

RIP 'N STRIP BANDITS

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FADE IN:

INT. POSH OFFICE WITH A WINDOW – DAY

High profile, divorce attorney LISA PRESCOTT is kicked back in her executive class chair with her feet propped on the desk (crossed at the ankles). She talks on the phone, casually glances through a file and flippantly bobs one loosened, stylish, black, high-heeled pump from the remote toe tip of a most shapely, nylon-clad foot. She is outfitted in a conservative, high dollar, tailored-cut suit, wears eyeglasses and sports an “attitude”.

LISA

Sorry Janice, I can't make the Feminist Attorneys' Charity Walk this weekend. Lots to do—so many divorces—so many male lives to destroy. Let me send you a check for a thousand, though.

Lisa picks through the file.

LISA (Cont'd)

So when are you going to dump that sperm-dead, couch-potato husband of yours?

Lisa adjusts her glasses and studies the contents of the file as she talks.

LISA (Cont'd)

Give me the word and he'll need court permission just to jack-off.

Lisa smirks, closes the file and tosses it onto the desk.

LISA (Cont'd)

I could limit him to using his left hand only.

Lisa chuckles and gives her shoe an extra flip.

LISA (Cont'd)

What I do might as well be called legal castration.

Two young women burst into the office. They are CHICKLET and DEE DEE—a couple of freewheeling, pesky, high-spirited, live-for-today femmes, dressed in common street-girl attire (jeans, a jacket, T-shirts etc). Dee Dee carries a pizza box while Chicklet dons a backpack, ball cap and chews gums crudely.

DEE DEE

Whoa! Nice digs.

Lisa pulls her feet off the desk, leaving the loosened shoe behind. She is perturbed.

LISA

Let me call you back, Janice.

Lisa pushes the phone down firmly, gets out of the chair and walks off balance in one shoe to the front of her desk.

LISA

Who let you in here? How'd you get past my secretary?

DEE DEE

Cute little redhead? Black jumper?
Clogs—kind of frumpy?

LISA

(hesitates then reluctantly agrees)

Well. . . Yes!

DEE DEE

She's out in parking lot. I heard a big-bellied cop tell her somebody called in a bomb report on her car.

Dee Dee and Chicklet glance at each other, raise their eyebrows ever so slightly and give each other very subtle smirks.

CHICKLET

Hi! I'm Chicklet—like in the gum—well-
-and the bird too, I guess. This is Dee
Dee.

Dee Dee gives a quick, flirtatious little fluttery-finger hand-wave to Lisa then looks over at a framed diploma on the wall.

DEE DEE

Are you this Lisa Prescott, lawyer chick listed here?

LISA
 (disgusted)
 I'm an Attorney. There's no 'chick' in the
 title.

DEE DEE
 (unimpressed)
 Hmmmph!

LISA
 What is going on here?

CHICKLET
 We got your pizza, lady.

Chicklet holds the pizza box up for Lisa to see, pops her gum and walks around the room looking over things.

Dee Dee likewise cases the room and the various items on Lisa's desktop.

LISA
 (firmly)
 I didn't order a pizza.

Lisa tries to keep track of the girls' movements and the multiple conversations unfolding before her.

She finally realizes her shoe is off, reaches for it, only to have Dee Dee snatch it off the desk first.

DEE DEE
 Nice shoes. I love this style.

CHICKLET
 (interrupts)
 This is the address.

LISA
 HUH?

Lisa is flustered. Chicklet and Dee Dee are female whirlwinds of mischief who refuse to stay focused on any one piece of conversation.

CHICKLET
 I SAID--this is where the pizza joint guy
 TOLD US to make the delivery.

LISA
Well you were obviously TOLD wrong.

CHICKLET
That's not our problem lady.

Lisa half limps over to retrieve her shoe from Dee Dee but at the last moment, Dee Dee tosses it to Chicklet.

Chicklet catches the shoe, places it upright on top of the box and examines it.

DEE DEE
Check the brand on these, Chicklet girl.

While Lisa eyes her footwear, in Chicklet's possession, Dee Dee whips out a knife, bends over and cuts the phone line.

CHICKLET
Wow! Those are sharp—from NINE
WEST, too. You got a phone?

LISA
(frustrated)
Yes! Of course I have a phone.

