

Worth Every Penny

By

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FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

MAX, 20, appears nervous as BETHANY, 21, approaches his register.

BETHANY  
Hey Max, I'll take the usual.

MAX  
Sure...good to see you Beth.

Max walks over to the coffee machine to make Beth's order. He puts a hand through his hair, anxious. He looks over to Bethany, who is staring off into space.

Once the coffee is done, he quickly brings it over and types it into the register.

MAX  
That'll be two thirty five.

BETHANY  
Cool.

Bethany pays and grabs her drink, about to leave when Max interrupts.

MAX  
Uh, hey, Beth.

BETHANY  
Yeah?

MAX  
I was just thinking about going to the movies tomorrow night, and I thought maybe if you didn't have plans we could--

BETHANY  
Are you asking me out?

Bethany takes a sip of her coffee.

MAX  
Well, yeah.

Bethany spits out her coffee onto Max's uniform. She laughs.

BETHANY  
(still laughing)  
Sorry.

Max grabs a napkin to wipe his shirt.

MAX  
It's OK, it's only burning through  
my flesh.

Bethany suddenly becomes serious.

BETHANY  
Wait, are you really asking me out?

(beat)

MAX  
yeah.

Bethany again bursts out laughing.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Max sits at a table across from CLARK, 62, foreign, shop manager. Both drink coffee.

CLARK  
So how'd it go with Beth?

MAX  
Not quite as good as I'd hoped.

CLARK  
Ah, don't beat yourself up kid,  
she's just one in a billion other  
women out there. You're a good guy  
Max, and good men are hard to come  
by these days, just ask my wife.

MAX  
Thanks Clark, I guess I just  
thought I had a decent shot with  
her.

CLARK  
You know what you need?

MAX  
What?

CLARK  
You need to get laid.

Max nearly spits up his coffee.

CLARK  
I'm serious, how old are you?

MAX  
Twenty.

CLARK  
Are you still a virgin?

MAX  
Well...yeah.

CLARK  
You know what age I lost my  
virginity?

MAX  
When?

CLARK  
Twelve.

MAX  
Is that even possible?

CLARK  
Let's just say there wasn't much to  
do in the old country. The point  
is, losing it made me more  
confident with other woman.

MAX  
I don't know, I just want someone I  
can really connect with, you know?

Clark removes a small notepad from his shirt pocket and  
begins jotting something down.

CLARK  
You know what, I'm going to share  
with you a street my friend told me  
to go if I was ever feeling  
"lonely".

MAX  
Are you referring to prostitution?

Clark hands the paper to Max.

CLARK

I'd like to think of it more as a little female assistance. Just drive by at night and you'll get to meet some very interesting woman...from what I've heard of course.

MAX

I appreciate it, but I don't think that's really my kind of thing.

Clark stands.

CLARK

Alright, just hold onto it if you ever change your mind, I've gotta get home to my wife before she decides to get friendly with the mail man again.

MAX

Uh, I will, see you later Clark.

CLARK

Best of luck to you kid.

MAX

Thanks.

Clark walks off while Max stares back into the paper.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Max tightly grips the wheel as he drives down a street.

MAX

What the hell am I doing?

He parks beside a sidewalk, puts a hand over his eyes and sighs. He shakes his head and pulls back onto the street. He stops at a street sign and pulls out Clark's paper, reading: Tuls St.

He continues driving and checking signs along the way until he finally reaches Tuls. He hesitates before finally turning right down the street. He drives slowly, anxiously staring down the passing sidewalks.

His attention shifts when he notices CASEY, 22, standing to the left with her back against a wall. Max pulls up nearby. He glances over to Casey who shoots a glare back. Max looks away, embarrassed.

MAX  
I'm insane.

A knock from the driver window causes Max to jolt up in surprise. He turns to find Casey standing outside and hurriedly puts down the window.

CASEY  
Hi, sorry I scared you, are you here interested in...

MAX  
Yes, I am here for the, uh, special...service.

CASEY  
OK.

Casey walks around to the passenger door. Max takes a deep breath before she enters.

CASEY  
This your first time?

MAX  
Yeah, is it that obvious?

CASEY  
(smiles)  
Just relax, I don't bite. Unless you want me to.

Max lets out a nervous laugh.

MAX  
Is it okay if we go to my place?

CASEY  
Sure.

Max nods before driving off.

MAX  
I'm Max.

CASEY  
Casey.

MAX  
That's a nice name.

CASEY

Thanks.

MAX

Is it cool if I play music?

CASEY

Why not.

MAX

Cool.

Max turns on the radio to an awkward sex song. Silence fills the car.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Max and Casey step inside, Casey glances around the small space.

MAX

I know it's not the roomiest place,  
but I like it.

CASEY

It's clean. You don't see that a  
lot with men living alone.

MAX

Thanks, I get it from my mom.

Casey plops down onto the sofa.

CASEY

So what are you into?

MAX

Well, maybe we could start off with  
a movie.

CASEY

I don't watch any of that bondage  
stuff.

MAX

No, not anything like that.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Max and Casey watch the end of Titanic. Max wipes away some tears with a tissue, he offers one to Casey, she politely declines.

CASEY

You okay?

MAX

Yeah, It's like the more you watch it the sadder it gets.

CASEY

So are we gonna?

MAX

You wanna play a quick game with me?

CASEY

...Sure.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Max and Casey play a fighting video game together.

CASEY

So the circle button is for a special attack?

MAX

Yeah, you can also mix up comb...

