

PLAIN JANE

Written by

Megan Companion

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urgone4ever011@yahoo.com

EXT. HOUSE - ESTABLISH - NIGHT

In the middle of the country. Perfect for parties. And that is exactly what this is.

The farmhouse is decorated in HALLOWEEN attire. PUMPKINS. COBWEBS. And a creepy cornfield just out back.

*
*

CHARLIE WILLIAMS, 15, a nerd, and self-proclaimed at that, approaches the house. BLOODY. Nearly close to death.

*

But we realize..as he smiles at passing CLASSMATES...that it is fake. Dressed up for the occasion. He nods his head to the MUSIC in only the dorkiest way as he enters the house.

*

INT. FOYER - HOUSE - NIGHT

On the inside, the house isn't decorated. Just completely trashed. TEENS stumble around drunk. Smoking in corners. They think they're so cool. All dressed in costumes.

*
*

Charlie enters into frame. He sips down a long neck and looks around for someone.

There she is. Cowering in the corner. Smiling at the people having fun. She is about Charlie's age. Dressed as Dorothy from THE WIZARD OF OZ. Perfectly innocent. Eyes gleam. Her name is JANE BENSON.

*

Charlie stares. Bites his bottom lip. Takes another drink for encouragement. But then

*
*

A YOUNG MAN TACKLES HIM. He wears his football jersey. BRODY ROBERTS. 16. The perfect asshole.

*

BRODY

I've got some prime ass waiting for you in the kitchen, dude.

Charlie stutters. Blinks. Responding in a way that can only mean that these two have never really talked.

*

CHARLIE

Um..I'm good. You can have her.

BRODY

No. She specifically asked for you.

CHARLIE

Who?

Brody didn't hear him. He leans him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

WHO?

BRODY

Jessica Parks.

CHARLIE

Really?

*

But Charlie doesn't believe it for a second.

BRODY

Go. Tap it. From behind. I heard she likes it either way, bro.

*

Charlie nods his head. He gives in. Walks away.

Brody makes his way to Jane. His prey. The music drowns out their conversation. They seem pretty friendly.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

The home is a maze of rooms. But this seems to be the more popular.

LAINY ASAL. 15 going on 16. She stands in the middle of the room. Dressed seductively in a BEE outfit, talking to

*

*

MASON FLETCHER

dressed as a serial killer. A HOCKEY MASK resting on top of his head.

Lainey notices Charlie passing through.

LAINY

Dear God. My party just shit on itself.

MASON

What?

*

Lainey turns Mason's attention to Charlie, who has stopped to speak to a partier.

Mason doesn't care in the least.

*

MASON (CONT'D)

Oh. Yum.

*

Lainey begins to approach him, but Mason grabs her and pulls her back very suggestively.

MASON (CONT'D)

Stay.

He wraps his arm around her waist. She turns to him. Eyes locked on each other.

MASON (CONT'D)

Forget about him. He won't do anything.

LAINNEY

You're just saying this so you can buy time to undress me.

MASON

And wrap your legs around mine...and place your lips on my.. -
- mine.

Lainey chuckles.

LAINNEY

Smooth, Fletcher.

She pats his chest and releases herself. As Lainey turns -- Mason grabs her, pulls her back.

MASON

You're not still reeling over Brody, are ya?

Lainey shakes it off, lying between perfect teeth. *

LAINNEY *

'Course not.

She leaves him hanging. Mason watches her go. A sly smile on his face.

ON CHARLIE

He leaves the partier. Heads for the kitchen, but then something stops him. Charlie glances at the staircase... *

BRODY and JANE disappear upstairs. She seems excited. Yet very nervous.

Charlie watches, worried. Wishing that was him. Wishing he was that cool. *

GIRL (O.S.)

I'M A FUCKING PARAKEET!

Charlie turns his attention to --

THE KITCHEN

Through the large archway -- the island bar. A girl dressed as a TUCAN dances on it. A crowd stands around her. Some guys trying to get upskirt photos. *

INT. KITCHEN - HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlie enters. We get a closer look at the girl. *

JESSICA PARKS. She's 15. Sexy and loud -- drunk and in love with the moment. A girl standing at the island bar has to scream at her over the music.

GIRL
YOU'RE NOT A PARAKEET. YOU'RE TUCAN
SAM!

JESSICA
WHO'S SAM?! IS YOUR NAME SAM?!

Charlie approaches

DALTON JENKINS

A young man of 16 with a quiet charm and unconventional looks. He stands by a keg, filling up a few cups. Seems sober. *

DALTON
Hey, Charlie.

CHARLIE
Hi.

But he's keeping his eyes on Jessica. Thinking about it. Dalton notices.

DALTON
Good luck tryna get her off.
(off reaction)
The bar.

Charlie eyes the other guys. *

CHARLIE
Seems like quite the competition. *

DALTON
You're telling me.
(beat)
(MORE)

DALTON (CONT'D)

Have you seen Jane around? I heard she was coming, but...

CHARLIE

Oh, no. She's here. Saw her earlier.

DALTON

Where?

CHARLIE

Upstairs.

DALTON

Nice.

But there's a certain bitterness in his voice that Charlie doesn't catch on to.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A CAR pulls into the drive. The horn HONKS obnoxiously. Telling the kids to move out of the way. The sidewalk is obliterated with glass and vomit. Pumpkins have been smashed.

The car comes to a stop and out steps AARON ASAL, 19. Laine's older brother. He's the only one not dressed for the occasion. Aaron glances around the scenery, a bit disgusted. He steps around the debauchery and heads inside. *

INT. BATHROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

Spacious and lavished in porcelain.

Mason chugs down a bottle of LIQUOR as Laine slips out of her underwear, still in her costume. She tackles him and presses her lips against his. He throws her against the wall and she lifts her leg -- *

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

AARON (O.S.)

LAINY! YOU IN THERE!

LAINY

FUCK.

She SHOVES Mason away and snatches up her underwear from the floor. She quickly puts them on and unlocks the door, then slips through. *

INT. HALLWAY - HOUSE - NIGHT

Lainey slides out of the bathroom and pulls it closed before Aaron can get a glimpse. He's pissed. *

She leans against the wall innocently across from Aaron. Bites her bottom lip. *

At first, there's an awkward silence.

AARON
Mom's been trying to call.

LAINEY
What did you tell her?

AARON
That your phone was probably off.
(beat)
You should thank me.

LAINEY
You'll get your 'thanks' once you leave.

AARON
Nahh... I was thinking of sticking around. *

He turns and heads down the hall. Lainey desperately follows after, losing her brat facade. *

LAINEY
No! No no no! Don't do that!

Aaron spins around.

AARON
How else is mom ever going to trust you?

LAINEY
I don't need your help.

AARON
Then I'll just call her myself.

LAINEY
You do and I'll tell them about Melanie Short Junior year. I'm sure they'd love to hear which one of you caught the Herps.

AARON

You think bribery's gonna stop me?
You're so cute. Go find your phone.

Lainey sighs. She can never win with him. She turns as he turns. She comes to a door. It's closed. She opens it and then stops, easing the door back quietly. She stares inside. *

LAINNEY'S P.O.V. -- THE BEDROOM

Her room. It's dark. Only bare back and ass can be seen. The person THRUSTS another from behind against the bedpost. MOANS. *

Lainey spots her phone. Beside it... Jane's Dorothy costume. *

Lainey's fuming. She spins around and SLAMS the door shut. She leans against it. Wipes a tear away and recollects herself. *

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

Lainey rushes down the stairs and turns the corner. BUMPING INTO CHARLIE. He spills a beer on her outfit. *

LAINNEY

Charlie, you ass!

CHARLIE

Shit...I'm sorry. Lainey. I really am.

LAINNEY

Just go get me a rag. It's the third drawer next to the fridge, and you better hurry.

She says it with such venom that Charlie's a bit shaken. He hurries past her and into the kitchen. Lainey spins around. Fuming. She notices the chaos. Especially

JESSICA *

still standing on the island bar. Taking shots that the boys below hand her. She kneels down and makes out with one of them. *

Lainey hurries into the kitchen --

INT. KITCHEN - HOUSE - NIGHT

Lainey SNATCHES the rag away from Charlie as he's about to hand it to her. She SCRUBS her dress clean. Then, as if on a mission, she BARRELS through the boys and girls around the bar. *

Lainey GRABS a SHOT GLASS from a boy's hand as he raises it to Jessica. She then SLAMS it down on the bar, BREAKING IT. Lainey grabs Jessica's hand and brings her off of the bar.

LAINEY
Come with me.

She keeps a hold of Jessica as they hurry through the house.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Lainey approaches Aaron -- whose talking with a partier. She spins him around. Jessica lingers behind, still on Lainey's leash. *

AARON
Hey, sis.

LAINEY
I want everyone out of here now.

Aaron stares at her. Something's wrong.

AARON
Lainey, have you been crying?

She has. Her eyes are puffy and a little wet. *

LAINEY
Party's over.

And that's the final word.

Lainey stomps out of Aaron's way and makes a beeline for the front door. She throws it open and escorts Jessica out.

JESSICA
Lainey! *

Lainey SLAMS the door in her face.

Aaron makes his rounds. Telling the boys and girls that they have to leave.

Lainey heads back through the room. Stressed. She stops. Finds a solo cup on the coffee table. She downs it in a matter of seconds.

She hears GREETINGS. "Where have you been?" "Yo, we gotta leave..." Lainey looks to the staircase where --

JANE is exiting. She looks upset. She's alone.

RETURN TO LAINEY

Feeling no remorse. Instead, she's gritting her teeth. Refusing to say a word.

Aaron approaches.

AARON

They're clearing out. Need me to pick up the trash too?

LAINEY

(waves him off)

Just...I dunno. Go to bed. Leave. Something. I need to be alone.

Lainey trails off to the front door. Becoming lost in the sea of teens.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - HOUSE - NIGHT

Some kids refuse to leave. Instead, they linger around the yard. Sipping their beers and conversing.

Lainey leans against the house's panel. Smoking a cigarette. She watches out into the yard as --

DALTON and MASON play fight. They smack each other around and get into headlocks.

Then -- Jane exits the house. Unsure, she approaches Lainey -- who's completely lost in her own world.

JANE

(through a smile)

Hey.

Lainey doesn't pay her any mind.

JANE (CONT'D)

(tries again)

Happy birthday.

LAINY

Thanks.

She takes another drag. Cold.

JANE

So..what's the plan?

LAINY

What plan?

JANE

You and I. Movies tomorrow...

LAINY

Yeah, I don't think that's gonna happen.

Jane's confused. She tries hard in keeping this conversation going. She finally breaks down. Begging for at least an ounce of sympathy.

JANE

My mom doesn't know I'm here.

LAINY

That's too bad.

AARON places his hand on Jane's shoulder -- politely pushing her out of the way so he can get by. Jane spins around.

JANE

(to Aaron)

Hey.

AARON

Hi, Jane.

JANE

Look, I'm sorry about this, but I was wondering if I could get a ride home...

LAINY

(interjecting)

He doesn't need to be driving.

AARON

(beat)

Lainey's right. I've had a few beers...

JANE

Shit...

LAINNEY

Guess you're gonna have to call
mom.

Aaron realizes what Lainey is up to. He acts against her wishes.

AARON

You live only..what? Ten minutes
down the road?

(off reaction)

I can have you there in no time.

JANE

Great. Thanks.

But then..Jane's eyes move towards --

JESSICA, leaning against the railing of the porch. Her face is scrunched up. She MOANS. Sick.

LAINNEY (O.S.)

Three's a crowd. She can stay here.

Jane looks back to Lainey. A bit disappointed. But still confused.

AARON

I'm sure that would be fine.

JANE

I guess it's going to have to be...

LAINNEY

(to Aaron)

Watch the road.

She glares at him-- then at Jane.

Both guy and girl step off of the porch and down the walkway.

ON THE CROWD

Charlie watches intently as Jane and Aaron head to his car. Brody smirks as she passes, eying her with a sexual charge.

ON AARON AND JANE

He opens the passenger door for her. She slides in, neatly scooping up her dress so it won't get caught. As Aaron makes way to the driver's side, he looks to Lainey -- still on the porch.

She waves. He quickly acknowledges her back and gets inside of the car. It CRANKS up and DRIFTS around in the driveway.

Some of the more macho boys WHOOP and HOLLER as the car SPEEDS OFF, impressed by it.

ON LAINEY

She scoops Jessica up in her arms. Heading for the front door. Leaving her party behind.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Quiet. Desolate. The trees sway over. The leaves blow off of the limbs and into the road.

Then -- AARON'S CAR ROARS BY. Going at an unnatural speed.

INT. AARON'S CAR - NIGHT

Jane peers out of her window. Happy this night is coming to an end. She huddles against the door. Cold.

Aaron tinkers with the radio. Static...news...bad music...static. He gives up.

AARON
Lainey must be pretty pissed.

JANE
Huh?

AARON
You didn't see it?

JANE
I don't know what you're talking about.

And that's the truth.

AARON
Janey...
(beat)
I don't know why. Maybe it's just some stupid high school spat and you girls will get over it in a few days but..You can't just put things like that off.

