FESTER

Ву

Paulo Reyes

WGA: 1464359 210-214-9229 diabloazrael668@yahoo.com 1329 klondike St. San Antonio, TX 78245

EXT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, BACKYARD- DAY

Dark clouds cover the backyard. Patches of snow lay scattered on the ground. A swing set is surrounded by a wooden fence. Emily sits in the swing humming.

Emily, 13. short blond hair, wearing a black bubble jacket, black pants, mittens, and sneakers, slowly SWINGS back and forth on the rusty swing set.

Leaves RUSTLE.

Emily stops. She looks in the direction of the noise.

Leaves RUSTLE again.

Emily gets up. She walks towards the house.

She stops at a pile of leaves.

The pile SHAKES.

Emily kneels down. She brushes the leaves aside.

A bright red cardinal with chunks missing from it's body flaps around. A trail of blood soaks into the snow.

Emily tilts her head to the side.

She takes off her mittens, placing her hands on her knees, and stares at the bird.

The bird tries crawling with it's wings.

Emily leans forward.

She reaches out with no hesitation, and touches the bird. She slowly pets the bird from head to tail repeatedly.

EMILY

Life isn't fair sometimes, huh bird?

Bird GASPS for air.

EMILY

Why does it have to be like this?
(beat)

Why does everything, have to end?

Emily stops petting the bird. She develops an irritated look on her face.

CONTINUED: 2.

EMILY

How does it feel, to not have control?

(beat)

I bet you never been this scared before.

The bird stops trying to crawl.

The bird CHIRPS repeatedly.

Emily smiles, then continues to pet the bird. She looks up at the dark sky.

EMILY

It's beautiful, isn't it?

Emily looks back down at the bird. Smiles.

Emily grabs the bird, holds it's head and SNAPS it.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, CLASSROOM- DAY

Bell RINGS.

Emily, 17. long blond hair in a ponytail, wearing no makeup, a white button up shirt and dark blue jeans, wakes up violently at her desk.

A dim lighted classroom with bored teenagers. A large projection screen goes through images of various birds.

Emily looks around at the other students. No one notices her.

A student near the door switches on the lights.

Emily quickly puts her book in her backpack.

She gets up from her seat and walks to the classroom door. Students pile at the door.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY- DAY

Brightly lit hallway, with multiple large windows. Packed with students socializing.

Emily squeezes through the classroom doorway, and into the hall. She takes an immediate right.

CONTINUED: 3.

BROOK(O.S.)

Emily!

Emily turns around.

BROOK, 17. long brunette hair, wearing a short black and gray plaid skirt, a tied up white button up shirt, showing cleavage, holding books, walks up to Emily.

EMILY

Hey!

BROOK

God that was the most boring class ever. I swear if college is this boring, I'm gonna be a stripper.

Brook laughs, Emily joins in.

The two of them walk down the hall.

BROOK

So what are you doing after school, mind if I come over?

EMILY

Yeah that's cool. I was probably just gonna lay in bed and listen to music anyway.

BROOK

Oh! So I was with Claudia earlier, and she says, that she heard that Zack wants to hook up with you.

Emily stops. Looks over at brook.

BROOK

In all seriousness, you should hook up with him. He's like so hot...

Brook looks up at the ceiling while holding her books to her chest tightly.

BROOK

Mmmm...

Emily laughs. They begin walking again.

EMILY

If you like him so much, why don't you date him?

CONTINUED: 4.

BROOK

Come on. You know I would if he wanted me, but I'm not as pretty as you are.

Emily looks over at Brook for a brief moment, pushing her lips together tightly, then looks forward.

BROOK

What, don't look at me like that! You know you are gorgeous, you just know how to hide it well.

EMILY

I wish you would stop with that shit already. I'm no different than any other girl here.

BROOK

Oh my God, you are so pretty and sexy. You just need a little touch up and direction. Always wearing your, "don't notice me please as I cut my wrists in the corner clothes."

Emily chuckles. Brook looks over at Emily.

BROOK

Come on, for once let me fix you up, just a makeover, that's it. I promise everyone in the school will notice you. Please...

EMILY

No! I like my "in the corner and unnoticed style," it lets me be me, and you should too! Stop trying to give me a makeover already. You figure 3 years of me saying no you would get the point.

Brook looks down. Emily looks over at Brook, then forward again.

EMILY

I just don't want to be another pretty face and body to be drooled over by guys.

Brook looks up at Emily. Smiles.

CONTINUED: 5.

BROOK

Would it change your mind, if I said you'd be drooled over by girls too?...

Emily turns and stares at Brook with a tilted head.

Emily looks forward.

The two of them walk over to a set of lockers and stand against them.

BROOK

So what are you going to do about Zack? Are you going to talk to him?

EMILY

I don't know... I mean, yeah he looks cute and all, but is that it? All he is, is a pretty face and a tight teenage body?

Brook stares at Emily with an open mouth.

BROOK

(Loudly)

What do you mean is that it! That's potential marriage material bitch. He's the kind of guy, you want to get pregnant with in high school! Shit You better claim that boy before he goes off to the next bidder.

Brook wobbles her shoulders while staring at Emily with a smile, holding her books to her chest.

Emily laughs while looking away. Brook joins her.

Bell RINGS.

BROOK

I'll see you after school. We'll walk home together.

EMILY

Okay, see you later.

Brook walks away.

Emily walks into the classroom, by the set of lockers.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, CLASSROOM- DAY

Male teacher lectures to class.

Emily lays at her desk, with her head on her arms, on top of her red binder.

Emily opens her binder, flips to an empty page, and begins to draw.

After a while she puts her pencil down, beside the open binder.

We see a picture of a flower with grass around it. The flowers roots spread out underground and turn into small blood streams, like a river. All the streams connect into one and pour down a persons mouth.

Emily stares at her drawing. She smiles, closes the binder, then lays her head back down on her arms.

Emily stares directly in front of her. Light smile.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL, FRONT- DAY

There is no one in front of the school, it is quiet.

Bell RINGS.

Bell Stops RINGING.

Students run out of front doors.

Emily walks out of the front doors in a crowd of students.

EXT. SIDEWALK- DAY

Cars pass in the street. Very few students walk on the sidewalk.

Emily and brook walk home on the sidewalk along a fence.

BROOK

God, I hate school!

EMILY

So I hear...

BROOK

No, but seriously, I can't wait until it's over.

CONTINUED: 7.

EMILY

Well, in a couple months you won't have to worry about that. You can start college and annoy someone else with your agony.

Brook looks over at Emily with an open mouth.

BROOK

Hey!

Emily looks at Brook briefly.

EMILY

Sorry, I've just been kind of, on edge today. I've been spacing out a lot more. It weird because it heightens my senses but makes me feel vulnerable.

BROOK

Are you alright? What do you think about when you do that? You never really tell me about it.

EMILY

(Hesitant)

Just life, and stuff that I really don't understand.

BROOK

Like?

Emily smiles.

EMILY

Like whatever catches my attention, that I don't understand.

BROOK

Well for a normal girl, it would be that perfect example of a man, Zack, but you don't think about that, so...

EMILY

First off, he is not a man, he's a boy, and that's why I'm not really interested in him.

Emily gives off a big grin while looking forward.

CONTINUED: 8.

BROOK

So then what does interest you?

Brook looks at Emily and gives off a big grin while squinting her eyes.

EMILY

I don't know. But I know guys don't really interest me. I mean, there is one part of them that completely fascinates the hell out of me.

Brook smiles while looking forward.

EMILY

But the whole emotional connection to a guy, is just not in me to do. Almost as if I don't even see them as a significant thing! I have more of an emotional attachment to a cat, than a guy.

Emily giggles.

BROOK

Oh, okay. Well I'm glad you can come out to me about being a lesbo. But just so you know, I'm not sleeping over any more.

Brook laughs.

EMILY

Shut up. I'm not lesbian, I just don't like guys...

Brook looks at Emily and laughs even harder.

EMILY

Okay, that didn't come out right.

Brook pats Emily's shoulder with her hand.

BROOK

It's okay lesbo, we'll just get you some tuna and maybe you'll snap out of your denial.

The two of them laugh together.

They walk off, down the street.

INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- DAY

Front door opens.

Emily and brook enter.

EMILY

(Loud)

Mom, I'm home!

MOTHER (O.S.)

(Loud)

I'm in the kitchen!

Emily looks at Brook.

EMILY

I'll meet you in my room. I'll be there in a little bit.

BROOK

Okay.

Brook walks to and up the stairs in the living room. Emily closes the door, then puts her backpack down.

Emily walks to an open doorway on the left side of the room.

INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, KITCHEN- DAY

Emily's mother, 36. The "I was once a cheerleader" type, wearing an apron, cuts vegetables while watching a TV in the kitchen.

TV. A female news anchor shuffles papers in her hands. An image of a chalk outlined body splits the screen.

NEWS ANCHOR

A second body was found today! Which could possibly be linked to the body of Mr. Cooper's, a local from grove county found dead in a ditch outside of town. Mr. Cooper's wife has been reported missing, and there is some speculation, that the new body could be related to her disappearance.

News anchor looks to her right.

CONTINUED: 10.

NEWS ANCHOR

In other news....

Emily enters. She walks towards the fridge on the other side of the room. Emily's mother glances over at Emily.

MOTHER

Hey sweetie, how was your day? Are you hungry?

EMILY

No I'm fine, and my day was alright.

Emily's mother stops cutting. She looks at Emily with a worried look on her face.

MOTHER

Just alright?

Emily opens the fridge, grabs a juice bottle, then looks at her mother.

EMILY

It was as good, as a day at school gets mom...

Emily's mother starts cutting vegetables.

MOTHER

Okay, well do you want to help me with dinner?

EMILY

I can't, Brook is upstairs.

Emily opens the juice bottle, while walking towards the living room doorway.

MOTHER

(loud)

Okay, well be sure you do your homework before going crazy over boy talk again.

Emily stops. Turns around.

EMILY

(loud)

Oh my God! That wasn't even me! That time you walked in on us talking, was completely out of context. That was Brook who kept bringing up guys.

CONTINUED: 11.

Emily takes a drink of her juice while turning around.

Emily walks out of the kitchen.

INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- DAY

Emily begins walking up the stairs.

EMILY

(Loud)

I swear that girl only has one things on her mind...

Emily's mother LAUGHS in the background.

MOTHER (O.S)

(Loud)

Well maybe you should take some notes!

Emily stops, slowly turns around, and goes towards the kitchen doorway.

INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, KITCHEN- DAY

Emily's mother cuts vegetables with a smile on her face.

Emily enters the kitchen.

EMILY

Take notes! Really mom?

MOTHER

Hey, life will kill you if you're to busy trying to grow up to fast.

EMILY

I'm not trying! I'm just not wanting to be another ignorantly blind child, believing in empty hopes and dreams. I'm more of a realist.

Emily's mother gives off a quick chuckle, then looks over at Emily.

MOTHER

Emily, being a teenager is about growing up. I'll give you that. But you can't grow properly without making some mistakes, while you (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 12.

MOTHER (cont'd) still have the opportunity to. You can't learn the values of life with out experiencing life itself.

Emily's mother goes back to chopping vegetables.

EMILY

But that's just the thing mom. I believe that every life lesson and universal truth ever learned, and yet to be learned, is available to us all. And it doesn't take life experience to see it. All you have to do is pay attention. Keep your mind open to the lessons around you that are shown every day. I mean imagine if children listened to their parents. If we could understand ourselves before others, we would all be at peace with the world.

Emily's mother looks at Emily with a blank look on her face.

MOTHER

I don't know Emily. I think you should just try to do something that other girls your age do. Talk to a boy at school, go on a date, spend some of that money you have been saving.

EMILY

The money I'm not touching mom! I told you I'm going to get a house when it all adds up, after med school.

Emily's mother looks away. Emily stares at her.

EMILY

But the date thing, I guess I could try. But only if it will get you off my back! If I do this, this once, will you stop telling me how to be a teenager?

Emily's mother looks at Emily with a big smile. She hugs Emily, then steps back.

CONTINUED: 13.

MOTHER

That's great! Finally you try something. We're going to have to go shopping, get you a new skirt, makeup, oh, and a makeover!

Emily shakes her head.

EMILY

Ahh!

Emily walks out of the room.

Emily's mother goes on in the background.

INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, EMILY'S ROOM- DAY

The room is quiet. Brook is sitting on Emily's bed looking through a magazine.

Emily enters the room looking upset.

EMILY

God, is every woman obsessed with men and fucking makeovers!

BROOK

Well, the pretty ones are...

Emily stares at Brook. Brook looks up at Emily.

BROOK

Sorry. What happened?

EMILY

I made a horrible mistake, and I'm almost afraid to tell you.

Brook puts the magazine aside and hops up and down on the bed.

BROOK

What did you do? You never make mistakes, tell me, tell me!

EMILY

I don't want to.

BROOK

Please... Come on, spill it!

CONTINUED: 14.

EMILY

(Hesitant)

Okay, I was talking to my mom about being a teenager, and what it really means,

(beat)

and I kind of agreed to go out on a date, and possibly trapped myself into a makeover too.

Brook's mouth opens wide. She covers it with her hand.

Brook SCREAMS. She gets up from the bed and hugs Emily.

Emily flinches and steps back.

Brook runs out the door still screaming.

BROOK (O.S)

Oh my God, oh my God!

Brook and Emily's mother scream in the background.

Emily closes the door. Sits on her bed with an embarrassed smirk. She shakes her head.

Brook reenters the room.

BROOK

Oh my God, so are you going to ask Zack?

EMILY

I guess, why not?

BROOK

Oh, I'm so excited.

BROOK

Aren't you excited? What are you going to wear? What do you think he's going to wear? Aww, you two should match, that would be so cute. What are you guys going to do? What if you get nervous? Do you want me to come?...

Emily stares at Brook.

EMILY

Whoa, calm down pretty in pink! I'd rather not think about it. This crap gives me a headache.

CONTINUED: 15.

Brook's smile disappears as she goes into a slouch.

BROOK

Fine!

Brook snatches the magazine off the bed. She goes back to scanning through the pages.

BROOK

So, what do you think of the new vampire movie coming out?

EMILY

Eh, not interested.

Brook stares at Emily wide eyed.

BROOK

What? I thought out of all people, you would want to see a movie about people sucking other peoples blood, and being killed. I mean, you are the weirdest person I know!

Emily smiles.

EMILY

No, it's not that! I just don't respect a movie that bases it's sales and theme around the ability to relate to teenage girls' feelings. It's like, the further the generation goes, the more vampires are either perverted sex fiends, or little emo vampires who need love more than blood.

