

SIERRA AND THE PHAROAH
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FADE IN:

EXT. NICE HOME IN A RITZY SUBURB - DAY

Front profile of a high-dollar home in an upscale neighborhood.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

A chic suburbanite femme, SIERRA, dressed in stylish slacks, blouse, heels and fashionable scarf, studies a framed picture on the wall. She straightens it ever so slightly, steps back, frames the scene with her hands like a movie director and ponders her overall efforts. Sierra's demeanor is a bit aloof and overly formal, if not snobbishly melodramatic.

SIERRA

Come here, dear Pharoah.
Please do offer your utmost
and honestly tasteful opinion
on this particular matter at
hand.

The flamboyant and likewise overly dramatic PHAROAH, approaches as requested. He carries a half full, heavy-bottomed glass of scotch in one hand, and an olive laden martini in the other. Pharoah is the epitome of the modern, passive, urbanized, metrosexual male.

PHAROAH

First things first, Sierra my
dearest and most special
love.

With a formal gesture more typical of a snooty waiter in some posh restaurant, Pharoah hands Sierra the martini.

Pharoah (cont'd)

Do so see if this meets your
sophisticated and ever so
finely honed and exquisitely
polished tastes?

Sierra graciously accepts the drink and takes a sip.

Pharoah eagerly awaits her reaction.

Sierra offers a faint nod of approval.

SIERRA

Excellent--as expected and
demanded dear boy.

She takes a second quick sip then motions with the glass
toward the picture.

SIERRA

Now cease with your pitiful
attempt to delay the
inevitable and do, pray tell
me, what you think?

The Pharoah feigns an effort to act interested.

PHAROAH

Darling Sierra--I would never
doubt your judgment
concerning matters of décor,
any more than I'd question
your ravishing beauty.

Sierra nuzzles up to Pharoah, puts her free arm on his
buttocks, gives him a kiss then squeezes his rump firmly.

SIERRA

You are such a delightfully
obedient and predictably
clever boy. I think I shall
keep you around a bit longer.

Pharoah bows graciously.

PHAROAH

I consider it an honor to
bask in the glory of your
shadow.

Sierra nods in approval and takes yet another sip of
martini.

Pharoah stands upright and with a grand gesture, sweeps his
arm across the room.

PHAROAH

Are you pleased with the
present dwelling of our
choice, love?

SIERRA

Charmingly splendid! A
perfect selection. But. . .

Pharoah seems concerned.

PHAROAH

What? What?

SIERRA

. . .with the picture
straightened and all, I am a
bit bored now.

Sierra pouts and fidgets.

PHAROAH

We can't have that.

SIERRA

And you know how I just hate
to be bored, dear Pharoah?

The doorbell rings.

Sierra walks briskly to the front door and peeks through
the peephole.

EXT. FRONT DOORSTEP TO THE SUBURBAN HOME -- DAY

A business-suited, heels-and-hose, career class woman,
CLAIRE, stands with a clipboard and files. She rings the
doorbell a second time, impatiently taps her right foot
firmly on the pavement and straightens her eyeglasses.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Sierra turns to Pharoah and playfully queries him.

SIERRA

We're you expecting anyone,
sweetheart--as in--another
woman?

PHAROAH

Are you suspiciously jealous
in your asking?

SIERRA

Should I be?

PHAROAH

I do hope so. It's so
arousing.

SIERRA

You are such a cad and should
be fittingly punished. Remind
me to withhold sex from you
later.

Sierra opens the door to a lady who instantly emits the
persona of being rather uptight, all-business, all-the-
time.

CLAIRE

Good day! I'm Claire Daniels--
President of The local
Westport Vista Homeowners
Association.

Sierra is momentarily caught off guard.

SIERRA

And?

CLAIRE

And. . .you should have
received a card in the mail
informing you that I'd be
calling.

Sierra regains the moment and responds accordingly but her
tone is one of slight unsuredness over the actual knowledge
of the reason for Claire's visit.

SIERRA

Yes, yes! How silly of me.
Please come in.

The woman steps inside and promptly states her business.

CLAIRE

You are the Pinders I assume—
Trish and. . .