JANE
She wasn't mad.

AARON
Oh, yeah? That look she gave you,
she only gave to you.

JANE
I'll try talking to her.

AARON
No. You're being passive. I have
known you since..you were like,
eight. You're passive.
(beat)
You can say it. She's a bitch. I'll
understand.

JANE
(laughs)
She's not a bitch. She just knows
what she wants.

AARON
Do you know what you want?

JANE
(shrugs)
To be happy.

Aaron nods. Good call. He smiles, staring out to the road. He glances back over to her. Notices the chill bumps.

AARON
Heater won't be fixed until next
week.

JANE
Oh, I'm fine.

Aaron doesn't care. There she goes again, being passive.

AARON
Right. Reach and grab one of those
jackets back there.

Jane does as told. She unbuckles her seat belt and reaches into the back. Finally pulling out --

AN OLD LETTERMAN'S JACKET.

Aaron notices as she puts it on over her outfit.

AARON (CONT'D)
I didn't know that was back there.
Better?

JANE
Uh-huh.
(notices the speed)
Speedometer broken?

AARON
(checks it)
Nope.

Jane grows a bit concern. It's near 80. But she bites her tongue. Leans back and wraps the jacket around her body. It's pretty big on her.

P.O.V. -- THROUGH WINDSHIELD -- THE ROAD

The headlights BEAM over the wet road. There's no lines. No markings. Must be a back road.

Then -- LIGHTS. Small. Beady. About to cross the road...IS A DEER. It steps out onto the road. JUMPS.

We SWERVE...and KNOCK THE DEER BACK. We hear an EEK! But we don't see it.

RETURN TO SCENE

Aaron leans back in his seat. Relieved.

Jane turns in her seat. Knees on the cushion. She stares out of the back window, wiping away a single tear of fear.

JANE'S P.O.V. -- THE ROAD

The deer HOBBLER back into the woods.

RETURN TO SCENE

Jane's relieved.

AARON (CONT'D)
Did I miss?

JANE
You're good. You missed him.

Aaron watches her as she takes her seat back properly. As she turns -- HEADLIGHTS BLIND HER.

A face of pure FRIGHT.

JANE (CONT'D)
AARON STOP! WATCHOUT!

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The other car SWERVES. Narrowly missing Aaron's.

Aaron's car TWISTS and TURNS as it swerves out of control -- away from the other. Suddenly...the car THRUSTS into the ditch and DOWN A HILL. Quickly, it SMASHES INTO A TREE.

The hood is nothing but twisted metal. A deep fire burning within. The windshield is SMASHED. Steam rolls.

EXT. AARON'S CAR - NIGHT

ECU ON JANE'S FACE

Fragments of GLASS are embedded into her face. Her head hangs low. Suddenly..she RISES. Jane attempts to open both eyes, but can only open one.

She comes to realize half of her body is hanging out of the crushed windshield.

CU OF HER ARMS AND HANDS

Her finger twitches in an unnaturally manner. It's BROKEN. DRIPPING in blood.

RETURN TO JANE'S FACE

She scrunches up her face. GROANING. She flips over onto her back. Beat. And SCREAMS. The glass moves and shatters underneath her. She bruised in various places. Her foot is contorted at an angle it shouldn't be.

We find her whole body is CUT and CAKED in carnage. The Dorothy outfit is streaked and shredded. Aaron's Letterman jacket is drenched in her blood.

Her eyes move over to...

AARON'S BODY

His seat belt is ripped. His head hangs low over the steering wheel. It's wet. The color is dark.

Jane crawls to him. It's painful, but she manages. Jane places a hand on his shoulder and shakes him, but only slightly.

JANE
A..Aaron...Aaron, wake up.

But he doesn't answer. She's starting to panic.

JANE (CONT'D)
AARON! Aaron..c'mon, wake up --
PLEASE wake up...Come on...

She pushes his body harder and his head FLOPS off of the steering wheel over her way.

Jane SCREAMS.

JANE (CONT'D)
NOOOOOOOO.

She revolts back. Pressing hard against the door. Squirmy. Crying.

Jane twists and JERKS on the door's handle.

EXT. AARON'S CAR - NIGHT

It BURSTS open and Jane tumbles to the ground. She crawls away, shaking, as we finally receive only a glance of...

AARON. His once handsome face now broken in and battered. The side of his head bleeds out profusely. Dead on impact.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The road is empty. Tire markings steal away from what was once an innocent sighting.

And then --

Jane ENTERS INTO FRAME. Shuffling her feet -- trying to control her balance. Shaking with fright. Cold autumn air escapes from her mouth. Jane's a frightening sight. The Letterman's jacket hangs over her lanky and broken frame.

BEGIN CREDITS OVER THE QUIET SCENERY.

Jane doesn't stop. She doesn't blink. Leaving a thin trail of blood behind her.

HEADLIGHTS overcome the road. But she doesn't stop. Doesn't move out of the way.

The car comes to a slow stop. A man in his early 30s exits the vehicle. He stops her. Her eyes are dark and maniacal. He doesn't know what to think of her.

MAN

Miss? Miss, what's your name?

She doesn't answer. She just stares. He bends down. Catches a good look at her. Noticing the carnage.

MAN (CONT'D)

Come on. Get in the car. I'll take you to a hospital.

He seems trusting.

But Jane doesn't care. She can't stop shivering.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BEDROOM - HOUSE - MORNING

ECU ON LAINEY'S FACE

Nearly two years older. More beautiful than ever. Her face is stone cold. Her eyes opened.

An alarm SOUNDS OFF.

She doesn't budge.

The bedroom door opens. It's blurred from our level as we keep our focus on the teenager in front of us.

LAINEY'S MOTHER steps into the room. In pajamas. Her hair's in a ponytail. At least 40.

LAINEY'S MOTHER

Lainey, get up.

But she doesn't budge.

And then -- THE VOICE CHANGES. A more softer voice now. And that's when we realize...

CUT TO:

INT. DIFFERENT BEDROOM - DIFFERENT HOUSE - MORNING

Same morning. But everything else is in different taste.

A different mother. Darker hair. A bit younger. We FOCUS on her instead.

MOTHER

It's 7:30. Wake up.

ON THE BED

The sheets are twisted. The comforter nearly falling off of the side of the bed. We're in a more ARTSY room this time. Mixed in with classic pieces. The teen on the bed turns over.

JANE BENSON

Now 17. Faint scars on her face and arms. She's in an oversized tee with shorts. She's not tired. Just doesn't want to get up.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Come on. It's time for school.

JANE

I'm tired.

MOTHER

So am I. Get up.

Her mother exits the room gracefully. Shuts the door.

JANE

(to herself)

Shit.

She falls back onto her bed. Rubs her eyes.

INT. BEDROOM - HOUSE - MORNING

Later. We never really catch a glimpse of this particular room, but instead we focus on...

CHARLIE WILLIAMS.

CU OF HIS FACE -- THROUGH MIRROR

The kid hasn't aged a bit. His hair is a little shorter, but the gleam in his eyes still scream 'lonely'. He touches up his hair, then pops the collar on his shirt. A black polo.

Charlie stands back. Scanning himself in the dresser's mirror. He turns to the side and examines his stomach. A little belly. Nothing noticeable -- except to him. Charlie clenches his jaw, self conscious.

Then -- his cell phone BUZZES on the dresser. He picks it up. Eyes the I.D. A tinge of happiness shows through the frown turning upside down. Charlie answers.

CHARLIE
(into phone)
Hey, you.

JANE
(from phone)
I'm outside. You ready?

CHARLIE
Uh -- yeah. Yeah, just gimme a minute.

He scurries to his shoes. Loses his balance each time he puts a shoe on. He grabs a belt lying on the end of the bed and slides it on as he talks.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
So, I was thinking for lunch, we should head to LJS. You don't know how long I've been craving hush puppies, dude.

JANE
Yeah, we can do that.

But Charlie can sense there's something off in her voice. Very flat.

CHARLIE
Are you okay?

JANE
(covering up)
You know the answer to that one, Charlie -- I'm dandy. Are you coming down or what?

CHARLIE
Yeah. I'm coming.

CLICK!

Charlie hangs up and slides his phone into his pocket. He grabs up his book bag and slings it over his shoulder as he exits his room.

INT. FOYER - CHARLIE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Charlie opens the door and --

JANE is standing on the porch. She adjusts her strap. Her clothes are more monotone. She feels the only thing that should express life is her heart. Unfortunately that's not working out so well.

CHARLIE
(smiles)
Shall we?

Jane shrugs. She turns and steps aside, motioning for Charlie to go ahead.

JANE
After you.

Charlie steps out and shuts the door.

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

The leaves CRUNCH underneath their feet as Jane and Charlie walk side by side. The trees are nearly bare, showing off their skeleton figures. Jane and Charlie turn a corner, coming to --

THEIR HIGH SCHOOL. ESTABLISH.

A large home to many of the students there. They park their cars where they're not supposed to, smoke on school grounds, and loiter around the entryways.

Jane and Charlie bumble through the crowd. Charlie stops. He grabs her hand and spins her around, unsure.

CHARLIE
Maybe we should go through the back doors...

JANE
Charlie, it's like this every day.

But Charlie wasn't referring to that. He nods in a direction behind Jane. She turns around, noticing --

LAINY stepping out of a car across the walkway. Stepping out of the driver's side is BRODY, 18, a star in his own right. Hasn't changed a bit. He greets a familiar looking boy as he comes running to Brody. MASON.

RETURN TO JANE

Charlie watches them with worried eyes. Jane's finding some way to suck this up.

CHARLIE

I just don't want to see you get hurt.

JANE

Yeah, yeah. I got it. But..let's try to be normal for once.

Charlie admires her, but he doesn't say anything...until it's too late.

Jane turns and bites her bottom lip anxiously as she surfs through the crowd, regrettably keeping her eyes straight in front of her.

Charlie swallows hard. He lets out a breath and starts through the crowd, hurrying.

Then -- HANDS SHOOT OUT AND GRAB HIM. It's BRODY. Mason by his side, smirking.

BRODY

Hey, buddy.

This just seems like a friendly confrontation. But it's not.

Charlie tenses up.

CHARLIE

Hey.

BRODY

You tryna get to class on time?

MASON

Bitch move, bro.

BRODY

You a bitch, Charlie?

MASON

I think he's a fuckin' fag.

Brody places his hand on Charlie's head, holding him in place. Charlie cringes.

BRODY

You like cock? Huh?

CHARLIE

No. You can ask your mom. Gave it to her real good last night while you were out tackling guys in spandex...Faggot.

Brody's lips twist into a sinister smirk. Mason watches in anticipation.

ON LAINEY

Smoking a cigarette on the way to the building, laughing and talking with --

KRIS SEYMOUR. Lainey's age. Dark hair and a gleaming stare. She's snarky, although she tries a bit hard sometimes. Chatty.

KRIS

Have you figured the theme for this year?

LAINEY

Halloween is its own theme.

KRIS

Yeah, no shit, but is it gonna be fun? Daunting? Sexy?

LAINEY

Worry about that when I invite you.

KRIS

Yeah, okay...

Lainey gives her a look "We shall see".

Then -- a LARGE CROWD catches their eye. Brody and Charlie can only be seen.

KRIS (CONT'D)

What is it this time?

LAINEY

Let's go find out.

Lainey takes one last drag before tossing the cigarette. She grabs Kris' arm and they hurry to the crowd.

ON CHARLIE

He holds his nose as blood runs down. As Brody DELIVERS another PUNCH, this time to Charlie's gut. Brody grabs Charlie's hair and holds him close.

BRODY
You gonna apologize? Say 'sorry'.

CHARLIE
FUCK YOU!

Brody hurls his knee into Charlie's groin.

Lainey and Kris enter into the crowd.

BRODY
You're a fucking pussy. Stand up
for yourself!

Charlie GROANS, clutching his stomach.

IN THE DISTANCE --

DALTON JENKINS exits his Jeep. He stops and watches the crowd. Disappointed.

BACK ON CHARLIE

He starts to CRY. Knees crumbling to the pavement.

CHARLIE
I'm sorry..I'm-- I'm sorry.

BRODY
See? Wasn't so hard, was it?

Charlie's trembling. Catching the blood running from his nose into his palm.

Mason enters and helps Charlie up. Roughly dragging him out of the crowd like he's one of them. Brody follows and the crowd breaks.

Brody hurries to Dalton and greets him. Mason wraps his arm around Charlie and hugs him close.

INT. CLASSROOM - SCHOOL - DAY

Jane sits in the middle row. Glasses on. Taking notes. She looks to the board then back to her notebook.

We get a closer look of her scarred face. Frightening, but doesn't make her any less beautiful.

Shoes SCUFFLE in the hallway.

Jane takes notice. She turns, catching a QUICK GLIMPSE through the door's window as --

Charlie hurries with his book bag. Holding a tissue to his nose. Hair roughed up. He keeps his eyes on the floor.

RETURN TO JANE

She's not shocked, just saddened. She turns back around and tries to keep focus.

THE DOOR OPENS.

Mason enters, quickly taking a seat beside Jane. He sits down and reaches into his bag, pulling out a notebook, pretending like he's doing something.

