

Teaching With Violence

by
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FADE IN:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A modernized social club. Empty stools line the bar. Deserted tables hug a wall of windows.

SARAH, 23, stands behind the bar. She counts tips from a large metal bucket. Its been a good night.

EMILY, 27, approaches from the corner pushing a broom.

EMILY
How'd we do?

SARAH
Don't mess me up.

Emily tosses a touch screen cell phone onto the bar.

EMILY
Found this under a table.

Sarah finishes. Places the money into two neat stacks. She grabs another handful.

SARAH
Almost done.

EMILY
I'm gonna grab my stuff.

Emily retreats through a swinging door into the kitchen. Sarah continues her count with deft hands.

Emily returns with her purse and jacket. Sarah slaps the last of the money on the counter.

SARAH
Done. Three-ten each.

Emily grabs the far half.

EMILY
Wow, I'm impressed. I didn't think we were that busy.

SARAH
Hank left me a fifty again.

EMILY
Aww, he so loves you.

SARAH
I suppose it wouldn't help if I
told him I already had a boyfriend?

Sarah looks out the windows.

SARAH
Or maybe ex-boyfriend if he doesn't
get here soon...

Emily plops down on a stool.

EMILY
You need me to wait? I'm just
really tired.

SARAH
No, its okay. You go ahead.

They both approach the front door.

EMILY
You know, if you hired a real
mechanic, your car would be fixed
by now.

Sarah unlocks the door.

SARAH
I know, I know. He just likes to
save me money.

Sarah opens the door. The parking lot is empty, save for
Emily's car. Emily Walks to her car and unlocks her door.

EMILY
You sure you don't want a ride?

SARAH
Its okay. He's always late. He'll
be here.

Emily gets in. Drives off. Sarah scans the parking lot.

SARAH
(to herself)
Where are you?

Sarah shuts the door and locks it. She sits at the bar and
rolls her fingers in impatience. The clock above her reads
"3:17".

Sarah studies the cell phone left behind. She taps its screen. It illuminates. She navigates through the menu until she finds the picture gallery. She opens it.

A SERIES OF PICTURES

--A brunette GIRL, 19, walks through a college campus with a backpack on.--

--The same girl exits a dormitory.--

--The same girl is gagged and tied to a chair. Her mascara runs black.--

--The same girl has two fish hooks inserted into her nostrils. They pull the flesh up giving her a pig's snout. The fishing lines have been stapled tautly to her forehead.--

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Sarah jumps. She drops the cell phone on the bar and grabs her chest. She backs away from it.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

She turns towards the door. A large MAN with a baseball cap stands outside of it. The brim of the cap shades his eyes.

SARAH

Uh, I'm sorry. We're closed.

Sarah walks to the back side of the bar. She pulls her cell out of her purse.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Sarah sighs. She approaches the door.

SARAH

I said, we're closed.

MAN

(muffled)

I know, I know. I'm sorry. I think I may have left my phone here on accident.

Sarah stops. She takes a step back from the door.

SARAH
We... We didn't find anything.

MAN
(muffled)
Its okay. I know where I was
sitting. If I could just come in
and take a look?

SARAH
I... I'm sorry. If we find it, you
can pick it up here tomorrow.

The man shakes his head.

MAN
(muffled)
I'm not drunk. I just had dinner.
Please, I really need my phone.
It'll just take a second to check.

Sarah continues to back away.

SARAH
No. I think you should leave.

The man looks past Sarah to the phone on the bar. He pulls
his cap lower. He disappears around the outside corner.

Sarah pulls out her cell. She dials frantically.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JIMMY, 25, lies passed out on a couch. Chips litter his
shirt. The headphones he wears blast music into his ears.

The cell on the end table next to him lights up and vibrates.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Sarah paces. The phone continues to ring.

SARAH
Please, answer the phone.

After it goes to voice mail she hangs up.

SARAH
Shit!

The cell on the bar rings...

