

No Experience Necessary

by  
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"Based on testimony given by Dr. Phil Appletree, professor of  
science at Snuffton University"

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FADE IN:

**EXT. RUXLEY MANSION - DAY**

An enormous, Tudor-style residence sits on a landscaped estate with formal English gardens.

A circular cobblestone drive surrounds a large, ornate fountain topped with an oriental, winged dragon.

In front of the mansion, a bike comes to a quick stop.

REX(19), gangly, Goth, black blue hair, piercing in his lip, eyebrow and nose, looks up at the building in awe.

**EXT. FRONT DOOR**

A big iron knocker adorns a massive front door. Rex reaches up to knock, but before he can, the door opens.

Two hands hold a box out. Rex takes it, and walks back to his bike.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN ALLEY - NIGHT**

In a dark, forgotten alley, a black, converse shoe pulls the kickstand down. Rex gets off of the bike and looks around.

A rat scampers along the edge of a dumpster. Puddles scatter across the uneven pavement. And then, movement.

A limo, shiny, pearl white, tinted windows, rolls up. The back window descends.

Small box in hand, Rex walks up to the limo. A black, leather, gloved hand reaches out of the window holding a lump of one hundred dollar bills.

Rex takes the money and hands the box over. As the box disappears into the car, the window begins to roll upwards.

Rex, curiously leans over and looks into the dark window to get a quick glimpse of who sits inside.

The window stops just inches from closed. A lead, round-nosed silencer extends out.

A bullet hole, in the head, execution style, catches Rex off guard. A drop of crimson blood runs from the hole. His body falls limp and he hits the ground.

**INT. DORM ROOM - DAY**

Two single beds, a small fridge, table, couch and TV decorate this tiny, efficiency-style space.

LIZ(20), tan, long blond hair, short shorts, tank top, sits at the table reading a newspaper.

She looks up as the door opens. In walks ABBEY(19), brown hair, glasses, curvy, carrying an armful of books.

Abbey grabs a bag of chips off of the counter and walks to the couch. As she passes the table she notices a dark circle around an ad.

ABBEY

Acting job? You're not an actress!

LIZ

I know.

She picks up the paper, puts the add in front of Abbey's eyes, and points at it.

LIZ (CONT'D)

No experience necessary.

Abbey sticks her hand in the bag of chips and walks to the couch. Liz puts down the paper and follows.

ABBEY

Yeah, no experience needed for pornos or some snuff film!

LIZ

I know it sounds a lil sketchy, but I'm broke and the bills don't care.

ABBEY

You have to promise to text me before and after this thing, ok?

LIZ

You're like a big sister. Always lookin' out for me.

They sit on the couch eating chips together.

**EXT. CARNES PLAZA - DAY**

A deserted shopping strip sits beyond a large sign that reads: CARNES PLAZA. A smaller sign underneath it reads: OFFICE SPACE AVAILABLE.

Liz walks along the sidewalk. She stops at an office. The door is open. The windows are lined with brown craft paper.

She peers into the door. JUAN(42), dark skinned, black hair, stocky, short, sits at a desk not far away.

**INT. OFFICE**

JUAN

Come on in? You must be Liz.

LIZ

Thank God. I was a little nervous 'bout coming here.

JUAN

Nothing to be nervous about. Start by filling out these.

Juan smiles as he hands her a clipboard and a pen. A desk sits between them. When she finishes, he slides over one other form. At the top, it reads: CONSENT.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Just sign here and we're done.

LIZ

What's all this say?

JUAN

In a nutshell, that you're 18 and you agree to filming, may be some nudity, blah blah.

Liz hesitates, pen in hand.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Tasteful nudity.

She smiles at him and signs her name quickly on the line. From a drawer in his desk, he pulls out a digital camera.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Say cheese!

The camera flashes. He looks at the display screen, then slides the camera back in the drawer.

As they walk towards the door, he continues.

