

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

FURNITURE

Written by
Elan Cassandra

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Draft
information

elan.cassandra.duensing@gmail.com

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FADE IN:

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

It's dark, and the sidewalk is empty. The buildings here are close together across narrow streets.

Sirens, just audible in the distance, and the sound of cars on the FDR tell us that the city is indeed alive--just not this part of it.

The store-fronts are dark. Closing times on windows and doors say 4pm, 5pm, 6pm.

EXT. UPSCALE FURNITURE STORE - NIGHT

There's movement in the window of a darkened furniture and antique shop.

A young SHOPGIRL (20) tidies up the register. She's tall and thin, with dark brown skin, her hair cut close against her head.

She flips a switch on the wall and the shop goes DARK, but her face is illuminated by the blue light from her cell phone.

The door opens, and the Shopgirl steps out onto the sidewalk as she zips up her coat.

When her phone comes back into view, we see the open EMAIL app and the ever-polite reminder, "You Missed Your Recent Payment."

The Shopgirl shuts the screen and takes out her keys.

A man's voice, not yet nearby:

VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me.

The Shopgirl puts the key in the lock and turns it with a click.

She reaches up to grab the metal grate from above her head. She starts to pull it down over the storefront.

VOICE

Excuse me. Miss.

The voice is close now, and the Shopgirl turns.

A young BUSINESSMAN (early 30s) walks toward her. He's put-together in a crisp, tailored suit. He raises a hand to signal to her.

BUSINESSMAN
Hi, you're not closed, are you?

The Shopgirl pauses for a moment at this silly question.

He stops in front of her.

BUSINESSMAN (cont'd)
I was really hoping to pick out a new piece tonight.

SHOPGIRL
I'm sorry... We close at 6:30.

She motions to the sign.

The man puts a hand to his hair.

BUSINESSMAN
Damn. I got caught up.

He looks at her for a moment, then down. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a leather WALLET.

Opening the wallet, he takes out a \$100 bill and flashes a bright smile at the girl--sheepish? Regardless, it's disarming.

BUSINESSMAN (cont'd)
You don't have just a few more minutes... Please?

The Shopgirl looks uncomfortable. She lifts her cell phone and looks down at the time. It's 6:35pm.

SHOPGIRL
I...

She thinks about it, and then sounds a bit embarrassed:

SHOPGIRL (cont'd)
It's probably okay...

She doesn't look sure.

BUSINESSMAN
I'll be in and out.

She pauses.

SHOPGIRL
Did you have anything in mind?

BUSINESSMAN
I do, actually.

INT. UPSCALE FURNITURE STORE - NIGHT

The Shopgirl walks in first. It's still dark.

She flicks on just a couple of the lights.

BUSINESSMAN
I'm looking for something...exotic.

SHOPGIRL
I see.

The Shopgirl flicks on another light, further in.

She walks toward one corner of the store.

SHOPGIRL (cont'd)
I think we might have something.

She leads him toward a section of the store with more obviously multicultural (or culturally appropriated) decor.

The Shopgirl walks into the lighted section. She starts to motion to something as she begins to turn back toward him--

The Businessman's hands GRAB HER WRISTS. It's sudden, and her eyes just register surprise. Her mouth opens to--

INT. LUXURY FOYER - NIGHT

A DOORBELL chimes. A thick wooden door opens. A couple of well-dressed GENTLEMEN stand outside.

A BUTLER ushers them inside.

The men take off their coats and hand them to the Butler, who takes them away.

A door at the other end of the room opens:

The Businessman flashes a big, white smile.

BUSINESSMAN
Good to see you Gentlemen.

He holds the door open for them.

INT. GRAND HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Gentlemen step into the next room, a grand hallway.

Somewhat out of focus, it's a luxurious RED, with ivory and...

The walls move almost imperceptibly.

Long red velvet drapes. And between, behind, in front of them...

WOMEN, young and beautiful, are fastened to the walls. Hand-, leg-, and neck-cuffs encircle their bare bodies like expensive jewelry.

The EYES of some of the women follow the Gentlemen as they walk past. Others look glassy--out of it.

BUSINESSMAN

You get here all right?

GENTLEMAN 1

Sure.

GENTLEMAN 2

Driver was a bit chatty...

The Businessman laughs

The Gentlemen seem not to notice the women. Or not to care.

They reach the other end of the hall and the businessman extends an arm to open the door into--

INT. LUXURIOUS LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The walls are a deep blue. Orchestra music plays, ambient through the sound system.

BUSINESSMAN

Can I get you something to drink?

GENTLEMAN 2

Please.

The furniture breathes.

Two NAKED WOMEN on hands and knees form a coffee table,
gold-plated supports helping to keep the correct shape.

BUSINESSMAN

Any requests?

The guests walk past the "table" and toward the couch.

GENTLEMAN 1

I trust your taste.

The Businessman laughs.

Against one wall, a NAKED WOMAN with supports under her arms, holds a large canvas painting. Its picturesque landscape covers her face.

GENTLEMAN 2 seems to notice something off to one side.

GENTLEMAN 2

Is this new?

It's the SHOPGIRL.

She stands in one corner, a metal rod curved around her body and up one arm. The rod culminates in the head of a LAMP, shaped like a TORCH, held in her hand.

BUSINESSMAN

Do you like it?

The Gentlemen come closer. Gentleman 2 touches the Shopgirl's naked belly.

Gentleman 1 LEANS IN, squints slightly as he seems to examine the girl's BREAST.

He turns to the Businessman and we push closer in on the Shopgirl's face.

GENTLEMAN 1 (O.S.)

Sure.

GENTLEMAN 2 (O.S.)

It's nice.

The Shopgirl's eyes--they're full of tears, behind which are horror and hopelessness.

FADE OUT