

CONTENT WARNING FOR VIOLENCE AND DESCRIPTION OF SEXUAL ASSAULT

SCENE 3.

[ANGELA and SOPHIA enter, guiding CHRIS to his seat. He is blindfolded. His hands are bound. ANGELA has something pressed against his back that is decidedly not a gun.]

The basement they're in is mid-remodeling. They enter a main room with a single chair. There's a door to a closet filled with tools and construction supplies. Their voodoo doll and a radio of some kind sit on a tool table. There's a bin or basket with all the girls' other supplies.]

ANGELA:

Sit. Right here. In the chair, idiot. Sit still.

[SOPHIA begins tying him to the chair with an extension cord. He strains against it.]

ANGELA:

If you think of trying anything brave, you're even dumber than I thought.

CHRIS:

It's just tight.

ANGELA:

Boo-hoo. *[to SOPHIA]* Tighter.

[SOPHIA happily obliges. CHRIS cries out.]

SOPHIA:

God, calm down. You're just tied to a chair.

CHRIS:

You really hurt me when you pulled me inside.

ANGELA:

Oh no! Are you surprised we might actually intend to cause you harm today?

CHRIS:

Who are you?

ANGELA:

That sounds like a demand.

CHRIS:

I just want to know who's holding me hostage.

[She presses the pipe to the side of his head.]

ANGELA:

Listen up. You don't have any control for once in your life. You might as well stop trying to get it, and maybe we won't get angry. Well, we won't get angrier.

CHRIS:

Whatever I did, I'm sorry.

ANGELA:

You know what you did.

CHRIS:

Is this about the essay?

ANGELA:

The what?

CHRIS:

The history term paper. Look, I'll pay you. Right now. I have cash. I'll pay interest.

ANGELA:

What in the fuck are you talking about?

CHRIS:

You're not the girl that typed my term paper?

SOPHIA:

How many girls have you fucked over?

CHRIS:

I'm sorry!

SOPHIA:

It's a little late for that.

CHRIS:

What?

ANGELA:

Instead of being sorry, you should have been a decent person.

CHRIS:

This seems like a little much for a ten page paper.

ANGELA:

It's not about the paper, dumbshit.

CHRIS:

Then... did we go out or something? Are you on Bumble?

ANGELA:

You did something very bad.

SOPHIA:

To someone we are very close to.

ANGELA:

We were going to punish you by making a voodoo doll of you.

SOPHIA:

Turns out we were missing a few key ingredients.

ANGELA:

So we decided to get you involved in the ritual. We also thought it would be nice to put a face to the name. And the crime.

CHRIS:

What the fuck.

ANGELA:

Shall we get down to business?

SOPHIA:

Sounds great to me.

ANGELA:

Would you like to do the honors of starting?

[Sophia stares at her.]

SOPHIA:

I thought you were doing it?

ANGELA:

It would mean so much more for you to start us off.

SOPHIA:

What am I starting again?

ANGELA:

The ritual.

[Sophia goes to the radio and turns it on to some sort of variety or Top 40 station. Sophia opens the bin and starts rummaging. The sound of strange items startles Chris, which pleases Angela.]

The rummaging goes on for a little too long. Angela is less pleased.]

ANGELA:

Scissors?

CHRIS:

Scissors for what?

ANGELA:

You'll see. *[whispering to SOPHIA:]* For the clothes.

CHRIS:

What did you say?

ANGELA:

I said you'll see, now shut the fuck up.

CHRIS:

Did you say for my clothes?

SOPHIA:

Oh yeah.

[She goes over to Chris and, with a purposely agonizing pace, cuts a piece of his collar off. She does the same to his pants leg.]

CHRIS:

Okay, seriously, what is happening?

ANGELA:

We already told you more than--

CHRIS:

If you're making a voodoo doll, why are you taking my clothes off?

SOPHIA:

You wish that's what we were doing.

ANGELA:

Fucking pervert.

CHRIS:

Okay, so, did we go out? Seriously. Is that what this is about? Jennifer?

ANGELA:

We would never lower ourselves to go out with someone like you.

CHRIS:

Emma?

ANGELA:

If I were you, I would be a little more focused on--

CHRIS:

Lori.