Casey obliterates Max's game character.

MAX

Wow.

CASEY

Did I win?

MAX

You sure you've never played this before?

Casey laughs.

CASEY

Guess I'm a natural.

MAX  
Oh yeah, how could I forget, come  
with me.

Max leads Casey into the...

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Casey climbs up onto the table and begins to unbutton her  
shirt.

MAX  
Uh...actually, I'd prefer if you  
kept them on.

Casey is confused.

CASEY  
Um, okay.

Max opens the fridge and pulls out several ingredients.

MAX  
I thought I would make some chicken  
and mashed potatoes for dinner, is  
that alright with you?

CASEY  
You want to have dinner with me?

MAX  
Are you not hungry?

CASEY  
I am...I just wasn't expecting it.

MAX  
Just relax, I'll be done in a few  
minutes.

Casey nods, perplexed at her buyers surprising manners.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Max and Casey sit across from each other at the table, their  
dinner in front of them. Casey swallows her food as though  
she's hasn't eaten in days.

MAX  
Like the food?

CASEY  
(mouthful of mashed potatoes)  
It's great.

MAX  
Thanks, cooking's a hobby of mine.

CASEY  
You know your unusually kind for  
someone looking for a one night  
stand.

MAX  
You must run into a lot of bad  
guys.

CASEY  
You couldn't imagine.

MAX  
You ever think about getting a less  
dangerous occupation?

CASEY  
It's not glamorous but sex sells,  
and I could use the money.

MAX  
What for? If you don't mind me  
asking.

CASEY  
No offense, but I don't like to get  
personal with my clients.

MAX  
Understandable, I just now how it  
can be struggling with income.

(beat)

CASEY  
I'm trying to get into college...

MAX  
That's great, what do you want to  
major in?

CASEY  
I've always had this dream of being  
a teacher. It's stupid for someone  
like me I know...

MAX

That's not stupid, everyone has a rough spot they have to get over.

CASEY

How many prostitutes you know grow up to be school teachers.

MAX

Don't know, I usually don't talk much with woman.

CASEY

It might not mean much, but you seem like a pretty decent guy to me.

MAX

Thanks, it does. And if it means anything to you, you seem like a really nice girl, with a great taste in cooking.

CASEY

(laughs)

Thanks.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Max places their dishes into the sink.

CASEY

The food was good, I'll subtract it from the charge.

MAX

No need, it's on the house.

CASEY

Thanks, so are we going to the bedroom or--

Max thinks it over for a brief moment.

MAX

No.

CASEY

The living room then?

MAX

No.

CASEY

The kitchen?

Max shakes his head.

CASEY

Showers cost extra.

MAX

I think you've done enough.

CASEY

But we haven't even--

MAX

We don't have to.

Max pulls out his wallet.

CASEY

You're seriously gonna pay me for watching a movie and eating dinner with you?

Max hands Casey a fifty dollar bill.

MAX

Is this much okay?

CASEY

You're joking, right?

MAX

No, you make good company.

Casey stares down at the money in disbelief.

CASEY

I'm confused, you know I'm a hoar, right?

MAX

I don't think you are, I think you just sell yourself short.

Casey shrugs.

CASEY

Whatever you say.

Casey heads for the front door.

MAX

Wait, let me drive you home.

CASEY

I don't live far from here and  
I told you, I don't like to get  
personal.

Casey is about to leave when Max interrupts.

MAX

Why do you do it? Why do you  
degrade yourself for the pleasure  
of some sick perverts?

CASEY

I'm a slut Max, it's in the job  
description.

MAX

You don't have to, I know a couple  
of places nearby that are hiring, I  
could help you get back on your  
feet.

CASEY

Not interested.

MAX

So that's it, you really don't mind  
selling your soul for a couple of  
bucks? I could--

CASEY

I don't need your help OK?! I  
choose to do what I do and I don't  
need anyones pity.

Casey throws Max his money back before slamming the door  
behind her. Max puts a hand to his head.

INT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Casey stands against a wall, troubled. She looks up as shady  
looking older Man approaches, HARRIS.

HARRIS

You weren't here yesterday.

CASEY

I had another customer.

Harris moves closer, Casey grows uncomfortable.

HARRIS  
I thought we meet here every  
Friday.

CASEY  
We never agreed to that.

Harris squeezes Casey's leg.

HARRIS  
You know you belong to me.

Casey swats his arm away.

CASEY  
I don't belong to anyone Harris,  
especially not you.

Harris brings his face closer, Casey moves hers away.

HARRIS  
That's no way to talk to a paying  
customer...

Harris stops at the sound of a blaring police siren.

HARRIS  
Shit!

Harris runs from the scene, Casey is about to follow when  
she recognizes Max's approaching car.

Max pulls over beside Casey.

MAX  
You OK?

CASEY  
How did you do that?

Max lifts up his cell phone.

MAX  
Sound effect.

CASEY  
Why are you out here?

MAX  
I don't know...I feel bad about  
yesterday.

Casey sighs.

CASEY  
Your weird you know that?

MAX  
I had a hunch.

CASEY  
Look, I'm sorry, you just were  
trying to help and I attacked you  
for it. Kindness is not something  
I'm used to around here.

MAX  
It's okay, I still owe you though.

(beat)

CASEY  
(smiles)  
How about dinner and a movie?

Max smiles back.

MAX  
I can do that.

Casey climbs inside the passenger seat and the two drive off  
into the night.

FADE OUT