PHAROAH

(interrupts)

Ah, ah, ah...Please! May I
have the distinctly enjoyable
pleasure of introducing you
to the lusciously sweet and
ever so lovely—not to mention
ravishingly beautiful—Sierra.

Sierra tilts her head a tad off vertical, nods, then
reaches out a delicate feminine hand for Claire to shake.

SIERRA

And likewise, it is my proud
and radiant honor to offer
you the presentation of a
most dashing and clever-
witted fellow, known to me,
and to all across this fine
land as, The Pharoah.

Pharoah does a deep and gracious bow from the waist.

Claire looks on, a bit confused over the blatantly
extravagant and strangely over-staged, heavily verbalized
introductions.

CLAIRE

Are. . .those pet names or--

Pharoah interrupts. He acts modestly perturbed.

PHAROAH

Pet names? My dear Claire! Do
Sierra and myself appear to
be a dog and a cat to you?

Claire is a detail driven creature by habit and not easily prone to insults or apologies. She holds firm in her "no nonsense" composure and refers to information on the clipboard.

CLAIRE

I thought I saw the names of
Trish and. . .

Pharoah promptly snatches Claire's clipboard.

PHAROAH

What's really in a name????
Did any of us have a choice
in life as to what drab and
non descriptive, meaningless
labels were cast upon us?

CLAIRE

Well. . .

PHAROAH

(interrupts)

NO is the answer.

Pharoah slaps at the clipboard in a theatrical gesture of disgust.

CLAIRE

It's just that. . .

SIERRA

(interrupts and changes topic)

You must share a drink with
us.

Sierra departs for more alcohol before Claire has a chance to decline the offer.

CLAIRE

(calls to Sierra)

This isn't really a social
call.

PHAROAH

Nonsense my dear. You must
join us. We are all social
animals at heart. . .

Pharoah cocks his head and smirks.

PHAROAH (cont'd)

. . .with pet names,
apparently.

Claire is frustrated with the lack of focus to matters at
hand. She reaches to recover her clipboard but Pharoah
turns away quickly and studies it.

CLAIRE

Really I don't. . .drink--
and I didn't mean that
either. . .about the names,
that is.

SIERRA (O.S. from another room)

He's kidding Claire. The
Pharoah is such a pesky
tease.

PHAROAH

I feel bad for people who
don't drink.

Claire looks on a bit perplexed at that remark.

PHAROAH (cont'd)

When they wake up in the
morning, that's the best
they're going to feel all
day.

There's a pause, then he laughs.

Claire is not amused.

Pharoah looks over his shoulder to make sure Sierra didn't
hear his joke then leans closer to Claire and speaks
softly.

PHAROAH

Shhhsh! Don't tell Sierra I
said that. She doesn't like
it when I. . .

Sierra returns with a bottle of vodka and her martini.

SIERRA

When you what, my loving,
doting Pharoah?

PHAROAH

When I do my best to ward off
Claire's advancements.

CLAIRE

(shocked)

Mr. Pinder! I hardly think
that's appropri. . .

SIERRA

(interrupts once more)

Pay no attention, Claire. He
does that kind of thing all
the time. Just ignore him. I
certainly do.

Sierra takes a sip of her martini then places it, and the
vodka bottle, on a table.

She walks over and kisses Pharoah, affectionately.

SIERRA (cont'd)

Such a prankster.

Pharoah reaches around a gives Sierra's rump a long firm
squeeze. The duo's passions intensify.

Claire is at a temporary loss for words. She looks away
from the promiscuous actions, straightens her eyeglasses,
looks at some papers then clears her throat.

CLAIRE

Hrrrrrrgh.

Sierra and Pharoah stop their playful actions and break apart.

CLAIRE

Yes, well. . .If we can stay on track here?

PHAROAH

Forgive us. What can we possibly do for you, "MS" Claire?

Claire settles into a chair and pompously performs her role as grand messenger for the Association's holy sanctified rules and regulations.

CLAIRE

The local Homeowners Association wants to keep property values high. It's important to get everyone on board and in step right from the start.

SIERRA

Understood! No slackers in other words.

PHAROAH

Johnny on the spot and all that ship-shape stuff.