JUAN (CONT'D)

If our investor approves, I'll call you. So, just be ready.

LIZ  
I will be.

**EXT. DORM HOUSE - NIGHT**

Liz stands on the sidewalk. It's dark. In seconds, a black limo approaches and parks near the curb about thirty feet away.

Liz grabs her cell phone and types a text message to Abbey:  
HOLLYWOOD BOUND. TEXT YOU WHEN I'M DONE.

A DRIVER steps out, walks around to the back, passenger side door, and opens it. He waves for Liz.

Liz slides in the car and the door closes. The car starts to pull off, but then stops.

**INT. LIMO**

Black leather and red carpet accentuate the limo's interior. Liz sits in the back nervously twirling her hair.

The middle window, thick, soundproof, rolls down.

DRIVER (O.C.)  
There's a no cell phone policy.

Liz pulls her phone out and looks at it. She hesitates.

DRIVER (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
You'll get it back. After the  
shoot.

A gloved hand reaches over the window. She hands the phone up to the driver. The thick window rolls back up.

**EXT. LIMO**

The driver's side window, pitch black, rolls down just inches. A cell phone drops out. It crashes to the pavement.

In four pieces, the phone lays on the asphalt. The limo speeds off.

**INT. LIMO**

Her mouth hangs open. She reaches for a non-existent door handle. Panic sets in. She kicks and screams.

A cloud-like vapor HISSES from under the seat, filling the back of the limo. Liz covers her mouth. Her eyes squint.

She coughs. In seconds she falls over limp in the seat.

**EXT. RUXLEY MANSION/FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Liz, heavily sedated, is dragged through the front door. She loses a shoe when a cobblestone snares it.

An arm reaches out of the door and grabs the shoe. The front door shuts.

**INT. BEDROOM**

Groggy, Liz slowly wakes up in a chair. Her eyes fight to focus on her surroundings. A camera on a tripod faces a bed.

She tries to stand, but quickly realizes she's bound. She looks down and finds her wrists tightly secured to the chair. Her ankles, loose, but secured together by leather shackles.

She tugs and pulls at the binds. Her eyes dart around in a frenzy.

She jumps as the door opens. THOMAS(54), tall, three piece suit, hair gelled, sleek, walks in.

THOMAS

Relax, relax, my darling. This will all be over shortly.

Tears run down her cheeks.

LIZ

Please! I don't wanna do this! I thought this was....

THOMAS

You signed the consent, did you not?

He peers into her eyes. She lets out a deafening scream.

LIZ

Let me go! Please!

He gets up and walks over to her chair. He unbinds her arms. She thrusts out of the seat, arms swinging at her captor.

The binds on her ankles catch her off guard and she falls to the floor. He grabs her by both wrists and drags her to the bed.

Someone else is in the room. They stir as she's pulled, unwillingly, up on the bed. A bright light near the tripod comes on nearly blinding her.

Her arms are grabbed at each side and handcuffed to the bed.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
Please! Help! You can't do this!  
Please!

She squints as her eyes dart around in fear. She tugs at the binds securing her arms to each side of the bed.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
Let me go! I won't tell anyone!  
Please!

Through the piercing light, comes a figure, Thomas, with a mask over his face. He climbs up on the bed and straddles over her waist.

He produces a blade, long, serrated, sharp teeth. He turns the knife in the light.

Her eyes open wide, her mouth breaks the silence with a deafening SCREAM. Her feet kick and her arms jerk.

The blade, glistening in the bright light, lands quickly upon her lips. Her facial muscles twitch. Her face soaked with tears.

THOMAS  
Shhhhhhhh.

She trembles and fights the instinct to scream. Sweat beads up on her neck as the sharp, deadly instrument tortures it's way down her neck.

It stops. The tip of the blade, penetrates her thin, neck flesh. As it bites into her, she can't hold back.

She screams and gasps for breath as her heart pounds.

