

**RED PRINCESS BLUES**

by  
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EXT. ROSCOE'S FREAK SHOW CARNIVAL - SHOW TENT - NIGHT

SIGN: ROSCOE'S FREAK SHOW CARNIVAL

NARRATOR

Night has fallen and it's closing time at Roscoe's Freakshow and Carnival. The focus of tonight's entertainment is the boneyard. A place where cash flush carnies go to waste the spoils of their day. Now, do you see that little girl... the one standing alone trying to seem much older than her years will allow? She has youthful illusions of adventure and a carnie named Rimo has a particular one in mind just for her. Every night a handful of willing women are invited back to the show tent after hours but the question for this young lady is... will she make it back to grandma's house... or will the big bad wolf have the last laugh.

A wooden sign creaks back and forth in the night wind. The midway of games and scams is closed but the lights can be seen from miles around. Carnies stumble into the SHOW TENT.

ZOE, 17, stands waiting by the HOT DOG stand trying to look older than she is. RIMO, 42, a rock n' roll carnie, slithers up behind her and steals a kiss.

He escorts her into the SHOW TENT.

INT. SHOW TENT

The tent is full of after hours entertainment for the cash flushed carnies. A place to drink, eat, screw and gamble.

Rimo strolls in, swinging his underage jailbait on his arm.

ZOE

Which tent is this?

RIMO

Hell baby doll this is where the real rides are.

Rimo saunters up to a table with TWO CARNIES slamming back drinks and a pack of streetwalkers draped over them.

RIMO  
Hey everybody this is baby doll.  
Baby doll this is everybody.

ZOE  
Zoe.

RIMO  
Right. Everybody say hi to baby  
doll.

GUYS  
(in unison)  
Hi baby doll.

ZOE  
(under her breath)  
Zoe.

Zoe timidly waves.

RIMO  
Now stay right here, I'm gonna trip  
the light fantastic and grab us a  
little hippie happy juice from the  
sugar shack.

Rimo heads over to the bar.

Among the degenerates at the bar sits a fallen angel,  
PRINCESS, 28, watching her reflection in a spoon swinging  
back and forth in an empty beer bottle. Behind her calm stare  
lurks something wounded, dangerous.

RIMO  
Hey Pouche four shots of Cuervo.

Rimo checks out Zoe, smiling wide and lewd.

POUCHE  
Where'd you snag that little bunny?  
Bad intentions blaze across Rimo's eyes.

RIMO  
Fresh off the rabbit farm.

They both laugh. Rimo grabs the drinks and heads back to the  
table.

Zoe is standing next to a Carnie who starts to caress her  
arm.

CARNIE #1

Hey darling - let's play Carnival -  
you sit on my face and I'll guess  
your weight!

The group laughs.

RIMO

Hey zipper head keep your paws off  
my catch.

The Carnie immediately backs off and laughs.

CARNIE #1

Just having some fun Rimo.

Rimo sits down, grabs Zoe and roughly sits her on his lap.

RIMO

Sit right her sugar.

He hands her a shot.

RIMO

Swallow it all down baby doll.

Rimo slams back the fire water then bangs the glass on the  
table.

RIMO

Yeah, does a body good!

Zoe drinks the shot like a soda. The second the tequila hits  
her throat she coughs up a lung.

RIMO

Jesus girl, it ain't a Coke.

Rimo jams the rest of the drink down her throat. The hookers  
laugh like a pack of Hyenas.

RIMO

Keep it goin' now.

ZOE

(coughing)

No, no, that's enough.

CALL GIRL #1

She did not just turn down that  
man's good liquor.

CALL GIRL #2  
Honey, you shouldn't turndown  
Casanova's generosity. It just  
ain't kosher.

Zoe realizes the trouble she's in.

RIMO  
Come on baby doll, you're mucking  
up a perfectly good buzz here.

Rimo's hand floats up from her knee to under her skirt. Zoe  
jumps back.