He glances over to Jane's notebook as she writes. She doesn't notice.

MASON

(low)

What'cha writing?

Jane doesn't answer.

Mason's eyes pan down her body. He stares at her legs. A bit pale, dressed in leather booties. A SCAR runs down one of her legs.

MASON (CONT'D)

(low)

Cross your legs, you look a slut.

JANE

(matching his tone)

I bet you like it.

MASON

I'm getting hard just thinking about it.

Jane ignores him. She writes, furious.

MASON (CONT'D)

You wanna go finish me off after lunch?

JANE

No, thanks.

MASON

You queer like your little friend?

It clicks for her. She nearly freezes.

TEACHER (O.S.)

Everybody done?

Jane flips the page. Mason keeps his eyes on her. It's disgusting.

INT. HALLWAY - SCHOOL - DAY

Kids rush by, hurrying for their lockers or friends. But we focus on two girls instead -- Jane and JESSICA. Now sober. A completely different person than the one we've got to know. She wears a bright smile and her hair in braids.

They stand by Jane's locker. Jessica waits on her in typical BFF fashion as Jane loads and unloads.

JESSICA

I'd castrate the son of a bitch.

JANE

He'd probably just grow a new one.

JESSICA

You have to be hopeful.

JANE

I'm sorry, but that word is unavailable in my vocabulary Mondays through Fridays. After hours are closed as well.

JESSICA

(beat)

Charlie got it pretty bad today.

JANE

Don't say that. I already feel like shit.

JESSICA

But think about it. Is it really your fault that they think he's gay? If I didn't know him, I'd think he was gay.

JANE
That's not the same thing.

JESSICA
Shit. You're right. Whatever. I'm just trying to make the sun fucking shine today. Can you give me just an inch of cooperation here?

Jane shuts the locker door.

JANE
(smartass)
No.

JESSICA
Smartass.

LAINIEY (O.S.)
Hey, Jess?

Jessica spins around. Jane looks up but then quickly adverts her eyes.

There stands Lainey -- by her locker. Kris stands beside her.

LAINIEY (CONT'D)
You happen to have that paper for Mrs. Dawson?

Jessica quickly brings out a piece of notebook paper, answers scribbled across. She hands it to Lainey.

LAINIEY (CONT'D)
(smiles)
You're the best.

JESSICA
(going along with it)
I know.

Lainey turns and stuffs the paper into her bag as Kris and her leave.

JANE
Prime example of humanity going to waste.

JESSICA
So what? You gonna go on a mass murder spree just so us pathetics won't have to suffer any longer?

JANE
You? Pathetic?

They start walking to class.

JESSICA
Wait. I'm lost. Am I pathetic?

JANE
(chuckles)
No, Jessie, you're perfectly fine.
In fact, that's the problem.

JESSICA
(trying to add this up)
I don't think this is looking so
good for me...

JANE
Don't..worry about it. Pretend I
never said anything.

JESSICA
Okay. So when are you gonna take
Charlie's virginity?

JANE
JESSICA.

JESSICA
What? The subject is changed. I
answered your questions and now you
answer mine. So, when are you guys
gonna fuck?

JANE
I didn't know that was an option.

JESSICA
Ha, you're thinking about it,
aren't ya? Admit it. That lost
stare...the perfect way his hair
just so happens to fall into place -
- no thanks to Herbal Essence gel
products, of course -- and that
fourth of a goatee he finally grew
Junior year... Totally turns you
on. I can see it.

JANE
After Emma punched Shawn in the
throat Freshman year, I think your
matchmaking days are over.

JESSICA
Yeahhh...yeah yeah yeah.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SCHOOL - DAY

Most of the kids have gone out for lunch. Only a few cars sit in the lot.

INT. CAR - DAY

Mason sits in the backseat, hitting a joint. He flicks the ashes out of the window.

Dalton sits in the passenger's side, eating a fast food hamburger. His window is down.

The radio is on.

Mason passes the joint to --

Brody, sitting in the driver's side.

BRODY
The fuck? I told you not to light that shit in here. C'mon.

MASON
What do you want me to do? Put it out...?

Brody sprinkles WHITE POWDER in between his thumb and index, then SNIFFS it. He falls back into the seat.

DALTON
How's the Ritalin working out?

BRODY
Fucking sweet.

MASON
Poor man's coke's what it is.

BRODY
Did I ask you?

MASON
(re: joint)
Dalton.

DALTON
No, thanks.

He takes another bite of his burger.

MASON
What is up with you guys today?
Jesus...

BRODY
If you don't like it, then you can
get the fuck out.

Mason is immediately silenced.

BRODY (CONT'D)
(to Dalton)
Who're you taking to Lainey's
tomorrow night?

DALTON
What's tomorrow night?

BRODY
Pre-party gathering.

DALTON
Didn't know I was going.

BRODY
You could take Kris.

MASON
Already called dibs.

Brody ignores him. Mason is completely irrelevant at this moment.

DALTON
Sure.

BRODY
(nods)
Hey, Mas?

MASON
Yo.

BRODY
What was it I heard about you
talking to Jane Benson in class?

MASON
Where'd you hear that?

BRODY

No matter how fast your hormones are racing, you don't mess with that. Ever.

(looks back to Mason)

You got me?

MASON

Yeah, man. Of course.

BRODY

She's damaged goods.

MASON

Yeah. Heard you.

Brody turns back around. Grabs a piece of bacon from Dalton's hamburger. Shoves it into his mouth and cranks up the car.

INT. GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM - SCHOOL - DAY

Jane pulls her shirt over her head. Jessica stands beside her, changing into sweat pants.

JANE

You coming over tonight?

JESSICA

Nope. Got practice.

JANE

Tomorrow?

JESSICA

Yeah. Sure.

Kris approaches. Opens her locker door. As if she's part of the conversation.

KRIS

There are more important things in the world, Benson. Your little girl crush is just gonna have to wait.

JANE

I'm..sorry. Who are you?

Jessica glances at Jane. Let's go!

KRIS

You think you're still hot shit? I know about you.

JESSICA
(to Jane; low)
Come on.

KRIS
Psychotic bitch.

Jane is nearly trembling. She looks to the floor, ashamed it might be true.

JESSICA
Jane.

Jessica loops arms with Jane and escorts her out of the room. Kris watches them go, a sly smile on her face.

INT. HALLWAY - SCHOOL - DAY

Jessica stops Jane, putting her hands on her shoulders. Soothing.

JESSICA
Hey, hey. Calm down, 'kay?

JANE
Who the fuck does she think she is?

JESSICA
It's okay..Jane...

JANE
No. Jessica. It's not okay.

Jane jerks out of her grip.

JESSICA
Jane.

JANE
I can't keep doing this.

Jane turns and heads back inside the locker room.

JESSICA
JANE!

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - SCHOOL - DAY

Lainey and Jessica stand on the sidelines. Jessica has her foot propped on the bench, tying her shoe.

Holding her sunglasses in between her teeth. Both girls are in their cheer uniforms.

Kris stands a ways from them, with the other girls, racking up popularity points.

Jessie removes the sunglasses from her teeth. She props them up on her forehead. Lainey begins her stretches.

JESSICA

Lain.

LAINEY

Yeah?

Jessica quickly turns towards Kris to make sure she isn't listening. Coast clear. She turns back to Lainey.

JESSICA

Could you tell Kris to maybe, back off?

LAINEY

From what?

JESSICA

Jane and Kris said some things, and --

LAINEY

(chuckles)

You're fuckin' shitting me. Jane? Honey, we're not talking about a retarded kid here. We're talking about a loose end. There's nothing offensive about it.

JESSICA

(beat; quizzical)

She was a part of your life, too.

Lainey jolts a little. Taken aback. Did she really just bring this up?

LAINEY

Jess, I grieve, believe me. But I'm not drawing in the attention like I'm fucking Lady Gaga. I don't care how people perceive me. So tell your charity case to take the moping elsewhere if she doesn't want to hear the truth.

Lainey lets Jessica reel in her words. She grins and places a hand on her shoulder as she maneuvers around her.

LAINNEY (CONT'D)
 (to the other
 cheerleaders)
 Let's go, bitches! Practice starts
 here and NOW!

EXT. BENSON HOUSE - EVENING

The SOUND of the girls CHEERING overlap, setting a happy stigma to this otherwise ordinary scene.

INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - BENSON HOUSE - EVENING

Jane sits in front of her laptop screen, watching her school's football game on Youtube. Most of it is focused on the cheer team.

Charlie enters the room. He approaches Jane, watches the video from over her shoulder.

JANE
 (without looking away)
 How's the nose?

CHARLIE
 Not broken.

Jane continues to watch the video. Charlie notices her almost obsessive stare.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Can you believe people actually do
 this shit for a living?

Jane doesn't answer. Nearly mesmerized.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Jane.

JANE
 (turns a bit)
 Yeah?

CHARLIE
 Are you okay?

JANE
 Yeah.

Charlie closes the screen. The computer silences.

JANE (CONT'D)
What was that for?

Charlie sits on her bed, getting comfortable.

Jane leaps up and hops onto the bed too, sitting across from him.

JANE (CONT'D)
(fake panic)
Shit. You think I'm corrupt.

Jane gathers on her hands and knees and crawls to him, falsely helpless, but very seductive nonetheless.

JANE (CONT'D)
Charlie, help me. I'm crossing back into the abyss...

She chuckles a bit, but Charlie sees no humor in this.

JANE (CONT'D)
Oh, come on. Charlie, my heart and soul goes out to those poor girls. I was just watching out of sympathy.

CHARLIE
You're still mocking me.

JANE
Hey! That one sounded sincere.

By this point, they're extremely close. Charlie revels in it while Jane finds nothing about this beyond casual.

JANE (CONT'D)
Why did you used to come to all of those games?

CHARLIE
To laugh.

JANE
No. You came there for me.

Charlie averts his eyes. This is true.

JANE (CONT'D)
You came there to cheer me on and to show what a great friend you were.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

Now I'm doing the same for Jess. I
can't go, but I'll always be there.

This wasn't heading where he thought it was, but Charlie
keeps the front going.

JANE (CONT'D)

So stop riding my dick, and support
me in supporting Jess.

CHARLIE

I gotcha.

Jane smiles, and Charlie smiles back. He can't help himself.
They hold their stare for just a little too long.

INT. BEDROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

Dalton sits at his laptop on a SOCIAL NETWORKING WEBSITE.
He's on JANE's page, the mouse's arrow hovering over the
MESSAGE button. He's contemplating. His fingers TAP against
the mouse's key.

Beside the computer -- HIS CELL PHONE. It LIGHTS up. VIBRATES
along to a ringtone.

Dalton picks it up immediately.

DALTON

(into phone)

Hey.

BRODY

(from phone)

Get your pants on. We're going out.

DALTON

Um, okay, but--

CLICK! Brody hangs up.

Dalton looks at the phone, a little offended. He presses END.

EXT. PARK - ESTABLISH - NIGHT

Lush, green property with newly painted swings and slides as
a backdrop. Trees shade away the night sky.

Directly below sits Brody's car. The music down low.

INT. BRODY'S CAR - NIGHT

Brody in the driver's seat. Dalton in the passenger's. Brody already looks drunk. He downs another beer.

More alcohol sits in the back seat.

Dalton cracks open a bottle of soft alcohol. He drinks it.

DALTON
Mason didn't wanna come?

BRODY
Didn't invite him. Wanted to hang
with a pal!

Brody playfully shoves Dalton's shoulder.

Dalton slumps a bit to the side. He smirks and takes another sip.

Brody glances out of his window -- out to the park. He drinks some more.

BRODY (CONT'D)
God...this place hasn't aged a bit.
(chuckles)
When I..when I was fourteen, I
convinced Vicky Knox I was hung
like a horse, and she blew me --
(points behind some trees)
Right over there.

Dalton chuckles as well, but it's more of a bullshit chuckle than anything.

BRODY (CONT'D)
I've gotten laid in this very spot
so many times.

DALTON
That's gross.

BRODY
Don't be a bitch.

Brody reaches back for another beer.

Beat.

DALTON
Two years have really gone by.

BRODY
Since what?

He opens the liquor bottle.

DALTON
With..uh..what happened to Aaron.

Brody pauses as he drinks. He doesn't really want to talk about it.

BRODY
Sure has.

DALTON
It's funny how things work out..how people change. Y'know?

BRODY
No. I don't know.

Dalton takes this as a sign to shut up now.

Brody chugs down the liquor, not stopping for anything.

INT. KITCHEN - LAINEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lainey's mother sits at the island, going through bills. The very same island Jessica stood on, taking shots from boyfriends. Nothing in the room has changed.

Lainey enters the room, but doesn't step in far.

LAINEY
I'm home.

Her mother looks up, smiles for a second, then goes back to her work.

LAINEY'S MOTHER
I see.

LAINEY
Where's dad?

LAINEY'S MOTHER
Celebrating. Team won 6 to 4.

LAINEY
Go Cougars.
(desperate for
conversation)
Why didn't you go with?

LAINNEY'S MOTHER

(sighs)

It's...a man thing. You'll understand.

Lainey nods. She swings her keys in hand.