(beat)

What happened to the apathetic blood sucker who would suck the blood out of your inner thigh, way before he would lick your little kitty, just so you would love him? I miss the ideas people used to have, before they were changed into this, "he loves me, no he doesn't, hey wait, I think he loves me, no I was wrong, now I love this guy, but wait he loves me again, ahh I'm dieing but he loves me again so, it's okay."

Brook stares at Emily with her mouth open.

CONTINUED: 16.

BROOK

Okay I get it! You don't like teen dramas. That's all you had to say! You didn't have to kill my fantasies for the rest of my life, shit!

Brook looks back at the magazine.

Emily looks over at Brook.

EMILY

I'm sorry, but you know that's not for me.

BROOK

So what is?

EMILY

Everything that matters on a physiological sense and not based on only emotion. Everything that matters to us all, universally and not just me or you. Do you know what I mean?

BROOK

Not really.

Emily looks down.

Emily looks at Brook quickly.

EMILY

Okay! It's like today, I was looking out the window at a cat by a tree.

BROOK

Okay...

EMILY

Just listen. The cat was sitting by the tree napping, and then it notices a dog coming towards it. Well as the dog began to bark at the cat and run at it, the cat just stood still, not afraid or effected by the dog. After the dog gets to the cat, he stopped barking, smells the cat, then walks away on his own.

Brook looks over at Emily.

CONTINUED: 17.

BROOK

Your point is?

EMILY

See, if the cat would have ran, the dog would have chased it, and possibly hurt it. But by that cat overcoming its fear and ignoring the dog, the cat didn't allow the dog to create the fear needed for the situation to escalate... The point is, its not our environment or others that creates fear, its ourselves. It's all in our heads.

Emily looks at Brook.

EMILY

We create the worst things in this world, like love, heartbreak, pain, fear, tragedy, and its all how we look at it.

(beat)

Its our perception itself, that allows us to ever be hurt.

Brook looks at Emily with a blank stare.

BROOK

Wow. I didn't understand most of that, but what I did, means a lot. You should become a guidance counselor, or Gandhi, or something...

Emily laughs.

EMILY

Yeah... I'll become Gandhi. Whatever airhead!

BROOK

Fuck you teenage psycho!

Emily laughs, Brook joins in.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Emily, Brook, Dinner!

Brook and Emily stare at each other, in silence.

They race out of the room LAUGHING.

INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, DINING ROOM- DAY

Brook, Emily, and her parents are sitting at the dining room table, all holding hands. Every one but Emily bows their head.

Emily's FATHER start to PRAY.

Emily looks around at everyone.

FATHER

And thank you for this meal, amen.

The sound of forks HIT against plates as every one grabs their utensils in sync.

Emily's father looks up, followed by every one else.

EMILY

Amen...

Emily's father looks at her. She closes her eyes and smiles at him.

INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, EMILY'S ROOM- NIGHT

Brook is sitting on Emily's bed looking at a different magazine then before.

Emily enters the room from her bathroom.

EMILY

Brook, have you ever thought about what happens when you die, or what it would feel like?

Brook continues to look through her magazine.

BROOK

Nope, not really. Why do you ask?

EMILY

Well you know I'm not religious, but I was just thinking. What if people believe in religion for selfish reasons, and therefore why so many fight for their beliefs? Because if their belief isn't true then their foundation for existence will fail. What if its all just for the hope that they mean more to this world than any other animal?

(MORE)

CONTINUED: 19.

EMILY (cont'd)

Why do people stray so far away from what they are, simply to believe they have a purpose?

BROOK

I don't know... People are human, and that's why they do what they do.

EMILY

I guess... But what I'm saying is, what if death wasn't a beginning to a journey of life after death, but simply death, the end of your existence, and all you can do that will ever really matter in life, is live it?

Brook laughs.

BROOK

Look who's talking miss, "I'm not into guys, I don't want to be a teenager and live for what interests me."

Emily stares at Brook. Brook continues to look through her magazine.

EMILY

Well I might not share the same interests as most people, but I promise you this... One day I will have an interest, and when I do I'll be sure to live for it.

Brook chuckles.

Emily sit on the bed slowly.

She puts her hands on her knees. Then looks over at Brook.

EMILY

(Hesitant)

Brook, can I ask you, one more question?

Brook looks at Emily with a curious look on her face.

BROOK

Sure...

CONTINUED: 20.

EMILY

(Hesitant)

Have you, ever been turned on, by anything other than guys?

Brook puts her magazine to the side of her.

BROOK

Oh my God! You are going lesbo on me!

Brook laughs, Emily chuckles.

Emily looks down in front of her.

EMILY

No, I mean like actions, not just physical attraction. Like acts that aren't meant to be sexual.

BROOK

Hmmm... You mean like when a guy grabs his junk to situate it, and you can't help but look and think about that big piece of meat in there? Mmmm...

Brook stares up at the ceiling with a smile on her face, and her head tilted to the side.

Emily laughs.

EMILY

No like, pain, people forced to get hurt, un consenting acts, abuse, rape, asphyxiation, or any kind of loss of control?

Brook stares at Emily.

EMILY

I have this curiosity about people dieing, being hurt, or being raped and tortured. It doesn't make me sad but, kind of turned on. I guess it's the whole idea of losing control. Like somebody else holds your life in their hands, whether it be another persons, or God's.

(beat)

But then again, what kind of God would fester an idea like that in someone...

CONTINUED: 21.

Brook stares at Emily, her eyes focused, and her mouth shut in silence.

BROOK

Emily, please don't think like that... Every thing you said scares me. I'm worried about you... Is this the kind of stuff you think about when you space out all the time? Because if it is, I really think you should tell your parents.

Emily's eyes open wide. She looks over at Brook quickly, and puts her hand on the bed, between them.

EMILY

No! only some times, not even often or anymore! And I don't want my parents to know! I have this bad feeling that it would do more harm then good to talk to anybody about it. In fact, just forget I said any thing. It was just a thought, I doubt I'll even think about it again. You won't say anything right?

BROOK

Brook gets up, collects her belongings and walks to the door.

Emily sits nervously on her bed.

Brook stops at the door and looks back at Emily.

BROOK

I don't know psychology like you do, so I will explain this the only way I know how. Thinking is a good thing Emily, It lets people like you, know they are better then a girl like me. But over thinking will hurt you...

(beat)

Don't you think there was a reason why God allowed Adam and Eve to eat from anything, but not the tree of (MORE)

CONTINUED: 22.

BROOK (cont'd) knowledge? It's because if we understand reality, what stops us from creating our own...

Brook walks out the door. CLOSES it behind her.

Emily sits on the bed. She stares at the back of her hand on the bed.

Emily gets up with a hop. She walks towards the bathroom, taking off her shirt, and throws it on the floor.

INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, EMILY'S ROOM- NIGHT

The room is dark. Light slips out from under the bathroom door.

Emily, in panties and a bra, comes out of her bathroom with a cloud of steam around her.

Emily switches the bathroom light off.

Emily goes to her bed, lays down, gets under the covers, and closes her eyes.

Emily tosses and turns.

Emily turns on her back, opens her eyes, and giving off a SIGH.

She stares at the ceiling.

Emily closes her eyes.

She begins to squirm her legs against the bed sheets slowly. She pants lightly.

Emily moves her hand under the covers. She rubs her thighs then moves her hand between her legs. She begins to masturbate.

Slowly her pants turn into moans.

Emily suddenly stops. She gives off an unsatisfied grunt and kicks her legs under the blanket.

She stares at the ceiling.

Emily turns her head and looks at her laptop on her desk.

CONTINUED: 23.

She removes the covers from her body and sits at the edge of the bed. She looks at her fingers. Emily quickly cleans them off by sucking them with her mouth.

Emily goes to her laptop calmly.

Emily sits down on the chair at her desk.

She opens her laptop and takes it out of hibernation.

Emily looks around the room.

Laptop STARTS UP.

Emily gets on her laptop and pulls up a search engine. She types in "pain".

A list of sites pop up. She clicks one. A new window of a BDSM website pops up.

Emily's eyes are focused as she stares at the computer screen.

She scrolls down, through the websites.

Emily places her left hand between her legs.

CUT TO:

INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, EMILY'S ROOM- NIGHT

Emily shuts her laptop.

The room is very dim with lighting.

Emily steps into bed. She lays down, covers herself with the sheets, closes her eyes and curls her body into a fetal position.

She brings up her fists, holding the sheets, against her chest.

Emily smiles.

INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- DAY (FLASHBACK)

The living room is filled with the light of day, coming in from the windows.

Emily, 10. wearing a colorful dress, enters from the back room, running and giggling.

CONTINUED: 24.

Emily runs through the room, around the couch, then zigzags around the coffee table.

Emily accidentally knocks over a fancy glass from the table.

Emily stops and looks at the broken glass, shattered on the floor.

MOTHER (O.S.)

WHAT WAS THAT!

Emily looks in the direction of the kitchen.

Emily's face begins to cringe. Tears fill her eyes.

Emily's mother enters the living room from the kitchen, wearing a powder covered apron, over her dress. She walks over to the broken glass quickly.

MOTHER

Oh my God! Emily I told you to be careful. You're grandmother gave me that glass.

Emily stares at the floor quietly.

EMILY

I'm sorry...

Emily's mother looks over at Emily.

Tears roll down Emily's face.

Emily's mother walks to Emily, then kneels down in front of her.

Emily's mother puts her hand under Emily's chin, and lifts her face.

MOTHER

It's okay Emily.

EMILY

(Sobbing)

But grandma gave you that...

Emily's mother looks at the broken glass.

MOTHER

Yes,

(beat)

that glass did mean a lot to me...

Emily's mother looks back at Emily with a smile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 25.

MOTHER

But you mean more. I'm just glad you are okay.

Emily stops crying and looks up at her mother.

EMILY

So you're not mad at me? You're not disappointed...

Emily's mother giggles.

MOTHER

No. I'm not mad at you, and nothing you can do, could ever make me disappointed in you Emily.

(beat)

I love you.

Emily smiles, then hugs her mother.

EMILY

I love you too!

END FLASHBACK

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, CLASSROOM- DAY

The teacher lectures the bored students about photosynthesis, loudly.

Emily, wearing a red button up shirt, black slacks, with her hair in a ponytail, wakes up violently.

Emily looks around the room.

A Gothic girl in all black stares at her.

EMILY

WHAT!

The girl flinches, then quickly looks away.

Bell RINGS.

Emily grabs her backpack and leaves the classroom.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY- DAY

Students enter the hallway from multiple classroom doors.

Emily enters the hallway from the her classroom.

Emily stands by the classroom door. She looks over at a group of boys.

ZACK, 18. wearing blue jeans with a wallet chain attached to it, Wide toed clean white shoes, designer white T shirt, and his backpack hanging off one shoulder, stands in the group.

Emily stands outside the classroom door.

She take off one shoulder strap to her backpack off her shoulder, SIGHS, and walks towards the group.

Emily walks up to Zack, from behind him, slowly.

Emily taps him on the back with a finger.

Zack's friends stare at her.

EMILY

(Shyly)

Hey, Zack.

Zack turns around towards Emily.

ZACK

Hey!

EMILY

(Hesitant)

Could I, talk to you for a second?

ZACK

Yeah, sure.

ZACK

(Directed at his friends)

I'll be right back guys.

Zack and Emily walk away from the group.

Zack and Emily stop, and stand by a window in the hallway.

Groups of students walk by.

ZACK

So, what's up?

CONTINUED: 27.

EMILY

I ah, kinda heard from some one that you liked me or something.

(beat)

Which is cool if you do, and if you don't, that's cool too! But I figured I'd take advantage of the situation, if so...

(Rushing to speak.) would you like to do something with me after school, like tonight? Maybe a movie or something?

Zack grins at Emily, then tries to cover it up with his hand.

Zack moves his hand and looks directly at Emily while smiling.

ZACK

Just so you know... I never said anything, to any one about me liking you.

Emily nods her head with a look of embarrassment.

EMILY

Oh, I see. Sorry I bothered you then.

Emily turns around and tries to walk off but Zack grabs her shoulder.

ZACK

Hey, wait!

Emily turns around and looks at Zack.

ZACK

I would love to go out with you tonight.

EMILY

Really? Cool.

(beat)

Be at my house around eight?

Zack smiles.

CONTINUED: 28.

ZACK

Sounds good.

EMILY

Okay, I guess I'll see you at eight then.

ZACK

Yeah.

EMILY

Bye.

ZACK

Bye.

Emily walks away.

Zack watches her walk away with a smirk on his face.

Zack walks back to the group of popular boys.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, CLASSROOM- DAY

The classroom is quiet. Students sit at their desks taking a test, while the teacher reads a newspaper.

Emily sits at her desk. She lays her head down on her arms.

Emily stares at the empty blackboard, at the front of the class.

She sits still, and quiet.

Emily starts to slowly smile, wickedly.

Bell RINGS.

Emily shakes her head, and grabs her backpack.

She drops off her test booklet on the teacher's desk.

Emily leaves the room.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY- DAY

Emily comes out of the classroom. She walks over to her locker, opens it, grabs a book from inside, then closes it.

Emily turns around.

Brook is walking down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 29.

EMILY

Brook!

Emily runs to catch up to Brook.

Brook turns around, then continues walking.

Emily catches up to Brook, she walks with her.

EMILY

Hey, It almost seems like you're trying to avoid me today. I haven't seen you all day. What's going on?

BROOK

No,

(beat)

it's just been a busy day, that's all.

Emily laughs at Brook.

EMILY

Yeah! This coming from miss, "oh my God, school is so boring, I'm gonna be a stripper."

Brook looks over at Emily for a short moment, then back in front of her.

BROOK

Can you get to your point? I need to get to class.

Emily looks at Brook with a disgusted look.

Brook looks to the opposite side.

Emily looks forward.

EMILY

Alright... I just wanted to see if you wanted to come over after school?

BROOK

(Nervously)

I can't, I have a lot of homework today.

EMILY

Oh, so much homework that you are going to miss my makeover?

CONTINUED: 30.

Brook looks at Emily and shakes her head slowly.

BROOK

What are you talking about?

Emily smiles at Brook.

EMILY

I asked Zack out,

(beat)

and he said yes!

Brook stops walking, drops her books and stands stunned.

Emily stops ahead of Brook and stares at her.

Brook SCREAMS, then hugging Emily.

Emily laughs while hugging Brook.

EMILY

Yeah, I thought that would change your mind.