Lisa picks up the landline phone on her desktop and hands it to Chicklet.

Chicklet puts the device to her ear for just a split second then hands it immediately back to Lisa.

CHICKLET
It's dead!

LISA
(disgusted)
Dead? I don't believe this.

Lisa checks out the phone herself then tosses it down in disgust.

CHICKLET
You got a cell?

LISA
(disgustedly frustrated)
Yes--I have a cell.

Lisa limps lopsidedly back to her desk, begrudgingly gets her purse out of a drawer and rummages through it.

DEE DEE

Nice place to work.

LISA

(answers curtly while searching)

Yeah.

DEE DEE

I'd like to work in a place like this.

LISA

(sarcastically terse)

I'm sure you would.

Chicklet has wondered over to the window and looks outside.

DEE DEE

So—like—who'd you have to sleep with
to land a cushy gig like this?

Before Lisa can foster a response to the crude inquiry, Chicklet interrupts with a report on the parking lot situation.

CHICKLET

Man, there are cops and bomb people and
fuckin' dogs all over the place out there.
No doughnut break for those bozos today.
I bet they're pissed to the max.

Lisa pays only partial attention to the comment. She has removed various things from her purse to get at her cell phone. There is a small spray can, which she sets to one side. Lisa finds the cell phone and holds it out for Chicklet to take.

Chicklet, still carries the pizza box with Lisa's shoe on top. As Lisa approaches with the cell phone, Chicklet cleverly turns the box away from Lisa, snatches the cell phone away, flips it open, puts it up to her ear then takes it back down and punches it off without completing the call, grins, chews rapidly on her gum and scopes out Lisa head to toe.

LISA

What is going on here?

While Lisa concentrates on Chicklet, Dee Dee takes a chair slowly over to the only door out that leads from the office. She props it at an angle under the doorknob.

Chicklet slips Lisa's cell phone into her pocket, blows out a gum bubble and pops it.

CHICKLET

Let me put it in plain English--not in that legal-eze talk your kind always uses. You...are...being...robbed.

Lisa hesitates, ponders the situation, and then ushers up a relieved smile.

LISA

Ahhh! I know. Tracey and Linda in accounts put you up this? Those two are always setting up pranks. Damn them!

CHICKLET

I can guarantee that Tracey and Linda have nothing to do with this.

LISA

Then Ted—Ted in Corporate Contracts. That bastard! I'll have his dick cut off and pickled in a jar for this smart-assed crap.

DEE DEE

Lady...shut up! You are being robbed, like in—give us your stuff--for real—DUH!

Lisa freezes in place. Her look goes from a casual smile to a contemplating stare. She reaches down rapidly and punches the intercom button on her desk but it is dead.

Dee Dee bends over, retrieves and proudly holds up two cut wires for Lisa to observe.

Lisa hesitates for about two seconds, then reaches into her purse, and searches for something that obviously isn't there.

Dee Dee holds up the small spray can she spotted earlier.

DEE DEE

Looking for your mace?

Lisa, worriedly reaches into a pocket on her jacket and retrieves a rape whistle, but before she can blow it, Chicklet puts down the pizza box, grabs the whistle and spits out her gum.

CHICKLET

This is robbery, not a rape—unless you really want it to be?

LISA

(nervous but still in control of her emotions)

All right! Just go ahead--take my credit cards and cash, then leave.

Dee Dee comes towards Lisa, picks up the high heeled shoe off the pizza box, holds it by the toe and uses the heel tip to gently tap at Lisa's diamond earrings.

DEE DEE

And maybe a few other things that strike our fancy, huh?

Lisa glares at both women then, reluctantly and systematically removes her jewelry.

Dee Dee motions for her to place each item in the shoe. When finished, Lisa stands disgustedly defiant, with her hands on her hips.

CHICKLET

Put your hands up.

Lisa reluctantly puts her hands up.

DEE DEE

So Lisa. You like being a big-shot, tight-assed, high-and-mighty lawyer babe?

LISA

I told you before. I'm an attorney at law--period. There's no "babe or chick" in the title.

DEE DEE

(unimpressed)

My friend and me have a title. A good one. We are--Rip 'N Strip bandits.

Lisa is a bit perplexed at the phrase.