LAINNEY

I'm going to bed.

LAINNEY'S MOTHER

Good night.

Lainey turns around and leaves to --

INT. UPSTAIRS - HALLWAY - LAINNEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lainey passes through. She lets her hair down from the ponytail. She comes to --

A DOOR. Not on purpose, though. It's cracked.

Lainey steals a glance from inside.

LAINNEY'S P.O.V. -- THE BEDROOM

Everything's clean, yet messy. As if no one ever left it. An outdated iPod lies on the nightstand. The bed has been slept in -- two years ago. Teenage boy stuff everywhere.

The door quietly clicks SHUT.

INT. HALLWAY - SCHOOL - DAY

The teens are piling in. Wandering off to their classes. Checking their lockers. Talking to friends.

CHARLIE

(pre-lap)

I was thinking we could go out tonight.

AT THE END OF THE HALL

Charlie walks beside Jane, who seems to be in her own world. But she snaps out of it.

JANE

Yeah. Anything you want.

CHARLIE
You're...sincere about it?

JANE
Sure.

CHARLIE
Because...you probably already had
other plans...

JANE
Don't change your mind. You fidget
and stutter and you just look like
a total spaz.

Suddenly -- JESSICA appears from the crowd. She slides her
way in between the two.

JESSICA
Man, I haven't got wasted in ages!

JANE
Just don't overdo it.

JESSICA
(latches onto Jane)
I wish you could come with. Lots of
shots...lots of pot...

CHARLIE
Dr. Seus musta did a number on you
as a kid...

JESSICA
Best doctor around.

JANE
Charlie and I have plans.

Charlie modestly smiles to himself. Jackpot! Jessica chuckles
a bit. Shocked, but happy.

JESSICA
Wow...okay...uh..You two have fun
with that.

Jessica backs away, leaving the two to be alone.

JANE
I'll see you later.

Jessica spins around, immediately falling into a crowd.

EXT. BACK LOT - SCHOOL - DAY

Charlie BURSTS through the double doors. Earbuds in. Book bag on. He heads past the burnouts standing in the corner and --

LAINY'S GROUP. Really just consisting of Lainey herself, Kris and Jessica. The girls are on their cigarette break.

Charlie heads for a picnic table on the far side. He takes out a Mt. Dew bottle from his bag and chugs it down as he reaches for a book inside.

Lainey watches him -- moreso than the other girls.

KRIS

Is it true that he sucked off the track team?

JESSICA

(stern)

No.

KRIS

What about lacross?

LAINY

(turns to Jessica)

You're coming tonight, right?

JESSICA

Yeah.

KRIS

I thought you were gonna hang out with Benson?

JESSICA

I'm not. Her and Charlie have plans.

KRIS

(points to Charlie)

That Charlie?

Jessica nods.

KRIS (CONT'D)

He's so fucking gay!

JESSICA

It's a stigma.

LAINNEY
 She doesn't even like him. You can
 tell it.

JESSICA
 You don't know that...

LAINNEY
 Yeah, okay. Just gimme a minute.

She holds out her hand for reassurance and then heads over to
 Charlie's table.

JESSICA
 (low)
 Fuck, Jess...

Kris watches on, excited.

ON CHARLIE

His eyes intently on the book. He takes a drink from the Mt.
 Dew bottle. His earbuds have disappeared.

Suddenly -- LAINNEY slides onto the picnic table. A bit too
 close for his taste.

LAINNEY
Fight Club?

CHARLIE
 (sarcastic)
Twilight.

LAINNEY
 Okay, let's stop with the fucking
 'fairy' jokes for two minutes.
 TWILIGHT digs are done. Why are you
 going to go out with Jane Benson?

Charlie looks at Lainey. How did she know?

LAINNEY (CONT'D)
 Answer my question. Don't be shy.

CHARLIE
 Why?

LAINNEY
 Because I want to know.
 (beat)
 She doesn't want you, Charlie. I
 wish you'd see that.

CHARLIE

Oh, that's typical... That is so fucking typical of Lainey Asal to say because she's so sponged in everything else to realize she's just as sad as the people below her.

LAINNEY

Charlie..do you really think that hurts me?

(beat)

I just thought I should let you know, that Jane is doing all of this out of pity, for both of you. She's lonely and so are you. There's nothing there but the attraction to fuck.

(beat)

Thank me later. Maybe you should tell me how it goes.

Lainey flicks her cigarette and takes a drag as she leaves Charlie to process this. He quickly goes back to reading his book. Trying his damndest to shake it off. But we can see it. He can't.

INT. CORRIDOR - SCHOOL - DAY

The halls are empty, except for --

DALTON. His shoes scuffle against the tiles. He shakes up a drink in his hand. Then..he notices Jane coming his way, but not on purpose. She doesn't really notice him or bothers to, at least.

DALTON

Hey!

That gets her attention.

JANE

Hey..

But she continues to move past. Dalton reaches over and grabs her hand, stopping her. Jane turns around, confused and a bit uneasy. But that quickly fades once she looks at his face.

Dalton lets go, feeling that she doesn't want to be touched.

DALTON

I just thought I should say this..My friends are assholes.

JANE
(nods)
That's kinda their niche.

DALTON
(low)
Truth be told...I fucking hate
them.

He smiles a little. Jane doesn't know if this is a joke or not, but she goes along with it.

JANE
(leans in; whisper)
It'll be our little secret.

Dalton chuckles.

DALTON
So, you're good? No suicidal
thoughts...no...

AT THE DOUBLE DOORS

Dalton's voice trails as Charlie enters the school. He continues to walk, hearing the conversation but thinking nothing of it.

Charlie turns the corner and finds Jane and Dalton talking. Dalton slaps Jane's shoulder as if he was a friend. He moves past her.

Charlie leans against the wall, watching and waiting...But Jane never notices him.

EXT. BENSON HOUSE - DUSK

Jane walks through the lawn and to the front door.

A phone RINGS.

INT. BATHROOM - HOUSE - DUSK

Charlie stands at the sink, his phone to his ear. The light is on. He's shirtless. He looks sick. His somber look reflects off of the medicine cabinet's mirror.

On the other end, the phone continues to ring. Finally, someone answers.

JANE
 (from phone)
 Hello?

CHARLIE
 (into phone; beat)
 Hi..Jane.

INT. BEDROOM - BENSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane slings her bag next to the dresser as she enters the room. Her phone to her ear.

JANE
 Where were you earlier? I tried calling. Are you still coming over?

CHARLIE
 Plans changed.

JANE
 I'm sorry to hear that. I was really looking forward to our night on the town.

CHARLIE
 Do you like me, Jane?

JANE
 (jokingly)
 Of course I do. Do you like me, Charlie?

Jane removes her jewelry and sets the pieces on the dresser.

CHARLIE
 I think you're beautiful.

JANE
 (giggles)
 You have no idea you're making me blush right now.

CHARLIE
 I think you're beautiful, and smart, and I'm the only one who will ever feel that way about you.

This raises concern for Jane. The tone in his voice is completely off.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Do you like me, Jane?

JANE
Charlie..I think you might have the
wrong idea...

CHARLIE
Who is he?

JANE
I don't know yet.

CHARLIE
It's Dalton. He's a great guy.

JANE
Charlie, you don't sound so good.

CHARLIE
He's sweet, and boy, I bet his
grades are outstanding. He has all
the cool clothes and I bet he just
knows how many girls would kill to
be with him at this very moment.

JANE
I'm coming over.

CHARLIE
I bet you'll talk to him tonight,
and you'll tell him just how
fucking perfect you think he is if
you ever grew the balls. Then he'd
lean in and kiss your lips like I
never got the chance to.

JANE
Charlie, STOP.

CHARLIE
Maybe he'll call you the next day
if his friends never find out. Or
maybe he'd lie to them and say he
never did such a thing.

This rings true to Jane. He's nearly drawing her to tears.
She leans her head against her door.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
All of them want you, Jane. But
they're too embarrassed. You knew
how I felt.

JANE
(through tears)
I never meant it...

SILENCE on the other end. Every once in a while...there's a CRACK! POP!

Jane continues to cry. Her head on the door.

Then...on the other end of the phone...BLAM. One single gunshot.

Jane doesn't budge. This just makes her cry harder. The phone still pressed to her ear like Charlie never left.

JANE'S MOM (O.S.)
Jane?! Are you home?!

INT. KITCHEN - LAINEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a phone. BUZZING. The caller I.D. on it reads JANE, but no one's around to pick it up.

In the distance, we catch a glimpse of some teens. LAUGHING and taking shots.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - LAINEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A small gathering as planned. Lainey, Jessica, Dalton, Brody and Mason sit around the table, pouring alcohol and drinking it down.

Jessica SLAMS down a shot glass. Brody runs his hand down Lainey's thigh. She stares at him intensely. Mason passes a small marijuana bowl to Dalton. He takes.

Kris enters into frame. Carrying more alcohol. She hands a beer to Brody.

KRIS
One for you...
(hands a bottle of Grey
Goose to Jessica; hands a
Smirnoff to Mason)
One pussy drink for you...
(sits down in a loveseat)
And this expensive truth-in-a-
bottle for me.

LAINEY
Where's mine?

KRIS
You asked?

LAINNEY
(duh)
It's my fucking house.

KRIS
Fine.

Kris sits the bottle down next to the seat and hurries back into the room she came from.

Brody swiftly gets up and grabs up the bottle. He hands it to Lainey and she drinks it down.

BRODY
It's getting late. We're gonna have to leave soon.

Lainey grins. She turns to the others.

LAINNEY
You gonna be okay here?

MASON
Go have tremendous sex. We'll be fine.

Lainey smiles. She grabs Brody's hand and leads him upstairs.

MASON (CONT'D)
Lucky bastard.

Dalton looks to Jessica. She feels a bit uncomfortable here, so she continues drinking. Dalton blows out smoke.

INT. HALLWAY - LAINNEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lainey takes a drink from the bottle.

Brody opens a bedroom door and peeks inside.

LAINNEY
Wrong room.

Brody turns around, a bit thoughtful.

BRODY
Do you ever go inside? Just to look around, make sure nothing's been touched?

LAINNEY
No.

This time, she takes a larger drink, then opens the door to her room. Brody heads inside. Lainey quickly follows.

INT. BEDROOM - LAINEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's dark, and the two plan to keep it that way. Brody bumps into a desk chair as Lainey removes his shirt. Most of her clothes are already off. He unhooks her bra as she unbuttons his pants.

Brody crawls onto the bed and as he flips over, Lainey's already down to his crotch. He holds the back of her head as she bobs.

BRODY

Don't stop...SHIT..don't stop.
God...

She continues on as the house phone RINGS downstairs.

Brody tingles as Lainey lifts up and sits herself on top of him.

Someone finally answers the phone. It's Kris.

Lainey rides him with drunken force. Brody grabs her hair and runs his hands all over her body.

We can hear the phone conversation perfectly.

KRIS (O.S.)

Hello?
(beat)
Who is this?
(beat)
Oh..hi, Mrs. Asal.

The sex grows more intense. Brody pants. Lainey leans down and presses her lips onto Brody's. They make out as he holds her close. Lainey doesn't stop. She needs this.

KRIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, what was that?
(beat)
Charlie Williams...? Oh my God...
(quick beat)
Yeah. Yeah, I'll be sure to tell her.
(beat)
Okay. Bye.

Brody places his hands around her waist. Pulling her in. Pulling her out. Lainey moans. LOUDER.

KRIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

LAINEY!

Lainey doesn't answer. She's too concentrated on finishing.

KRIS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

LAINEY!

LAINEY

FUCKING HOLD ON!

BANG! BANG! BANG! -- They're coming from the other side of Lainey's bedroom door.

Lainey hops up, ticked off. She grabs a button up lying on the floor and wraps it around her breasts.

Brody lies on the bed, in the shadows. Pissed and flabbergasted. But he's too drunk to do much. So he waits.

INT. HALLWAY - LAINEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lainey RIPS open the door, but holds it at an angle to where Kris can't see anything below the waist.

LAINEY

WHAT?

Kris stands on the other side. Distraught. Her face is wet with sweat. But Lainey is worse. Drunk, panting and pissed.

KRIS

Charlie's dead.

This hits Lainey more than we thought. But she straightens her composure quickly.

LAINEY

How?

KRIS

He shot himself, Lainey. In the head. You're mom just called.

Lainey leans her head on the doorway. Thinking.

LAINEY

(beat)

Is she coming home?

KRIS

She didn't say.

Beat.

Lainey slams the door. Kris shuffles back. Unsure of what to do.

INT. KITCHEN - LAINEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jessica sits at the island bar, on her phone. She's upset. She wipes her wet cheek clean. Sniffles.

JESSICA
 (into phone)
 Jane, if you're around, pick up,
 please. This is the third time I
 called.

Jessica hangs up as LAINEY enters the room. She's dressed now. In the button up and a pair of shorts. Stone cold sober.

Jessica spins around. Jumps a little.

LAINEY
 She won't answer. She's grieving.

JESSICA
 I know...

LAINEY
 So, stop trying.

JESSICA
 It was fun tonight. Thanks.