Brook pulls back from Emily, still holding her shoulders.

BROOK

Wow we have so much to do! So when is it?

EMILY

He's going to pick me up at eight.

BROOK

Tonight?

EMILY

Yes! So, are you coming over to help my mom turn me into a barbie, or what?

BROOK

Yes! I'll meet you out front, right after school!

Bell RINGS.

Emily pushes Brook off gently.

EMILY

Okay, well get to class, you're going to make me late!

Brook slowly walks away while looking back at Emily.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 31.

BROOK

Okay, I'll see you in a little bit!

Brook walks off cheerfully.

BROOK

(Directed at her self)

Oh I cant wait!

Emily smiles while walking into her nest class.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, CLASSROOM- DAY

Emily walks into the classroom. Students go to their seats.

Emily sits at her desk with a smile, pulls a book out of her backpack, and places it on her desk.

Emily stares straight directly in front of her, at the back of another student.

She shakes her head while smiling, then SIGHS.

Emily looks down at her book on her desk and opens it.

CUT TO:

INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, EMILY'S ROOM- NIGHT

Room is cluttered with cloths on the floor and bed.

Brook is tying up the back of Emily's corset. She pulls tightly on the strings.

BROOK

These holes are too small for this string.

Emily looks behind her, trying to look at the back of her corset.

EMILY

It's fine.

INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

The living room is quiet.

A KNOCK at the front door.

Emily's mother enters the room from the kitchen and opens the door.

EXT/INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, FRONT DOOR- NIGHT

Zack stands outside the door with a charming smile. He is wearing a senior's jacket over a designer shirt, and blue jeans.

ZACK

Hi, I'm Zack. I'm here to pick up Emily.

MOTHER

Hi, I'm Emily's mom! Come in, I'll get her for you.

INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Zack enters. He stands in front of the doorway.

Emily's mother closes the DOOR behind him. She walks to and up the stairs.

Zack walks over to the couch. He looks around.

Zack stares at a picture of Emily's family on a dresser. Emily, her mother, and father stand in the picture dressed sharply.

Emily's father steps out from the back room, holding a glass of whiskey. He's wearing khaki pants, and a tucked in button up white shirt.

FATHER

So,

(beat)

you're the boy taking my daughter out?

Zack turns around and stand up straight.

ZACK

Yes sir. My name is Zack, I go to school with Emily.

FATHER

I know who you are, it was a rhetorical question.

Zack stands strong.

CONTINUED: 33.

FATHER

You're older than her, aren't you?

ZACK

I guess so, but not by much, I'm eighteen.

Emily's father walks around the couch, over to Zack.

FATHER

To you it's not much! You know if it were up to me, she wouldn't be going out with you tonight. But her mother feels she needs to be more, social. This is all her idea.

Zack smiles as he looks away from Emily's father.

ZACK

(Low tone)

Well I'll be sure to thank her.

Emily's father gets in front of Zack, looks down at him, then pokes his chest once.

FATHER

Hey, watch it kid! I know your type, always into trouble. But not tonight! There will be no drinking, smoking, touching, kissing, or even hugging. The closest you are going to get to my daughter tonight, is the handshake you'll give her at the end of the date. Emily is my little angel and you're not going to do any thing to change that...

Zack looks into Emily's father's eyes.

Emily enters from the top of the stairway.

Zack turns his head away from him, and looks at the top of the stairway.

Emily's father looks up at her. He puts his glass on the coffee table, then smiles at Emily.

Emily is in a blue elaborately designed corset with a small sweater over it, a blue plaid skirt, and faded black stockings. Her hair is let down with makeup on for a natural look.

Emily walks down the stairs. She walks over to Zack.

CONTINUED: 34.

Brook and Emily's mother stand at the top of the stairs.

Emily's father moves aside for Emily.

ZACK

(Directed at Emily)

You ready to go?

EMILY

(Directed at Zack)

Yeah.

Zack and Emily walk to the front door together.

FATHER

You two have a good time tonight.

Zack looks back at Emily's father.

Emily's father changes face and gives Zack an irritated look.

Zack smiles, big.

EXT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, FRONT YARD- NIGHT

Zack walks out the front door, Emily follows.

The front yard is glowing from the porch and street lights.

Emily and Zack walk across the yard.

Zack's 2010 Camaro is parked by the sidewalk.

Emily slows her pace, almost to a stop.

EMILY

Wow! nice car...

Zack looks at her with a smirk.

He walks to the driver side while pulling the keys from his pocket.

Zack gets in the car.

Emily goes to the passenger side and enters the car.

INT. ZACK'S CAR, FRONT OF EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE- NIGHT

Zack's Camaro is clean for a teenager. Some wrappers and empty soda bottles on the floor, but clean for a kid his age.

Emily and Zack put their seat belts on.

Zack looks over at Emily.

ZACK

You look good ...

Zack looks forward.

Emily looks at Zack.

He places the key in the ignition.

EMILY

Thanks, so do you.

Zack smiles wickedly, chuckles, then starts the CAR.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER, FRONT- NIGHT

The car pulls up to the front of the movie theater. Emily and Zack get out of the car.

They walk over to the ticket booth. A couple is in line at the ticket booth in front of them.

Zack and Emily wait in line.

ZACK

So I figured you'd want to see the new vampire movie, (beat)

so I had them hold two tickets.

Emily looks at Zack wide eyed.

EMILY

How did you know...

Emily smiles, fake.

Zack smiles charmingly at her.

The couple walks away from the ticket booth.

Zack steps up to the ticket booth.

CONTINUED: 36.

Emily turns away from Zack.

Emily widens her eyes and clenches a fist in front of her chest.

INT. MOVIE THEATER, SCREENING ROOM- NIGHT

The screening room is lightly lit with the images on the screen. The light MUSIC of the pre-previews plays in the background.

Emily and Zack walk into the screening room. Zack is holding a large popcorn bucket.

They walk to the back of the room together, find seats, and sit down.

Zack sits slouched in his seat, eating popcorn.

Zack chews on popcorn and stares at the screen.

ZACK

You look really good tonight. (beat)

Why don't you always dress like that?

Emily looks over at Zack with her mouth open. She grabs a hand full of popcorn, puts it in her mouth and stares at the screen along side Zack.

Emily chews on popcorn.

EMILY

I don't know, I guess I just needed to try it out, or so I've been told.

Zack swallows the popcorn in his mouth. He looks over at Emily.

ZACK

Oh...

(beat)

So you never really talked to me at school before. What made you want to ask me out now?

Zack puts a handful of popcorn in his mouth and starts chewing.

Emily swallows the popcorn in her mouth.

CONTINUED: 37.

EMILY

My environment, and lack of social life's idea, that it's good for me.

Zack stops chewing, leans back away from Emily, and staring at her.

He swallows the popcorn in his mouth, then sit back in his seat with a slouch.

ZACK

Yeah, I heard you're like, really smart or something. Some of the other guys said you were a lost cause,

(beat)

but I disagree. I think you're kind of hot, especially in that outfit!

EMILY

Thanks. I guess...

(beat)

I'm gonna go to the bathroom. I'll be right back.

Zack puts another handful of popcorn in his mouth.

ZACK

Alright...

Zack checks out her ass, as she walks away.

INT. MOVIE THEATER, BATHROOM- NIGHT

Well lit bathroom but dirty, with toilet paper scattered on the floor.

Door swings OPEN HARD.

Emily enters the bathroom viciously. She GRUNTS loudly.

Emily walks to the sink. Her shoes STICK to the floor as she walks.

Emily stands over the sink, her hands on the rim.

She looks up at the mirror.

EMILY

What a jackass!

Emily stares at the mirror for a moment. She looks down at the sink while slowly calming down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 38.

EMILY

Okay, just put up with his stupidity for another hour or so, just to get Brook and mom off your back. Okay, I can do this. It's just a stupid guy, and a stupid movie, and a stupid conversation. Just try to get through this night, for the idea of being normal.

Emily looks up at the mirror.

EMILY

Besides it's just a date, what's the worst that can happen?

Emily stares at the mirror.

CUT TO:

INT. ZACK'S CAR, PARKED IN SECLUDED AREA- NIGHT

Emily and Zack struggle in the car. Emily tries to fight off Zack.

EMILY

No, stop it Zack!

Emily begins to cry.

ZACK

(Loud)

SHUT THE FUCK UP! You're nothing but a fucking tease to everyone, you know that, but not me, not tonight! I'm gonna get what's mine!

Zack tries pulling down Emily's skirt forcefully, as she pulls it back up.

EMILY

Stop Zack, PLEASE!

Emily continues to cry.

Zack forces off her stockings, then panties. Emily continues to struggle.

ZACK

(Loud)

Shut up, Shut up! You're gonna fucking take it bitch, because it's what you deserve!

CONTINUED: 39.

Zack punches Emily over the head, dazes her.

Emily's head hits the window. Her body goes limp.

Zack grabs Emily's bare legs, and pulls them towards him.

He starts to unbuckles his pants.

Zack gets his pants undone. He pulls them down.

He forces Emily's body against his.

Emily wakes up from the daze. She hold her head, then looks up at Zack.

Emily screams then grabs the floor mat, to pull away.

A wooden pencil rolls into her hand.

Zack's mouth opens wide, his face fills with pleasure from penetration. Emily yells, then stabs him in the chest with the pencil. She drags the pencil down the left side of his body.

Zack SCREAMS horribly.

Emily pulls out the pencil. Part of the pencil breaks in him.

Zack looks down at his chest. He quickly pulls out the piece of pencil and throws it on the floor.

Emily sits staring at him with an open mouth, while holding the bloody broken pencil.

Zack grabs his chest.

Emily closes her mouth and looks at Zack as it slowly turns into a blank stare. She lowers her hand with the pencil in it.

Zack holds his chest crying. He sits back against the door. Blood slip through his fingers.

Emily continues to stare. She starts panting lightly.

Zack cries. Blood streams out of his wounds. Emily watches.

Emily is panting heavily, with a light moan in between every two or tree pants.

Zack cries harder with his eyes closed and face pointed up.

CONTINUED: 40.

Emily drops the pencil. She begins moving her bloody hand slowly upward toward her torso.

She places her hand on her knee.

Zack talks to himself as if he's going to die. Emily moans harder and opens her mouth.

Emily continues to move her hand up her leg, then slides it under her skirt.

Zack looks around the car, fumbling to find his phone.

Emily's hand goes deeper into her skirt.

Zack finds his phone and dials 9-1-1.

Emily's hand comes in contact with herself. She opens her mouth wide with a GASP.

Zack puts the phone to his ear.

ZACK

Help me! This bitch just stabbed me, I think I'm gonna die, help me. Please... Help me!

Emily blinks her eyes quickly, shakes her head, then looks around.

She quickly grabs her clothes and leaves the car.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET- NIGHT

The neighborhood is quiet. Streetlights make a path of light in the street.

Emily walks down the road.

Emily's house comes into view.

She begins to run.

EXT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, FRONT YARD- NIGHT

Emily runs halfway up the entry sidewalk, then walks.

She walks up to the door.

INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

The room is quiet.

Front DOOR OPENS.

Emily enters, then closes the DOOR behind her.

Emily's mother and father step into the living room from the kitchen.

Emily stands staring at them, holding her stockings and panties.

Everyone stands quietly.

FATHER

Emily,

(beat)

we need to have a talk.

There is small blood stains on Emily's hands and torn stockings.

Emily's mother rushes forward towards Emily. Emily's father stops her, and holds her.

MOTHER

(loud)

Emily, what happened?

Brook enters, at the top of the stairway.

FATHER

Hold on now! We all need to have a talk. Emily, we've always known you to be different, and not interested in what everyone else your age is interested in. It's never been a problem, but it has come to our attention what you have grown curious of. We feel we need to talk about it, because we don't really know how to help you with it, so... (beat)

We think we need to get you some professional help Emily.

Emily looks at Brook.

Emily walks to the couch.

Emily puts her stockings and panties on the coffee table. She looks over at her father.

CONTINUED: 42.

EMILY

Dad, there's nothing wrong with me. I'm a perfectly fine seventeen year old. Those things that I told Brook were personal, and though I thought about them, I would never act on them. And...

FATHER

Enough Emily, those things that you think about aren't normal! And though it hurts me to do this, I think we need to get you help. Just for a few months, to keep your mind from straying too far.

EMILY

You want to put me in a mental hospital? What's wrong with you? You're my parents, your supposed to protect me, not put me in a place that will do the opposite!

FATHER

We are trying to protect you Emily!

Emily's mother huddles closer to her husband.

MOTHER

It's a disease Emily, which can be cured. You just need someone to help you through it.

Emily paces around the living room.

She stops, closes her eyes, and takes a breath.

Emily looks at her parents.

EMILY

So you're just going to send your only daughter to a mental hospital, for being curious about weird stuff? How is that right?

Emily's parents look at each other.

Emily's father looks at Emily.

FATHER

Emily,

(beat)

we went through your computer files.

CONTINUED: 43.

Emily stares at her parents with an open mouth.

FATHER

We found the file hidden in your school work, entitled "Playtime." We saw the pictures and videos you kept in that file. People dying, animals being tortured as well as people, medical and non medical surgeries, as well as other things too disgusting to mention.

Emily looks down, she brushes her hand through her hair.

Emily quickly looks up at her parents.

EMILY

(loud)

Did you stop to think that maybe those things were for school?

(beat)

For a project on abnormality?

FATHER

Emily! We saw the recording you made of yourself masturbating to those things on your computer.

Emily stops in place and stares at them.

FATHER

Emily, you need help. And I'm sorry, but your mother and I have decided, if we don't do it tonight, we will never have the courage to get you the help you need.

Emily steps back.

EMILY

What are you saying? They're on their way to get me, right now?

FATHER

Emily...

Emily's mother begins to cry. Emily's father turns to hold her.

EMILY

(Loud)

No! I'm not going! I don't need any help! I'd rather leave, than be locked up like a disfigured animal.

CONTINUED: 44.

Emily runs to the door.

Emily's father lets go of his wife and tries to get to Emily.

Emily opens the door quickly.

Two large men in white shirts are blocking her exit.

Emily's eyes widen.

Emily's father stands behind her, then sighs.

FATHER

That's her...

The two men grab Emily. She SCREAMS and tries to fight them off.

EMILY

(Loud)

No! Stop! What the fuck is wrong with you people!

EXT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, FRONT YARD- NIGHT

A large white van is parked in front of Emily's Parents' house. Emily struggles with the two large men.

The two men carry Emily through the yard.