Sarah approaches it. The screen reads "UNKNOWN CALLER". She peers through the windows. Nobody.

She picks up the phone and accepts the call. She puts it to her ear.

There is a long pause...

MAN (V.O.)
You lied to me.

Blinding white light cascades in through the windows. Sarah squints her eyes.

ACROSS THE STREET

A car is parked at a pay phone. Its high beams shine directly into the bar.

A hand emerges from the drivers side and hangs up the receiver. Its tires squeal as it takes off.

Sarah's eyes go wide. She drops the cell and grabs the house phone from next to the cash register.

She dials. It rings.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Nine-one-one. What is your emergency?

SARAH
My name's Sarah Higgins. I work at Billy's Tavern in Mentor. I'm closing by myself and there's a strange man outside. I'm scared.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Are you in immediate danger? Is he trying to break in?

SARAH
I don't know. I'm not sure.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Stay put. Keep the doors locked. I'm sending a patrol to check out the area.

SARAH
Okay. Thank you.

Sarah hangs up the phone. She walks around the bar and stares out of the windows.

MOMENTS LATER

A metal CLANG from the kitchen. Like pans jingling.

Sarah's head spins around. She stares at the kitchen door. Blackness through the small window.

She steps towards it. Her own cell notifies a text with a jingle. Sarah grabs it.

SARAH

About time, asshole.

THE CELL

"SORRY LUV. STILL THERE? MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN TO LOCK BACK DOOR. SUCHA DITZ - EM".

Sarah shakes her head. She stares at the kitchen door. Then the glass front door. She contemplates...

She arms herself with an un-opened bottle of liqueur.

KITCHEN

The door creaks open. Sarah's hand reaches in and flicks on the light.

A few metal pans lightly swing over a carving island. Sarah enters. The back door is slightly ajar. An even breeze washes in.

Sarah puts the bottle on the island. She slams the back door shut. It bounces back. She tries again with the same result.

She studies the door. The latch is frozen. Sarah scans the kitchen. Nothing.

MAIN BAR

Sarah walks in and grabs a set of keys from a drawer underneath the cash register. She turns around.

A single chair has been placed in the middle of the club directly underneath one of the few remaining lights.

MAN (O.S.)

Have a seat.

A man in a ski mask sits in a dark corner. He has the same clothes on as the man outside did.

His legs are crossed. A revolver lies on the table in front of him.

SARAH

Please.

MAN

Just sit down.

Sarah puts down the keys and walks over to the chair. She sits.

The man approaches her while tucking the gun into the back of his belt. He walks behind her.

MAN

Place your hands through the back of the chair.

Sarah begins to cry. She complies.

MAN

This will just hurt a bit.

He places a zip tie around her wrists and pulls it. Hard.

SARAH

What are you going to do?

MAN

Just talk.

The man grabs the cell from the bar and looks at it. He shows Sarah the last picture on it.

MAN

What do you think would make someone do that to such a pretty girl?

SARAH

I don't know.

The man approaches the bar. He puts the phone down.

MAN

She made fetish videos. Anything you desire as long as you pay. She claimed it was putting her through college. I found that to be untrue.

(MORE)

MAN (cont'd)
Most whores try to justify their
wrong doings.

He walks around the bar. Studies the bottles on the shelves.

MAN
It was greed. Always greed. So, I
asked her to make a very specific
video for me.

He squats down behind the bar and begins rifling through
cabinets. Sarah struggles with her restraints.

MAN (O.S.)
You know what she told me?

His head pops up over the bar staring at Sarah. She shakes
her head. He smiles and dips back down. More cabinets bang.

MAN (O.S.)
She said no. Not for any amount of
money. And, that I was a disgusting
pig.

He slams two bottles of one-fifty-one rum on the counter.

MAN
You see, whores will do anything
for money. Until they find it
degrading. Then pride gets in the
way. So, I teach them, they're not
truly whores.

SARAH
I've already called the cops.
They'll be here any moment.

He walks back to the customer side of the bar.

