her bed and opens her computer. She opens FaceBook. She has many notifications. There are many COMMENTS. "Omg, you guys were the cutest couple ever! What happened??", "I am so sorry!", "Hope ur ok", etc...

Embarrassed, Monica shuts her computer. She takes a long swig of her wine.

Her phone vibrates. She reads her text message.

ANNA (TEXT)
Girllllll, what happened??

Monica closes the text. Her phone continuously vibrates.

Large gulp of wine.

Annoyed, Monica powers off her cell phone.

She gets an idea!

She opens her laptop and types in "Craigslist.com". Monica writes an ad to sell her ex's belongings.

She drunkenly types: "FOR SALE" in the subject line.

The ad continues:

"Boyfriend EX movd out unexpectttedly. Mveed in with skankkkk. Left his shit, want it gone!!!! COME GET IT anyyttime. 16 main, appy 3"

Monica laughs hysterically and then cries. She falls asleep with her laptop and empty glass of wine in her bed.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Monica is passed out. Her hair is messy, makeup smeared across her face, a drool stain on her cheek. She rolls over.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK! Monica is woken up.

MONICA

What the...?

She looks around. Looks at the clock. She is confused.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

MONICA (cont'd)

COMING!

Monica gets out of bed, tosses on a sweatshirt.

INT. DOORWAY - MORNING

Monica looks through the peephole. She sees a MAN in his 50's. Skinny but muscular. He wears a black, over sized, ripped T-shirt.

Monica opens the door.

MONICA

Can I help you?

BOBBY

Hi there sweetheart, I'm here for your craigslist ad.

MONICA

My what?

BOBBY

I'm here for your ex's shit!

He laughs to himself.

MONICA

Oh! Right. Sorry, yeah.

He sticks his hand out to shake hers. Monica reluctantly puts her hand in his, he kisses it. Monica jerks her hand back.

BOBBY

Names Bobby.

MONICA

Monica.

BOBBY

Rough night for ya huh, hun?

MONICA

(uncomfortable)

Umm hang on, let me go get the stuff.

BOBBY

Don't you bother, I can just come and look.

MONICA

That's okay, just give me a second.

BOBBY

I don't mind helping. It's no trouble.

Monica smiles politely but feels awkward.

MONICA

I'll be right back.

Monica closes the door behind her.

Once Monica is upstairs, Bobby turns the knob. It's unlocked!

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Monica walks past a mirror on her way to the attic. She catches her reflection, notices how messy she appears. She is clearly hungover.

MONICA

Oh, my god!

Horrified, Monica runs to the-

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Monica quickly pulls her hair back and washes her face. She takes a quick swig of mouthwash.

MONICA

That will have to do for now.

Monica exits the bathroom into the-

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

She WALKS INTO Bobby! Startled, she YELLS and JUMPS back!

BOBBY

Whoa, whoa, whoa!

MONICA

You scared the shit out of me!

BOBBY

(laughing)

Well, I see that!

MONICA

I thought you were waiting downstairs.

BOBBY

Well hun, you were taking so long that I thought you could use some help.

MONICA

I got it, thanks.

BOBBY

Don't mean to be rude or nothin' but I'm kinda in a hurry.

MONICA

Okay, I'll be right down.

BOBBY
 (manipulating)
 Okay well I guess I should just go,
 no offense or nuthin' but this is
 taking too much of my time.

Bobby turns away to walk downstairs.

MONICA
 Wait, I really just need this stuff
 gone.

Monica motions toward the attic.

Bobby smiles to himself then turns to face Monica.

BOBBY
 Don't you worry your pretty little
 head about it.

Monica fakes a smile.

BOBBY (cont'd)
 Lead the way darlin'.

Monica walks to the attic door. She opens it and turns on the light. She walks up the stairs and Bobby follows. He CLOSES the attic door behind him.

INT. ATTIC - MORNING

Boxes and garbage bags everywhere. Monica ducks.

MONICA
 Watch your head.

She points to the low ceiling. Nails stick out. Bobby nods.

Monica points toward the end of the attic.

MONICA (cont'd)
 The stuff's over there.

Bobby smiles and walks over to the pile of Sam's belongings. Monica hangs back.

Bobby opens the bags, sorts through.

MONICA (cont'd)
 Anything in particular you looking
 for?

Bobby ignores her. He continues to look around the attic and back at her. Monica is unnerved.

MONICA (cont'd)
You can just take it all.

No response.

MONICA (cont'd)
Bobby?

Bobby looks over at her and smiles. He stands. Monica steps back, uncomfortable.

BOBBY
You watch the news lately?

Shakes her head.

BOBBY (cont'd)
Been a lotta stories about some girls missing. You must have heard about 'em?

Monica becomes afraid. She slowly backs up toward the stairs.

MONICA
(nervous)
Oh yeah, it's terrible (beat) I don't know who would do something like that...

BOBBY
Well it's their own fault really.

MONICA
Their fault?

BOBBY
Shouldn't have let a stranger in!

Monica turns and RUNS! Bobby chases her. She's not fast enough. He SHOVES her from behind. She falls forward, face first. She bleeds on her arms, hands, and face. Her pants torn.

Monica struggles to roll over. Bobby stands over her. Satisfied smile.

Monica kicks him in between his legs. Bobby doubles over.

Monica scurries away to a corner of the attic. She hides behind some spare tires. Tries not to breathe.

Bobby stands. Laughs.

EXT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Sam KNOCKS on the front door. It pushes open.

SAM
(confused)
Hello?