Emily's mother CRIES in the background.

A police car pulls up on the side of the van, red and blue lights flashing.

A white car follows the police car. It parks on the lawn.

A officer gets out of the police car. He jogs onto the yard looking around at everyone.

ZACK'S FATHER, gets out of the white car, and comes walking up the yard quickly, stumbling.

ZACK'S FATHER

(loud) (Directed at the two
men)

That's the crazy bitch! Yeah, take her away, and when she gets out, lock her back up again!

CONTINUED: 45.

FATHER

(Directed at Zack's father) Whoa, what the hell do you think you're doing? You don't come onto my property and talk about my daughter like that!

The officer walks over to Emily's crying mother in the background.

Zack's father walks up to Emily's father.

ZACK'S FATHER

(Directed at Emily's father) Yeah, and you don't go out on a date and stab the boy you're with as a goodnight kiss either!

FATHER

What the hell are you talking about?

Emily looks back at Zack's father. She stops struggling.

ZACK'S FATHER

I just came from the hospital, where my son Zack was admitted tonight. Your daughter shoved a pencil into his chest, down his rib cage, then left him there to die. My son almost lost his life tonight!

Emily's father looks in Emily's direction.

FATHER

What happened, exactly?

Emily's mother cries while the officer takes down a statement. Emily's father stares down at the ground as Zack's father speaks to him. The two large men put Emily in the van. The fathers talk in the background. The sound of their VOICES fade.

Emily stares out the window. The blue and red police lights reflect off the window.

The van drives off.

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT. THE COLLEGE, FRONT ENTRANCE- DAY

A large college made of brick exterior walls.

A group of teenagers walk up the main walkway cheerfully.

INT. COLLEGE, CLASSROOM- DAY

Students sit in their seats in a large college classroom.

A female student is taking notes desperately.

We hear the female teacher lecture in the background. She dismisses the class.

The female student puts her book and papers in her backpack quickly. She walks to the door and out of the classroom.

EMILY, 27. long blond hair in a ponytail, wearing a long black skirt, white button up shirt tucked in, and black dress shoes, is facing the blackboard, erasing the writing on it.

Every one leaves except for one student.

MEGAN, 20. A sweet, shy, young attractive Hispanic girl, brunette hair in a ponytail, wearing a tight green shirt, a matching green skirt, holding her books in her hands, walks up to Emily's desk.

MEGAN

Miss Loren...

Emily turns around.

EMILY

You can just call me Emily.

Emily smiles.

MEGAN

Um, I wanted to know if I could talk to you about something?

EMILY

Of course.

MEGAN

I've been having a little trouble with your class.

CONTINUED: 47.

EMILY

Oh?

MEGAN

I'm worried about failing the semester. See I missed a few classes at the beginning, because of family issues, and now I'm a little behind...

EMILY

Well, disciple is an important quality in my class. Now I've seen your grades, and I'm sure if you just keep showing up and doing what you have been, you should be fine. Hell you might even learn something.

Emily smiles, leans over the desk, and grab some papers.

Megan looks down Emily's shirt.

MEGAN

Well see, I'm not happy with just passing your class. I really need my grade to be as high as I can possibly get it.

Emily continues to gab papers from the edge of the desk. Megan look down Emily's shirt moderately.

MEGAN

I was just wondering, is there any kind of extra credit I could do, to help improve my grade? Any thing at all would be great. I'm up for whatever you have to give, and I'm a very eager learner.

Emily looks up a Megan. Megan quickly averts her eyes to Emily's face.

Megan smiles.

Emily smiles, then goes back to organizing the papers.

EMILY

Look, don't worry about it right now. If you really want it, I'll find you something to do to get your grade up. But for now, you should probably just focus on your (MORE)

CONTINUED: 48.

EMILY (cont'd)

other classes and professors. I'm sure some of them can be just as eager as you...

Megan gets closer to the desk, leans forward and looks at the papers.

MEGAN

But I don't admire any of them, like I admire your, intellect. Please just think about it, for me...

Emily looks up.

EMILY

Okay... I'll see what I can do.

Megan leans back and smiles at Emily.

MEGAN

Thank you miss Loren.

Megan walks to the door moving her hips from side to side. Emily smiles and watches her.

Megan leaves the classroom.

Emily grabs the pile of papers.

She shakes her head while smiling.

Emily puts the papers in her bag. She throws the strap from her bag over her shoulder.

Emily walks to the door.

EXT. THE COLLEGE, FRONT ENTRANCE- DAY

Students socialize in groups, while walking in front of the school.

Emily walking out the front doors of the school.

As Emily walks down the pathway, male students gaze at her.

Emily smiles while looking straight ahead.

Emily walks to her car in the parking lot.

EXT. EMILY'S CAR, PARKING LOT- DAY

Emily gets in her car, and drives off the campus casually.

EXT. EMILY'S CAR, DIRT ROAD- DAY

Emily's car drives up a long dirt road.

The car passes up blossoming trees, on both sides of the dirt road.

The car pulls up to a beautiful two story house. The car parks in the driveway.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD- DAY

The house is large, surrounded by open space covered in grass, and bordered by trees.

Emily gets out of the car and walks to the door.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- DAY

A living room much like the one at her parents' house. A glass coffee table in front of a white couch, a small nightstand by the door. The dining room connects to the left of the room.

Doorknob TURNS.

The front door OPENS.

Emily enters.

Emily drops her keys in a bowl, on the nightstand by the door. She puts her bag down beside the nightstand.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN- DAY

Emily enters the kitchen, from the dining room.

She prepares a glass of red wine.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM- DAY

Emily drinks the wine while walking through the dining room.

She places the empty glass DOWN on the dining room table.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- DAY

Emily enters from the dining room. She walks up the stairs while disrobing.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, BATHROOM- DAY

The bathroom is very large, a wide bathtub, decorated with white and black vintage flower designs through out the room. A large window lets in sunlight, brightening the room.

Emily enters the bathroom, in her bra and skirt.

She starts the water in the bathtub.

Emily undressed to a nude. She climbs into the large tub.

Emily SIGHS when her torso is fully submerged in the water.

Emily grabs a small remote on the side of the tub. She presses a couple buttons on the remote. The lights dim and soft classical MUSIC plays.

Emily closes her eyes, smiles, leans her head back, and places the small remote on the side of the tub.

Emily lays in the tub with her eyes closed, and a smile on her face.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Emily, in a tight muscle shirt and panties, walks down the living room stairs. She takes an immediate right at the bottom of the stairs.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN- NIGHT

Emily enters.

Emily grabs a large plate, a small bowl, and a small plate form the cabinets.

She gets a can of tuna, bread, sliced ham, and a few other condiments.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM- DAY

Emily walks over to the large dark redwood table in the dining room, while holding a bottle of red wine.

A large plate with two halves of a sandwich surrounded by crackers is placed on the table. A small bowl of tuna sits to the right of the large plate on the table. A small plate with a pear to the left of the large plate. A glass being poured with red wine to the lower right of the large plate.

Emily sits at the table and begins to eat.

Emily looks up at the wall to her right. There is a very large white dry erase board, with a single quote written on it.

It reads, "Fear is the oxygen which feeds the fire, that sets the world ablaze."

Emily fills her glass with wine, gets up, and walks over to the dry erase board.

She erases the quote, and in large letters begins to write.

Emily steps back and stares at the new quote.

It reads, "Discipline is the true path to righteousness."

EMILY

Hmm...

Emily sits back down at the table.

Emily takes a bite of her sandwich. She looks up and stares straight in front of her while chewing.

Emily's eyes don't blink. Her eyes are focused with no movement as the muscles on the side of her face move with her chewing.

Emily continues to stare in front of her.

We hear a light sound of FORKS hitting against plates.

We see deeper and deeper into Emily's eyes.

The sound of the forks gets louder.

INT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, DINING ROOM- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Emily, 17. Brook, and Emily's parents sit together at the dining room table. Every one has their heads bowed except Emily.

FATHER

And thank you for this meal, amen.

The sound of forks HIT against plates stops.

Emily's father looks up, followed by every one else.

EMILY

Amen...

Emily's father looks at her. She closes her eyes and smiles at him.

Everyone begins to eat.

FATHER

So, anything interesting happened today?

Emily's father puts a fork full of mashed potatoes in his mouth.

Emily's mother smiles, looks at Emily, Brook, then at her husband.

Brook smiles while chewing. Emily pays no attention to them.

MOTHER

Yes... Something exciting did happen today. Emily decided to be a little more social.

Emily's father looks over at Emily, his eyes widen while he chews. He swallows.

FATHER

Oh! That's great!

He fills his fork with moshed potatoes and brings it towards his mouth.

MOTHER

Yeah, Emily's finally going to go on a date!

CONTINUED: 53.

BROOK

Yeah! And it's with the most popular guy in school!

Emily's father stops, takes the fork away from his mouth, and places it on his plate.

FATHER

A date hu? So who's the boy?

EMILY

Nothing is official yet, but it's just a boy from school.

MOTHER

Oh, I'm so excited, I can't wait to help you pick out an outfit, and do all the girl things I've always wanted to do with you!

Emily's mother and Brook smile at each other.

MOTHER

(Directed at Brook)

Did you know, even when Emily was younger, she always acted different from all the other kids?

Brook chews while shaking her head. Smiling.

MOTHER

(Directed at Brook)

Yeah, she would never play with the other kids, no matter how many wanted to be her friend. She wasn't shy or anything, I just think she likes to keep to herself...

Emily's mother looks over at Emily. Emily plays with her food, with her fork.

Everyone slowly begins to eat again.

The room is silent.

FATHER

The most popular kid in school huh? That doesn't sound like just some boy.

Emily drops her fork.

CONTINUED: 54.

EMILY

Oh my god dad, don't start this shit again, please!

Emily's father points his fork at her.

FATHER

(Loud)

Hey, how many time have I told you, watch your language in this house!

He puts down his fork.

Emily shakes her head while smiling. She looks at her father.

EMILY

You guys sit here and ask me why I am so antisocial. Well maybe it's not me, maybe it's just how I'm taught to be by the people who supposedly love me! Look at how you treat me.

Emily gets up and walks out of the room.

END FLASHBACK

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- DAY

Emily enters.

She walks to a closet built under the stairs.

She opens the door, there is a few jackets hanging, and a bowling ball bag on the floor.

Emily moves the bag and removes the rug. A hinge is visible when the rug is moved.

She pulls the hinge and lifts up the floor. It locks in place.

Emily flips a switch on the inside wall. Dim lights turn on, and reveal a stone step pathway below the floor.

Emily walks down the steps to a large metal door.

She unlocks two deadbolts on the door, then pushes it opens.

INT. DUNGEON- DAY

The room is dark, with only the light from the stone pathway coming in.

Emily walks in and removes a small wooden panel next to the door. There is a lever behind the panel. She flips the lever.

The room lights up.

A gray brick room, with wooden door like panels along the walls, chains hanging in the center of the room, a large metal desk in the corner, a stool, and a chair.

Emily walks past the hanging chains, and over to the metal desk.

She opens a drawer from the desk. She pulls out a small black remote.

Emily pushes a button on the remote over her shoulder.

All the large wooden panels slowly start rotating horizontally, except for one.

Emily points the remote at a panel to the right of her and pushes a button.

Rock MUSIC plays.

We see a panel rotate with a stereo and speakers bolted to it.

Emily puts the remote down on the desk, while nodding her head to the music.

The panels finish rotating.

One panel has a variety of knifes hanging from it.

The panel next to it has chains, whips, rope, blunt objects, bats, chains with razors welded to the ends of them, and other altered objects.

Another panel has medical supplies, vials of injection type medications, a couple boxes of syringes, a few bottles of pills, gloves, scalpels and other medical supplies.

The panel closest to the metal desk is filled with random every day objects, scissors, potato peelers, large metal fishing hooks, large thumb tacks, a small portable torch lighter, razors, and a belt harness.

CONTINUED: 56.

Emily grabs the belt harness and throws it on the desk.

Emily picks out a knife and scalpel, then puts them in a holster on the harness.

She grabs a couple black trauma gloves and places them on the desk.

Emily grabs a vial of clear liquid, and a syringe. She fills the syringe, then caps the top, puts it in a protective casing, and places it on the desk.

Emily grabs arm restraints from a panel and placed them on the desk.

She puts all the items on the desk, in a fitted spot on the harness.

Emily puts the harness on the desk.

She reaches under the desk, feeling around with her fingers.

Her index finger finds a button, and presses it.

A gun next to a silencer POPS out of a hidden compartment in the desk.

Emily picks up the gun and silencer. She lines up the silencer to the gun's barrel.

Emily stops. She separates the silencer and barrel, then looks over at a panel in the far end of the room.

Emily puts the gun and silencer back in their compartment. She pushes the secret compartment back into the desk.

Emily walks over to a panel covered in guns. She grabs a small silver briefcase, then walks back to the desk.

Emily opens the briefcase on the desk. There is a tranquilizer pistol, three rounds, and two small glass vials with white powder inside them, in the case.

Emily closes the briefcase and puts it beside the harness.

Emily picks up the black remote and walks over to the hanging chains.

The two chains are attached to each other, then connected to a longer chain which threads through a metal hoop attached to the ceiling. The long chain lays against the ceiling, ending at a garage door motor bolted to the ceiling.

CONTINUED: 57.

Emily looks down at the remote, places a finger on a button, then looks up at the chains. She presses the button.

The garage door motor CRANKS, and the chains lower.

Emily detaches the chains from one another.

She reattaches the chains, connecting them from a different link, changing the distance between them.

Emily presses a button on the remote. The motor CRANKS, and the chains raise to the ceiling.

Emily walks to the desk, places the remote down, then grabs the harness and briefcase.

She throws the harness over her shoulder.

Emily picks up the small black remote, turns off the music and rotates the panels. She puts the remote back on the desk.

Emily walks to the door.

At the door she looks back, with her hand on the lever for the lights.

The panel by the door is almost completely rotated into the wall. As it rotates, the light reflects off jars sitting on shelves, on the panel. Human body parts float in a yellow and reddish liquid, in the jars.

Emily flips the lever. The lights go out.

Emily's body figure, outlined by dim light, leaves the room.

The metal door CLOSES behind her.

The room goes dark.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, BATHROOM- NIGHT

Emily stands in her bra and panties in front of her bathroom mirror. Soft MUSIC plays in the background.

Emily begins to put makeup on.

She pulls a thong up her legs, followed by a black leather skirt.

Emily pushes up her breasts with a red vintage corset.

She lets her hair down.