MAN
Shhh. Its important you pay
attention to my story.

He grabs his cell from the bar. He stares at it.

MAN
What has the world come to when
scum like this can accuse a man of
my caliber for being a disgusting
pig?

A smile permeates through his mask. He pulls the cell close
to his eyes.

MAN

Oink. Oink. Who's the pig now?

He rubs noses with the cell screen. He stands. He unscrews both bottles.

SARAH

What are you going to do?

He walks over and pours both bottles on her lap until they're empty. She kicks and screams

MAN

An old school baptism.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

SARGENT RICK BAILEY, 42, shines a light around the back side of the bar. His radio chatters.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Did anyone check on the situation at Billy's Tavern yet?

Rick grabs the C.B. handle.

RICK

Gretchen, its Bailey. I'm here now.

Rick shines his flashlight against the back of the bar. He notices an open door.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

The man grabs a pack of matches off the bar.

MAN

You need to be taught a lesson. First, you invade my privacy.

He squats down and looks her in the eyes.

MAN

Then, you lie to me.

SARAH

Please, I've done nothing to you. I won't say anything.

He strikes a match and ignites the entire pack with it.

MAN
Liar, Liar...

Sarah tries to kick herself away from the puddle she sits in. Her shoes slip.

SARAH
Please, I'll do anything.

MAN
Pants on fire.

SARAH
I'll even make your video! I'll do it! I promise. Anything you want! Just, please, don't hurt me!

The man stares at her for a moment. He watches as the matches burn close to his fingertips. He waves them out.

MAN
That won't work for you.

He walks over to the bar. Grabs another set of matches.

MAN
You see, all I asked her to do was stand in front of a chalkboard. And write "I'm a filthy whore" five-hundred times. I would've enjoyed watching that video.

He strikes the match. Ignites the new pack.

MAN
You're not a whore. I just want to watch you burn.

RICK (O.S.)
Move away from the girl!

Rick walks in from the kitchen. Gun drawn. The man raises his arms. Tilts his head in an awkward way.

He drops the matches. The fire ignites. The man takes several steps back, arms raised.

Sarah screams. The flames work their way up her pant leg.

RICK
Holy shit!

Rick continues to point his gun at the stranger while his eyes scurry for a solution. He looks at the man.

The man points one of his raised fingers towards the wall behind Rick. Rick looks. A fire extinguisher hangs there.

RICK
Don't fucking move!

Sarah's screams worsen. Rick grabs the fire extinguisher with one hand. He lowers his gun hand to remove the safety pin.

BANG! BANG! One bullet skips off the floor. The other shatters Rick's ankle. He drops his gun and falls to the floor.

The man approaches. He kicks Rick's gun to the wall.

MAN
Sorry. You got here too early.

The man grabs the fire extinguisher. Rick grabs his mace. The man sprays Rick in the face with the extinguisher. Rick drops his cannister.

MAN
You don't understand, I'm trying to help her.

The man puts out the fire. Sarah cries.

A few holes have been burnt into her jeans. The skin underneath is pink from the heat, but unblemished.

Sarah leans her head back. Wails. The man approaches her. He grabs her by the chin. Their eyes meet.

MAN
You'll be fine. Remember this day.

The man walks past Rick who rubs his red eyes.

MAN
Sorry about that.

The man walks to the kitchen door and turns back.

MAN
Its just a lesson. Be good.

He drops the fire extinguisher. Exits.

Rick crawls over to Sarah.

RICK

You okay?

He pulls out a knife and cuts her restraints.

SARAH

I don't know. I'm not sure.

She checks her legs. She rubs the red marks on her wrist.
Rick grabs his radio.

RICK

Gretchen, this is Bailey. I've been
shot. Send everyone here now!

Rick leans against a table. He stares at Sarah. She looks at
the floor with a blank gaze.

RICK

What did you do to him?

SARAH

Nothing. I just... I lied.

Rick adjusts himself and winces in pain. Sarah remains
hypnotized by the floor in front of her.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.