CLAIRE

Yes! Exactly. There are certain rules to follow.

PHAROAH

Such as?

Claire hands them some pamphlets.

CLAIRE

For starters, length of the grass before and after mowing. No shorter than two inches nor higher than four.

Pharoah and Sierra look at one another and raise their eyebrows in disbelief. They humor Claire with their answers.

SIERRA

How could it be otherwise?

PHAROAH

I can't even begin to imagine.

CLAIRE

When and how often you seal your driveway.

PHAROAH

I wouldn't have thought of that one. I'm so glad you brought it up.

CLAIRE

Yes, and any general repairs to structures are to be performed by contractors from our approved list.

Claire hands them a long, typewritten list of names.

Sierra and the Pharoah take the papers, but it's obvious they are not particularly interested.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

And most importantly, garbage pick up is early Tuesday morning but trash cans cannot be at the curb before six PM on Monday afternoon prior to said pickup Tuesday morning.

Pharoah rolls his eyes then downs a hearty slug of scotch, which empties his glass.

Sierra leans over and whispers privately to Pharoah.

SIERRA

I'm getting bored.

Pharoah nods in agreement but shushes Sierra and motions for her to pay attention to Claire.

Sierra interrupts Claire once more and diverts the conversation in yet another direction.

SIERRA

Claire dear. There's something I need to know that doesn't involve--Association rules.

CLAIRE

But there are several more points that need to be covered.

SIERRA

Yes, of course. I'm sure there are.

Claire checks her watch impatiently.

CLAIRE

And shortly I must get to the Martin home, two doors down. They just moved here from Charleston.

SIERRA

Please! Humor me.

CLAIRE

(hesitant)

All right. What is it?

Sierra polishes off her martini, pops an olive in her mouth, swallows it whole, then leans in toward Claire.

SIERRA

Do you stuff a cob up your cast-iron ass before, or after you dry shave your pussy with a dull razor every morning?

Claire is shocked with the vulgar inquiry. She straightens her glasses, takes a deep breath and stands up.

CLAIRE

I don't need to hear this
kind of thing.

Pharoah steps up behind Claire and taps her on the shoulder.

Claire turns around to see Pharoah merely grin and shrug over the rude inquiry.

Sierra removes her fancy scarf, approaches Claire from behind, loops the fashionable accessory around Claire's neck, leans back and draws it tight.

Claire's heels clear the floor. The woman gasps. One of her heels comes off and slides across the floor.

Pharoah delights at the action as it unfolds before him.

SIERRA

Hello dear! You might help.

PHAROAH

You're doing quite well,
love. As always.

Claire is flailing and squirming vehemently.

Pharoah bends over, latches onto Claire's ankles.

Sierra releases the scarf strangle and latches onto Claire's arms.

Pharoah lifts Claire up by the ankles and together, they carry the frantically shocked woman toward a couch.

Claire torques and kicks. Her skirt hikes up, shirttail comes out, hair gets messed.

PHAROAH

(amused)

Whew! Kicks like a mule.

SIERRA
(sarcastic)
Built like one, too.

PHAROAH
Play nice, now.

Frantic to escape, Claire retracts her legs then kicks out, repeats those moves several times, like a human accordion, but to no avail.

Sierra and Pharoah toss her roughly onto the couch. She bounces and flounders around, jerks down her skirt to regain some feminine dignity, then rolls off the couch, onto the floor and crawls a few feet on all fours.

Claire chokes, unwinds the scarf from around her neck, sits back on her haunches, clutches and rubs her throat, gets up to run, stumbles a few paces forward then makes a break for the door.

With one shoe off, it's an ungainly escape effort.

Pharoah steps into her path.

Claire starts in another direction only to have her path blocked by Sierra.

The sordid couple goad their victim with a deviant human style cat-and-mouse game.

SIERRA
She's got some spirit. I'll
give her that.

PHAROAH
I do so love the thrill of
the chase.

Claire pauses momentarily, ponders her options, pulls off her other shoe then makes another mad dash for the door.

Pharoah is amused at Claire's spunk. As she lunges past, he grabs the bottom of her jacket, pulls it up and over her head and spins her around.