CONTINUED: 58.

Emily grabs her purse and briefcase from the bed, leaving the harness. She turns off the music, throws the remote on the bed, then walks out of the room.

Emily CLOSES the door behind her.

We see Emily's open closet. Latex clothing in air tight bags, fill the top shelf.

EXT. ROCK CONCERT- NIGHT

A large crowd of people jump around as a rock band PREFORMS on stage.

Emily is dancing to the music in the center of the crowd, in the red corset and black skirt, with her purse over her shoulder.

Emily stops dancing.

The song ends and the band starts talking.

Emily looks around.

Everyone stares at the band onstage.

Eliot, 26. no shirt, very muscular, wearing shorts, and his shirt in his hand. He is the alpha male type, fit, toned, a big guy, with all the confidence in the world. He Stares at Emily with a friendly smile.

Emily smiles back then turns her head shyly.

Emily looks back in his direction after a few seconds.

Eliot is still staring at her with a smile.

Emily mouths out the word, "hi."

Eliot mouths a "hi" back.

Emily looks away with a smile.

The band begins playing the next song.

Emily and Eliot flirt through smiles at a distance. Emily dances lightly.

The song finishes with a long cord. Emily stops dancing. The band says good bye.

Emily walks towards the back of the crowd.

CONTINUED: 59.

Eliot glances at her and sees her walking away.

He walks out of the crowd and towards Emily's direction.

Emily walks up to a concession stand.

EMILY

let me get a beer please. Wooh,
it's hot out here tonight!

Emily grabs her beer, pays, and walks away from the booth. She stops at a tree, and takes a big drink of her beer.

Emily sighs loudly while bringing her head down. Eliot is standing in front of her.

ELIOT

Wow! You're not only beautiful, you got a thirst for beer too. I better watch out, you must be trouble.

He smiles. Perfect smile.

EMILY

Oops. I'm sorry, I didn't know any one was around!

Emily smiles.

ELIOT

Don't apologize, it's not every day one meets a woman as secure as yourself.

Emily chuckles.

ELIOT

I'm Eliot.

Eliot shakes Emily's hand.

EMILY

I'm Emily. Wow, Eliot and Emily.

Eliot widens his eyes and tightens his lips, while nodding his head.

ELIOT

So what are you doing at a concert like this? Are you here with a boyfriend who's into hard rock?

CONTINUED: 60.

EMILY

No, just me. I love these bands! I've been planning this night for months. What about you, who are you here with?

ELIOT

Oh, I'm here with my brother. He's the one in the mosh pit going crazy.

Eliot's skinny shirtless brother is in the crowd pushing around larger men.

Emily begins walking toward the crowd, Eliot follows beside her.

EMILY

So tell me about yourself. Are you married? Do you have a family? Do you have any family?

Eliot chuckles.

ELIOT

No, no, and not really. It's just me, my brother and our mom. We aren't from here. Just moved here a few months ago.

EMILY

Oh. Where from?

ELIOT

Florida

EMILY

Cool

Emily and Eliot walk into the crowd.

The two of them are in the center of the crowd standing next to each other. People slowly start to gathers around them.

EMILY

Whoo, It's hot tonight.

ELIOT

Yeah, it is. Way to hot too be wearing a shirt that's for sure. Especially in this crowd.

Eliot looks around.

CONTINUED: 61.

EMILY

I wish I was a guy. I'd never wear a shirt.

Eliot laughs.

ELIOT

You don't have to be a guy to never wear a shirt.

Emily turns her head slightly towards Eliot.

EMILY

I do if I don't want to get raped.

Eliot laughs.

ELIOT

Next time just come in a bikini top and shorts. It's cooler, and you will get a lot less rape attempts then being nude!

Emily chuckles.

EMILY

That's a good idea. But I don't know. I think I like the nude rape idea better.

Emily looks over at Eliot, Eliot looks back at her.

The band begins to play. The music is loud. They stand and look at the stage together.

Emily begins to dance lightly. Eliot dances at a safe distance beside her.

Emily dances heavier. Eliot stares at her body as she swings from side to side with her hips.

Eliot gets behind her, grabs her hips, and pulls her close. Emily looks over her shoulder as she continues to dance.

Emily pushes back against Eliot. Eliot bites his lip.

Eliot kissed Emily's neck. Emily further exposes her neck to him.

Emily reaches behind her, grabs Eliot's hips and pulls him tightly against her.

Eliot moans into Emily's ear.

CONTINUED: 62.

Emily closes her eyes and bites her lip, releasing it slowly.

Emily grabs his head, pulls it forward slowly, and turns her head to him. Her lips by his ear.

EMILY

(Whisper)

I want you.

The music slows down to a long calming tones.

Emily turns around to face Eliot, with her hands on both sides of his face.

EMILY

lets get out of here...

ELIOT

I wish I could. But I have to take my brother home with me.

EMILY

I really want you.

ELIOT

Maybe... I can take him home after the show and meet up with you later?

Emily lowers her hands from his face with an angry expression on her face.

EMILY

No! I need you now. He's a big boy. Give him the car keys, and come with me. I'll drop you off after...

ELIOT

(Hesitant)

Okay. Let me go talk to him.

Emily smiles, holds his face with one hand, and kisses him on the lips.

EMILY

I'll go get us some beers.

Emily turns around while sliding her hand off his face as she goes.

The two of them split up in the crowd.

CONTINUED: 63.

Emily goes to the concession stand and orders two beers. She gets the beers and takes them to the side.

Emily places one beer on the ground, and opens the other in her hand.

She pulls out a small glass vial with white powder in it, from her purse. She twists off the black cap.

Emily taps the powder into the beer and holds it in her left hand.

Emily opens and picks up the beer from the ground with her right hand. She takes multiple sips from it.

After a while Eliot walks up to her.

EMILY

So...

ELIOT

Every thing is cool. I just told him to stop drinking because I was going home with you, so he'd have to drive himself home.

EMILY

Cool! Now chug this, I don't want it in my car.

Emily hands Eliot the drugged beer. Eliot chugs his beer while Emily finishes hers.

ELIOT

Hey, wait! (beat)

Are you okay to drive?

Emily finishes a chug, throws her empty can on the floor, and looks at Eliot.

EMILY

Oh, I'm fine. Besides, what's the worst that could happen?

Emily smiles.

EXT. EMILY'S CAR, HIGHWAY- NIGHT

Emily's car is racing down the highway.

INT. EMILY'S CAR, HIGHWAY- NIGHT

Eliot sits with his hands on the dashboard.

ELIOT

Whoa! You in a hurry to get me home or something?

EMILY

Well, pussy don't stay wet forever.

Eliot laughs.

ELIOT

Well just take it easy, we have all night.

Emily smiles.

EMILY

(Soft)

You have no idea.

Emily looks over at Eliot briefly. Smiles. She looks back in front of her.

EMILY

Oh, the dirty things I'm going to do to you...

Emily continues to smiles.

EXT. EMILY'S CAR, DIRT ROAD- NIGHT

White Christmas lights are lit in the trees along the dirt road pathway.

Emily's car drives up to the dirt road.

INT. EMILY'S CAR, DIRT ROAD- NIGHT

Eliot looks out his window.

ELIOT

Wow, you really like your privacy, don't you?

Eliot looks at Emily. Emily ignores him. Eliot looks back out his window.

EXT. EMILY'S CAR, DRIVEWAY- NIGHT

The front yard is lit with lights along the bottom of the house. A large light in the driveway covers most of the yard with light.

The car pulls into the driveway and parks.

INT. EMILY'S CAR, DRIVEWAY- NIGHT

Emily turns off the car, and opens her door.

Emily steps one foot out of the car, then looks over at Eliot.

EMILY

You coming?

Eliot opens his door sloppily. He widens his eyes, then squints them a couple times with a bobbing head.

EXT. EMILY'S CAR, DRIVEWAY- NIGHT

Eliot Steps out of the car, stumbles, then falls against the car.

Emily wipes a smudge off her shoe. She walks around the car to Eliot calmly, grabs him and helps him into the house.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Emily enters holding Eliot up. She places him on the couch.

ELIOT

(Slurring)

Oh man, I'm sorry, I've never really gotten like this before. I guess those beers and the car ride didn't mix well.

Eliot passes out on the couch.

Emily goes up stairs.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, EMILY'S ROOM- NIGHT

Emily enters.

She takes off her shoes and shirt. Then pulls down an air compressed bag of cloths from her closet. She opens it, then begins to change into the cloths.

Emily goes to the bed, puts on her high heels, then grabs the harness from the bed and puts it on.

Emily walks out of the room.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Emily enters from the top of the stairs, wearing a black latex top, skirt and black high heels. She walks down the stairs.

Eliot is still asleep on the couch.

Emily goes over to the closet door, moves the clothing and opens the floor panel.

Emily walks over to Eliot and struggles to drags him down to the dungeon.

INT. DUNGEON- NIGHT

Emily is locking chains to Eliot's hands. Eliot lays on the floor, nude, attached to chains hanging from the ceiling.

Emily grabs a syringe and a glass vial. She fills the syringe, then injects Eliot with it.

Emily puts the syringe on the desk and grabs the little black remote.

She presses a button and the garage door motor begins to CRANK. The chains get tight. Eliot's body is lifted up by the chains.

Eliot's body is fully erect, swinging slowly. The CRANKING motor stops.

Emily places the remote back on the desk.

Eliot slowly wakes up. Groggy and wobbling.

Emily Walks over to Eliot.

CONTINUED: 67.

Eliot MUMBLES. He looks around. Squints his eyes while bobbing his head.

Emily stands at the desk facing Eliot, her hands on the desk behind her, and her legs crossed.

She stares at Eliot.

ELIOT

(Mumbles)

What's going on?

Emily uncrosses her legs. Her high heel makes a THUMP as it hits the floor.

ELIOT

(Groggy)

Emily... Is that you?

Emily shakes her head and looks down at the floor.

EMILY

Yes. It's me...

ELIOT

(groggy)

Emily... What's going on?

EMILY

It's not about what's going on Eliot.

(beat)

It's about what's going to

happen...

Eliot tries looking at Emily. His head slowly bobs, eyes squint, and body wobbles.

Emily walks over to a panel with blunt objects. She grabs a metal bat. Walks over to Eliot.

ELIOT

(Light cry)

Emily!

Emily swings at him with the metal bat. Hard.

ELIOT

(Screams)

AHHHHHHH!!!

Emily hits him repeatedly with all her strength. She stares at him with a frown and shaky face. She stops, leans over with her hand on her knee, and tries to catch her breath.

CONTINUED: 68.

Eliot's SCREAMS turn into CRIES.

Emily looks up with a smile on her face.

Emily drops the bat and moves to the desk as Eliot SCREAMS. Emily grabs branch cutters and a thin lighter like blowtorch.

ELIOT

(Loud)

Why are you doing this?

Emily smiles. Wickedly.

EMILY

Shut up! You don't deserve an answer.

Emily cuts off every finger on Eliot's left hand except his thumb. Then singes the wound closed with the small torch.

Eliot SCREAMS loudly.

Emily puts the branch cutters and torch on the table.

She stands in front of Eliot and stares at him.

Emily pulls out a knife from behind her, from her harness. She cuts a foot long gash into Eliot's side.

ELIOT

(Screaming)

WHAT THE FUCK!!!

Blood pours from Eliot's side rapidly onto the floor.

Emily unties Eliot's left hand, which now has only a thumb.

She grabs the rolling chair and stool and places them in front of Eliot.

Emily wiggles out of her panties, puts them on the desk, then sits on the chair with a leg up on the stool.

Eliot SCREAMS and CRIES out. He fumbles while trying to untie himself with a stub for a hand.

Blood flows onto the floor.

Emily stares at him and begins to masturbates.

Emily moans and pants, open mouth, while staring at Eliot.

Eliot struggles hard. He CRIES out loudly.

CONTINUED: 69.

Eliot GASPS harshly for air. He slowly stops struggling with the chains. His screaming CRIES get quieter until they stop.

Large quantities of blood pours down a drain under Eliot.

Eliot's body hangs from the chains, twitching.

Emily moans louder, tilting her head back, reaching her climax.

Blood pours onto the floor and down into the drain.

Eliot's body hangs lifeless.

Emily lowers her leg.

She stares at Eliot.

Emily stands up.

She walks to the only panel not rotated. She hits a switch on the wall. The panel lifts up and back, like a garage door would. There is a long wide tunnel, with a large metal mining barrel covered in plastic on tracks.

Emily walks over to the desk, picks up the little black remote and presses a button. The motor releases the tension on the chains and the body falls to the floor. The body DROPS loudly.

Emily struggles as she drags Eliot's body to the barrel.

She lifts the body into the barrel.

Emily pushes the barrel down the tracks, down the long tunnel. Lights stringed above her light the way.

At the end of the tunnel, a large gas powered incinerator comes into sight.

Emily pushes the barrel to the end of the tracks, ending directly in front of the door of the incinerator. The area is large enough to move around in. There are some supplies in the corner.

Emily lights the incinerator.

She pours the barrel over, dropping the body into the incinerator, Eliot's body, plastic, cloths, and all.

Emily sets a knob timer. A dirty sticker above it reads, "Incinerator shut off."

CONTINUED: 70.

Emily closes the incinerator door and replaces the plastic on the barrel.

She pushes the barrel back down the tunnel.

Emily uses a high powered water hose on the floor and forces the blood down the drain. She pours ammonia on the floor, then floods it with water, which pours down the drain.

Emily hoses down the chains, then uses the black remote to lift them back up in place.

Emily stands nude facing the wall, hosing down her outfit with the hose. Emily's outfit hangs from hooks above a drain against the wall.

Emily stands nude at the door with her hand on the lever, holding her cloths with her other hand.

Emily turns her head and looks back at the room. She FLIPS the lever. Lights go out. The outline of her naked body closes the door as she walks out of the room.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Smoke comes from a long pipe sticking out of the ground, at the edge of Emily's property.

EXT. COLLEGE- DAY

Groups of students walk through the courtyard cheerfully.

EXT/INT. COLLEGE-DAY

Emily LECTURES jauntily to her class.

INT. COLLEGE, CLASSROOM- DAY

Emily assigns homework, then releases the class.

The students leave the classroom. Emily sits at her desk and starts to collect her books and papers, putting them in her bag.

Megan, wearing a blue loose shirt and a gray skirt, stands by her seat. She stares at the students walking out the classroom door.

The last student walks out the door.

CONTINUED: 71.

Megan looks at Emily. Emily is staring at a paper on her desk. Emily's cleavage, borderline nipple exposure, is showing openly as she bends over the desk.