DEE DEE (Cont'd)

Think of us as--innovative women of the new Millennium. Girls who are carving out our own exclusive niche in the ever changing world of crime.

CHICKLET

(proud and perky)

We rip women off and strip them down. Get it?

Lisa looks worried now and starts to drop her hands.

CHICKLET (Cont'd)

Ah, ah, ah! Get them back up.

Lisa puts her hands back up in the air.

DEE DEE

We take everything a lady owns, including her honor and dignity.

CHICKLET

We thought the name up ourselves.

LISA

(disgustedly terse and crass)

Clever! I'm sure your mothers are quite proud of you?

CHICKLET

Dee Dee and me watched this show on PBS one day—that's Public Television ya' know?

LISA

(rolls her eyes)

I know what PBS is!

CHICKLET

About being...uh...what's that word, Dee Dee?

DEE DEE

Entrepreneurs!

CHICKLET

Yeah! People who come up with cool new ways to make money.

LISA

Again--I know what that word means, also.

DEE DEE

(looks at Lisa but comments to Dee Dee)

Hey Chicklet. What do you think Miss-fancy-pants, educated lawyer girl here, wears for undies?

Lisa rolls her eyes in disgust.

CHICKLET

Who says she wears anything?

DEE DEE

Her kind always does. Matching colors too.

Dee Dee playfully starts to lift up Lisa skirt.

Lisa drops her arms and slaps her hand away promptly.

CHICKLET

Matching colors? Wonders never cease.

Chicklet pulls Lisa's eyeglasses off and puts them at the top of her own head.

Lisa makes a dash for the door, but she's still in one shoe and the escape is both clumsy and futile.

Chicklet and Dee Dee easily catch Lisa. They jerk her around by the hair, and toy with their captive in a cat and mouse shoving game between themselves.

LISA

You two are in so much trouble. The senior partner here specializes in criminal law.

Chicklet and Dee Dee ignore the legal threat. They proceed to partially strip down Lisa, taking every opportunity to comment about her choice of clothing.

DEE DEE

She smells good!

CHICKLET

Her kind are always pink and well powdered.

DEE DEE

Nice Ass!

CHICKLET

Tits lack a little though.

DEE DEE

She's too wide in the hips for my taste.

With her jacket, skirt and blouse off, Lisa is found to be wearing a traditional slip, pants and bra set.

Chicklet tugs at the slip.

CHICKLET

I didn't think anyone still wore these??

Chicklet and Dee Dee make Lisa peel off her pantyhose. She is reduced to a mere slip, pants and bra set.

Chicklet slaps Lisa's rump firmly.

Dee Dee lifts up Lisa's bra strap and lets it snap back into place on her shoulders.

The two bandit femmes seem to take great delight in how their victim stands humbled, hunched forward slightly, one foot on top of the other with her arms crossed over in front of her.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE, SAME SET – DAY

Lisa stands in front of her desk, hands tied behind her back with phone line and her feet tied at the ankles--also with phone line. Her hose are slung over her shoulder.

The bandit girls stash assorted valuables in their backpack, including Lisa's clothes.

Chicklet walks up, takes the pantyhose hose off Lisa's shoulder.

LISA

(defiantly proud)

You may have all my personal possessions, but it's still a battle of wits. I have my personal pride. There's absolutely nothing you can do to take that.

Chicklet tosses the hose back across Lisa's shoulders.

DEE DEE

We figured you'd say something pompous like that.

Dee Dee rummages in Lisa's purse, sorts through some credit cards and finds a driver's license, reads it, grins, then hands the license to Chicklet and points to a specific item on the card.

Chicklet also grins.

CHICKLET

Just as we thought.

Lisa looks on, puzzled.

Chicklet holds the license in front of Lisa and points to a specific detail.

CHICKLET (Cont'd)

I bet you're shaving a few pounds off that category?

LISA

(huffy)

You can't prove that!

Dee Dee opens the pizza box revealing that it actually contains a bathroom weight scale.

DEE DEE

But then again, girl—I think we can.

Dee Dee places the scale on the floor. The two women latch onto Lisa and lift her toward the scale.

Lisa contorts her body, kicks out, lifts her legs up and does her best to stay off the scale.

CHICKLET

Settle down, bitch or we'll shave your head.

Lisa struggles a bit more then relinquishes herself to getting placed on the scale.