Claire tugs and thrashes clumsily about and manages to get free only after the jacket comes off with sleeves turn inside out.

Pharoah chuckles at the sight and tosses the garment to Sierra.

Claire continues towards the door.

Sierra puts the jacket to her nose and smiles.

SIERRA

Ah! I can smell the scent of
fear, my dashing Pharoah. And
it dampens my loins.

Pharoah catches Claire just as she clutches the doorknob. He grabs her by the hair, jerks her away from the door, reaches forward and secures the exit with a quick turn of the dead bolt.

Claire catches her breath, then jerks away from Pharoah's hold. She spins around and runs directly into Sierra who throws the jacket over Claire's head, draws back and punches her hard in the stomach.

Clair doubles over, grabs her tummy and wheezes for air.

SIERRA

Play time is over,
sweetheart.

Sierra and the Pharoah maul and paw at Claire as they strip the woman of her skirt and blouse. She is reduced to a slip, bra, panties and pantyhose.

Pharoah and Sierra each latch onto an arm and half walk, half drag Clair to a wooden chair.

They put her down firmly in the chair and tape her wrists to the armrests.

An appropriate length of nylon is stretched off the toe tip of each of Claire's nylon clad feet and tied securely to a chair leg.

Sierra pulls the jacket off Claire's head, snatches the woman's eyeglasses which are cocked on her face, tosses them away, then as a final insult, frizzes up her hair.

PHAROAH

She reminds me of that dog,
Boomer, we use to have.

SIERRA

Boomer didn't have a die job
though.

PHAROAH

Ouch!

CLAIRE

You'll both go to prison for
this.

Sierra ignores Claire's prophecy, saunters over and retrieves the bottle of vodka she'd brought earlier.

SIERRA

I bet you'd like that drink
about now.

Sierra pushes the bottle roughly between Claire's lips.

CLAIRE

Stop it! NO.

Sierra grabs Claire by the hair, jerks her head back, tilts the bottle up and forces the reluctant lady to down a few hearty swallows.

Claire gulps and chokes.

CLAIRE

I can't take it straight. It
burns.

Sierra allows Claire a second or two before the bottle goes back up and more liquor is forced down her throat.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SUBURBAN HOME LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pharoah gathers up Claire's clothing as Sierra finishes getting the last drop of vodka down Claire's throat. She tosses the bottle to one side.

SIERRA
The old gal holds her liquor
pretty good.

Claire spits and chokes a couple of times and tries to remain coherent.

CLAIRE
You have to let me go.

Sierra ignores the demand. She tugs at the slip.

SIERRA
I thought only grannies wore
these.

CLAIRE
Damn you!

SIERRA
My, my. Are we in a mood or
what?

Claire gets a rag stuffed crudely in her mouth.

Pharoah picks up one of Claire's shoes, cleverly hooks the heel into the slip and underlying bra fabric between her breasts. He gleans jewelry off the captive woman, examines it and deposits the items in the shoe.

Sierra retrieves her scarf from the floor, casually drapes it over one shoulder then picks up a stray piece of Clair's jewelry.

SIERRA
How's it rate?

PHAROAH

(shrugs)

I've seen better, but it'll
fence OK.

Claire grunts over the insult that her jewelry ranks only
par for the course.

Sierra rummages through Claire's purse.

SIERRA

Boring!

Pharoah puts the last of Claire's jewelry, which includes
two bobby pins and a barrette, into the shoe with
everything else.

Pharoah unlodges the trinket laden shoe from between
Claire's breasts and presents it to Sierra.

PHAROAH

While meager by your dazzling
standards, consider these
mere trinkets as--dare I say--
a bit of extra icing on the
cake of our adventure.

Pharoah deposits the treasures into Sierra's cupped hands.

Sierra looks at the jewelry first, the empty shoe next,
then turns to address Claire with yet another catty insult.

SIERRA

My, but what big feet we
have.

Claire stares daggers at Sierra.

SIERRA (cont'd)

Can we say, moo?

Claire grunts in disgust, jerks and torques in the chair.

Pharoah gathers up some credit cards and cash. He delights
at the opportunity to deliver his own smart-assed comment.