Megan stares at Emily.

MEGAN

(Flirty)

Bye, Miss Loren...

Emily looks up.

EMILY

Bye Megan...

Emily goes back to what she was doing.

MEGAN

I'm really looking forward to my extra credit.

Megan walks to Emily's desk.

Emily looks up and smiles lightly.

EMILY

I'll be sure to have that ready for you as soon as I can.

MEGAN

(Cheerfully)

Can't wait...

Emily goes back to arranging her bag.

Megan walks up to Emily's desk holding her books.

MEGAN

So, how has life been treating you Miss Loren?

Emily looks up at her and slowly grins wickedly.

EMILY

Life, couldn't be better...

Emily stares at Megan still grinning wickedly.

INT. DUNGEON- NIGHT

MONTAGE:

MUSIC

A very attractive nude man is chained up in the dungeon. He has a blindfold on, panting.

INT. BAR- NIGHT

Emily and that man are laughing together at a bar.

Emily whispers in the man's ear while drugging his beer. Secretly.

EXT. BAR- NIGHT

Emily helps the stumbling man into her car.

INT. DUNGEON- NIGHT

The man is hanging blindfolded, panting while Emily, wearing her latex outfit, walks around him with a knife.

Emily stabs the man angrily, repeatedly, then stops and smiles.

The man's chains release. His lifeless body DROPS to the floor.

INT. DUNGEON- NIGHT

An attractive, petite, tall, Caucasian, nude girl hangs unconscious by chains.

Emily injects her with a syringe.

The girl wakes up slowly.

Emily drags a thin knife across the girls body as she CRIES, BEGGING to be released.

We see the knife slowly penetrating the girls skin, deep. The girl CRIES, loud.

INT. DUNGEON- NIGHT

Emily drags the blade down the center of the girl's abs, then across her neck, across her chest, and stooping under her right breast.

Emily slowly forces the blade into her body, under her breast.

The blade drags from one side of her chest to the other, trialing blood on the skin. Emily inserts the blade into her body under the opposite breast.

Emily drags the bloody knife down the girls stomach. The knife moves with the girl's BREATHING and CRYING. Emily follows the pouring blood with the blade against her skin, parallel and at the same speed as the blood as it flows down her naked body.

Emily's face fills with a pleasured expression. She opens her mouth, eyes wide.

Emily slowly moves the knife right above the girls pelvic bone.

Emily grabs the girl's hips and pulls them close to hers, while leaving the point of the knife right above her pelvic bone. Emily kisses the girl forcefully, then leans in to whisper to her.

EMILY

(Whisper)

This is going to feel so good...

Emily's hand, holding the knife against the girl's skin, tenses up tightly and quickly.

INT. COLLEGE, CAFETERIA- DAY

Emily is sitting in the university cafeteria.

That same petite girl comes up to Emily.

GIRL 2

Excuse me. You're Miss Loren right?

Emily nods her head as the sound of their conversation FADES.

The girl sits down as Emily and her begin to talk flirtatiously.

They have a few drinks as they joke and LAUGH together.

The girl whispers in Emily's ear and puts her hand on Emily's thigh.

INT. DUNGEON- NIGHT

The girl is bloody, attached to the ceiling by chains.

She SCREAMS.

Emily shoves the knife into the girls body. Right above her pelvic bone.

Emily moans in pleasure while she holds the the girl's body against hers.

INT. COFFEE SHOP- DAY

Emily walks over to a foreign man at a table, alone, waving her down.

Emily and the man sit together.

They LAUGH together.

The man gets up, and walks towards the restroom. Emily watches him go into the restroom.

She quickly drugs his coffee.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP- NIGHT

Emily and the man walk to Emily's car, both get in. The foreign man stumbles lightly.

INT. DUNGEON- NIGHT

The foreign man is SCREAMING for help as he hangs from chains, nude.

Emily, nude, holds branch cutters by the man's face with a smile on hers face.

EMILY

I loved our little date! Mind if I keep something to remember it by?

Emily tilts her head to the side, smiles wickedly, and kneels down in front of him with the branch cutters spread open with both hands.

CONTINUED: 75.

We see the man's terrified face.

The sound of branch cutter blades SLICING together echos through the room.

The man SCREAMS loudly.

Emily walks over to the steel door with a large jar filled with yellow bloody liquid and 3 floating objects inside.

Emily places the jar on the panel with the other jars filled with specific body parts, genitals and sex organs of both genders, inside and out.

The panels close.

Emily FLIPS the lever for the lights. The lights go out. The room is dimly lit by the stone pathway lights.

Emily, nude, walks to the door and stops.

Emily looks back at the room.

She smiles, wickedly.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. COLLEGE, CLASSROOM- DAY

Emily is staring off into the distance past Megan.

MEGAN

Miss Loren... Miss Loren!

Emily shakes her head, blinks, then looks up at Megan.

Emily smiles.

EMILY

Oh, I'm sorry, just a little reminiscing.

MEGAN

That's alright. Sometimes reminiscing is all that keeps us going.

Emily nods her head. She stands up and organizes the papers on her desk.

Emily glances at Megan.

CONTINUED: 76.

EMILY

What about you Megan, how have you been?

MEGAN

Oh, I'm alright I guess. School is really all I got, so that's my life. Still kinda worried about my grades though...

Emily smiles while looking down at the papers on her desk.

EMILY

Hmm... You still want that extra credit?

MEGAN

Yeah! I mean it would really help me right now.

Emily stares down at her desk. She nods her head.

EMILY

Okay, yeah.

Emily looks up at Megan with a smile.

EMILY

I think I might have an assignment for you. But it's at my house.

MEGAN

Well I don't mind going with you and just do the assignment there with you, at your place...

Emily giggles.

EMILY

You can ride with me if you want, so we can take care of this, tonight. But, I'm leaving soon.

Megan smiles, big.

MEGAN

Okay, I'll meet you outside in ten minutes!

Megan walks, with a light hop, towards the door quickly.

Emily smiles while collecting her things. Megan leaves the room with a grin on her face and her books held against her chest, like an excited school girl. EXT. COLLEGE- DAY

Very few students are in front of the school.

Emily walks out the front door.

Emily walks in the direction of the parking lot.

Megan, wearing a pink shirt and matching skirt, is standing next to Emily's car, smiling, with an eager jitter.

Emily walks to her car. She smiles at Megan.

EMILY

I see you're ready to go?

MEGAN

Yep!

The two of them get in the car.

The car drives off.

INT. EMILY'S CAR- DAY

They sit in silence, with very light background music from the RADIO.

EMILY

What happened to the talkative Megan, that has to come talk with me every day after class.

Megan looks at Emily. Smiles.

MEGAN

I normally don't talk much. I'm actually very shy, and it took a lot of building up my courage just to talk to you.

EMILY

Really! It shouldn't be too hard to talk to your teacher.

MEGAN

Well, it's because you kind of intimidate me. You're just so smart and successful, and you have your life together. I'm just surprised you aren't already married.

Emily smiles while looking forward.

CONTINUED: 78.

EMILY

How do you know I'm not.

MEGAN

Well, you don't wear a ring, and some one as pretty as you...

EMILY

No. How do you know I'm not all together.

Megan shrugs her shoulders slowly.

EMILY

Maybe I'm a beautiful serial killer who likes to teach at a med school, because it is all the same thing in the end...

Megan chuckles.

MEGAN

A funny, beautiful, serial killer.

Emily loughs. Megan smiles.

EXT. EMILY'S CAR- DAY

The car drives off.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE- DAY

The car pulls up to the driveway and parks.

Emily and Megan get out of the car.

MEGAN

Wow! That's a beautiful house.

Megan's face cringes lightly.

EMILY

Thank you, and I'm sorry about the smell. Busted sewage pipe, it just happened yesterday.

The two of them walk to the door.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- DAY

Emily and Megan come in the the front door.

EMILY

Have a seat. Make your self comfortable.

MEGAN

Thank you.

INTERCUT: Megan sits on the couch. Emily goes to the dining room.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM- DAY

Emily goes to a small filing cabinet. She kneels down, opens it, and flips through folders and papers.

MEGAN

You know I really am shy with everyone. But with you it's different. You make me feel comfortable with myself and... eager for your attention.

Emily smiles while looking through the filing cabinet.

EMILY

That's good. But I'm sure you aren't this shy around everyone, what about your friends and family.

MEGAN

(Hesitant)

I really don't have friends, and the only family I have is my brother and my nephew. But they live out of town.

EMILY

Well I'm sorry to hear that.

Emily finds the paper she was looking for and pulls it out. She goes to the kitchen and grabs a bottle of wine as well as two glasses, and walks to the living room to join Megan.

MEGAN

Oh it's fine, I prefer solitude. You learn more that way.

Emily nods her head while looking at the floor.

CONTINUED: 80.

EMILY

True...

Emily walks over to Megan and pours two glasses of wine.

MEGAN

Oh! I've never had wine before. I'm only 20, I just thought I'd let you know before accepting the drink. I mean I would love to drink with you, as long as it's okay with you? I just don't want you to feel uncomfortable giving me alcohol.

Emily chuckles. She offers Megan the wine by holding it out to her.

EMILY

Don't worry hun, I'm sure I can trust you to keep a secret.

Megan looks up at Emily and smiles. She looks at the glass in Emily's hand and grabs the glass of wine, then takes a small sip.

MEGAN

Mmm... It's really good.

EMILY

I'm glad you like it.

Emily sits next to Megan. She takes a sip of her wine then sets the glass down on the table.

Emily looks over the paper as Megan stares at her.

Megan places her glass on the table, then stands.

She smoothly pulls down her panties, from under her skirt. Sexily wiggling out of them.

Emily looks over at Megan.

EMILY

Whoa! What are you doing Megan?

Megan stops, stands staring at Emily, with her panties held in front of her.

MEGAN

Getting, more comfortable...

CONTINUED: 81.

Megan quickly sits down with her legs tight together. She hides her panties on the side of her. She looks down in front of her.

MEGAN

I'm sorry...

Emily looks back at the paper in her hand.

EMILY

It's fine, don't worry about it. We'll just pretend it didn't happened, okay?

Megan nods her head while staring at the floor.

Emily places the paper in front of Megan, on the table.

EMILY

This is an old assignment I never gave out. You can do this for your extra credit. I'm going to let you do the assignment down here while I take a bath up stairs.

(beat)

Hopefully we will both be done around the same time so I can take you home.

Megan looks at the paper on the table, then up at Emily slowly. Emily smile at her.

Emily grabs her glass of wine then walks up the stairs. Megan grabs the paper from the table and looks over it.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, BATHROOM- DAY

Emily, nude, gets in the bathtub filled with bubbles. She grabs her glass of wine and takes a drink. She SIGHS, then smiles.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- DAY

Megan writes on the paper on the table.

Megan puts the paper to the side, then drinking her wine casually as she waits for Emily.

Megan finishes he glass of wine, then sets it on the table by the bottle of wine.

Megan stares at the bottle.

She pours another glassful, drinks it all in one gulp, then pours another.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, BATHROOM- NIGHT

Emily dries her hair in front of the mirror.

Emily opens a vacuum sealed bag with black latex cloths in it.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Emily, wearing a full black latex outfit, skirt, top, and heels, walks down the stairs slowly. Emily stops and stands at the middle of the stairwell. She looks down at Megan.

Emily Smiles and shakes her head slowly.

Megan is laying on the couch, eyes closed, masturbating.

Emily just smiles, then continues to walk down the stairs slowly while watching her.

Emily goes to the back of the couch and stands over Megan.

Emily reaches down, and places her hand on Megan's thigh.

Megan jumps, opens her eyes, and sits up quickly.

MEGAN

I'm sorry!

She turns her head and looks at the ground.

EMILY

It's fine...

MEGAN

I must have drunken too much. It feels kind of funny.

EMILY

It's fine...

Emily comes around to the front of Megan, Megan still staring at the floor.

Emily puts her hand under Megan's chin. She lifts Megan's head towards her.

Megan stares at Emily, mouth open.

CONTINUED: 83.

Emily sits beside Megan.

Megan sits with her legs tight together, hands on thighs and turns her head away from Emily.

Emily grabs Megan's hand and puts it on her thigh. She slowly slides it under her skirt.

Megan slowly looks at Emily.

Emily grabs Megan and kissing her passionately.

They make out for a short moment.

Emily stops, and puts her mouth by Megan's ear.

EMILY

(Whisper)

Are you into pain?

MEGAN

Yes... You can do what ever you want to me.

Emily smiles.

EMILY

Come on...

Emily escorts Megan to the closet.

Megan stumbles, grabs her head, shakes it off and follows Emily.

Emily opens the closet, lifts up the floor panel and turns on the lights.

MEGAN

Hold on, you want to do it in the basement?

Emily turns to Megan, smiles, then walks down the stone steps. Megan follows while holding on to the walls.

Emily looks at Megan. She holds her hand up to Megan, gesture to stop. Emily opens the door then walks into the dark room.

Emily comes back to Megan with a blindfold and puts it on Megan at the doorway.

INT. DUNGEON- NIGHT

Emily turns on the lights, and opens the panels.

Emily walks Megan to the center of the room, under the hanging chains.

EMILY

Take off your cloths.

Megan slowly disrobes while wobbling.

Megan, nude, stands at the center of the room holding herself.

Emily grabs Megan's hands and attaches the chains to them.

Emily gets her harness from the desk and puts it on.

EMILY

We're gonna do some bondage and spanking. I'm going to give you a light pain killer, to help you enjoy the experience.

MEGAN

Okay...

Emily goes over to the panel with the medical supplies and grabs a syringe and glass vial.

Emily fills the syringe with a heavy painkiller then injects Megan with it.

Emily collects a few objects from the panels. A whip, a whip with sharp nails tied to the ends, a scalpel, a sickle like knife, and a severed/preserved penis.

Emily places all the items on the desk.

EMILY

So tell me Megan, how do you feel?

MEGAN

A little scared, but I like it.

Emily smiles. She grabs the whip from the desk.

EMILY

Good...

Emily begins to brush Megan slowly with the whip, while walking around her.

CONTINUED: 85.

EMILY

So what makes you think you deserve to have a taste of me? What makes you think you are any better then all the other guys and girls who want me?

Emily slowly hits her harder and harder.

Megan moans, bits her lip, and grinds her body with the impact of the whip slowly.

MEGAN

Because I'm really good at it. And I'll do whatever you want me to...

Emily smiles.

EMILY

Mmmm...

