

"RUBBED OUT"

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LENNY'S HOUSE - CURBSIDE - DAY

A dented, rusty mailbox leans to the side. The numbers "669" are barely attached. The crooked door is ajar, exposing tufts of paper.

The spacious home in the background, dilapidated. The surrounding homes, well maintained.

LENNY (45), out of shape, a mug only a mother could love, waddles his way to the mailbox. He tugs on the door, it CREAKS open.

He removes mail, sorts through a pile of envelopes and advertisements.

LENNY  
(to himself)  
Junk, junk, wrong house, bills, bills,  
IRS...  
(tosses IRS letter)  
... What's this?

Lenny opens a pink envelope with his stubby fingers, pulls out a gift certificate.

INSERT - THE GIFT CERTIFICATE, which reads:

"Complimentary one-hour massage.  
Please call Rhonda to schedule your  
appointment. 555-6731."

Lenny clenches his lower back, shuts the mailbox. He realigns the numbers on the mailbox, waddles back to the house.

INT. LENNY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A red light FLASHES on an answering machine. Lenny pushes a button.

DOMINIC (V.O.)  
(thick New York accent)  
Hey, uncle Lenny. It's me... Dominic.

Lenny's eyes widen. His leathery hands tremble.

DOMINIC (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
About the money... fuggedaboutit!  
We're family, for Christ sake! I'm  
sure we can work something out.

Lenny seems surprised.

DOMINIC (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
My old man tells me you banged up  
your back pretty bad in a car  
accident. Take care of yourself.  
Oh, and give my regards to the family.

A BEEP, then:

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)  
(robotic voice)  
End of messages.

Lenny stands in disbelief. He shakes off the shock of the seemingly good news. A calmness washes over him as he confidently nods his head.

Gift certificate in hand, he makes a phone call.

RHONDA (V.O.)  
One-Hour-Sensual, this is Rhonda...

Lenny wipes the sweat from his brow.

LENNY  
(into phone)  
Hey, uh... Rhonda? This is Lenny.

RHONDA (V.O.)  
Good afternoon, Lenny.

LENNY  
(with uncertainty)  
Ummm... I'm calling to schedule my  
one-hour massage.

RHONDA (V.O.)  
I have an opening Saturday. I can  
be there at three.

LENNY  
You make house-calls?

RHONDA (V.O.)  
Of course.

LENNY  
Well, you'd be cuttin' into my golf  
time, but what the hell... my back  
is killin' me! Book it, doll.

INT. LENNY'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - SATURDAY

A doorbell RINGS. Lenny opens the front door.

RHONDA (21), conservative as a nun, stands outside. Thick eyeglasses, homely attire. She'd be pretty if she gave a damn.

A heavy black duffel bag is slung over her shoulder. A folded massage table - by her side.

Lenny gazes past her to see if anyone more appealing may be lurking in the background.

RHONDA  
May I come in?

LENNY  
Oh! Yeah, uh... please.

Rhonda enters with stiffness and precision.

LENNY (CONT'D)  
Sorry, it's just that you're...  
well... I was expecting someone else.

Rhonda cracks a weak smile. Lenny stands - disappointed.

Rhonda peruses the joint. The disheveled home begs for a make-over.

RHONDA  
Nice place.

LENNY  
Gee, uh... thanks. Can I get you a drink?

RHONDA  
I appreciate the hospitality, Lenny,  
but I never drink on the job.

Rhonda looks him in the eye.

RHONDA (CONT'D)  
... A client could easily slip me  
something. Not that you would.

Lenny furrows his brows. A slight tension begins to mound.

INT. LENNY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The massage table is client ready and set up next to Lenny's unmade bed.

RHONDA  
I like to do this sort of thing in  
the bedroom. I find my clients are  
far more relaxed there.

LENNY

Oh, uh... I'm all about relaxation.  
You ever heard of those Kobe beef  
cattle ranches?

(raises hand)

If I were a cow, that would be me.

(passes gas)

Okay. Ready, when you are, doll.

What do I do here?

RHONDA

I need you to strip down to your  
birthday suit and lie face-down on  
the table. Cover your tooshie with  
the towel.

LENNY

My birthday suit?

RHONDA

Trust me... you'll be glad you did.

Rhonda winks. Lenny raises an eyebrow.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna change into something more  
comfortable. Just try to relax.

I'll be in shortly.

Rhonda exits. Lenny disrobes with slight reservation.

INT. LENNY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rhonda closes and locks the door. She sets the duffel bag  
down, stares at her reflection in the mirror.

She removes her eyeglasses, places them neatly on the counter.

She removes a few bobby pins from her tightly-bound hair.  
Shakes her head glamorously.