PHAROAH
(to Claire)
These will help pay some
bills. Baby needs a new pair
of shoes ya' know?

Claire spits the gag out. She verbally confronts the pair.
Her speech is slightly slurred but she gets out a good
rant.

CLAIRE
You can't get away with this.
You're sick, demented
perverts.

Sierra tosses down the jewelry.

PHAROAH
Sticks and stones, Claire.
Sticks and stones.

CLAIRE
(furious)
How could you live in and own
a home where you do such
hideous things?

PHAROAH
But we don't.

CLAIRE
(confused)
You don't what?

SEIRRA
We don't own this home.

PHAROAH
Who said we did?

CLAIRE
You're listed on the
ownership transfer sheet.

Pharoah retrieves the clipboard and papers.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
You are Trish and Gordon
Pinder.

PHAROAH
Claire, Claire, Claire. You
didn't listen. I told you
from the start--this is
Sierra.

Sierra gives a smart-assed little curtsy.

PHAROAH (cont'd)
(proudly)
And I--am The Pharoah.

SIERRA
Let me explain.

Sierra goes over and opens a closet door. A blood stained
sheet covers something. Sierra removes the sheet.

SIERRA
THESE, are the Pinders.

Propped against one another, in an upright position, are a
young man and woman--dead--stripped to their underwear with
their throats slit.

The man is also very bloody from his waist down.

The woman has a bloody cleave-gag tied tightly between her
lips.

CLAIRE
Dear God, Jesus!

PHAROAH
That's Trish on the left and
hubby Gordon on the right.

SIERRA
Don't they make a cute
couple?

Sierra slips the scarf off her shoulder and gently loops it
around the dead woman's neck.

SIERRA

I'll give this back, darling.
It's a bit gaudy for my
tastes.

PHAROAH

(to Claire)

Sierra and I were passing
through town. We stopped at a
mini mart.

SIERRA

I bought some scratch-off
lottos and a double espresso
while Pharoah took a leak.

PHAROAH

(shrugs)

Pea-size bladder. Runs in the
family.

SIERRA

I heard Trish-girl say to the
clerk they'd just moved in
down the street.

PHAROAH

We thought we'd pay them a
visit.

SIERRA

Kind of welcome them to the
neighborhood.

PHAROAH

In our own special way.

Sierra takes a deep breath and lets out sigh of content.

SIERRA

So glad we could clear up
this little misunderstanding,
Claire. Do try to pay more
attention in the future
though.

PHAROAH
(with caution)
Sierra?

Sierra pauses, then catches the drift of Pharoah's questionable tone.

SIERRA
Silly me. Sorry.

Sierra turns to Claire and delivers a sarcastic threat.

SIERRA (cont'd)
You don't HAVE a future.

CLAIRE
I don't want to die. Please!

SIERRA
Hmrrrrmph! I need another
drink.

Sierra wanders off to the kitchen.

The Pharoah sorts through all the papers Claire gave them.

PHAROAH
I don't see anything in the
Association rules that says
we can't kill you.

CLAIRE
(frustrated)
God, I don't believe this.

Pharoah leans close to Claire and confesses something in a softer than normal voice.

PHAROAH
Notice how bloody the Mister
is from the waist down?

Claire looks on wide-eyed and listens intently.

PHAROAH (cont'd)
I shouldn't tell you this,
but Sierra cut his pecker and
balls off--while he was still
alive.

Claire whimpers and shivers a bit.

PHAROAH (cont'd)
Full castration. Lotta' women
fantasize about doing that to
a guy. Must be a girl thing.

Claire squints her eyes shut and shakes her head NO, NO,
NO.

PHAROAH (cont'd)
We wrapped his head in a wet
towel--muffled the screams.
He still squealed like a
little piggy, oink, oink,
oink.

Claire turns her head away. She doesn't want to hear
anymore.

PHAROAH (cont'd)
Then Sierra gagged the Mrs
with her hubby's own
testicles. Clever huh? She's
so creative that way.

Pharoah strokes the side of Claire's cheek.

She pulls her head away in disgust.

PHAROAH (cont'd)
She's got the guy's cock in a
brine filled pickle jar.

Claire whimpers.

CLAIRE
You both are just so sick!