Emily Hits Megan's back, hard, with the whip, leaving a thin long cut. Megan doesn't react, she continues to grind her body.

Emily goes over to the table, puts down the whip, and grabs the whip with nail tips.

Emily stands behind Megan. She whips her, hard, across her back.

Megan flinches violently to the hit. Emily smiles.

EMILY

Oh, so you felt that?

MEGAN

(Whining)

Yes!

Emily watches the blood Slowly stream down Megan's back.

Emily whips Megan, lightly.

Megan begins moaning and grinding her body again.

Emily hit Megan a little harder, just enough to tear the skin without her noticing.

Emily walks around to the front of Megan. She hits her across the chest. Megan twitches.

CONTINUED: 86.

MEGAN

Ow...

Blood slowly trickles down Megan's body.

Emily puts the whip on the desk, and grabs the severed penis, smiles and walks slowly to Megan.

Emily slowly rubs it across Megan's cheeks. Megan moans and follows it blindly trying to get it in her mouth.

Emily drags the severed penis down Megan's neck and down her bloody chest.

Megan stands blindfolded, moaning, with her mouth open.

Emily pulls Megan's body close to hers.

Megan jumps then exhales loudly with an open mouth.

MEGAN

Oh God,

(beat)

Yes...

Emily pushes her body upward repeatedly against Megan's.

Emily cringes her face while pushing up against Megan harder and harder.

Megan moans with a light scream.

Emily steps back and throws the severed penis against the wall behind her.

Emily grabs the remote, presses a button and the motor CRANKS, lowering Megan's chains.

Megan's hands lower.

EMILY

Get on your knees.

Megan gets on her knees, her hands in the air tied to the chains attached to the ceiling.

Emily pulls down her panties and hikes up her skirt. She grabs Megan's head and places it between her legs.

EMILY

Be a good little bitch and lick!

Emily grabs a fist full of Megan's hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 87.

Megan bobs her head in front of Emily.

Emily tilts her head back and moans.

Emily grabs the scalpel from her harness and bends over Megan's body.

Emily inserts the scalpel into Megan's lower back.

Megan twitches then continues bobbing in front of Emily.

Emily drags the scalpel up Megan's back, slowly.

Emily reaches the back of Megan's neck with the scalpel. She throws the scalpel on the Metal desk.

Megan stops to catch her breath.

EMILY

I didn't say stop!

Emily shoves Megan's head back between her legs.

Emily pulls out the sickle like knife from her harness.

Emily moans as she grinds against Megan's head. She digs the knife deep into Megan's open back.

Emily pulls away at the muscle tissue from the spine with the sickle.

Megan blacks in and out of consciousness, still having her head forced to bob.

EMILY

Keep going, keep going! I'm almost
there....

Emily curves the sickle under Megan's spin.

Emily moans harder and harder.

EMILY

Oh my God!

Emily tenses up and screams.

Emily rips out Megan's spinal cord with a SNAP.

EXT. EMILY'S PARENTS' HOUSE, BACKYARD- DAY (FLASHBACK)

Dark clouds cover backyard. Patches of snow lay scattered on the ground.

Emily, 13. short blond hair, wearing a black bubble jacket, black pants, mittens, and sneakers, snaps the bloody red cardinal's head.

Emily sits petting the bird under the backyard deck.

Emily's father stands outside the backdoor, staring at Emily.

FATHER

(Loud)

EMILY! What the hell are you doing.

Emily turns her head and looks at her father.

EMILY

I was just helping the bird dad.

Emily's father STOMPS over to Emily. He looks down at her.

FATHER

By killing it!

Emily opens her hands, holding the bird in front of her. She stares at the bloody lifeless bird.

FATHER

Emily, why did you do that?

Emily lowers her head, still looking at the bird.

EMILY

(Mumbles)

I don't know...

Emily's father takes a deep breath, puts his hand on his head and looks around.

He kneels down beside Emily, looking down at her.

FATHER

Emily. You need to tell me why you did that, and don't even think about lying to me...

Emily pets the bird's head with her index finger.

CONTINUED: 89.

EMILY

The bird was dieing anyways! (beat)

I, just wanted to see what it felt like, to kill something...

Emily's father falls back on his butt. He stares at Emily and slowly shakes his head. He takes a slow deep breath.

EMILY

Are you disappointing in me dad? Cause I'm not normal, like the other girls...

Emily's father stares at her.

FATHER

No... I'm not disappointed in you Emily, and you are a normal girl, you just do some unexpected things sometimes. That's all...

EMILY

I'm sorry...

FATHER

Don't apologize, you didn't do anything wrong.

(beat)

Now get rid of that bird and wash your hands before your mother sees you!

Emily smiles at her father.

She stands up while holding the bird.

Emily turns around towards her father.

EMILY

Dad, I just want you to know, (beat)

I won't do it again...

Emily smiles and walks off cheerfully with the bird in front of her, in her hands.

Emily's father sits staring at Emily walking away.

END FLASHBACK

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM- DAY

The classroom is full. Emily writes on the chalkboard.

EMILY

And that, is all you need to know to be a successful physician!

Emily turns around and smiles. She dismisses her class.

EMILY

Oh, one more thing. Have a great vacation every one, be safe, and don't do any thing I wouldn't do.

The students chuckle.

Emily smiles while putting her books in her bag.

EXT. COLLEGE- DAY

Bright sunny day, clear sky.

Emily walks to her car, smiling.

A male student waves down Emily as he runs to her. Emily stops by her car and waits for the student.

STUDENT 1

Miss Loren! Hi, I'm a student here, you don't know me. I'm Megan's roommate, and she never came home last night. I was just wondering if you know where she is?

EMILY

Um...

(beat)

Oh yes Megan. Yeah she asked me for a ride yesterday, to the airport. She said she was going to go ahead and go home a day early. She wanted to surprise her family, so I gave her a ride out there.

Student smiles.

STUDENT 1

Oh... Okay, cool. I'll just call her brother back and let him know she's probably on her way. Thanks Miss Loren.

CONTINUED: 91.

The student walks away.

Emily stands staring at the student as he walks away.

Emily turns around and gets in her car casually.

INT. EMILY'S CAR- DAY

Emily is driving down the highway.

EMILY

(loud)

Fuck!

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- DAY

Emily walks into her house. She throws her bag on the floor and stands staring at the floor while shaking her head.

Emily inhales.

EMILY

Fuck...

Emily storms out of the room, towards the dining room.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM- DAY

Emily sits down at the table.

She looks up at the dry erase board on the wall. It reads, "Discipline is the true path to righteousness."

EMILY

OH! Fuck you dry erase board!

Emily looks down at the table and shakes her head.

Emily stops. She sits still for a moment.

Emily looks back up at the dry erase board. She grows a wicked grin on her face.

Emily walks to the board calmly and elegantly. She erases the quote. And in it's place she writes, "It takes greatness to lose your sanity, while keeping your composure."

Emily calmly walks out of the room with a smile.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, EMILY'S ROOM- DAY

Emily sits at her desk on the computer. She writes on a pad while glancing back up at the computer screen.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, EMILY'S ROOM- DAY

Emily sits at her desk on the phone. She taps her fingers on the desk.

EMILY

Hello! Yes, is this the immediate family of Megan...

Emily's voice fades out.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, DINNING ROOM- NIGHT

Emily is sitting, eating dinner quietly at the dining room table.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, EMILY'S ROOM- NIGHT

Emily turns the lights off, then gets into bed.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- DAY

Emily, wearing a long black skirt, and a white tucked in button up shirt, grabs her keys from the bowl by the front door.

She walks out the front door.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE- DAY

Emily locks the front door, then gets into her car.

EXT. AIRPORT- DAY

Emily's car pulls up to the front of the busy airport.

Emily gets out of her car. She walks over to a man and his son who are standing at the front entrance. Emily smiles.

EMILY

Hi, I'm Miss Loren. Let me help you with your bags.

CONTINUED: 93.

MR. ZATHANIEL, 28, rouged handsome construction worker, wearing beat up jeans and a wrinkled shirt, shakes Emily's hand.

MR. ZATHANIEL Zathaniel, and this is Jack.

He puts his hand on Jack's head.

Jack, 8. baby blue eyes, twitches away from his hand. He stares up at his father.

Emily helps Mr. Zathaniel put his luggage into the trunk of her car.

They all get into the car.

INT. EMILY'S CAR- DAY

The three of them sit in the car quietly, with low volume music from the RADIO in the background.

EMILY

I hope your flight was alright?

MR. ZATHANIEL

It was okay...

EMILY

I'm thankful you could come on such short notice. Megan is one of my top students, and after reporting her to the police as missing, which didn't help much, I didn't know what to do...

MR. ZATHANIEL

Thank you for calling, and being so concerned. Most people would just looked past this, seeing it as not their problem.

EMILY

Oh, it's no problem. Like I said Megan is a good student and I am just worried.

MR. ZATHANIEL

Thank you again, for letting us stay with you for a couple of days, I really appreciate it. You're a Godsend. Thank you.

CONTINUED: 94.

EMILY

Oh. It's nothing. It's the least I could do.

Emily looks forward and smiles.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- DAY

The car parks in the driveway. Emily gets out of the car and gets the luggage from the trunk as Mr. Zathaniel helps.

The three of them walk up to the door. Emily unlocks and opens it.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE- DAY

Emily enters, followed by Mr. Zathaniel and his son.

Emily turns around and faces Mr. Zathaniel.

EMILY

This is it. You can set your bags here. I want you guys to get comfortable, try to feel at home.

MR. ZATHANIEL

Thank you...

EMILY

Let me get you something to drink. Are you guys hungry?

Emily leaves the room and goes to the kitchen.

MR. ZATHANIEL

No thanks.

(beat)

But I'll take a beer, if you have one.

Mr. Zathaniel looks around the room. He sits on the couch. Jack sits on the floor in front of the couch.

MR. ZATHANIEL

You know, you don't really have any pictures in yours house.

EMILY (O.S.)

I don't really have much family.

Emily enters the room with a tray of drinks.

CONTINUED: 95.

Mr. Zathaniel stands up. Emily hands him an open beer bottle.

MR. ZATHANIEL

Oh. Thank you.

Mr. Zathaniel sits back on the couch and takes a drink of his beer.

Emily gives a glass of orange juice to Jack. She smiles.

EMILY

Here you go hun, drink up. This will make you big and strong.

JACK

Thank you...

Emily smiles at Jack. Jack immediately takes a drink.

Emily puts the empty tray on the table. She stands looking at Mr. Zathaniel.

EMILY

So what about you guys, do you have any family?

Mr. Zathaniel finishes taking a drink from his beer.

MR. ZATHANIEL

Besides Megan, we don't have much family. My mother died while giving birth to Megan, and our father who raised us drank himself to death because of it. We really don't have much of a family. It's just me, Jack, and Megan,

(beat)

and I don't know what I'm going to do if some thing happened to her.

Mr. Zathaniel puts his head down and stare at his half empty beer.

EMILY

Megan is a smart girl. I'm sure she is fine, and we are probably just overreacting.

Mr. Zathaniel looks up at Emily.

CONTINUED: 96.

MR. ZATHANIEL

I hope so...

EMILY

Oh, I'm sure of it.. Now drink up, the two of you. There is more in the fridge so don't hesitate to ask.

Mr. Zathaniel takes a sip of his beer then puts it on the coffee table.

MR. ZATHANIEL

I'm good, thank you.

EMILY

Okay. You guys finish your drinks, I'll be back in a minute. (beat)

I'm gonna go to the bathroom. I'll be right back...

Mr. Zathaniel looks up into Emily's eyes with a facial expression of confusion.

SLOW MOTION: Emily turns her head. She walks towards the stairs, then starts walking up them.

Mr. Zathaniel's eyes widen as he leans back grabbing the couch behind him.

INT. ZACK'S CAR PARKED IN SECLUDED AREA- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Emily, 17. and Zack, 18. struggle in Zack's car.

Zack forces off Emily's stockings, then panties. Emily continues to struggle.

ZACK

(Loud)

Shut up, Shut up! You're gonna fucking take it bitch, because it's what you deserve!

Zack grabs Emily's bare legs, and pulls them towards him.

He starts to unbuckles his pants.

Zack gets his pants undone. He pulls them down.

He forces Emily's body against his.

CONTINUED: 97.

Emily yells, then stabs him in the chest with the pencil, dragging the pencil down the left side of his body.

Zack screams horribly.

Emily pulls out the pencil. Part of the pencil breaks in him.

Zack looks down at his chest. He quickly pulls out the piece of pencil and throws it on the floor.

Emily sits staring at him, while holding the bloody broken pencil.

Zack grabs his chest.

Emily stares at Zack.

Zack holds his chest crying. He sits back against the door. Blood slip through his fingers.

Emily quickly grabs her clothes and leaves the car.

END FLASHBACK

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE- DAY

Mr. Zathaniel stands up quickly.

We hear the sound of his HEART BEATING.

His legs wobble. He quickly holds the couch with one hand and his head with the other hand, squinting his eyes.

He falls back, into the couch.

Mr. Zathaniel lays spread across the couch holding his head.

His heart BEATS faster.

He looks at his son. Zack is asleep on the floor.

Mr. Zathaniel looks at his beer.

EMILY (V.O.) Drink up. This will make you big and strong...

Mr. Zathaniel looks at Zack.

The sound of HEART BEATING stops.

INT. DUNGEON- NIGHT

Mr. Zathaniel hangs from chains, nude and unconscious, SWINGING back and forth. He slowly wakes up GRUNTING.

Emily, in full black latex, places an empty syringe on the metal desk next to an array of random objects from her panels.

A setup camcorder, with a red light on the front of it, points in the direction of Mr. Zathaniel.

Emily stands, her back to Mr. Zathaniel, at the metal desk tinkering with an object on the desk.

EMILY

You know, like most people, your death will be a cause of your own environment. I mean you can't see it, but I do...

Emily turns around holding branch cutters in one hand, by her side.

Mr. Zathaniel squints at Emily.

Emily walks around Mr. Zathaniel.

EMILY

You know. I rarely ever use the camera. Too much evidence. So you should feel special.

(beat)

But what makes you so special? No... It's not your muscles, or the beauty of your skin, or even your DNA.

Mr. Zathaniel stares at Emily, following her as she walks around him. His eyes are more focused.

EMILY

It's the look in your eyes.

(beat)

That emptiness, that radiating soulless feeling you give off, that kind of animal like feel people get when they see you!

(beat)

That's what makes you so special. See I've had a few people like you before, and are my favorite type of person. CONTINUED: 99.