LAINEY
 Don't forget..this was for Aaron,
 too.

Jessica smiles a little. But she knows this soft side won't last.

JESSICA
 Did everyone else leave?

LAINEY
 Brody took Mase home. Dalton's
 about to leave.

Jessica nods.

LAINEY (CONT'D)
 (touches Jessica's
 shoulder)
 (MORE)

LAINY (CONT'D)

Don't be so depressed. It's not
like anyone told him to do it.

Jessica says nothing to that. She can't if she wants to make it out of that house alive. She fingers her phone, thinking. Then she grabs it up and slides off of the stool.

JESSICA

I should go. I'll call you.

Lainey watches as Jessica leaves. She takes Jess' place at the bar and hangs her head down. Picks at her fingernails.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - ESTABLISH - MORNING

The sun has just risen. No one has left their home. Finally, a view of the whole neighborhood. The houses are set far and apart. Some gated. Some have large lawns.

INT. KITCHEN - BENSON HOUSE - MORNING

Jane enters INTO FRAME in shorts and a tank-top, her hair in a messy, high bun. She's still tired. Her eyes are rimmed red. She looks around, noticing a POST-IT on the counter. She picks it up: GROCERY SHOPPING. BE BACK SOON - MOM

She crumbles it up and tosses it into the trash can as she passes by.

INT. BEDROOM - BENSON HOUSE - MORNING

Jane plops down onto the desk chair. She moves the mouse around on the laptop, then hits the REFRESH button. A social networking site appears with updated statuses.

Word has spread. Many statuses and comments are aimed towards Charlie. RIP CHARLIE WILLIAMS...WE MISS YOU...

Jane scrolls down.

ON THE SCREEN

She comes to a comment -- The Angel of Death strikes again :O
-- 5 comments.

Jane clicks on the comments. Below is a list: We took bets.
Jane lost...

And then one from BRODY -- This is the only bitch I've known to single-handily kill 2 people by just breathing. Who's next?

Two people have 'liked' it.

RETURN TO JANE

She sighs and exits the screen. She leans back in her chair and twirls a bit, keeping her eyes on the screen. They nearly burn through it.

ON THE SCREEN

The desktop -- Jane, smiling, happier times. She's cheek to cheek with Jessica and Charlie. The sun shines bright behind them.

DAY FADES INTO NIGHT -- as we continue to FOCUS ON the picture. We then CUT TO --

A FOREARM

Fingers place a RAZORBLADE upon it, slowly dragging it downwards. Quickly drawing blood.

ANGLE ON JANE

from afar. Her face twists in pain. She stops and stares at the bloodied blade. A bit disappointed.

Her cell phone BUZZES.

Jane throws the blade down onto the comfoter and grabs her phone from her nightstand. She eyes the I.D. -- JESSICA. She answers although she really doesn't want to.

JANE
(into phone)
Hello?

She has to choke out her words. She hasn't spoken all day.

JESSICA
(from phone)
I'm sorry I haven't talked to you.
I figured you'd might want to be
alone or something.

Jane stands up and exits the room.

JANE
That's thoughtful.

INT. BATHROOM - JANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane sticks her arm under the sink and runs the water as she talks. She desperately washes off the wound. Scrunching up her face in pain as she does.

JESSICA
A bunch of us are going out tonight. To kind of forget who we are for a moment...Do you want to come?

Jane pauses. She looks at herself in the mirror. There are faint bruises under her eyes. Her pale skin showing off the scars. She can't go out like this.

JANE
Sure, I'll go.

JESSICA
See you in ten?

JANE
Yeah.

JESSICA
'Kay.

CLICK!

Jane hangs up. A zombie-like quality has overcome her. She can't stop staring at herself. Her arm still leaks of blood. DRIP DROPPING into the sink. Staining with red.

EXT. PARK - ESTABLISH - NIGHT

The property is still for a moment. Only peaceful for a second. The lavish green shimmers under the moonlight. And then --

GIRL (O.S.)
WOOOOOOOOO!

Jane and Jessica run INTO FRAME.

CLOSE ON THE GIRLS

Drunk. Stumbling. As happy as they will ever be. Jane stops. She holds out her arms and YELLS in the open air, her head tilted to the sky. She falls to her knees. A mess.

Jessica spins around. She nearly tumbles onto Jane as she grabs her arms, pulling her up.

JESSICA

Come on..!

She pulls Jane up, but then it nearly turns into a domino effect. Jane falls onto Jessica. Jessica giggles as she stumbles back.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Come on..they're waiting for us.

JANE

Who's waiting for us?

JESSICA

(convincing)

God.

Jessica drags Jane away from frame. We finally get the impression from their faces and their actions that they're more than drunk.

AT THE EDGE OF THE PARK

Kris dances in the green by herself. Music plays from Brody's vehicle -- parked in the lot only a few yards away.

Mason approaches. He grabs her waist and moves with her, but she doesn't follow any particular lead. She's in her own world.

ANGLE ON LAINEY

swaying on the three-set swings. She peers up to the sky. Fading from a high. She lowers her head..only to find...

Jessica and Jane heading her way. Jane looks like she doesn't know where she is. The girl is gone.

LAINY

Man, she is fucked.

Brody appears behind Lainey. He chugs down a beer and leans against the pole.

Lainey continues to stare at Jane. Almost fascinated.

ANGLE ON JANE

staring right back, sharing that same exact expression.

Mason appears, Kris following right behind. He SLAPS his hand against Jane's ass. She jolts, uncomfortable. He leans in.

MASON

Ballsy of you to show up.

LAINEY

(to Kris)

You okay?

Kris shakes her head. Looking queasy.

MASON

Nahh, she'll be fine. Just had to use that gag reflex she's not used to.

BRODY

(to Kris)

Imagine what the popular girls have to do.

LAINEY

(to Jane)

Come sit.

Jane sways, queasy and not up for it. Jessica gives her a little push.

JESSICA

(low)

She won't bite.

ANGLE ON JANE AND LAINEY

Jane shuffles to the swing beside Lainey. Lainey leans over to her direction, checking her out. Jane keeps her eyes on the sand. She buries her feet in it.

LAINEY

God...do you know how pretty you could be? You're so lucky.

(no reaction)

I bet you had to fight Charlie off with a limb.

But Jane doesn't budge. She leans back.

ANGLE ON JESSICA

stumbling to the car. Mason catches her as he steps out of the driver's side. He places his hands suggestively on her waist.

LAINY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Do you see that? You could be that.
You had a choice to be that.
Everything's about choices. At
least, it seems to be.

RETURN TO LAINY

swinging softly. This is the lonely girl that has been trying to get out this whole time.

LAINY (CONT'D)
It's funny..what people do to run
away -- to hide. You choose not to
do a lot of things. Why?

JANE
(ever so quietly)
The things I choose not to do, is
the person I choose not to be.

LAINY
But here you are, pretending things
haven't changed a bit.
(beat)
I was so fucking jealous of you. Do
you know how good you had it?

Jane shakes her head in disappointment.

JANE
I had everything.

ANGLE ON BRODY

coming forth.

LAINY (O.S.)
(in disbelief)
You stupid bitch...

RETURN TO LAINEY AND JANE

looking to Lainey. Where the hell did that come from?

LAINEY (CONT'D)
(pure venom)
I hate you.

Jane rises, keeping her eyes on Lainey. She turns, her high gone to waste. She continues on across the property.

ANGLE ON LAINEY

alone. Watching Jane with daggers.

RETURN TO JANE

Brody grabs her arm and turns her to him, drunk and unstable.

BRODY
Where the FUCK do you think you're
going?!

Jane turns to Brody's car, freaking out.

JANE
(desperate)
JESSICA?

Jane's scared. She holds her hand up to her head, rubbing it in internal agony.

BRODY
SHUT UP, you ugly bitch!

JANE
Let go of me!

BRODY
You gonna fight me? Huh?! You gonna
fight me?!

He SMACKS her across the face with such force, that Jane holds her nose. She holds her head low. She trembles, slightly looking to him, but we never get to see his reaction...

THUD!

Jane HITS THE GROUND as Lainey KICKS her foot INTO JANE'S RIBS.

Jane curls up, holding her wound. She scrunches her face in pain, trying to scream, but it does no good. Her nose bleeds out.

LAINNEY
(in tears)
YOU FUCKING BITCH!

She delivers another blow to Jane's gut. This time she SCREAMS. Cries and coughs with force.

Kris comes running over. She stops as she finds...

Lainey KICKING THE SHIT OUT OF JANE. She brings her foot up and CONNECTS IT WITH JANE'S LEG.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

In the back seat -- Mason THRUSTS into Jessica, who's nearly passed out.

In the windshield, we notice LAINNEY continuing to take out her anger on Jane.

Kris lifts Jane..maybe to help her? Only for Lainey to PUNCH her back down. Jane crumbles to the ground.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Jane is KICKED again. She HOWLS and nearly chokes on her own tears. Suddenly..she PUKES onto the ground next to her.

Lainey just stares at her, ready to let it out all... So she SCREAMS. Crying.

LAINNEY
I FUCKING -- HATE YOU! YOU BITCH!
YOU KILLED HIM! HE NEVER HAD A
CHANCE!
(kicks again)
Why didn't you die instead...?
HUH?! NOW LOOK AT YOU! YOU'RE SO --
(kicks again)
PATHETIC.

Jane lies on the ground, stomach first. She can't move. Her eyes are opened -- staring right at us. Taking the blows.

Lainey flips Jane over.

LAINNEY (CONT'D)
Look at me.

Her face is STREAMING in tears. She shakes. This isn't looking good for anyone.

Brody and Kris exchange looks. This girl is out of control.

Jane looks at Lainey -- straight into her eyes. We can tell..she feels sorry for her.

LAINERY (CONT'D)

I was perfect..and you fucking took that away from me.

Jane continues to stare.

Lainey lifts her fist..and DRIVES IT INTO JANE'S FACE. Jane's mouth SPEWS blood. Her head falls over.

But that doesn't mean Lainey stops. She PUNCHES..OVER AND OVER AND OVER, not aiming anywhere particular.

ANGLE ON THE CAR

as MASON steps out. Zipping up his pants. He sees the ruckus and hurries over.

RETURN TO LAINERY

She's weak but she doesn't want to stop..not until she's dead. Lainey grabs Jane's hair and beats her head into the grass.

Jane cries and her SCREAMS now become WAILS.

Lainey smacks her and delivers another PUNCH.

Mason nearly TACKLES Lainey and grabs her up. Lainey's crying hard. Crying until there's nothing left.

Kris pours the remainder of her alcohol onto Jane's face.

ANGLE ON JANE

as the alcohol is poured. She flinches as it runs down her face and through her hair. She trembles like a hurt puppy. Her nose and mouth bleeding. Her body dirty and bruised.

We keep on her as the teens return to the car. The headlights flicker on. The car backs out, just as calm and steady...and then leaves the scene...

Jane breathes in and out heavily, forcing it. She can't speak. Nothing. FOCUS ON HER FOR ANOTHER BEAT. And then --

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BEDROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Dalton's face. Typing heavily, his face glued to the computer screen.

THUD! THUD! THUD! Against the stairs right outside of his door. Then -- it rips open.

BRODY enters. Frazzled. He slams the door shut as Dalton turns to him.

DALTON

Hey.

Brody moves to the window. He peeks out into the street, paranoid.

Dalton stands. Concerned as could be.

Brody turns back to him, sweating terribly. He's freaking out hard.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Brody..--

BRODY

I don't know what fuckin' happened, but it's bad, dude..real bad.

DALTON

Hey, hey, chill. Okay? What happened?

Brody stares at him, trembling. He doesn't know what to say.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - SCHOOL - ESTABLISH - DAY

We PAN DOWN to an idealistic day above the track..the link fence..and football practice.

We FOCUS on one football player in particular, we recognize through the helmet, it's BRODY. His head in the game. Fierce.

ON THE SIDELINES

Lainey and Kris, dressed in their cheer uniforms, alternating between chatting and gawking at the football players.

LAINEY

It's legit. I'm a fucking god.

KRIS

Your mom's letting you have the property?

LAINEY

Twenty-four straight hours of debauchery. Why? Do you wanna come?

Kris pauses. Uh...

LAINEY (CONT'D)

Kidding! Jesus, can't take a joke anymore...

Kris chuckles it off.

RETURN TO THE FIELD

Number 29 catches the ball. He runs with it in full speed. The back of the jersey reads JENKINS.

ON THE PLAYER

It's DALTON, cradling the ball in his hand. He happens to notice the parking lot across the lawn...

DALTON'S P.O.V. -- THE LOT

JANE BENSON exits a car. She waves as it pulls away back onto the main road.

RETURN TO SCENE

Dalton furrows his brow. Out of nowhere, a fellow teammate TACKLES Dalton to the ground. He hits it with blunt force, the ball rolls out of his hands.

Lainey and Kris turn their attention towards him as the Coach BLOWS THE WHISTLE.

Brody approaches, his helmet off. He reaches down and grabs Dalton's hand. Dalton lifts up, but as soon as he does, Brody SHOVES Dalton away. Angered.

BRODY
What the fuck was that?!