Sierra re-enters the room, casually sips a new drink and
announces herself.

SIERRA
Here I am Pharoah. Did you
miss me?

PHAROAH
(soft voice)
I know you're wondering.
Gordon was hung like a mule.

CLAIRE
Oh my God, no!

SIERRA
Pharoah! Are you telling
secrets again?

PHAROAH
Guilty as charged dear. Do I
get properly punished?

SIERRA
In your wet dreams.

PHAROAH
I was telling Claire about
your. . .collecting habits.

SIERRA
And what does Claire think of
such a hobby.

PHAROAH
I dare say, it made quite the
impression.

SIERRA
I have an idea that might
impress her even more.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM AREA NEAR THE CLOSET - DAY

Pharoah rummages about and collects assorted valuables from the house, which he puts into a satchel.

Claire, clad only in a slip, panties and bra, stands on a small stool with her back to the open closet door with hands bound behind her. She faces the dead couple, who are again covered with the sheet. She fidgets nervously in place.

One end of her pantyhose leg is tied around her neck with the crotch portion and other leg draped over the top of the door.

Sierra goes behind the closet door, latches onto the free end of the pantyhose and yanks down hard on the hosiery.

Claire's heels clear the stool an inch or so. She emits a faint squeal and chokes a tad.

Sierra keeps the nylon fabric extra tight, runs it under the closet door, pulls it upright and ties it off to one of Claire's ankles, which leaves the poor woman in a most bizarre and perilous predicament.

SIERRA

Don't take any of this
personal, Claire. It's just
what Pharoah and I do.

Claire squirms and shifts but it's obvious she doesn't dare move too much for fear of hanging herself.

CLAIRE

Why are you doing this to me?

PHAROAH

Everybody needs a hobby--and
can you really picture us
collecting stamps?

CLAIRE

I don't deserve this. It
isn't fair.

SIERRA

True.

CLAIRE

I haven't done anything to either of you.

SIERRA

You're a bit of a prude and way too uptight but overall, you're a good sport and we appreciate that.

PHAROAH

You might have to die, but we don't want you to suffer.

SIERRA

At least not for very long.

CLAIRE

I don't HAVE to die. Jesus, God NO!

SIERRA

Jesus, God YES! You do.

PHAROAH

So, being the kind hearted souls we are, we're going to . . .well. . . how should I put it, Sierra dear?

SIERRA

(decisively)

Speed your demise.

PHAROAH

Excellenty stated. You have such a way with words.

Claire's mood shifts. She gets passionately sincere in a desperate attempt to gain mercy from her captors.

CLAIRE

What will it take to save my
life? What if I begged? What
if I prayed to you for mercy?
Anything! Name it.

Pharoah produces a knife.

PHAROAH

Sorry Claire. Death is what
we do.

CLAIRE

(frantic)

I beg you, no!

PHAROAH

(to Sierra)

Would you like the honors?

SIERRA

I would.

Sierra takes the knife, runs her free hand up under
Claire's slip on the inside upper thigh and feels around.

SIERRA (cont'd)

There's a major artery--right
in this--area. Ah! There!

Sierra brings the knife up under Claire's slip and slashes
downward.

Claire jerks, squeals, tries to look down but the slip-
knot, pantyhose noose tightens. She stands a bit higher on
tippy-toes to relieve the tautness.

Blood begins to flow--just a little at first but then a
solid stream.

Pharoah and Sierra are engrossed with Claire's desperate
effort to maintain consciousness and thus stay alive.

Sierra is initially engrossed with the overall evilness of their deed, but something doesn't quite seem right. She stands with hands on her hips, ponders the situation, then frames the view of their captive with her hands, similar to the way she studied the picture on the wall, earlier.

The always attentive Pharoah questions her discontent.

PHAROAH

A penny for your thoughts, my
love?

SIERRA

I just feel we are leaving
her with far too much
dignity.

Pharoah contemptes the captive's plight.

PHAROAH

Let's try this.

Pharoah takes the knife from Sierra and slices down Claire's slip--top to bottom. Her lacey, bra covered breasts and matching panty set are exposed. Her lungs pump at top speed. Her breasts heave and retract rapidly.