She unzips the duffel bag, carefully removes items:

Rope. Duct tape. Gloves. Syringe. Vial. Shears.

She brings the shears to her hair, randomly SNIPS a chunk.

She hears something, looks over her shoulder - nothing.

She reaches back into the duffel bag, removes a handgun,  
takes aim in the mirror. She gently sets the gun down.

She closes her eyes in mesmerizing fashion. Takes a deep  
breath. Psyches herself up.

One more reach into her bag of tricks...

CUT TO:

INT. LENNY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

A white towel covers Lenny's derriere. His chubby face clings to the faux leather.

Rhonda makes her grand re-entrance. Sexy as all hell. Scantily clad, dressed to kill. High heels, miles of skin. Piercing makeup, perfectly styled flowing hair.

She stops midway, CRACKS a whip to gain Lenny's attention.

Lenny pricks up his head, takes a gander. His jaw hits the ground.

RHONDA

(seductively)

Let's get this show on the road,  
shall we?

LENNY

Wow! Now that's what I call --

RHONDA

(with malice)

Shut the fuck up.

LATER

Rhonda sensually drizzles oil onto Lenny's back, rubs him intimately.

Lenny MOANS with pleasure.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

You ever heard of BTK?

LENNY

Huh?

RHONDA

Bind. Torture. Kill. Famous serial  
killer.

LENNY

What about him?

RHONDA

I wonder what went through his  
victims' minds at the time.

Duffel bag by her side, Rhonda reaches in, removes the syringe - already filled to the brim.

She flicks off the excess.

LENNY

Is there something you're not telling me?

RHONDA

The element of surprise is always best when you never see it coming.

Rhonda whips off the towel, plunges the syringe into his bountiful behind.

Lenny YELPS, whips his head back.

LENNY

What the hell are you doing?!

RHONDA

Shhh. Just relax, Lenny. People pay a lot of money for this service.

Lenny struggles to make sense of the bizarre series of events.

LENNY

You can't just go around sticking people with needles. How do I know you didn't just poison me?

RHONDA

Now why would I do a thing like that?

LENNY

... Then what was in the syringe?

Rhonda digs around in the bag, yanks out some rope.

RHONDA

A girl never reveals her secrets, Lenny.

Lenny becomes suspicious.

LENNY

Ya' know what? My back is much better now. Thanks for coming, Rhonda. I really --

RHONDA

Paranoia will kill you. Lie back down and let me do my job.

Rhonda attempts to tie Lenny's left arm to the massage table. He fights it.

LENNY

Now, what are you doing?

Rhonda throws her hand on her hip, shoots him a look.

RHONDA

Why are you making things so difficult?

Lenny seriously evaluates his predicament. He stares at Rhonda's cleavage.

LENNY

I'm sorry. It's just --

RHONDA

Stop. I'm a trained professional.

Lenny succumbs. Rhonda securely fastens his left arm to the massage table.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

This is the part that really turns me on.

Rhonda giggles.

LENNY

Now you're speaking my language.

She reaches into the duffel bag, removes the duct tape. She pulls off a lengthy piece, rips it from the roll.

LENNY (CONT'D)

On second thought, Rhonda... we should wrap this thing up. No pun intended. I have an appointment downtown, and --

Rhonda seals his pie-hole with tape. She WHISPERS in his ear:

RHONDA

Is your heart racing yet?

Lenny starts kicking.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

You sure don't act like someone with back pain.

Lenny tries to communicate. His cheeks puff up.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Your nephew said you could barely move.

Rhonda grabs more rope. She securely fastens his legs to the table.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

There. Now we can't call him a liar.

Lenny struggles to free himself, waiving his right arm frantically.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Want me to tie that one up, too?

Lenny shakes his head 'no.'

Rhonda reaches into the duffel bag, brings out the shears.

Lenny sees this through the corner of his eye, desperately tries to free himself. He sweats profusely.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

You never know when a sharp pair of scissors might come in handy.

Rhonda tosses them over her shoulder, then reaches for a pair of gloves.

The fear on Lenny's face is evident. Veins bulge from his forehead.

Rhonda forces her hands into the tight-fitting gloves.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Wanna see what Santa brought me?

Lenny sways back and forth, trying to tip the massage table.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Wow. Most of my clients don't react this way. One would think I was trying to kill you.

Rhonda reaches into the duffel bag, removes the handgun. She rubs the cold steel against her cheek.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

About those victims. I'd love to write a book someday. I wish I could interview one of them. You know... if they were still alive.

Rhonda cocks her head to the side, looks tauntingly at Lenny.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Maybe I can interview you?

Lenny reaches for the handgun - a struggle ensues.