Dalton removes his helmet and chucks it to the ground.

DALTON
(re: Jane)
Did you see her?

BRODY
Who?

DALTON
Jane.

Brody pauses. Shit.

COACH (O.S.)
Hit the showers, guys!

BRODY
(low)
Don't you say a goddamn word.

Brody turns, his helmet in hand. He walks off.

Beat. Dalton watches him, a little pissed. And then -- he follows. Dalton hurries behind. SHOVES BRODY. The favor returned. But Brody quickly retracts. He spins around and PUNCHES DALTON. Dalton stumbles back.

Brody turns as the Coach approaches.

COACH
You two get dressed and come with me.

Dalton straightens up, holding his hand to his busted lip.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - SCHOOL - DAY

Dalton sits in a fold metal chair next to a door. He taps his foot, holding a tissue to his lip. He's anxious.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - SCHOOL - DAY

Dalton sits in front of the desk. The PRINCIPAL scans the referral. She's a woman in her mid 40s.

PRINCIPAL

Is there any reason behind this, or
just horseplay taken too far?

Dalton thinks. He's considering telling her. His face reads so. But he doesn't. Just shrugs it off.

DALTON

Just taken too far, I guess.

INT. HALLWAY - SCHOOL - DAY

Dalton moves through the crowd. Feeling alone in this very moment. He holds onto the strap of his bag. He passes JANE. Heading the opposite way. She didn't even notice him. But he sure did notice her.

ANGLE ON JANE

ignoring everyone she comes across. She turns a corner, and bumps into MASON. He's stunned. Stares at her. A bit frightened. Her bottom lip is swollen. She wears a t-shirt, showing off the faint bruises on her arms.

Jane watches Mason as he quickly maneuvers around her and into the sea of teenagers. Jane continues on her path.

INT. CLASSROOM - SCHOOL - DAY

Jessica sits in the classroom. There are few students left. She finishes up her notes then begins packing.

The door opens. Jane steps inside.

Jessica has to do a double take as Jane passes her.

Jane approaches the teacher's desk.

JANE

Can I get today's assignment?

(beat)

Thanks.

Jessica slides on her bag and waits for Jane. She's curious.

The teacher hands Jane her assignment. Jane turns around, notices Jessica waiting.

JESSICA

Where've you been?

Jane's baffled. But she hides it good.

JANE

I got in a few extra hours.

Things are awkward between them. Jessica doesn't understand why.

JESSICA

I tried calling you yesterday --
all day, actually.

JANE

I tried calling Saturday.

JESSICA

Yeah...sorry about that... I was so
trashed Friday night. I slept all
day. Had to go back to get my car.
How'd you get home?

JANE

(beat)
I walked.

Jessica and Jane turn to go out of the room.

JESSICA

By the way..Dalton has been asking
about you. Like, all day. It's
creepy.

(notices Jane's bruise)
Jesus H. Christ, how'd you get
that?!

JANE

Lainey didn't tell you?
(beat)
I fell.

The girls disappear out of sight.

INT. HALLWAY - SCHOOL - DAY

Jane and Jessica return INTO FRAME. The hallway is almost
cleared.

JESSICA

Did you hear when the funeral was
going to be?

JANE
 His mom was saying something about
 Thursday, but they're still not
 sure.

Then..LAINNEY and KRIS appear on the side by the lockers,
 talking.

JESSICA
 Oh, there she is --
 (waves to Lainey)
 Lainey!

Lainey turns her head. Her face immediately drops as she
 notices Jane.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
 Maybe you should go talk to her.

JANE
 No..it's good.

JESSICA
 You sure?

JANE
 Yeah, totally.

Lainey and Kris' hearts race unnaturally. They're shocked by
 her presence. Lainey bites her tongue as Jane and Jessica
 walk away.

KRIS
 Shit.

LAINNEY
 Shut up.

KRIS
 Did you see the way she looked at
 us?

LAINNEY
 (scared shitless)
 Yeah.

KRIS
 Why did she show up?

LAINNEY
 I don't know.

And that's that. Lainey grabs Kris and leads her away from
 the scene.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SCHOOL - DAY

Brody leans on his car, smoking a cigarette.

Lainey hurries out of the school and makes her way to the car.

BRODY
We need to talk --

LAINEY
(abruptly)
Get in the car.

BRODY
What?

LAINEY
GET IN THE FUCKING CAR.

Lainey doesn't stop for anything. Brody slides into the driver's side. Lainey RIPS OPEN the passenger's and gets in.

INT. BRODY'S CAR - DAY

Lainey SLAMS the door. Brody watches the meltdown as it unfolds quickly.

Lainey SCREAMS and KICKS the interior of the car. She breathes heavily. Going mad slowly. Brody allows it. He can't take his eyes off of her.

LAINEY
(softly)
This isn't how it was supposed to be...
(turns to Brody)
Say something. Tell me it'll be okay.
(beat; off reaction)
You don't regret it, do you?

BRODY
(quickly)
No.

Lainey stares at him. She regains her posture and thinks about it. But on the outside, she's a blank slate.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

School's let out. The leaves crunch under the loose combat boots as we PAN UP to reveal -- JANE. Walking along the side of the road.

A JEEP appears, rolling up slowly beside her. They follow her, the passenger window rolled down. It's just Dalton.

DALTON

Jane.

Jane looks to him, taken aback. Guarded. She holds up her hand, half waves.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Need a ride?

JANE

I'm good.

DALTON

Hop in.

JANE

Persistent...

DALTON

Just trying to be nice.

Beat. He continues. Jane smiles..she stops, as does Dalton. She slides into the Jeep. He takes off.

INT. JEEP - DAY

Jane watches the road cautiously. Dalton has one hand on the wheel, trying to think of things to say.

JANE

You think you owe this to me.

DALTON

What was that?

JANE

Because your friends are who they are, you think you owe it to me to be nice.

DALTON

I've always been nice to you.

JANE

You didn't talk to me for a year.

DALTON

There were a lot of things going on, Jane. It just continues to happen longer for some more than others.

JANE

You can let me off here.

DALTON

You sure?

JANE

You wouldn't want anybody to see us anyways.

DALTON

Don't be like that.

JANE

I'll see you later.

Jane hops out of the Jeep. She stands on the corner at a street sign as Dalton pulls off.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - ESTABLISH - NIGHT

The same neighborhood we were just visiting. The green street sign GLOWS amongst the dark.

Behind it, a large, two story suburban home. The car parked in the drive easily belongs to a teenage girl. Lights burn from within the first story. The shrubs hide half of the windowsills.

INT. HALLWAY - HOUSE - NIGHT

The hall is dimly lit. A few doors here and there. Ahead, we notice a large break into the family room.

JESSICA steps out of a room. Dressed comfortably in shorts and a tank.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

Jessica powers on the TV as she passes.

Her home is rich. Nicely decorated and sleek. Three curtainless windows line the wall. She looks at the windows -- at her own reflection. She checks out her hair. Roughing it up a bit.

Behind her reflection steps in -- JANE. Jessica spins around. Jane tosses Jess her phone.

JANE
It was lying in the kitchen.

Jessica catches it easily.

JESSICA
Thanks.

Jane heads back into the kitchen. We can only slightly see her.

Jessica goes for the DVD cabinet.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Romantic comedy or boyfriend movie?

JANE (O.S.)
Boyfriend movie --

IN THE KITCHEN

Jane pulls out a soda from the fridge.

JANE
I could use a complicated storyline
and unnecessary hot chicks with
guns.

JESSICA (O.S.)
Boyfriend movie it is.

IN THE FAMILY ROOM

Jessica pulls out a DVD. She starts the movie and plops down on the couch.

Jane enters the room and stands behind the couch. She hands Jess the soda.

JESSICA
Thanks.

Jessica opens the soda and grabs the remote. The DVD menu begins.

ANGLE ON JANE

watching the DVD menu.

JANE
God, not this one...

ANGLE ON JESSICA

JESSICA
You said 'boyfriend movie'. What
did you exp --

IN A FLASH, JANE BRINGS DOWN A BUTCHER KNIFE, STABBING
JESSICA IN THE BACK CONTINUOUSLY.

She JERKS THE BLADE OUT as Jessica falls over. Hitting the
floor with an unruly THUD! Her back leaking with blood, and
three deep stab wounds.

Jessica moves, however, not going down as planned. She
SCREAMS as she moves her hands, crawling away.

ANGLE ON JANE

watching Jess with a surprising stare.

Jessica makes it to a table. She holsters herself up. She
turns around to Jane, who's just staring at her.

Jess backs away into the foyer.

Jane starts for her quickly.

JANE
JESSICA! NO!

IN THE FOYER

Jessica staggers to the front door. She fumbles with the
chain.

Jane runs straight for her and GRABS HER, DRAGGING HER BACK
with the knife still in hand.

Jessica SCREAMS.

JESSICA
LET ME GO!! STOP!!!

JANE
NO! DON'T --

Jane STRIKES Jess in the stomach and DROPS HER onto the hardwood.

Jessica holds her wound tightly, paralyzed from the fear, staring at Jane, who drops to her knees.

JESSICA
(through tears)
Get the fuck away from me...

Jane strokes her face. Jess retracts, turning the other cheek.

Suddenly -- we can hear CARS driving past the house. Headlights ZOOM by the windows.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
HELP!! SOMEBODYHELPME!!

Jane doesn't do anything.

Jess lies in a crimson puddle. She's quickly losing blood. She knows no one's coming for her, and she can't do anything about it.

JANE (O.S.)
I want you to know the truth, okay?
Promise you'll listen to me...

JESSICA
Fuck you...

JANE (O.S.)
They hurt me, Jess.

ANGLE ON JANE

desperately wanting Jess to know the truth, her face pained.

JANE (CONT'D)
Lainey kicked me. She wanted to kill me. And I think she did. So now, every time I close my eyes, I pretend that I'm five again, and I'm falling off of a swing, because that's what I had to do when she hurt me.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

I just closed my eyes, and pretended that I was only landing face first in some sand...and it didn't hurt as bad...

Only from this angle can we hear Jess suffering. She quivers. Trying to breathe, but instead -- wheezing.

JANE (CONT'D)

You were getting off in the back of a black Honda. I remember because Mason was with you. That's right..you let Mason Fletcher take the only thing you had left that made you feel so superior to us...

ANGLE ON JESSICA

her face pale. Her bottom lip quivering. Her hand slowly dropping from the gashing wound in her stomach.

JANE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And I feel sorry for you.

Jane leans down..and kisses her forehead.

JANE (CONT'D)

Shh..shh...it's okay now...

Life removes itself from Jessica as her breathing becomes hollow...and then..NOTHING. Her eyes wide, staring off into space. Blood runs out from under her and over her.

Jane runs her hand along Jess' cheek and her hair.

TIGHT ON JESSICA'S BODY as Jane rises to her feet...and --

EXT. BENSON HOUSE - DAWN

A brand new day. The sun rises just behind the house. A bright, orange, tint to the neighborhood surrounding.

INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - BENSON HOUSE - DAWN

WE PAN THROUGH THE ROOM... Nothing has been touched since last time. A screensaver moves on the laptop's screen. Light reflects off of the vanity table's mirror... And then we come to...

JANE

sitting on her bed. In the same clothes as the previous night. She's ready to doze off when...

POLICE SIRENS WHIRL PAST HER HOUSE.

Jane opens her eyes calmly. Taking in the chaotic noise.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Mason skates on the sidewalk, slowly stopping as he approaches --

JANE'S HOUSE

He looks at her bedroom window, wondering if she's home, and if she is, what she's doing...

AN AMBULANCE SPEEDS PAST MASON.

He watches the direction it's heading. Then he speeds up himself, following the ambulance.

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET

Mason comes to a skidding STOP as he comes to JESSICA'S HOUSE -- crawling with EMTS, DEPUTIES, and CORONERS.

FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

LIGHTS burst in and out from the front door.

Mason can only make out some blood...and a leg...

INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - BENSON HOUSE - MORNING

CLOSE ON JANE crying. Her head resting on her pillow. She's scared and nervous about what she has done.

JANE'S MOM (O.S.)

Jane?

JANE

Go away...

JANE'S MOM (O.S.)

Someone's here to see you.

Jane doesn't answer.

DALTON (O.S.)

I can take it from here.

But Jane doesn't budge.

The bedroom door shuts.

DALTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm sorry about Jessica...

JANE
(beat)
Me too.

ANGLE ON DALTON

standing behind Jane. He doesn't know what to do. So he sits down on the edge of Jane's bed.

DALTON
Can I be honest with you?

ANGLE ON JANE

picking at her fingernails. Too afraid to look him in the eye.

JANE
It couldn't hurt.

DALTON
I looked for you all night two years ago. I've been obsessed since. All I want to know is if you're the girl I've had in my head for so long.

JANE
(beat)
I'm dead, Dalton. There was no girl. It was just a figment of your imagination. Nothing more...nothing less.

DALTON
(hurt)
You're just upset.

Jane doesn't answer. He's been talking to a rock this whole time. It's time to give up, and he does.

Dalton quietly rises and leaves the room. He softly shuts the door behind him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON A T.V. -- a NEWSCAST.