ZOE  
Listen, I, I gotta jet. My, my  
brother, he's waiting for me in the  
parking lot.

The group laughs hysterically. Rimo stands up and towers over  
her.

RIMO  
You see this twitch in my eye, you  
see that? Now, that only happens  
when old Rimo gets confused. And  
old Remo's real perplexed right  
about now. Now baby doll, I thought  
we had an understanding. I was  
sure of it as a matter of fact.

Zoe searches for help, no takers. She makes a run for it but  
Rimo grabs her by the arm and violently tosses her back in  
the chair.

The "Hyenas" continue to laugh.

RIMO  
Now, you can be a good little piece  
of apple pie and have some fun with  
me.

Rimo moves uncomfortably close to her.

RIMO  
Or you can be a ballbuster.

Gentling touching her face.

RIMO  
Either way I'm gonna get my  
dessert.

Zoe takes his hand, nervously kissing and sucking his fingers. Suddenly she bites down as hard as she can. Rimo yanks his hand back.

RIMO  
Little slut!

He lifts his hand to smack her when a steak knife comes sailing toward his arm, pinning his shirt cuff against a wooden beam.

The room goes silent.

RIMO  
Who threw that?

The Carnies at the bar, sitting around Princess, slide away from her. Princess, with her back towards them, retracts her arm and continues drinking. Most of the carnies clear out of the tent.

Zoe sees her chance and bolts. Rimo reaches for her but she runs and cowers in a corner of the tent.

Rimo is steaming.

RIMO  
You wanna play a little game with me baby?

He yanks out the knife.

RIMO  
I'm talkin' to you "Chica".

Princess ignores him and takes a sip of her beer.

RIMO  
Hey I'm talkin' to you.

She continues to ignore him. Rimo flips the knife in his hand and flings it at her. The knife hits the wooden tent pole next to Princess.

RIMO  
It's cool mama, I do a little slicing and dicing myself.

Everyone scatters like roaches. The escorts make a mass exodus out the back. Zoe tries to make her move for the exit.

RIMO

Don't you move sugar pop, I deal  
with you in a minute.

Rimo takes off his shirt, slams it to the ground and walks over to Princess.

She stops mid-drink and puts the bottle down. She takes off her hoodie and places it on the stool.

They circle each other. Princess is calm, an alcoholic glaze in her eyes.

RIMO

Okay. Let's play baby. I'm in the  
mood for Mexican anyway.

Rimo pulls out a butterfly knife. She snatches the butterfly knife, closes it, slaps him in the face three times before he knows what's going on, and smacks the knife back in his open hand.

PRINCESS

Try again.

Rimo flips open the butterfly knife again and stabs at Princess. She grabs the knife, flips it close and faster than a snake spits, hits Rimo's face so many times with the knife that he's on the ground before he feels the tenth smack.

Both, Rimo's friends seize hold of Princess' arms and she, in "Drunken Master" style, wipes the floor with both guys.

One goes crashing into a table and she slams the other's face into the bar, teeth flying out in a bloody spray.

Princess turns back to the bar, her expression unchanging. The bartender stares at Princess, incredulous. Rimo stumbles up, shaky, teetering, his face a bloody mess. He breaks a bottle over a table and makes a run at Princess yelling like a drunk Spartan charging into battle.

She moves, watches him miss her completely, whips behind him, grabs his back and flings him over the bar and BLAM! He goes crashing into all the bottles of booze.

The small crowd in the tent, gape jawed at the evening's events. Rimo sits behind the bar, covered in broken glass. A loose bottle at the top of the shelf falls and crashes over his head.

Princess slaps a twenty on the bar, takes another drink, grabs her hoodie and walks over to Zoe in the corner.

PRINCESS

Run along to grandma's house little girl before another wolf tries to eat you.

Zoe flies out of the tent as fast as she can. Princess calmly walks out behind her.

POUCHE

Seriously, who's gonna to clean this place up.

CUT TO BLACK

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