Rhonda overpowers him.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Do you believe in God, Lenny? Do you think he's forgiven you for all your sins?

A petrified Lenny wets himself. A puddle gathers on the hardwood floor.

Rhonda's demeanor changes on a dime.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Awh, sweetie. Maybe I'm taking this a bit too far. Don't worry, hon'... it's not loaded.

Rhonda holds the gun to her temple.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

My dad always said "if you find yourself in a situation you can't get out of, go out with a bang."

Hand trembling, Rhonda squeezes the trigger. A weak CLICK.

Lenny's expression is priceless.

Rhonda removes the gloves, puts on her poker face.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Let's finish you off.

She moves in close, SLIPS on the puddle of urine.

She inadvertently BASHES the back of her head on a piece of furniture, knocking herself out cold.

Lenny can hardly believe his good fortune.

Rhonda isn't moving.

Lenny tries once more to tip the massage table. He sways violently from side to side, eventually succeeding. His dead weight CRASHES to the ground.

He looks around, spots the shears. They're close, but out of reach. One with the massage table, he thrusts himself forward, inching his way closer and closer to the shears.

He stretches out his right arm - so close. A little more - got it!

Rhonda slowly regains consciousness. She holds the back of her head.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

(weakly)

I need you to call for help. My phone is in my bag.

Rhonda slowly rises to her feet, approaches Lenny.

Out of nowhere, Lenny IMPALES her with the shears.

Rhonda stands in shock. Blood trickles from her mouth. She looks down to see the handles protruding from her abdomen.

Lenny rips the duct tape from his mouth, pants heavily. He retrieves the shears from her body, cuts himself loose.

Rhonda covers the gaping hole with her hand. She stumbles backward, eventually hitting a wall.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

You monster! What have you done?!

LENNY

Real funny, Rhonda... real funny. You think I didn't know what was going on here? I know exactly why Dominic sent you.

RHONDA

Then why are you trying to kill me?!

Lenny becomes confused.

LENNY

Excuse me? You're trying to kill me!

RHONDA

Are you crazy?!

Her eyes well up with tears. Thick mascara dribbles down her cheeks as she clings to life.

Lenny covers himself up with the towel.

Rhonda becomes woozy. Her knees buckle. She gradually slides down along the wall, leaving behind a mural of blood.

She sits against the wall, staring at nothing.

Lenny watches her take her final breath.

Relieved, he sighs heavily, digests the scene. He bends over, catches his breath.

EXT. LENNY'S HOUSE - CURBSIDE - CONTINUOUS

A gust of wind blows through. The loosely held number "9" falls off the mailbox.

A discrete vehicle pulls up to the curb.

INT. VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

A MOBSTER (43), reaches into his pocket, pulls out a crumpled piece of paper, un-crumple it.

INSERT - THE PAPER, which reads:

"66 LOOKOUT LANE."

The mobster looks at the mailbox, nods his head.

INT. LENNY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lenny picks up a phone, dials a number.

LENNY  
(into phone)  
Dominic, it's me... Lenny.

DOMINIC (V.O.)  
Oh, hey, Uncle Lenny. I wasn't expecting to hear from you.

LENNY  
Yeah, well... your plan failed.

DOMINIC (V.O.)  
What the hell are you talkin' about?

LENNY  
She's dead.

DOMINIC (V.O.)  
This better be a joke, uncle Lenny.

LENNY  
You sent her here to kill me.

DOMINIC (V.O.)  
I sent her there to fix your back!

LENNY  
Then why did she go all BTK on me?

DOMINIC (V.O.)  
That's part of her routine, uncle  
Lenny! You're too goddamn sensitive!

LENNY  
Huh? What do you mean?

DOMINIC (V.O.)  
She practices some new-age therapeutic  
shit. Fucks with your brain, then  
calms you down. Trust me... I speak  
from experience.

FLASHBACK - INT. DOMINIC'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

DOMINIC (32), is bound, gagged, and naked. He's helplessly  
strapped to a massage table. Gadgets and devices everywhere.

A sexy Rhonda drives her elbow into his back. Dominic lies  
motionless in a state of bliss.

BACK TO SCENE

LENNY  
No kidding?

DOMINIC (V.O.)  
Jesus Christ! I can't believe this.

LENNY  
Gee, uh... sorry about that, Dom. I  
had no idea. Can you --

A loud KNOCK on the door.

LENNY (CONT'D)  
Let me call you right back. Someone's  
here.

Lenny hangs up.

INT. LENNY'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - LATER

Lenny waddles to the front door, opens it.

The mobster stands outside, right hand tucked under his coat.

LENNY  
Can I help you?

The mobster pulls out a gun - BANG!

CUT TO BLACK.