ANCHOR WOMAN

(from T.V.)

All schools have been canceled
until officials close the case on
the Parks' murder...

The CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL --

Lainey passing by the T.V. She approaches the curtained patio
doors and THROWS the curtains apart, revealing...

Her mother speaking with a couple of OFFICERS. The house
phone RINGS.

Lainey picks it up and answers.

LAINEY

(into phone)

Hello?

BRODY

(from phone)

You weren't picking up your cell.

LAINEY

Whatever it was, it could've
waited.

BRODY

Are the cops at your house, too?

LAINEY

Yeah. Mom's talking to them now.

Lainey moves into the...

INT. KITCHEN - LAINEY'S HOUSE - DAY

...for more privacy.

BRODY

It's Jane. It has to be.

LAINEY

We can't say anything.

BRODY

You think I don't know that?!

LAINEY

God, just stop it, okay? I don't know how much more I can take.

BRODY

I'm not dealing with this shit much longer, either.

LAINEY

Then what do you suggest we do? Kill her?

BRODY

You already tried, remember?

LAINEY

(beat; upset)

I'll talk to you later...okay?

BRODY

Lainey, it'll be over. I promise.

Beat.

Lainey hangs up the phone. We linger on her as she sighs, trying to think of something to do.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Jane approaches another aisle as her mother scans the current one. She makes a turn and nearly smacks into --

MASON. He drops the items he carried. They SCATTER over the floor. Both teens scurry to clean them up.

JANE

You need a basket.

Mason doesn't answer. He doesn't even look her in the eye.

JANE (CONT'D)

None of this is your fault.

But this catches his attention.

MASON

I shouldn't had even been there.

JANE

No..no, don't think like that. You had no part in it.

They stand back up. Mason fumbles with the items in his hand.

MASON
Thanks for...uh..

JANE
Don't worry about it.

MASON
I rode by your house today.

Jane raises an eyebrow. Clearly that didn't help the conversation.

MASON (CONT'D)
That was..uh... Yeah, it's not like that... I just thought you weren't coming out today.

JANE
I needed the air.

MASON
It's nice to see you out.

JANE
Thanks.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

JANE and MASON straddle each other in the driver's seat. Jane's on top. The two passionately make-out. She grips onto his hair and neck as he squeezes her chest under her shirt. It's nearly off. Mason unbuttons and unzips her jeans with the other hand.

MASON
Stick it in.

Jane doesn't answer. The look on his face shows slight disappointment, but he's happy with what he can take.

MASON (CONT'D)
This isn't too much for you?

JANE
Don't ruin it.

Jane unbuttons his pants and shoves her hand down in it.

Mason leans back in his seat, floored.

JANE (CONT'D)
Do you think I'm pretty?

MASON
 (quickly)
 I think you're gorgeous.

JANE
 Really?

MASON
 Uh-huh.

Jane stops midway. She leans back onto the steering wheel.
 Mason looks at her, quizzical.

JANE
 You still feel guilty.

MASON
 No..no, I'm sorry.

JANE
 Then you don't think I'm pretty --

MASON
 You have to keep going. Just keep
 going.

JANE
 I can't...

MASON
 What the fuck, Jane? Janey, come
 on.

JANE
 Don't call me that.

MASON
 Janey?

Jane PULLS OUT A POCKET KNIFE FROM THE CONSOLE AND STRIKES
 MASON IN THE CHEST.

MASON (CONT'D)
 JANE!!!!

Jane RIPS THE BLADE DOWN HIS CHEST. BLOOD SPEWS from between
 his lips and onto Jane's clothes. Though he's already near
 death, Jane STABS a few more times.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

His crotch LEAKS WITH CRIMSON.

Jane examines the mess, wondering what she has become.

PAN TO MASON'S CELL PHONE lying in the passenger's seat.
BUZZING. Someone's calling.

INT. BEDROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

BRODY paces back and forth. On his phone.

INT. WOODS - NIGHT

Jane blindly stumbles through the woods, drenched in Mason's blood, his pocket knife still in her hand.

INT. BEDROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

Brody only gets the voicemail.

MASON
(from phone)
Yo, it's Mase. Leave a message.

BEEP!

INT. CAR - NIGHT

FOCUS ON MASON'S CORPSE propped up in the seat, just how Jane left him. His insides spill out of his chest and stomach. There's nothing left of his crotch. Blood is splattered over the driver's window and console.

BRODY (V.O.)
Mason, dude, pick up the fucking phone. I know shit hasn't been so good for us, but you have to trust me. I think something's going on with Jane...

His voice FADES.

INT. KITCHEN - BENSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The back door RIPS open to REVEAL JANE, now under the light, the blood more apparent. She hurries through the room, sick to her stomach.

INT. BATHROOM - BENSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane falls to her knees and PUKES into the toilet bowl.

CUT TO:

Jane RIPS OPEN THE SHOWER CURTAIN to a porcelain bath and shower combo. She twists the knob and the bath runs rapidly. Jane sticks her stained arms under there and scrubs the blood off roughly.

She's a blubbering mess. Hot tears stream down her face. She grows more and more impatient as she realizes the blood is refusing to come clean.

JANE

Come on...come on...

She tries a few more times. Not a lot has disappeared. She SCREAMS and SPLASHES the water away.

Jane slides down to where she's now sitting on the floor. The POCKET KNIFE is revealed to be lying next to her.

INT. BEDROOM - LAINEY'S HOUSE - DAY

CU ON KRIS' FACE. Wet with tears and paralyzed in fright.

BRODY (O.S.)

You know how they say the show must on? This show..it's fucking happening.

KRIS

No. Not like this.

ON THE GANG -- LAINEY, BRODY AND KRIS.

Kris is sitting on the edge of the bed. Brody in the desk chair, and Lainey beside Kris.

LAINEY

We have to keep our composure.

KRIS

No, you're stupid. Each and every one of you are. I wasn't even like this before I met you assholes!

LAINEY

(soothing)

Hey, hey, calm down.

KRIS
(persistent)
You don't know what I saw...I had
his blood on me...

BRODY
You didn't say anything to the
cops..right?

KRIS
Of course I didn't. I don't wanna
fucking go to jail because of what
you two did.

LAINY
We have to let her know we're not
afraid.

KRIS
You provoked her, the least you can
do is confront her.

BRODY
Yeah, bake her some fucking
cupcakes, too.

LAINY
(to Brody)
Shut up.
(to both)
Both of you need to keep it cool.
There is a party tonight, and I
guarantee you she will be there. I
can't cancel -- neither do I want
to. Now we can sit here and rot in
our goddamn graves or we can let
her know that she can't get away
with this.

KRIS
You're so full of shit.

LAINY
You have no morals and no stand in
telling me anything about being
full of shit. So let's go back to
pretending Jane Benson is just
another crack in the sidewalk. The
void will be filled.

KRIS
How?

BRODY
I'm taking care of that.

Kris stands, shaking.

KRIS
How?

She looks at both. Shakes her head.

KRIS (CONT'D)
Fuck you both.

With that, she exits the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LAINEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Kris pushes through, wiping her face off. She goes for the front door and RIPS it opening. JUMPING as --

DALTON enters. He stops as he notices her.

DALTON
Brody told me he'd be here...

KRIS
Yeah. Yeah, he's upstairs.

DALTON
(gesturing to the door)
Just leaving?

Kris nods. She grins tightly as she exits the house.

Dalton watches her go as he heads inside, shutting the door behind him.

INT. CAR - DAY

Kris drives, trying to control herself. She takes in deep breaths. Each one longer than the last. She turns onto a main road.

P.O.V. -- THROUGH WINDSHIELD

There's a stop light coming ahead. It just turned RED. Traffic up ahead, turning into different roads.

RETURN TO SCENE

Kris shifts gears. She FLOORS the gas pedal.

P.O.V. -- THROUGH WINDSHIELD

Kris RUNS THE LIGHT. Quickly inching closer to the traffic...and then... WE STOP as a truck turns.

RETURN TO SCENE

Kris watches the truck go. Disappointed with herself. She waits as the traffic clears, then she continues on.

INT. BATHROOM - BENSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The bath water runs. STEAMING. A door shuts. Legs enter the bath one by one.

Jane settles into the bath, although we never see her face. Only catching glimpses of the long, deep SCARS etched on her back and legs. She HUMS quietly to herself. Running the water over herself as we PAN TO A SMALL DRESSER...where a KITCHEN KNIFE SITS. Clean and sharp.

QUICK CUT TO:

Jane, sitting upright in the tub, holding the knife. Her legs opened. She runs the blade across her inner thigh, across a scar. It doesn't cut it. She prepares herself. She pushes deeper --

BANG! BANG! BANG!

She drops the knife into the tub.

JANE

Shit.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

INT. FOYER - BENSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane enters, dressed in a bathrobe. She comes to the front door and opens it to --

NO ONE.

In fact, the person that WAS knocking on the door, is now walking away. They're in the shadows. Completely unknown.

UNKNOWN P.O.V.

We stare through the back door. Waiting to make a move. Watching Jane watch them. It's as if she KNOWS who it was.

RETURN TO SCENE

Jane shuts the door. She turns around and leans on it, thinking what they could have wanted. But she doesn't waste too much time. She heads back upstairs.

INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - BENSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens to reveal JANE. She stops in her tracks.

REVEAL BRODY standing by the bed, going through dressers. He looks to her, stone cold.

JANE
What a fantasy.

BRODY
Hi, Jane.

JANE
How'd you get in?

BRODY
Back door.

Jane enters the room. She closes the door.

JANE
Oh. Nice of you to pop by. Why aren't you at Lainey's?

BRODY
Party isn't till later.

JANE
Perfect... Because I was thinking, we could fuck each other's brains out -- for real this time.

BRODY
I'm not up for it.

Jane unties her robe and DROPS IT, revealing her naked body. Brody's disgusted, but oddly intrigued.

BRODY (CONT'D)
Put it back on, Jane.

JANE
No.

ANGLE ON THE DRESSER DRAWER

Brody fingers Mason's pocket knife, still stained in blood.

JANE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(whisper; teasingly)
I want my first time to be special.

ANGLE ON BRODY AND JANE

face to face. The tension couldn't be thicker.

BRODY
I remember when you said that.

JANE
I remember when you left me
there...

...as she moves in on him. Kissing his lips softly, but unbuttoning his pants with angst.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LAINEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jane sits on the bed, in her Halloween costume. She watches as Brody zips up his pants and leaves the room. Jane wipes her mouth off and curls up on the bed.

BRODY (O.S.)
She's good to go.

Someone else enters the room. The door shuts behind them. Jane sits up as the boy moves closer. He's tall and muscular, like Brody. But this one's a senior.

He leans down and presses his lips hard against Jane's.

JANE
Please. I don't --

SENIOR
You're cute. I'll go easy.

JANE
Right.

She stands up and moves around the bed, but the Senior blocks her path. He runs his hand up her dress.

SENIOR
C'mon... Jane. Brody told me about
you. Don't let me down now.

Jane slips out of her dress slowly, revealing a matching pink bra and panties.

As soon as the Senior notices, he grabs her roughly and kisses her neck.

SENIOR (CONT'D)
Turn around.

But Jane doesn't. She watches as he unzips his pants. He turns her around instead. As soon as she's leaned over on the bedpost, he places his hands on her hips...and leans over...

SENIOR (CONT'D)
(low)
You better be worth it.

Jane grips tightly onto the bedpost...her knuckles nearly turning white...

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - BENSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Jane lies on her bed, partially covered by a sheet. Numb. Her stare is blank and burning. Beside her --

Brody. Naked as well. He sits up and looks at the digital clock. Clearly from his face, it's been a while. He stands up and grabs his boxers. Steps into them as he heads for the adjoining bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - BENSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The water runs in the sink. Brody leans over it, his hands supporting him up.

BRODY
Shit...

He splashes some water onto his face.

BRODY (CONT'D)
You can do this...

Jane wraps her arms around his waist...pulling herself into him. She's now in a tank top and panties.

BRODY (CONT'D)
 (as he's turning around)
 I have to get ready.

JANE
 You're not leaving.

Brody starts for the door despite Jane's plea. She holds onto his arm as tight as she can, desperately tugging.

JANE (CONT'D)
 YOU'RE NOT LEAVING ME! NO!

Brody draws back his hand and SMACKS Jane across the face, seemingly harder than the last time.

Jane falls onto the tile, landing on her back.

Brody turns...goes for the bedroom...

Jane quickly crawls to the bathtub...and reaches in...

Brody hears the water splashing...turns around...

ANGLE ON JANE

SCREAMING. RUNNING TOWARDS HIM. KITCHEN KNIFE RAISED.

Brody HOWLS as she PUNCTURES THE BLADE INTO HIS SIDE. She digs deep and then TEARS THE KNIFE OUT, leaving a gashing hole.

He grabs her by the hair and FLINGS HER HEAD INTO THE WALL. Jane mindlessly SWINGS THE KNIFE, STABBING HIM IN VARIOUS AREAS. HIS CHEST. NECK. SHOULDER BLADE. ARM. Blood pours from the given areas.

Brody slumps to the floor like a sack of potatoes. Jane follows him down. Her fall much softer in landing.

