

MALEVOLENCE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Traffic moves through town in both directions.

A VW Bug drives by.

INT. CAR - DAY

SOLEIL (28) cute, bed head hair, funky revealing clothes sits in the driver's seat. She sings along to some music.

EXT. CAR - DAY

A roof nail lies pointy side up on the street.

Soleil's car approaches.

The front tire rolls over the nail followed by a HISS. The tire slowly deflates.

INT. CAR - DAY

Soleil sings until she furrows her brow. Something's wrong. She turns off the music.

EXT. CAR - DAY

The tire is flat. Makes a FLOP FLOP sound as it goes around.

INT. CAR - DAY

Soleil hears the sound of the tire. She's annoyed.

SOLEIL
Shit!

She pulls over to the curb.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Soleil gets out of the car, stomps over to the front wheel. Sees the flat tire.

Her shoulders slump. She glances around at the traffic.

She spots a sign further down the street. "Joe's Tires".

Soleil gets back in her car, drives towards the tire store at a snail's pace. Horns blare behind her.

EXT. JOE'S TIRES - DAY

A two bay crappy building with dirty windows. Used tires on racks on display outside at bargain prices.

Soleil's car pulls into the lot.

JOE (40) in a dingy shop uniform steps out of the building. He's got a greasy smile, hungry eyes. He wipes his hands on a grimy rag.

INT. CAR - DAY

Soleil crinkles her nose at the sight of Joe.

SOLEIL

Yuck....

She forces a smile, steps out of the car.

EXT. JOE'S TIRES - DAY

Joe visually inhales Soleil. The tip of his tongue slithers across his upper lip.

He taps the flat tire with his work boot.

JOE

Looks like you got yourself a flat.

SOLEIL

Yeah, just happened.

Joe crouches down by the tire, finds the nail, points to it.

JOE

Got a nail in your tire.

Soleil bends down to take a peek. Joe stares at her exposed cleavage.

SOLEIL

Can you fix it?

JOE

I can have it pumped up and hard for you in no time.

Soleil cringes at the comment. She stands up.

SOLEIL
About how long is that?

Joe checks his watch.

JOE
The tire only takes twenty minutes,
but I have to finish that CV axle
first.

He nods to a car up on the lift in one of the bays.

JOE
I can have you happy, satisfied and
out of here in an hour.

He points across the street at a small coffee shop.

JOE
You can always wait there.

Soleil ponders for a moment.

SOLEIL
Okay. I gotta get to work, so...

Joe grins.

JOE
Great. Follow me.

INT. SHOP OFFICE - DAY

Joe is behind a counter. Soleil scans the small dirty office.

Joe hands her a clipboard and a pen. She skims the text.

SOLEIL
Is this necessary?

Joe sighs.

JOE
I know. A big pain in the ass, but
we have to have it in writing that
you're letting me work on your car.

Soleil writes down her name and address.

JOE
Soleil. That's a very pretty name.

Uncomfortable, Soleil moves a step away from him.

SOLEIL

Thanks.

Joe studies her. Notices her empty ring finger.

JOE

You're not married?

SOLEIL

No.

JOE

Hard to believe. Pretty girl like yourself.

Annoyed, she hands Joe the form.

SOLEIL

I'm just going to grab my purse.

She starts towards the door.

JOE

Leave the keys in the car.

Soleil turns to Joe who puts on a wide grin.

JOE

...So I can move it out back. Where the balancer is...

Soleil, nods with distrust.

SOLEIL

I'll be back in one hour.

JOE

I'll have it ready for you.

Soleil leaves, heads towards the street. Joe watches her go.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

A small independent coffee shop. A few students at a table.

Soleil sits down by a window with a cup in her hand. She pulls a cell phone out of her purse, dials a number.

With the phone to her ear she waits. After a while she sighs.

SOLEIL

Charlie, it's me. I had a flat on my way to work. It's being fixed right now, so I'll be a little late home from work tonight. Love you.

Soleil pockets her phone, looks out the window at Joe's Tires where Joe is driving her "Bug" around the building.

EXT. JOE'S TIRES - DAY

Joe drives Soleil's car around the back corner of the building, parks in front of a rear bay door.

INT. CAR - DAY

Joe sits in the driver seat. He turns off the car, pulls the keys out of the ignition. With a smirk on his face he studies the key-chain for a moment then closes his hand around it.

JOE

Girls. So naive. Gotta love 'em.

He gets out of the car.

INT. SHOP OFFICE - DAY

Joe glides behind his counter. A devious glance across the street at the coffee shop.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Soleil sips coffee at her table window. She gazes over at the tire store, checks her watch. Sighs.

INT. SHOP OFFICE - DAY

Joe checks the keys on the key-chain. An assortment of different keys. He selects a couple of them that look like house keys.

He whistles a cheerful tune.

He takes out a roll of parchment paper. Tears a sheet off, places it on the counter over the selected keys. With a pencil rubbed across the keys, he makes copies of the keys.

When finished, he glances across the street.

JOE

Soleil sweetheart, you know you want me...and I'm gonna give it to you.