THOMAS (CONT'D)  
Shuddup Bitch!

A drop of blood trickles down from the wound on her neck. Sitting up, he lifts the killing tool into the light.

It's jagged edges sparkle, and a crimson blood covers the tip like icing on a cake.

He bends over slicing the dress down the middle. Her tender flesh exposed. An evil chuckle escapes his lips.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Wouldn't wanna stain your dress.

She fights and screams. His left hand comes down on her mouth muffling her cries. Her eyes bulge. Her face soaked with tears.

He stabs her repeatedly, burying the blade deeper with each attack. Blood oozes and squirts on his white shirt.

He doesn't stop until her eyes appear frozen and her body rests in a puddle of blood.

**INT. POLICE OFFICE - DAY**

Abbey sits in front of a desk. OFFICER FLINT(45), sits across from her jotting down notes.

FLINT

The whole snuff video tape thing is a hoax, an old urban legend. It doesn't really happen.

ABBEY

Well, she was going to some acting thing, and never texted me back!

FLINT

Let us do our job. I'll dig into it and see what I can find out.

**INT. DORM ROOM - AFTERNOON**

Abbey digs through a stack of papers. She pulls out the one Liz was looking at the day before. She finds the circled add.

She picks up her cell phone, puts it against her ear, and walks out.

**INT. POLICE OFFICE - LATER**

Abbey sits across from Officer Flint.

ABBEY

I wanna be the bait. For her.

FLINT

You sure you wanna do this?

ABBEY

Yes. For Liz. I think she's in trouble. If you're near, I'll be fine.

FLINT

I think you're being paranoid, but we'll see. I'll see you tonight.

**EXT. RUXLEY MANSION/FRONT DOOR - AFTERNOON**

A ten speed bike pulls up next to the fountain. CHARLIE(18), thin, ball cap, gets off the bike and walks to the door.

Before he can knock on the door, it opens. A plain papered box is handed out.

CHARLIE

Where do I take it?

He's handed a piece of paper. He looks at the address.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Wow, can't say I've ever delivered anything to a U.S. Senator!

**EXT. DORM HOUSE - NIGHT**

On the dark sidewalk in front of the dorm house, Abbey and Officer Flint go over the details.

FLINT

I'll be right here. Behind you every step.

She shakes her head and he walks towards the dark shadows cast by the big, brick building.

Abbey stands, cell phone in one hand, mace in the other. She quickly shoves the mace in her pocket, as a limo pulls up in front of her.

A voice comes from a tinted front window, halfway down.

DRIVER (O.C.)

Hop in the back.

**INT. LIMO**

Abbey sits in the back. Her cell phone in her hand with NINE ONE ONE on the screen. Her finger hovers above SEND button.

She looks out of the window and sees Officer Flint nearing the back of the limo. She breathes a quiet sigh of relief.

A voice comes from the driver as the barrier window rolls down an inch.

DRIVER (O.C.)  
No cell phones allowed Miss.

A leather glove comes over the glass. She hesitates, but reluctantly, hands her phone over.

The thick barrier window rolls up. That look of 'oh crap' comes over Abbey's face. She looks back. Through the window she can see her savior, Officer Flint, closing in.

**EXT. LIMO**

Officer Flint reaches the car. Fog from his breath hits the window as he stares in at Abbey. He pulls back and moves to the front window.

The front window slowly descends. A black glove extends holding Abbey's phone. The exchange is made.

Officer Flint removes the sim card from the phone and throws the rest of it crashing down on the pavement.

**INT. LIMO**

Abbey's fists pound on the glass. She reaches for a door handle finding only flat leather. She kicks at the door screaming.

ABBEY  
Oh my God! You're in on it?!

**EXT. LIMO**

Officer Flint slides the sim card in his pocket. The front window of the limo rolls up.

Muffled sounds of struggling can be heard. As the limo pulls off, it runs over fragments of Abbey's phone.

FADE OUT.