ANGELA:

Stop fucking interrupting me!

[In a fit of rage, Angela unleashes a couple of quick fingernail-filled slaps on his head, pulling some hair out in the process. Right after she's done, she takes a deep breath and drops his hair with the voodoo doll.]

SOPHIA:

Jesus.

CHRIS:

I think I'm bleeding.

SOPHIA:

Ew, should we get him something?

ANGELA:

Like what?

CHRIS:

Ow...

SOPHIA:

A band-aid? I don't know.

ANGELA:

We might as well wait until we're done.

CHRIS:

Am I in hell?

ANGELA:

Say anything else about God or heaven or hell, I'll pistol whip the shit out of you. It has nothing to do with this.

SOPHIA:

If there is a hell, you definitely belong there.

CHRIS:

But WHY? What did I do to you? Whatever it is, let me make it up to you.

SOPHIA:

We already said you're too late.

CHRIS:

Do you want money? I can get you money. Let me call my parents.

ANGELA:

Why am I not shocked you're rich?

CHRIS:

We're not RICH but I can get you money.

SOPHIA:

Money isn't going to fix what you did.

CHRIS:

There has to be a way we can work this out.

ANGELA:

What you're not understanding, fuckface, is that we are in charge here. There's a lot of ways we could hurt you. And a lot of reasons we'd like to. You better cut the attitude and shut your mouth for once. A voodoo doll was the original plan, but if you keep arguing, maybe we'll just take you into the red room and punish you directly.

SOPHIA [*mouth*ing]:

Red room?

CHRIS:

Red room?!

ANGELA:

You heard me.

CHRIS:

Why does that sound familiar?

SOPHIA:

Why don't we just do it out here?

ANGELA:

Let's come up with some alternates for this disobedient fuck. I don't know if the doll will suffice. We'll meet briefly in the red room.

SOPHIA:

What is—

ANGELA:

Now.

[They go into the red room. The radio noise muffles. While they're inside, Chris fidgets around, testing what binds him, and the stability of the chair.]

ANGELA:

You can't keep questioning me.

SOPHIA:

But what IS it?

ANGELA:

Sophia, seriously. We need to come across as a united front.

SOPHIA:

I feel like you have things planned that I don't know about.

ANGELA:

We're on the same side, girl.

SOPHIA:

I know.

ANGELA:

Don't you want to get revenge for Jane?

SOPHIA:

Of course.

ANGELA:

Our revenge was to scare the shit out of him.

SOPHIA:

I think he's more confused.

ANGELA:

That's because he thinks you're confused. If you weren't, he'd just be scared.

SOPHIA:

Some of the stuff you're saying... you're just getting so mad...

ANGELA:

Aren't you mad?

SOPHIA:

You know how mad I am.

ANGELA:

You're just better at controlling it than me. We know this. That's why we're such good friends. We balance each other out.

SOPHIA:

It's not the not-controlling-it part that's freaking me out. It's just that. I feel like you have. Other things planned than what we thought. That I don't know about.

ANGELA:

So that's why you keep asking questions. You don't trust me.

SOPHIA:

NO, that's not what I—

ANGELA:

Ask me any questions you have. I want you to trust me.

SOPHIA:

What's a red room?

ANGELA:

It's that thing they have on the internet. Where like, horrible people go on the darkweb and pay to watch other horrible people do horrible things to innocent people.

SOPHIA:

What's the darkweb?

ANGELA:

I just sent you an article on this like three days ago.

SOPHIA:

Sorry I've been a little preoccupied.

ANGELA:

It's where people go on the internet to do illegal things. This basement is kinda like our own darkweb, I figured. So, this is the red room. He should be scared of the red room. He should be scared of us. Do you have any other questions?

SOPHIA:

What are you going to do to that guy?

ANGELA:

I'm doing what we said we were going to do.

SOPHIA:

We said we'd pull his hair out?

ANGELA:

We said we'd needed to get bits and pieces of him to make a voodoo doll, right?

SOPHIA:

Yeah, but I sorta thought we were going to cut his hair and stuff.

ANGELA:

He doesn't deserve us being nice and gentle to him.

SOPHIA:

I thought we were just going to scare him.

ANGELA:

I think we're doing a great job.