Sam cautiously enters the apartment.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Sam walks up the stairs and looks around.

SAM
Monica?

INT. ATTIC - MORNING

BOBBY
You have some fight in you! I can
respect that.

Bobby walks around, slowly. Looks for Monica.

BOBBY (cont'd)
Come out, come out wherever you are.

Monica closes her eyes, covers her mouth with her bloodied hands. Desperate to stay quiet.

Bobby spots Monica. Smiles. Tiptoes over.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Sam walks around the apartment. Peers into different rooms.

SAM
Monica?

No answer.

SAM (cont'd)
Monica? I'm just here for my guitar
and knife set...

Sam spots Monica's cell phone on her bed.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

He picks it up, sees that it is off. Looks around.

INT. ATTIC - MORNING

Bobby walks toward Monica. Closer...closer...

Monica holds her breath.

BOBBY

Boo!

She SCREAMS! Tries to run. Bobby GRABS her, THROWS her to the ground.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Sam hears a loud THUD! Startled, he looks up. Realizes something is wrong. He runs to the-

INT. ATTIC - MORNING

Monica struggles to sit up, she looks around. A long NAIL sticks out of the ground. She struggles to pull it out.

Bobby sits on top of her and strangles her. She struggles to breathe. She manages to pull the nail free and STABS him in the chest. He jumps back.

BOBBY

Not going to make this easy huh, hun?

She quickly crawls backwards.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Better go get my tetanus shot when I'm through with you!

Monica's hand goes through a nail that sticks out of the ground. She SCREAMS in pain.

SAM

Monica?

Surprised, Bobby turns around.

MONICA

Sam?

BOBBY

Well looky here! It's the asshole ex-boyfriend! Welcome!

SAM

What's going on?

Bobby walks toward Sam.

Monica yells-

MONICA

RUN!

Sam turns to run away. Bobby RIPS the nail out of his chest and STABS Sam in the back with it and SHOVEDS him forward into the low ceiling. He hits his head and falls to the ground. He's knocked unconscious.

Monica rolls over and runs toward the end of the attic. Looks for anything she can use against Bobby.

Bobby walks toward her slowly. He laughs.

Monica THROWS things at him. She mostly misses. He dodges the duct tape.

Monica finds a hammer! Holds it up to throw it.

BOBBY

I wouldn't do that if I were you, sweetheart.

Monica throws the hammer and hits Bobby square in the face. He SCREAMS! Falls to the ground. Blood everywhere.

Monica tries to run past him toward the stairs, toward Sam. Bobby grabs her foot as she passes and trips her. She falls to the ground.

Bobby pulls her toward him. She kicks frantically.

Bobby takes the hammer and HITS the back of the hammer through her thigh. She SCREAMS in agony!

Bobby stands up and pushes a pile of boxes down the stairs to block the doorway.

BOBBY (cont'd)

Nowhere's to go now!

Sam grunts, he sits up. Bobby KICKS Sam in the face. Knocks him out again.

Monica cries in pain but she doesn't give up. She remembers something...an idea formulates...Sam's knife set!

While Bobby walks toward the duct tape, Monica gains her strength. She RIPS the back of the hammer out of her leg and hobbles as fast as she can toward the pile of Sam's belongings. She is in pain and struggles to hobble.

BOBBY (cont'd)
Ya know, none of the other girls gave me this much trouble.

Monica arrives at the bags. Tears through them.

Bobby ties Sam with the duct tape.

BOBBY (cont'd)
Sweetie, can you just make this a little easier? We both know how this ends.

Monica finds it! She opens the case.

Bobby walks toward her. Closer...closer...

He gets CLOSER!

Bobby grabs Monica by the arm. She tries to stab him but he punches her. She falls back. The knife falls out of her hands.

BOBBY (cont'd)
You weren't going to try to hurt me now, were ya? No, you wouldn't do that.

Monica crawls toward the knife.

Bobby laughs.

BOBBY (cont'd)
You are just too cute.

Monica GRABS the knife just as Bobby GRABS her legs. He PULLS Monica toward him. She SCREAMS in pain! He sits on her back and duct tapes her.

Monica shuffles her body, she manages to turn over and STABS Bobby in the chest.

He falls backward. Monica struggles to get up but she does. She hobbles past Bobby. He grabs at her legs but she kicks him off.

Monica uses another knife to cut Sam free of the duct tape. He is woozy and not fully conscious.

MONICA

Get up! Sam! Get up NOW!

Sam opens his eyes. She lifts him but falls over a bit. They both hobble to the stairs arm in arm. They climb down but struggle over the boxes. They fall over a few times but manage to make it through the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Monica sits Sam on the floor. She rushes around, looks for her cell phone. She sees it on her bed.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Monica grabs her phone but it's off. She turns it on. It's loading. Takes forever!

They hear footsteps approach.

SAM

Do something!

Monica grabs the desk chair and quickly hobbles to the-

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

She SHOVES it under the door knob just as it turn. Bobby BANGS on the door. He YELLS, SCREAMS, KICKS at the door.

Monica lifts Sam, they hobble down the steps together.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Sam sits on the stairs outside while Monica frantically looks around for help.

NEIGHBORS see her and rush over. A MAN takes out his phone and calls 911.

Monica sits next to Sam.

SAM

What just happened?

MONICA

I'm not sure.

SAM

Well whatever it was, we survived it
together.

He places his hand on her.

SAM (cont'd)

I always knew we made a great team.

Monica scoffs.

MONICA

Right. Bye, Sam.

Monica stands and walks toward the neighbors on their phones.

FADE OUT