We STAY ON JANE as she shakes, covered in Brody's blood. Angry tears streaming down her face.

Brody WHEEZES. GASPING for air.

Jane can't take anymore. She STABS him more. ONE. TWO. THREE. FOUR. FIVE. SIX. SEVEN. EIGHT. NINE. TEN TIMES. Without missing a beat. Blood FLIES over her body. She SCREAMS in anger each time.

She stops and stares at him...

ANGLE ON BRODY'S FACE

frozen. Eyes half opened. Blood pouring from his lips.

OFF SCREEN Jane STRIKES ONE MORE TIME. Her anger cry. His body JERKS then PLOPS as the blade is released from his skin.

INT. BEDROOM - BENSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The sound of JANE'S HUMMING haunts the scene quietly.

ON JANE'S LIPS as she applies a rosy lipstick.

ON HER HAIR as she ties a ribbon to her sectioned hair.

REVEAL THE ROOM

The bed is messy. Evidence of rough sex. Jane sits at her vanity table, dressed in a DOROTHY COSTUME. In fact, the same one from two years prior. The blood never came off and the torn markings are still visible.

From the doorway of the bathroom, we notice --

An ARM -- BRODY'S ARM -- lying in the break. A large puddle of blood leaking out.

Jane touches up her makeup once more. Her hair is perfectly placed and her makeup is rosy and flawless.

CUT TO:

THE CLOSET DOORS. THEY'RE OPENED.

Jane's back is to us. But we know exactly what she is doing.

Jane slides on AARON'S BEAT UP LETTERMAN'S JACKET OVER HER DOROTHY COSTUME.

EXT. LAINEY'S HOUSE - ESTABLISH - NIGHT

A replica of Halloween 2010, except now the kids are older and the stakes are raised. Most of the party is in the backyard, but there are still kids pouring in and out of the house.

Lights FLASH from the backyard. Haystacks double for mazes. The cornfield is fenced off, but doesn't stop the teens from sneaking back there.

Mechanical LAUGHING SKELETONS are propped in various places, making some JUMP out of their skin. A GASEOUS ZOMBIE ANIMATED FOGGER GRABS at a partier's leg. She SCREAMS and spills her drink on the prop.

EXT. BACKYARD - LAINEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Teens dance. Smoke joints. Make out. Run to the BARN, a dilapidating hotspot for hooking up.

LAINEY exits the barn, looking around for someone. She's dressed as MARILYN MONROE'S CORPSE. The timeless white dress, the pinup hair, and skeleton makeup on her face. She still manages to look hot.

She turns back around to the entrance of the barn, smiles the fakest smile and waves to her suitor. Her smile quickly fades as she steps down. She doesn't look mad..just lonely.

Lainey moves through the crowd with grace. Various "Happy birthday"'s approach her. She smiles and takes it in as she's approaching...

DALTON

standing by a keg. Pumping beer into a red cup. He's not dressed as anything special.

Lainey grins as she wraps her arms around him, hugging him tightly. He grins as well, returning the hug. They have to speak loudly for the music.

LAINEY

I honestly didn't think you'd make it.

DALTON

Don't talk like that. It's your birthday.

LAINEY

It is.

DALTON

Drink to it?

Dalton hands her another cup filled to the rim with beer. They toast and drink it down.

LAINNEY

I heard a couple of people saying
you've been hanging around her.
Jane.

DALTON

I've talked to her, once or twice --

LAINNEY

She's bad news. Every inch of her.

DALTON

Then why did I see Brody sneakin'
over there earlier?

LAINNEY

(beat)
It's not like that.

EXT. FRONT YARD - LAINNEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

KRIS exits her car. Not dressed in anything either. Just
jeans and a t-shirt.

P.O.V. FROM INSIDE CAR -- KRIS

She approaches the backyard, glancing around her
surroundings.

EXT. BACKYARD - LAINNEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

RETURN TO LAINNEY AND DALTON

DALTON

How is it? Do you even know which
way it is?

Lainey doesn't, and so she THROWS her cup into Dalton's
chest. Beer flies onto him. He watches her go, then turns
attention to his shirt.

ANGLE ON LAINNEY

shoving past the partiers. Then, out of nowhere -- Lainey
catches a glimpse of the DOROTHY COSTUME as an unknown
hurries through the crowd on the other side.

This instantly brings back old memories. She's drunk, but she
knows what she saw.

Lainey clenches her jaw and approaches the direction the unknown was heading for. Instead, it brings her to --

KRIS, talking with a TEENAGE GIRL dressed in a classic sexy maid's costume. However, the girl exits the conversation as Lainey appears.

Kris instantly throws her arms around Lainey, pulling her in. She's been crying. Completely torn up.

KRIS
I couldn't do it. I went to the
cops --

Lainey SHOVES KRIS AWAY.

But Kris isn't shocked. She stands back, guilty.

KRIS (CONT'D)
Lainey, please.. Just listen --

Lainey SMACKS Kris across her cheek. Kris holds her hand to her cheek, rubbing it.

LAINHEY
Fuck me! Remember?!

Kris stares at Lainey, frozen. Lainey gathers herself. She shoos the others away with her icy stare, then back to Kris:

LAINHEY (CONT'D)
If you hear from Brody, tell him to
meet me at the barn.

Kris stands back, taking it.

ANGLE ON DALTON

On the other side of the party. Sitting on the patio's porch steps. He sips at his drink.

SOMETHING CATCHES HIS EYE...we never see what it is, nor can we tell what he's feeling. Something of fright and fascination all wrapped into one.

EXT. CORNFIELD - LAINHEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kris is persistent. Ready for her revenge. She moves through the cornfield carefully. She comes to the isolated barn. Steps inside.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

This level is rather empty. Other various noises bounce off of the walls.

KRIS

Lainey?

Kris passes horse stalls and ladders. She peers over some and keeps her distance in the middle, aware that something bad could happen at any moment.

Kris turns the corner --

AND THERE'S A FRESHMAN BOY LYING ON THE FLOOR

Passed out. Fake blood drawn across his throat.

Kris turns back around and goes for the entrance.

EXT. CORNFIELD - LAINEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kris steps out and starts back through the cornfield's maze. She STOPS as the corn stalks RUSTLE in front of her. But she sees NO ONE. Kris steps further. The stalks RUSTLE again, this time to her right, like someone's RUNNING.

Kris turns around, trying to catch whoever it is. But all we get a glimpse of...is the pattern of the Dorothy dress...and the shoes...and the letterman's jacket.

Kris backs away..and RUNS RIGHT BACK FOR THE PARTY. The stalks continue to rustle behind her.

Kris is almost there, back to civilization when...

THUNK!

AN OLD BOARD SMACKS HER IN THE FACE, sending Kris to the ground. Someone hit her with it -- but we never see who.

Kris lies on her back. Hazy. And then... the blades of a PITCHFORK graze her chest.

KRIS

NOOOOO!

-- As the blades PUNCTURE INTO HER CHEST SLOWLY.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON JANE

approaching Kris' body. She's gasping for air. The pitchfork in the air. Kris squirms under it. She watches, helpless as --

Jane removes the pitchfork from her body...

Kris moves her hand to her wounds, feeling them, speechless.

JANE RAISES THE PITCHFORK AND BRINGS IT DOWN AGAIN. This time trapping Kris' hand. Kris SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER. Jane RIPS it forward. KRRRK! Bones SNAP.

TIGHT ON KRIS' FACE

Her eyes slowly closing. PAN DOWN HER BODY... The blood soaking. The blades embedded deep into her chest. Her hand caught under them, broken and limp.

EXT. BACKYARD - LAINEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lainey stands by a tree, her phone pressed to her ear.

LAINEY
 (into phone)
 Did he say when he was coming home?
 (beat; testy)
 Yes. I tried calling his phone.
 (long beat)
 I'll try again, I guess. Bye.

Lainey hangs up. Sighs. She throws the phone in anger and quickly STOMPS to the cornfield.

She THROWS open the gate and takes a few more steps. She RIPS apart a few stalks..and stops in her tracks. Speechless, and then --

LAINEY (CONT'D)
 JANE!!!!

She roughly STAGGERS through the crowd, hellbent.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Jane -- her back turned to us -- walks slowly and thoughtfully down the middle of the road.

LAINEY ENTERS INTO FRAME.

LAINIEY
 (drunk; enraged; teary)
 WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!

But Jane keeps going.

Lainey has balls. She charges like a bull and SPINS JANE AROUND.

But not before a PERMANENT STATE OF SHOCK overcomes her made up face.

Lainey looks down at MASON'S POCKET KNIFE..shoved into her stomach. And then we notice her hand -- grasping to her brother's jacket. She stares at it in utter disbelief. Offended. Sad. Pissed. Relishing in this scary moment.

Jane holds her in place. Proud and superior in this very moment. Then... Jane slowly pulls out the knife. Blood pours quickly like rain.

Lainey knows she's lost. But she grabs Jane's throat and SQUEEZES. Jane doesn't mind it. She STRIKES again with the knife, this time in Lainey's side.

Lainey retracts. She stumbles back as she grasps her wound.

Jane stands her ground, holding the knife by her side, it DRIPS obnoxiously.

Lainey turns and runs the road -- back to her house.

ANGLE ON LAINIEY

Only faintly can we notice JANE STARTING AFTER HER. Lainey holds her hand to her stomach.

LAINIEY (CONT'D)
 (calling out)
 OH MY GOD -- HELP ME! PLEASE! DON'T
 YOU FUCKING SEE --

BLAM!

A BULLET PIERCES Lainey right between the eyes. She drops instantly.

Jane skids to a stop, completely horrified. She looks to the shooter...

REVEAL DALTON. A smoking PISTOL in his lowering hand. He knew he had it in him all along.

ANGLE ON JANE

Having no idea how to take this. She's not intrigued, but INSULTED.

DALTON (O.S.)

It's done.

JANE

(quietly)

Shut up.

ANGLE ON BOTH

confused. He steps forward.

DALTON

This is what you wanted, isn't it?

JANE

Who are you, Dalton?

DALTON

It's finished.

JANE

You're on the football team..and you're runner-up in this year's Homecoming court. Your grades are outstanding and I bet if you walked back into that house right now, girls would stomp all over each other just so they can hear you say their name.

DALTON

Jane, stop --

JANE

Charlie was right.

(beat)

I wanted you for so long, but I didn't look for you, because I knew I didn't belong in their world. You do! You're not me. You can't do this.

DALTON

I watched them hurt you. You don't have to suffer anymore.

JANE

Yeah -- you watched.

Dalton approaches her. Standing face to face with her.

DALTON
I want to help you...

JANE
Give me the gun, Dalton.

DALTON
Brody told me what they did to you.
You don't have to live like this.

Jane attacks his hand. They fight for the gun.

JANE
Just stop the fucking act! You
don't know what you want!

DALTON
They were wrong, Jane! They always
were!

BLAM!

Both teens fall to the ground.

CUT TO:

Dalton crawls on his hands and knees, the gun still in one of his hands. He's coming quickly for --

JANE, lying on the pavement. Shaking.

Dalton approaches her, saddened. He places his hand over her wound, the bullet dug deeply into her stomach...

DALTON (CONT'D)
Jane.

She's alive. But her face clearly shows that she's over it.

JANE
You did it.

DALTON
You're going to be okay.

Jane faintly smiles, but it pains her to do so.

JANE
Gimme your hand.

Jane weakly reaches for his hand...the ARMED HAND. She places it over her body.

Dalton leans in..and kisses her lips. They're both trembling too much.

FAINT SIRENS ARE APPROACHING. BUT WE CANNOT SEE THEM.

Jane places the gun so it's still in his hand, but it's aiming for her heart.

JANE (CONT'D)

Right here.

Jane guides him. She runs her fingers along his and places them on the trigger. Jane keeps her fingers on his.

THE SIRENS GROW CLOSER.

Dalton and Jane keep their eyes on one another... BLAM!

Blunt and quick.

Dalton COLLAPSES onto Jane's body. Her eyes glazed over, staring into the sky. He cries into her soaking chest.

CUT TO:

DALTON

walking away from the carnage. Both Lainey and Jane's bodies lie in the road behind him. The gun hanging loosely in his hand. Jane's blood covers his shirt and face. This kid is scarred for life. Oddly resembling the tragic girl he once lusted after.

DALTON (V.O.)

(crying)

DON'T YOU FUCKING DIE ON ME! JANE!

Oh God...JANE!

His cries fade over the scene.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON -- A TV SCREEN

THE MORNING NEWS. Behind the FIELD REPORTER is the vacant home of LAINEY ASAL. Crime scene tape lines the property. The place is SWARMING WITH COPS AND CORONERS.

FIELD REPORTER

(from TV)

The mystery behind the gruesome murders of Fort James has finally reached its conclusion.

(MORE)

FIELD REPORTER (CONT'D)

Last night, three more teens were found dead, one of them being the killer. In this tragic turn of events, the scene was a birthday party for one of the victims --

THE SCREEN TURNS BLACK.

In the reflection of the TV screen -- DALTON. Sitting on the couch. No life left in him. He lowers the remote as we...

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END