Chicklet and Dee Dee bend down, look at the numbers as they settle into place, then check the license and giggle.

CHICKLET

(to Lisa)

Come on girl--a ten-pound difference?
That surely puts it in some kind of felony
class lie, doesn't it?

DEE DEE

There should be a vanity prison for babes
like you.

Dee Dee reaches over and plucks a hair from Lisa's head.

Lisa squints in pain.

LISA

What the hell?

DEE DEE

Just getting rid of the gray.

LISA

God but I hate you both.

Chicklet runs over and looks out the window one last time.

CHICKLET

Looks like things are wrapping up out
there. Better get going.

Dee Dee gets a digital camera from the backpack. The two bandit girls stand beside Lisa, hold the camera out with one hand and take a picture of themselves with their frustrated captive.

Chicklet produces a wad of cloth from her pocket and promptly crams it in Lisa's mouth.

Dee Dee takes the pantyhose off Lisa's shoulders and uses one leg to tie the gag in place. The rest of the garment hangs down her front.

Lisa snorts defiantly as a few more pics are snapped off of her on the scale.

Chicklet picks up Lisa's day planner calendar, leafs through it rapidly then stuffs it in her backpack.

CHICKLET (Cont'd)

Just remember, girl—if you make a big deal out of this, pictures can be all over the Internet in a flash.

DEE DEE

And that could really dampen an otherwise--brilliant law career.

CHICKLET

(lectures right in Lisa's face)

Such is the.....the....what's that word I wanted to use, Dee Dee?

DEE DEE

Pretense!

CHICKLET

Yeah! Such is the PRETENSE of being a Rip 'N Strip Bandit victim.

From the backpack, Dee Dee produces a cluttered device composed of wires, a metal box and a lump of gray material stuck on the side. A particularly long wire is attached to a button.

Dee Dee uses the second leg of Lisa's own pantyhose to secure the device to Lisa. It dangles from her neck down just below her tummy.

CHICKLET

I know what you're thinking, girlfriend. This could be fake.

DEE DEE

Then again, it couldn't.

CHICKLET

You have to ask yourself one thing.

Lisa looks confused.

CHICKLET (Cont'd)

Do ya' feel lucky?

Chicklet gets right in Lisa's face.

CHICKLET (Cont'd)

Well, do ya' bitch?

Lisa squeals, fusses and shudders in fear.

DEE DEE

(to Chicklet)

There, I agreed to let you play out that line. Are you happy?

CHICKLET

Just call me, DIRTY HARRIET.

Dee Dee presses in the button at the end of the wire and tucks the device between Lisa's legs, just above her knees.

DEE DEE

(to a horrified Lisa)

This is armed to go off now, so keep your knobby knees together—which I know ain't easy for a girl like you--or we'll all blow to hell.

CHICKLET

That should slow down your rescue a bit.

DEE DEE

And give the bomb squad plenty of time to get their rocks off checking you out. . .

Lisa whimpers and fusses over the indignity of being left in such a condition and perilous state.

DEE DEE (Cont'd)

. . .and see how much you really weight.

CHICKLET

Try not to piss your panties. That could short out the trigger switch too.

Chicklet and Dee Dee snap a few more pics of Lisa in her precarious and kinky predicament.

DEE DEE
(to Chicklet)

You wanna' stop by that diner on third? I could use a piece of Lemon pie and some coffee.

Chicklet makes one last smart-assed comment to Lisa.

CHICKLET

We'd ask you to go along but they do have a "No shirt, no shoes, no service policy."

(long pause)

And I don't think you meet the standards right now.

Lisa snorts in disgust and starts to squirm then looks down and realizes she must stay still.

Chicklet takes Lisa's cell phone from her pocket and places a call as they leave.

We see a collage of transition shots featuring Lisa shifting and struggling against her bonds but having to stand squarely in place on the scale.

A knock on the door is followed by a woman's voice..

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Miss Prescott. The intercom isn't working. The police are with me. They said you just placed a 911 call on your cell phone from there? Are you OK?

Close up on Lisa's wide eyed and horrified face.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S)
Miss Prescott!

Lisa is frantic.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
I'm letting them in.

Lisa emits a muffled scream of mortified shock as the door opens.

FADE OUT:

END