Emily puts the branch cutters down on the desk. She walks over to the panel with all the guns. She grabs one, then walks back to Mr. Zathaniel.

She places the gun in front of him, to the right, with a light distance between him and the gun.

EMILY

(Loud)

Do you know why you are my favorite type of person? It's because you are strong at heart, dangerous, very fearless, and yet pure in a twisted way. You are numb to life. And out of all the people I've met, you are my absolute favorite. I respect you out of the fear that pulsates from you. I admire you, and if these were different circumstances,

(beat)

shit I might have given a regular life a shot with you. Though I've never really given it a chance before, you have the characteristics to have possibly domesticated this free mind.

(beat)

But, then again, maybe somethings in this world aren't meant to be controlled...

Emily stands in front of Mr. Zathaniel and stares into his eyes.

Emily goes to the desk. She grabs the metal bat, then circles Mr. Zathaniel while dragging it on the ground.

EMILY

But see, here's the thing that all of you refuse to understand, until it's too late...

(beat)

Death is universal.

Emily stops in front of him, to his left, in silence.

Emily hits him, hard, on his side with the bat. He makes a loud GRUNT but no cry.

EMILY

Yeah, you don't want to show it, but trust me, I see it. You feel (MORE)

CONTINUED: 100.

EMILY (cont'd)

the pain don't you. Broken bones and blood rushing to the area, as your brain signals you to hurt.

Emily steps up to him, with her mouth next to his ear.

EMILY

I bet you never been this scared before, huh?

Emily then hits him on the same side once more.

He shows more of a reaction this time, cringing his face with an open mouth. A large strand of Saliva drips from his mouth.

EMILY

(Loudly, almost screaming)
Because pain shows us a glimpse of death, and death is the only guaranty you will ever have in this world.

(beat)

(Lecturing)

In the end, it doesn't matter what you've done or learned. When it comes down to it, we are nothing more then a muscle, filling the empty space in our heads.

Emily beats his side in, she SCREAMS in anger.

Emily stops with an exhausted pant in replace of her scream.

Mr. Zathaniel inhales in shock, then SCREAMS a cry.

Emily calmly places the bat on the desk and rolls the chair in front of him.

EMILY

You know, the real reason you are my favorite type of person, is because you are the ones most like me.

MR. ZATHANIEL

(Screams with a cry)

I'm nothing like you!

Emily smiles while places the stool in front of the chair.

CONTINUED: 101.

EMILY

(Calmly)

Oh! But you are? You see, I'm nothing new to this world. I'm simply a thought, an idea, I was created out of my own curiosity, which we all are born with.

Emily grabs a knife and places it on the stool. She sits in the chair.

EMILY

(Loud)

We all have it in us to be this holder of creation and destruction. Every one just acknowledges the ability to create. From the happy wife wanting a child, to the slut who gets pregnant on accident. But no one chooses to accept their natural animal urge to destroy. People blindly accept the idea that we are more then just another animal in this world, out of the fear to lose control...

Emily stands up and grabs the branch cutters and torch lighter from the desk.

EMILY

(Lecturing)

See, what I am is simply a much more pure, and undiluted part of you. We all have it in us, it's just an elaborate thought away.

(beat)

The only difference between you and me, is I have the strength to embrace it.

Emily cuts off all Mr. Zathaniel's fingers on his left hand but his thumb, then singes the wounds closed with the torch.

Mr. Zathaniel pants rapidly still dripping saliva from his mouth.

Emily puts the torch on the desk. Then grabs the knife from the stool.

Emily stabs him on his side then drags it down roughly. Blood gushes out of him onto the floor.

Mr. Zathaniel SCREAMS.

CONTINUED: 102.

Emily drops the knife on the floor, to the left side of the chair.

Emily starts to release his left hand from the chains.

EMILY

(Whisper)

Here's your last chance, to show the world what you really are.

Emily releases his left hand and steps back into her chair.

Mr. Zathaniel tries to free himself with is fingerless hand.

Emily sits with her leg up on the stool.

Emily watches him struggle to release himself.

Mr. Zathaniel manages to get his thumb under the chain wrapped around his right wrist.

He stops and looks at Emily with a smile.

MR. ZATHANIEL

Hey Emily... You're gonna fucking take it bitch, because it's what you deserve!

Emily's face goes from confusion to shock with an open mouth. Emily get up from the stool and races to the knife on the floor.

MR. ZATHANIEL

(Loud)

Yeah, REMEMBER ME NOW!

Mr. Zathaniel pushes himself up with all that's left of his strength. He opens the chain around his wrist with his thumb, just enough to fall to the floor.

Emily grabs the the knife from the floor and attacks him. Downward strike.

Mr. Zathaniel is on his back. Emily leaps at him with the knife. As Emily strikes down, he raises his hands in defense.

Emily stabs through his left hand. Mr. Zathaniel SCREAMS. Emily rolls over him.

Mr. Zathaniel pulls the knife out of his hand and cuts Emily's side as she tried to get out of the way.

CONTINUED: 103.

Emily sits on the floor holding her side. She quickly scooting herself back with one hand.

Emily scoots her back against the desk, then pulls out the knife.

Mr. Zathaniel turns his head in the direction of the gun on the floor. He quickly looks at Emily. Emily turns her head in his direction.

He gets to his knees and tries to crawl towards the gun.

Emily Opens her mouth with a loud GASP.

Emily puts her hand on the floor. She looks like she is about to stand.

Mr. Zathaniel slaps his right hand on the gun.

He grabs the gun and quickly points it towards Emily.

Mr. Zathaniel's arm straightens out tightly.

The screen goes black with a BANG!

INT. DUNGEON- NIGHT

We see the concrete floor as more and more is slowly revealed.

A drain appears. A stream of Blood trickles into the drain, from Emily's direction.

A long black metal silencer rolls down, towards the drain.

A large pool of blood streams down the drain. From Mr. Zathaniel's direction.

Emily's comes into view, her legs shaking.

Emily sits against the leg of the desk. The secret compartment in the desk is open, where the gun and silencer was kept.

Emily's right arm is stretched out holding a gun.

Emily takes a deep INHALED breath, then lowers her arm.

She stares at Mr. Zathaniel's lifeless body, with an open mouth. She EXHALES slowly.

Emily gets up slowly and walks to the door, gun in hand.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Emily enters from the open floor in the closet.

Emily closes the closet door.

She turns around.

Jack is curled up asleep on the floor.

Emily stares at Jack.

Emily looks up at the top of the stairs. She rushes up the stairs.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, EMILY'S ROOM- NIGHT

Emily's bed has a black trench coat, her purse, a pair of sneakers, and the bloody gun on it. Emily stands at her bedside.

Emily grabs her sneakers and shoves her feet into them quickly.

Emily puts on the black trench coat.

She puts the gun in her purse, then picks up her purse.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Emily's hand grabbing the car keys from the bowl, by the door. She puts them in her trench coat pocket.

Emily walks over to Jack and picks him up.

INT. EMILY'S CAR, DRIVEWAY- NIGHT

Emily placing Jack in the car. He is still asleep but his cloths and face are slightly moist. Rain pours outside of the car.

EXT. EMILY'S CAR, DRIVEWAY- NIGHT

Rainy night with Emily at the passenger side door of the car.

Emily shuts the passenger door, then runs through the rain in front of her car, to the driver's side. She holds the collar of her coat over her head.

CONTINUED: 105.

Emily opens the door and gets in quickly.

Emily's door SLAMS.

INT. EMILY'S CAR- NIGHT

Emily drives the car. Background sound of the car DRIVING down a wet road in the RAIN.

Emily glances at Jack, then to the road, then back at Jack.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, DR. HENDRICK'S OFFICE- DAY (FLASHBACK)

The room is dimly lit do to the dark day seen outside the large window, behind the large red oak desk. It's raining outside.

DR. HENDRICK, 40ish. White hair and goatee, sits in a high class old red leather chair, behind a big red oak desk. A very large window is behind him. A cabinet full of books is to left of his desk.

Emily, 18. Sits in a simple chair in front of the desk.

Dr. Hendrick is looking over a file with "Emily Loren" written on the front of it. He sits back in his chair.

Emily sits up straight with her hands on her lap.

She looks down at his desk. A name plaque with Dr. Hendrick's name on it sits at the end of his desk.

Emily looks over at a stack of pamphlets on the desk. "Arch Hill- psychiatric clinic for adolescents" is on the cover in big letters, with a picture of a smiling girl in the background.

Dr. Hendrick puts Emily's file on the desk. He begins writing on a page inside the file.

Emily looks at Dr. Hendrick.

DR. HENDRICK Your efforts towards recovery seem to be quite sufficient.

Emily sit in her chair looking at Dr. Hendrick as he writes in her file.

CONTINUED: 106.

DR. HENDRICK

I'm recommending you for early release, do to the quality of the results from your treatments.

EMILY

Thank you.

Dr. Hendrick signs his signature at the bottom of the page, closes her file, puts it on a stack of other files, and grabs another file from a different stack.

DR. HENDRICK

You can go now.

Emily stands up, then walks to the door.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, EMILY'S ROOM- DAY

The room has gray walls, with nothing on them. A bed, white bedsheets, pillow, and a nightstand is the only furniture in the room.

Emily lays in her bed, face up, with her hands behind her head. A small window with bars over it is above her head. It's a dark raining day outside.

The sounds of the RAIN fills the silence of the room.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, HALLWAY- DAY

The hallway is empty. Clean shinny white floors.

A female NURSE, 40ish. sits in a small room behind a large glass window facing the hall.

Phone RINGS.

The nurse picks up the phone. She sits silent while holding the phone to her ear.

NURSE

Okay, thank you.

The nurse hangs up the phone then stands up. She grabs a metal tray with five paper cups on it.

The nurse walks down the hallway holding the tray.

She looks to her left, then right, at the door numbers.

CONTINUED: 107.

The nurse knocks on a door to her left, in the hallway. She opens the door.

A teenage girl sits on her bed staring at the floor.

NURSE

Meds...

The girl looks up at the nurse. She stares at her.

NURSE

Take them, or I'll shove them down your throat.

The teenage girl stands up and walks over to the nurse.

The nurse holds out a paper cup.

The girl grabs the cup, drinks from it then places the cup back on the tray. She walks back to her bed and sits down, staring at the floor.

The nurse turns around and continues walking down the hallway as the door closes behind her.

The nurse knocks on a room to her right. She opens the door.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, EMILY'S ROOM- DAY

Nurse enters.

Emily looks in the nurse's direction.

NURSE

Meds...

Emily stands up, takes her meds and places the cup back on the tray.

The nurse turns towards the door.

Emily sits on her bed and stares at the floor with her hands together.

The nurse turns around, facing Emily.

NURSE

Oh, by the way, (beat)

your parents are dead.

Emily looks at the nurse in shock. Mouth open.

CONTINUED: 108.

NURSE

They were victims of that serial killer everyone has been talking about on the news. Apparently, some guy convinced them that he had a flat and needed to use their phone, so your parents let him in. They say your father went first, leaving the killer with all the time he wanted with your mother...

The nurse turns around and leaves the room.

Emily looks down at the floor with a frown and a shaking face.

Tears build up in her eyes.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL, HALLWAY- DAY

Nurse walks down the hallway holding the tray.

She knocks on a door to her left. She opens the door.

NURSE

Meds...

END FLASHBACK

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY- NIGHT

The car pulls up to a dark alleyway between two tall buildings, lit from the streetlights. It's raining.

Emily runs out to the front of the car and goes to the passenger door.

Emily picks up Jack, his head on her shoulder.

She shuts the door and goes into the alleyway holding Jack.

The rain drops hit Jack's face. He twitches, then slowly awakes.

Zack rubbing his right eye.

JACK

Where are we?

Emily stares straight ahead and continues walking.

CONTINUED: 109.

Jack garbs Emily's hands, turns his head quickly to the right, then to the left.

ZACK

Where is my dad?

EMILY

Your dad,

(beat)

went away.

Jack stops, stares at Emily and calms.

JACK

Like my mom?

Jack lays back down on Emily's shoulder, quiet with a look of abandonment. Tears trickle down his face.

Emily continues to walk deeper into the alleyway.

Halfway into the alley Emily stops. She stands Jack up against the wall.

Jack stands and stares at Emily.

Emily looks around while reaching into her purse.

She pulls the gun out of her purse and points it at Jack.

Jack gets startled, GASPS, then stands back tight against the wall.

Emily stands stiff, arm fully extended, gun barrel two feet from Jack's face.

Emily's face cringes. Her extended hand, holding the gun, begins to shake.

EMILY

Come on!

Emily's hand quivers rapidly.

EMILY

Come on! It's just a kid.

(beat)

Kids turn up dead in alleyways every day, what makes you so fucking special?

Emily's eyes get watery. She wipes her eyes with her left hand.

CONTINUED: 110.

Tears continues to build up in her eyes.

The tears seep down her face.

Jack stares into Emily's crying eyes.

Jack steps up to the barrel. It slowly stops shaking as it pushes up against his skin, on his forehead.

JACK

It's okay. Every one's scared sometimes...

Emily's extended arm stops shaking.

She stops crying. Her face builds up with confusion. She stares at Jack.

EMILY

Why aren't you?

JACK

All my family is gone now.

(beat)

what's left to be scared of?

A tear streams down Jack's face.

Emily and Jack stare into each others eyes.

Emily lowers the gun, and takes a deep INHALED breath.

Jack wipes the tear from his face. Emily stares into Jack's eyes.

Jack stands staring at Emily with his baby blue eyes.

EMILY

You have your father's eyes...

Emily and Jack stand in front of each other, in the drizzling rain.

Emily slowly raises her empty hand open, palm up, to Jack.

Jack looks at Emily's hand, then looks back up at her.

Jack looks back at her hand.

He takes Emily's hand.

They stare at each other for a brief moment.

CONTINUED: 111.

JACK

What now?

Emily leans down on one knee. She places the gun in her bag.

Emily looks in the direction of her car, at the end of the alleyway. She holds her hand in front of her mouth as she stares off into the distance.

Emily looks back at Jack.

EMILY

I teach you everything I know...

The sound of rain becomes louder.

MUSIC: LINKIN PARK- METEORA- FOREWORD, plays as it blends in with the sound of the rain.

Emily is knelt down holding Jack's hand as they stare at each other in the alleyway. Rain pouring.

Emily stands.

The music gets louder and Masks all other sound.

The two of them hold hands and slowly walk down the alleyway.

Screen goes black.

MUSIC: LINKIN PARK- METEORA- DON'T STAY, plays to credits.

THE END