Pharoah makes a short gash on the inside of each breast, just above the bra fabric, which soon becomes stained with the red, thick, sticky fluid of life that drains from Claire's body.

PHAROAH

Does that help some?

Sierra comes over and nuzzles up to Pharoah. She is now content.

SIERRA

Oh yes! Much better. Thank
you so much.

While Claire suffers and bleeds out, to their great delight, Sierra retrieves a tube of lipstick that came from Claire's purse.

SIERRA

This shade sucks. But it's at
least good for this.

Sierra uses lipstick to scribe the word "ON" across
Claire's tummy then draws an arrow which points to her
belly button.

PHAROAH

Nice touch my princess.

SIERRA

A bit more décor is in order.

Sierra scribes "SLUT" and "WHORE" wherever there is flesh
space on Claire's body.

PHAROAH

Would you like to shave her
head?

Sierra tosses the lipstick away.

SIERRA

Please Pharoah! I don't want
to be mean about things.

Sierra begins to pout and fuss.

SIERR(cont'd)

She's still alive, Pharoah.

PHAROAH

Be patient my dear.

CLAIRE

Let me go. Please let me go.

Sierra whines, fidgets and ignores Claire.

SIERRA

But I don't like it when they
won't die.

PHAROAH

Good things come to those who
wait.

SIERRA
But I'm getting bored.

Pharoah shows a look of concern with that comment.

PHAROAH
We can't have THAT!

Claire begins to pray between chokes and gasps.

CLAIRE
Yay, though I walk through
the valley of the shadow of
death. . .

SIERRA
Make her die, Pharoah?

Pharoah takes the knife from Sierra and instantly slashes
Claire across the throat.

Claire screams clear and shrill but in seconds, the noise
turns to nothing more than a dull, bubbly gurgle.

Sierra looks at the Pharoah with a fiendish grin.

Claire loses volume. She barely mutters every other word
of the verse.

CLAIRE
I. . .shall. . .no eve--evil.

SIERRA
(to Pharoah)
Are you thinking what I'm
thinking?

PHAROAH
(ornery)
HMMMMM! That the world won't
be in true social harmony
until Tibet is free?

Sierra playfully slaps Pharoah for being a smart-ass.

SIERRA

Well Duh!

Pharoah cocks his head and motions with both hands in a gesture of query.

SIERRA (Cont'd)

The Martins, dear.

PHAROAH

Two doors down?

SIERRA

Exactly!

Pharoah motions towards Claire's scattered clothes.

PHAROAH

Perhaps a bit of role playing
is in order?

SIERRA

(excited)

Oooooo! To appear in costume.
My drama degree will finally
pay off.

Sierra quickly gathers up Claire's skirt, blouse, jacket
and shoes.

PHAROAH

You'll make such a wickedly
arousing, puritanically
prudish rule-monger.

Sierra holds the skirt at her waist.

SIERRA

Do you think this color makes
me look fat?

Pharoah proceeds to offer his standard gushy, glazed-over
patronizing verbiage.

PHAROAH

Sierra my sweetest and
dearest love. I would no more
question your judgment in
matters of attire any more
than. . .

Sierra slaps Pharoah mischievously.

SIERRA

(sarcastically)
Haven't I heard that line
before?

Pharoah moves quickly to another subject.

PHAROAH

Do you think we should take
the Martins a token
housewarming gift?

Sierra takes the knife from Pharoah and wipes the blood off
with the hem of Claire's slip.

SIERRA

I know the perfect present.

PHAROAH

You have such a refined
etiquette for such things.

Sierra and the Pharoah have a new goal. They show no
interest now in Claire. The fun is over. She's old news.

Pharoah kicks the short stool out from under Claire's feet.
She drops a short distance. The nylon fabric stretches and
tightens.

Her tied left ankle jerks upright. Claire's toes on her
right stretch downward and just barely touch the floor but
not enough to save her. Blood runs from her mouth onto her
chest. Blood comes down her leg from under the slip and
pools on the floor around her feminine toe tips.

Sierra and the Pharoah barely notice her agonizing death as they exchange affectionate kisses and depart, holding hands.

FADE OUT:

END