EXT. JOE'S TIRES - DAY

Soleil's car is parked up front. The tire has been fixed.

Soleil and Joe exit the shop office. Joe walks behind her, takes in the view of her ass.

Soleil strides to her car. She gets in, shuts the door.

I/E. CAR - DAY

Soleil puts her seat belt on. Forces a smile at Joe.

SOLEIL
Thanks for fixing my tire.

Joe leans in, rests his elbows on the open window. His face close to hers.

JOE
You sure you don't wanna go out for
a drink or something?

SOLEIL
Yeah. Quite sure.

Soleil reaches for the ignition. No key.

SOLEIL
Where are my keys?

Joe dangles the key chain in front of Soleil.

JOE
I'll let you have them if you go
out with me.

Angry, Soleil snags the keys from Joe.

SOLEIL
In your dreams asshole.

She fires up the car, speeds out of there. Tires screech.

Joe makes screwing motions with his hips.

JOE
In real life Soleil! And you're
gonna love it too!

INT. CAR - DAY

Soleil glares at Joe in the rearview mirror as she speeds out onto the street.

SOLEIL
Ghaw!! What a fucking moron!

INT. JOE'S TIRES - DAY

A high pitched metal grinding sound.

A key cutting machine makes a copy of two keys.

Joe's hand turns off the machine, picks up the keys.

He studies the keys, smirks.

JOE
Looks like a date to me.

He pockets the keys.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A modest older neighborhood at dusk. A cottage sits shaded by large old trees.

The silhouette of a man behind some shrubs. It's Joe. He scans the house. Everything's still, quiet.

He creeps towards the house. Stops at the back door.

There are two keys in his hand. Careful, he tries one of the keys. It doesn't fit. He hesitates, listens. Still quiet.

He tries the other key. It slides in with ease.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Soleil sings along to music while she drives.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Soleil's Bug turns down the quiet street. It pulls into the driveway of the cottage.

Soleil gets out, heads to the front door.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

It's dark inside. The front door opens. Soleil enters.

She fumbles for the light switch. Turns on a dim light.

SOLEIL
I'm home!

She takes her shoes off, puts her purse on a chair.

SOLEIL
Charlie!

She peeks into the dark kitchen. Empty. She continues down a short hallway.

SOLEIL
Charlie, I'm home.

There's a creaking sound.

Soleil stops, listens.

SOLEIL
Charlie?

She peers into a dark bedroom. Tries to flip the light on. It doesn't work.

A faint thud from some other place in the house is heard.

Soleil's startled. Eyes wide. She sneaks down the hallway.

SOLEIL
Charlie? Is that you?

The front door doorknob turns.

Soleil stops in her tracks, stares at the door.

The door opens. CHARLIE (30) steps in. She's got a handsome face, blonde crewcut, muscular arms and wears masculine clothes. She's got a bottle of wine in her hand, smiles.

She strolls up to Soleil, kisses her hard.

Puzzled, Soleil glances at the wine bottle, smiles.

SOLEIL
What's the occasion?

Charlie leads Soleil into the --

KITCHEN

-- where she lifts her up onto the counter.

They kiss again. More passionate. Charlie spreads Soleil's knees apart, pushes up against her. One hand travel up inside her shirt. Soleil giggles.

SOLEIL

...I know it's not your birthday.

Charlie kisses deep down Soleil's neckline.

CHARLIE

I have a surprise for you.

SOLEIL

Ohhh. I love surprises. What is it?

They get more passionate. Kissing, touching, squeezing.

CHARLIE

Something wet.

SOLEIL

I like wet.

CHARLIE

Sloppy.

SOLEIL

I like sloppy too.

CHARLIE

Might get messy.

SOLEIL

Really...I'm intrigued.

Charlie pulls away, takes out two wine glasses from a cupboard. She pours some wine, hands Soleil a glass. They clink their glasses together.

CHARLIE

To wet, sloppy and messy fun.

They gulp their wine then Charlie takes Soleil's hand. She leads her into the --

HALLWAY

-- where they stop in front of a door.

CHARLIE

Ready?

SOLEIL

Oh, hell yes!

Charlie opens the door. Steps lead down into a cellar. The cellar is lit up like a stage. Cameras, lights.

On a pummel horse type thing is Joe. Buck naked with his hands and feet tied together. A big gag-ball in his mouth.

Joe stares with frantic eyes at the two women.

Soleil does a double take at Joe.

SOLEIL
That looks like the guy from the
tire place.

Charlie puts her arm around Soleil.

CHARLIE
He let himself in with his own key.

Soleil's stunned.

SOLEIL
Really?

CHARLIE
No good intentions I'm sure.

SOLEIL
What a fucking freak!

CHARLIE
So, what do you think we should do
with this HillyBilly Boy?

SOLEIL
Cameras on?

CHARLIE
Yep.

SOLEIL
Server?

CHARLIE
Oh yes.

A sinister smile spreads across Soleil's face.

SOLEIL
I say we go medieval on his ass.

They both step down onto the stairs. The door is slammed shut behind them.

Music similar to Pulp Fiction's Bring Out The Gimp starts.

Screams are heard from the cellar.

FADE OUT: